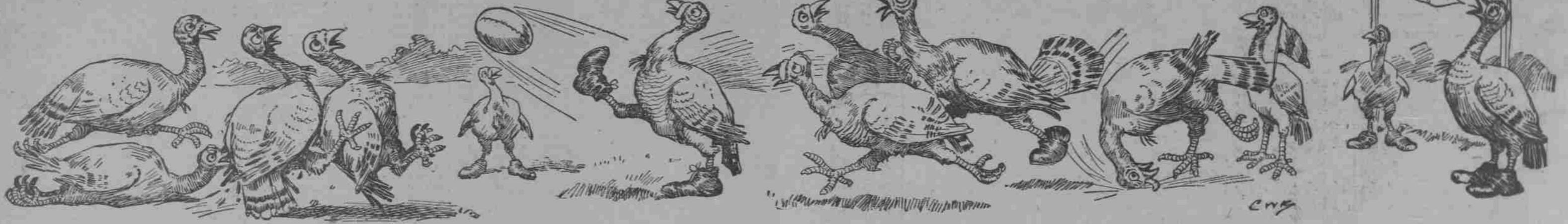


THANKSGIVING HILARITY



DIDN'T GET THE TURKEY.



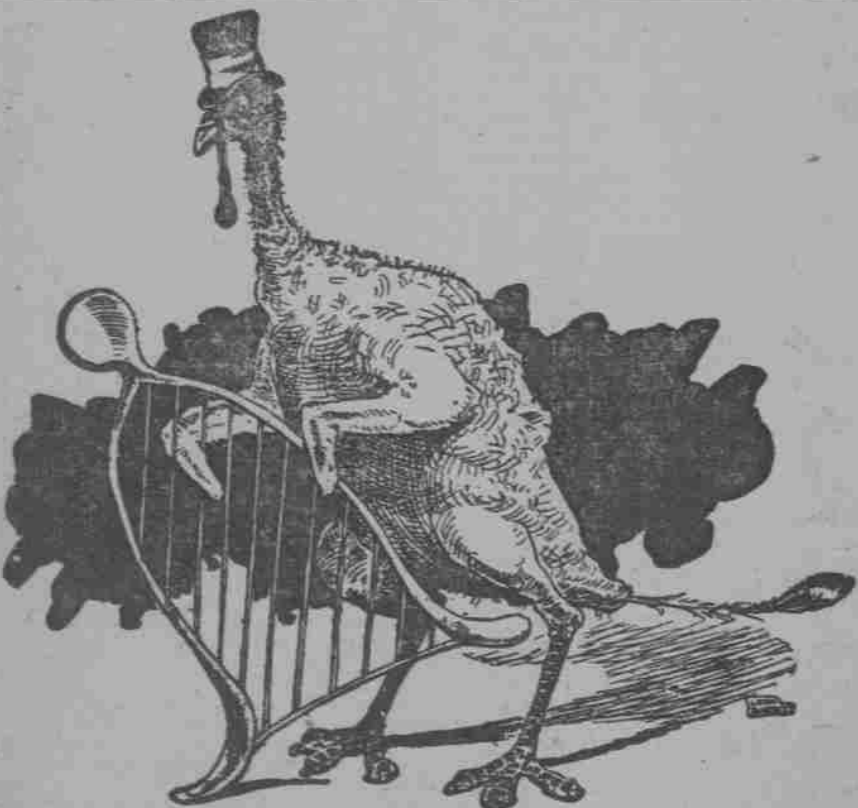
1. Rusty Higgins: "Here's where my good luck comes in, an I gets Thanksgiving turkey."



2. Rusty: "Holy smoke, but I'm up ag'in hard luck ag'in!"

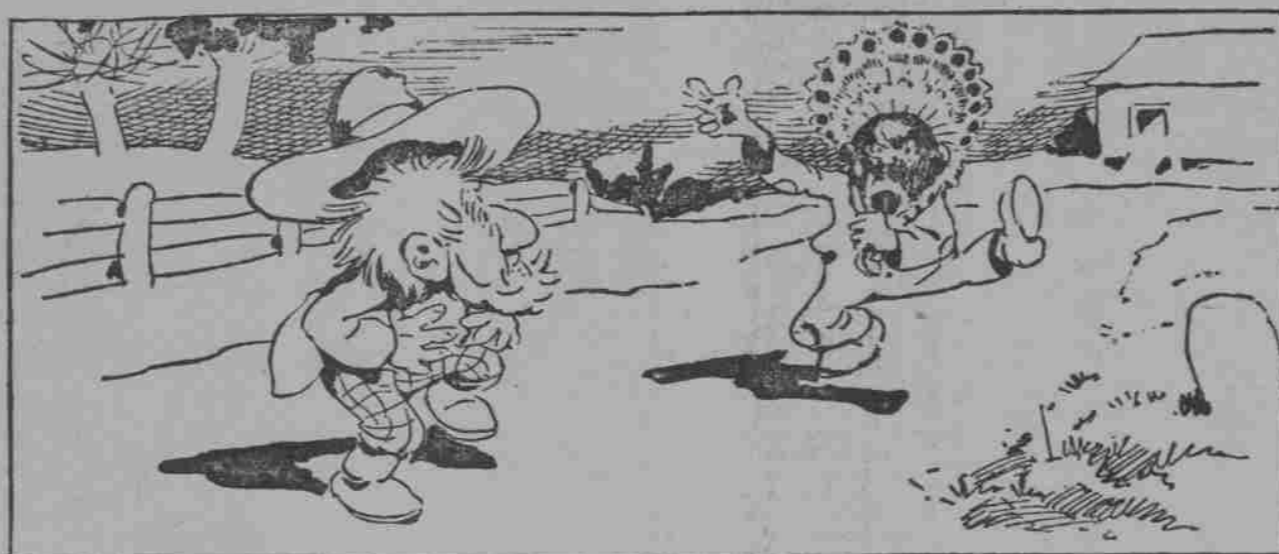
Drawbacks.
There's no Thanksgiving day for Greece.
Her future's far too murky—
For though she's glad that she has peace,
It's not a piece of Turkey.

A Vile Plot.
Biggs—I see the Georgia legislature is trying to abolish Thanksgiving.
Boggs—Is that so?
Biggs—Yes. Some one has introduced a bill prohibiting football.—New York Journal.



THE WHOLE COUNTRY IS HARPING ON IT TODAY.
—New York Evening Telegram.

THE THIEF'S CLEVER RUSE.



1. "Ugh! Me heap big injun! Whoop!"



2. "Golly! Dat wuz de closest escape I dun had dis season!"—New York Evening Journal.

One Fellow's Thanksgiving.
He offers thanks on bended knee,
As he forgets the merry whirl;
He sees how thankful he should be
He didn't wed his summer girl.
—New York World.

Billville Thanksgiving.
We take turkeys on subscription, but
the trouble is the people who patronize
us are opposed to raising them.—Atlanta
Constitution.

Turkey Reflection.
"De turkey hab er heap o' human nature
in 'im," said Uncle Eben. "He
likes to strut, but he ain' much real
good tell circumstances takes an ax to
'im an makes 'im stop it."—Washington
Star.

Still Turkey.
The turkey was tough, but, thank the
Lord, it was still turkey!—Billville Banner.

Two Thanksgiving Shakes.
Henry Clay Snowball—Won mah turkey
shakin dice. Wha'd yo' git yo'n?
G. Washington Johnson—Won mine
shakin roosta.—New York World.

A Georgia Delicacy.
A southern contemporary says, "Possum
stuffed with turkey is a Georgia
Thanksgiving dish fit for the gods."
Should there not be some stuffing inside
the turkey also?—Chicago Tribune.

HE THOUGHT QUICKLY.



Everest 1900

Sandy: "Oh, policeman, yer sair need't in at the Black Bull yonder. There's a maist awfu' fect gaen on."
Policeman: "Is 'Black Jock' there?"
Sandy: "Aye!"
Policeman: "And 'Lang Jimmy'?"
Sandy: "Aye!"
Policeman: "Ah, weel, I'm sorry, but I canna leave ma beat, ye ken."—Moonshine.

DOGGIE DOESN'T THINK.



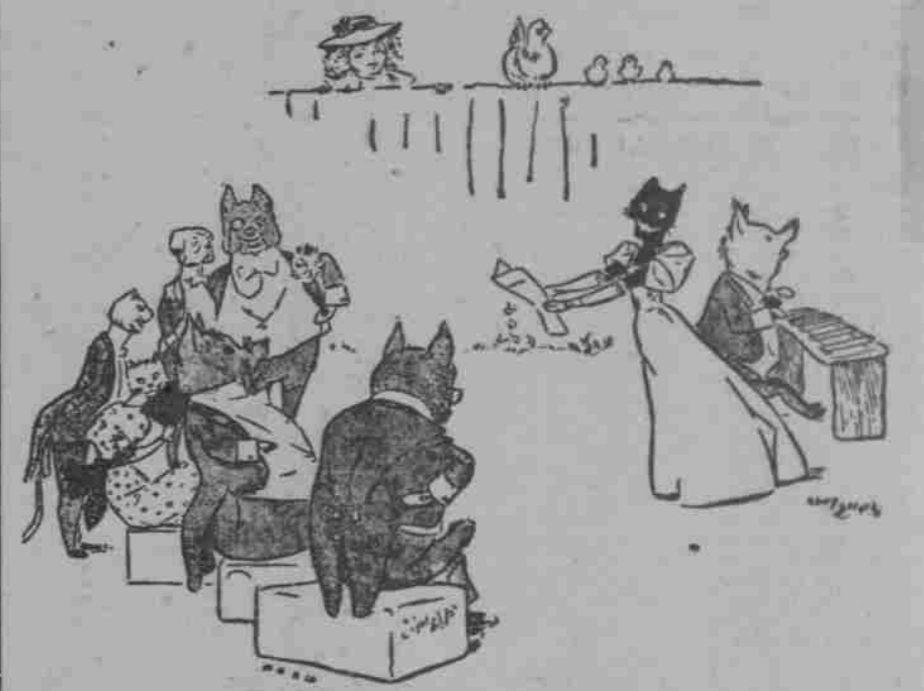
Earl Li: "Nice, pretty doggie!"
—Detroit Journal.

Poetic Justice.
The long suffering turkey may find in
the carnage of Thanksgiving day foot-
ball games a hint of poetic justice.—
Chicago Times.

Sad Thoughts.
It's a great old world when the game
is in reach, but a sad one when it roosts
too high.—Atlanta Constitution.

An Opinion Indorsed.
"Whut folks orter do," said the old
colored man, "is ter try ter gib sh'rry-
body aroun 'em some 'scuse foh bein
thankful."
"Yes," replied Erastus Pinkley, with
emphasis, "da's whut dey orter, 'stid o'
buyin new locks foh dah chicken
coopa."—Washington Star.

THE BARNYARD CONCERT.



"The speckled hen said, "R-s-ah, a-s-shi!" very angrily."

ETERNAL VIGILANCE IS THE PRICE OF TURKEY.



"I ain't a-goin to take no chances with them turks."



"Yassah! I wan' er mons'ous big file."
—New York World.