

hours, like the Letts and Poles, seem to fear Bolshevism most, and the significance of Russia's trying to create by treaty an armed Soviet Government in Poland have gone far to stifle Labour's rightful demands and stultify its normal development. In Africa, even under our own flag, the outlook of Labour is dark indeed; the tragedies of race and colour helping to create anew conditions of virtual slavery. But the real, terrible world-problem of Labour is as yet hardly mentioned either by its own leaders or by capitalists. The shameless land and concession grabbing to secure oil, minerals, and food-fields, which is turning Asia against the West, has blinded our race to at least one colossal peril of the century—the unchecked sweating of men, women, and children in the new factories of the Far East. Let us strip all fatuous veils from this question, and face the fact that up to this year, when the new Home Rule Bill for India is coming into operation, our own factory system in India placed us in the front rank of sweaters and child-destroyers. It must be the work of loyal Imperialists to see that India's new charter is not to become a scrap of paper for those toiling millions of ours in field and factory—those dumb millions whose average life is now counted at the appalling span of 23 years! This shows one side of the picture—Asia exploited for the benefit of the West. A trenchant mission article in the August issue of the "White Ribbon" has already placed the other before you—China and Japan, notably Japan, exploiting their own people to dominate and overwhelm Western industry. Yes, while insisting on race equality at the Peace Conference, Japan was cynically refusing all League agreements on the regulation of labour for women and child workers. China, too, has learned the material technique of the West without that partial regard for the toiler which has shaped the factory laws of the West. Here the missionaries, tied by obvious reasons from political meddling, can and will speak. If Western diplomacy and Western Labour do not heed their voice, the consequences will be incalculable. Here comes in organised Labour's fatal weakness. Up to the present it has failed in part to think inter-Imperially, and utterly failed to think inter-racially. While making demands on Western Capital shading from timely and just to

service only, and not too much of that, fatuous and predatory, it has given lip to the infinitely worse-treated toilers of the East. Many who laugh at Pocket-handkerchiefs for the heathen see no irony of limiting their official sympathies to "trade unionists" in treating of Asiatic Labour. The same people swear by the fetish of a "constitution" for Arab bandits and naked tribesmen! May I note that, while the gratitude of thinking women is due to the Parliamentary Labour Party for its stand against indentured Chinese in Samoa, the prevalent opinion seemed to favour throwing both Samoa and the problem back on the distracted British officials and taxpayers, and that racial brotherhood dries up in a flash at the sight of a Hindu with a pick and shovel.

(To be Continued.)

PERSONAL.

Mrs Lee-Cowie writes to a friend in Auckland:—

"At present Mr Cowie and I are in 'wet' Scotland, giving three months to open-air work. Oh, the state of the people is awful. We saw more 'Drunks' in one night than I have seen in the 12 years I have lived in New Zealand. Strain every effort, dear friend, to kill the Liquor Traffic in New Zealand before it gets such a terrible grip of the people as here. It makes me sick and sore at heart to see the drunken women, and the poor little dirty, deformed, and crippled children. The tremendous wages have meant destruction to hundreds, while the Liquor Traffic is fattening on the degradation of the masses.

"I have been wonderfully restored to health, and am able to work as hard as ever, praise God. We have hundreds at our open-air meetings, and great good is being done.

"We leave London on November 27th by the Orient liner 'Orsova,' via Suez and Australia. We hope to reach New Zealand in January, and shall probably make our home in Auckland."

SAVE THE CHILDREN FUND.

Upper Aramoho L.T.L., 10/3.

AUCKLAND DISTRICT CONVENTION.

Sept. 22. Convention held. Mrs Cook presided. There was a large attendance. Delegates were present from Onehunga, Ponsonby, Otahuhu, Birkenhead, Takapuna, Henderson, Eden, Avondale, Papatoetoe. Mrs J. Robb conducted the devotional meeting, which opened at 10 o'clock in the Headquarters. A very helpful address was given by Mrs Robb on the miracles of the loaves and fishes and Christ walking on the sea.

The President welcomed the visiting delegates, and also Mrs A. R. Atkinson of Wellington.

The reports given by delegates were of an interesting nature, and showed good work done during the year. Votes of sympathy were passed to members who had recently suffered bereavement. Mrs Atkinson led the noontide hour prayer. The afternoon session was held in the Y.M.C.A. Lecture Hall. Devotions were conducted by Mrs Anstice. An excellent paper, written by Mrs Crabb, Dominion Acting President, on "The Ideals and Aims of W.C.T.U.," was read by Miss Paul. The paper was much appreciated, and a vote of thanks was passed to Mrs Crabb. Mrs Atkinson gave a most interesting address, touching on various phases of our work, pointing out the advance made in Scientific Temperance Instruction since the W.C.T.U. advocated it 30 years ago. She spoke in eulogistic terms of the splendid efforts the Minister of Education was making in this direction. It was decided to send a letter of thanks and appreciation to Hon. C. J. Parr.

Solos were rendered by Mrs Anstice and Miss Remmir. A collection was taken for work among the sailors. Afternoon tea was dispensed.

THY HOSIERY.

The time I've spent on these here socks
Is like a thousand years to me,
Dear lad, how do they look to thee?
Thy hosiery, thy hosiery.

Oh, maddening stitches, plain and purl,
How oft they've made my poor head
whirl,

For men must fight—but I'm a girl,
And so I'm knitting socks for thee.

My mother taught me how to knit,
I hope with all my heart they fit—
If not as socks—well, as a mitt,
Or pass them on, thy hosiery.