

A PAGE OF FUN

Wonder Maids of Autumn -- The Football Girl



A WOMAN'S EXPLANATION.
Bobby—Why is it, ma, that the newspapers don't use roosters any more in crowing over political victories?
Mother—I suppose it has something to do with the increased cost of living; you know that chicken is very high.



DOOMED TO BACHELORHOOD.
Ho—I shall never marry unless I find a woman who is my exact opposite.
She—You will never find so perfect a being as that.

It's pleasanter to be rich and imposed upon than poor and neglected.
The fool and his money are soon spotted.



THE IDEA I'M NOT STOUT!
YOU PLAY CENTER TO-DAY!
SPECTATORS WILL NOT ONLY HISS AT YOU, BUT MAY BEG ON THEIR BACKS, BUT THE AD-MESS!
I WOULD BE PLEASED ENOUGH TO PLAY FULL BACK!
QUARTER BACK!
A FULL BACK!
HALF BACK!
AND MAYBE GIRLS WON'T BE ABLE TO GET FREE SCHOLARSHIPS BY THEIR TOGS!
I WONDER IF HE'LL RECOVER MY FUMBLE?
OH OF COURSE!
OH I'M SO GLAD I'M ON THE BOTTOM I LOOK LIKE A RIGHT!
THE STAP REARER SHOULD BE APPOINTED TO GETTING RID OF THE LINE-UP!
THE HANDY-CHIEF FLIRTATION WOULD BE A LOT BETTER!
HOW THEY WOULD ADVERTISE THE GAMES!
CUTIE WHITE LATE OF THE POLLS WHO WILL PLAY FULL BACK TO-DAY!
DOLLY ALE SHAPE FINEST FIGURE IN THE WORLD!
PLAYS TO-DAY!
FEMININE FOOTBALL PHILOLOGY



A HAPPY THOUGHT.
Salesman—Interested in poultry? That's a very neat brooder. You see, the bodily heat of the chicks keeps it up to the required temperature.
Street Car Magnate—So I see. I was just thinking I could heat our cars the same way by lowering the roofs a foot or so.



FOOTBALL GAME TO-DAY.
TICKETS!
LINES AND FOOTBALL.
"Always hit the line hard, my boy."
"Oh, I don't know, dad. Sometimes it pays to try a run around the end."



TAKING NO CHANCES.
"Jack is a fey individual. He proposed to Miss Peaches by wireless."
"What was his idea in that?"
"It leaves the record up in the air, where it can't be read in court in case he should happen to change his mind."



TEMPTATION.
"You seem worried, Algernon!"
"Ah, Clarence, never assume a position of trust! I've been holdin' a package of chewin' gum for Jimmy Jinks for the last two days!"

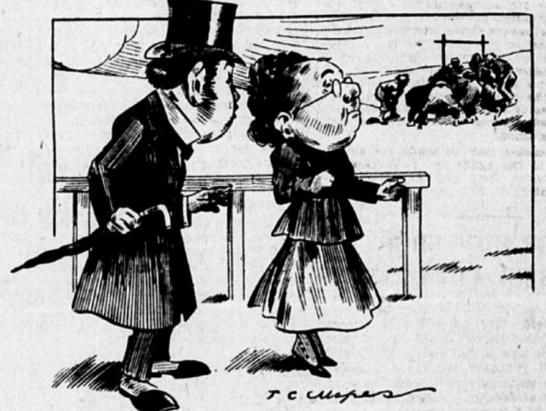


PICKING THEM OUT.
The Alderman—I'd like to have Miss O'Dowd appointed on the committee to inspect the outskirts of the city.
The Mayoress—Not that frump. What does she know about styles. I'm going to appoint Madame la Mode, the best authority on skirts of all kinds there is in the city.



HER SELECTION.
Miss Gossip: I wonder what sort of trimming Miss Sweet will select for her new hat.
Miss Spite: Feathers of course, she is such a bird.

INSIDIOUSLY ALERT.
Autumnal skies are not so bleak As wintry terrors we forget. But just the same the grip germs sneak around and say, "We'll get you yet."
MODERN CALCULATION.
Arithmetic disturbs our dreams The joy of living's largely lost. For everything that happens seems A new excuse for higher cost.



HOLDING UP HIS HEAD.
Mrs. Pippis—I want our boy Eben to be able to hold up his head among the best of 'em.
Mr. Pippis—Well, he's done very well so far. But whether he's able to hold up his head after a football game is for time and the doctor to decide.



NERVY.
"That fellow's got his nerve with him?"
"What's the matter now?"
"He actually asked me to lend him a couple of gallons of gasoline until next Saturday."

And They Get Away With It



I'M JUST GOIN' UP THE STREET A LITTLE WAY ON BUSINESS.
I'M GOIN' UP THIS I'LL GO ALONG!
WELL I'M GOIN' T' LEAVE YA HERE STEVE!
WHERE YOU GOIN' ?
I'M GOIN' UP TO MINUTE STREET!
MINUTE STREET!! WHERE IS THAT?
WHY, THAT'S UP TO 62ND
SET THE ALARM!!