THE YELLOW KID TAKES A HAND AT GOLF.

Forceful Repartee.

CHIMMY (proudly)—I've been taking quinine!

JOHNNIE (bitterly envious)—Well, yer needn't t'ink yerself a whole set o' chimes 'cos yer got a ringin' in yer ears.

Not Enough to Go Around.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER—How did the people come to go into the ark?

PROMISING PUPIL—I suppose they couldn't borrow umbrellas.

Fall.

The melancholy days have come,
The saddest of the year,
When we must now resume our thick
And woolen undergear.

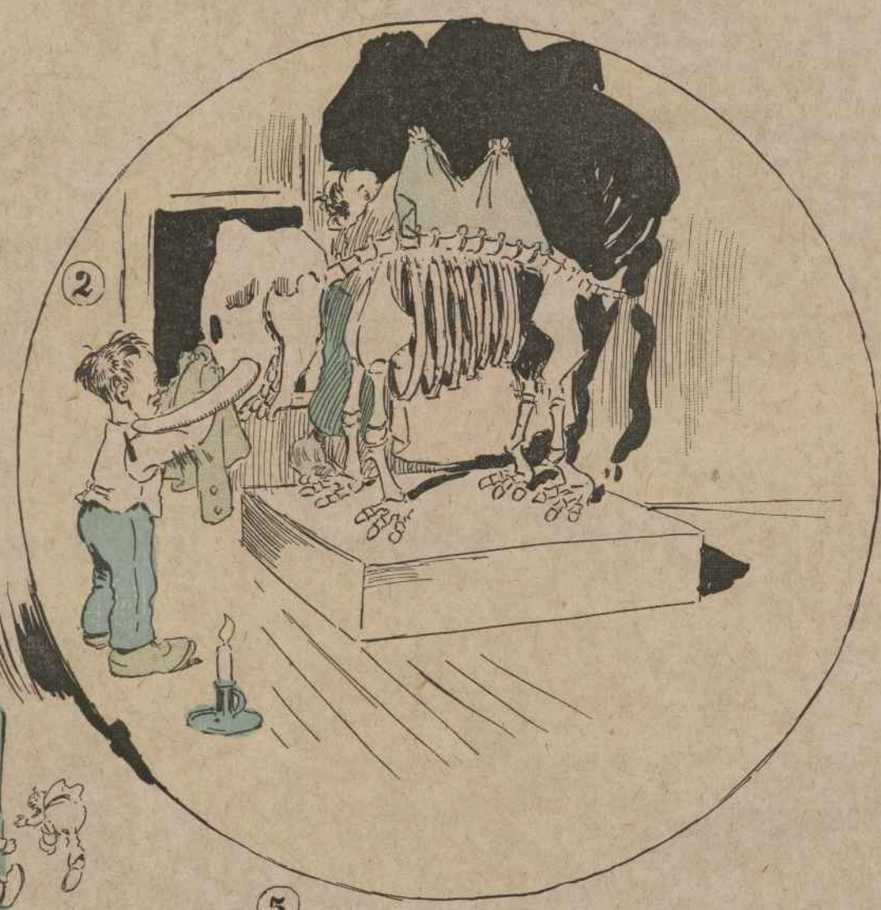
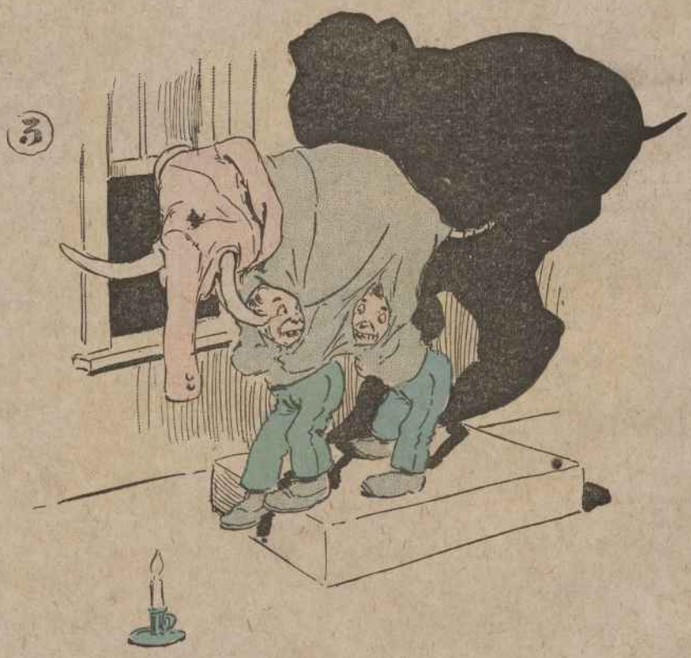
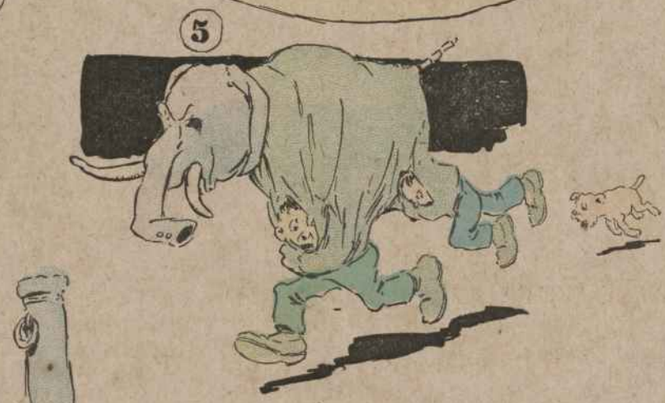
Somewhat In Doubt.

HER FATHER—I suppose, young man, your intentions are of the best?

HER SUITOR—Well—er—I intend to marry your daughter.

Wanted to Find Out.

MINISTER—Will you take this man for better or for worse?

BRIDE—How do I know? That's what I'm marrying him for, to find out.

THE MISCHIEVOUS BOYS AND THE MASTODON.