

Mission of Bob Jones Revival More Than to Provide Jacob's Ladder Upon Which to Mount from Weary Earth to Vaunted Skies

OPENING of the Bob Jones evangelistic services here today marks the realization on the part of the churches of the need of a spiritual revival; of a resurrection of at least sufficient of that old time religion of Jesus, to make it acceptable as an ideal, even though mammon has so overshadowed it in the practical as to raise popular doubts of its feasibility.

It has been so long since the most of us have heard a sermon suggestive of what Jesus might do; so long since we have felt called upon to gauge our conduct, and modes of life, to strictly accord with Christian teaching, absorbing and radiating His spirit, that the true, conscientious Christian life, one might almost say, has become a lost art. Indeed, the cynical call it, "a discarded deuce."

Nothing could be more fitting than that it should be dove-tailed in here, in the midst of the popular reaction—and quite universal unrest,—that has followed our recent international scare and deluge of hate. Too bad, indeed, too bad, that we could not have fought the world war, as our national leader counseled us to fight it, not in a frenzy of fear, nor the wildness of hate, but for a principle—chastening the foe, not in madness but love, as a parent chastens a child.

Had we done that, there would not have been the reaction that has followed, nor the unrest that now exists. We would have celebrated armistice day, not in a spirit of greed—glad only that the burden of buying Liberty bonds and supporting the Red Cross was passing,—but in a spirit of gratefulness that the principle for which we had fought had won. A truly Christian America would not have forgotten so easily as it has, its promises to the world and to itself; that it had taken up the sword to make the world safe for democracy, to crush autocracy, and militarism, that was might be no more.

Christianity has failed here in the United States as it has failed in no other country on earth; failed insofar as it has failed to inoculate the people with the power of adherence to abstract principle—with the disposition to subordinate personal advantage to general welfare. Christianity means that, or it means nothing. It is not a theology, fundamentally, but a mode of life, or, perhaps, rather than a mode, an object in life. We have out-Neitzscheized Neitzsche, especially since the war, reacting into the very deepest of those materialistic channels for which we condemned him so while the war was on; condemned him as the founder of the prevalent German intellectualism.

And Christianity is the antidote, else there is none. Never was evangelization so important to our American life as it is right now; more important even than Americanization, since fundamentally, without Christianity the spirit of America loses its deepest significance. Bringing Bob Jones here is but an exemplification of the best that could be done to properly and efficiently Americanize America and spiritualize that Americanism in all the great centers of population. It is more a matter of evangelization—inoculation of the hearts of men with the spirit of the Christ toward his fellows,—than it is the election of a president, or a congress, wage increases, or reduction of the H. C. of L., that is needed in America to give us the 100 percent Americanism that we pretend to crave.

If the heart is right, and the intelligence minded to search for the right, you can trust to the results. Individualism after all is at the bottom of it all,—even of the broadest socialization. The whole is but the sum of all its parts. It isn't necessary that a man be a recluse as the Nazarene was, or that he live among beggars, preach only from mountain-sides, or sleep under a bush. We are living in a more highly civilized state than existed 2,000 years ago, but the fundamentals of Christianity, the spirit of the thing, the humanitarian purposes, have not changed. They are merely available for more complex uses and are of that much greater importance.

Not that we need less doctrinal Christianity perhaps, but that we are sorely in need of more practical Christianity, justifies the revival that the churches are putting on. They need that revival inside the churches as well as on the outside, and indeed, that is one of the primal purposes of it. The Pauline idea of establishing the authenticity of the Messiahship, and that the converts to it would become practical Christians as a matter of course, hasn't always worked out exactly as he expected, and the need of a revival every now and then, to revitalize the Christian heart, as well as to point out the way for new converts, encouraging them to acceptance, has been proven by the devilry of years.

The evangelist from the outside is not muzzled, as local clergymen too often are, by their social connections, the business, and sometimes immoral associations of influential parishioners; the greeds and selfish activities of the sometimes false contributors to congregational upkeep. He is free, thank the heavens, from the local political influences and partisan affiliations, which more than occasionally silence the church into an alliance with the very forces of corruption and immorality. Christ's church can never fulfill its mission, and stand as a protectorate, even through silence, over the activities of Satan's hosts. The churchman who swallows his religion, and forgets it, when it is time to apply it in practical life, merely because such application must of necessity run counter to his political, partisan, social or business advantage, needs just such a revival as we anticipate Bob Jones is calculated to bring us.

We are all hopeful that this season of unrest may soon pass away; that the international "snickerism" that is disgracing our land—the hypocrisy which we confess by every withdrawal from the fulfillment of our promised international obligations,—will not stain us forever; that our local government may be improved, and our city may become a more fit place in which to live, freed from vice and damnation; that capital and labor may soon learn to love each other in a spirit of mutual service, and that industrial justice may take precedence over private greeds; that we may have a better, more whole-

souled Americanism, fair-minded and loyal, admitting of the largest measure of freedom consistent with each other's rights!

Well, revivalism isn't alone a Jacob's ladder upon which to mount from the weary earth to the vaunted skies. The purpose is also to revitalize the earth and make it less weary, and this is the message—which all those who are inclined to sneer, might do well to ponder; the voice of the founder of Christianity himself, and the best insurance in the world, guaranteeing the improvements for which the human soul now craves:

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things will be added unto you."

KICKING THE "LID" OFF FROM THE DEMOCRATIC LETHARGY.

WHILE it was only coincident, we are told, that Thomas Jefferson's birthday was chosen by the Ralph Smith congressional committee as the time for opening his campaign in this city, it might almost be regarded as a significant coincidence. Effort was made some months ago to interest the local democracy in something like a Jackson or a Jefferson day dinner, with a democratic speaker of national repute, but nothing material has resulted. It is a fit day for the launching of a democratic awakening.

Mr. Smith will discuss the issues before the democratic congressional primary, and, we anticipate, with a deal of popular interest. The Laporte man takes the position that there are issues important enough to deserve discussion. It is upon the issues, and his potential ability to deal intelligently with them, if elected to congress, that he is making the race for the congressional nomination. He is of necessity taking his case direct to the people, combatant, in some instances, as he is forced to be, of the machinations of the old party leaders.

We are confident that no one will mistake where Mr. Smith stands on a number of things, when he has finished his talk, or doubt that he knows what he is talking about—matters of vital interest to the nation with which the congress to be elected this year is certain to be concerned. Due to democratic lethargy here, both in partisanship and principle, that has seemingly been lulled quite to sleep by the poisoned propaganda of "corperhead" republicanism,—this is to be the first public address, on the democratic side of things, heard here since the campaign of 1916.

Mr. Smith comes, therefore, in this one respect, as something of a democratic revivalist, and every democrat, man and woman, should make sure to hear him. Republicans have had their side of things vamped up repeatedly, always alert, when most any sort of an organization is to bring a public speaker here, to see to it through packed program committees, that a speaker is obtained with a distinct anti-democratic accent. The "lid" that has been maintaining the democratic silence is to be kicked off Tuesday night, and Mr. Smith is perfectly competent to perform the operation.

It might do a whole lot of republicans good too, to undergo this awakening, as well as the democrats.

MANY QUESTIONS UNSETTLED.

When England picked on Sheikh Hussein as a likely instrument to annoy the Turks and as a reward for his efforts made him king of Hedjaz, which amounts to the same thing as monarch of Arabia, ambition was created that is not confined to Hussein himself. It has been communicated to his two sons also.

Faisal, the elder, has had himself proclaimed king of Syria, and Zaid, the younger, is assuming a like position in Mesopotamia. These developments are displeasing to both Great Britain and France, but how to remove them without causing more trouble is what is puzzling the statesmen of both countries at present.

According to Faisal the Syrian people have determined their own destiny and that is all there is to it. The great war is over, but the troublesome phases of it are by no means ended; that is, the troublesome pre-war phases, such as the old world secret treaties and intrigues, spheres of influence and bountied balances of power.

OLD PRACTICE AND NEW.

Centuries ago, when people depended upon the products of their immediate environs to furnish the means of life, withholding of food from market was frowned upon as a criminal offense. There are many statutes in early English law against "engrossing" and "forestalling" and "regrating." Up until 55 years ago some of them were still operative, and only as transportation brought freer exchange of commodities did they disappear.

In the days of the American revolution the continental congress took steps to check "the wicked arts of the speculators, forestallers and engrossers." Engrossing and forestalling were made criminal offenses, punishable by a fine of 5,000 pounds or a year in jail. After a while the law was repealed and the public prosecutors relied upon the law against conspiracy to prevent food manipulation.

We do much talking nowadays about the evils of food hoarding, but we apply little action. Some of the old-fashioned laws were discarded too soon.

The Mexican presidential campaign is warm enough to require mobilizing troops, which may be taken as an indication that affairs are assuming normal conditions there.

The Austrian archduchess who is to wed "a scion of an old Prussian family" drawing a salary of \$20 a year must be marrying for love, certainly not for money.

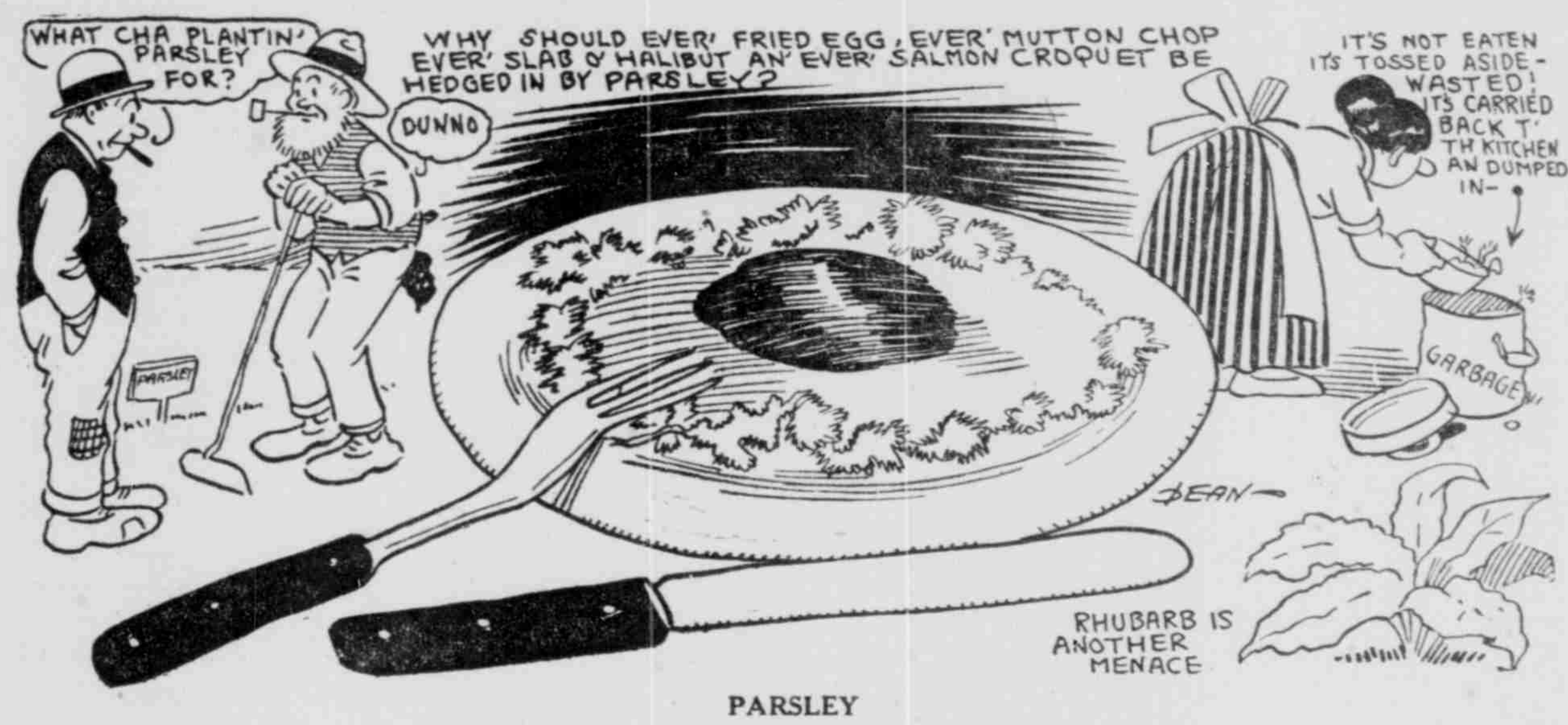
Now they say that shoe prices are due to violence. Which revives hope that some day they will be visible to the naked eye.

We wonder if the former kaiser ever thinks of what he said he was going to do to America after the war was over?

SHORT FURROWS

By the Noted
Indiana Humorist

KIN HUBBARD



"Th' curtailed Crops League" held a rousin' meetin' in Squire Marsh Swallow's office last night t' formulate plans for 1920. Many papers wuz read, among which wuz: "Th' Crow a Menace t' Young Corn," "Stump Blowin' an' Art," "Underbrush Grubbin' Well Repays th' Grubbin'," "Th' Utilization o' Fence Corners," "Th' Value o' th' Stone Boat," "Intensive Harrowin'," "Th' Relation o' Late Plowin' t' th' War," and "A Farmer's Wife, His Greatest Asset." But th' pleasant surprise o' th' evening wuz a stirrin' appeal by Mr. Rodney Lamb, o' Tulp, Indiana, t' curb th' production o' parsley. He said: "Th' cultivation o' parsley in this country has long been a national disgrace. Th' acreage de-

voted t' parsley is a reflection on our civilization. I wish I had my statistics with me. I should like t' open your eyes—I should like t' show you in black and white th' exact number o' acres that are brazenly prostituted t' parsley in this country. T' give one precious square inch o' soil to parsley while th' nations o' th' earth are starvin' is criminal. Who demands parsley? Did any brave son in France write home for parsley? Who would miss parsley? Why should ever 'fried egg, ever' mutton chop, ever' slab o' halibut an' ever' salmon croquet, be hedged in by parsley? It's not eaten! It's tossed aside—wasted! Ever' year millions, yes billions, o' sprigs o' parsley are carried back t' our kitchens an' dump-

ed in th' garbage!! Why not garnish with alfalfa or dandelion or cedar? Let us take th' parsley that is annually thrown in th' garbage can. I'll give you th' figures as I remember them. We'll say a sprig o' parsley, an average sprig, is three inches long. That's th' most a conservative estimate. Let us place these sprigs end t' end an' what do we have? Ten thousand seven hundred and fifty-one miles o' parsley—to th' thousand seven hundred and fifty-one miles o' waste!! Useless nonsense! Stuff that does not do one whiff o' good t' any livin' soul. Th' enough parsley mileage t' reach t' Chateau-Thierry three times an' then some. Th' non-essentially o' parsley culture should be apparent t' all. We are a thoughtless people. We don't

realize what we're doin' when we plant parsley. Ask any man why he plants parsley an' he'll confess he doesn't know. Th'ers a terrible overproduction o' lettuce each year all because we don't stop t' think. Rhubarb reached quantity production in 1830, an' it's 'day th' most pernicious, brazen, arrogant, an' insinuat' growth we have. It's another menace. Wherever you visit you're asked t' take some rhubarb home with you. "Take all you can carry, we've got more'n we kin use," we're told. An' why have they got more than they kin use? Because they've allowed it t' have its own way. An', my friends, you don't allus have t' plant parsley, I'll volunteer—I'll sneak up on you. Let us be on our guard in th' spring an' annihilate it!"

WHO'S YOUR RIVAL—By Helen Rowland Through a Widow's Lorgnette

"Isn't that funny!" The Widow tossed the morning newspaper onto the window seat, and made room for the Bachelor, who propped himself comfortably against the cushions opposite her. "A man is suing for a divorce from his wife, because she isn't jealous of him!" she bubbled mirthfully.

"And I always thought that jealousy was the serpent in the Garden of Eden!" said the Bachelor, lighting a cigarette, and gazing wistfully out at the rain, which threatened to spoil the house party. "Oh well! Some people simply must have their 'devils'." He finished.

"Yes," twinkled the Widow, "so many people mistake the devil for religion, and jealousy for love!" "And temperance for genius, and bad temper for 'character,' such as mine for 'devotion,'" added the Bachelor.

"And a new interest in life—for a rival!" concluded the Widow. "That is the pathetic thing about this husband. He not only can't make his wife jealous, but he can't find anybody to be jealous of, himself. Isn't that sad? He feels sure that his wife doesn't love him, because she doesn't torment him or pull his hair or go into hysterics, or run home to mother. But he can't discover who his rival is—unless it's her music teacher! Isn't that just like a man—to assume that nothing on earth could possibly distract a woman's attention from himself, except another man! No man's rival, and no woman's either, ever was a human being!"

What exclaimed the Bachelor in bewilderment, "don't you call a blonde manicurist, or a Titian chorus girl a 'human being'?" "Oh yes—in a way," answered the Widow. "But a man, ever was lured from his happy home, by his love for a blonde manicurist or a Titian chorus girl—or any other woman. What 'harm' his love of adventure, of amusement, of novelty, of excitement, of a change. The other woman is not the cause of his defection—she's merely the result. No husband's real rival in his wife's heart is another man. It's something far more dangerous and formidable. It's another interest. In this particular husband's case it was his wife's music her own voice."

"Oh, I see!" The Bachelor's tone was mocking, "woman, carried away by her own voice! That's that!" he comprehended. But when another 'interest' as you call it, wears 'snappy collars,' and smokes Havanas and drives a red car, or when it has soulful eyes and a poet's look over its forehead, and a line of soul-talk, like that Greenwich village freak I saw you strolling in the moonlight with, last night—"

"It was your own fault!" broke in the Widow, "you insisted on playing bridge with that little butter-haired card-dend, all evening!" "But I didn't want to!" protested the Bachelor. "I only wanted a little game, and a nice comfy place by the open fire."

And it wasn't the Greenwich Village poet's soul-talk that I wanted," mimicked the Widow, "but the moon, and the open-air, and a little romantic adventure! That proves my point!" she added triumphantly, "when a bachelor strays from a woman's side, it's not in search of another woman—but in search of diversion. And, when a husband—a nice average, tame husband—begins looking around at other women, it's because he wants something more in life than a 'good kind husband,' who never answers when she speaks or wastes one brain-cell in a conversation with her. Nobody understands how a woman can acquire heart-far just as a man acquires brain-far from listening to a human music-box with only one tune, the modern husband."

"He has so many More 'rivals' than his grandfather. Every time a woman has a bored half-hour, nowadays, she fancies it's a soul-pang and rushes off and goes in for 'Art' or 'uplift,' or spiritualism, or classic dancing, or opens a millinery shop!" "Instead of sitting at home, and taking it out in embroidery, and gossip, and nervous headaches, and nagging!" rejoined the Widow, "and yet no man ever thinks to look at a law school, or a religion, or an art gallery, or a hat-shop, or a pay envelope as his 'rival!' It never occurs to him, that a woman's love of music could be greater than her love of a typewriter, and a rhyming dictionary. And yet these are the real rivals that are threatening the home, today. And no man knows who or which his rival may be tomorrow!"

"Hear, hear!" cried the Bachelor, "Xantippe elopes with a bucket of suds and a box of washing soda!" Cleopatra skips to go into the movies, and Helen of Troy opens a beauty parlor!" But," he added plaintively, "aren't there any girls left, who are willing to be just nice, natural, interesting, sympathetic wives?" "Millions of them!" declared the Widow, "that's what every normal girl wants to be! I don't believe there is a natural-minded woman living who doesn't prefer a congenial, tender, loving husband to a career, or art, or fame, or money, or anything else in the world! But some women have grown a brain, she simply must have something to think about—and somebody to think with her!"

"That's it!" complained the Bachelor rebelliously, "a man can't think for his wife anymore. She expects him to think with her! As if anybody on earth could follow a woman's mind, whose her thoughts run round in circles, and triangles and detours and scallops and 'prohibitions'—and why? Where are you going?" The Widow had risen and stood shaking out the pleats of her smart little walking skirt, and the Bachelor, "Oh, to look for a man—!" she began.

"If you mean that 'goggle-eyed, curly-headed, velvet-tongued'—"

"For a man," interrupted the Widow, with icy sweetness, "who admits that I have a brain!"

"If you mean that 'goggle-eyed—professional-soul-mate'—repeated the Bachelor, "I wouldn't, if I were you!"

"Why not?" The Widow's chin went up defiantly.

"Because," said the Bachelor, "I saw him drive off in a red car, with the little butter-colored blonde from Altoona just 10 minutes ago!"

"What a bore!" exclaimed the Widow, sitting down, again, with a sigh—of relief.

"Wasn't he?" agreed the Bachelor, "and so was she!"

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WIDOW-TISMS.

The only way in which a girl can attract her lover, in these days, is to go around with a lot of clothes and all her eyebrows on.

Dissecting love is like pulling the petals from a flower. By the time you have learned a little about love, all its perfume and sweetness are gone!

Somewhat, no woman seems to remember to celebrate the anniversary of the day on which she was "wedded to her art."

The Sunday morning discovery of a woman's hair, which she has used as he sits there with his top-hair all ruffled up, and laughs at the antics of the bad, bad boys in the comic section.

Women who go into politics should make a deep study of men's methods—so as to know how to steer clear of them.

Love is what makes a girl of 16 feel very old and wise—and a woman of 25 feel very young and foolish.

Oh, don't you just love this "free verse?"

Good heavens! It ought to be free! Which sounds like a gargle—or worse, And looks like a soup recipe!

Why does a man always call it "business" when he talks economy to his wife, and "nagging" when she mentions it to him?

A clever girl can get about everything she wants in this life; but it takes a little pink-and-white thing with a dimple and one brain cell to make a man get it for her.

Most young men have the same attitude toward making a living as a woman has toward getting a divorce. They love to sit around and vaguely speculate on how it could be done, if they should ever care to do it.

The girl who wins and holds a man is not the one who looks up to him as the sun of her existence, but the one who sneaks down on him as just one of the footlights.

Half the time a man doesn't know whether to accept his wife's allusions to his sins before company as "honorable mention," an apology, or a threat.

Sweet Pet Names of Man for Man. Old Duffer—His best friend. Good Old Scout—The man with a wine cellar. Simp, Bosh, Peacher, Poor Fish—"The other man," who calls on his girl. Old Gargoyle—His boss. Nervous—The man who takes anything seriously. Pinhead—The man who doesn't agree with him.

(Copyright, 1920.)

Let World War Veterans Speak For Themselves

Now and again some civilian springs up to scout the idea of giving anything like a bonus to the world war veterans, deeming them in the consciousness of having performed a wonderful service for humanity they have received a reward above price. Let it be hoped that they will indeed have that reward, but it is in this view of things that some of them may be raising the question, "What do we get out of it?"

It would have been different if the civilian force instead of the government had sacrificed their "pecuniary rewards"; had said, "now that millions of young men are being taken from lucrative employment and sent to risk their lives in the trenches, we will work for the same until the end of the war." It would have been different if this attitude had been taken by all at home. But when, instead of this, the veterans find that while they were fighting in the trenches at a dollar-a-day, profits and wages at home were soaring to unprecedented heights, it is but a simple matter of justice that prompts them to expect that their financial loss, through inability to share in such prosperity, shall be made up to them to a modest degree.

It would be stupidity instead of a high sense of honor if they should refrain from pointing out these things when others who ought to take the lead in the matter appear so indifferent toward it. Happily the veterans have to much intelligence to be quelled in their just demands by the intimation that it could not be in good taste to press them. The American legion, through its national executive committee, has formulated some definite ideas for congress on the subject. They embrace a plan of vocational training, whether those desiring it are disabled or not, and "adjusted payments," in the form of cash payments to veterans in lieu of other benefits, the rate of \$1.50 a day for each day of service.

It is another reminder to be on guard against the unauthorized individuals who take it upon themselves to say what this or that body of men thinks or desires. When the veterans as a body have anything to say on this subject, they will say it through the officers of their organization, and not through some civilian. As the American legion is now behind this movement for justice, look to it as the spokesmen of the veterans.

About the only touch of taste in this matter is seen in the conduct of the opposition. It does not look well when men of wealth or those who basked in prosperity at home while the fighting was going on, live at a dollar-a-day and set out to keep those who protected the wealth of the country from getting reasonable compensation.

Of course, to make a large sum of money, and anything that adds to the now heavy tax burdens is serious—but a large sum of money, based on their loss of time from lucrative employment, was taken from the young men, or anything given them, as emphasized, would be only in the direction of restitution, and no one is supposed to quibble over payment of a just debt.

Woman's Ability to Earn Outside Home

Whoever was the author of the statement, now become trite, that "woman's place is in the home," revealed no obscure truth, for that is where the great majority are found. As an occupation homes making leads all others in numbers engaged in. However, it does not follow that women should not be qualified for something besides house-making in case necessity arises.

The young woman who is equipped only for making a home, and subsequent care of a home assumes a risk against which no insurance is provided. Calamities befall and reverses occur even where the prospects are the most promising. Unlucky is the condition of the woman who is thrown on her own resources to provide food, shelter and clothing for herself, and possibly for dependents, when her training is confined to earning except in those lines that make the least return for the greatest expenditure of physical effort.

Recently the news dispatches contained an item telling that a sister of the assassinated czar of Russia had been found living in poverty in a box car. She may have been trained to useful occupations, for royal houses sometimes realize that misfortune may come and do instruct the princes and princesses in some trade as a guarantee against reverses, but even if so, she is doubly unfortunate, in the present state of her country, in being prevented from earning a living by labor. Yet she must eat and have clothing and shelter. These are common necessities of humanity, affecting prince and pauper alike. And the ability to earn the essentials, if need be, is no less important on women than men.

That women should be able to "make dollars as well as doughnuts" does not imply that it is man's desire that the wife engage in employment outside the home so long as the husband is able to provide adequately for home and family, but such ability on the part of the wife is a guarantee against misfortune befalling her in case husband and fortune are swept away. Women's proper place is in the home when there are children to be reared and the necessity for her going outside to become a wage earner is absent; but the modern woman, if education should be fully equipped to face a situation, if she falls short of that there is something amiss with her schooling.

Home making is woman's exclusive job since it is that for which nature best fits her, but since she is also subject to hunger and cold, that woman is best equipped for life who is able to provide for herself in case home making is denied her. Great numbers of unmarried women meet the problem of self support and face the future without fear. The married woman who is prepared to earn her own living, if need be, gives no hostage to fortune.