

preacher who, to stoop to the vernacular, delivers the goods, does not need to institute a campaign to fill the empty benches.

There is more real religion in the hearts of thousands of men who do not go to church, more Christian spirit, and more sincerity in dealing with their fellowmen than there is in ninety per cent of such ministers as meet once or twice a week to stir up trouble.

Governor Spry's declination to meet with the ministerial association for the purpose of suppressing cabarets in this city is the proper thing. The dash of these pulpiteers into the limelight after a long, extraordinary silence of so many months, in an effort to stir up trouble should be promptly sat upon, and now it is about time that they ceased to intrude in the business of other people, and begin their personal advertising campaign in some other way.

The idea that anyone cannot enjoy himself in a little cafe life where it is properly conducted, even if some of it is froth, is absurd, and the labors of these worthies who, in some instances imagine they are leading people to the light, and who in some other instances are doing it through selfishness might better be spent in reforming such things as need reforming. There are plenty of sincere and brilliant ministers here who are not affiliated with the ministerial association and who probably would not be, as they are broad and big men, and they are never heard attempting to curtail the personal liberty of decent and self respecting citizens. Perhaps that is one reason their churches are crowded.

In considering the new outbreak of this association, the biggest surprise to most thinking men is the affiliation of the Rev. P. A. Simpkin, a broad man, a mixer with men, and one who has a broad understanding of his fellowbeings, their depths and their foibles. It is surprising to see him in such company.

SOLILOQUY OF A VICE CRUSADER

Ah well! Ah well, all things must end, the summer's o'er,
No tennis, golf, nor bathing near the shore;
No motoring, nor picnics in the shade of some great oak.
There's really nothing doing, I might as well be broke.
I'm tired of bridge, and those new dances I could never do.
I suppose I'll have to think of something new To pass the time.

A ball? A dinner dance? No, they are overplayed.

Ah! ha! I know what I'll do; I'll make a fierce attack

Upon the liquor interests.

But no, on second thought, they might hit back. Besides my bank account's a little frayed.

By Jove, I have it, I'll start a vice crusade.

Society's become an awful bore.

I wonder why I never thought of it before.

It's just the thing, won't it be fine?

Now I'll be able to go down the line

And mingle with the festive—er,er,er, well, daughters of joy.

Nor will I have to purchase beer,

Nay, nay, not me, no fear.

I rather guess

Instead why I'll be featured in the press

As something Christ-like and Divine.

I'll question them and find out all about the life;

I'll take a policeman with me, too,

And then I'll tell the details to my wife.

I'll be a lion in fact as we as name.

By Jove, compared to vice crusades

Al other sports are banal, tame.

I'll make them move and get another house,

Perhaps one of my own

And maybe, too, I'll get a little souse

And talk about the segregated zone.

Really, it's a lark

And society's become an awful bore.

Compared to stopping spooning in the park—well,

I wonder I never thought of it before.—Mirror.

USEFUL

"He's an inventor."

"What did he invent?"

"A muffer for noodle soup."—Seattle Argus.

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