

CONSIDERING CHRISTMAS

Continued from page 64

pecunious well-wishers, with eighteen-pence or a florin to spend on me, imagine that I shall like a duodecimo selection from Marcus Aurelius bound in limp leather, or—limper still—"Winnowings from Ella Wheeler Wilcox." There is nothing to be done with such presents but to give them, next Christmas, to somebody else. Preferably, however, not to the original donor. Still, one likes receiving them all the same; it is agreeable to feel that one is not forgotten.

TO understand one's fellow-beings is a talent; there is a special genius of friendship and sympathy. This talent, this special genius are as rare as all other kinds of talent and genius. But if friendship is hard to practice, how much more difficult is goodwill towards all men! Friendship is good will towards a few familiar beings, generally of the same class with ourselves, having the same tastes and many common memories. But what the angels at Christmas bid us feel is good will towards all men—towards our office boys; towards the horrid over-fed grand dames who roll along in Rolls Royces; towards Bolsheviks and striking seamen; towards bookies and policemen; towards Spring poets and printers. Towards everyone, in fact, of whatever colour, whatever creed, whatever politics, whatever cast of mind.

IT is hard almost to impossibility. Many people, it is true, imagine that they feel good will towards all men. But that is only because they know such a very few different kinds of human beings. It is easy if one has a thousand a year to feel good will towards all, or at any rate most, of the other people with similar positions and similar incomes. And since, for the majority of men and women, the whole world consists of a few hundred people of the same class with themselves, it is possible for them to imagine that they do feel good will towards all men. It is only when they begin to meet different kinds of people that they discover they don't. Between the educated and the uneducated, the rich and the poor, the clever and the stupid, the active and the contemplative, great gulfs are fixed. And the more one knows of the world the more gulfs one discovers. To be able to overleap those gulfs one must have a genius for good will. How hard it is not to feel embarrassed and tongue-tied with the uneducated, ashamed in the presence of the

very poor, disgusted by the self-indulgent rich, bored by the stupid and, in the presence of the bad, half-indignant, half envious! Genuine good will is incompatible with all these various emotions. Nothing would give me greater satisfaction than to be able to feel universal good will; but however hard I try I find that I can't feel it. The best that we can hope to do—those of us who don't happen to be born with a genius for love—is to extend the circle of our good will some little way into the boundless universe of what is indifferent to us or anti-pathetic. We shall have achieved a great deal if, every Christmas, we have contrived to feel good will towards at least one more human being, or towards the members of a class hitherto ignored or actually disliked. The process should be gradual and lifelong. One might after the lapse of thirty or forty Christmasses, actually find themselves feeling good will towards the people whom they now regard as demons. The more so as everybody concerned would probably, by that time, be in the grave.

IN Dickens' days one celebrated Christmas at home. Now one goes to an hotel or picnicking. Even in the last few years this habit has enormously spread. I attribute this fact to the infinite suggestibility of the human race and the judicious advertising. But, whatever the causes of this state of things, the fact remains that the typically twentieth-century thing to do at Christmas is to be jolly away from home. The fact that I like to be jolly in private and at home proves that I do not belong to my age. To tell the honest truth, I am delighted to think that I don't. This year, as in former years, I shall stay at home during all the festive season, eating turkey—if my farmer-friend doesn't forget me—to show that I am of the same nationality as Chaucer, and brandy butter to symbolise my consanguinity with Shakespeare and Sir Isaac Newton; I shall give a children's party in honour of Dickens, with a Christmas tree in memory of Prince Albert. In the evening, while the rest of the world is eating in stuffy restaurants and prancing about on the beaches to the din of gramophones, I shall listen to a little real music, drink a pint of wine and discuss life with a friend. And when I retire to bed I shall do my best, in the soothing and meditative darkness, to feel good will towards the expiring year. I hope I shall succeed.



GOLDBERG

Fore!

On the golf course, in the pavilion and for other informal occasions, lady smokers will find an abiding satisfaction in

SONIA

THE IDEAL LADIES' CIGARETTE made by TEOFANI & COMPANY, LONDON

Packed in beautiful containers and of charming qualities, Sonia Cigarettes are incomparable for their smooth taste and unique aroma

Sold by all Tobacconists of Repute

Become a Subscriber
Fill in Form—Page 88

Our Advertisements are Guaranteed
See Page 40

Please pass this
Copy on to your Friends

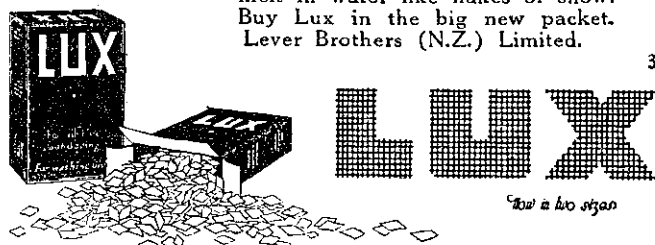


Wash these delicate silk stockings with Lux. They will last longer and keep their sheen

Silk Stockings

THE makers of "KAYSER" silk stockings, gloves, and Italian silk underwear say, "Wash them in Lux." They would not say this unless they knew from long and practical experience that nothing in the world is equal to Lux for this purpose. The makers of "KAYSER" recommend Lux in order to protect their good name, and lengthen the life of their goods. Lux washes delicate lace, silk and coloured goods and all underwear, blankets and linens with equal success. Lux costs a little more than soap, but saves its cost many times over. The filmy Lux diamonds are so fine you have to divide an inch into thousandths to measure them. They melt in water like flakes of snow. Buy Lux in the big new packet. Lever Brothers (N.Z.) Limited.

390



A SUGGESTION FOR XMAS PRESENTS

Large assortment of hand embroidered tray and supper cloths, luncheon sets, doyleys, linen damask goods, etc.

Miss. A. D. Millar

IRISH LINEN DEPT

Thorpe's Bldgs. [Upstairs] Hastings Street Napier

WRINKLES banished in One Week

COMAN

METHOD (not massage)

This is the only facial treatment ever endorsed by the United States Health Board

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR Destroyed by RUSMA

(REGISTERED)

ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED

Call or Send stamped, addressed envelope for Free Literature.

FLORENCE HULLEN, C.M.D.

(DIPLOMA, U.S.A.)

Head Office: Melvern's Bldgs, Karangahape Rd., Auckland
Branch Office: Belcher's Bldgs., Courtney Place, Wellington