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BEST PUBLISHING.—Let your heart be white before men, that they may see your good service and reward you by your Father which is in Heaven.—Matthew 5:16.

THE OLD HOME TOWN . . . By Stanley



AMT SARAH PEARSON, LEADER OF THE SOCIETY FOR SUPPRESSION OF PIPE SMOKING, VISITED OTTIE SMOKER SHOP EARLY TO DAY.

(So it will draw well, we suppose.)
IT IS A SIN TO LIKE LIKE THE DEVIL!
 It would mean sure election for the candidate who adopted a mind-your-own-business platform.
 Today's Myth
 "I want a real likeness," she said to the photographer, "with every single wrinkle showing."
 "Train hits auto: I hurt!"—head-line. Which one, might we ask?

Editorials From Over the Nation

THE WORM TURNS

Fort Worth Star Telegram: Four years ago a gang of "wise boys" attracted to the Southwest by the oil boom, "pulled a job" in Fort Worth. After splitting the \$45,000 they got from a rural-looking Texan by the age-old wire-tapping game, they congratulated themselves with numerous sophisticated comments concerning the prevalence of "weackers."
 Stories like that are usually written with the spoils and the rural-looking person going back to the farming districts sadder and wiser, but hopeless. But this story did not end with the picking of the rural-looking Texan. Rather, it had just begun. The rural-looking victim took his pot in hand and wrote some chapters that are more than sequel. One of them closed in the Texas penitentiary, where one of the four "wise boys" was shot to death attempting to escape. Another was reported in Washington, where one more of the four who shared the \$45,000 committable suicide after capture. The third chapter records still another of the quartet serving a fifteen-year term in prison. The final chapter was written the other day when the fourth "wise boy" was started on the road to prison from Salt Lake City.
 The writing is out of the hands of the "wise boys," but if they were allowed to contribute a few words, it is safe to conjecture that they would not be anything about "easy pickings" and "weackers."
 Even the smartest men make mistakes and the "wise boys" who picked J. Frank Norfleet for the "fall guy" in their wire tapping game were not exceptional. It is no consolation to them that they set in motion an epic of pursuit and revenge. It does not soften their lot to know that they were laid by the heels in the most remarkable man hunt in history, and that they transformed a companion

One By One They Are Going

Yesterday we had to rest Mrs. M. A. Harris, a pioneer aged 84, who had done more to win the west than many, many women of her time. And as we were engaged in laying the flowers on the casket, listening to the brief religious ceremony the word came that Mrs. S. F. Neuhard, a pioneer whose husband took up the land at Hot Lake and made first development on that great resort, had died in Portland. Samuel Burnaugh, brother of Mrs. M. A. Harris, was buried Sunday, thus it was that brother and sister died within a few hours of each other and were buried—one on Sunday at Sunnerville and the other on Monday in La Grande.

How fast the pioneer procession is going by for the last time. What a great life was led by Mrs. Harris. Nothing daunted her, nothing troubled her, for she had lived through it all—from ferocious Indian warfare to the present-day human frailties—and she looked upon all weaknesses with compassion, trying ever to find the good in a person rather than the evil.

When Emerson Hough wrote "The Covered Wagon" he had just such characters in mind as Mrs. Harris. To him these women and these men were the type whose memory must live both in history and in pictures. A splendid tribute did Hough pay to the pioneers in that picture, but not greater than they deserve. Where he shows the funeral of "Grandma Wattles" who had come on from Pennsylvania to join the train at Westport on its trip to Oregon," he uncovers the big hearted pioneers who stood with bowed heads and thoughtful minds around that open grave on the Old Oregon Trail as Mrs. Wattles' earthly remains were lowered. Then followed the burning of brush over the grave and directing the entire wagon train over it so that the Indians would not observe the freshly made resting place of one of the pioneers.

Such characters as Emerson Hough brings out in that classic drama of winning the west were scenes ever cherished in the mind of Grandma Harris who was buried yesterday afternoon. It was not necessary to bury her as the Wattles woman was buried, but Grandma Harris would probably have preferred the pioneer burial around which centered the pioneer friendship tied and true. Before the "covered wagon" epoch; hers was an overlapping life, for she was permitted both the hardships and the present-day period of luxury.

Union county people extend their sympathy to the children of this good woman. She was of the kind that were worth while in her life, and as the curtain goes down on such a useful life we cannot but wonder if the span of the present-day youngster will witness the great advancement of the world that Mrs. Harris was permitted to observe and enjoy.

A Groundless Fear

The medical director of the Life Extension Institute has just been telling fellow workers that the regular "he-man" style of American masculinity has retreated before the advance of a "soft," fluffy, creature who lives longer but gets far less out of life and gives society less than the old-fashioned "rough-neck." He fears that unless a change is effected, modern men will be a sex of pink-and-whites, not worth much measured by the standards of two or three, or more, generations ago.

Another fear is that even if his warning is taken as seriously as he seems to view it, at least a century will be needed to bring about the physical improvement he has in mind. He explains that the men of today live more years than their grandfathers, only because they have been given extraordinary protection by science, and that the same means is the force which will pamper until the human race will not be able to take care of itself.

The medical director probably is giving himself unnecessary alarm over the future of the races. Evidences that the modern man has become a "soft," pink-and-white emaciated, are not so distributed that every one who runs may see, and interpret them as does the medical director. In fact the reverse may be claimed. On the strictly physical score the up-to-date race asks no odds of its ancestry. The world has more strong men than ever. The classical periods knew no such lists of women and girl athletes in all branches of physical excellence.

The men of today not only lives longer, thanks to science, but lives better, more happily, can hit harder, run faster, swim farther and when at work turn out more than the producer of any age.

Stock Gambling

A returned British visitor is quoted to the effect that Americans in the "market" gather in money apparently quite easily by successful gambles in stocks. This is a view that many American lads have also held—to their deceiving.

The statement should be supplemented with a clause setting forth that it is equally easy for them to lose money by unsuccessful gambles and that for every successful play there is an unsuccessful one. In the "market" what is one player's gain is another's loss.

If every other man's mail is like an editor's, there is enough postage wasted on propaganda to pay the country's running expense.

Saturday half-holiday ought to be supplemented by a Monday whole holiday. After dodging Sunday traffic the average poor mortal needs a day to rest up.

OFFICE CAT



BY JUNIUS
 Women are naturally naughty—
 You cannot be blamed as
 Since the first saw Adam
 Who said "Take me, maiden!"
 Things have been in a—of a shape!

Poems From a Man to his Wife.
 Dear Heart, I love your winning smile,
 I love the twinkle in your eye,
 I love your manner, free from guile,
 But dearest, I don't like your pique.
 Dear love, my thoughts are all for you,
 They bind me like a golden chain,
 It matters not how much I show
 Your beauties give me inward pain.
 Dear heart, I praise you to the sky,
 I love the dough in your dad's jeans,
 But I would kiss it all goodby,
 Could you but make real pork and beans.
 Dear one, I love your apple cake,
 Because it never gives me pain,
 But wifey, dear, the soup you make—
 Gosh! Sinner's ghost! It looks like rain!
 Avoid the pleasure that holds the penalty of future pain.

A New York playwright has named his new play "The Mustard Plaster."

A Wife's Oratory
 The above poem just reminded me of a wife I once heard a friend of mine deliver to her (the friend's of course) husband. Junius said it would like this—This speech was read coming in at all hours of the night. It's been so long since I've seen you by daylight that I didn't know you were wearing a corset. I'm glad to see you and pleased to the skin. You seem to have fine good dinner and formation to tell how well it was cooked, you slide into a clean collar, put on a vest to hide your dirty shirt and are off to a poker game. The children think I'm a villain and that the children are orphans. According to your view point how is it that I don't have to hold a funeral?

Yet, before we were married you long around our house so much that father (I've heard several times to change your stomach?)

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 Ladies Watch for Thursday's Ad
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 THE QUALITY STORE
 County Prison Near End, SALEM, Or.—The grand jury which is investigating the finances of Yamhill county will file its report in the circuit court there next Wednesday, according to George Neuner of Florence, who was appointed special prosecutor in the case by the attorney-general's office. Mr. Neuner arrived here last night from McMinnville en route to his home, but will return to Yamhill county next Monday.

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