

Why not Work for an Ideal in Peace Same as We Fought for an Ideal in Time of War

Two of the best things that have been said in South Bend during the past week, have been said with a reference to the embryo labor troubles here, and the larger labor difficulties that confront the whole country. Neither of them were said by either employers or by labor leaders. The vision of neither appear to have attained any such scope.

Bob Jones addressing the Kiwanis club Thursday, is one of the guilty parties, and Charles Stetzel of New York, addressing a mass meeting at the high school auditorium Monday night, is the other. Dr. Stetzel comes first:

"You men, employers and employees alike, will never settle your differences, or be able to work together in amity, until you have eliminated class selfishness, found a common ideal, met on common ground, to work for that ideal. That is the way you worked together to win the war. It is the way the allied nations of the earth worked together to win the war. You likewise need a common ideal, and common ground, to work for in peace—just as the nations need it to live together in peace."

If you can't get that the first time, better read it again. You know what the common ideal of all was in wartime; the common ground upon which rich and poor, employer and employee, soldier and civilian, made their fight. Well, we take it. Bob Jones sort of suggested the common ideal, and common ground, for capital and labor in time of peace:

"If you conduct your store or your factory merely for profit, or work at your counter or your lathe merely for pay, a servant only to yourself, inconsiderate of the importance of your relation to society and duty to the social economy as producer and distributor, you are not filling your niche in God's world, your obligations to your fellow man, nor proving your good citizenship."

Pearls, perhaps, thrown to the winds, but sensibly enough, we hope that now and then a listener, and reader of this comment, may catch the spirit. We have had altogether too much sneering at ideals since the armistice was signed; sneers thrown to the winds, and we are now reaping the whirlwind. Just for the moment permit us to command the two quotations to our readers, capitalists and laborers, and in-betweens. Give them a Sabbath of solemn thought. We are all trying to solve something. Maybe a little less personal selfishness and a little more respect for our social—civic—obligations will help.

A square deal for the other fellow, as the thing uppermost in the mind of everybody, would pretty nearly mean a square deal for us all.

AS LONG AS BOB JONES LASTS.

MIGHTY good, indeed, it is of the city hall aggregation, to have sent out word to the brothels, blind-tigers and gambling halls: "Lay low, or get out of business while the Bob Jones revival lasts." Evidently the mayor and his hosts assume that there will be no after effects to the Jones revival; that when the evangelist is gone, everybody, including the good church folk, will drop at once back into their old rut—willing to wink, countenance, condone anything that is permitted, encouraged, or graftingly licensed under their own political party banner.

If that is as much as the Bob Jones revival is to amount to, in the way of social or civic revitalization, the evangelist might better pack his tent, and like the ancient Arab, quietly steal away. We must have an aftermath of righteousness in South Bend, emerging first of all from the church people, or he will do Christianity more harm than good with the non-church people. Hypocrisy in South Bend,—a hypocrisy among so-called Christians wherein religious mindedness is subordinated to political mindedness, and the Christian virtues are thrown to the winds as often as their maintenance interferes with partisan advantages,—has become so dominant that the church is fast losing its Christian cast; exactly the thing that Bob Jones must overcome, and overcome with a degree of permanence, if his presence is to prove the worth of his salt.

It is this hypocrisy that places South Bend in its present immoral status, and exactly this hypocrisy which has led the city administration to think that it will go on forever; that it will revolve as soon as the Jones tabernacle closes its doors. South Bend's churched population, bed-fellowed with the worst vice agencies of the city, despite all warnings, gave us the administration that we have, and that same population regardless of all moral appeals, has steadfastly eschewed all effort to bring the administration to time—into keeping with its two-faced campaign promises; that is, with reference to the face that was looking their way.

"God's Own Party," ah yes! The mayor, his board of safety, police department—and concession grafters,—apparently feel sufficiently well protected by Christian lethargy, and subserviency to political dominance, that it will all come back, once Bob Jones is gone; and maybe it will! Maybe it will!

"WE TOLD YOU SO."

FOLLOWING the custom of our Main st. contemporary, of appropriating to itself enormous credit for everything accomplished that was ever touched upon in its columns, permit us to pat ourselves on the back. We have a letter from the South Bend Teachers' federation, for instance, which doesn't seem to endorse the Main st. claim that the aforesaid oracle was alone responsible for the recent salary increases granted by the board of education—thanking us by unanimous vote "for the many splendid editorials written in support of the teachers' cause together with any other support given them"—but this isn't the instance that we had in mind. The "we told you so" that we have been considering, refers to our contemporary's lead editorial of last Wednesday on the "Allies at San Remo."

After mention of the meeting of the inter-allied supreme council and the changed conditions that confront it, with Germany determined "to nullify the allied victory"—after much the same manner as the United States has refused to ratify it,—quite eliminating us from the conference, save through a

presidential interest, our contemporary, "Independent" republican, says:

"An element friendly to Germany has shown itself in the presidential primaries in this country, betraying a desire of the Germans to favor a candidate who is against the treaty of Versailles."

"But why say 'a candidate?'" The slam is at Sen. H. Johnson to be sure, and we do not know but he deserves it, but is the honest opponent of the treaty any worse than the dishonest one; the demagogue who pretends to want it, merely because he knows the people demand it, while at the same time hedging it around with "assassinations" in the disguise of "reservations" introduced for the purpose of humbugging that people?

"Blasco Ibanez!" exclaimed the Widow, the flag of battle flaming in her cheeks. "Don't you mention his name to me!" and she fluttered the long black ostrich plumes of her fan. "Independent,"

"I didn't," protested the Bachelor. "I can't pronounce it!" But what has he done to you?"

"Nothing," was the prompt rejoinder, "I'm thinking of what he has done to all the men of this country—and all by an idle remark. Here, we have the most chivalrous and loyal lovers and the most devoted and best-trained husbands in the world world! And he comes over and tries to drop a Spanish fly in our cup of joy!"

"There, there!" soothed the Bachelor. "He's taken it all back and said he didn't say it, and apologized for it, and—

"Taken it all back—and said he didn't say it!" repeated the Widow scornfully. "Isn't that just like a man, to give two alibis—just in case they don't care for one of them? But it doesn't matter whether he said it or not; a lot of poor, foolish men will take it seriously, and go right home and attempt to act on his advice! And just think what will happen to them!"

"I shudder at the vision!" said the Bachelor closing his eyes and lazily blowing smoke through the leaves of the potted palms. "I suppose that will depend on which side of the town they inhabit. If they live on the other side, they'll be cured by the simple tap of a rolling-pin or a flatiron. But if they live on the—on the sophisticated side—"

"They will be just as quickly and permanently cured!" broke in the Widow, with icy sweetness. "Andalusian and Castilian beauties may sigh for tank-corps methods of wooing and yearn for heart-bruises as proof of a man's love; but the

How To Rule A Woman—By Helen Rowland

Through a Widow's Lorgnette.

"Come!" commanded the Bachelor, clasping the Widow's elbow in masterful manner and attempting to draw her out of the cool, inviolate shadows of the conservatory into the noisy, blazing ballroom.

"You've been sitting here dodging doctors long enough. This is my dance!"

"Why!" the Widow released her elbow, and sank back on the rustic seat beside the fountain, with a little gasp, "Mr. Weatherby! Are you cra—are you ill?"

"Not bit!" answered the Bachelor, dropping down beside her, and lighting a cigaret with perfect composure. "I was only trying the 'cave-man' stunt—to please you."

"And yet," mused the Bachelor, "wax candies and log fires are fascinating sometimes!"

"Sometimes!" agreed the Widow.

"Just for change, or a novelty—and so is the 'cave-man' stunt, when you know it's a stunt, and don't take it seriously. It's quite thrilling to be bossed around by a lover—the first two or three times, just as it's quite thrilling to have a log-fire to dream by occasionally—then you are sure that the steam heat will be turned on next morning. There is a primitive desire down in the heart of every normal woman to adore a man and to be 'protected' and 'ordered about' and 'There's little girl'—once in a while. Every woman wants to 'look up' to the man she loves, even if she has to get down on her knees in order to do it. She wants him to think of her self as a weak, clinging, tender little thing, and of her lover as a big, strong, noble, fearsome creature—theoretically. Every woman admires brute force and ruthlessness—in novels and other women's husbands. But, when it comes to stepping down off her throne and occupying a foot-stool, the American woman has held the domestic sceptre and the purse-strings too long!"

"You mean they've been too darned spoiled!" broke in the Bachelor, clasping the Widow's elbow in masterful manner and attempting to draw her out of the cool, inviolate shadows of the conservatory into the noisy, blazing ballroom.

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