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Correspondence

their interesting letters and the Editor for such nice reading. One could never get as good a magazine for the price, no matter where they may go, and look at the paper it is printed on. No cheap stuff at all. I am one of those western bachelors, and have quite a time sometimes doing my own housekeeping, especially when I am making flapjacks. One morning when I had quite a good batch made, the gander and one of the calves got to fighting, and I had to go out and separate them. When I came back, what do you think, the dog had just got away with the last flapjack. Won't some of the readers be kind enough to send me a recipe for another batch. The Editor has my name and address.

A Lonely Bach.

MY SECRET

By Grace G. Bostwick

It is such a little thing-my secretand yet it has changed the world of dear people for me. It has made over my own life and given me an insight into the hearts of others, which makes them altogether lovable in my eyes.

Look for the good that is in everyone! That is all there is to it.

When you are looking for the good, you cannot see evil, for you can see only one thing at a time. And the way in which goodness leaps toward you, in response, is truly marvelous. I have seen a crabbed, sour face that was lined with wrinkles or bitterness melt like icicles in the sunshine before this resolute attitude of mind. I have seen that face smile tenderly and tears of compassion rise to the eyes that had been so prone to enmity. This, too, with a total stranger myself hunting for a room in which to live, with nothing at all to repay such kindly interest but loving thought.

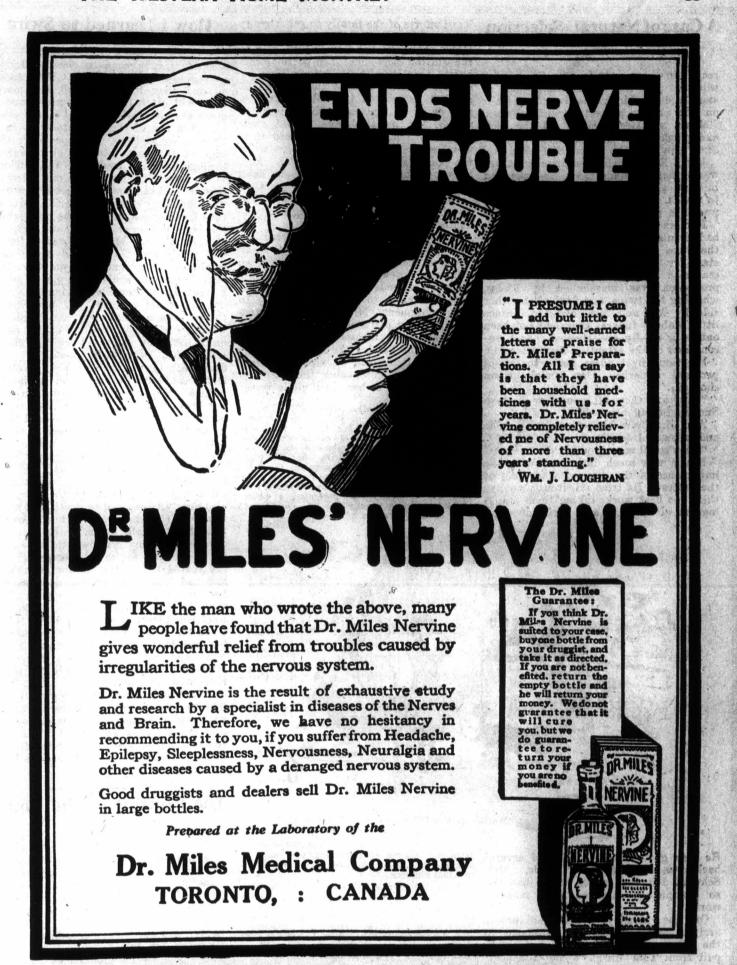
I have met with friendship among people of the highest classes as well as the lowest, during periods of seeming poverty, garbed in clothing that was habby to the last degree, Why? Simply because I saw the sweetness within, and it leaped to meet me. I have conquered business difficulties with this same attitude, seeing only justice and consideration in place of the wrong intent that seemed so apparent.

I have found that one of the soundest principles of existence is that what we ive out to the world in our own thought

exactly what we receive. Oddly enough, when this attitude of receptiveness to good in others is cultivated, the petty characteristics of humanity, such as envy, pride, hatred, covetousness, criticism, jealousy, selfpity and self-love, seem to depart of their own accord, taking with them their baggage, which is discouragement, depression, wretchedness and unhappiness generally. Even the bodily health shows marked improvement, for it is a well-known fact to modern science that whatever adds to the wholesome content of the mental life also correspondingly affects the physical.

Now, after several years of this reformed way of thinking, I find that I rarely catch myself looking upon another with a thought of criticism. I, who used to pride myself on my critical facultythinking absurdly enough as I see now. that it denoted intellect-find that the good in humanity of every class and station is paramount. It is, in fact, the reality. It has become second nature to me to see the human heart as it really is under all the superficial faults of mankind-wholly good, and I wonder how I ever managed to live under my old ways of thinking.

It is "bearing no false witness" against my neighbor in my own thought that has been my salvation and my inspiration. And this, I believe, is the secret of happiness—as it is of brotherhood.





Gold Dollar Mfg. Co., Dept. V39 Toronto, Out.