

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

OB 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 Impa, in and about town, before delivering that sermon; next he should have gone into conference with the angelically plios, 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 line on Christ's moral teachings, or shun 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 is 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 follow. 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, command 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 fain 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 sloudering, 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 "slumber party," and perhaps usher in something nearer a reign of decency and right living!

This is no 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 idiote 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 citizenship, 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 backslide. 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 rottenness.

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 mal-administration 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.

A 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 slackenerism as a nation. It is interesting to note the proposal made by the republic of Salvador to its sister republic. 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, it is determined to ignore the United States, may have to flock by itself.

The Widows shrug their shoulders airy. 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.

"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 Widows shrug their shoulders airy. 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.

"Oh, hope, Mr. Weatherby!" 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've seen 'em in the hair-dresser's windows. Gruesome—aren't they?"

"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 bathed themselves in hot mud baths, and walked around barefooted in the dew, and were never happy unless they were being cut

Advice to Deila: "Ware the suffrage wrath."

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.

Why a man assumes that all angels are blondes, and that therefore all blondes must be angels—unless he happens to be married to one.

Why a man calls it "news" when he tells something, and "gossip" when a woman tells it.

Why a man thinks that it is necessary to use only one brain-cell in conversing with his wife.

Why a man spends half of his life in thinking up alibis to escape doing things, and the other half in hunting up things for a woman to do.

Why even a divorcee, her husband lends a peculiar and mysterious fascination in the eyes of a man, that no suitor can ever hope to attain.

Why the feminine qualities with which a man falls in love no more resemble those which he wants in a wife, than a jazz-tune resembles the doxology.

Why every married man constitutes himself a "detective" and pounces upon a forgotten piece of cheese in the ice-box as prima facie "evidence" of his wife's attempt to photograph to flatter him.

Why men are so interesting—and indispensable.

Why life is so dull without them!

SHORT FURROWS

By the Noted
Indiana Humorist

KIN HUBBARD



CANDY DRUNKARDS.

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

candy an' sweet drinks. Candy counters are crowded, everbuddy you shake hands with stick t' you, whiskers are full o' peanut candy, an' teeth are rapidly succumbin' t' th' irrational munchin' o' candy. Th' Moots is caught with a lot o' hogs an' a fallin' market an' his wheat is sproutin' in th' shocks while he nibbles an' sips in Georgepleosis candy bazaar. Mrs. Elm Moots says her boy started out a year ago with a fine education an' red cheeks an' gave ever' promise o' bein' a good, steady hustler. Later he fell in with evil companions an' th' malted milk habit got th' best o' him. From malted milk t' nut sundae was but a short step. Now all his earnin's have been frittered away o'er th' candy bazaar o' th' day. Pinky Kerr says th' day an' night treatin' cases of saccharine flabbiness an' diabetes due t' th' abnormal consumption o'

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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 the rose brocade chair, with an air of aggravated 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. "When I ask it, whether I should go to the masquerade ball at Porta's 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—'! Now, who on earth is B?" I've thought of Bhudda t'd. Beelzebub and—"

"I've got it!" broke in the Bachelor, waving his cigarette. "B" stands for Bachelor!" Why don't you ask me?"

"And," pursued the Widow, ignorantly, "the suggestion. When I asked it what you were all doing supper and three waltzes and a fox-trot, last night, it answered—"

"Oh, well!" interrupted the Bachelor hastily. "You can't 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 stories for Bachelor!"

"And the first damsel sought to dazzle him with her beauty.

Lo, she anointed herself with spikenard and myrrh, and made herself a kohl and with henna and saffron a crown of beauty and jewels and spangled gaze.

And the eyes of the prince were blinded 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 her wit.

And lo, when he spoke, she answered him with epigrams and witty 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.

Ye, 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.

"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 Widows shrug their shoulders airy.

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.

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

"Of course, Mr. Weatherby!"

"Oh, hope, Mr. Weatherby!" 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've seen 'em in the hair-dresser's windows. Gruesome—aren't they?"

"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 bathed 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-flinds, and the teeth-torturers!"

"The—what?"

"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