

**SMALL BOY HELPS HIS DAD COP
NAB BURGLARS IN HOME**



Harold Shaw

New York.—“There’s burglars get into the house, papa,” shouted four-year-old Harold Shaw, son of a policeman. Shaw, Sr., was just climbing into his uniform. So he made a

rush for the door, leaving his revolver on the table. The child picked it up and followed. The men were getting away via the fire escape when Shaw spied them. He grabbed his revolver from little Harold and nabbed one of the men.

“I got one of ‘em,” he shouted to his son. “Why didn’t you git the other one?”

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TWO SCHOOLS

“Nobody shall remain away from my church because he feels he will not be comfortable,” says Rev. J. W. Kramer, of Central Baptist Church, Los Angeles, and so he advises men to take off their coats when the church atmosphere is too warm. He’s even going to preach in his shirt sleeves, to set an example.

Perhaps we’ll finally have to divide the preachers’ work into two schools—the old school and the new—as we do the doctors’.

Making church service perfectly comfortable will draw some people. And there are others who go to be made perfectly uncomfortable. We can imagine a large congregation, coolly, calmly and comfortably seated while being led into the straight and narrow way by Rev. Kramer. And we have seen Rev. Billy Sunday herding his uncomfortable, scared flocks with the aid of sulphuric threats and most irritating near-blasphemy. Comfort and candy, so to speak, the policy of one school. Hot pitch and a threshing-flail the instrumentalities of the other. The sweet little white pills of the homeopath; the calomel and bleeding of the old time old school. How alike, in some respects, the policies of cures for souls and for bodies!

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Lilian Russell is honeymooning in the West Indies. Lily shouldn’t use all of the Indies, this time. There may be many more happy weddings in store for Lily, and there are not too many new pieces left for Lily to moon in.