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OBEDIENT—If you love me, keep my commandments.—John 14:15.

## OFFICE CAT



BY JUNIUS

### Shifts of The Grand Passion

At 17 every boy intends to marry his childhood sweetheart. This follows his 10-year-old determination to marry his school teacher. But as adolescence recedes the ambition changes, something as follows:

At 20 a young man wants a chorus girl.

At 25 he wants a vision of H. C. Christy type.

At 30 he wants a good woman—another type.

At 35 he wants an economical, thrifty woman.

At 40 he wants a woman with some money—widow, maybe.

At 45 he wants a woman.

At 50 he wants a young woman.

At 55 he wants a girl.

At 60 he wants a chicken.

Wonder if the first movie was the Virginia reel?

America now has more than half of the world's gold and nearly all of its C. O. U.'s.

Genevieve is so stupid that she thinks a wise crackler is a product of the National Biscuit Company.

After a man reaches forty, he should forget how old he is and up to that time he should forget how young he is.

Game laws are getting so stringent that it is getting to be safe to shoot only husbands, wives and bull.

Cure For Baldness—Break Both Legs. William Hall, of Lewistown, Pa., who is over 80, has been bald for some years. A short time ago his legs were fractured in an auto accident. While recovering he grew a full head of hair.—Pittsburgh Gazette Times.

Little Lucille says that the last quarrel her parents had was when mamma gave papa 25 cents to buy her a magazine and he came home with the Police Gazette and six cheroots.

Cheerfulness is half of health; sadness, half of old age.

Now and then a woman saves a bit of money, by hiding her pocketbook where she can't find it.

How We Have Spent Our Life

We are now thirty-two years of age, and this is how we have spent our time:

One year waiting in barber shops.

Two years sleeping.

Six years looking at punk musical comedies.

Three years looking at movies.

Two years waiting for our collar.

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## THE OLD HOME TOWN

By Stanley



ROSCOE GLOVER WAS TERRIBLY EMBARRASSED TODAY WHEN HIS ELASTIC NECKTIE CAME OFF IN FRONT OF THE CENTRAL HOTEL.

It seems to be as natural for dogs to bark as for men to talk, and it is most unusual to meet a dog that barks as persistently and as aimlessly as some men talk. It is believed that when a dog barks at night he feels a sincere conviction that he has a message for mankind in his neighborhood. It may be that he is telling it to the world that he has seen a stranger in the alley who smells like a suspicious character. It may be that he is saying with all his might, "I have heard a noise which makes me believe that all is not right." It may be that he believes he has been elected as the town mrier, and his telling the townspeople that cats are prowling in the dark. Some folk may not consider these things as serious matters, but in the dog's judgment they are matters of importance.

It cannot be that any Washington dog with deliberation, premeditation, malice aforethought and all that would disturb the peace of a neighborhood. If he does create disturbance it is because of his zeal in the performance of what he understands to be his duty. It might be that some man who speaks the language of the dogs could suggest to them that they put the soft pedal on their splendid voices after 10 o'clock, that the neighbors' graphophones and pianos could have the field to themselves. If cats are allowed to sing at night—and it has been found difficult to discourage them in their tuneful efforts—it would be ungenerous to deny to a dog the gratification he finds in broadcasting his announcements at midnight. It is a difficult question.

SUCCESS DAY BY DAY

Kansas City Star—John M. Siddall, editor of the American Magazine, died a few days ago at the age of 48. He had made a spectacular success in the magazine field. But his career seemed only fairly started. In a scant seven years, by his faithful insistence for what people are interested in, he had built the circulation of his magazine to the 2,000,000 mark, and his resources were constantly showing itself in new ways.

In the ordinary fashion of speaking he had his greatest success to look forward to. We think of death in a case like that as frustrating a career that was to be fulfilled in the future.

But are we right? Do we not fall into the error of thinking of success as some sort of future prize, whereas it is really involved in our work day by day? A wise English clergyman.



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## LUGGAGE

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Out of respect to the memory of President Harding, whose interment will take place Friday, August 10th, the N. K. West Store will be closed all day.

Long not by our life in ruins. We have had the satisfaction of day-by-day living. As Bentley says: "We live the masters of the days that were." It is our business to conduct ourselves that we may close the account any night, not indeed without regret, but with the feeling that so far life has been interesting, useful and worth while.

Let a Want Ad find your buyer.

Fox Refuses to "Do Stuff." COLUMBIA CITY, Ind., Aug. 9. —Local sportsmen, in order to better enjoy the kingly game of fox hunting, purchased some young foxes and "planted" them in woods near this city. When they started back to the city they were astonished to see one of the foxes following them. The little animal could not be induced to go back to the woods and get wild.

## Our Day Of Mourning

Let it go down in history that La Grande, Oregon, observed the day of mourning for the late President Harding in a most serious manner.

Let tomorrow's dawn find our people heavy laden with grief for the loss of a national leader, and let that feeling be reflected from one to another, for tomorrow is the day set aside by Oregon's governor to mourn in unison for the president.

Column after column has been printed telling of the tragic and untimely death, page after page of the newspapers have been devoted to Mr. Harding's history, his career as an American boy, as a young man typical of every American community, of his entrance into politics and of his developed leadership.

All of this is quite proper, but nothing will do so much for every citizen as to take part in the memorial services tomorrow afternoon at the L. D. S. tabernacle and then spend a few hours in silent meditation realizing what it means to lose the nation's chief executive, what it means to have a flag at half mast, what it means to be an American citizen.

## No Need For Worry

The possibility of another ice age overtaking this planet of ours has been the subject of some anxious speculation in certain quarters. In fact, one writer, in commenting on the probabilities of the arctic glaciers sweeping down over the civilization of the northern hemisphere, gave birth to the following: "If such a catastrophe came, how quickly nations and individuals would stop warring against and robbing each other."

Just how quickly this millennial would be reached may be judged by the fact that the rate of movement of a glacier is less than one inch per day. Of course the speed varies with varying conditions, but the fastest moving glacier would hardly worry anybody now alive, nor their immediate descendants.

A glacier is a river of ice and frozen snow. The temperature at its bed is usually about 32 degrees. Frequently water flows beneath the ice. The glacier moves so slowly that it has only been in recent years that man suspected that they moved at all. While this movement is irresistible the damage done is mitigated by the melting of the ice-river in its mouth. A shifting of the earth on its axis would affect this melting process. It is conceivable that the ice might come down over our own continent. In fact, the explorer MacMillan is to make observations along this line.

But even so, like the probable cooling of the sun, the coming of the ice age is nothing for the present generation to worry over. As for stopping war and pillage, the impending doom of certain areas of the earth would simply cause a rush of populations to other areas that would make our present troubles look like nothing at all.

## Utopia

A country without an army, a navy, a national debt or an income tax—such is Tonga, last remaining native kingdom of the South Seas.

Every male in Tonga is presented with eight and a quarter acres of land when he reaches the age of 16. The treasury has \$500,000 surplus, all public improvements have been paid for, and a complete educational system has been set up.

Tonga presents the nearest approach to Utopia on this planet. Although it is a tiny island, greater nations like our own might get some good lessons there.

Switzerland, another little country, is run on a different plan. The Swiss have the best drilled army in the world, they have no need for a navy, as the country is in the center of troubled Europe. The national sport is shooting and military practice.

Why isn't Switzerland like Tonga? Why does it have the big proportionate army that its taxpayers are forced to support? It is because Tonga is surrounded by the far reaches of the Pacific ocean, and no other country has been greedy enough yet to grind it with the iron heel. Switzerland has gone through centuries of warfare with all the greedy nations that surround it. It is the victim of geography.

But Tongans and Swiss are alike in this—they mind their own affairs, they are prosperous and they have seen the value of education.

If all the nations of the world would spend the brains and money on education that now go for war plots and rotten diplomacy, the Swiss could throw their guns away, and all the world would be like Tonga.

An embryonic Edison has invented a cuspidor with a removable paper lining that facilitates cleaning. A genius whose mind runs

Just possibly the Detroit young woman who went to a movie and has not returned is waiting for the next episode.

to cuspidors probably foresees the day when no home will be complete without one in every room.

Women have solved the problem of indirect control of autos. They do it from the back seat.

Some men work and watch the clock, while some watch the clock.

After thoughts seldom make friends or swell a bank account.

## Editorials From Over the Nation

### Barking Dogs.

Washington Star—A dog-barking case was determined in the police court the other day. The charge was that several dogs, whose names were not made public, had disturbed the peace of a neighborhood by barking at night. The complaint was not lodged directly against the dogs, but against their master, that being the legal way of dealing with such matters in the police court. There was testimony that the dogs did bark at night and witnesses said that their slumber was broken. But the dogs were not convicted.

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