



Will You Commit Suicide?

IT is astonishing how many suicides of well-to-do and apparently prosperous people are reported from time to time. The reasons given for these tragedies must seem very trivial to men who are really "up against it" in the hottest corners of the battle of life. A little financial worry—some domestic trouble—a depressing doctor's verdict; and the ready revolver injects the final anaesthetic into the weary brain of the discouraged man. His three-meals-a-day are still sure—and even copious. He will not be cold in winter nor blistered in summer. He could slip out of his unpleasant environment and re-appear under a new name somewhere else, and his admirably-equipped brain would enable him to make a new place in the world and easily earn a luxurious living. He has by no means so much as approached the grim condition of want and suffering which might—to some minds—justify the tremendous remedy of self-murder. It is safe to say that, in many cases, three-fourths of his fellow human beings are worse off than he is; yet they live on cheerfully and hopefully, while he makes his final exit.

WHAT is the matter? I firmly believe that, in nine cases out of ten, it is mere mental depression brought on by over-strain. The apparent causes of his suicide are only the accidental nudging of his elbow by circumstance which suggests that possibly "this is the time." If he were in anything like normal mental form, they would no more suggest suicide than the "blowing out" of a trolley-car leads the ordinary passenger to jump to the pavement. Those who do jump are hysterically nervous. They would jump at anything. The flash in the motor-man's vestibule is not dangerous; but their condition of nerves is. So your over-worked business man has worn down his mental optimism until a straw in his path looks like an Alpine range. He is worried about the veriest trifles. And worry—you will find if you study your own case—is merely a form of weariness. Get up fresh and bright in the glad morning, feeling fit physically; and I defy you to worry.

I SHALL never commit suicide. I know it because I shall never work that hard. I regard the appearance of worry as a danger-signal and immediately slacken my work. Worry and suicide are as much fruits of over-strain as is "nervous prostration." And I think myself that they are but the comparative and the superlative of the same thing—i.e., mental weakness. You very seldom read that the day labourer or the hard-worked man, physically, commits suicide. Yet—by all standards of human comfort and hope—he is the very lad who ought to. Look at some of the next unskilled labourers you happen to see. Imagine yourself in their places with their chances in life. Imagine people regarding you as you regard them. Imagine the sort of a home which, in that case, you could offer your women-folk. Tie yourself to the ceaselessly swirling wheel to which they are bound. Live a life in which enough food becomes a daily anxiety, and the loss of the poorest job a tragedy. Then you might think of suicide, you would say. But you wouldn't. You are much more likely to commit suicide as you are.

SUICIDE is a trick of the highly developed. It is the mentally acute and physically well-cared-for who commit suicide. And it is growing so common that no man can be accused to-day of being an alarmist when he very gravely warns all men and women, who find themselves so mentally wearied that they worry over trifles, to seriously beware. Just as few men can tell exactly how much pressure they dare put upon their hearts, so few can be sure how far they dare drive their mental machinery after it has begun to grind upon itself for lack of the cheerful "oil" of buoyancy and confidence. You should always keep some leeway between yourself and the doleful shores of despondency; for you never can tell when a very considerable amount of additional pressure in the way of work may be put upon you. There are times when the ability to work twenty hours a day for a half-week, will bring you in more profit than the usual daily grind for a year; and the wise man keeps

enough wind in his lungs to be able to make the spurt.

THE toll of suicide is a part of the price those of us "in the foremost files of time" pay for our costly pre-eminence. Another part of the price is a slackened appetite for the pleasures we so dearly purchase. Contrast the eager joy with which the really hard-worked people, physically, seize upon what we would regard as the very shabby pleasures which come within their reach, with the weary resignation with which the well-to-do go forth to the expensive recreations their money will purchase. It is a lesson in humility. The man who can only afford a cheap holiday, camping in the woods near home, thinks of it all year and enters upon it with the shining face of boyhood; while

the man who can have any holiday he cares to pay for, wonders if he would not be really happier if he stayed at home. Nature has so made us that attainment quickly brings satiety—and disappointment.

AM I proposing a return to "the simple life"? I am proposing nothing so impossible. That, too, is a part of the price. No longer will "the simple life" be even tolerable—for long. There is nothing to do but to go forward on the path that our superior intelligence has made so smooth, and carefully heed the danger signals which are being heard all about us. Suicide is a curse to the mind-worker. We must remember it; and must start back in alarm at the first sign of its nearness—the sign of worry over trifles. None of us need imagine that we are immune. Only the most eueptic escape wholly the Valley of the Shadow. Nor need the most morally arrogant imagine that their principles will save them. Suicide comes during a period of mental aberration when it is even possible for the best beloved to believe sincerely that those who love them will be relieved when they have really "gone." This is the last word in insanity; and moral principles have been jettisoned long before.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

A Model City

Being One Way of Solving the "Master and Man" Problem

By HUGH S. EAYRS

IT is some years ago since William (now Sir William) Lever announced that he would solve the problem of better conditions for the British working man by beginning—where charity begins—at home. He said he would build a model city for his work-people. They should have model houses at a model rent, and built in a model way; there should be model parks and model libraries, model clubs and model churches; and the outcome would be a model community of model people living model lives. People laughed at Lever, when he talked like this, and told him it could not be done. But he went ahead, and did it—or most of it. He built Port Sunlight, the model city, and housed his work-people therein. He gave them good houses with a bit of garden to look after for a very modest rent. He built the parks and the clubs, the libraries

model communities. But that being granted, there can be no manner of doubt that social conditions in Bourneville and Port Sunlight are nearer the Utopia of Sir Thomas More than in any other city or town in the tight little islands we call the old country.

But England has nothing on Canada in this regard. At Fraser Mills, B.C., there is a model city which is one of the finest examples of colonization, and one of the cleanest and sanest partnerships between capital and labour to be found on this side of the Atlantic. The business institution with which it is identified is the Canadian Western Lumber Company, whose president is Colonel A. D. Davidson.

Three miles beyond the increasingly busy city of New Westminster is the townsite of Fraser Mills.



Two or Three Years Ago This Was Forest. Now it is Peopled With Happy and Prosperous People Enjoying Life in "A Model City."

and the churches. And he got a community which was a good deal happier than any other in the city of Liverpool. He had the people's kiddies playing on a village green dressed respectably, and looking healthy, instead of running round in rags and looking like an overdone advertisement for a patent medicine which would make you thin. Mr. George Cadbury, of Birmingham, did the same thing. He built a model city at Bourneville, and did his best to evolve a model people.

Both these gentlemen have succeeded to a surprising extent. Maybe there are some things still lacking. No doubt a county court bailiff occasionally serves a judgment summons "for the cost of goods sold and delivered" to some tradesman who has neglected to pay his bills, and various other sins of the flesh find representation even in these

It contains the huge plant of the Canadian Western Lumber Company, and also the homes of the employees. While you are yet a little way from the townsite you may see to the north the picturesque French-Canadian colony; to the south-east the homes of the Sikhs and Orientals, and in the centre the town where dwell Britishers, Americans and Canadians. When your guide tells you of the different races working and living in the same townsite you begin to reflect that not the least interesting phase of this model city is the fact of its polyglot character. It is a far cry from a French-Canadian to a Sikh, and from a Greek to a Jap. One would look for the first in Quebec, the second in India, the third in eastern Europe, and the fourth in Tokio. Yet they are here working and rubbing shoulders together; not just a stray representative