

Editorial

ROSES IN RELIEF

Written for The Western Home Monthly
by Mrs. John J. Funk

THE glow of sunrise flushed to light
The waking world;
A casement opened to the dawn,
Its draperies furled;
Within, a snowy cot revealed
A babe in dimpling bliss,
The ecstasy of motherhood
Bends low with holy kiss.
An angel fair,
With pencils rare,
Sketched beauteous roses there;
Pink rosebuds, dewy, fresh and sweet,
To babyhood a halo mete.

The sun has kissed the world to warmth
And pulsing life;
Flora and Fauna sweetly tune
The woodland fife;
A maiden stands in loveliness
Symbolic of all grace,
The Prince approaches, blushes dye
The maiden's winsome face.
An angel fair,
With pencils rare,
Sketched beauteous roses there;
Red roses, fragrant, zephyr blown,
Cupid's bouquet in Eden grown.

The high-noon sun of splendid day—
Arched altar there;
A satin sheen, the orange blooms
With maidenhair;
A raptured heart, a rich content,
Love's promised radiant trail,
Spell wifehood as the perfect quest
In search of Holy Grail.
An angel fair,
With pencils rare,
Sketched beauteous roses there;
Rich, creamy roses, essenced lure,
The golden touch, Love's sinecure.

The evening sunset glows serene,
A quiet bier;
A dark, a hush, a velvet gloom,
A sob, a tear;
The wife and mother gone to rest,
The service song requisite,
An etching lonely in repose,
A memory gem requisite.
An angel fair,
With pencils rare,
Sketched beauteous roses there;
White roses—Paradise ken,
The great finale! The grand Amen!

GET BUSY

IN DAYS when national problems are occupying the attention of everybody it is difficult to get men to think soberly on questions of personal duty. Yet the future of our nation depends upon what we do as individuals.

It is easy to rail at the council and the government. The real question is, what are we doing ourselves?

The two words that should be in our minds are "Produce" and "Save." Nothing is needed to-day so much as production—on the farm, in the factory, and everywhere. If the world is short of food, clothing and materials for building, there is only one thing to do, and that is to hurry up with production.

This is no time for wrangling and fighting over hours of labor. The only sensible thing to do is to get busy and supply the world's need. Until it is supplied we cannot have anything but unrest.

The man who loafs or who wastes to-day is an enemy to his country and to mankind.
Get busy!

THOUGHT FOR OTHERS

NEVER was there a time in the history of the world when men and women gave so much thought to the welfare of others as they do to-day. They do this because reason and Christian feeling prompt them.

Reason tells them that no man can live unto himself, that society is only as strong as the weakest member, that the welfare of each is wrapped up in the welfare of all. For this reason education in all its forms is made accessible to all. The tendency is to make the utmost possible out of each unit of society. Even the blind, the deaf, the maimed are being trained for something, in order that society may receive the benefit of their labor.

Christian feeling also prompts men to sacrifice and spend for others. The central Christian doctrine is that people save their lives by losing them in the community life. Hence arise all forms of philan-

thropic endeavor—hospitals, asylums, schools for orphans and for the destitute. If all churches were closed, all denominationalism ended, the great efforts of men to aid one another and to deal justly with one another, would be ample proof of the power of the gospel, which through the centuries has preached the doctrine that man should love his neighbor as himself. Those who divide Christianity, pointing to the churches as illustrations of failure, should look around them and see that the great institutions of civilization are built on Christian principles, and that the customs we value most highly are Christian in their origin. It is the Christian graces—kindness, courtesy, respect for womanhood, care for the weak and the unfortunate—that dignify our national life.

Sometimes we hear Socialism heralded as the newest and most advanced religion. There is nothing in the finest form of Socialism that is not derived from Christianity, and any Socialism which disavows the Christian principle is rotten at the core. The early Christian church made no mistake when its members "lived together and had all things in common." Our society to-day is Christian just in as far as it approaches this ideal.

For this reason we must continue to support our churches and other religious organizations. They are the life of the state. The Forward Movement to-day has both national and religious significance. He who ceases to be religious must of necessity lose his own soul or in other words must fail to develop into full manhood; he who fails to support religion strikes a blow at the stability and prosperity of the state.

VALENTINES

FEBRUARY the fourteenth is St. Valentine's day. Will it not be good and do good to revive an old custom—that of sending loving messages to all our friends? We are all more or less guilty of concealing our appreciation of others. A cheering word, a sympathetic acknowledgement of worth may do a world of good, and if there ever was a time when loving greetings should be extended it is just now.

Here is a father—dejected and almost hopeless, because his income will not meet his growing expenditure, and because the future does not promise much hope of relief. His wife and children may not be able to help him to bear his financial burdens, but they can at least bring sunshine into his life by telling him how much they appreciate his efforts, and how much they think of him as husband and father. And here is a mother, worn out with her family duties and discouraged by repeated failures to make life joyous and worth living. What more helpful and soul-refreshing than to get a word of real appreciation from her husband and her children? It is not a bad custom that the school children have on St. Valentine's day of bringing home hearts and cupids and little rhymes that they have put together as an exercise in hand work. The world has never been rendered worse because one person has ventured to tell another how much he is appreciated.

Expressions of appreciation should not be limited to the household. Why not send a letter to the mayor of the city, the preacher, the teacher, and any one else that seems to be trying to do good under discouraging conditions? And if there is any one who seems to be bitter or hateful send him a particularly kind and loving message. That may be the very thing he needs. If we cannot scold or bully people into kindness we may, perhaps, through kindness, win them over to peace and harmony.

So let us all honor St. Valentine's day.

A VALENTINE FOR EVERYBODY

SOMETIMES we hear it said that men are all wicked, and that the world is growing worse. Here is a message from one of our most valued subscribers, and it has in it such a tone of optimism that we send it out as a Valentine to the general public. When people believe in one another the world will go right. When they doubt one another they are sure to go wrong.

"The dishonest woman or man is a rare exception!"

"I make this emphatic statement after many years of business experience in that most trying of all occupations, the real estate profession. Handling a large clientele in my own office in a thriving western city for a period covering many years, I feel absolutely competent to speak with authority on this subject. For, during that time, with an annual income running into thousands, my losses could be stated in three figures.

"The reason why I can make this statement with such assurance, is because I started into business

with but one watch-word—that of absolute square dealing personally and of implicit confidence in the integrity of my fellows.

"With the assurance of one of my competitors that 'a dollar in the hand' was the only basis on which real estate could be handled with success, and that every man was out to 'get you,' I set about to disprove his assertions, and to sustain my life-long belief that every man rises intuitively to meet the trust that is placed in his honor and integrity.

"I dealt with all sorts of humanity from the lowest to the highest, including so-called crooks and men notoriously lacking in honor. I asked no written contracts, the law thereto being inadequate, and only once did I resort to the courts. That was to clear myself of a false accusation—which I did.

"I was warned repeatedly against one with whom I had continual business transactions. 'That fellow can't lay straight nights,' I was told, 'Have nothing to do with him!'

"The man in question had been square with me in every respect, though he had opportunity to be otherwise. I mentioned the matter to him casually, with a comment as to our mutually satisfactory business relations.

"He grinned as he remarked that it paid to be honest with some people.

"Interpret that remark as you will, remember that I do not claim that he was an honest man. In fact, he was forced to leave town later, because of questionable methods. But what I aim to bring out is the fact that the matter of honesty in one's dealings with his fellows, does not rest alone with the latter, but largely with himself.

"I have found that I get what I am looking for in this world. And so I say, if you are suspicious, looking for dishonesty at every turn—rest assured that you will find it. During all my business experience, my infrequent losses invariably followed suspicion on my part.

"It is not enough, I have found, to be honest personally. To look for honesty in others is equally essential—and simple justice. Expect that same integrity in your neighbor, regardless of reputation or hearsay, which you yourself possess, never allowing distrust to creep into your mind—and you will not be disappointed in humanity, I can assure you.

"Endeavoring through years of striving to hold the right mental attitude toward all men, I declare emphatically that the dishonest man or woman is a rare exception! And I hug this knowledge to my heart as a priceless nugget dug out of my mines of experience."—Grace G. Bostwick.

TO THE AGED

OLD people, with wrinkled hands and snowy locks, we love you because of all that you have sacrificed. You have experienced all the temptations and sorrows of life and yet you remain young in heart and pure in spirit. You have struggled and toiled as became pioneers and your victories are an incentive and challenge to us your successors. Above all we love you because your hearts are full of love and forgiveness and your faces are looking heavenward. Old people, good people, you we love and revere.

TO YOUNG MEN

YOUNG men, we love you because of your courage, your manliness, your strength, because your lives are clean and wholesome, because you have high social and political ideals, because you are good to look at and pleasant to live with, and above all because you are optimistic and cheerful.

TO YOUNG LADIES

YOUNG ladies we love you because you are pure and sweet, lovely in every grace of speech and manner, kind and unselfish in every thought. We love you because of your beauty, your goodness, your refinement and because of your devotion to all that is noble and inspiring. We love you for your own sake and because you make the world so pleasant a place to live in.

TO THE CHILDREN

LITTLE children we love you because you are innocent and trusting and so very unaffected and natural. You are like flowers in the bud—fresh, unspoiled, fragrant. You are like good music, for you bring gladness to those who are despondent and hope to those who are despairing. You are like sunshine, for you dispel the gloom of hatred and wrong desire. You are altogether lovely and our hearts are yours.