

tackle these with the same inextinguishable spirit which he showed in filling sandbags from "gooey" shellholes, and in cleaning out the remains of the "mulligan" in the "dixey."

That hardly acquired obedience to the orders of a superior may now pass into the higher attainment of promptly carrying out not by order, but by anticipation, the wishes of his elders. That soldierly deference to one's military senior may now be translated into the finer art of punctilious courtesy.

That free and easy manner that developed into the comradeship of the section may find its sequel in the hearty, cordial spirit of the family table, where news and experiences and the little laughable incidents are passed around, as well as the dinner plates.

And some of those odd passing reflections that struck him as he observed other peoples and countries may lead him into a further study that will make him the foreign affairs authority of the family.

The returned one will certainly feel more independent and probably less demonstrative "back at the old home," but that same loyalty he showed for the battalion in the field, he will now maintain just as staunchly toward the folks at home.

Toronto



### The Need for Happiness

All advertisements have one thing in common: they promise pleasure or happiness or hope. Study the words of most of the advertisements for soap. There is one word which occurs in them more often than any other: *sun* or *sunny* or *sunshine*. There is a profound psychology behind this fact: without exception these advertisements appeal to man's need of help or reassurance or brightness.

It is a far cry from the business man's advertisements in trolley cars and elsewhere to Matthew Arnold. Yet it was Matthew Arnold who said, "One can scarcely overrate the importance of holding fast to happiness and hope." After all, both the man of letters and the man of business are equally wise in recognizing the absolute need men and women have to be happy.

We shall be much more sympathetic in our understanding of the pleasures of others, even when those pleasures are not of the

highest type, provided we once realize the utter need there is in human nature to hope and to feel happiness. And what is still more important, through this misunderstanding, we shall be much more efficient in leading others to be happy in the best possible ways.

Just as we can make ourselves sick by talking about sickness or imagining it, so can we be sad or melancholy or morbid by allowing our minds to dwell on the difficulties or hardships or temporary defeats or inevitable sorrows of life.

It is impossible to live normally and *not* encounter more or less trouble or grief, but it is possible to live and not talk about these things, and to recognize in sorrow, disappointment, even tragedy, the greatest opportunities life has to give for the development of courage and strength. A nation or an individual which can turn pain into a privilege, struggle into courage, tragedy into the joy of a great ideal, is invincible. Calamity does indeed become the aureole of such a person or such a people.

What every human being wants is happiness. "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine." One is fulfilling at least a part of human destiny in obtaining happiness, for enjoyment expands all our capacities, our abilities to play, to work, to love. The strain of a great undertaking, hard everyday work, tragic sights to be borne, must be broken by moments of release, or relaxation, of gaiety even. This alone is a sane point of view.

Our modern world recognizes in happiness an agency for good: a promoter of health, a help in sane and symmetrical development of mind, a steadying force among those under great strain, and a friendly agent with a corrective power of its own. To be happy may thus become a duty, but there is an attitude toward happiness, a want of it, a craving for it, that is an evil.

A wise and good Englishman, Sir Edward Grey, said to a friend of mine, "In the pursuit of pleasure people lose many pleasures by the way." In working for happiness at any cost; in failing to compare its present value to us with the benefit derived from suffering or sorrow bravely borne, or battles won at terrible sacrifice, we may lose that which we set out to get.—Jeannette Marks in "Courage"