

# Pause to Laugh With the Times Fun-Makers

## Our Hong Kong Kolum

AND  
Talk o' the Times  
BY SELAH AND CHINA BOY

### CHINA BOYS

WLOS  
WLO  
IN  
AMELICA

Many Melican man who putee hand in pocket when charity asktee for help—alasmaes keepsee it there untill danger all over.

HOW SPORTSMEN ARE CREATED!  
(From the Aberdeen, South Dakota News.)

SUMMIT, Aug. 3.—Sportsmen in this part of South Dakota are scarce this year, due, it is believed, to the cold, damp weather during the hatching season.

AT THE FOUNTAIN  
Patron—Your cream is very good.  
Clerk—It ought to be; I just whipped it!—Judge.

### OH, THUNDER!!

Y' SEE DE ENGLISHER STOPPED PAT ON DE STREET. "I'M A MAN OF IMPORTANCE," SAYS HE. "I'M SIR JAMES B. — KNIGHT OF THE GARTER — KNIGHT OF THE DOUBLE EAGLE — KNIGHT OF THE FLEECE — AND YOUR NAME IS, MY FRIEND — SOME KID!"

WELL, PAT BLINKS A LITTLE. "MY NAME," HE SAYS, "IS PAT MURPHY, NIGHT BEFORE LAST, LAST NIGHT, TONIGHT AND IVERY NIGHT."

NICE KNIGHT, PATRICIA

THE NATURAL THING TO SAY  
Brown—If Jack Johnson, Charley Chaplin and Billy Sunday were coming down the street together, what would you say they looked like?

Hinton—They would look like a chocolate nut sundae.

Miss Golda Luster is employed by the Illinois Electric Co. at Chicago and "A. King's entire stock" is advertised for sale in that city.

Next to the guy who wears a sport shirt, our idea of a nobody home is the fellow who stood around for 20 minutes at the fire yesterday on Market st. and then telephoned the fire dept. to ask if the owners have a permit to burn the structure.

Speaking of hard times, only 25,000 tourists have et from one to a doz. meals at the Inn at the Nat. park. And one nice thing about the mint is that the prop. is not troubled about having to appear before the equalization board.

There is another rumor of a shake-up in Chief Loomis' forces. A member of his strong lung squad breathed on his tute in front of the mechanical propelled vehicle of the chief's frau, much to her discomfort. She suggested a retrenchment in traffic expenses. The outcome is waited with much interest by the entire force.

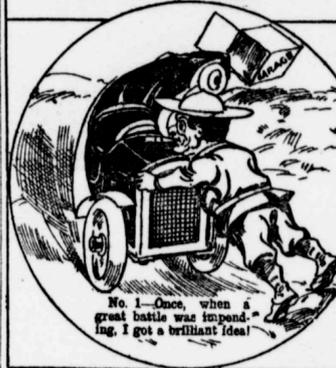
MOUSETOWN MINSTRELS  
MISTA BONES WHY IS A YOUNG ENGAGED MAN LIKE A PERSON GOING TO FRANCE?

WHY, BECAUSE HE'S GOING TO HAURE!

## Old Nicodemus Nimble,—At the Front—

By Wells

RUBBER AUTO BLUFFS  
WHOLE ARMY!  
NICK CLEAR'S FIELD  
OF BATTLE!



No. 1—Once, when a great battle was impending, I got a brilliant idea!



No. 2—Taking my rubber auto from its garage, I stretched it out thus! The outpost saw me coming!



No. 3—Astounded at what they believed to be an endless string of armored motors, they turned and fled!



No. 4—Hastily the general commanding gave orders for a retreat!



No. 5—As I swung into view I saw the soldiers tumbling over each other in their efforts to escape!

## A Married Man's Troubles—and Joys

(Tom's Secret Certainly Seems to Be in Danger!)

By Allman



LAN SAKES MISTAH DUFF HAS YOU TAKEN UP HOSSBACK RIDIN' TOO?



S-H-H-H-H— NOT A WORD, I DON'T WANT MRS. DUFF TO KNOW IT— GET ME?



OLIVIA, I AM POSITIVE I SAW A MAN RUN OUT OF OUR HOUSE AND ACROSS THE YARD!

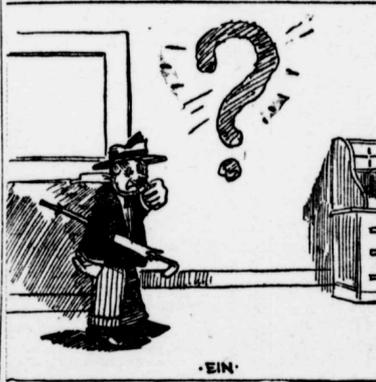


SOAM I— HE'S HIDIN' BEHIND THAT BIG TREE!!

## Stella and Gertie

(The Girls Evidently Kept It Going Till It Reached O'Keefe!)

By "Bert"



I GOTTA BONE TO PICK WITH YOU, STELLA!



AWRIGHT, SHOOT!



I JUST MEY MIKE O'KEEFE YOU SAID YOU COULD KEEP A SECRET WHEN I TOLD YOU ABOUT 'IM BEEN PINCHED FER GAMBLIN'.



WE DIDNT SAY WE COULD KEEP IT— WE SAID WE COULD KEEP IT GOIN!

## OUTBURSTS OF EVERETT TRUE



WATCHFUL WAITING— BUT NOT VERY LONG.

YES, BUT THEY DECLARED WAR FIRST!

NO SIR— THEY DID NOT! THE REASON—



GIMME SOME CIGARS!!

## DUSTY DAVE'S LUCK—(OR, A DASH FOR FAME!)—A MOVIE IN 3 PARTS—PART I—PART II WILL APPEAR SATURDAY.



John, do your clerks watch the clock?  
No—not since I hired that pretty stenographer!  
WELL APPLIED  
Willie—Sis wanted to send pa a book to read. He's lonesome up in the city.  
Villager—Well, did she??  
Willie—No, ma said he had the thermometer to read.



He—Darling, I think of you every minute of the day.  
She—Be careful, Tom, better give some attention to your work or you'll get fired!  
Phone Main 6821 and We Will Call for Your Suit Immediately  
WOOLEN CLEANERS AND DYERS  
Cleaning Pressing Repairing  
1223 South K St.

## Confessions of a Wife

(Copyright, 1914, by Newspaper Enterprise Association)  
Dear Aunt Mary went to the hospital this morning to be prepared for the operation which will take place tomorrow. Yesterday she had a long conference with her lawyer and she wrote several letters which she carefully placed aside in her drawer.  
Her fortune is something wonderful. She told me yesterday that if it were not for Dick and me she would not have the operation.  
"Don't say that, dear Aunt Mary! don't say that! Why, it just seems as though I could not live without you."  
"Yes, you can, dear, and that's what makes life so terrible. We can't all live without friends, without love, without comfort, even without hope. Margie, my child, I sometimes think that happiness is like opportunity in that it only knocks at the door of your heart once. At least, I am sure that if you let one joy escape, you will never have a chance to experience that particular joy again."  
"You make me think, Aunt Mary, of a dear woman friend of mine who died rather suddenly some years ago. We had been in

the habit of having what we called our good times together whenever we happened to be in the same city.  
"This woman was the bravest soul I have ever known, and she lived her life like a soldier, uncomplainingly and valiantly, asking no favor and giving much. When the time came for her to go to the hospital she wrote me a little note and said, "I don't think I'm coming back, Margie, and so I want to let you know that I am going with the memory and blessing of your friendship, your sincere and ever loyal love and of our many, many, happy hours together. If I should never again clasp your hand, never again look into your smiling eyes, let me adjure you in memory of me; let no good time escape."  
"That's it, Margie," interrupted dear Aunt Mary. "I honestly think that death's hardest pang for me would be the thought that if I should leave you forever as a result of this operation, you would sink back into that hopeless apathy which has surrounded you so long. You cannot tell how happy I am to see you so much like yourself."  
"Is anyone happy, dear Aunt Mary? Were you ever entirely happy?" I asked.  
"Yes, dear," she answered, "and so have you been entirely happy, but you must remember that happiness, like everything else, is not a constant impression. It is intermittent and most of us knowing this are so afraid when we are happy that our happiness is not going to last, that we do not appreciate what we have. I always think of your Uncle John when you begin to worry about your present content not being unchangeable. I used to say to him, 'dearest, I am sure this is too good to last. Do you think it can possibly last forever?' And he would invariably answer (not like any other men I have ever known who would have sworn by all the saints above, 'Of course, darling, it will last forever and a day'), 'I don't know, dear, and because we can't tell, is all the more reason why she should enjoy what we have now.' Margie, my dear, nothing lasts, and if we poor mortals would accept this law instead of trying to ignore it we would be much happier."  
"But, dear Aunt Mary, didn't you ever long for the old thrill, the old something which made the stars sing together and the moon pour its pictures 'nto your soul with indelible accuracy never to be forgotten?"  
"Yes, dear, and the very poignant of the longing made me wonder if I really enjoyed to the utmost when I might have done so."  
I changed the subject, little book, for you must know that I have not reached the age when mere contentment seems to be something much to be desired. I always think of that advertisement in which some butter manufacturer has extolled the product of 'contented cows.' Contentment has always seemed to me a bovine attribute. I would rather be deliriously happy one-third of the time than contented all the time.

## The Spark Plug

is perhaps the one most vital part of the mechanism of the automobile. It is the part which no gasoline car has found a way of disposing of. It is the spark plug through which the electric spark passes which ignites the gasoline and air. This explosion is the power which "runs the machine."  
The "Want" Ads of The Times are the "spark plugs" of business.  
They are the one vital part of modern business which is absolutely indispensable.  
CALL MAIN 12.