



THE SPECTATOR



HEAR that Billy Sunday is coming to Salt Lake," remarked an old-timer the other day as we were chatting on

the curbstone.

"Well, what of it?" I inquired, leading him on.

"Oh, nothing, only I was wondering what he could possibly preach about, now that we have prohibition."

"You take too much for granted, my friend. Don't you know that there are two brands of prohibition: the kind that makes you wind up the cat and put the clock outside, and the kind that makes your hip pocket look like the vacant chair or the Deserted Village?"

"I hadn't thought of that."

"Oh, yes; there are two kinds of prohibition—wet and dry."

"What kind have we got?"

"Better ask the Betterment League."

"By the way, I don't suppose the Purity Squad will relish the idea of having Billy Sunday horn in on their game."

"Why?"

"Isn't he liable to steal all their thunder?"

"Oh, I don't know. Perhaps it's in the cards to have him come here to help them in their latest crusade."

"Who are they after now?"

"The soldier boys, of course. Haven't you heard any of this holler about how our young girls are being ruined by the men in khaki?"

"Oh, yes; but I thought that Governor Bamberger had knocked that agitation into a cocked hat when he intimated that it was the girls who were at fault. Don't you agree with the governor?"

"Most certainly. And so do all other good citizens who have sense enough to size up the situation."

"Have you thought of a remedy?"

"Yes; I would resurrect the curfew law and have it apply to all girls who are not old enough to know their own minds. Also, I would compel the parents to properly chaperon their daughters when they are away from home at night."

"You admit then, that the moral reformers know what they are talking about?"

"Yes and no. Our present social conditions are far from being desirable, but to cuss the poor devils up at the post is a far-fetched cry. Our girls have been in the habit of chasing out nights and running wild at all hours, long before the soldiers came to town."

"Strange, isn't it, that the Betterment Leaguers didn't take notice of this condition before?"

"Not when you know their stripe."

"Then you really think that Billy Sunday could be of service to the community?"

"Yes, if he would confine himself to the text that most concerns us, and preach the doctrine that social morality depends first of all upon the restraining influences of the home."

"But they say that Billy is more interested in collecting the coin than in spreading the gospel; that he merely resorts to soul-saving as a bait to fleece the suckers."

"I have heard so myself. In fact it is reported that he became highly indignant a few Sundays ago at Los Angeles when the collection only amounted to \$17,000, and reminded the congregation that he was preaching in a tabernacle and not a 'tabernickel.'"

"What does Billy do with the money?"

"I haven't the slightest idea."

"Do you think if he comes here that he will whack up with the Betterment Leaguers," he asked.

I couldn't answer the question.

JUST then the ballyho man came down the street, announcing through a megaphone that there

would be a baseball game in the afternoon.

"What do you think of that stunt?" inquired my friend.

"It's small town stuff. The wonder is that the city authorities tolerate the nuisance," I replied.

"Speaking of baseball," he continued, "have you noticed that several of the coast magnates are trying to knick us out of the league?"

"Yes."

"Well, perhaps that is the reason."

JIMMY HOGLE pulled a good one on Al Phillips the other day that came to me in confidence, but I can't keep it. These two citizens were discussing the president's peace note and "Philly," who always carries a patriotic chip on his shoulder, waxed warm as usual.

"It's a great state paper," he said, "and strikes squarely from the shoulder. It can be summed up in just five words: 'No peace with Prussian autocracy.' Every day I become more and more incensed at the atrocities committed against helpless women and children by the soldiers of the kaiser. I am getting along in years, but I would like nothing better than to be permitted to shoulder a musket and do my share toward avenging the

wrongs that the Germans have perpetrated upon noncombatants. What do you think about it, Jimmy?"

"Oh, I'm neutral," drawled friend Hogle.

"The hell you say," shouted Philly, "what's the matter with you?"

"Well, I don't give a damn who kills the kaiser."

Dope springs eternal in the Human Document.

Of two evils choose the social.

Immodesty is the best policy.

In a multitude of censors there is safety.

Too many crooks spoil the play.

The woman who is the heroine is lost. It's a long line that has no burning.

Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis fun to put it wise.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great actors.

Many hands applaud light women.

He who writes and runs a play

May earn his bread some other way.

Where there is swill, there's a play.

—The Usher.

He looked the statesmen over

In the capitol at Wash.,

And then he wagged his grizzled head

And all he said was "Gosh!"

—Kansas City Star.

BOB BURDETTE'S PHILOSOPHY

A FRIEND who has the rare faculty of seeing only the bright side of life recently handed us this gem from the gifted pen of Robert J. Burdette with the request that we publish it. We do so with pleasure.

"Life has been to me a pilgrimage of joy. I have never had very much trouble, and what I have had has been of my own making and selection, and when I went to the hospital I took my medicine without making faces or asking for 'sympathy.' I was ashamed to. Like 'Peter and the Painkiller,' I knew I was only getting what I had asked for. But up one hill and down the other the pilgrimage had lain through pleasant places—good roads, safe trails, fine pasturage, sweet water and beautiful camping places. A few giants, mostly windmills; millions of midgets and mosquitos, troublesome but not fatal; occasionally a mean man, so ashamed of himself that he lied about it; now and then a liar; once in a while a hold-up man with a subscription paper, and all along the way a horde of beggars. But in the main good people; kind-hearted, generous people, honest people. Lots of houses built close 'by the side of the road.' The world is full of friendly people for

friendly men. And I'm fond of people. I believe in them. I love them. I sympathize with them. I like to meet them, and to walk with them, and to have them about me, so long as they can stand me.

"It has been such a good world that I'd be sorry ever to leave it, if there wasn't another one, as much better than this, as this one is better than the chaos out of which it was born; I don't just 'believe' this; I know it. That's one of the few things I do know—positively, absolutely, certainly, and I didn't have to wait for Sir Oliver Lodge to tell me about it, either. I knew that when I was a boy, just as well as Sir Oliver knows it now, and for the same reasons, and with the same proofs.

"I have lived a busy life. I entered the newspaper grind early and I have never been out of the old mill. Whether I abode at home or went on long journeys, around the town or around the world I carried my work with me. My vacations were merely 'assignments.' The nearest postoffice was a copy book. People and things were 'stories.'

"Well, I have always loved to work. It has been pleasant in the old mill, with its rafters bronzing by the years, its shadowy corners, its far views

from the dormers up in the loft, the mysterious gurglings and murmurings of hidden waters down deep among the foundations, the quiet pond and the earnest rush of the race and the merry laughter of the 'tall race.' For I ground my finest flour from the grist the people brought me. The best of my work might have been done much better; the worst of it had better been left undone; all of it has been mediocre. But I ground the grist that was brought me, and took only fair toll. And some day, in a better mill, with improved machinery, with finer materials, with choicer grist, a steadier tower and a better light, I will do better work.

"The shadows are deepening around the pond and the stream is singing itself to sleep, but there is yet a little grist in the hopper, and while the water serves I will keep on grinding. And by the time the sun is down, and the flow in the race is not enough to turn the big wheel, the grist will have run out, and I will have the old mill swept and tidied for the night. And then for home and a cheery evening, a quiet night, lighted with stars and pillowed with sleep. And after that, the dawning, and another day, fairer than any I have ever seen in this beautiful world of roseate mornings and radiant sunsets."