

RIGHT

The triumph of right over wrong has been a favorite topic of speakers and writers from the dawning of language and letters. It was a topic which was worthy the greatest consideration of the master minds of the centuries which gave heed to it. There is a power of right, a wonderful power, too—don't forget that. Furthermore, it triumphs over wrong. The triumphs may at times and under certain circumstances seem long in materializing, but in the end the power of right manifests itself and we all recognize it. Evil and wrong cannot face that which represents right.

Something is certain to bring the author of evil, the wrong-doer, to account in the end. The history of the world points to this as true, and nearly all of us can recall experiences within our knowledge which prove it beyond a doubt. The first instance of this fact on record is given in the account of the Devil being kicked out of Heaven. The Devil was making too much trouble, doing too much dirty work. This was wrong and the Lord and archangels proved the power of right and sent him forth.

Men of great achievement have often turned their minds into evil channels and became wrong-doers—to suffer the most bitter remorse until the day of their death. Aaron Burr was an example of this class of men. Benedict Arnold was another. Both of these men did much for the good of the nation, but finally yielded to the blandishments of evil and fell—never again to rise. History records many such instances.

The present war is and has been for more than four years a daily lesson on the subject of right and wrong on a mammoth scale, with the central powers representing all that was evil and wrong. We are just beginning to see the great power of right in full tilt against the massing of so much wrong as was represented by Germany and her allies in crime. We are permitted to see these erstwhile great governments crumbling to earth before the great power of right. In this great league for evil the German Kaiser played the part of the Devil when he was of the Heavenly Host and it is our fervent prayer that it will be seen right and proper to kick him hence as was the Devil. In fact, we hope that right will do a trifle more for the Kaiser than happened to the Devil. In time we shall see the triumph of right in the present struggle against wrong. It is always so.

CAN AND WILL

There is a vast difference between "I can" and "I will." If you are a real live wire in anything there must be a something wherein you can say both "I can" and "I will." Of what avail is it to be able to do something if you have not the will to do it? Be capa-

ble to do something then make your capacity of value by having the energy to execute with vim and vigor.

In all things it is accomplishment that counts. The world wants accomplishment—it must have it. You can't wish forever for a thing and have it come to you. That would be a miracle and we have little faith in miracles. We feel more assurance in the spirit which says "I can" and "I will." Who will pay money for a fellow who simply wishes his work done? The fellow who does his work and does it promptly and well is the one who will get the pay. That is as it should be, too.

Now, let our young readers give heed to what "I can" and "I will" stand for in this busy and practical world of ours. Fit yourself for some one thing, at least, wherein you can say both "I can" and "I will." Hold up your hand if you mean business.

A FABLE FOR THE TIMES

Every day sees something new and in accordance with the times. From an exchange we glean the following, which has a bearing on one's attitude toward the Spanish Influenza:

A peasant driving to the village was accosted by a tattered hag who asked him for a ride. Regardless of her repulsive appearance he took her into his vehicle. As they entered the village she alighted and in payment for the ride offered to grant him a favor.

"Who are you?" asked the peasant.

"I am the Plague," replied the hag.

"Then," said the peasant, "grant me this: That in this village of my friends you take but a single life."

"Granted," said the Plague and disappeared.

It became known that the Plague was in the village. Scores died; the peasant was sorely troubled. On another day as he traveled the roads, again he met the hag and reproached her for breaking her word.

"I have kept my word," said the crone. "But one life have I taken."

"But the dead are many," protested the peasant.

"Yes," said the Plague, "but the others have died of fear."

Be clean, be careful, be courageous; this outbreak of Spanish influenza is nothing worse than half a dozen other maladies that have their seasons of epidemic. It is not so insidious or deadly as tuberculosis and yet there is no furore over the white plague because it is not a novelty. Science is already on the trail of the influenza bug that masks a German behind a Spanish calling-card, but science can't do it all—the individual must do his part.