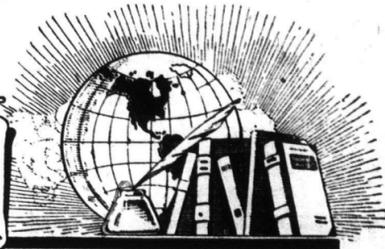


EDITORIAL



Good-Will to Our Readers

IN the message of the angels there is one little word which draws the thought of the individual away from self, and makes him consider his relation to his fellows. It is the little word good-will. To a world torn by discords and lost in a maze of misunderstandings the message comes this year as in the past, that the cure for all distresses, the solution of all problems that vex mankind, is the practice of that unselfish virtue which Christ came to illustrate in His life.

Differences of thought and opinion there must be, because men and women have varied experience in life, but these differences are not a source of division when people are bound together by good-will. A man who is perfectly honest with himself cannot think exactly as any other man. His thought must harmonize with his own experience, and his experience is like that of no other being. Men band themselves into groups called sects and parties and unions and pretend to be the same in thought and feeling, but they are never quite alike, and the very condition that they shall help one another is that they differ, however slightly in their beliefs and opinions.

This is true even in the religious field. When an attempt is made to reduce belief and practice to dead uniformity, formalism creeps in. Religion becomes not a part of life, but is swallowed up in ceremonies and observances. A truly religious act springs from the heart of a man. It is an expression of his very self. So, too, a truly religious conviction is a personal conviction. A religion that is worth while cannot be assumed, it must be voluntarily adopted. Uniformity is not to be wished for and should never be insisted upon. The condition of progress is not that all individuals be similar in attainment, thought and feeling but that there be diversity in unity. What binds men together, in reality, is not that they subscribe to a common creed, but that they are actuated by good-will.

The best advice we can give those who are working for the good of humanity is that they shall put less emphasis upon destructive difference and more upon co-operation. The emphasis of the former ends in discord and misunderstandings; the emphasis of the latter promotes brotherhood and peace.

Good-Will in the Young

Good-will in the young may be cultivated in the home and the school. Home is in all respects the most important institution of civilization. In no other institution is it so easy to inculcate the virtue of co-operation and friendly intercourse. In the "Cotter's Saturday Night," Burns gives us a beautiful picture of life in the old Scottish family:

"Wi' joy unfeigned brothers and sisters meet,
And each for other's welfare kindly spiers;
The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed fleet;
Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears;
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view.
The mother, with her needle and her shears,
Gars auld claes look amaisht as well as new;
The father mixes all with admonition due."

It would be sacrilege to add to this picture or to comment upon it. Fortunate the land which can boast of homes possessed of this spirit. Better than riches untold is the warm heart, the kind thought and genuine good-will.

The common school can develop the same spirit. The very fact that it brings together all races, classes, creeds, and causes them to forget their differences in the thought of a common Canadian citizenship, is enough to justify its existence. Then too the common experiences in school—the songs, the recitations, the drills and other co-operative exercises, and above all, the games on the play-ground—all these when performed in the spirit of friendliness make for that virtue which conditions harmony and peace in the nation. The greatest thing about a school fits him to live as he should among his fellows.

Good-Will in Business

If trade and commerce were actuated by good-will what a different story people would have to tell! Here is a man who passes wheat through his elevator, purchasing it from the farmer and shipping it to

Fort William, the rake-off being 18 cents a bushel over all expenses. Here is a man who acts as custodian of the workman's funds, giving three per cent and lending out at eight per cent, thus making a profit of five dollars on an outlay of three dollars. Here again is one who buys potatoes from a farmer at \$1.25 and re-sells them inside of an hour at \$2.00. Here is a man that engages to do eight hours' work a day and yet designedly gives only half-time service. All such illustrations as this point to the absence of good-will and to the reign of unbridled selfishness. It was to protest against this selfishness, to point out a better way and to illustrate it in a beautiful life that the Man of Nazareth came to earth. In word and in deed—and He was the only one whose deed was equal to His word—He taught that each man can love his neighbor as himself, and that it is more blessed to give than to receive. It is only when the whole course of truth feels the quickening pulse of good-will that conditions will be stabilized and harmony restored.

The spirit of good-will manifests itself in loving thoughts and gracious deeds. It takes a group of boys who are given to lawlessness and destruction and transforms them into a band of helpful philanthropists. On Hallowe'en such a band had planned the robbing of orchards, the tearing down of fences, the destruction of property. Under the influence of a kindly-disposed citizen who was once a stirring boy himself, and who understood the moving forces in growing lads, the projected invasion was turned in the direction of digging a widow's potatoes and placing them in a pit.

This followed by a taffy-pull and pop-corn supper was infinitely better than anything lawlessness could provide. So too in the business world, the lowering of prices, to a point where the poor can buy, the charging for services on a scale that will permit all to engage help, the imposing of profits that are reasonable and fair alike to buyer and seller—with the odds always a little in favor of the other party—this will mean happiness and contentment, and a joy that the amassing of wealth can never provide. And when it comes to the end of life on earth those pass happily into the new existence who have known what it is to be good and kindly and well-disposed to others, for the promise is for to-day as well as yesterday: "I was an hungered and ye gave me meat. I was thirsty and ye gave me drink." It is not to be thought for a moment that religious righteousness is one thing and civic or commercial righteousness another. Life is one, and cannot be divided. The true measure of a man is his behavior in his every-day life, not his profession nor his performance on what are termed religious occasions. A business man who carries into his (Contd. on page 96)

The Newspaper of the Future

Specially written for W.H.M. by Nellie L. McClung

I am sore at newspapers. They print the wrong sort of news. If a man strikes another man, he gets a paragraph, but if he lends another man ten dollars, he gets nothing, perhaps not even the ten. If a man beats up the whole neighborhood, he gets his picture on the front page, and a biographical sketch is written of him for the Sunday edition. But if he serves a whole neighborhood all his life, he is not mentioned in the daily press, except when he dies, and his family pay "Usual Rates" for the three-quarter inch insertion.

Strange, isn't it?

I read a column telling the usual wife beating story. Old man Smithers got lit up, in these closing days of the traffic, and under the exhilarating influence of John Barleycorn, decided he would beat up his wife and family. The story is told with gruesome realism, and I am so sorry for Mrs. Smithers and the five scared children, and I am so mad at the old man I can't go on with my work.

And when I say I feel this way, I know I am speaking for the thousands of other people who read the same story. We are all types. And this is where I find fault with the newspapers. Why do they print this harrowing stuff? Why do they let loose on a tender hearted public, a story that sends so many of us to our work this Monday morning, heavy hearted, indignant and dewy eyed.

I am perfectly willing to be sad of heart and teary of eye every day of the week, if it will do anyone any good—but it doesn't. I get nothing from the Smithers' story and its effect on me, but a headache; Mrs. Smithers gets nothing out of it—and worse still—the old man gets nothing. I contend that most of us get enough cause for grief, in the block in which we live, or at least in the circle of friends, without getting any from a distance.

Then too, there is the power of suggestion, which is a strong factor in human conduct. Stories of crime, lead to crime. We are all great imitators, and the newspapers see to it that we get a variety of iniquities to choose from.

I do not want to read about family quarrels, desertions, wife-beatings, stealing, fraud, cruelty and incendiary fires. I want to read stories of girls who went right, women who love their husbands and stay with them through the long years of adversity and arrive at a comfortable competency in the closing years of their lives. I want to read of heroism, generosity, neighborly kindness. I want to be reminded of the vast number of fine people there are in the world. I want to think well of my kind, and the newspaper which prints this sort of cheering, comforting and inspiring news will get my subscription, even though they do not give anybody's History of the War as a premium.

I wonder will it ever be!

Nellie L. McClung.