



## RAISE YOUR RIGHT HAND!

A New Year Editorial by R. F. Paine

Say, fellows, we've got more to "swear off" at the beginning of this year than ever before, come to think of it. We've still got a very fair representation of the old habits, and we've been acquiring some new ones, during the past year. Moreover, the wisdom and duty of sticking to our new resolutions are stronger, this time, than ever before.

Consider what the new year promises. There is to be war more hellish than the world has ever before known, notwithstanding the extraordinary slaughter and barbarity of the past year. Even peace would find whole peoples ruined and the nations still alive gasping with exhaustion. Even if democracy is saved to the world, it will be democracy weak and bleeding

### THE FIRST NEW YEAR.

In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.

And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.

And God said, Let there be light; and there was light.

And God saw the light, that it was good; and God divided the light from the darkness.

And God called the light Day, and the darkness he called Night. And the evening and the morning were the first day.

But 40 cents will feed a French orphan for a month.

A dollar for Red Cross, and you get a flag for your window. But five dollars may save an only son to a widow.

You go out to billiards, or theater, or poker game, or club doings, with your regular companions, all good fellows. But in the cantonments are fellows who are without mothers, fathers, home chums, who are alone in themselves, who have to take army provision and regulation in the raw and rough, and yet they are your brothers.

after an awful operation, democracy in the hospital.

Fellows, let's examine ourselves and see how strong the bad habit of thinking of and doing for self has got hold of us.

We've given a dollar to Red Cross and maybe thought of it as a sort of tip that didn't hurt us.

We've bought a bond. Oh well! there's four per cent interest in it; it didn't hurt.

Some of us have studied pretty considerably on how to "pass the buck" of war taxation.

We've paid a cent or two more for such things as cigars, postage and movie tickets. It didn't hurt. We've had a sort of hazy, indefinite idea that it was up to the other fellow to do most of the paying and fighting, and, mentally and physically, we've gone along in pretty much the same old comfortable way, satisfied that others would successfully perform whatever was to be done.

Let's swear off on being at all satisfied with ourselves, first thing in 1918!

There never was a time when the Lord gave more and greater opportunities for individual service for His people and His purposes.

An old bachelor can pay 12 cents for a smoke that formerly cost him 10, and not feel abused.

There is nothing more beautiful in these awful times than the long-distance adoption of foreign orphans by American families. Mr. Man, have you an orphan whose father died while defending your rights to liberty, home and happiness? Is there anything that you do directly to help and to save, beside subscribing an easy dollar now and then?

Let's swear off on regarding all that agony in Europe as remote and impersonal!

Let's swear off on giving and doing only up to the point where it hurts us!

Let's swear off on feeling that somebody else will do it!

We will, likely, climb on "the water wagon," and fall off at the first corner; eschew the weed with little Robin Reed, be cross and ugly around home and office until February 1st, and then rush for the strongest, meanest cigar anybody has in stock; abandon blasphemy, and cuss till the furniture rattles, when the first shoestrings breaks. We can pave, curb and put street car tracks in Hades with our usual good resolutions.

Let's swear on ourselves, for this year of world-crisis, close, direct, intimate, personal service to humanity, and do something, big or little, every day to hold us to it!

