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stumps of varying heights. Since then the one who sent the picture has been listed among those wounded in that terrible battle, the first in which noxious gases were used by the Germans to put our soldiers into confusion. But—"we" were not routed, and—"Canada saved the day!" came proudly over the water.

We rejoice when our soldiers do well, but I think we would not be women at all did not the problem of world-peace hang heavily upon us. Will this war really end war? When the last shot has been fired what can be done to ensure that never another shall echo across a field of battle, that never another torpedo shall be sped on its devilish way through the water of the sea, that never another bomb shall be thrown down from the peace of the blue heavens? Women have a right to think of these things, for they are affected by war as much as are men. What mother would not more willingly give up her own life than see that of her child sacrificed? And what joy can there be to the mothers of the earth in seeing sons growing up about them if they know that the day may come when those bright young lives shall be required to settle someones' quarrel at the far ends of the earth?

Yes, assuredly women have a right to think about these questions. Why should they not? Was their intellect given them for nothing? And assuredly they should claim the right to speak wherever influence can be thrown against the possibility of any more war. For there

must be some plan by which such wicked world-pandemonium shall be prevented. This awful thing now must be fought out, but if there is any Christ-spirit left in the Universe—yes, any impulse of ordinary human kindness—there must be some settlement which shall solidly block the exploiting of any such devil's dance again, some other way by which offending nations may be compelled to keep their place.

Not long ago I had the privilege of talking with a very deep-thinking and good man, a man known by everyone who comes in contact with him as a humanitarian consumed by a fire to help the world to a more sane and rational basis than that on which it stands today. For there is no gainsaying the fact that to-day greed rules the earth. "We must find a new ideal," says this man, and the way by which he would propagate it is by union of the church, the home and the school in regard to the children. As children are taught, so will they be, on the whole, when they are grown up,—for there are few grown folk indeed who are original enough, unprejudiced enough, independent enough, painstaking enough, to throw aside all trammels of early influence and think absolutely for themselves. If children are sedulously taught militarism all through childhood and through the primary schools, and the teaching is continued through the universities, the result is likely to be militaristic men. If they are taught competition—"get ahead of the other fellow, in marks, in money, in influence"—they will probably develop, more or less, into monsters of greed, agreeable to meet, perhaps, suave, good-looking, pleasant in home and social life, well-dressed, intelligent, even blessed with plenty of good qualities, but monsters of greed nevertheless when viewed from the high standard of the absolutely unselfish. What successfully selfish man, for instance, can compare for one instant with Jesus of Nazareth? Even with Socrates, Epictetus, Francis of Assisi, Father Damien, David Livingstone, Abraham Lincoln, Tolstoi, Whitman, or with any of the great army of philosophers and scientific men who have lived selfless lives, devoting themselves to the welfare of humanity? Nor can one point only to these illustrious names, for there are few of us who have not known at least one person who lives for others rather than for self. Usually these people are fairly poor—they do not devote their energies to wealth-getting and wealth-keeping—and always they are unassuming because they are too big to care anything at all about "impressing"; if they impress it is by reason of forceful personality and not by trying. . . . Just here, isn't it odd how very quickly one sees through the slightest attempt to act impressively?—And how, involuntarily, one has the impulse to laugh at all such attempts?—Because the difference is so manifest between the false and the true, the sensible and the silly, the big and the truckling. Surely if people who try to impress others knew how transparent and how ridiculous are their efforts, they would forswear them for the future, and adopt the better part of being downright and unflinchingly sincere.

To return to our subject: "Service instead of competition" is the motto which the greatly good man of whom I have been speaking would adopt as the slogan of the new movement.

As I left him he put a book into my hands—a very much underlined book—pausing to read this paragraph: "Everything depends on the new teacher comprehending the psychology of his pupil. The technique of teaching is not the most important thing, but an understanding of the development of the child's mind. I would add: And an affectionate cheerful personality with a real joy in life."

"I wish that were burned into the mind of everyone who has to do with children," he said, closing the book.

I have not read it yet, but hope to get some wisdom from it to pass on to you later.

In connection with this thought of "service instead of competition" have you ever imagined a sort of commonwealth in which things would be very

different from now? Now, as a rule, as soon as a man comes into possession of great wealth he immediately begins to show forth the fact by building a house better than those of his neighbors, getting himself more land, providing himself with better equipage in every respect. The more he gets the "higher" he is supposed to mount according to the standards of the world, and from this cause have come castes and rivalries and all sorts of discontent and foolish emulations.

Now, if we had any sense at all we would know that we can be just as happy in a moderately-sized, comfortable house as in a palace; that woollen clothes are quite sufficient to keep us warm in winter and that nothing can be better than cotton or linen in summer, so that, if fashion would only permit, we should need to spend only a trifle "upon our backs" in comparison with the amount that we spend to-day. And we would know also that to simplify all these things would mean to have time and opportunity for the business of real living, the "growing of souls" which is the real reason why we are here on this earth.—Such a little time it is that it is a sad pity to waste it.—And so our new order in even these everyday matters, would be simply a revival of common sense.

I think intensive farming must be followed in this commonwealth; the farms are not large, but they flourish as gardens. The roads are good, and everywhere oiled so that dust is at a minimum. "The people" themselves own the trolley lines and the jitney bus lines that run everywhere; there are no private or corporation fortunes to be built up thereby, and so fares are the lowest possible, and everyone has a chance to use these methods of locomotion. Indeed so universal and so convenient are they that few care to own private automobiles.

And the houses?—Look where you will and you will see that they are not large, but infinite in variety, and such as artists themselves might love to live in. For "the people" have their own salary-paid architect, whose duty and joy it is to see that no house is built which is not harmonious to its environment. Some of them are brick, and some are cement, and some are built of logs—for the log house may be most artistic, as those who have seen well-planned summer cottages well know. The material depends on the taste of the owner, advised by the architect.

Possibly, too, this municipal architect is a landscape gardener as well; he wishes to see the finest setting for his gem, the house itself, and so he advises in regard to the planting of trees, and shrubs and flowers. The citizens of the new order have learned that there is some good sense in the Chinese proverb "If you have two loaves sell one and buy a lily to feed your soul," and so they listen to him, and do not think time wasted that is spent in beautifying their homes.

Everywhere the people are dressed artistically but simply, for they have learned to listen to the words of the artist-dressmaker, who is not forced by manufacturers to change styles continually, introducing any freak and so insisting upon it that people are obliged to buy new clothes,—simply because patterns on old simple lines cannot be bought. . . . I think, too, that the private weaver of cloth flourishes mightily, for there are people who love to weave, gloating over effects obtained by wonderful vegetable dyes. And so here is a house in which women make beautiful homespun and linens, and there is one in which others turn from their looms the daintiest and richest of "craftsman" rugs.

Here, too, is a man who does not care for farming but prefers to work with wood, and so he makes a living by constructing furniture, honest and strong, expressing his personality in line and curve, and the touch of hand-carving. The people come to him to buy, for no longer will they tolerate ugly, perishable, hurriedly put together, machine-made articles in their homes.

And so the whole community moves on—each individual given the chance to work at what he loves best, each with an opportunity to develop whatever of the creative in him lies.—Underlying all the idea of the development of the man himself, of the woman

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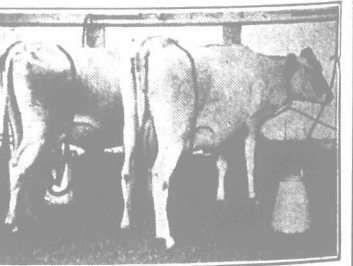
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