

FUN FOR ALL BUT THE TURKEY



A SHAMELESS CONFESSION.



Goodman: "Did you ever learn to carve a turkey?"
Selfishman: "Never. I could never see the wisdom of putting yourself in a position where you must offer everybody his choice and content yourself with whatever happens to be left."

THE LUCK OF LUCKY LUCAS.



"What's that?" cried the motorist as his tire exploded. "Broken bottle, eh? I believe that—"
"—that fellow put it there on purpose. I'll make an example of him. But—"
"—he left his coat and hat and a nice fat pocketbook in charge of Lucky Lucas. That feller does have luck!"

ON TIME.



Gaygirl: "A man is like a watch—after one gets him she may find to her sorrow that he is too fast."
Gayboy: "And if he is too slow he never will get you."

A Thanksgiving Conversation.

"Well," said the Thanksgiving turkey, "there's this consolation about it—the most distinguished men of earth went to the block."
"Yes," groaned the possum gloomily, "but they were not broiled and roasted afterward for the benefit of blockheads!"

Inexperienced.
Mrs. Knowit—Mrs. Van Bride thought she was going to save herself lots of trouble.
Mrs. Inquisitive—What did she do?
Mrs. Knowit—Bought a turkey two weeks before Thanksgiving and fed it with parsley and bread crumbs.

Not Popular.
Dorcas—Why do your parents object so to Mr. Lar-kins?
Peg—Well, mamma objects to his shortcomings and papa to his long stayings.

HEARTS ARE TRUMPS.



She: "What are you going to stake on this game?"
He: "Myself."

Football Versus Turkey.

Mrs. Borden House—The game you were in this morning was a pretty tough one, wasn't it?
Mr. Leftgard—I thought so until I partook of that turkey, and now I have discovered that the game I was in wasn't nearly as tough as the game that's in me.

The Sufferer.
Mrs. Scrabble, the tenement house worker, complains that you haven't any sympathy in her work.
"She's wrong. I have all the sympathy in the world for any poor folks that she's trying to work."

Not Impressed.
Willie—What do they have to eat up in heaven, maw?
Mother—Always milk and honey, my son.
Willie—And don't they even have turkey on Thanksgiving?

FOR THE BIG SHOW.



Lady: "Here's some candy for you."
Jimmy: "Thanks, but I'm trainin' fer 'Thankgivin' now."

FORCE OF HABIT.

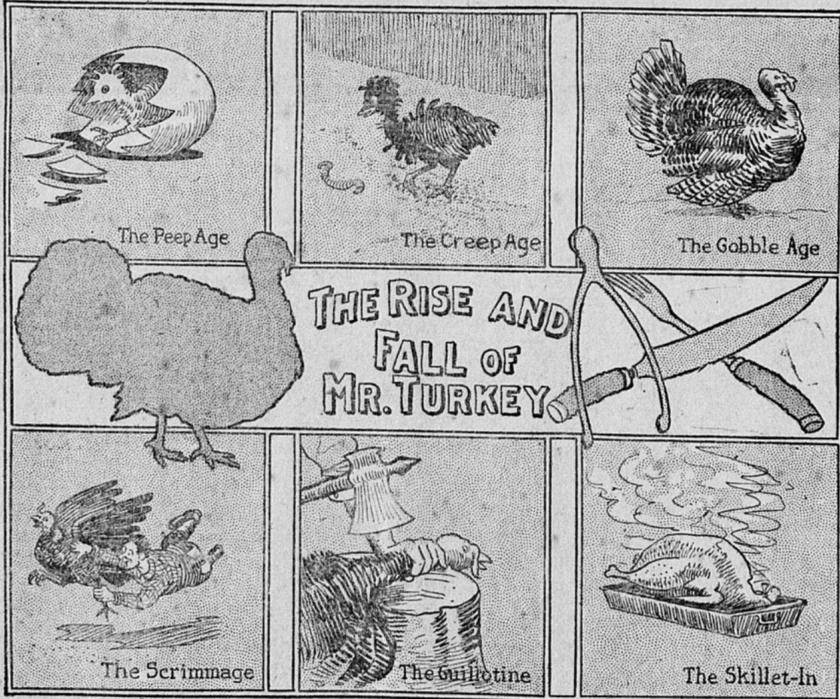


Ethel—Those De Vere girls seem to cock their noses up even more than usual.
May—Yes; that's since they've taken to driving a motor car.

THE CYNIC.



Maud—I didn't see you at your friend Mr. Smith's wedding.
Frank—No; I don't believe in gloating over my friends' misfortunes.



WHERE IT CAME FROM.
Mrs. Askit—Who originated "I haven't the slightest idea?"
Askit—Some idiot, I should judge.

INCENDIARY.
"Incendiary talk?"
"Yes; he said he was going to fire the hired girl."

A DEFINITION.
Johnnie—Papa, what is honest pride?
Papa—Honest pride is the kind that doesn't deny its own existence.

Made a Mistake.
"You say she's a kleptomaniac?"
"Oh, dear, no."
"Why, you certainly did say so."
"Ye-es, I did, but it was a mistake. I find that I overrated her wealth and social position, and I should not have used that word."

And Still We Re-joice.
"Do you suppose Turkey will rule Russia, as some of those famous diplomats predict?"
"I don't know. Turkey will rule America on Thanksgiving day, though."

One Case Where It Does.
Optimus—I don't think that the world is always willing to believe the worst about a man.
Pessimus—Get a black eye and see.

GRATITUDE.



Thankful that he's living,
Spite his weight of care;
Thankful for Thanksgiving
And its extra bill of fare.

Metrical.
Reginald—Do you know when you walk you move just like a poem?
Hazel—Ah, do you really think so?
Reginald—Yes; one foot always right after the other.

Has His Doubts.
"Uncle James, what is a doubtful voter?"
"He's a fellow who doesn't care to vote until his wife makes up his mind for him."

Bliss.
"Why would you like to be president, my boy?"
"Look at all the prize turkeys he has sent to him at Thanksgiving."

Her Views.
Ella—What do you consider man's greatest fault?
Stella—Being so scarce.

SNUBBED.



He: "My love for you is like that ring; it has no ending."
She: "And like this ring is my affection for you; it has no beginning."