

## Bob Jones and Hypercritics—White and Black and Dull Gray—Mostly Dull Gray

BOB JONES is getting in bad. He is getting in bad in a number of ways. When he said the other night: "Things used to be white or black, but now they are all dull gray," he classified society so well that it put him in bad from all three angles. Bob should have consulted Satan's tips, in and about town, before delivering that sermon; next he should have gone into conference with the angelically pious, finally holding communion with the half and halves. Then to harmonize the advice of these antagonistic, and semi-antagonistic forces, well, he should have kept his mouth shut and said nothing.

If you want to find out all about the Christian theology, get a line on Christ's moral teachings, or shut yourself into an atmosphere of heavenly grace—in touch with the spirit of the Most High,—always bear this in mind: The place to go in not to a theological seminary, church, Sunday school, or a revival meeting—but to a "soft" drink emporium somewhere, or a public dance, or a brothel; a cigar store mayhap; lean up against a billiard table; or, if you are tired and need a scrape, another good place to recline is in some barber chair—listening to the wisdom of the tonsorial artist. Satan and his emissaries, certainly they know exactly how a campaign should be conducted in the cause of Christ; know exactly what the evangelist should say and how he should say it!

Still the learning of Satan and his spokesmen, in these respects, sometimes sounds like Holy Writ in comparison with that of a lot of hypocritical churchologists, with whom religion is only a form to cover up their cussedness; sometimes profiteers in the sweat, blood and immoral viciousness of their fellows. Bob Jones should be careful not to preach so as to awaken the sleeping consciences and apathetic disrespect that characterizes the public mind with reference to the damnation that lurks in every nook and corner of the community. They are the church folk who can see no good ever coming from evangelism; who scout it as sensationalism—and pray for "conservatism" in agonizing faith like that of a calf with the colic.

But above, or below, either of these factors, commend us to the "dull grays," suavely tolerant of both the white and the black—but especially, as a rule, the black,—churchologists maybe, or maybe not. These are the naughty nice people, neither flesh, fish nor foul, to whom principle stands as a cypher, with whom self-gratification is their only God, and social affability, though rotten to the core, is their highest ambition. They too can tell you, of course, where an evangelist should butt in, and exactly where he should butt out again. Everybody, especially those who get their inspirations from sulphurous fumes, know exactly how a revival should be run; everybody except those in the business—"the Master's business,"—whose business it is to separate the white from the black, and consign the "dull grays" to, well, those fires of purification through which they need to pass, to burn out from them the cussedness which they vainly would hide.

Terrible, isn't it, that the churches of South Bend should renew their efforts to revitalize the town with something of a spirit of civic, moral and individual righteousness?

Terrible that the church should by inaugurating such a movement, confess the rut in which it is floundering, and exhibit a disposition to kick itself out!

We are not surprised that so many church members and otherwise, should feel worried lest the inculcation of their minds, hearts and souls, with a sense of personal and civic responsibility, may lash them into action, break up the "stumber party," and perhaps usher in something nearer a reign of decency and right living!

This is an attempt to brief Bob Jones' infallibility, or the infallibility of his methods,—Bob Jones being human,—but when we hear people railing at him, whirlwinds of criticism, knowing the source of their attitude to be selfish, if not grossly immoral; well, we wonder how many fools they think there are, too idiotic to understand.

The churches of South Bend need Bob Jones even if his influence were not to extend to another soul. If the present church membership were just alone to be converted to Christianity, with enough religious spine supporting the thought to make it active, militant and willing to do, it will be worth all the campaign costs. The evangelist is here, if we understand it aright, not to clean up South Bend as too many seem to want to suppose, but to pump some kind of manliness and womanliness into the citizenry, that will cause them to do the cleaning,—and that is exactly what South Bend needs; let the critics be hanged.

### OUR MUNICIPAL MALADMINISTRATION AND ITS JOURNALISTIC APOLOGIST.

THIS is a good time to backside. Another campaign is approaching. To enhance the forgetfulness of the South Bend public, incident to the approach of the fall canvass, it is noticeable that the Main st. hypocrite is discarding its recently announced "independent," righteous indignation, now apparently feigned, and is crawling back into the kennel of the city maladministration—apologetic of its reticence.

The quotation in its columns the other day from Asst. Chief of Police Cassidy to the effect that the Dan Pyle exposure of moral conditions was exaggerated and made for political effect, was put into the mouth of the assistant chief and then elicited by the maladministration organ, in its customary sneaking process of seeking to discredit something—using someone else as a camouflage with which to cover up its tracks.

Dan Pyle's address on vice conditions here, made before the Lincoln school Mothers club, was either founded upon fact, else our contemporary prevaricated most contemptuously only a few months ago when—with no immediate campaign in sight,—it sought to assume an air of righteous indignation, by flourishing such an exposure, all its own. As we understand it, our contemporary's article was used as

an index in the Pyle investigation, and conditions, save in a couple of instances have not changed.

The entire attitude of the Main st. paper toward Mr. Pyle's address, seeking to belittle its import, is the attitude of a brazen hypocrite; that is, unless it wishes to confess itself fawning again at the feet of the city hall corruptionists, intent upon minimizing their responsibilities to the public, and the covering-up of their sins. Mr. Pyle committed one error in his talk, locating a resort "near" the corner of Colfax av. and Michigan st., as "at Colfax and Michigan, northwest corner," a slip of the tongue. He apologizes to the occupant, a respectable lady, appreciative of his good intentions, but the city hall organ would have it appear from that one mistake, that his entire schedule was wrong. Naturally the aggregation is making every effort to get under cover—but we have observed no move to interfere with the operations of the vice concession holders.

However, our contemporary's attitude in this matter seems so fundamental with it, that perhaps in the future it may be the thing to expect. Discussing the hospital vote taken by the Chamber of Commerce, the other day, it seems to delight, that—

"The people prefer to leave matters of administration and government to their duly elected representatives. This is nothing new. To persons of experience in city administration and general politics it is common knowledge and always taken into consideration."

Of course, that was intended as a sort of slam at the Chamber of Commerce management, which sometimes acts without our contemporary's advice, but it is significant also of that paper's seeming view that the people, having set up a government at an election, should cease to interest themselves in civic matters, but leave it to their representatives to do as they please. Follow it:

"For years civic workers have been trying to persuade people to interest themselves actively in public affairs. They have not been successful for a very good reason. The average person evidently does not want to be bothered with civic affairs and leave the details to them. The result is not infrequently maladministration, but it has never been gross enough to create a demand for a change in the system of representative government."

Easy enough from this to get the viewpoint of the city hall gang, and its journalistic mouthpiece, with regard to the rights of citizens to demand that their government be conducted decently and in good order. The hospital vote has merely served as a vehicle for the spread of a little propaganda, calculated to convey the impression to the public that in the big majority, the people are not exerting, and should not exert themselves, to get anything from their government that they especially want.

No, good citizens, you are not expected, especially just at this time, to interest yourself in the maladministration of your city—and the man who does, why, of course, he must be discredited, if possible, and if necessary to make the desired grade.

### THE LATIN-AMERICAN LEAGUE.

AS significant of another foreign view that our "copperhead" senate has brought upon us from foreign lands, showering upon us their contempt and disrespect, because of our international slackerism as a nation, it is interesting to note the proposal made by the republic of Salvador to its sister republics. A recent decree adopted by the Salvador congress invites all the other Latin-American countries to join with Salvador in setting up an American league, with the United States excluded.

This body would possess the chief powers and functions of the international league established by the Versailles treaty. It would establish a central court to arbitrate differences arising between the member nations, and an international navy for police work or general defense. In case any member refused to abide by a decision of the court, it would be coerced. There would also be armed intervention in any country hopelessly involved in civil war. The Pan-American Union, with headquarters at Washington, would be abolished.

The chief element of interest in this plan is the patent attempt to get rid of the dominant influence of the United States in Latin-American affairs, and to side-track the Monroe doctrine. What the other Latin-American countries think of it is yet to be seen. It seems hardly possible that they will take the plan seriously, because they need the United States more than it needs them, and because nearly all the functions to be assumed by this new league are already existent in the League of Nations, of which virtually all the Latin-American countries are now members. It is to be observed, too, that the League of Nations covenant specifically recognizes the validity of the Monroe doctrine. Little Salvador, then, if it is determined to ignore the United States, may have to flock by itself.

But it is not a pleasant situation, regardless of the fact that Salvador is small, or that she may go on lonesome. The unpleasant feature of it is that even little Salvador, insignificant as to size, can call us an international liar, and a self-centered coward, as in the present instance, and still tell the truth. Oh, yes, our brilliant American senate, is maintaining our national honor in the eyes of the world.

If the United States had fought the war the way it has been making peace, there wouldn't ever have been any peace to make. That is, unless it were a German peace, and the United States senate would make it so anyhow.

A landlady has been found in New York who gave her boarders such good meals that they never complained. But alas! She has gone bankrupt, and the boarding house is closed.

The manager of a big hotel says that his establishment last year cashed \$3,150,000 worth of checks, and only lost \$125 from bad ones. People are pretty honest, after all.

Seeds soaked in water will sprout more quickly than those which are not, and dollars soaked in the bank or in sound securities, ditto.

Advice to Della: 'Ware the suffrage wrath.

## SHORT FURROWS

By the Noted Indiana Humorist

## KIN HUBBARD



CANDY DRUNKARDS.

Upon a complaint of his wife, Late Bud was arraigned before Squire Marsh Swallow, this mornin', charged with failure t' provide, desertion an' bein' an habitual candy drunkard. Mrs. Bud related that she'd repeatedly pleaded with various candy dealers not t' sell t' her husband an' named a certain livery stable keeper as actin' as an intermediary between her husband an' t' candy store. She said that she had found caramels hidden about t' cellar an' other out o' t' way places—that upon remonstratin' with her husband he had struck her an' threatened her life—that once, after he had been absent from home for six days, he wuz found in t' Greco-Roman candy kitchen. She reported that her baby wuz without winter clothin' an' that t' coal wuz out. She asked fer t' custody o' t' child an' t' her weddin' gifts. She complained that he had squandered \$75 which she had received from

her father's estate an' maintained that t' candy dealers exerted a bad influence o'er her husband. Upon his promise t' straighten up an' be a man Mr. Bud wuz released an' ordered t' show up at t' court twice daily fer four years. This is only one o' t' many candy an' malted milk cases that have clogged Squire Swallow's court since t' state went dry. T' consumption o' candy an' nonalcoholic drinks is steadily increasin' and t' natural longing fer wholesome food is diminishin'. Homes an' eatin' places are feelin' t' inroads o' candy eatin'. Employers o' labor are alarmed o'er t' fallin' off o' efficiency among t' workers. Fellers that used t' light a pipe ever fifteen minutes now unwrap a piece of candy ever two minutes. Our doctors are on t' run day an' night treatin' cases of saccharine flatulence an' diabetes due t' t' abnormal consumption o'

candy an' sweet drinks. Candy counters are crowded, ever'buddy you shake hands with stick t' you, whiskers are full o' peanut candy, an' teeth are rapidly succumbin' t' t' irrational munchin' o' candy. Tildford Moots is caught with a lot o' hogs an' a fallin' market an' his wheat is sproutin' in t' shocks while he nibbles an' sips in Georgeopolis' candy den. Mrs. Em Moots says her boy started out a year ago with a fair education an' red cheeks an' gave ever' promise o' bein' a good, steady hustler. Later he fell in with t' inroads o' candy eatin'. Employers o' labor are alarmed o'er t' fallin' off o' efficiency among t' workers. Fellers that used t' light a pipe ever fifteen minutes now unwrap a piece of candy ever two minutes. Our doctors are on t' run day an' night treatin' cases of saccharine flatulence an' diabetes due t' t' abnormal consumption o'

a soft drink. If excessive candy eatin' wuz confined t' children it could be curbed, but fully matured, supposedly intelligent people are t' principal offenders. Candy eatin' ruins t' desire for substantial foods an' works no end o' hardship an' disappointment on mothers an' wives. "Anybuddy that knows anythin' knows what happens when some member o' a household gets persnickety about t' eatin'," said Squire Swallow, as he gave Fan Moots t' custody of her seven children an' ordered her husband out o' town. In a raid on a social club in t' K. o' P. buildin', last night, Constable Plum confiscated one ouija board, a complete candy makin' outfit an' a ukulele. Plinky Keer says that when t' used t' be regular saloons with blinds an' screens an' saved-off doors you could tell ever' fellow in town by his feet. (Copyright, 1920.)

## Ouija Through The Widow's Lorgnette

By Helen Rowland

"There! I won't ask it another thing!"

The Widow pushed the ouija board away from her, with a petulant gesture, and settled her silver tulle draperies back in t' roomy brocade chair, with an air of aggrieved finality.

"Perhaps you weren't—er—en rapport," suggested the Bachelor, soothingly.

"That's no reason why it should answer me like a husband!" retorted the Widow. "Then I ask it, whether I should go to the masquerade ball as Portia or Carmen, it answered 'Yes!'"

"Meaning," explained the Bachelor gallantly, "that you are both clever and charming! Presence of mind doesn't always indicate absence of beauty you know!"

The Widow thanked him with a smile but appeared unmollified.

"And when I asked it," she went on, "if I should marry again, it answered 'Ask B—I! Now, who on earth is B?'"

"I've got it!" broke in the Bachelor beamingly. "B stands for Bachelor! Why don't you ask it?"

"And," pursued the Widow, ignoring the suggestion, "When I asked it where you were all during supper and three waiters and a fox-trot, last night, it answered—"

"Oh, well!" interrupted the Bachelor hastily, "that you believe anything a foolish little three-legged ouija board says! Surely you don't take any of these new kinds of magic and fairy tales and ghost walking affairs seriously!"

"Why not?" demanded the Widow. "I'm human! And the whole poor, dear human race has been desperately hunting for some new kind of 'magic,' ever since Eve sought a snake to earn my living. I'm going to invent a new kind of magic cure, or a recipe for eternal youth, or a love-charm, or something, and she smiled complacently at the inspiration.

"Will it be a pill, or an elixir, or a face-powder, or a reducing diet, or a serum, or a faith cure?" inquired the Bachelor, with mock seriousness.

"Oh, it doesn't matter!" The Widow shrugged her shoulders airily. "They'll swallow anything, whether it comes in boxes or bottles or books—whether it is a new fountain of youth, or a mineral water, or a philosophy or a gland, or a beauty-capsule! They'll swallow anything, from rubber pellets to Paris green, if you'll only promise them that it will give them eternal life or eternal youth or eternal beauty, or eternal happiness—or even the eternal love of their husbands. I could sell them stewed butterflies wings or fried camels' ears—and they'd buy them and get their money's worth!"

"Their money's worth! Of what?" inquired the Bachelor in astonishment. "Of happiness!"

"Of hope," Mr. Weatherly corrected the Widow, smiling sadly. "Of optimism, of courage, of excitement, of thrills! That's what we're all really looking for and longing for. Just look at the things we've tried, already!"

"I have!" groaned the Bachelor. "I've seen 'em in the hair-dresser's windows. Gruesome—aren't they?" and he shuddered.

"The ancients went in for oracles and incantations and sun-worship," went on the Widow, "and our great-grandfathers tried bleeding and leeches; and our grandfathers drank nauseous hot-spring waters. Our fathers baked themselves in hot mud baths, and walked around barefooted in the dew, and were never happy unless they were being cut

up and having an appendix removed."

"And now," groaned the Bachelor, "we have the tonsil-hounds, and the adenoid cranks, and the germ-fetters, and the teeth-torturers!"

My daughter, the cynic hath said, in his heart, "Why do men marry?" But the answer is simpler than a Monday dinner, and made her henna on the hair.

Now, in Babylon, there dwelt a prince, who had reached the marrying mood, and sought a wife.

And the wise men brought before him the four fairest damsels in all the land for his selection.

And the first damsel sought to dazzle him by her beauty.

So, she anointed herself with spikenard and myrrh, and made her self fairer with kohl and with henna and curling tongs and jewels and spangled gauze.

And the eyes of the prince were blotted with her loveliness, and when she had departed he smoked long and dreamily and could not tear his thoughts from her for full five minutes.

And the second damsel sought to fascinate him with wit.

And lo, when he spoke, she answered him with epigrams, and with quips; and the prince laughed mightily and was amused. And, for a full half hour he continued to think o' her.

And the third damsel sought to lure him with her domestic charms, and to enchain him with home comforts.

Yea, she brought a scented cushion for his head, and a velvet foot-stool for his feet, and lit his pipe with her own hands.

And the prince was almost persuaded, and begged her not to depart.

But the wise men led her away, and brought the fourth damsel before him.

Here are some more things, Which every woman would like to know!

She would like to know: How a man can laugh at women's clothes, after he has caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror.

"The monomaniacs who insist on having a few teeth pulled out, as a cure for everything from hangnails to a broken heart," explained the Bachelor. "And there are the

physical culture faddists, and the breakfast food inventors—

"And the gland-fanatics," finished the Widow. "Who will take any kind of pill that is supposed to contain a poor little animal's gland. And all because the poor, dear, tired human race just loves to fool itself into thinking that it can beat old Father Time, and old Mother Nature, and somehow in some way, be magically young and vital and beautiful forever! And it's all so funny—"

"Funny!" the Bachelor looked reproachfully.

"And so sad," added the Widow. "When there is a magic-cure, a real age preventive, and an honest-to-goodness youthifier—"

"I knew it! I knew it!" cried the Bachelor waving his hand triumphantly. "I knew you had a magic cure! I knew you had a youthifier! Well, what's yours? Out with it!"

"It's love!" said the Widow simply. "Just being in love or falling in love. As long as you can do either of these, you will be eternally young and happy. As long as you can keep your heart sweet and glowing and radiant, your face will be sweet and glowing and radiant."

"But, great Scott!" exclaimed the Bachelor. "You are not setting Solomon and Ninon L'Enclos up as good examples, are you?"

"Certainly not," said the Widow. "One love will serve as well as a hundred, if you will only cherish it, and keep the divine fire from going out!"

"Well," suggested the Bachelor timidly, "don't you—don't you think we could?"

The Widow smiled dubiously. "Let's ask ouija!" she suggested, jumping up with sudden inspiration, and sitting down at the table.

"Wait! No! Wait a minute," cried the Bachelor. "Let me ask him—her—It! Nice ouija! Pretty ouija! Tell me—could Mollie and I be happy, forever and ever?"

For a moment, there was no sound in the room except the scratching of the board.

"There!" exclaimed the Widow as the scratching ceased. "What did I tell you? It talks just like a husband!"

"Why—what did it say?" inquired the Bachelor.

"It said, 'Don't ask foolish questions,' answered the Widow. "And when I asked it where you were during all those four dances, last night—"

"Yes, yes! Go on! What did it say?" said the Bachelor uneasily.

"It said 'See Brownin', page 44, line 18.'"

"And I looked it up," admitted the Widow. "But there were only two words in the line. They were 'Never pry.'"

The Bachelor leaned back with a sigh of vast relief.

"After all," he said, "there may be something in this ouija board fad. It's given me quite a pleasant thrill!"

WIDOW-CISMS.

Every woman is at heart young enough to be a daughter, and old enough to be a mother, to the man she loves.

In love, a man's hardest task is to remember—a woman's is to forget.

The average man succeeds in spoiling the lives of at least two women; the one he should have married and didn't—and the one he should not have married, and did marry.

To a man, being married is like being bald; at least he can cease to worry for fear it will happen to him.

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## Moderation Much Needed to Combat World Scrambles

BY E. B. MORRISON.

Most of us need to be urged to do the thing we are not doing or to do what we are doing less intensely. We run naturally to extremes.

The crowd on the deck of the thronged excursion ship rushes enthusiastically to the rail to watch the vessel passing to and from. The ship lists again and the crowd fights its way back from danger. And so forth, to eternity. We are forever rushing to starboard or larboard for a better view of the passing show and as constantly our excesses are rocking the boat.

Before the war we were the most extravagant people on the face of the earth. We all crowded to the rail to see the show. Then came the war and the ship began to list. The crying need was to save—to save every dollar and every point of view, every loaf of bread. Pulpit, platform and press combined to preach the necessity. We agreed. Had we continued to hoard our resources after peace came, we would have been ruined. We ran naturally to extremes.

It is because of the inclination of people to go to extremes that leaders of public thought usually talk in extremes. By radical counsel they seek to balance extreme actions and tendencies and strike a happy mean. So it happens that very little of the advice given is applicable to everyone.

Thus, while most people today need to be urged to do more, there are some who are now saving to the limit of ability and beyond the limit dictated by wisdom. They need to be urged to spend more.

A preacher might appear before two congregations in the same day, one a deeply pious audience and the other a worldly, thoughtless group. He might tell the first that the greatest need is for men to spend less time with their Bibles and more time with their fellowmen. He might tell the second that the greatest need is for men to spend more time with their Bibles and less time in learning the ways of their fellows.

And in both cases he would be consistent.

The truth would probably be that the need is for all men to attend equally to the spiritual and the material. Yet he might feel that such preaching would fail to reach the mark with either congregation.

It is worth while occasionally to take stock of one's self. It serves the same purpose as applying the brakes to an automobile when approaching a curve. We will usually find that we are running to extremes.

The autist never knows how fast he is going until he is called upon to stop suddenly.

Of course, it is not nearly so exciting to remain in the cabin as it is to join in the mad rush to the rail—but it's a lot safer.

Interest of Public Is Above All Else

The strike of so-called "outlaw" railroad men, principally employees of the yards, again demands that the public take a firm and prompt stand for its rights.

While no one disputes the right of workmen to strike, when no other means are available, sudden cessation of work and particularly in industries that tie up or cripple many others, is unjust and intolerable. It means that thousands of men satisfied with their pay and working conditions may be thrown out of employment by a small body of men acting arbitrarily in one of the vital industries.

The railroads, the arteries of the country's life and commerce, must not be subject to such disorders. The business of the country must not be permitted to be paralyzed by any group, but people have demonstrated that they will not endure it. Having brought about amicable means of adjusting differences, they have no patience with the workmen taking a short to strike before other methods have been exhausted.

It ought to be the concern of every American just now to aid in solving the problems of reconstruction. Adding to unrest by a strike, and particularly without waiting for arbitration, is just the opposite of the spirit desired.

And must be put to attempts of little groups of the people to attain their ends by paralyzing or crippling the business of the whole people.

Hail America—the only country in the world, where, when a man marries a girl, he says "What's mine is yours—and what's yours is your own!"

Man's life is full of struggles! First, he struggles against soap, then against discipline, then against an education, then against matrimony, then against badness, and finally against death—but they all get him, sooner or later!

Why is it that whenever you take your husband to visit people who have a wine-cellar, nowadays he insists on acting just like a camel?

A woman's mind, like a chicken salad, is a lot of things that no man ever suspects.

The queen of profiteers is the woman who sees for a hundred thousand dollars for the alienation of her husband's affections, when she knows that they aren't really worth two cents.

Masculine vanity is perfectly comprehensible, when you reflect that there never was a man so unattractive that he couldn't find some woman to flirt with him, dine with him, or marry him.