

**SUCH IS LIFE**  
by Charles S. S. Moore  
**Just Like A Dog!**

**A BOY AND A DOG! BOON COMPANIONS BRINGS BACK MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD - WHAT DO YOU FEEL YOUR DOG?**

OH, DOG BISKITS, HAMBURGER AND SO ON

## Solid Gold Bath Fittings in Mansion

Windsor, England.—The most costly residence in England is known here as "The Willows," but neighbors prefer to call it "The House of the Arabian Nights."

It is the residence of Sir Dhunjaboy Bomanji, wealthy Bombay merchant. It stands within sight of the

**CAP AND BELLS**

### THE UP AND DOWN OF IT

He was a good cook, and the explorers were trying to persuade him to make the long flight into the wilds with them.

"Oh, Rastus! Come on and go! Nothing's going to happen to you."

"But what if Ah gets up dar and wants to come down in a hurry?"

"Why, didn't you know the plane was equipped with elevators?"

"Elevators! Hee, hee, hee! Dem elevators sure to be gwine up jes' when Ah's a-coming down! No, sah, boss. Not me!"—Aero Digest.

**SMILES AND LAUGHTER**  
By THOMAS ARKLE CLARK  
Dean of Men, University of Illinois.

HMM! STYLISH FOOD! DOGS HAVE CHANGED SINCE MY DAY

OH, HE DON'T EAT WHAT I FEED HIM! HE EATS OL' BONES, SCRAPS OF HORSES HOOF FROM THE BLACK-SMITH SHOP

DEAD SPARROWS, SCRAPS OF STUFF AT STICK 'N' TIN CANS, RUBBERS, ALL KINDS OF GARBAGE AND ANY OTHER DOG'S DINNER

rounded by beautiful gardens, dotted with marble statuary and fountains. One of the marble pieces, known as "Truth," attracts particular attention. It represents a nude woman holding aloft a mirror.

Sir Dhunjaboy, in addition to being a connoisseur of solid gold and marble, is also a sportsman. He has a large stable of horses on his grounds, and to the rear of his gardens a miniature race track has been laid out.

With so magnificent a home, entertaining is second nature to the Bombay potentate and Lady Bomanji. Their guestrooms are almost always occupied, and Sir Dhunjaboy has given several large functions which many British titled people attended.

Sir Dhunjaboy Bomanji was knighted in 1922 for services rendered the British and Indian governments during the World War. He has now come to England to make his permanent residence here.

SHE was a very handsome woman I had to admit to myself as I caught a hasty impression of her sitting composedly in her section as I came into the car. I am influenced very strongly by first impressions, I am almost ashamed to admit, and there was an air of refinement about this woman which was very convincing. Her gown was in excellent taste—modest, conservative, and carefully tailored. Her hair was beautifully kept and her hands well manicured. I got all this in a quick impression as I went to my seat in the middle of the car. She seemed a person one might like.

It was when she laughed that the vision of her loveliness faded out like an electric light when the switch is turned off. It was a coarse, raucous, vulgar laugh that pierced to the remotest corners of the car. Women turned in their seats to see what had happened. Men craned their necks to discover whence came the jangling nerve-racking sound. It was an illiterate, untrained, undisciplined voice which spoke volumes. The most skillful art of modiste and hairdresser and manicurist could not efface the impression of that loud laugh. It

would take a surgical operation to do anything with it. She was just common, that was all.

Those who first met Keene, even the most charitable in expressing their opinions, were wont to say that he had a very plain face. It was current opinion that he was the ugliest man in town. He had rugged irregular features, a large nose, and a wide cut mouth. His was a very serious, almost a dull face when it was in repose. But when he smiled you would have received an altogether different impression of him. It was a smile that changed and radiated his whole countenance. It was the gentlest, friendliest, kindest smile I have ever seen on a man's face. Before he spoke you could divine that his voice was soft and well modulated. You knew without being told that you could trust him. He was the sort of man you would go to if you were in trouble, knowing full well that you

would find sympathy and understanding. Dogs wagged their tails when he came near them; children were never afraid of him as they were often of the more comely faced. I could never explain this excepting that his smile suggested gentleness, and his quiet gentleness won human beings and animals as well.

So far as I know, man is the only animal that expresses emotion or a state of mind by smiles or laughter. The hyena laughs we are told and the loon, but there is no more real laughter in the sounds they make than there is music in the bray of a donkey. Words, some one has said were given us by the gods to conceal our thoughts, but smiles and laughter are the most definite and sincere revelation of our true character and state of mind. The villain may smile but his smile only tends to reveal his villainy.

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### BUT ONE OPENING THERE

**DIPPING INTO SCIENCE**

**Male Mosquito Has Radio**

You need not fear the male mosquito for he is quite harmless. He does not bite, neither does he sing. He lives entirely on vegetable matter. He possesses no ears but has a radio all his own in his feathery antennae which picks up sound waves and enables him to thus enjoy the singing of his female companions.

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## Indians Spear Salmon

Toppenish, Wash.—It is salmon time in the big rivers of the northwest states. Indians know it as the harvest time when they catch fat fish and preserve the fillets for winter.

Hour after hour Indian fishermen—from ten to twelve tribes—sit on the stone masonry of the Sunnyside Irrigation dam, near here, spears poised ready to lunge at large leaping chinook or coho salmon which are running up the Yakima river to spawn. Tense, immovable as statues, they

wait. Onlookers see the flashing back of the salmon leaping up the smooth waterfall. There is a lightning quick strike and the struggling silver beauty, safely speared, is drawn to land to be unjavelined and the spear is ready for another victim.

The best salmon spears are fitted with barbed hooks and the fish is gaffed, rather than speared. The hook comes off the end of the shaft and dangles on a cord tied to the pole. This, the Indians point out, prevents breakage of the shaft when a thirty or forty pound fish is taken.

Sometimes a lonesome big salmon will be hooked by one Indian in a day. At other times days pass without a catch. But the redmen never complain about luck. They poise over the shimmering, tumbling water patiently waiting until fish do come within range.

This primitive life is re-enacted at a score of rapids and dams in other

### Meeker Back on Old Trail



Ezra Meeker, grand old man of the Northwest, as he appeared beside his motor prairie schooner, given him by the Ford Motor company, in which he will follow the old Oregon trail across the Northwest. Meeker crossed this trail as a youth in the ox-drawn covered wagons of the gold rush in '49.

### Kuck Grabs First Victory



Johnny Kuck, giant Pacific coast star, won the first victory for the United States in the Olympic games when he was declared the winner in the shot put event.

rivers of the Northwest.

On shore squaws and young folks from the tribes split the salmon, hanging the meat over lines or slender poles to sun dry. Before the fish season is passed northwest Indians will have filled many willow baskets with dried fish steaks, insuring them against hunger at winter's coming.

Only Indians from reservations may so fish in northwest streams, being permitted by treaty to do so.

### Bears 200-Word Will Tattooed on His Back

London.—A 200-word will bequeathing large sums of money to several persons has been tattooed on the back of a man who walked into a tattooing establishment in Waterloo road.

He had the will written out on a piece of paper, and asked that it should be transferred to his back. He sat for five hours while the work was done and the will was duly witnessed.

"He was a Colonial, and about thirty years of age," George Burchett, the tattooist, said afterward.

"This is the first will I have ever tattooed during a long experience, and it was difficult, tricky work."

## Wife Stealing Costly

London.—The price of wives is advancing. Within the last few weeks London divorce courts have awarded damages to husbands against corespondents to the tune of \$10,000 and \$15,000, and lastly, a few days ago a husband was awarded \$50,000.

The \$50,000 went to George Edgar Ingman, an estate agent and surveyor of Worcester, who obtained a divorce from his wife, daughter of a wealthy man, on the ground of misconduct with Captain Neel Pearson, formerly of The Birches, Hagley, near Birmingham. Mr. Ingman announced in advance that he would not retain the award, but would use it as a fund for his daughter by the erring wife. A similar declaration was made by the husband who received the award of \$10,000.

In 1905 Demetrius Sophocles Constantinid received an award of \$123,000 against a Doctor Lance in an English court. The \$50,000 received by Mr. Ingman equaled any record made since then.

### Satin Cape Coat



Allice White, whose large wardrobe in the "Show Girl," permits her the use of a variety of coats, is seen in one especially smart coat which favors the cape. It is a cape coat of black satin smartly trimmed with platinum fox fur.

### Whooping It Up



Applicant—I just stepped in to see if you have an opening for a young man.

Business Man—The only opening I have is the one you just came through. Don't leave the door open as you go out, please.

**Puzzled Public**

The Public murmurs in surprise "I'm sure I am not quite a dunce. A hundred issues now arise. Can I decide them all at once?"

**His Pet Aversion**

Defendant (in divorce court)—We could get along all right if my wife did not have the habit of ignoring me entirely at times.

Judge—And you mean to base your defense on the fact that your wife ignores you?

Defendant—Yes, your honor, if there is anything that makes me see red it's ignorance from my wife.—Capper's Weekly.

**A Small Order**

The Landlord—I'll be fair, I'm willing to spend one month's rent in decorating.

Mr. Littleflat—All right. Here's my check. Put it in one dollar bills and paper the living room with 'em.

**No Use for It**

The Salesman—I can recommend this machine for its simplicity. A child can operate it.

Old Miss Leftover—Sir! Are you aware that you are addressing an unmarried lady?—Kansas City Times.

### THE POOR FISH!



Lobster Cop—Hey, you're pinched!

**Impetuous Crowd**

The aviator goes his way, With bold achievements thrilling us, He tries to land in such a way, That won't result in killing us.

**Just a Name to Him**

"Then you won't invest?"

"No."

"I tell you this is another Golconda."

"That means nothing to me. What are the original Golconda shares listed at?"

**Too Torrid**

Auntie—What's the matter, dear? Don't you like your asparagus?

Elsie (four years old)—Yes, auntie, but the andies are so hot.

**Setback for Team**

Ann—Just think, Ed is on the football team.

Mary—That's fine. What is he? Halfback or quarterback?

Ann—He's a drawback. Charlie Bangs says he's the greatest drawback the team ever had.

**Not a Bad Showing**

"Does your wife live within your means?"

"Just flops over a little around the edges."