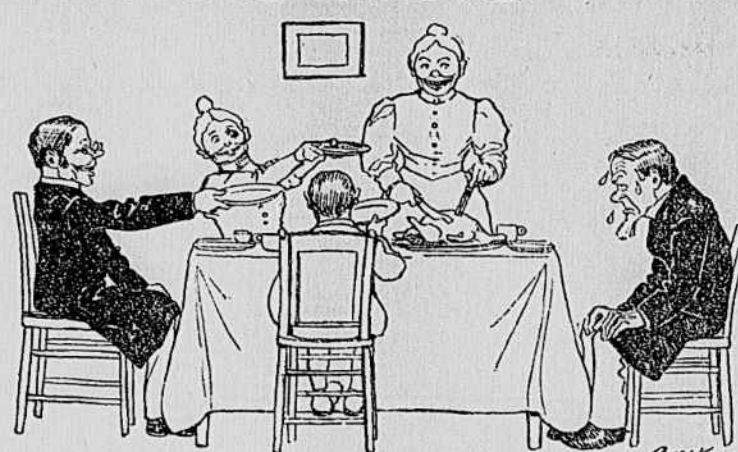
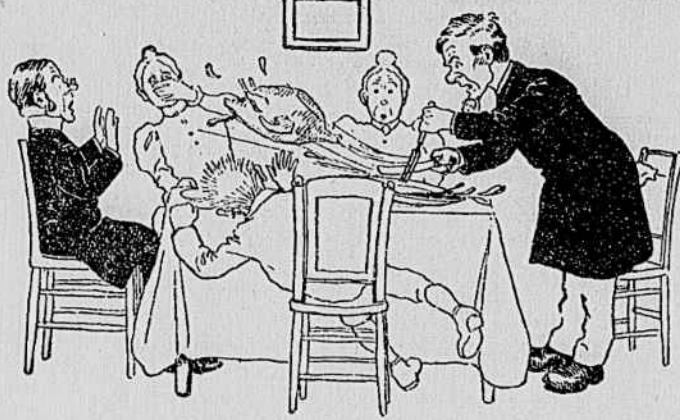


# THANKSGIVING FANCIES



THINGS TO BE THANKFUL FOR.



"SIX O'CLOCK AND STILL ON THE FENCE."

**A Thanksgiving Clench.**  
She (after "yes" has been said)—  
What did you wish when you pulled  
the wishbone with me?  
He—I wished that you would ac-  
cept me. And you?  
She—Oh, I wished that you would  
propose.—Exchange.

**Willfully Misconstrued.**  
"She is a regular walking ency-  
clopedia," he said, speaking of the  
bright girl.  
"Oh, I think you are going a little  
too far," returned her dearest friend  
reprovingly. "I should hardly con-  
sider her so ungainly as that."

A REAL COMFORT.



Om Paul: "Well, thank heaven, whatever may happen they won't  
Hobsonize me!"—Chicago News.

**Cause For Congratulation.**  
Tower—Where's the gobbler?  
Bruno (mournfully)—Gone!  
Tower (fervently)—Well, thank  
Sirius, wienerwurst is not a  
Thanksgiving dish.—New York  
Journal.

**Not Fastidious.**  
"Nop," said Wozy Pete. "I dunno  
as I'm pertickler enuff to ask for  
golden rules. Jest a few little old  
\$1 an \$2 bank bills fresh from th'  
treasury vaults is good enuff for  
me."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE BITER BIT.



Jilks detested that bore, Cadby,  
so one day he got a special springy  
chair just for his special benefit.  
"Sit down, old friend, and make  
yourself at home," said Jilks.

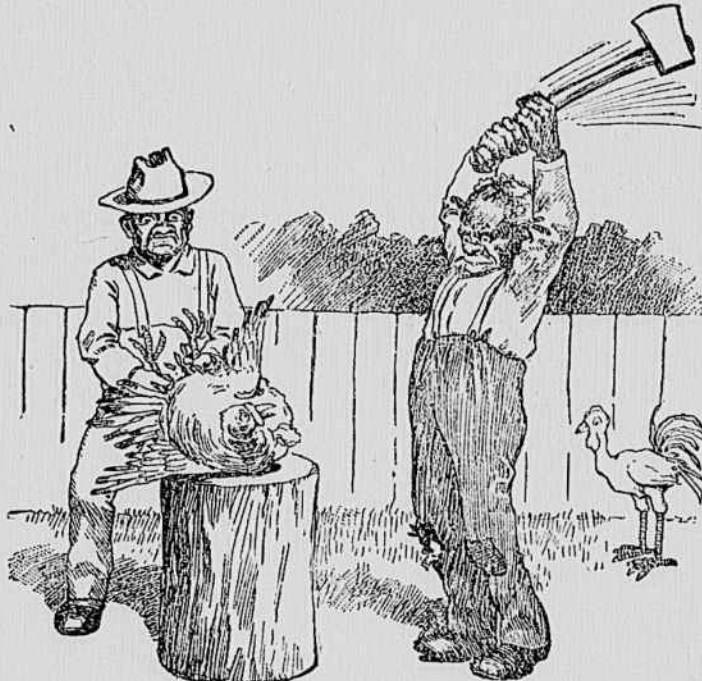


Cadby sat down, but didn't feel  
quite comfy. He also found Jilks'  
ceiling a trifle hard, but—



On the return journey Jilks' quiet  
little smile changed its tone, and  
Cadby felt somewhat avenged.—  
Ally Sloper.

THERE'S MANY A SLIP.



1. "Hurry up and hit him, Mr. Johnsing, while I'll see that he don't—"

**Joy Enough.**  
For all o' the strifes an troubles—  
For all o' the grief an wrong,  
There's joy enough in the country  
To keep us singin' along!

The past was a past of promise—  
There's faith in the future strong;  
There's joy enough in the country  
To keep us singin' along!

The thorns are red in the reapi-  
But they're still where the roses  
throng;  
There's joy enough in the country  
To keep us singin' along!  
—Atlanta Constitution.

**A Money Saver.**  
"Mrs. Wiggs is the closest woman  
on the block."  
"What has she been doing?"  
"Why, she won't have her leaves  
raked up; she says they can be  
shoveled up with the first snow."—  
Detroit Free Press.

**A Mistake.**  
"Young man, didn't I hear you  
kissing my daughter in the parlor a  
few minutes ago?"  
"No, ma'am. You heard your  
daughter kissing me."



2. "Get away!"

ALL DEPENDS ON THE VIEWPOINT.



"What! Your son earns a living?"  
"Yes, yes. But don't let it go any further. It isn't pleasant to have a prodigal son."—Meggendorfer Blatter.

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE.



A THANKSGIVING SURPRISE PARTY.

—New York World.

**Shades of Turkeys.**  
"Saint Gobbler, why am I kept out  
of the heavenly roost?"  
"The cook forgot to singe you;  
just step down to the other place  
for a minute, please."—Exchange.

**Turkey Gossip.**  
First Turkey Gobbler—I hear your  
son had a terrible experience on  
Thanksgiving day.  
Second Turkey Gobbler—Yes; he  
was all cut up by it.—Exchange.

A TIMELY SKETCH.



Beens de Brush: "There's a sample of high art."  
Friend: "Just the thing for your dining room. Being a tough piece of  
work, it will take your guests' minds off the turkey."

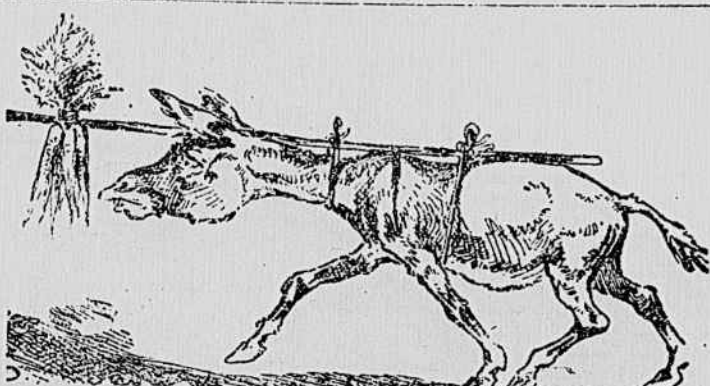
**An Annoyance.**  
I'm a reformer, bold and free,  
Yet, if the truth were told,  
Some folk there be who look on me  
As just a common scold.  
—Washington Star.

**In Turkey Heaven.**  
"Brace up, Gobbler dear; they can  
never serve you again."  
"It isn't that—the host ate part  
of me with his knife."—New York  
Journal.

VERY APPARENT.



"Ah bet ah kin guess what yousse gwine ta hab for Thanksgiving  
ner!"—New York Journal.



HOPE, SWEET HOPE.