

# 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

Mian with smallpox can at least give cleditors something when they call.

Funny—grocery man no sellee anything without first giving it a weigh.

WHEN WILL THE WAR END?  
Here is a coincidence in figures. Take the two years of the Franco-Prussian war and add them together:

1870  
1871

3741  
The figures thus obtained give you the duration of the war, for it began on the 3rd of the seventh month of 1870 and ended on the 4th of the first month of 1871. Then add the two years of the present war:

1914  
1915

3829  
It is true, the war did commence on the 3rd of the eighth month of 1914. If the thing works out properly the war should therefore end on the 2nd of the ninth month of this year.—Tid Bits.

### STELLA'S BARGAIN COUNTER

Most guys buy marriage licenses on the installment plan—a couple of dollars down and all their wages every Saturday night thereafter.

MARRIAGE AND MATHEMATICS  
Marriage is ADDITION. When little ones come it is MULTIPLICATION. Troubles make it DIVISION. When the parting comes it's SUBTRACTION. Divorce—FRACTIONS.

THEY USUALLY ARE  
(From Sterling, Ill., Standard.)  
On Friday of this week the 13-hole handicap contest of both the men and the women will be held at the club grounds.

ERB & ERB,  
Florists,  
Kalamazoo, Mich.

TIT FOR TAT



Jumper—Why did your wife give up mission work?

Bumper—Because when she was busy trying to uplift the children of others another social worker came along and tried to uplift hers.

NOT TONIGHT



Patron—Who is that young violinist, waiter?  
Waiter—Mr. Jones, sir. He's becoming famous, sir. You'll hear more of him, sir.  
Patron—Not tonight, I hope.

## A Married Man's Troubles--and Joys

(The Blind Do Miss Many Beautiful Sights!)

By Allman



## Stella and Gertie

(Nora Evidently Took the Porter for a Bandit!)

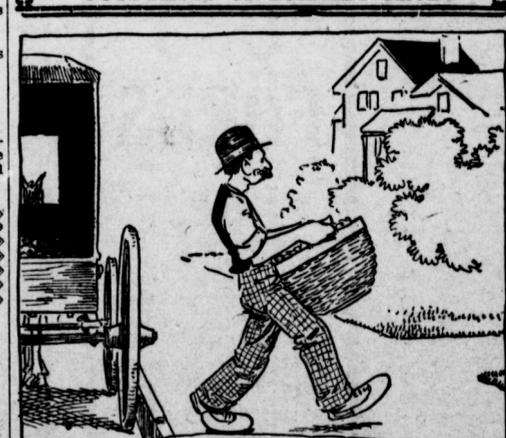
By "Bert"



## THE NECKLACE OF FATE (OR, A BRUSH WITH THE TRANSATLANTIC CROOKS)—A MOVIE IN THREE PARTS—PART I.



## OUTBURSTS OF EVERETT TRUE



## QUESTIONS THEY WRITE TO CYNTHIA GREY--HER ANSWERS

Her Mail Runs the Gamut of Human Emotions; Love, Pathos, Happiness, Tragedy and Tears.

Q.—Could you tell me if it is possible for a girl to get in the movies who has not had experience in that line? I am very anxious to become an actress, but I am not crazy to become a star as most girls think it is easy to be. I know it is queer, probably to you, but I am in earnest, for it has been my one desire from a little tot till now. I await your answer, and I thank you for anything you may say.

WOULD-BE-MOVIE-GIRL.

A.—Some people claim that you can get anything in this world you want if you want it bad enough; but few are willing to struggle on in the face of disappointment. Nothing worth while is easily achieved.

Talent and opportunity are the most necessary elements in the success of a movie actress, and opportunity has often carried a girl much farther than talent. Some very ordinary young women have "made good" only because they have been widely advertised. So the prospect is extremely discouraging for a girl who limits her ambition to this one line. Several million girls in the United States are at present dreaming of how charming they would look upon the glass screen, if only they could "get the chance." But really, the chance is so rare that a girl of good judgment would better revise her ambition to accord with the possibilities of life.

Q.—Will you please print a recipe for rhubarb wine?

A.—25 lbs. rhubarb; 5 gal. cold water; to each gal. of liquid thus obtained add 3 lbs. of either loaf or good preserving sugar and the juice and very thinly pared rind of 1 lemon; to the whole add 1 oz. singlass. Wipe the rhubarb with a damp cloth and cut it into short lengths, leaving on the peel. Put it into an earthenware or wooden vessel, crush it thoroughly with a wooden mallet or heavy potato masher, and pour over it the water. Let it remain covered for 10 days, stirring it daily; then strain the liquor into another vessel, add the sugar, lemon juice and rind, and stir occasionally until the sugar is dissolved. Now put it into a cask, and add the singlass, previously dissolved in a little warm water; cover the bung-hole with a folded cloth for 10 days, then bung securely, and allow it to remain undisturbed for 12 months. At the end of this time rack off into bottles and use.

Q.—I have a Parisian ivory set, and a burned match got on the mirror and left a scorched spot. Could you please tell me what will remove it?

MRS. H.

A.—Mix a tablespoonful of oxalic acid in 1/2 pint of boiling water. Wet the ivory over first with water, then with a toothbrush apply the acid, doing one side at a time, and rinsing, finally drying it in a cloth before the fire, but not too close.

Q.—I have been acquainted with a young man for three years and have grown to love him very much, and I know that he loves me. We met under very common and respectable circumstances. He proposed to me; but I begged the grace of a few days to consider it. Was that all right?

A.—I will give him my answer Saturday. Naturally, I talked it over with my mother, but she is not in favor of him, and wishes me to marry a wealthy man whom I've known nine months. He is thirty-five years of age, and I do not love him. Is it fair to him should I marry him? I hate to disappoint my mother, but should I sacrifice my love and happiness to please her? I am 20 years old.

ONE IN A CRISIS.

A.—Because marriage is the most important thing on earth, you did right to consider well any step you might take in that direction. Your conscience tells you that you should not sacrifice LOVE AND HAPPINESS for wealth; then don't do it.

It would be a blessing to humanity if these money-scheming mammaes would keep their fingers out of other people's pies. They had their chance at matrimony and ought to know more than anyone else that couples old enough to marry don't want, or don't need any outside interference.

Dear Miss Grey: Many a married man would starve to death if his wife was not an expert with a can opener. And of

course the wife would be insulted if it was even lightly intimated that canned meals can be purchased in any restaurant. Judging from the letters which have appeared in your columns, taking them as a whole, the feminine sex have given more attention to securing the ever-sought last word, rather than straightforward argument as to the average woman's preparedness for marriage.

I must repeat my contention that woman is as much obligated as man to prepare herself for the marriage state. Man learns a trade, masters a profession, and in other ways prepares himself as a breadwinner and producer. Woman knows the art of making fudge, toasting marshmallows, a fancy stitch or two, and sometimes learns to manipulate a broom. And that's about all.

It is just as right and proper that woman should learn to properly care for a home, as it is that man should learn to provide support for a home.

No woman has the right to enter into the marriage relation until she is fully prepared and equipped to share responsibility and burden equal with any man.

No argument that has been yet advanced has even acknowledged the foregoing, much less touched upon it. Equivocation covers a multitude of sins. Good looks or sociology will not broil a steak, and French novels and fancywork will not scrape potatoes. Man is waking up, hence the spinsters.

In conclusion, permit me to add a word to the excellent advice you have given "Adene." It is a pleasure to know that a girl has reached the age of 23 and remains unsullied by contact with the world and its human parasites. "Adene" should be thankful she possesses the character that keeps her mentally and physically clean. If the young men of her acquaintance of that class which considers a girl no fit companion unless she submit to their excesses, then indeed is Adene fortunate to forego the friendship of such young men. Adene can walk through the muck and dirt of this convention-crusted, rotten-within, so-called modern civilization, serene in her knowledge of purity of mind and body. There are plenty of clean men, and the right one will some day cross the path of Adene, when her hopes and desires can be realized. But, Adene, maintain your standard and be proud of your possession of virtue and goodness. They are assets, once discarded, that can never be fully regained.

J. A. F.

Q.—I have been married several years and my husband seemed to love me very much when we were married. I do not understand his disposition. He is continually praising some woman. First one and then another; while he speaks in an insulting manner about my looks and ability. The women of whom he speaks do not have ideals.

I am glad to have him associate with good women. I have always been told that I was good looking and held a fine position before I was married.

Now when I cry and feel badly he says I am green-eyed jealous.

Please tell me what to do and reply as soon as possible.

GRIEVED.

A.—Hold, this is no time for tears. Stiffen your backbone and don't give your husband the satisfaction of knowing his wrongs mark pain you in the least. School yourself above such insensitiveness; are above them; you realize that, then they should not reach you. Simply ignore them and don't depend upon such a contemptible man for your happiness. It is not always best, either, to keep silent and present a meek countenance in the face of wrongs.

Will total indifference always cure a person of your husband's affliction. Sometimes they need a dose of their own medicine. Some time he starts to compare you with women who have no ideals. I might answer him by comparing him with a few men of your acquaintance who have ideals. But above all, don't quarrel. Let him know that you have confidence in yourself, in your position in your position in life. To a woman of refinement, such comparisons are unimportant, and would be unnecessary if they applied to used up to her standard.

## OH, THUNDER!

'S'EE, THE GENT CAME TO THE HOTEL. "THIS PLACE HAS CHANGED HANDS—UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT," SAYS THE CLERK.



WELL, DE GUEST SAYS: 'S' FUNNY—I SEE THE OLD PROPRIETOR ROUND HERE STILL "SURE," SAYS THE CLERK, "BUT HE GOT MARRIED."



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