

HOME MAGAZINE

LIFE · LITERATURE & EDUCATION

Peace.

BY JOAN THOMPSON.

Half-way up the hill
In the twist of the lane,
Stands a Hollyhock tall
And a low stone wall
With a Stone-crop crest.

There's a lavender bush
And a brick-red path
To a Jasmin porch,
Sweet Williams and Canterbury Bells,
Love-in-the-Mist and Old Man's Beard,
And a host of flowers I never heard
Tell of:

Mere de Famille (great pink, double daisies),
Shepherd's Purse and Maisies'
London Pride:
A bush of Butcher's Broom
As full of gloom
As it can bide.

And round the cottage wall
Where the thatched eaves sprawl,
A wandering yellow rose
That grows
In utter joy.

(Between the well-head
And the trough for rain
There lies a bed
Of Balm,
To calm
The sick
And deck the dead.)

And where the 'wildering grass
Lies rough, uncut and petal-strown,
One rose-bush blossoms
Through the summer moon:

Two emblems now in one:
Two royal armies done
To death on Bosworth Field
There blend their blood again
And stain
The white rose with the red,
The living with the dead:
Roses of York and Lancaster.
Red rose of Lancaster,
White rose of York.

A System Failed.

BY "TUBICUS."

PROBABLY there is not a thinking person anywhere in the world to-day with temerity enough to say that things in general, as they are, are right. Clearly the old working system has failed, the walls have come tumbling down and not even a single whole foundation is left. Man distrusts man, nation distrusts nation. The War has not made all things right.

"God 's in His heaven,
All's well with the world!"

—a poet's rhapsody!

"God 's in His heaven," but all is *not* right, yet, with the world. Nor will it be unless men set to work to make it right, for God works only through human beings.

The old system really meant, taking it by and large, "Every man for himself and the Devil take the hindmost." We have to confess that. True, individual men and women, here and there, disclaimed this selfish creed and held to higher ideals. But upon the whole, the manufacturer, and the retailer, yes, and sometimes a farmer, too, doing a bit of sharp work in a corner of the marketplace, cared only to buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest. If the buyer could not afford to pay that was his lookout. Let him go without. . . . Up and up and up went the prices, rocketing skywards, with never an end in sight. Combine after combine was formed; wires interlaced wire, behind the scenes,—with the ends in the hands of shrewd manipulators. No business

was too small or insignificant to escape the heavy hand of the "ma-hine." The writer of this went into a tiny shoe-shop last winter to have some mending done to a shoe. "It'll cost you eighty cents," said the old shoemaker. And then he went on, grumbling, "They never let us alone. When we think we're charging plenty for the work along they come and say 'you must charge more' and they give us the list of prices! It's scan'lous! But what can we do?"

"Every combine for itself, and the Devil take the Other Fellow."

You pay the price and go out. And you reflect that if you are not one of those in the game you pay up in every class. "The ultimate consumer" pays for all,—the price to the first producer (who, bless him! seldom gets too much for his labor), the price to all the middlemen, wholesaler, retailer and all. Heaven help the "ultimate consumer."

Fairness?—Out of the question! It's what one can get that counts.

Yes, all that has been the system. The children have grown up with it. "What did you get at Christmas?" "Did you get head of your class at school? Did you beat Jimmy Jones?" . . . And as they grow up they hear: "Bill Sykes has done well. He's worth \$100,000." . . . "Mary Smith married well. Her husband owns 400 acres of land." "Jack Jenks has a fine position. He gets \$6,000 a year."

Very well, very well. But, ye gods, is that *all*? Has Bill Sykes done *well* if he has massed \$100,000 in a few years out West by doing some other fellows? Has Mary Smith done *well* if she has married a dried-up little skinflint with a heart like

a red herring? Has Jack Jenks a *good* position if he hates every hour he spends at it and is only hanging on to it for the sake of the money?

Why does "well" always imply money value? Why do we never hear it said, "Bill Sykes has done *well*—he is such a grand man for his neighborhood?" "Mary Smith has married *well*—not very much money, but *the finest fellow in the county*?" "Jack Jenks has a *fine* position; he is *absolutely in love with his work*?"

Perhaps not so very much harm would be done if putting the money standard on everything could stop with the individual. The trouble is that whole nations act exactly as an individual or a combine. Nations are, of course, made up of individuals, and the blood "will out." Wires, wires, wires! This nation is pulling one, that nation another! Cover up the shady tuggings! . . . But the "other fellow" finds it out; he has not always wool over his eyes. . . . One day guns roar, huge warships take the sea. Patriotic words bring up all the poor fellows from "Dumdrudge" in this country and "Dumdrudge" in that. And they blaze away at each other with death and mutilation spurring from their rifles and the fire of a high courage and noble impulse burning in their hearts. "Home and country!" God bless the lads from Dumdrudge!

Yes, Education (a system of education almost unsuspected, it is true) has done it all. The education, above all, of suggestion. . . . "What did you get?" . . . "Whom did you beat this time?" "You are doing *well* to earn so large a salary." . . . Everyone agog to praise the "prosper-

ous" man and never a word at all about the good man, the useful man, the interesting man!

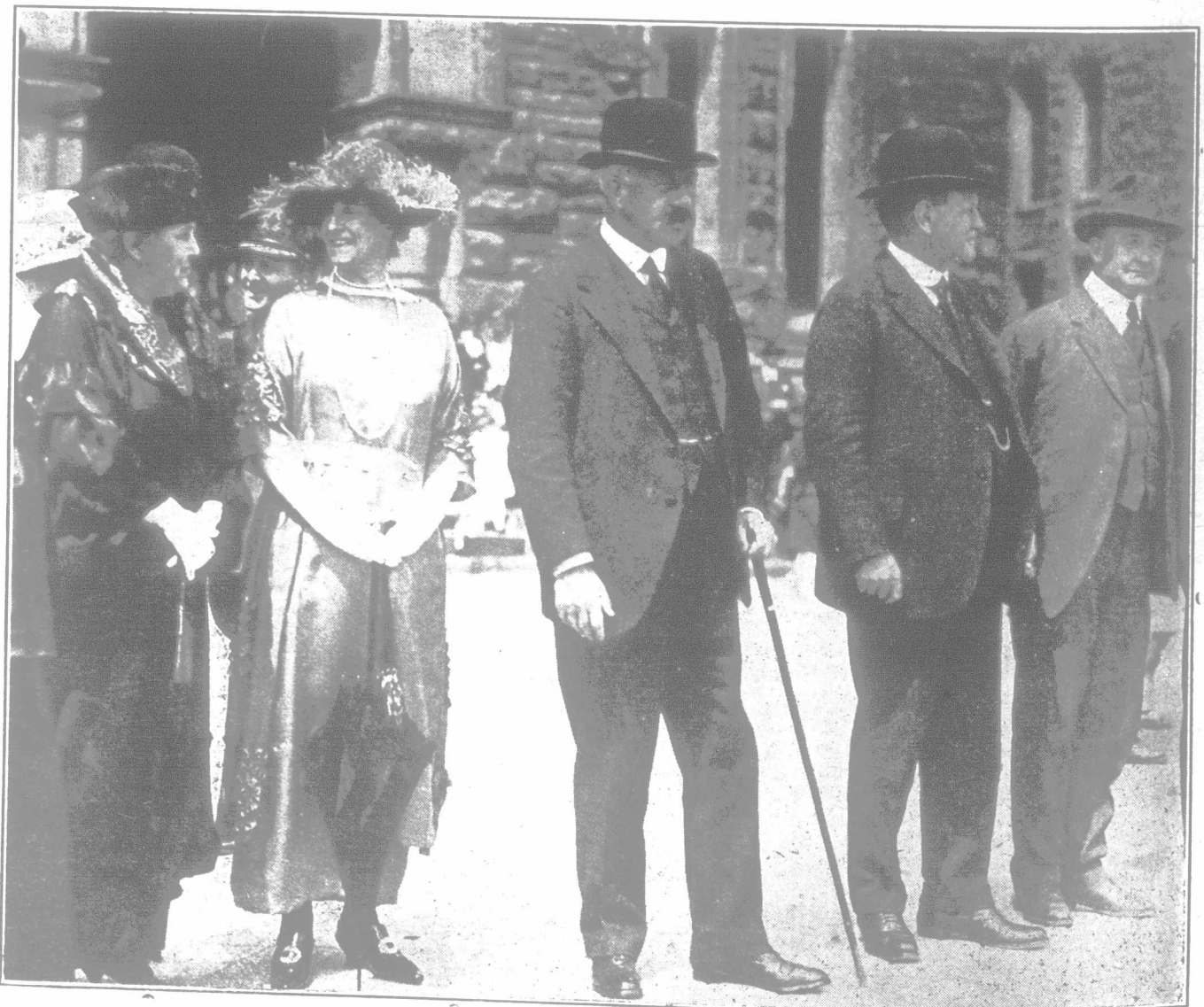
And such Education has not prevented war or any injustice. It has built no firm wall for humanity. Its foundations are rotten. The whole world is in turmoil. No one knows what awful thing may happen next. One man does no work and has every luxury. Another works all the time and has no luxury. And sometimes when the last man speaks over loud people cover their ears and point the finger and cry "Bolshevik!" It's an overworked word these days.

Nevertheless Education is the greatest thing in the world—the one hope for humanity. Only it must be along right and not wrong lines. Right Education can remove mountains from the pathway of human progress; wrong Education can build them up.

Long ago a great Philosopher, a Carpenter of Nazareth, gave one rule for an Education that can save the world. Nothing else can save it: "*Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you do ye even so to them.*"

Think of the difference if every person, every nation in the world lived absolutely according to that!

All else has failed. Whenever a real advancement for humankind has been made it has been because of adherence to that rule. Is it not about time, then, it were extended to cover *every* relationship between man and man, nation and nation? Is it not about time that this simple, yet profound pronouncement be made the basis of a new Education that will concern life rather than property?—taught to children from their earliest



In Queen's Park, Toronto.

The photo, taken on Empire Day, shows, from left to right: Mrs. Lionel Clarke; the Duchess of Devonshire; the Duke of Devonshire, Governor-General of Canada; Mr. Lionel Clarke, Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario; Mr. E. C. Drury, Premier of Ontario.

The photograph

words, taught in the colleges doing the work everywhere, —"There goes come!"—"The man! Avault! What a life within a Germany tau forty years!) they are aw admiration of taught war fo Germany fell ing commerci steadily, insid by their commi mericalism is can engage a And only the Just enough ensure that —enough to ally, even ar things which mental and Enough of th too much. V that he bec riot of extra hand, gloats the gleaming meanwhile b the world's c —then he has

Yes, after a But it must "God's in H with the

Evolution without the b and often the after terrible sacrifice, re even a callor carnage and men, filled w Rule given by can help on if they will, earnest about daughter of with the worl forestall cata Thank hea with ideals t if they will "Peradventur be found—" awake and do

"No, sah, things," said in on the n other day I on an' ride an' git off at on at, an' I 'yo' spent been?" —Bo