If a man has nothing else to brag about he may always enthuse over the facility with which he can miss trains.

The Top o' the Mornin'. By W. D. Nesbit.

What good does it do to tell a man that sawing wood will give better exercise than playing golf, when he burns coal at home?

GALLANT?

"Now, Mr. Blunt," says one of the ladies of uncertain age but positive looks, "I know just what you are thinking of as you sit here between us. You are thinking 'How happy could I be with either were t'other dear charmer away.' Truly, now, aren't you?"

"Honestly, I am not," declares the brutal man.

Lent Inspiration.

"I am gratified," said the first prominent citizen, "to observe the undercurrent of joy in the Thanksgiving proclamation of the governor. Hitherto the proclamations have been along the old cut and dried, stilted forms, but in this instance there is a certain tone of joyousness, of thankfulness, of pure gratefulness that is really inspiring."

"Yes," agrees the second prominent citizen, "but it's no wonder the governor felt good when he wrote that proclamation."

"No. He has started on what seems destined to be a good administration, already there is talk of promoting him to some higher office in the gift of the peo——"

"And besides," interrupts the second man, "the governor owns one of the largest turkey farms in the state."

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Justifiable.

"You wretch," says the judge to the prisoner at the bar, "what do you mean by beating a fellow man as you have beaten the complainant? You deserve the fullest penalty of the law, and I shall——"

"One moment, your honor," begs the defendant, rising to his feet with an air of determination. "I acknowledge that I did beat this man up something scandalous, but I contend that there were extenuating circumstances."

"Boshi But go on."

"This man whom I made a chopping block of—this fellow here with the bandages all over him, your honor," continues the prisoner, indicating the woebegone complainant who is gingerly sitting in a large chair and over whom floats an aroma of arnica, camphor and liniment of various sorts, "this man that makes all this charge against me is a man I have not seen for ten years. He and I used to be chums."

"Which makes your actions all the more reprehensible. Proceed. You are merely making your case worse."

"I hadn't seen him for ten years until day before yesterday. I met him on the street and he invited me to come to his house for Thanksgiving dinner."

"Noble impulse. And how you repaid him for his friendship!"

"Wait a minute. I got out to his house about noon with the best Thanksgiving appetite I've had in years. He led me to the dining room. There was a fine, fat turkey smoking on the platter— And, judge, what do you think? In the ten years since I knew him this man had turned vegetarian, and that turkey was a malicious imitation concocted of carrot paste, sweet potato, brown bread and canned corn! As soon as I found that out I broke the platter over his head, shoved him into the china closet and pounded him with a chair until my arms cramped and I had to quit. Now, go ahead and sentence me for life, but——"

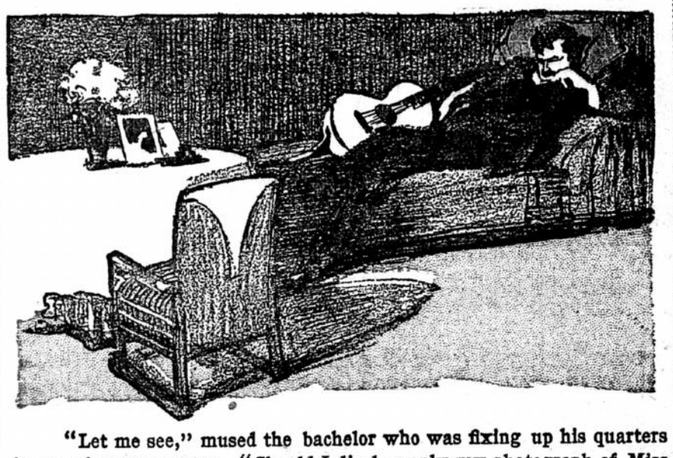
"Prisoner discharged and costs and fees assessed against complainant," decided the judge, coming from the bench to shake hands with the prisoner.

Khanned Verse.

A canny old Khan ran a cannery,
Another old Khan ran a tannery,
And 'twas said: "The old tannery Khan can tan
As well as the cannery Khan can can."

Now the canny old Khan of the cannery
Fought the other old Khan of the tannery,
And the cannery Khan was the Khan that got tanned
While the tannery Khan was the Khan that was canned.

A Quandary.



"Let me see," mused the bachelor who was fixing up his quarters for an afternoon party. "Should I display only my photograph of Miss Richun, or put out all the photographs of all the girls I know? Will she be more impressed by the honor of having her photo alone on view, or will it be better to play on her jealousy to some extent?"

Little Henry's Slate.

STATISTICS.

"I wonder," said the young husband, "who it was that made the first pumpkin pie. Don't you know, that is a thought that often comes to me. Isn't it strange that while mankind has kept a record of nearly all the other achievements of the race the name of the inventor of pumpkin pie is lost in obscurity?"

"It isn't hard to guess who made it," says the young wife, with just a tinge of sarcasm in her voice.

"So?"

"Certainly. It was first made by some woman's husband's mother."

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SMOOTH WORK.

"Hear about Wiseun's way of getting all the mince pie he wants to eat when they have company at home?" asks the neighbor.

"No. How does he work it?"

"He always starts a temperance discussion just before the pie is brought on and then cites instances of men who have been started on the downward path just by tasting the brandy in mince pie and ostentatiously declines to take any of it himself. The result is that the others follow suit, and then, when the guests have gone he goes to the pantry and eats the whole pie."

The expense of stuffing the Thanksgiving turkey sometimes knocks part of the stuffing out of the Christmas stocking.

—o—

Before you do any important thing, ask yourself: How will this read in my obituary?

—o—

There's one thing certain: If a boy is behaving "bad" it will be commented upon; if he is good he gets little attention.

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After being discovered in wrongdoing some of us are apt to confound repentance with chagrin.

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We refuse to believe that any man who uses a shoe horn and a shoe buttoner can live the strenuous life.

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All other means failing, you can become popular with some people in an instant by growing enthusiastic over their new baby.

—o—

When a woman finds a gray hair in her head she gets so busy rushing to hair specialists that she has no time to poke fun at her husband for trying scalp tonics on his bald spot.

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Another great reform is needed. Won't some one get up and demand that the everlasting beef tenderloin with mushrooms be barred from banquet menus?

—o—

The heroine in one of the best selling books is a slave to the bridge whist habit. Have we reached the literary stage where Hoyle is about to be novelized?

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Some men are so dignified we don't believe they have any first names.

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There is plenty of room at the top for workers. Most of the people who have reached the top are talking about how they got there.

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You can't dance without paying the fiddler; and lots of us are poor dancers, but we have to pay the same price as the good ones.

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Young man, brass polish will not keep your bright prospects brilliant.

—o—

We know one man who has put in two hours a day for a week trying to find a hat that will set right with his style of face. He is the man who laughs most heartily at jokes about women buying bonnets.

—o—

Some men are so reserved that they resent it when a ticket agent asks them to what point they wish to buy a ticket.

—o—

It is poor business economy to neglect saying "Thank you" to the man who pays his bill. Saving breath is losing money sometimes.

—o—

A statesman is a man who loves his country; a politician is a man who wants his country to love him.

—o—

The wise father trains up his child in the way he should have gone.

—o—

We firmly believe that some day some intellectual giant will invent an inexpensive way of heating a house just to spite the coal barons.

—o—

Chance rules all things. If the eagle were an edible fowl it would not be the national bird.

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A Noffle Dream.

Las' night I had a noffle dream—
I dreamed 'at I was in a tree
A roostin', an' somehow it seem'
'At some one come an' grab' for me
An' catch me by th' leg an' take
Me where's a light an' nen I see
What makes me shake an' shake an' shake—
A turkey gobbler's holdin' me!

An' other turkeys sits aroun'
An' feel to see how fat I am
An' pick me up an' drop me down
So 'at I get a noffle slam.
An' 'is old turkey gobbler, he
Take up a ax 'at's awful bright
An' swing it up an' over me
An' whirl it 'round 'ith all his might.

An' all 'em turkeys 'ey say: "Um-m-m!
I guess he'll be a dandy roast!"
An' all the children turkeys come
An' say which part they like th' most.
An' all of 'em 'ey say 'ey choose
Th' drumstick! Nen th' gobbler laugh
An' say some of 'em sure to lose
Unless 'ey carve th' sticks in half.

An' nen he swing his ax again
An' I 'ist twist buhfore it fell
An' wake myself! An' nen—an' nen—
W'y you 'ist bet I yell an' yell!
An' my pa come an' pat my head
An' say th' nightmare's what I got,
An' nen I think awhile an' said
'At it's a night-turkey! Ugh! 'at's what!

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A man may brag about how much mince pie he can eat without causing indigestion—but the trouble is he cannot convince his stomach.

There are a great many forms of golden memory—but we believe the best rounded life is that of the woman who is remembered by her grandchildren as the one who always had lots of cookies in the pantry and who didn't believe candy would hurt them.

Boyhood is not all smiles and sunshine. Any man can recollect that an abiding grief of his young days was that he was not large enough to hold all the turkey and pumpkin pie he wanted to eat.

The day is coming, sir, when your small boy will not run away to fight the Indians, but will run away to form a trust.

It is getting so that the best recommendation a young man can have is this: "He is NOT a good fellow."

HARDLY NOTICEABLE.

"What do you think of the boquet of this wine?"

"Boquet?" It's more like a boutonniere."

The Parting.

"Hurry up," said Time to the woman who was celebrating her twenty-fifth birthday at the age of 32. "Hurry up! I am getting away ahead of you, and you know I and tide wait for no one."

"Don't bother," sweetly replied the woman. "What is to be must be."

And Time sighed and turned his attention to worrying a man who owed a promissory note that fell due within three months.

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What He Omitted.

"This critic says that Miss Yelpit, who sang that solo at the church musical last night, has a voice that is remarkable for the resonant, organ like tones that characterize it in some passages," says Mrs. Fadoogus.

"Yes!" comments Mr. Fadoogus. "Probably the critic was too kind hearted to make it plain that he refers to a hand organ."

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Can't Fool Him.

"O, don't ask Mr. Reedum to Thanksgiving dinner," says Mrs. Fadoogus.

"But why? He is a good fellow and a particularly good friend of mine."

"I know. But he is one of these men that read the household hints in the magazines and as soon as he gets a glimpse of the way the table is arranged and notices the dishes that are on it he will say, 'Ah, I notice that you take the Ladies' Own Journal and Hopper's Bazaar.'"

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Qualified.

"You say you are versed in the science of meteorology," remarks the government official. "Have you any other qualifications fitting you for the post of weather forecaster?"

"Yes, sir," replies the applicant. "I have two bunions and the rheumatism."

TAKEN AT HER WORD.

"Really, Mr. Hansom," said the fair girl, "I'm shocked to hear you confess such behavior in your business dealings. You should always 'do unto others as you would have others do unto you.'"

"You wouldn't have me do that always?"

"Certainly," she replied; "always."

"All right. Here goes!" he cried, and kissed her.

MAIDENLY RESERVE.

"How can I begin to tell you how I love you!" exclaims the enamored swain, looking into the eyes of the adored one.

Casting down her eyelashes, she murmurs:

"I would like to tell you—but surely you would not have it said that I urged you on?"

THE BRUTE AGAIN.

"I was reading an interesting war reminiscence today," says the young wife while her husband is making a determined effort to cut the pumpkin pie—the first pumpkin pie, by the way, her fair, lily white hands have ever devised.

"War experience?" asks the cruel husband, sawing away desperately. "What war?"

"The civil war, dear. It said that one time—it was at Thanksgiving time—the two armies were encamped near each other, and the men on one side filled a shell with turkey and other dainties, instead of powder, and shot it into the lines of the enemy, with their compliments. Was not that beautiful?"

"It was. Just think of what awful carnage might have resulted if they had had one one of your pies to fire into the enemy."

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Still another unexplained mystery: Why is it that through the week when a man has to get up early he is sleepy as can be, but on Sunday mornings when he has planned to sleep late he wakens at sunrise?

—x—

Some consciences are like phonographs—they can be shut off if they talk too much.

—x—

On the day after Thanksgiving the average father thinks of the Fourth of July and rejoices that children cannot eat firecrackers.

—x—

Will some statistician kindly arise and inform a waiting world how many times Leybach's Fifth Symphony is played during the year?

—x—

Judges say funny things. In sentencing a bigamist the other day, the judge called the prisoner a coward.

WISHES OF NO AVAIL.

"This is my husband, Mr. Grump. We've just been married. Don't you wish us happiness?"

"When I look at your husband, madam, I cannot wish—I can only hope."

LOOK AT HIS HEAD.

"Shopping for Christmas presents?" asks the husband. "Now, as a favor to me, if you must get me something, let it be something useful."

"It shall, dearie. How would you like a nice new silver mounted comb and brush?"

Quite So.

"Yes," says the eminent traveler and explorer, "whilst I was living among the natives of Umboggooloo—among the veriest savages you know—I donned full dress each evening when I sat down to dinner with the king and his eighteen queens."

"And the queens?" asks the greatly interested listener. "Did they wear evening dress, too?"

"Did they? Lord bless you, man. In Umboggooloo the women wear that sort of costume night and day."

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Possibly.

They are leaning over the mummy case in the Art Institute and speculating about the mummy therein.

"This is the mummy of an Egyptian lady who lived 2,500 years ago," says the man. "Is it not wonderful to contemplate the ingenuity of that lost civilization?"

"Yes," says the young woman. "I wonder if she can think now, if she realizes where she is, and I wonder what she thinks if she can think."

"O, if she can think, I suppose she hasn't changed much."

"What do you mean?"

"She's probably thinking that her wrap is clear out of style."

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The Comment Courteous.

"Now good digestion wait on appetite, as Shakspeare says," said the landlady when the star boarder began carving the turkey.

The national bird having been duly served there was silence about the table for several minutes, when the new boarder with the thin whiskers and the thick eyebrows laid down his knife and fork and remarked:

"Shakspeare also said that all this world is a stage, Mrs. Pinchem, but don't you think it is carrying the Shakspearian idea and the stage simile a trifle too far when you try to serve papier maché turkey?"

—:—

Probably a man gets his first thrill of realization that he has reached the top of his profession when the magazines begin exposing him.

—:—

When you meet the man who was your school teacher twenty years ago, and gaze upon his white hair and kindly eyes, do you recall the solemn vow you made that when you were grown up you would hunt him to the ends of the earth and beat him to a pulp in return for the lickings he gave you?

—x—

Old Man Giddles says he can get people to listen to him by the hour if he is telling mean things about some one, but he can't hold their attention over ten minutes if he is praising some one—unless it is themselves.

—x—

Let us heave a sigh of relief. Word comes that the last man who Knew Edgar Allan Poe When He Was Drinking has died.

—x—

It is all right to have independent views—but sometimes in the effort to keep that fact before the public you give the impression that you are a knocker.

—x—

And another great and needed reform could be achieved if the moving picture machines would show views of women running.

UNFEELING MAN.

"I have been so angry at my husband all day."

"Is it possible?"

"Yes. He was out very late last night, and didn't come home until 3 o'clock—and only think! I had lain awake and thought of the most scathing things to say to him for coming home intoxicated, and the wretch came in perfectly sober and had the best excuse in the world for being detained."

Color Scheme.

"I have come," said the artist to the cannibal chief, "to paint you and your tribe."

"Very well," answered the chief. "If you will be so kind you may paint us in red and green—those are our banqueting colors. And hurry the job along, for we dine at 7 and you will be wanted in the cook tent at 6."