

In Lighter Vein.

When the Turkey Does a Stunt.

When you try to carve the turkey
And the turkey does a stunt—
Have you ever been there, brother?
Don't it make a fellow grunt?
First you get the knife and fork, and
Set your teeth down hard and then
You go at it with a vengeance
And the strength of twenty men;
And the turkey, did you ever
See a bird do such a skate
As that stuffed and brown old gobbler
There upon the fancy plate?
O, my brothers, heed my warning,
Place an apron o'er your front—
For that innocent old gobbler's
Bound to do a wry stunt.

When you try to carve the turkey,
And the turkey does a stunt—
Talk about the trying times when
For a house you have to hunt.
Talk about your Maytime moving
When you're using all your grit
In the task of mating stovepipes
That were never made to fit;
Why, it's pastime, merely play, when
You compare it to the work
That's involved when you start out to
Try to separate that turk.
It's a task I'd rather sidestep—
One I think you all would shunt,
When you try to carve the turkey,
And the turkey does a stunt.

When you try to carve the turkey,
And the turkey does a stunt,
And a piece of juicy stuffing
Strikes your polished, snowy front,
When each eye around the table
Watches keen your every play,
And your face gets red and sweaty,
Till you feel like giving way
To the thoughts that come a-surfing
As you labor o'er the thing—
As you try to get a tackle
On a drumstick or a wing;
Ain't it fierce, my carving brothers?
Don't you want to swear and grunt,
When you try to carve the turkey,
And the turkey does a stunt?

A Private Interview.

Brander Mathews, professor of dramatic literature at Columbia university, told recently the following story to one of his English classes by way of an illustration:

"A little girl whom I know very well was naughty one day. In fact, she was so bad that, other corrections failing, her mother took her upstairs to whip her. While the proceedings were going on, the bedroom door opened and the little girl's brother started to come in. The little girl, however, heard the noise as the knob turned in the door. 'Changing her position slightly as she lay across her mother's knee, she said: 'Eddie, go out! Can't you see we're busy?'"

Retort Courteous.

It was pouring rain. John was moving; three vans at the door, the furniture spread all over the lawn. Passes Mrs. Banks—"Ah, are you moving?" "No ma'am. It is such a fine day, that I thought of taking my furniture out for a ride."

Effective Discouragement.

Minister—So you saw some boys fishing on the Sabbath? Did you do anything to discourage them?
Small Boy—Yes, sir; I stole their bait.

No Chance for Inspection.

Hiram—Was your house damaged by that there cyclone?
Ike—Dunno, I ain't found it yet.

The Joke Was On Them.

Two capricious young ladies planned to have some fun when a certain young man called to spend the evening. They thought it would be great sport to imitate everything he did. When the young man entered the parlor he blew his nose, which each of the girls promptly imitated. Thinking it a peculiar incident the young man proceeded to

stroke his hair. Both girls followed. Then he straightened his collar. They did the same, and a few dimples and smiles began to appear in spite of them. Now it was the young man's turn. He was positive of his ground and calmly stooped down and turned up his trousers.

Not Surprised.

Si Perkins had never been surprised in all his life. When it snowed in the latter part of April he allowed he'd sorter felt it in the air for some time; when Judge Abbott's barn burned Si thought it was about time; and when the town hall was struck by lightning he merely shrugged his shoulders and said he'd told 'em that them lightning rods wasn't any account when they were first talkin' of puttin' 'em up. Mrs. Perkins had just about given up all hope of ever exciting her husband's wonder when her friend told her of a marvellous conjurer who was showing at a variety theatre in Boston. She took Si.

When the conjurer called for a volunteer from the audience Mrs. Perkins urged her husband to go up on the stage. He did. She watched expectantly as the "professor" extracted a \$5 gold piece from Si's ear, passed a watch through his back and extracted yards and yards of ticker tape from his shoes. Si looked bored. Finally the conjuror began to coax at Si's beard and to the amazement of the spectators out hopped three little white rabbits.

"Wal," said Mrs. Perkins, triumphantly when Si resumed his seat, "I guess that surprised ye some, didn't it?"

Si seemed almost surprised that she should think so. "Why, no," he finally drawled, "I didn't like to say nothin' about it, but I've been sorter suspectin' that them rabbits wus thar for some time.—Everybody's Magazine.

Ran a Big Risk.

"Abraham, I'm thinking of puying a peautiful suit of clothes. Vere shall I puy dem?"

"New clothes, Isaac?" asked Abraham.

"Pretty new," answered Isaac. "Vell, den, you go straight to my brudder's shop on der left hand side of der street, and he will sell you a lovely suit."

In half an hour Isaac came back, attired in the most indifferent "hand-me-downs."

"Vere did you get dem?" inquired the disgusted Abraham.

"Vere you told me. Der shop on der right hand side of der street."

"On der right hand side!" roared Abraham. "I told you der left hand side."

"But," persisted Isaac, turning himself round for inspection, "vat do you tink of der clo'es, Abraham?"

His friend was silent for a moment; then he spoke:
"Mein freindt, I vill tell you. If you chneeze—you are naked!"

She Was.

She was one of June's sweet girl graduates, and from the heights of our worldly experience we are inclined to joke her a little.

"So the Alps lie between you and Italy," we remarked sarcastically.

Perhaps, but there's nothing that stands between me and the making of a pan of light biscuits, or broiling a steak, or making a batch of bread, or a cherry pie, or a cake, or keeping a house in order unless it is the absence of a young man that has got sense enough to hold a job that pays enough salary to warrant him in undertaking the responsibilities of a husband."

Ever since we have wondered how we mustered up mental activity enough to change the subject without loss of time.

Lecture upon the Rhinoceros.

Professor—"I must beg you to give me your undivided attention. It is absolutely impossible that you can form a true idea of the hideous animal, unless you keep your eyes fixed on me."

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