Pause to Laugh With the Times Fun-Makers

Our Hong Kong Kolum AND Talk o' the Times

BY SELAH AND CHINA BOY

JANE ADDAMS.

Jlane Addams maybeso gleatest Melicat leddy.

Mlake war in pleace—makee pleace in war.

Gleat leddy.

Tellee evlybody what do—trey do it.

Maybeso she man she be politic bloss. Maybeso she bloss anyway.

We see.

• • •

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HOW DOES HE EAT?
(From the Edinburg, Wis., Herald.)

Jacob Ballet's seating capacity has been painfully interfered with lately by sitting down while repairing a creosote roof.

• • •

STELLA'S BARGAIN COUNTER

More "tight" chauffeurs than loose tires are responsible for motor spills.

• • •

Have patience, even the corkscrew doesn't go straight to the point, but it gets there O. K.

• • •

APPEARANCES

Jinks—Just found Willie industriously reading the Bible.

Hinks—That so?

Jinks—Yes, and when I congratulated him on improving himself he said he was looking for a name for his new pup.

• • •

NOT IN STOCK

I asked the waiter here the other night whether this place had a conscience.

What did he say?

He said he'd go and see, but he didn't think they had. Any way, he said, if they did have it, it was on the bill, and if it wasn't on the bill it was extra!

• • •

A D — - — ABLE OUTRAGE

We wish to protest with all our might against the way the editor of The Pink has been carrying on.

Saturday he printed in his violent-hued paper the following, which he had nerve enough to label, "War Poem":

Ship me somewheres east of Przanysnz,
Where the vodka's worse than the wurst;
Where the Bystrzyca flows into the Vieprz,
Where the language blows up with a burst.

—Contributed by Paul Connor.

We think these war atrocities should be stopped NOW. Furthermore we don't believe Connor did it. We think it is a libel on him. The editor of The Pink ought to be ashamed of himself.

• • •

THE PERILS OF PEARLINE

A moving picture in a thousand parts, showing the recent trips of T. R. and Wm. J. It all depends on the point of view. If you seen white, why then the cat is T. R. and the dog is Bill. If your vision is turned the other way, the cat is Willum, etc. Bill's philo is the safest for the guy who doesn't want to get plugged, and for the Maw who didn't rear her offspring to juggle dumdums, but Theodore's is the life for excitement. His Jasbos and mollycoddles are as well known as Dad Flynn's Hogs.

• • •

Why import orators to quell the angry mob when A. R. Titlow, lawyer, is in our midst. Titlow soothed the writhing mob last night at the Stadium, when Bryan refused to show up.

Four or five words got tangled with his tongue, but they sounded different, and got away o. k. This w. k. cit also owns the Hesperides hotel and votes a straight Dem ticket.

A Married Man's Troubles--and Joys

(Perhaps This is an Intimation That Duff Is a Simp)

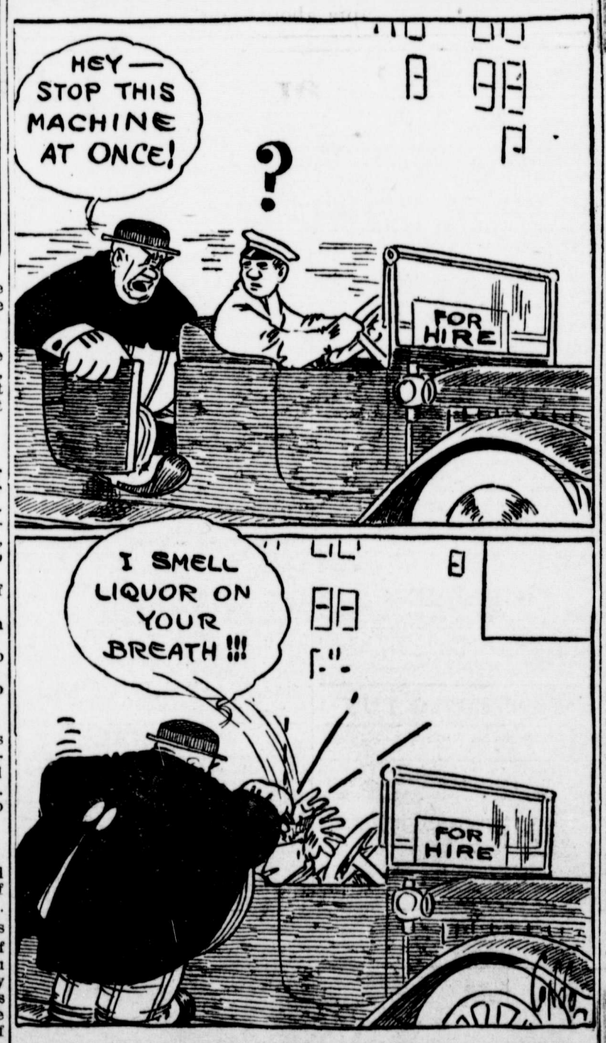
By Allman

Stella and Gertie

(You See There Are So Many Kinds of Fishermen!)

By "Bert"

OUTBURSTS OF EVERETT TRUE



n. y. today—littel gorgie was having a peech of a time yesterdy when his mother was away all day downtown giving the barguns the onct over

i gess he must uv had about a duzzen scraps and got hisself purty well banked up but he dident mind that atall caus the other kids was much worser off

he put everry thing in the house on the fritz & busted his sister's doll's face offen her besides braking a cuppel dishes while he was boosting slim williams up on the top pantry shelf for sum jam

so when gorgie's ma comes home the place looked like sumthing the cat dragged in

my, she was mad

i will tell your pa on you tonite and then you will get all whats coming to you young man she tells gorgie

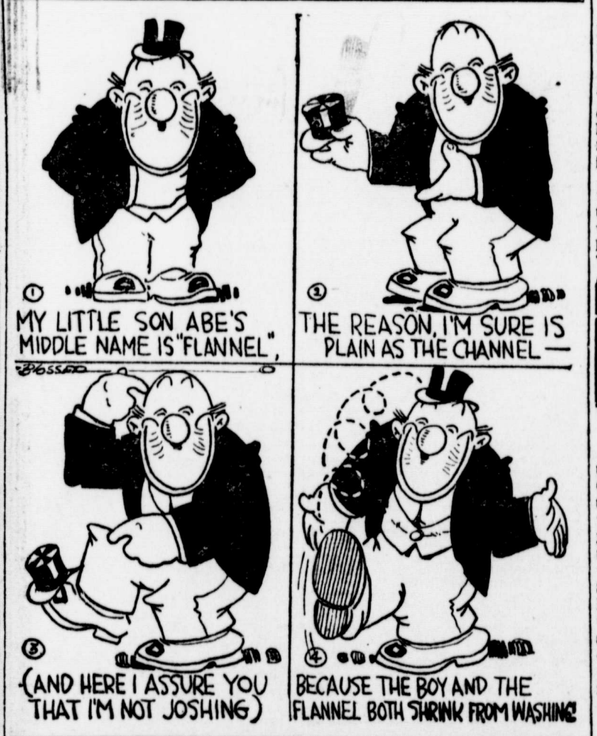
but gorgie being a wise old fox begins to sidetrack the licking & after a while his ma promises she wont tell the old man on him & tells gorgie about how good littel childrun are rewarded when they go to Heven and finally to make the sermon sink deeper in his nut she inkwires

now gorgie what kind of littel boys go to Heven

The dead ones ma said gorgie

johny

MONKEY SHINES



Confessions of a Wife

(Copyright, 1914, by Newspaper Enterprise Association)

Last night Dick got over at Eliene's about half past eleven, and as he came in Eliene said: "Here you, Mr. Married Man, give an account of yourself. Why have you left a perfectly good and radiantly lovely wife to the blandishments of your best friend for hours?"

"Probably because, as the eyes of all married men are blinded to the fasscinations of their wives, Dick does not realize how tempting Margie is," said Mollie.

"Young woman, when did you learn the characteristics of married men?" asked Pat Sullivan.

"Well, I've two brothers, both of whom are married to beautiful women—women that other men always find interesting, and yet each of them treats his wife more or less like a doll which, when he is tired of playing with, he can lay aside with a perfectly contented frame of mind because he knows that no other man will want to play with it."

Dick was furious. Mollie certainly is a fearless and outspoken young woman, for she continued, "When I look about among my married women friends I always say 'me for being an old maid.'

"Talk about the inconsistency of woman, she isn't in it with man. Before a man is married he thinks the girl he is in love with the most fascinating creature he ever met, but as soon as he marries her he seems to think that he really does not need to keep up the little courtesies and flatteries that won her. She becomes then like his favorite cigar, something which he knows is all right, but which al lhis friends think is execrable. Men you know only smoke another man's cigar under protest."

There was a general laugh, and each man looked rather guilty, for every one of them thought his own particular brand of cigar the only smoke.

"But, gentle married man," said Mollie, who simply delights in being iconoclastic and revels when she thinks she is making Dick angry, "look into your own heart—have you never been tempted by your friend's wife?"

Every married man in the crowd shouted "never" and then blushed because all the married women got up simultaneously and with a courtesy murmured "thank you."

"Of course, I know you all are Sir Bayards, absolutely above reproach," said Mollie, rather cynically, "but I also want to tell you that I have never yet known a woman, married or single, who was so unprepossessing that there was not some kind of a man ready to tell her a few flattering lies, and if a married man would just realize that if he does not do this to his wife there is always another man who is not only willing but glad to do so—it would save a lot of masculine pride and feminine heartaches.

"Mollie, you don't know what you are talking about," said Dick. "A man's best friends don't make love to his wife."

"Oh, don't they!" exclaimed Mollie. "Well, if they don't it's because the wives won't let them—they most always try if the wife appeals to them."

"I don't think you are right, Mollie," said Pat Sullivan. "I have never felt an inclination to make love to any of my friends' wives."

"That's just it," said Mollie. "You never had the inclination to do so, but if you did, would the knewledge that she was your friend's wife keep you from doing so?"

"Love, my dear Mollie," spoke up Harry Symone, "is a queer thing. I believe with you that when a man thinks he is in love he will let nothing stand in the way of his getting his desire if possible."

"Therefore, all you dubs of married men," said Jim Edie, "take warning—don't leave any of your neglected dolls around, for I may take a notion to play with all of them."

"Come on, Margie, I must take you home. I see it is not safe to have you longer in Jim's society." And then happened the first serious thing of the evening—I looked up at Jim and saw to my surprise that great waves of color were surging over his face.

(Continued Tomorrow.)

IN THE EDITOR'S MAIL

Short letters from Times readers, of general interest and without personal malice, will be printed. Write about anything or anybody you wish, but do not have malice as your motive. Many letters are not printed because they are too long. Keep 'em short.

RODE ON EASTLAND.

Editor The Times: Reading of the terrible Eastland disaster of Chicago brings back to memory to a now resident of Tacoma who was a resident of Chicago 18 years, a terrible night spent on the Eastland nine years ago,, when it was traveling between South Haven, Mich., and Chicago. It made the trip with one engine working. The officer of the boat said as he pulled into the Chicago river: "We may thank God we got in safe." It was a beautiful boat and beautifully furnished.

READER.

COLLECTING A BILL.

Editor The Times: If the bravery of our public officials find space in our newspapers, the papers also, if fair, should devote some space to informing the public of their opposite qualities. The case I have in mind is this:

I owe a bill to a certain doctor not remote from the smelter. I started to pay him on the installment plan. My payments stopped because my work stopped.

This morning while I was from home a constable called upon my wife, displayed his star and stated that he had a bill for me.

My wife asked him to leave it but he declined, saying he'd call again.

When I returned home I found my wife in a very nervous condition. The fact that a constable had called with a bill created all kinds of depressing visions.

The constable upon leaving gave his name as Sam Boyd, Bird or Byrd of Ruston, which is about nine miles from my home.

The point I wish to make is this: What ethics does a professional man pracice if he uses such tools as Sam Boyd on missions of this kind? And, What honesty can we expect from a constable that would put himself into such a position as that of intimidating persons with his badge of office to further private interests?

Very truly,
J. M. CONNORS.
814 So. G St.

PANTAGES
UNEQUALED VAUDEVILLE
EDMUND HAYES & CO. IN "THE PIANO MOVERS"
ITALIAN OPERA SEXTET
6—OTHER BIG ACTS—6