

A PAGE OF FUN

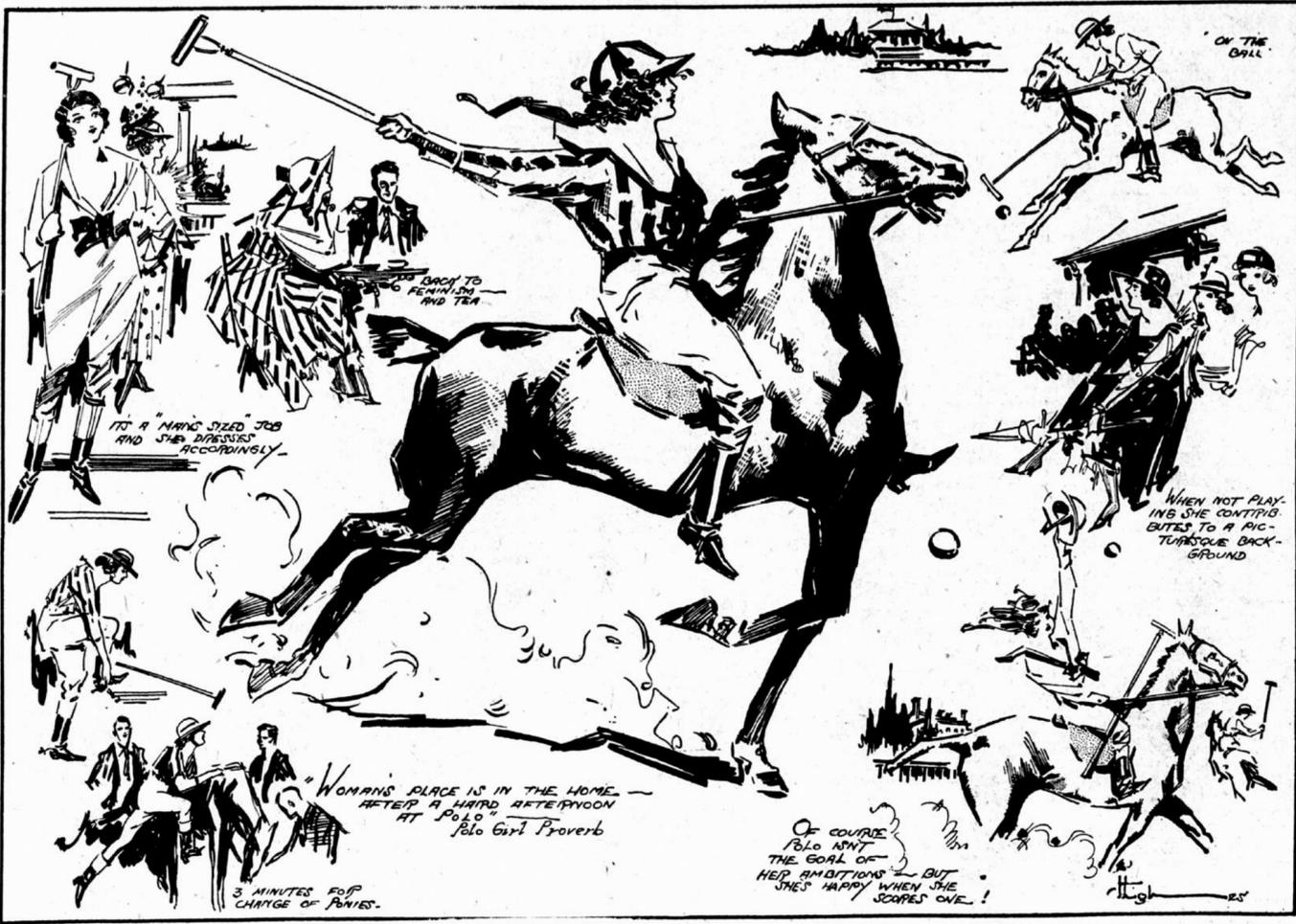
Wonder Maids of Autumn -- The Polo Girl



SWEETNESS IN BULK.
Fat girls are quite as nice, I know,
As any going.
They are a trifle heavy though
To take out rowing.



LITERARY LANGUAGE.
Hubby—My dear, this pie is a
poem. Your own work?
Wifey (hesitatingly)—The cook col-
laborated.



TO A MAING STED JOB
AND SHE DRESS
ACCORDINGLY

WOMAN'S PLACE IS IN THE HOME—
AFTER A HARD AFTERNOON
AT POLO
Polo Girl Proverb

OF COURSE
POLO MEET
THE GOAL OF
HER AMBITIONS—
BUT
HER AMBITIONS
WHEN SHE
SHE'S HAPPY
SCORES ONE!

3 MINUTES FOR
CHANGE OF PONIES.



A QUANDARY.
The Boy: Now, I s'pose I gotter do
the Sir Walter Raleigh stunt; an' Ma
said if I got mud on me new coat
she'd wallop de daylight's outer me!



INTENSE HEAT.
Mrs. N—"What a terribly hot sum-
mer it has been."
Mrs. B—"Even the worst I can re-
member. Our afternoon bridge
club was obliged to suspend meeting
for two afternoons."



SLIGHT MISAPPREHENSION.
"Is your husband an altruist?"
"I don't think so, and I almost hope nobody asks him to join. George
has so many uniforms now that I can hardly take care of them."

THE OLD COUNTY FAIR

The old county fair the last of September,
How well we recall the sights we saw there;
The turnips and corn and peppers like ember,
And rich yellow pumpkins piled up in a square.

The side-shows and shell games—how well we remember—
Petro with his harp and the big dancing bear;
Such frolic and fun the last days of September—
Hurrah for the days of the old county fair!

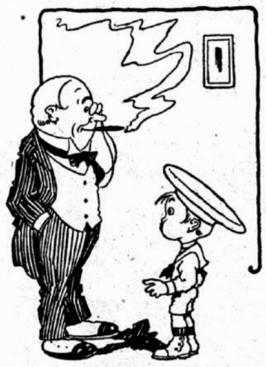


MUTUAL JOY.

"Were you glad to get back to school and see your dear teacher?"
"Well, I guess I was just about as glad as dear teacher was to get back
and see me."

CAUTIOUS

It was the last day of his vacation, summer?
He had just finished carving her name on the smooth bark of the beech
tree.
"Dear," he said, "Will you promise to wait for me till I come again next
years."



ITS USUAL REMARK.
Pa, what does money say when it
talks?
Good-by.



SUPERLATIVELY INCONSPICUOUS.
Does Brown amount to much?
No more than a horse at a horse
show.

PUMPKIN TIME.
Green-corn time is ended,
Mosquito time and fly-time;
Yet the weather's splendid—
This is pumpkin-pie time!

FOOL QUESTIONS.
What does the sun hatch when it sets?
The answer tell; and, say,
Why, oh, why does the moon get full?
Who mends the break of day?



SOME SADNESS.
Miss Gushington—"The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the
year."
Mr. Hardfax—"You got it right. They are sad. The whole town is
defaced with election posters, the smoke of burning leaves makes me sick,
the football bugs rave on the streets and I gotta get a new overcoat and I
haven't the price."

And They Get Away With It



YOU WOMEN MAKE ME
TIRED YOU TALK, TALK,
TALK! I DON'T THINK
THERE EVER WAS A
WOMEN ON EARTH WHO
EVER KEPT QUIET TEN
MINUTES!

I WAS ONLY
TELLING YOU ABOUT
THE SMITH'S
NEW AUTO
!!!

WHAT'S THE MATTER
WITH YOU? WE
WOMEN DON'T TALK
ANY MORE THAN YOU
MEN DO IF YOU WANTA
KNOW IT!!

IF YOU WILL
KEEP QUIET
FOR TEN
MINUTES I'LL
BUY YOU AN
AUTO!!

I'LL TAKE YOU
UP ON THAT
THE BEST
MACHINE YOU
CAN GET

THAT'S WHAT
IT'LL BE

THE BEST
AUTO I CAN,
AF-FORD
!!!

YOU
WIN!