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Office Cat

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In The Country
Before green aples blush
Before green nuts embrown,
Why, one day in the country,
Is worth a month in town.

If everybody in the world liked
us, if every evrone thought we
were perfect, if no one cursed us,
then what would be the use of
going to heaven?

Shoulders Broad.
Some fellows have a habit of
blaming all of the evils of society
on the newspaper. Well in any
event, its shoulders are broad.

It's all the same to the hen
whether we say "sit" or "set."

Sign on a Kansas Farm:
Warning to Tramps
We keep a dog

The reason that some reforms
And remember, there are just
two kinds of folks—The Quick
and the Dead.

Babe Ruth spent three hours
in jail—No, not for stealing a
base, but hitting up too much
speed in his flivver.

It's about time Admiral Sims
was called down. George Har-
vey next.

Economy is something that the
other members of the family never
practice.

Watch Us Grow
From the Owen, (Ind.) Leader
How the Little Ripple Grows
If you cast a stone into a pool
It starts a ripple that expands
In constantly widening circles.
How like that stone in this store
and how like the pool this com-
munity in which its fortunes are
cast.

Our little ripple on entering has
widened and is widening; and as
it increases so will our stocks in-
crease to accommodate our broad-
ening trade.
But we have only begun; we
expect to grow—with your help
of course—and to earn this help
we pledge you fair dealing, good
service and splendid values.—Mrs
Coffman.

The reason that some reforms
never get any place is that the
reformers are such funny-looking
creatures they make everybody
laugh.

Two things are inevitable;
death and the cafeteria cashier.

Husband and wife boss each
other, says Lady Astor. She's
half right!

In the brave days of old before
Volstead's name was listed in
Who's Who, there was a certain
farmer who formed the habit of
celebrating on his monthly trips
to town for his supplies.

One afternoon, at the close of
one of these excursions, feeling
weak and low, he stumbled to
where he had left his team, only
to find that someone had unhitch-
ed the horse and driven them
away. "Ezra Perkins," he said
to himself sadly, passing a hand
over his brow, "if you're Ezra
Perkins, you've lost a pair of durn
good horses. But," brightening,
"if you ain't Ezra Perkins you've
found a durn good wagon."

Love, Love, Love rules the
world and everything that goes
with it.

The Cincinnati Enquirer says
that all newspapers now keep the
line "the bandit escaped in a
waiting automobile" in type to
put at the bottom of all holdup
stories.

**Capper-Tincher
Bill Receives
Favorable Report**

Washington, July 7.—Favor-
able report on the Capper-Tin-
cher bill to regulate future dealings
on grain exchanges was ordered
today by the senate agriculture
committee by unanimous vote.

Where there's circula-
tion there's life—Use
Journal Want Ads

Two Reasons

A Dallas minister, Presbyterian, has resigned his pastorate, declaring that there are too many churches in Dallas. He says:

The question of trying to maintain 4 churches with full fledged pastors, all doing the same kind of work, teaching the same great truths, covering the same territory when two would be sufficient to accommodate the churchgoers any Sunday in the year, is a problem that must be handled without respect to sentiment and past history.

The rabbi of one of the wealthiest Jewish congregations in New York has resigned, discouraged by what he terms "the futility of the minister in the life of today." He declares:

I have discovered that I have been wasting my life trying to give the people something that they don't want. Thousands of ministers—Christian and Jewish—have discovered the same thing. People can not be reached by religion in this modern world. Their hearts are closed to it. The only thing that greets a minister in his work of preaching God's message is an apathy which he can not hope to overcome. I am through with the ministry because the people have left the church.

Here we have two reasons given by earnest and sincere preachers as to causes of church failure—unnecessary division and duplication in the village and the growing apathy and indifference of the public in the city.

The preacher to the poor village congregation finds that sectional and factional division cripples and weakens the church effort, and makes satisfactory results impossible. The preacher to the wealthy city congregation finds hearts closed to religion and intent on worldly matters. They cannot worship God and Mammon at the same time.

Perhaps the church is partly to blame for the fatal divisions and the more fatal lethargy. Perhaps we have too much politics and too little religion in some of our pulpits. Perhaps. It is a problem for the church to solve.

Beauty and Babies

A celebrated beauty surgeon of Paris declares that American women must have more babies if they wish to retain their beauty, for "motherhood is not only an aid to beauty but is necessary if a woman wishes to realize the acme of beauty." The practice of rearing babies on bottles is likewise condemned, for the glands that function during maternity are connected with those governing complexion.

This common sense advice meets immediate condemnation from those fanatics who champion that form of race suicide known as "birth control" who declare that "American women should have fewer babies and their complexion and general health would take care of themselves."

Here we have conflicting advice from those posing as experts, but there can be no question but that the woman following natural laws best conserves her health and therefore her beauty. Few American women have too many children—the tendency is all the other way.

"The shallow woman, striving for beauty, seldom makes a good mother. At the same time it is a sensible thing to discourage the slacker tendency against motherhood, if an appeal to vanity will do it.

Tabloid Sermons For Busy People by Parson Abiel Haile

"Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace in the time of need."—Hebrews 4:16.

Paul had no use for the scaffiler. He urged men to be manly and women to be womanly, and not to be slinking around the temple. To be sure, he didn't put a premium on plain galls and impudence, but he did like to see folks with a spine of bone and not of soapstone or jelly. The church is a militant church and its mission is to war on sin. It must have more soldiers than sergeants, more sergeants than majors, and so on, leading to the great General, God. Time servers, sycophants, and camp followers abound but they do not strengthen any division of the grand army of the Almighty. The message is free and so is salvation. One does not have to beg for either. Thus when one really desires mercy and to find grace in the time of need, go for it with reverence and solemnity—but go for it boldly so the world may see. You know when the call comes for soldiers, the sturdy men who go into the cause, do so bravely; they know full well the meaning of their step. Filled with pride, they step boldly up to the recruiting officer and take the obligation to serve. So it is with the true soldier in God's army of humans. Put on the whole armor, do it openly and boldly, and the battle is half-won. So with our daily lives. As we go to seek employment, or to do our daily work, be bold and proud in assuming the task. Make your purpose known. Do not implore to be enrolled, but show yourself worthy of the en-
listment's attention and you will get it. The sentence of the apostle Paul is full of plain horse sense in any circumstance. Inasmuch as every step we take in life leads to the one above, every mortal should realize the full significance of the stairway. The timid will fear the steps may fall, or anticipate dizziness or some other dread condition. But those with full faith in a proposition should enter upon it boldly, and in sincerity of purpose, find grace.

ALICIA HAMMERSLEY

A Woman Who Wouldn't Remarry

By IDA H. McGLONE GIBSON
The Noted Writer

Judge Turner Phones

I thought a great deal about the complications and complexities in Mr. Early's life and while I could see no particular harm in his dining with me in a public room to talk over business, I did think that he had been very re-
luctant in not telling me that he was married and allowing me to be the judge, under the circumstances, of whether I should accept or decline his invitation.
Right at the outset of my business career I found that it was as impossible to ignore sex in business as it was to ignore it in any other walk of life. I saw how futile the cry of the world-be emancipated woman who is always saying, "There is no sex in brain."

that the facts were quite other-
wise.

I wondered whether I had made a wise choice. Would it not have been better had I stayed in the seclusion and protection of my father's home and written my stories? The ringing of my telephone interrupted my meditations and Judge Turner's voice came to me over the wire.
"I am all ready and waiting to be interviewed, Mrs. Hammersley. Shall we make it a luncheon engagement? Ask Early to come too, if you wish," he added as I hesitated a moment.
"Mr. Early has gone to Chicago."
"Oh, Lilla is worse than." There was a note of real regret in Judge Turner's voice, which prompted me, by way of explaining the previous evening, to say "I did not know until this morning that Mr. Early was married. Then I learned the reason for his departure was his wife's illness."

While listening to the conversation of Judge Turner and Mr. Early last night, I realized, subconsciously probably, that there is sex in brain, and now I found that it was not to be ignored even between men and women who were brought together in a purely business relationship.
I also knew that Miss Belcher in her prudish way would be the first to proclaim her association with Mr. Early as free from all involvement when she had proven to me that morning, by her cooing and adverse criticism of Mrs. Early,

"I knew that, my dear girl, perfectly, the moment I came over to your table last night. Of course it was for Rol to tell you whatever he wanted to about his own affairs, but I considered that I was taking advantage of you, under the circumstances."
"I knew you thought I was rude

to invite myself to the dinner, but I intended to explain to you later, or at least to make Rol explain to you. But it is all right now and I hope that when Lilla recovers and comes back here you will meet her, although she goes very little. Rol told you about her of course, before he went away."
"I didn't see him this morning. Mr. Early's secretary mentioned that there was a paragraph in the paper last evening, saying that his wife was ill."
"I always knew that Belcher woman was a cat."
"May I ask you a question, Judge Turner?"
"Over the phone, young lady?"
"Yes, why not?"
"Well, fire away then."
"Are you the youngest judge on the bench?"
"Why do you ask me that?"
"Because you talk like a college boy. Few men would have called Miss Belcher a cat."
"Isn't she?" he countered.
"Well, you are a judge."
"Come on to lunch and we will talk it over."
"I will if you will promise not to be called out of town by a sick wife."
"No such chance. I have been a widower, my dear girl, ten years I wish you might have met my wife. You would have liked her. I will be waiting for you in the lobby of the hotel. If you have a little time, let's motor out to Seaside Inn."

"I have all the time in the world, my dear Judge. And besides, you know this is really my work. Expect me in fifteen minutes."

Going to the door opening into Mr. Early's office, I said: "I am going out to luncheon now. Miss Belcher, and I may not be in this afternoon."

"Have you forgotten your engagement with Judge Turner, Mrs. Hammersley? I understood that it was today, and that it was rather important."

"No, I haven't forgotten it, Miss Belcher."
"Oh, I beg your pardon. I thought possibly the unexpected absence of Mr. Early might have taken it from your mind."
"I knew he was going, Miss Belcher."
I could see that she was con-

sumed with curiosity and I smiled without thinking until I found that my smile irritated her more than ever.

"I expect," she said, "that you are going to look for an apartment."
"Perhaps."
"Would you like me to go with you? I know the city very well."
"Thank you very much. Miss Belcher, but Alice Gordon has offered to take me."
"She is not at liberty just now. I saw her reading proof on some rush copy."
"Well, I am going to wait upon her convenience." With this I went out and spoke to Alice Gordon.

From the first I had felt drawn to her. Her low, sweet voice with sadness in its cadence, appealed to me. I wanted her for a friend. After she had promised to go with me later on in the afternoon, I said:

"Mrs. Gordon, will you go into Mr. Early's office in a few minutes and tell Miss Belcher that I have gone to luncheon with Judge Turner?"
She looked up into my face and laughed. "Of course I will, with pleasure."
Tomorrow—Lunch with Judge Turner.

Urging a more thorough systematization of the various phases of church work, from evangelistic duties to church administration, Dr. H. J. Bursztalber of St. Paul, dean of the school for city pastors at Willamette university, intimates that one of the big defects of the church of today lies in the hit-and-miss manner in which the pastors function in their communities and in their pulpits.

He proposes as one means to attain a more business-like basis, a strict and comprehensive examination of men entering the ministry, in order to place the man in a position where he can accomplish the most good with his ability, and in order to avoid the mis-

fits which are in evidence in the church as much as elsewhere. A divine call to the ministry, he pointed out, does not necessarily qualify or equip a pastor for any or all lines of religious work, and a grouping of the men is consequently necessary to get the work on an efficient basis.

The work of the minister as an administrator, a preacher, a home-worker and an evangelist, has been outlined by Dr. Bursztalber, who showed the necessity of order and organization in the different lines of church activity. He suggested that the pulp work of the pastor be outlined for a year ahead, with definite objectives in view. Similarly in the home work, the pastor should follow a definite schedule in visiting and meeting the people of his community.

Dr. Bursztalber, pastor of the Central Park church, St. Paul, Minnesota, has made a remarkable success of the work in his own city, and comes to Salem with the record of his church behind him as an example of the possibilities awaiting the future of a church which can get down on a business working basis.

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Kidnapper Killed By Posseman

Luther Fagan, Paroled From Oregon Pen, Is Shot After Running Off With Women

Hood River, Or., July 7.—Mrs. T. J. Miller and her daughter, Pearl, were today recovering from nervous collapse suffered as a result of being kidnapped by Luther Fagan, ex-convict, who was shot to death by a civilian posseman late yesterday, after taking them and a boy captive in Miller's automobile to a grove near here.

Fagan had carried them off after shooting and wounding T. J. Miller at the latter's ranch home near here yesterday after Miller had refused to divulge the whereabouts of Miss Louise Watkins, a nurse, daughter of Mrs. Miller, for an attack upon whom he was sentenced to the state penitentiary in December, 1919.

Women Used as Shield.
The shot that killed Fagan was fired about sunset. For two hours Fagan had held the posse at bay. Fagan, with his pistol pressed against Pearl's body, with threats to shoot if officers or citizens of the posse approached too closely, alternately laughed scornfully and

curled bitterly at the officers. Frequently members of the posse tried vainly to fire on the apparently crazed desperado in the proximity of the man and the women, caused them to withhold for fear of injuring or killing the latter.

Threatened to Shoot.
When Fagan sighted threatening moves of men with guns would renew his threats against the women. The pleas of officers and citizens apparently only to the effect of increasing his anger. He declared his intentions of killing his captive before he would release them. Finally Fagan offered a purse of \$50 if he would permit the boy to go free. He was accepted and City Marshal William Hart went forward with the boy.

Fagan left the car, pushing Miller girl ahead of him with left and while he pressed his pistol against her body with right. As he reached for the key, Herman Prege fired, his bullet plowing through the top of Fagan's skull.

Recently Pardoned.
Fagan recently was granted conditional pardon. He was convicted and sentenced following attack on Louise Watkins, daughter of Mrs. Miller by a former marriage. Evidence at the trial showed that Fagan had bounded the young woman for a long period and that he had become infatuated with her while she was superintendent of a hospital at El Centro, California.

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