

piled from detached phrases in the Bible.

But Faith parts from Pessimism when it comes to deal with the long future and the inevitable end. It sets this life with all its evil in the heart of another world of incomparable splendour, and that world is here and now for every soul who cares to live in it on its own simple conditions of citizenship.

Only if our solution of our part in the great problems be right shall we be able to do as much to secure the new order of the world by our example as we have done by our exertions to create it. And the right solution will only be attained if we preserve through the coming years the same spirit of devotion to the common good, the same sense of public service pervading, inspiring, commanding our individual lives, which has carried us triumphant through the pains and weariness of the past four years.

We stand now between the old world and the new, as between our own heroic dead and the unborn generations for whom they laid down their lives. What is there in the bright firmament to prevent us from facing the future with perfect assurance and sustaining the burdens of peace with a patience, a courage, a magnanimity and a self-control no less astonishing than the spirit in which even the weakest of us have passed through the furnace of war?

The answer is: **positively nothing**, if even a decent majority of the decent citizens will but recognise their individual responsibility in the collective burden of shaping things.

"All-Important" Groups.

The past four years have thrown into the lime-light some remarkable idiosyncrasies in the national polity that had grown into habits but which one after another of our more courageous thinkers are now seeking to place in their true perspective. One of these is the habit of grouping men in every community or nation into classes and endowing them with an altogether exaggerated air of importance. A writer in one of the comic journals has very well illustrated this in the lines:

Who cut his wisdom teeth at birth?

The Working Man.

Who won the War, and owns the earth?

The Working Man.

Who is the solidest—and the flyest?

Who is the mightiest—and the drest?

Who's going to be the next All-Highest?

The Working Man.

Now you can with perfect fitness substitute for the recurring lines, "The Working Man" in this bit of sarcastic pleasantry these: "The Farmer," "The Manufacturer," "The Merchant" or anything

you can rake into a group, not forgetting "The Press."

Have we not grown accustomed to the loss of our individuality in one or other of these groups and going to sleep with the comfortable feeling that we are "it" and the rest is of no account or must play second fiddle in any concerted action?

The same facetious writer in his own happy way of gibbeting this habit of exaggerating brings up the well-known figure of the

"'Man is born to freedom, but is everywhere in chains.' But the chains are of his own forging, and wrought from the stuff of his own soul. If those who outlive this war can once liberate their minds from unworthy jealousies and out-worn traditions, there is no limit to the happiness which the sufferings of this time shall yield—to the harvest of freedom ready to spring from its countless graves."

gentleman with flowing locks, the astrachan collar, the five-cent cane, the rich sultana or saw-pit utterance whose business is that of barker to the polar bear and performing flea show at the country fair.

The burden of his story is something like this:

"Step in, ladies and gentlemen, and see the white or polar bear, lately arrived from Kamschatka. He has teeth like ivory, a coat as white as the driven snow, and he is provided with claws to prevent him slipping upon the ice. He measures fifteen feet from the tip of his tail to the tip of his snout and fifteen feet from the tip of his snout to the tip of his tail, making the enormous total of thirty feet in all! The price of admission is only one dime, and there is no waiting!"

"Between you and me," he goes on to say, "I am a working man myself. I have slung ink, pushed

"That is why I am ruckled when I see the working-man prettily exaggerated. The demagogues appear to me to be exaggerating him out of all proportion to his true magnitude. While the war lasted they were keen to exhibit him to the world for a full blown pessimist, pacifist and defeatist. Not so very many moons ago they asserted that it proved that the working-man believed military victory to be absolutely impossible."

"Military victory has no sooner been achieved than they begin to bawl at the top of their wind 'Step right in and see the greatest thing that ever happened—the conquering hero, the sole and only winner of the great world-war, the man who bashed the Kaiser, knocked the spots off Hindenburg, and made the world safe for Doc. Wilson! Admire his teeth, feel his biceps, consider his out-size understandings given to him by Nature to prevent him slipping on the banana-skin! He stands fifteen feet high in his socks and fifteen feet high when you stand him on his head, making the enormous total of sixty feet in all. Goliath of Gath and the giant that Jack killed ain't in it w.h him. Walk in and see him break the Party Truce with a single blow of his fist. Walk in and see him make kings tremble and governments wish they had never been born."

"The world is not yet safe for democracy. It remains for the free peoples so to enshrine in the coming peace the principles they have vindicated by their victory that out of the devastating, yet cleansing, fires of the war may arise a new order of civilisation, far better and far happier than the old because it rests on a fuller consciousness of the brotherhood of man and a more fearless application of its logic to the real facts of life."

the brilliant quill, sweated blood, and amused the children for a large variety of capitalists, ten hours a day for thirty years. I am a member of a trade union and entitled to overtime workers' coupons. My hands may no be horny; but neither are a tailor's, nor a hairdresser's, nor a linotype operator's, nor Ramsay MacDonald's. I belong to Labour, and all the water in the sea mixed with all the perfumes of Arabia won't wash away the honorable fact.

We like our friend's fun because we know so well what is in his heart and because he is so true to life—even to selecting the group of which he is an honorable member to bear the burden of his joke.

You may think it's a far cry from the humble status of the working man, the man who mends the roads and your over-worn shoes to the "dignity of the Press!" But it isn't. We will take off our hat to no man in his glorification of "the Press" and

what it has accomplished and what mighty possibilities continually lie before it.

But have we not too persistently defied the press to the infinite loss of the individual thought and judgment? How far has the press rightly interpreted the public thought in recent times and correctly foretold results from the trend of things as they were laid bare to every thinking man on the street?

Carlyle's complaint about the makers of history books applies with peculiar fitness here. They posed as "historians" but were only men of the common herd who elected to tell us what they thought about certain people and events who made history.

The press is a magnificent institution and can very well speak for itself in the face of any criticism or calumny. But when "The Times," "The Chronicle" or "The Free Press" says this or that about some one or something, let it never be forgotten that the statement is often merely that of one very inexperienced "club reporter," or that the best, the considered opinion of one man sitting in an editorial chair, more frequently than not swayed by the condition of his liver.

Let this new day be a day in which the man-in-the-street will do his thinking for himself all round. He is doing it pretty well now-a-days, as recent things he has achieved in the face of what "The Press" thought he would do abundantly testify.

Summing it up we commend a serious consideration of what Professor Jacks has recently offered to the world as a key that will unlock the most obstinate passage to final adjustments of human differences. He says:

"We now enter upon one of the most difficult periods of human history, in which **nothing but good temper** can save us from confusion such as the world has never seen. If we consider the difficulties one by one, instead of treating them in general terms, we shall find that most of them are of the very kind which is certain in an evil atmosphere to give rise to jealousies and suspicions, to set class against class and man against man.

"It would be a good thing if the plea for good temper, for the spirit of good fellowship, for social good will in every form, could be made a tail-piece, or put into the forefront of every scheme for reconstruction after the war. It should be clearly realised that the biggest tax we shall have to pay will be the tax on our social temper, which is going to be strained to the uttermost."

