

## FELLOW CITIZEN.

ONE of the Blessings of God to me has been a taste for reading. In my youth I started a Scrap Book in which to preserve Gems of Poetry, Jewels of Speech, Flashes of Humour, Nuggets of Truth, and records of Service. Now by Voice and Pen I hand on the Torch.



*If I Were 21 Again*

### **"Booze Versus The Worker" "The Romance Of 'The Canberra' " And Other Yarns**

**By HERBERT HOARE**

#### **PROFIT AND LOSS**

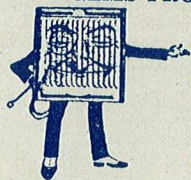
IN Lancashire two men who worked at a mill were on strike. One spent his spare time constructing an engine that afterwards brought him a fortune. The other wasted the same period teaching his dog to walk on its hind legs.

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## GEMS FROM MY NOTE BOOK



Health is Life's First Prize.

You can't have Honey if  
you've got no Money.

Why do we get White Milk  
from a Red Cow that eats  
Green Grass?

The Lord made some of us Beautiful and some  
of us Useful.

Husbands are of 3 Varieties:—Prizes, Surprises,  
and Consolation Prizes.

Face Powder may catch a Man, but it takes  
Baking Powder to hold him.

The hardest work of Man alive is to make £3  
do the work of 5.

One good Mother is worth 100 Schoolmasters.

Advice to Parents:—If you have £1,000 to give  
your Son, put it in his Head, not in his pocket.

Some fellows who rave about Capital and Labour  
never had any Capital or did any Labour.

A Heckler called to the Open-Air Campaigner,  
"Why are there more Women than Men in  
Church. "Now, I'll ask you one," retorted the  
Preacher, "Why are there more Men than Women  
in Jail?"

The Best side of a Pub is the Out-side.

Booze gives a Man the Throat of a Fish, the  
Stomach of a swine and the Head of an Ass.

You may go thro' Life with a Wooden Leg, but  
you can't reach Top Form with a Wooden Head.

On a crowded Tram a Woman accepted a man's  
seat without a word or look of thanks. He then  
touched her on the shoulder and said, "Excuse me,  
you're sitting on Something I want." She rose,  
and he sat down.



WHEN Hugh Paton, Scotch

Evangelist, was conducting  
a Mission at Ipswich, he re-  
ferred to a visit he paid to his  
boyhood home outside Glas-  
gow. He went to see his  
Schoolmaster; they had a  
chin-wag, then walked up and

down the Glen recalling former days.

The old man spoke with pride of various  
students. "You know Hugh," he said, "There's  
Macpherson, he's made a name for himself in  
Edinburgh; MacTaggart has done well in Canada;  
and Donald White achieved distinction in New  
York; and you in Australia." Then with tears in his  
voice he whispered, "Hugh, there's my ain 2 boys  
I might as well have brought up 2 Goats."

A PARTY of us went by Pioneer Coach the 50  
miles Brisbane to Tambourine Mountain. We  
weaved round the corkscrew bends, past massive  
trees, beautiful birds, staghorns, tree ferns, orchids  
variegated vines, and waterfalls. Then the coach  
halted, the captain said: "Folks, you can get out  
here and have a look round; I'll meet you higher  
up."

"But before you go; see that Pretty Clinging  
Vine with the big leaves and flowers?" "Yes."  
"Well, don't touch it; it's a nettle and stings.  
Some people have been poisoned by it and suffered  
agony; others have gone raving mad." We thanked  
the captain, avoided the danger, enjoyed our ex-  
cursion, and met the coach further on.

If that coach driver could protect 30 people  
against a poisonous stinging nettle, surely by  
voice, pen, and example I can warn some teenage  
boy or girl "Where there's Drink, there's Danger."  
So can you.

## HOLIDAYS

"I wish I were beneath a tree a-sleeping in  
the shade,  
With all the Bills I've got to pay, paid.  
I wish I were beside the sea or sailing in a  
boat,  
With all the things I've got to write, wrote.  
I wish I were on yonder hill, a-basking in the  
sun,  
With all the things I've got to do, Done."



# THE ROMANCE OF

# "THE CANBERRA"

THE history of the Temperance Movement in Australia reads like a Jack London tale. It is brilliant with the names of men and women of strong character and generous disposition, who play a worthy citizen's part in the common walks of life.

Their personalities are expressed in various institutions and avenues of service, and are remembered on many honour rolls. Their success, spiritual and temporal, was largely due to faith in God and loyalty to the teetotal pledge.

IN Queensland, amongst a host of others, three names shine out like beacon lights—George Marchant (the soft drink expert) and W. R. Black (a coal proprietor). In response to the urge of the late Arthur Toombes, and in appreciation of the educational policy of the Temperance League these gentlemen donated £95,000 toward the cost of establishing the Hotel Canberra (opposite Brisbane Central Station). This monument of faith, this attractive fireproof brick and concrete 11-storey structure, has modern accommodation for 500 guests and a staff of 200 well-paid assistants who enjoy the amenities of a "dry" hotel and the benefits of a Provident Fund. To interstate and overseas visitors The Canberra provides the atmosphere of a "Home Away From Home," free from the humbug and menace of



George Marchant

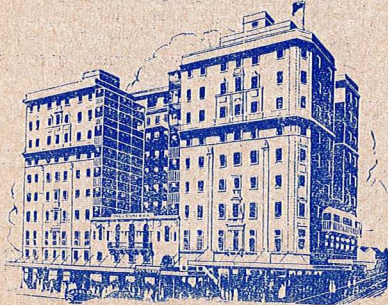


W. R. Black

booze. The spacious banquet hall and roof garden are popular with conferences, socials, and wedding groups. To provide for increased accommodation the League has purchased the adjoining land on the School of Arts side.

THE revenue from the Brisbane, Toowoomba and King's Cross, Sydney, Canberras does not enrich any individual but is allocated to the creation of other "Canberras", educating public opinion, breaking the octopus grip of booze on social life and the promotion of Temperance principles.

GEORGE MARCHANT arrived in Brisbane from the Old Country, a lonely orphan lad of 16, with 15/- tied in a handkerchief. He was the son of a hotel-keeper, but his mother warned him against the danger of alcohol. He linked up with the Band of Hope and so found the anchorage that saved him in after years. He built up a vast soft drink business, from which he retired late in life to devote himself and his means to Christian work. He crowded into 83 years his personal support of many good causes, including a large home at Taringa for invalid



Brisbane Hotel Canberra



soldiers, and the Monrose Home at Corinda for afflicted children. One of his chief benefactions is the "Garden Settlement" of 46 acres at Chermiside, a suburb of Brisbane, where under the auspices of the Central Methodist Mission and his friend, Rev. H. M. Wheller, O.B.E., 180 persons find rest at eventide, many of them in tiled roof model cottages built for two. This haven may be extended. These institutions are a wonderful memorial to a great citizen. Someone said of Phillips Brooks, of Boston, "he was 6 feet 4 inches of Christianity." That tribute applies to George Marchant.

**W. R. BLACK** was born in Ireland. Fifty of his 72 years were spent in Queensland. In his early days at Maryborough he faced hardship and austerity, and toiled at fencing and timber hauling. Later he settled in the Ipswich area and worked as a coal carter. Being steady, he used his head, saved money, and in time became a mine owner, and, like his friend, George Marchant, made a fortune. He was a bachelor and a Presbyterian, and under the aegis of his own Church and the Salvation Army financed the establishment of children's and aged people's suburban homes, founded High Schools for boys and girls in various parts of the State, assisted many Church enterprises and provided funds for missionary and humanitarian work at home and abroad. It may also be said of W. R. Black, "he felt himself to be a tool in the hands of God."

**ARTHUR TOOMBES** is a household name from Cairns to Perth. The public, Press, and Parliament knew him as a champion of the Temperance Cause. The vested interests of Booze feared him as a Crusader and Votegetter. As a youth in Central Queensland he linked up with the Good Templars; that comradeship of service set his face in a new direction; he found his vocation.



Arthur Toombes

**A**N expert debater, an organising genius, he became a colleague of Archdeacon Boyce, R. B. S. Hammond, W. F. Finlayson, Oscar Piggott, C. H. Carter, W. H. Green, W. H. Jack, Norman Miller, and other beacon lights without whom (lest we forget) there would be no "Romance of the Canberra".

As a tired warrior with a unique record of service Arthur Toombes "passed on" at the early age of 55.

"Take him for all in all we shall not look upon his like again".

**I**N establishing the Brisbane Canberra, from which the Toowoomba, and King's Cross have grown, these splendid citizens, Toombes, Marchant, and Black, have demonstrated that first-class Hotels can be conducted without the Curse of Liquor.

They have provided permanent headquarters for Temperance Societies (except the W.C.T.U., who own Willard House). They also ensured a source of income with which to campaign against Booze as Public Enemy No. 1. The Executive of the Temperance League, and kindred Societies, honour these and other pioneer torch-bearers and pledge continued service to the policy of "total abstinence for the individual; abolition for the State, and welfare of the travelling public."

"Hats off to the Past, Coats off to the Future."

#### THE LORD'S DAY

A Sabbath well spent brings a week of content,  
And health for the toils of the morrow;

But a Sabbath profaned, what e'er may be  
gained,  
Is a certain forerunner of sorrow.

"SUCCESS is 10 per cent. inspiration, and 90 per cent. perspiration."

—Thomas Edison.

★ ★ ★

The four most important bones in a man's anatomy are his backbone, his wishbone, his jawbone, and his funnybone.



# Booze Versus The Worker

THE Ipswich Queensland Railway Workshops hold a daily rostrum to which speakers from every walk of life are invited. The meeting has its chairman and 250 to 300 men are seated on forms or standing around.

An amplifier is used and an appreciative hearing is given the speaker until the first whistle, then questions are asked. So passes a happy and educational lunch time. Political and sectarian subjects are taboo.

The following extracts are from two recent speeches reported in part by "The Queensland Times":—

MR. CHAIRMAN, FELLOW CITIZENS.

ABOUT a month ago under the title "Why I Hate Booze" I advocated total abstinence as a policy of "Self-Defence" and "Safety First." My witness was not in Dusty, Musty, Fusty, Rusty, Crusty platitudes, but in language of the newspaper and Police Court.

I stated "Booze" was "the White Man's Curse," "A Malignant Growth," "God's Worst Enemy," "The Devil's Best Friend," "The Worker's Heaviest Handicap". Booze and debt go together. Grog is sold on the Instalment Plan; the first instalment when YOU get the Grog, the last instalment when the Grog gets YOU. "One for the Road may mean two for the Cemetery."

When Mrs. Hoare and I visited the Old Country a friend motored us from Bristol to Stratford-on-Avon, Shakespeare's birthplace. In his play, "As You Like It", Shakespeare makes Orlando's friend to say: "Let me go with you, though I look old I never did apply hot and rebellious liquor in my blood. Therefore my age is as a lusty Winter, Frosty, but Kindly."

THAT is my Testimony. I know the lash of poverty, the sweat and tears of failure, the weariness of

pain, but I have had a good innings and by the Grace of God, like the Village Blacksmith, can look on "Something attempted, something done."

"The Temperance Pledge is a Golden Key to Health, Happiness, Service, and Success. Some Hotels have a Queen Ann Front and a Mary Ann back."

But a liquor bar or "cocktail lounge," whether in a palatial building, a beer garden, or a sly grog shop, may be a "Danger Zone, a "Spider's Web," "A Gateway to Hell".

BOOZE is never an asset, always a liability. It is a habit forming, brain confusing, dangerous drug, that deceives the worker and creates a craving for itself. Instead of being restricted like opium, cocaine, arsenic, strychnine and other poisons, beverage alcohol is legalised, commercialised, organised, and glamorised for sale, and the worker is exploited as a nincompoop.

BREWERY propaganda is clever and camouflaged, and satellites of Booze with a Cash Register Mind adopt a shut eye and deaf ear attitude. They're out for Profits and Privileges.

Some Churchmen and Social Hostesses forget that "Booze and Christianity do not mix," and let me say it quietly, some preachers never quote the old question, "Am I My Brother's Keeper?"

For better or worse every man chooses what he shall take into his mouth to taste and chew and swallow, and health (or otherwise) physical, mental, and spiritual, is the result.

I suggest Happiness is not found in the Giggle, Gabble and Guzzle of a Pub or the "Dope" of a bottle or Barrel, but in one's own home, a good digestion, and a safe bank account.

Booze is a pick-me-up that lets you down. As a doctor it has lost its job. It belongs to the age of the bullock wagon, the stage coach, wooden plough, long beard and mustard plaster.

But this is a machine era, the day of the Quick and the Dead. If you aren't quick, WELL!

You can't argue from a Cemetery.

THE place for Alcohol is in the Engine not in the Engineer; some men are more careful what they put in their petrol tanks than what goes in their stomachs. They swallow Brewery Propaganda with their eyes shut and have little to show for their life work but a crop of wild oats, a stack of empty bottles, and a vinegary disposition.



## BOOZE VERSUS THE WORKER



a Man falls, he falls from Heaven to Earth, when  
a Woman falls she falls from Heaven to Hell."

If I had my way until Booze is abolished by vote of the people, every bottle and barrel would be labelled "Poison" with the Skull and Cross-Bones.

**BOOZE** bluffs the Police, silences Public Men, Muzzles a section of the Press, tames some Pulpits, scares certain politicians, and laughs at the law.

I blame the moderate drinker for adding his money, example, and influence to an Octopus Traffic that is anti-Christian, that lowers the Workers' standard, blackens his environment, makes him content with the second best, and blocks his way to a new order.

**EVERY** man becomes one of three things — a Worker, a Beggar, or a Thief. And every honest toiler is entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness. He shares with others the instinct of self-preservation, the impulse to better himself, and the urge to protect his young. He merits food, clothing, shelter and security. But the Grog monopoly strikes at all these. It debases the worker's personality and drives the smile from his family's cheeks.

And here's the Rub—it offers no apology or compensation. Other traders are proud of their finished product as something of value to the community, but the last word of Booze is a drunkard, a vagrant, a suicide.

**A** Drunkard's home is the Devil's Masterpiece. Some people think the Church should maintain

Good Samaritan Agencies to relieve distress and clean up the mess Booze creates.

I submit that "Prevention is better than Cure." "It's saner to place a fence at the top of a cliff than an ambulance at the bottom."

Abolition would be "the greatest good for the largest number."

You don't need to be a Sherlock Holmes to discover the dirty, crooked, tear-stained, blood-soaked record of Booze. Its fingerprints are in every Police Court, every Jail, Mental Asylum, Orphanage, Divorce Court, and Public Cemetery.

**OUR** Queensland Drink Bill for the year, computed by Mr. W. H. Jack, F.A.S.A., and published in the Press, amounts to £28,306,866 an average of £21/14/6 for every man, woman and child in the State.

This colossal sum is over three times higher than 10 years ago, and is reflected in broken homes, blighted careers, wasted personality, corrupt public life, juvenile crime, and shocking road tragedies. And yet Governments, Clubs, and other bodies are multiplying the facilities for Booze. Truly we are a Wonderful People.

**IF** the Christian conscience were lulled to sleep and the Temperance League lost its initiative the Booze Barons would wave their shillalags and citizens and taxpayers scared into a blind deaf and dumb attitude, to see nothing, hear nothing, and say nothing. Booze would have the Green Light.

I estimate that 75% of the major crimes that disgrace our community and probably a third of the motor casualties that are killing and crippling our citizens are the result of Grog.

To-day when a man waves "adieu" to his wife he doesn't know whether he'll return on his own steam or be carried home by the ambulance or undertaker.

**LAST** year in Queensland alone there were 17,875 road accidents—8,000 persons injured and 278 killed.



It is estimated this year that one Queenslander in 74 will be involved in a road accident. Surely it's time we shook off our apathy and asserted our right of local option? The last annual Police Report shows arrests for drunkenness as 21,257, of whom 1,257 were women.

OF course the Brewers would oppose local option. But the Booze traffic will never reform itself. The provisions of the Compensation Act should be invoked against the Publican or other suppliers of "Fire Water" and "Tangle Foot", so that he stands in the dock with the accused and shares the penalty.

I would go further. Homes for Alcoholics should be established and their maintenance charged to the vested interests of Booze, not to the general taxpayer.

A Frothblower recently said to me: "You're interfering with my personal liberty." Really, it was enough to make a cat laugh. Why every law on the Statute Book, every policeman on the beat, every lock on the door limits someone's liberty. The only man who ever enjoyed perfect freedom was Robinson Crusoe. He could do as he liked and shoot where he pleased, but when Friday's footprints appeared on the sand his liberty was subject to another's welfare. Booze is the Master Criminal.

### QUESTION TIME

Several workers asked questions. "How is it Mr. Hoare knows so much about the Evils of Booze if he is a life teetotaler?" The speaker replied, "As a citizen I have used my eyes. Booze has hurt some of my best friends, so I have come to regard it as a Menace."

Question: "Did the Lord drink water or wine at the Last Supper?" Mr. Hoare promptly replied: "Non-intoxicating wine." As the worker shook his head, the speaker added: "Jesus would not have blessed any spirits that injured his followers and hindered the coming Kingdom of God."

Question: "If liquor is abolished, what about the Revenue?" Answer: "The satellites of Booze don't create revenue, they collect it from the drinker. In

Queensland there are 1,220 hotels and 30 wine licenses. In the Greater Brisbane area 123 hotels and 16 wine saloons. But the State only receives the licence fees. The Commonwealth levies other taxes. The State foots the bill for Police, Judges, Jails, Asylums, Misery, and Crime. So liquor's wreckage far outweighs its revenue. It's debit, debit, all debit and no credit. As an employer the liquor industry is at the bottom of the list. If money now spent on Booze were diverted to better food, more clothing, modern furniture, new homes, and travel, thousands more workers would be employed."

Question: "How would the speaker deal with the alcoholic?" Mr. Hoare replied: "Alcoholism is a self-inflicted disease that begins with the first glass. But I would use every means human and divine to rehabilitate the victim. I believe people can be made sober by education; they can be made sober by suggestion; they can be made teetotal by legislation, and best of all, by conversion."

APPLAUSE.

### A BOOZE TRAGEDY

WHEN I was in Adelaide I heard this:—A party of young people went out for an evening's pleasure. They were in a car and had some liquor. There was a serious accident and one of the girls was killed. When her father was advised of the smash he lost control of himself and threatened: "If I find the Fool who gave them Liquor, I'll kill him." A few days after the girl was laid to rest he went to his sideboard for a drink. (He was a moderate drinker). Imagine his surprise and sorrow when he found this note: "Dear Dad, I'm taking a few bottles for the party to-night. Hope you won't mind.—Annie". Then it struck him that his selfish, risky habit had been the cause of his daughter's death, and life and home would never be the same again.

Adam Bede says: "When death the great reconciler is come it is never our tenderness we repent of but our Severity."



## THE DOCTOR'S VERDICT

Dr. J. F. MacKeddie, physician of Collins Street, Melbourne, thrilled a Wesley Church gathering with an address on "Drink and Efficiency". He said:

"HE was a friend, a fellow student; we started the great adventure of medical practice together. He began to "spot"—work became heavy—spotting increased, work diminished, and one day saw me at his door to take him to an inebriates' home. Three months saw him a new man, and I shall never forget his little girl waiting at the open gate for him, and as they passed into the house neither had dry eyes. I followed and heard his broken-hearted groans of repentance and promise of a new life. That night he was put to bed drunk. Drink had left him his tears, his repentance, but slew his will as surely as if I had crashed his skull. The will to work—will to win—and will to say 'No'—the keystone of character, the loss of which leaves us as the brute beasts. His will never walked again.

"ABOUT the same time a lad just out of his 'teens came to consult me, and this was his story: About two months before he had come down to a school dinner from the country. This boy hardly knew the taste of liquor, but he finished that dinner flushed and merry with wine, and with two or three others found himself of all places, and where he had never been before, in a house of ill-fame. He came out of that house a leper. Shall I ever forget the terrified face of that lad when he knew the truth?

"WITH the slain will of my friend and the white face of that boy before me, what could be the rule of my life but total abstinence."

## THE CALL

"My Church calls me to her heart. She asks my service and loyalty. She has a right to ask it. I will help her to do for others what she has done for me. In the area in which I live I will help keep aloft the torch of faith and Christian witness, without which life has no meaning."

## IF I WERE TWENTY-ONE AGAIN



SUPPOSE a miracle happened, the clock was put back, the calendar of the years reversed, and I was again at the crossroads with an old song ringing in my ears. "21 to-day, I've got the key of the door,

I'm 21 to-day." WHAT WOULD I DO?

First, I would fling up my hat because as an Australian I was free either to play the game or play the fool, entitled to climb the heights of Citizenship and win a place of honour or go to the devil and become a liability. My privilege as a Citizen would invest me with liberty to choose my occupation, freedom to travel, and freedom to worship. So that to a large extent my destiny was in my own hands.

IF I were 21 again I would remember life is a great adventure, a splendid investment, a legacy more precious than gold. Other boys of our school had given great promise, their service would have enriched the community, lessened pain, and advanced the cause of human progress, but the "Last Post" sounded before they won their scholarship, obtained their degree, or achieved their ambition. I would pay tribute to their memory, take up the torch and "carry on" remembering I could not hope to travel far beyond the 70th milestone. I might not even reach 50 before my innings closed, my epitaph written.

So I would resolve to tread the highway, uphold the best traditions of home, and observe that code of honour that would enable me to look my future wife and children in the face without fear of reproach.

## Charles Dicken's Advice

I WOULD recall advice the trooper gave to Woolwich in Charles Dicken's "Bleak House." "The time will come, my boy," said the Trooper, "When this hair of your mother's will be grey, and this forehead all crossed and recrossed with wrinkles — and a fine old lady she'll be then. Take care, while you are young, that you can think in those days, I never whitened a hair of her dear head, I never marked a sorrowful line in her face."



For of all the many things you can think of when you are a man, you had better have that by you. Woolwich."

IF I were 21 again I would remember "health is life's first prize"; that a sound mind in a strong body is the best guarantee of happiness and success. I would follow the old rule "early to bed and early to rise", enjoy a cold shower, no coddling with heavy clothes except in very cold weather; a balanced diet, including salads and fruit, no nicotine or booze to cloud my brain, shatter my nerves, and poison my blood.

My recreation would include long walks and the cultivation of flowers and vegetables. This would foster a cheerful outlook. I would count my blessings, develop a sense of humour, and endorse Samuel Johnson's words, "The habit of looking on the bright side is worth £1,000 a year." I would note honey and smiles are of more value than vinegar and frowns, I would try to be patient with other people and with myself, knowing "Rome was not built in a day", nor every problem solved on Monday or Tuesday. I would recall that "failure is not final", and "every successful man needs a friend and an opponent, the one to cheer, the other to check him."

WHATEVER sport attracted me I would not allow it to become the dominant ambition of life; nor would I make too high a bid for so-called popularity. As member of a team or fellow worker I would live my own life so as to remain master of my fate and captain of my soul—assured "that man doth not live by bread alone," that "bread and the circus" do not satisfy.

#### Masterpieces of Literature



If I were 21 again I would develop a taste for book reading and become acquainted with masterpieces of literature. The Book of Job,

The Psalms, and Prophecy of Isaiah would

enrich my mental treasury. I would re-read with imagination the matchless story of Jesus in the four Gospels, including J. B. Phillips and other translations, memorise and underline the inspired words of those who pioneered the Christian Faith and were loyal to its Founder.

MY authors would include Shakespeare and the poets, biographies of great men. Charles Dickens, Alexandra Dumas, George Borrow, Raphael Sabatini, George Elliot, Zane Grey, Edgar Wallace, Ralph Connor, Mrs. Henry Wood, Dr. F. W. Boreham, R. B. S. Hammond, Winston Churchill, Ian Idriess, and others.

I would learn to recite some of the great poems, serious and funny, so as to tonic my own mind and give pleasure to others. I would practice the neglected "ministry of the pen" in letters of appreciation and sympathy, remembering our community needs "appreciators."

IT was said of Martin Luther, "He always placed a flower on his desk before he began to write." I would write to the Press so as to hand on the torch of truth and bear witness to moral issues knowing many a good cause had died in infancy for want of encouragement, so by example, voice, pen, and finance, I would endeavour to leave the world better than I found it whether by "an improved poppy, a perfect poem, or a rescued soul." Sydney Smith once said, "Every man wants to build a house, plant a tree, raise a son, or write a book."

IF I were 21 again I would remember there's always room at the top and aim sooner or later at being my own boss. I would not be swayed by the herd instinct, follow the crowd, or be a cog in a big machine, but would observe men of initiative, study modern methods, and map out my own career. As an average man I would prefer to hang out my shingle in a country town rather than a city: believing it's better to be a big man in a small place, than a small man in a big place. "If I were a cobbler I'd make it my pride THE BEST of all cobblers to be. If I were a tinker no tinker beside should mend an old kettle like me." I would not believe in luck, but in the Grace of God and my own smartness.

#### Love, Courtship, Marriage

IF and when I thought of "settling down" I would remember a good woman's disposition and character is above diamonds, and a wife can either make or break a man.



**THE** so-called "Society" girl with a wine glass in one hand and a cigarette in the other would not attract as Queen of my home, rather would I select a girl of personality whose attitude to marriage is a loyal partnership.

**THE** art of making money in exchange for efficient service would stir my colonial heart. **David Harem** once said "his interest in money was not so much the pleasure of having it but because of what it saved him from." The Old Book says, "The borrower is servant to the lender" and "A fool and his money are soon parted." In my early days life was too hard, money too scarce, hours too long, amenities too few, other things being equal, money is a token, a passport, a reward; it means books, music, the privilege of travel, the deeds of one's home, a sense of security, and wider knowledge. It expresses support of the Church, the Mission Field, the Ambulance, Children's Welfare, and other enterprise. I would, however, recall George Lorimer's word, "It's good to have money and the things that money can buy, but it's fine also to check up once in a while to see you haven't lost the things that money can't buy." While I sought to excel in my particular sphere, I would let it be known my service, but not my principles, were for sale, I would understand "Youth and £50" do not last forever.

**IF** I were 21 again I would join a Church or the Salvation Army and so express my loyalty to the cause of Christ. Sunday to me would be the Lord's Day, no work except as an act of mercy or necessity and certainly no sport. I would attend at least the morning service of my own Church. If the preacher was interesting, and helpful, as many are, I would tell him so. If he were dull and mediocre, if his pulpit message was mumbled and he lacked the mettle to tackle the liquor traffic, the gambling evil, the cause of divorce and other plagues, if he was a spent force and the fire had gone out, I would still remember I had an appointment with God in His house and was there to worship, but would sometimes refresh my soul at another Bethel.

**MEMBERSHIP** of Lodge and Council, etc., would no doubt claim my attention. I would recall God's good men and women, past and present, who practised austerity so as to lessen human sorrow and elevate the standard of living, I would add my quota to their's in creating a healthy environment and improving the moral climate, knowing the Gospel was intended not only to populate Heaven, but to sweeten the earth.

If I were 21 again I would begin life with Jesus as my Pilot. I would not wait till my hair was grey, my health enfeebled. I would not offer to the World's Redeemer the ashes of a wasted life or a harvest of wild oats, but would accept Him as my Saviour, Partner, and Friend. I would not think of Jesus as a distant figure of History, but as the companion of my life and eternity. In my room in a gold frame would be His wonderful form as portrayed by Holman Hunt in "The Light of the World." Near by, my Bible and Hymn Book.

Yes, if I were 21 again, I would begin the daily journey with Jesus and His way of life, and covet a share in making my area a happier place. This ambition might force me into the limelight and entrust me with responsibility or anchor me in obscurity, but what matters if I played a worthy citizen's part, handed on a lighted torch, and won the Master's approval.

These observations of a layman are penned in my limited sphere as I retire from my Auctioneer's office and face the western sun. My faith is expressed by John Bunyan in Pilgrim's Progress. Mr. Valient-for-Truth says: "I am going to my Father, my sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, and my courage and skill to him that can earn it. My marks and scars I carry with me to be a witness that I have fought his battles, who now will be my rewarder. So he passed over and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side."

Yes, folks, if I were again at the 21st milestone I would remember: "No traveller ever got lost on a straight road."

**Note:** If you've laughed or cried over this Booklet, please pass it on.

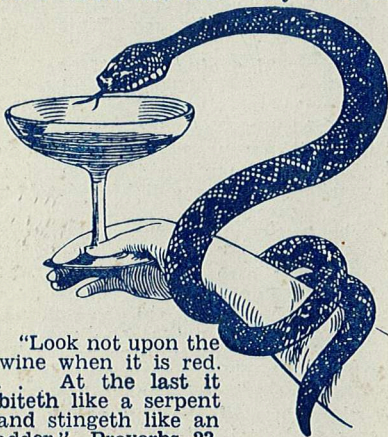


## THE DOCTOR'S REASON

GIVING evidence before a British Royal Commission, Dr. Courtenay Weeks was asked why he became a teetotaler. He replied:—

"My reasons were entirely selfish. I was a young doctor. The physician whose practice I took killed himself with drink. All round me men were drinking, and I made a rule that during the day I would never drink with my patients.

"I found without it I was a better cricketer, a safer catch. But what finally put it over was when I was called in consultation by another doctor. He was in evening dress and had been out to dinner. He wasn't drunk but he met me with that silly grin associated with drinking; and upstairs there was a tragedy. He had made a profound error of judgment in a woman at her hour of confinement. As I drove home I said to myself, 'This might happen to me,' and that night I resolved I would not take any more alcohol."



"Look not upon the wine when it is red.  
At the last it biteth like a serpent  
and stingeth like an adder."—Proverbs 23.

The History of Booze is not written in Black Ink but in the Red Ink of Human Blood.

(With Compliments of Herbert Hoare, Corinda, Brisbane, Queensland).

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