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Indecency of Prudery

THE other day a number of clergymen inaugurated a chivalry campaign. That is to say, they had a meeting and made speeches and urged men to be chivalrous to women.

One speaker said that in mid-Victorian times the English people suffered from an excess of prudery. There was horror at speaking of certain things. Today these things must be placed in the limelight. If they had an excess of prudery, even beautiful thoughts became smudged with wrong ideas. Men needed to get back to the standard of strength and modesty.

All of which raises again the question which from age to age like Banquo's ghost will not down. That is the question of indecency.

And what people often do not understand is that prudery can be quite as indecent as over-frankness.

The root meaning of indecency is something that is not proper or conformable to good custom.

So confused is the thinking of most of us that we regard any sort of ideas about sex as indecent.

The church has even gone so far as to declare: "All concupiscence has somewhat of evil in it."

And this is an amazing statement when we come to think of it, for the sex feeling is quite as normal and natural as hunger.

Nothing is essentially dirty. For dirt is merely matter that is out of place. Garden soil is dirt when it is on the parlor carpet, but it is clean enough when it is in the flower bed out-of-doors. Jam is dirt when it is smeared over a boy's face. But it is not dirt when it is in its proper place in the jam pot.

The sex feeling is just as pure as any other feeling, as pure as heat or cold, as admiration, or even as worship, if it is manifested at the proper time and place.

When you meet a well-bred person or you're in well-bred company the sex feeling is ignored and not mentioned, simply because of the fact that such people are disciplined.

The person who in company is unconscious of this feeling is not necessarily one who is incapable of it, but one who is civilized, educated or trained enough to have it entirely under the control of his will.

For this reason to show that one is afraid of the subject is quite as ill-bred as to show that one is over-fond of mentioning it.

The prudish person, such a one, for instance, as our mid-Victorian forebears who refused to believe that the human body contained anything at all between the chin and the ankles, is quite as sex conscious as the one whose conversation is loose.

Decency does not consist in covering things up. A Mohammedan woman heavily veiled, with every portion of her body concealed except her eyes, screams sex even more than the nude artist's model posing before a class. Many of us have heard sermons that were indecently sex-soaked while they denounced certain evils.

The gist of it is that the to-be-decent people need to think clearly and honestly in the first place, and in the second place they need that discipline that comes from good breeding and training.

We have laws against indecent exposure. There ought to be laws also against indecent concealment.

The Hours After Supper

MOST careers are made or marred in the hours after supper. It may seem to some that the few hours between supper and bedtime afford small opportunity for education. But these were sufficient for Lincoln and for Franklin and for millions of men who by turning these hours to advantage through special studies, advanced themselves above their fellows.

"Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of." Benjamin Franklin, who said this, not only understood the value of time, but he put a price on it that made others appreciate its worth.

Bradstreet's in a summary of business conditions ascribes most business failures to what may be called "the size of their scrap-heaps." Nothing is more inexcusable and disastrous than waste, and the most disastrous waste of all is waste of time. The unused hours form the "scrap-heap" that has wrecked many a man's career.

That heap of waste which so many young men dump at the end of every day and consider useless would, if rightly used, give priceless results in increased efficiency, higher service and better pay.

Ambition, resolve, effort, purpose, persistency, confidence, courage, mental equipment and success may be manufactured out of this heap of waste time. Millions are doing it. Any man can who will.

The most important item in the equipment of any establishment is men. It avails a manufacturer but little to have perfection itself in machinery if he finds it impossible to get trained minds to control and drive it. Several big concerns have organized schools in their plants; others have arranged with school boards to allow students of suitable age to spend a part of the time in the shops; many are calling upon correspondence schools to prepare employes for advancement.

The impressive thing is the opportunity this offers to young men willing to devote spare time to special studies that fit them for particular work. A great employer of skilled labor, of office managers and salesmen says: "There are plenty of $10,000 jobs. The trouble is to find $10,000 men."

Many highly educated people are inefficient, and many efficient people are not highly educated. The world calls for educated people who are efficient and efficient people who are educated. Most of all is needed education for efficiency, for service.

Real education is not so much the learning of what we do not know as the doing of what we do not now do.

World "Sho' Do Move!"

THE vicar of a church in Leeds, England, announces that he intends to expunge one of the Psalms from the Bible. It is the 109th Psalm. He doesn't like it.

The "better element" of Constantinople is complaining against the tendency of Turkish women to dance the tango, the fox-trot and other "jazz" dances. And this from the land of hoochee-coochee!

More than a hundred years ago the municipality of Paris placed a tablet in the wall of a house in which Moliere, the great dramatist, was born. Forty years ago they placed a tablet in another house to commemorate the same event. Now they find that Moliere was born in a diferent house. Isn't it just like an eccentric French genius to be born in three places?

The Only One He Can Count On

THEY'RE HUMAN

BY

William Atherton Du Puy

The biggest moment in the life of Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone, developed in this way:

He had been working and starving for years trying to talk over a wire. It was a two-man job, for there had to be somebody at the other end. So some friends chipped in and hired an electrician named Watson to help him. One end of the wire was in one room and one in another. Certain noises traveled back and forth, but they could hardly be called messages.

Finally, one day, young Bell said over the wire:

"Mr. Watson, come here; I want you."

And what do you think! The door opened and in stepped the electrician. The big thing had happened. He had heard and understood.

Not long ago Dr. Bell sat at a telephone on the Atlantic seaboard and got himself connected with this same Watson in San Francisco.

"Mr. Watson," he said reminiscently, "come here; I want you."

Thomas G. Gerdine is a geographer for the Government, and as such goes snooping around in isolated places.

One summer he was up on Copper river, in Alaska, making maps, and was climbing around the ledge of a precipitous cliff. There, face to face, he met a mountain goat. This goat had probably never seen a man before and had not learned to fear him, so he refused to yield the right of way. In fact, he gave battle.

So there on the mountain ledge the geographer, armed with a hatchet, and the goat, bristling with horns, fought it out. Silently there was charge and counterplay, give and take. Finally the scientist, reverting to the aboriginal, let out a warwhoop of defiance. This unnerved the goat, and it fled.

Back in 1872 Edward L. Dougherty was the best calfskin cutter in the factory of Claugh & Chase, of Lynn, Mass.

It was at about this time that Senator Hoar, of the Old Bay State, then serving in Washington, hit upon the idea of bringing Dougherty, popular among his fellows, to Washington and giving him a post at the Capitol. There he has remained ever since, and today is the keeper of the door into the men's gallery of the Senate.

At every Christmastide since 1872 this former skilful calfskin cutter has received from M. P. Claugh, his former employer, a pair of shoes that are the best that the factory turned out. For forty-nine consecutive years this venerable doorkeeper has been thus remembered, all of which may go to show that the ties of friendship are after all not spun of gossamer threads.

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Stars and Stripes

A distracted lady rushed up to the captain of the storm-tossed ship.

"Oh, captain," she cried, "please advise me! My husband is going to be frightfully seasick. Can you tell him what to do?"

"It's not necessary to tell him, madame," said the seasoned veteran. "He'll do it anyhow."

Which reminds us of the passenger who was painfully making his way up to the deck.

"Hey!" cried a steward, noticing his green pallor and slow progress. "Make haste, sir. You can't be sick here."

"Oh, can't I!" said the passenger.

A man who stutters always feels at home when running a motor boat.

You can always tell a married woman, but—
How much can you tell her?

There once was a versatile poet
Who started to poet when a kid,
The cynical folk
All said he'd die broke,
He thought it a joke—
But he did.

Margot

By "BUGS" BAER.

PEACE hath her atrocities as well as war. Mrs. Margot Asquith, who is very distinguished foreigner at times, is rattling around loose in America.

MARGOT talked Europe sour, chased diplomats back into their high hats, frightened kings and children and turned international politics rough side up.

HER favorite sport is leading grand trouble cotillon with family skeleton as dancing partner.

SHE is very roughfined looking.

SHE is now lecturing our women folks on "Secrets and How to Tell Them."

SHE is naturally gifted with skinnyness. You never piped any thin bird who wasn't very affectionate with other folks' troubles.

GOSSIP vampires are generally thinner than screen doors. They love to listen in on party lines; they think that keyholes are opera glasses and that parrot is king of beasts.

OVER in Europe, Margot goes slumming with kings and queens, motors with international diplomats and chums with trouble.

WHEN she wants to learn some nimble secret, she gets her victim into one of Henry Ford's reduced limousines and shakes it out of him.

TELLING your secrets to Margot is like making records for victrolas. We advise all our important people not to be at home when Margot plants her abnormal eye at your keyhole.

SHE has shell-like ears.

SHE listens with 'em. Then she starts to shell you.

ANY time Margot starts in to turn state's evidence, Lloyd George, Clemenceau and other cravat experts all plead innocent with extenuating circumstances.

BY time she gets through spilling secrets all over America we will know everything except what it is all about.

MARGOT will take that secret back with her.

Ye TOWNE GOSSIP

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By K. C. B.

Dear K. C. B.—This may be out of your line, but maybe through your column you can help me. I am nearly forty years old, successful in business, moderately good looking and keen for life in every aspect. My home life is perfectly happy, but aside from that and business I have nothing at all. I have never had a love affair, though everyone at the place where I am employed likes me.

My capacity for enjoyment is unlimited, ranging from a long walk to grand opera and including books, pictures, plays, museums, music—well, anything and everything that is wholesome. After business I usually go for a walk or read and then retire.

Now this is a difficult question to put, but what can I do to get more pleasure out of life and how can I start doing it?

EVELYN B.

MY DEAR Evelyn.
• • •
IF YOU'RE forty years old.
• • •
AND IN all that time.
• • •
YOU'VE NEVER had.
• • •
ONE LOVE affair.
• • •
YOU'LL HAVE to hurry.
• • •
OR YOU'LL be left.
• • •
IN THE old maid class.
• • •
AND IT'S quite all right.
• • •
IF YOU want to be.
• • •
BUT IF you don't.
• • •
IT'S JUST about time.
• • •
YOU WERE looking around.
• • •
AND IF I were you.
• • •
AND I did look around.
• • •
AND I found some man.
• • •
WHO SEEMED all right.
• • •
I WOULDN'T say much.
• • •
ABOUT LONG walks.
• • •
AND OPERA seats.
• • •
AND THINGS like that.
• • •
UNTIL I'D found.
• • •
THE THNGS he liked.
• • •
AND IF I thought.
• • •
I COULD make them fit.
• • •
WITH THE things I liked.
• • •
I'D HOP right to it.
• • •
AND IT'S going to be hard.
• • •
FOR WITH forty years.
• • •
OF A loveless life.
• • •
IT'S MORE than likely.
• • •
YOU'RE SET in your ways.
• • •
AND ANYWAY.
• • •
THERE'S ONE thing sure.
• • •
THE PLEASURE you get.
• • •
WILL ALWAYS be measured.
• • •
OUNCE FOR ounce.
• • •
WITH THE pleasure you give.

Water Problems of D. C. Before Congress

By BILL PRICE.

With courageous spokesmen like Congressman BEN JOHNSON pleading for adequate appropriations for the District in the next fiscal year—even though the Kentuckian does confine his pleas to a few items—there is hope that the District bill, when it emerges from conference toward the closing days of Congress, will come reasonably near providing for the actual necessities of this community.

We cannot believe that the bill will finally eliminate the appropriation of $3,000,000 for additional water supply for Washington. The chief of engineers of the army and many of his subordinates have stressed the dangers of longer attempting to rely upon the one aqueduct bringing water to this city and going, most of the time, to the limit of its capacity. To longer delay carrying out the plans that have been made is to court possible disaster to the Federal Capital.

The House Appropriations Committee not only eliminated this important item, but approved only two new main trunk lines asked for by the Water Department—these to be laid from Chevy Chase across Rock Creek Park, just north of Walter Reed Hospital grounds, to Georgia avenue, and from Georgia avenue to Military road. This hospital, like all other Federal institutions in the District, makes no payment for the water it uses.

The main is to be constructed by money paid wholly by the people of the District of Columbia, not a single cent being from the Federal Treasury. It is mainly the money to be paid in by people of the District which will build the additional aqueduct that may stand between Washington and serious trouble.

A most important main asked for by the Commissioners—necessary for the adequate protection of a large suburban community—was eliminated by the House committee entirely. Yet it is regarded by the Water Department as the most important trunk extension requested.

The item was for a proper water supply for south Brookland, Woodridge, and a large suburban population lying along Rhode Island avenue northeast.

This territory is fed entirely by two small mains, twelve inches in diameter. The friction head in these two mains is necessarily very high. At times when it is necessary to use but one of the two pumps on this service the higher levels in this territory are not properly served. When the pumps at the station are closed down, and it is realized that this water has to be fed back from along the lines of the thirty-six-inch main from the Brightwood reservoir to First and Adams street and thence via Prospect Hill Cemetery through one twelve-inch main (the other twelve-inch main leading from Barry and Eighth streets northwest, south on Eighth street to Florida avenue and east on Florida avenue to Bladensburg road, and out Bladensburg road to South Dakota avenue northeast) it is apparent that the people at the higher points in Brookland, Woodridge, and vicinity, are not getting a sufficient head for satisfactory house service and a very poor supply for fire protection.

The request was for money to lay a thirty-inch main. The elimination of this item will mean that every service main laid in this territory will but increase the inadequacy of the water system therein.

Thus even with the amount of water now available, the District is denied the proper facilities for distributing it. Both the second and third high services, which are the growing services of the District, are inadequately supplied at the present time. The Commissioners asked for a pump, which would cost in the neighborhood of $40,000, for the proper maintenance of the third high service. This item was cut to $30,000. The erection of this pump, and the laying of the main from Chevy Chase across Rock Creek Park and north of Walter Reed Hospital to Georgia avenue, which was allowed by the committee, will place the third high service in satisfactory shape. The second high service, under present conditions, can be operated in a partially satisfactory manner; but should anything occur to disable the larger pump on this service (No. 3 pump) it would be inadequate even at the present time, to supply the amount of water necessary for its proper maintenance. Therefore, it is extremely important that an appropriation be made for the thirty-inch main to supply the Brookland and Woodridge sections. The higher portions of this territory were without water on several occasions last summer owing to inadequate supply.

The Cry of Youth

By Angela Morgan

BY the shapes that surge in the formless blue,
By the crags that sentry the shore with strength,
I shall be brave to compass you,
O Life, O Love! Down all the length
Of doubt and terror and hope and prayer
I shall be bold and great as air.
What if they failed who came before?
What if they died whose faith was high?
My spirit stands at a new-swung door,
And God is God, and I am I!

I will compass you! I will conquer you!
Mystery by my vision spanned,
The dark shall yield when I pass through,
Eternity in my hand.
I will search above, I will pierce beneath,
I will strip the universe of its sheath.
What if they fell who sought for Truth?
What if they drank the dregs of pain?
I am the Voice of dauntless Youth—
I am their Quest, come back again!

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