

WHAT THE CHURCHES CAN LEARN FROM GT. LAKES GOBS

(Continued from Page One)

starts. No mention of God... And do we expect that a child brought up in an atmosphere like this is going to know anything about religion? To esteem God as real and vital? To understand prayer? To have any spiritual backing for the crises of life? Is it any wonder that our young women are all too often frivolous little butterflies and the boys careless young animals... until the crisis of war comes and lifts them up... bewildered? And is it any wonder that they say, "Religion is a dead thing. Dad and mother said they were religious, but their religion was a pretence and sham. I have seen a vision. It was not their vision."

Restricted Incomes of the Poor And then what of the Americans who have not any chance to have homes—the great masses of the poor who live in slums. Have you ever lived among the poor? I have. Men with incomes so small they could not provide decent quarters for those they loved. Mothers who went out to work, because they had to, and left the little broods at home unattended. What of the homes where there can be no home? They must be remedied. There can be no reasonable excuse for any Christian refraining to insist upon such a change in social standards and methods as shall insure for every one who labors a wage sufficient to provide decencies for himself and for his brood. If a business can't afford to pay those wages, then that business had better cease to exist.

Church Service Has Become Polite and Pretty Ceremonial

Instead of a church service being what it was intended to be—a downright, reverent, and manly approach by real men and real women to the presence of a vital God, our services have become polite and pretty ceremonial wherein we seek to entertain... possibly the deity and certainly ourselves. The conventionalities of the various churches may differ, but the sentimentality, back of them is one. There is the Roman Catholic of a foreign language for the services. There is the Episcopalian conventionalism, that of my own church, which consists of a peculiar service called Morning Prayer, composed mostly of ununderstandable psalms, long rambling Bible lessons, often quite unintelligible without a commentary, a good deal of singing by the choir, and some very proper and gentlemanly prayers... Where are the old prayers wherein men wrestled with God? Where is the old hymn singing? Supplanted by the anthem sung by the choir. Where are the old hymns which meant something verily—"A Mighty Fortress is Our God," "How Firm a Foundation," "My Faith Looks up to Thee." Our Scotch and English ancestors sang such things and meant them. Now we listen to the rank tawdry sentimentality of such trash as "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere," and "Sweet Beulah Land," and such beautiful drivel as "Bringing in the Sheaves."

Our Children Hate It

We are afraid of Sincerities... In our sentimental propriety we have trod out all the honest, manly poetry and beauty from our worship. We have squeezed the life out of it and there is a rattling of dry bones. Our children hate it, are bored by it, will not attend it.

Let us get busy and restore our services. Let us curb these choirs which incessantly, restore hymns to their real place, and in all we do, do it like people with red blood in their veins approaching a Deity who rejoices in seeing his worshippers behave like vigorous and healthy human beings... And whatever changes we make, let them be guided by two principles—verity and reverence. In combination they mean sure death for sentimentality and the cult of the pretty-pretty.

Boys in Camp Hate Sermons

The third wall which has decayed is the wall of preaching. It is astonishing to find how uniformly the boys in camp hate sermons. Why? Because they do not want instruction about the things of God? Not at all, but rather because most sermons are about everything else except the things of God. Our preachers have become lecturers on ethics, art, architecture, poetry, philosophy, and what not else. These things all have their place in sermons but there is nothing more pathetic than the prophet turned mere lecturer... And let the pulpit teach that the kind of life lived by Jesus is the kind of life that a man or woman must live to avoid futility of living,—the kind of a life that must be lived if ever nations are to dwell in peace, or capitalist and laborer live sans Bolshevism. The opposite sort of life which seeks what it can get and forgets the brethren, which lives in smart suburbs while its men live in slums, which flaunts its wealth while others starve,—this selfish life is the negation of Christ's teaching, the wis-

dom of the anti-Christ, the producer of rotted lives, anarchic and Bolshevist industry, and wars without end among the nations of the earth...

No Difference Between the Church and the World

Look at your own community. Wherein are the members of Christ's different from those who are not members? One finds them reading the same kind of trash, equally ready to gobble up the latest sensational movie, equally greedy for malignant gossip, equally on the make in money matters, equally seeking with true covetousness the things of the earth, equally valuing men by their possessions,—just as sensuous if not sensual; their children are not brought up to be more clean, more kind, more decent, more serviceful. They are apparently anxious that their own religion shall make none too heavy demands upon them. They do not wish to appear different from their fellows. They succeed in being like them, on THEIR deeds.

Not Rich in Things We Can Do Without

The prime characteristics of the really Christian man or woman are two, courtesy and simplicity—courtesy, which goes below mere forms and is based on a real love of man; simplicity which loves not luxury because it loves God more.

Trot Out Your Religion

Do we Christians mean business? That is the real question which these young men ask us, these fellows with the pathetic longing for God and the admirable refusal to accept for Him any watered-substitute. They are coming back soon, pouring back into our towns. Of the towns they will ask, "What's here? We have labored and fought, and bled, and suffered for this town. Has it been worth it? We have fought for our national institutions. Now we return to weigh in the balance that for which we have fought." Merciless judges they are with the mercilessness of youth. They are coming back to the churches. They will say, "We never cared much about you before we went away. Life was a flutter with us and a frivolous as it still is with most of you. We thought little of God. But we have been where conventionalities have been broken. We have lived where nonessentials go and only realities remain. We know that there is a God and that somewhere, somehow we can know Him. We come to you and ask you: What sort of a religion have you, anyway. Trot it out! Let's take a look at it and at you. Do you believe it yourselves? Do you mean what you say? Creeds we have no objection to—none whatever—provided you really believe them and live up to them, or try to. We are hunting the way to God. Have you found it?"

Church People Protest

You say in indignation: "The church is nothing of the sort." Certainly, I know it is not. You know it is not. We know that underneath the ruined walls that men see, are the everlasting foundations, and in them we have pride. Yes, but the young manhood of America mostly does not see these foundations. It sees only the ruins. Let us clear away the rubbish."

PUBLIC LIBRARY

Open: week days, 9 to 12; 1 to 6 and 7 to 9.

Location: One block south of the Army and Navy Center.

Upon the door of the Public Library hangs a diminutive pendant of the War Camp Community Service. It means welcome to all but especially it means welcome to all men in uniform whether permanent residents of Highland Park or not. The building is open for quiet recreation and reading, ten hours a day, six days a week. Assistance in getting acquainted with the books and their arrangement is gladly given by the attendant in charge. Books may be taken out, without charge, (except a few frivolous novels in the rent collection), for two weeks, with privilege of renewal.

"The Book of Texas," and "Cow Boy Songs," by Mr. Lomax, have been given to the Library by their generous author on the request of a member of the Board of Trustees. It is the beginning of a collection of local material: books by people living in Highland Park. If you know any book written by such people will you urge them to give it to the Public Library? Also we should have books about the town and this part of the country even if written by people elsewhere. Old maps of the town, and even manuscript diaries which give accounts of the life and times of other days here, should go to make up the collection, too. This collection cannot be the work of only one person or institution, it must be a community affair and we want to make it the most unique and charming thing ever gotten together, peculiarly indicative of just Highland Park. Will everyone help to complete the collection in every way

possible? The Library will house such a collection, and keep it in good condition so that it may be a credit to the community and everyone will gather the material (of which, perhaps, they alone know) and give it to the Library.

After the "flu" the Modern Health Crusade comes with an especially powerful appeal. On the bulletin board in the main room are samples of the certificates which one must fill out before becoming a page, a squire, a knight, etc., and copies of the manual explaining the Modern Health Crusade Movement. Statistics have shown what other communities have done in improving efficiency in eliminating the chances of death and increasing happiness for all, through this simple Health Movement. It is such a simple thing, it seems so like a game, but when one knows that it puts a stop to such epidemics as the "flu," and reduces the horrible death statistics of tuberculosis it assumes great importance, and everyone realizes that it is a game worth playing.

The United States Fuel Administration has sent for distribution several pamphlets on how to adapt furnaces to the use of soft coal. They are free.

The good news has come that Louisa Alcott's "Little Women" has been filmed on the old Alcott homestead, by special permission of the Alcott family, and will be shown at the Pearl Theatre in Highland Park on February 8th, Saturday. The Public Library has three copies of this delightful book, and will buy more if the demand warrants it. The film has been endorsed by the Alcott family.

In the juvenile room there hangs an interesting picture of an Indian who invites all to read the two shelves of Indian stories beneath. These have been popular all the week and will be on special exhibition for another week. They are not to be kept in the library for exhibition purposes, but are for the immediate circulation.

Have you read "How a Soldier May Succeed After the War," by Conwell?

A New Spirit of Good Will

Thanks to the opportunity given it by the War Department at home and abroad, a new spirit of good will has grown up around Dodge Brothers Motor Car.

Wherever soldiers meet, this car is spoken of in terms of admiration and even affection.

Soldiers grow to love the tools and weapons and implements that serve them.

They admire especially the inanimate thing that shows grit and endurance in a tight place.

That is American—and that is the American soldier in particular—and that is the sort of glory being woven around Dodge Brothers Motor Car.

There will always be associated with it the remembrance of the work it did in the world war in army service on both sides of the ocean.

Thousands of American soldiers are coming back now from the camps in France, telling how well that work was done.

They are telling it to their fathers and mothers, their worshipping small brothers, their sisters, their sweethearts and their friends.

It is the central figure in many a stirring story told about the family fire-place.

To many a white-haired American mother it means something more, as it goes by, than just a motor car.

She links it, somehow, with what her own boy did, with what America did, and with what America stands for.

Dodge Brothers are proud that theirs was the one car of its type and class chosen by the War Department.

They are prouder still that it has been taken into the hearts and homes of the American people.

The old folks, and the little folks who don't forget, are spreading a leaven of good will which will endure for years to come.

Dodge Brothers cherish this new spirit of good will which has come out of the world war as their most valued possession.

The gasoline consumption is unusually low The tire mileage is unusually high

A. G. McPHERSON & SON Distributors of Dodge Brothers Motor Cars

It is an amazing little book telling how the American soldier may return to civil life today equipped to take up the career he likes. Which reminds me to mention that we have been receiving from time to time valuable articles, which may help someone, on the reeducation of those blinded by the war's terrible mutilations, and those also who are crippled. Here are some of the titles:

Reeducation of the Italian War Blind The Red Cross Institute for the Blind

Your Duty to the War Cripple The Organization, Work and Methods of the Red Cross Institute for Cripples and Disabled Men

Reconstructing the Crippled Soldier Returning the Disabled Soldier to Economic Independence

Rehabilitation of the War Cripple Education and Occupations of Cripples—Juvenile and Adult

Reeducation of Disabled Soldiers at Bombay Clean Communities, Camps, Fleets

The Sword of Damocles Venereal Diseases in the Army, Navy and Community.

Your side of the Fight War on Venereal Diseases

Books about Theodore Roosevelt, and books by him have been placed on the New Books shelves in the main room. Others of his works are to be found in our bound magazines. Having heard Coningsby Dawson and having read his books, you may be interested to read one of his novels written before the war, "The Seventh Christmas" has been placed in the Rent Collection.

An unusual addition to the new books is a volume of translations of Japanese short stories. They bear much resemblance to our short stories in form, but in substance and "local color" they are distinctly oriental. They are one of those rare collections of something different. This is a seven day book not in the Rent Collection. The title is "Paulownia," and it is compiled by Torao Toketama.

Profound indignation is expressed by the Bohemians because thrifty people who bank accounts have just as much influence in our government as paupers and criminals.

Top of Sox-Rohmer's horrible and

thrilling detective stories about the famous Fu Manchu have been added to the Rent Collection. Also Rider Haggard's new novel, "Love Eternal," presented with his usual gusto and healthy human sympathy. The hero seduced the heroine beautiful and "She laughed." "Why do you laugh?" he asked. "Because I am laughing at myself," she answered, "and you should have your share." Then he very bravely kissed her, only he was in such a hurry, also the willow log, a large one, was between them; possibly he had arranged it that way. Still it was a queer kind of merriment, by degrees it merged in to little sobs and tears. Of course the way of their true love did not run smooth, and they had happiness in the end.

Herein Hagedorn takes a flight into the field of novel writing in "Barbaric Picks a Husband." It is not so powerful a piece of work as might be expected, but it is a relief to know that he can be light at times. (Rent Collection.)

Like a splendid tapestry Earl Williams weaves the story of "The Court of Belshazzar." It is "beautiful as the Gates of Brass and as entralling as the Labyrinth in the Garden of Love" says the publisher. (Rent Collection.)

Several pamphlets on food and modern problems in English and Yiddish have come to the library and will be issued just as books are issued. If you are interested and have never had a card at the Public Library, come and look them over. The Library is free to all, and all are welcome.

MARGARET RIDLON, Librarian.

Mr. Bernstorff says a thing cannot be kept a secret very long in the United States. Mr. B. ought to realize that the pleasure of conversation is intensified when you are telling things communicated to you as a secret.

Camouflage painting is no doubt a good thing for the ships but the girls needn't think they must resort to it to conceal their faces from public view.

YOUNG WOMEN'S PATRIOTIC LEAGUE—HIGHWOOD

You'll have to have sharp wits and sharp eyes if you can keep up with all that goes on at the Young Women's Patriotic League of Highwood next Sunday afternoon. Mr. Dross, an ordinary days business man of Evanston, but on special days, a "magician de luxe," will keep the ball of good fun a-rolling. The program will start at three o'clock.

The Business Girls' Club will entertain Friday evening. The form of entertainment, they hope, will be a good, old-fashioned sleigh-ride with jingle bells, tin horns and all the paraphernalia that a sleigh-ride demands. Of course the club is at the mercy of the weather-man and the elements he controls. Yet not even he can make them down hearted; for if the snow is gone, the League rooms will open for a game party.

RESPONSIBILITY FOR FIRES

The city of Portland, Ore., has a new ordinance which makes it unlawful for anyone to maintain on his premises conditions that constitute a fire hazard. The Bureau of Fires investigates such hazards, and if it decides that a given condition is dangerous, it notifies the one responsible to remove it.

Fearing possible suit the people of that city are clearing up hazardous conditions. This is a good scheme to try in any place where business men and others are careless. There is a tendency to maintain heaps of light packing boxes, expelior and similar material in basements and back yard. These create terrible conditions when a fire starts.

It is feared that some of those 16,000 soldiers who have married French girls had not learned to say No.

Camouflage painting is no doubt a good thing for the ships but the girls needn't think they must resort to it to conceal their faces from public view.