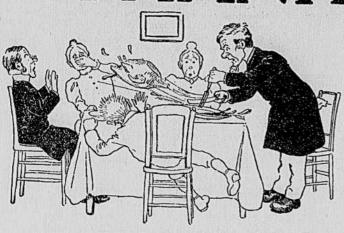
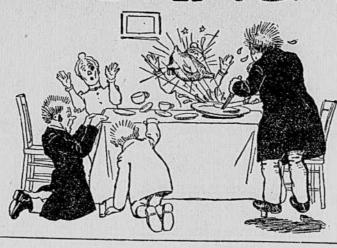
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THANKSGIVING FANCIES









THINGS TO BE THANKFUL FOR.



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

A Thanksgiving Cinch.

She (after "yes" has been said)—
What did you wish when you pulled
the wishbone with me?

He—I wished that you would accept 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

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.

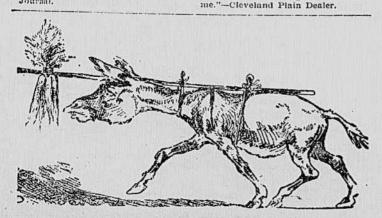


Com Paul: "Well, thank heaven, whatever may happen they won't Hobsonize me!"-Chicago News.

Cause For Congratulation Tower-Where's the gobbler? Drune (mournfully)-Gone! Tower (fervently)-Well, thank

Journal.

Not Fastidious. "Nop," said Woozy Pete, "I dunno as I'm pertickler enuff to ask fer golden rules. Jest a few little old \$1 an \$2 bank bills fresh from th' Sirius, wienerwurst is not a Thanksgiving day dish.—New York treasury vaults is good enuft fer



HOPE, SWEET HOPE.

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.

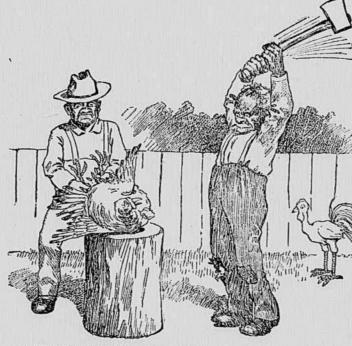


Cadby sat down, but didn't feel quite comfy. He also found Jiks' ceiling a trifle hard, but—



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-

Barber and the Boer.

He cursed the Boers with all his might. might,
He hoped that they would fail,
And blamed them as "a scurvy lot
That ought to be in jail!"
He wanted Mr. Bull to go
And "smite them hip and thigh,"
And "rip them up" and "lay them
low"

And "make their feathers fly."

No wonder that he raged and

No wonder that he raged and roared;
He was a barber, and
He heid a paper that was full
Of portraits in his hand!
He looked at each bewhiskered Boer
They had depicted there—
For every hairy one a roar
Of hatred rent the air.

-Chicago Times-Herald. As Uncle Jerry Saw It. "Did you visit the Throgginses while you were in the city, Uncle Jerry?"
"Yes, and they live in the durad-

est house you ever saw. They call it a flat. Well, it may have been a flat wunst, but it stands right on edge now."—Exchange.

Rightly Named.

City Nephew—Is that what you call a penknife? It looks more like a machete.
Uncle Silas—Waal, it's the one I

stick pigs with, an if that ain't a penknife I don't know what is.— St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

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 reapin But they're still where the roses

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 THANKSCIVING SURPRISE PARTY. -New York World.

Turkey Gossip.

Shades of Turkeys.
"Saint Gobble, 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.

First 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, Gobble 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 youse gwine ta hab for Panksgiving 5 ner!"-New York Journal.