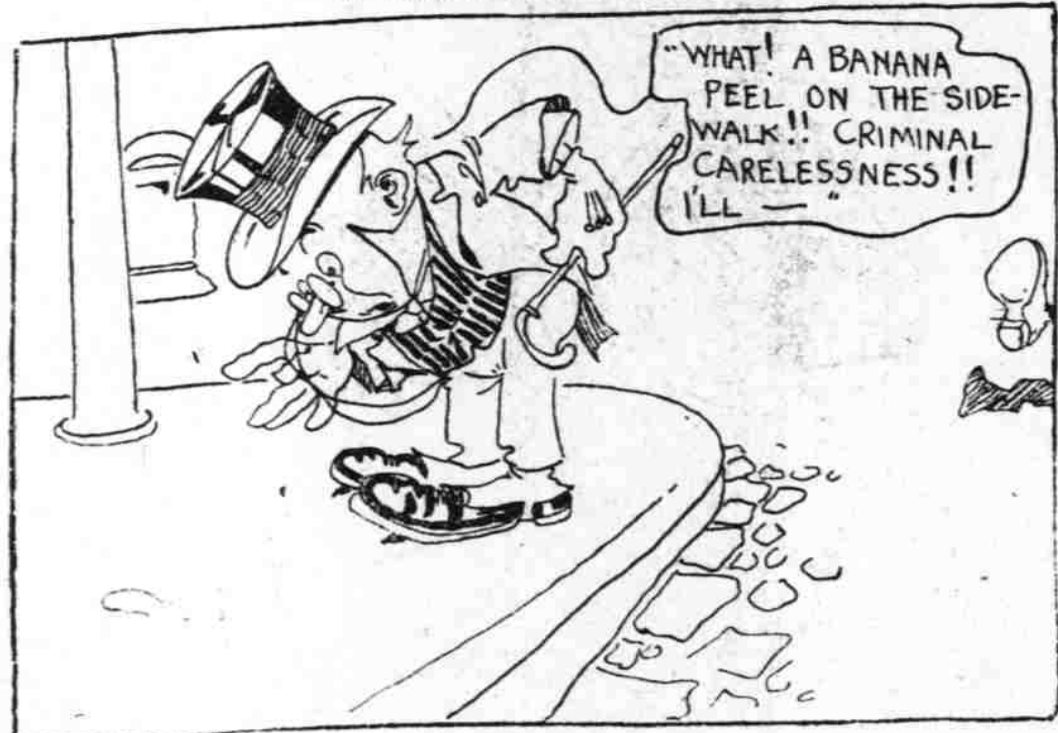


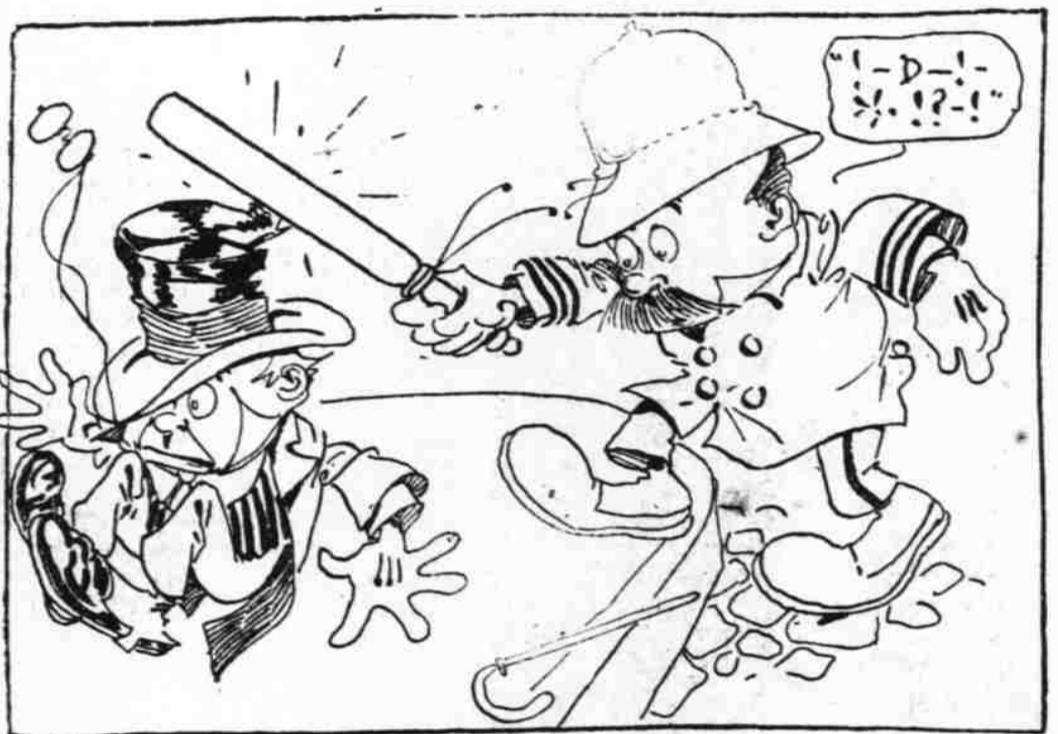
MR. E. Z. BODDY.  
He Does a Public Service.



One.



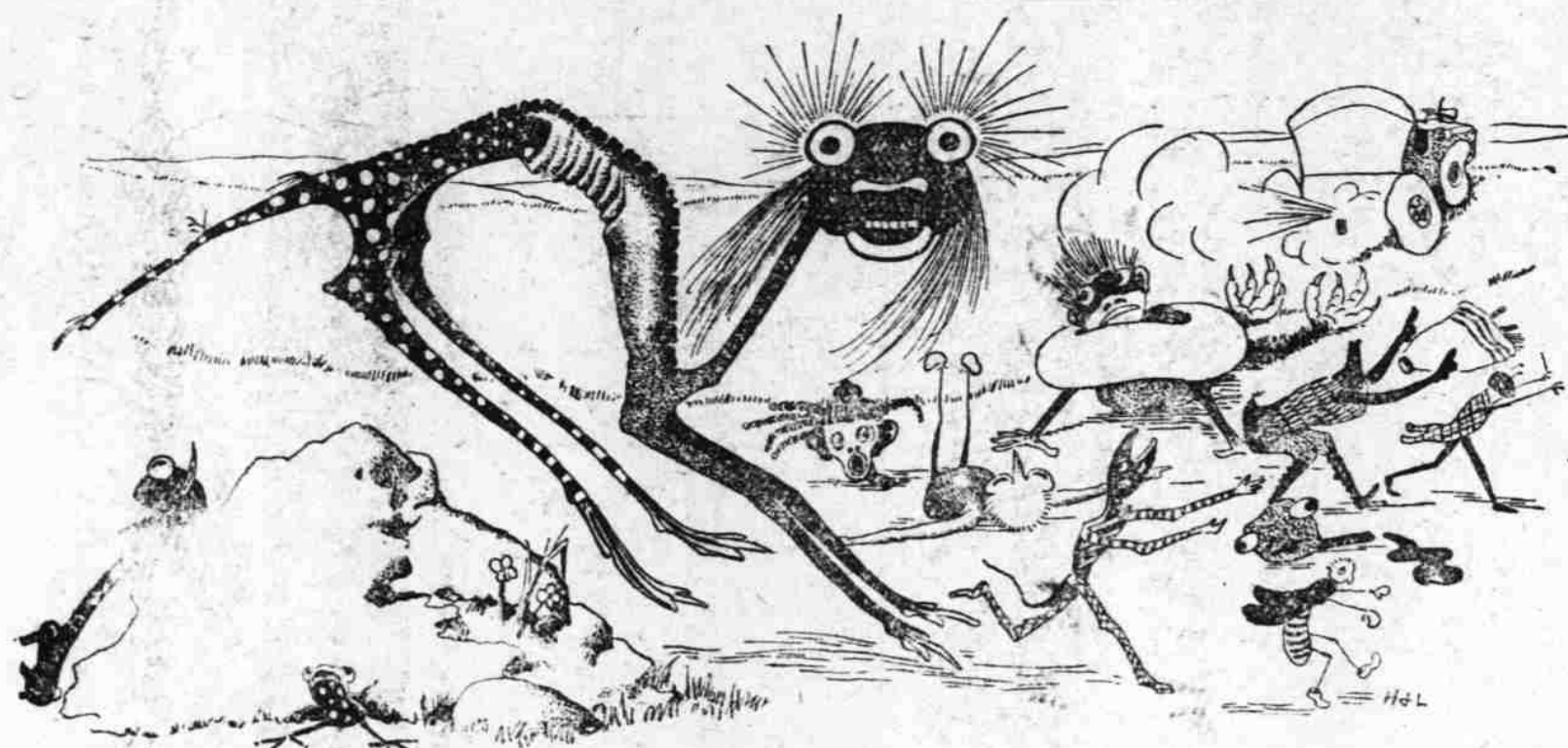
Two.



Three.



Four.



ADVENTURES OF THE MERRY DINGBAT.  
THE PLAYFUL BLITZEN (Continued.)

You see he didn't know the Blitzen was pleasant as could be, and in his flight he nearly killed the wretched company.

The Blitzen, unaware of this (He had so little wit), Dounded in among the scattered crew, A-yelling, "You are it!"



THANKSGIVING DAY.

TOO BAD.

Ruyter—The publisher said my novel was worthless.  
Scribber—Which one?  
Ruyter—He hasn't decided yet.

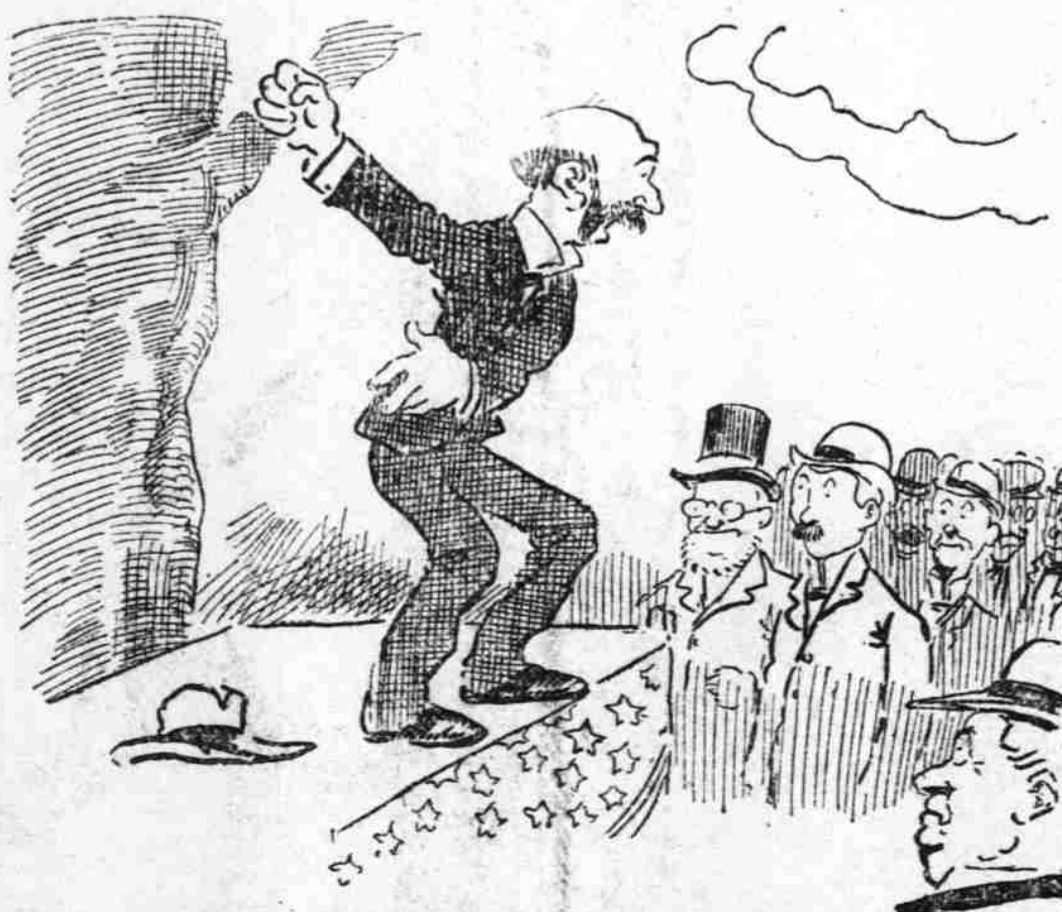
WISE WILLIAM.

Winnie (during the elopement)—Do you think papa will pursue us in his automobile?  
William—He can't; I filled his gasoline tank with water.

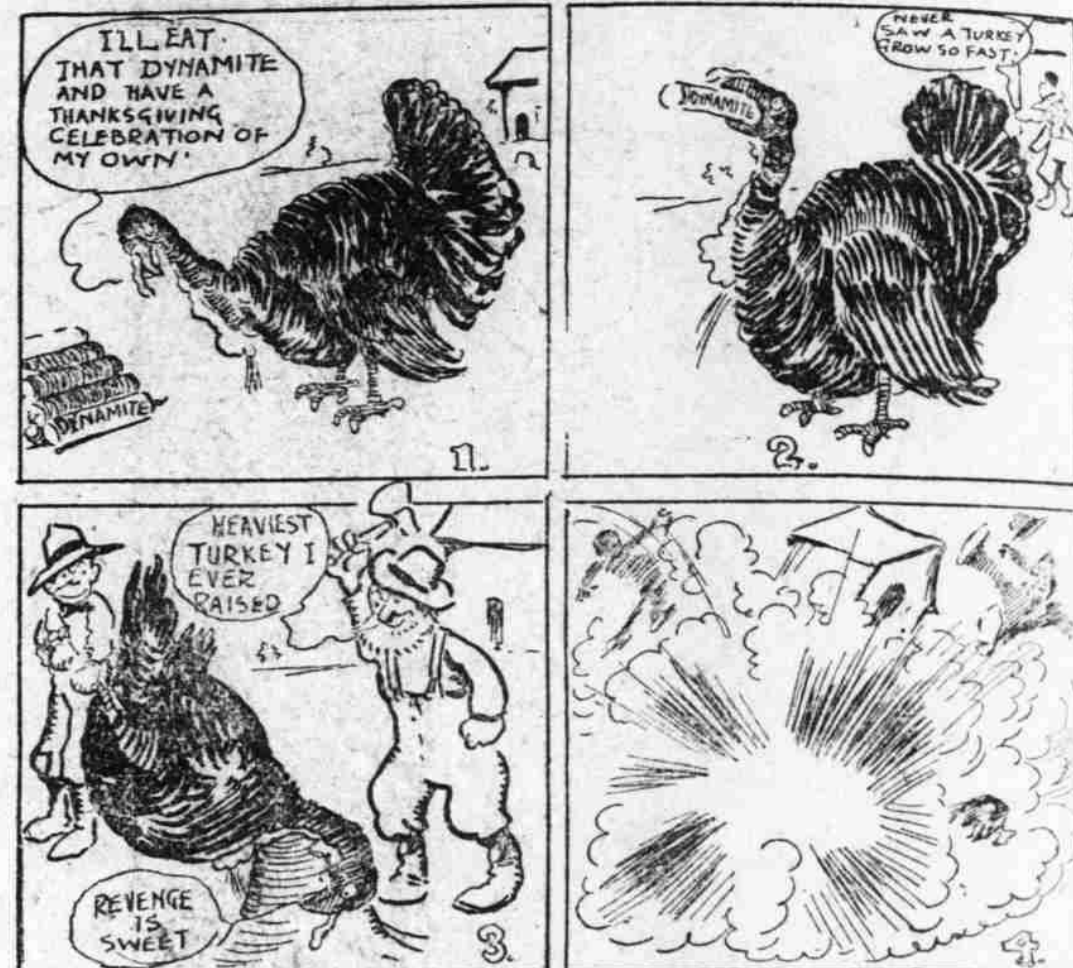


SO HE COULD GO UP.

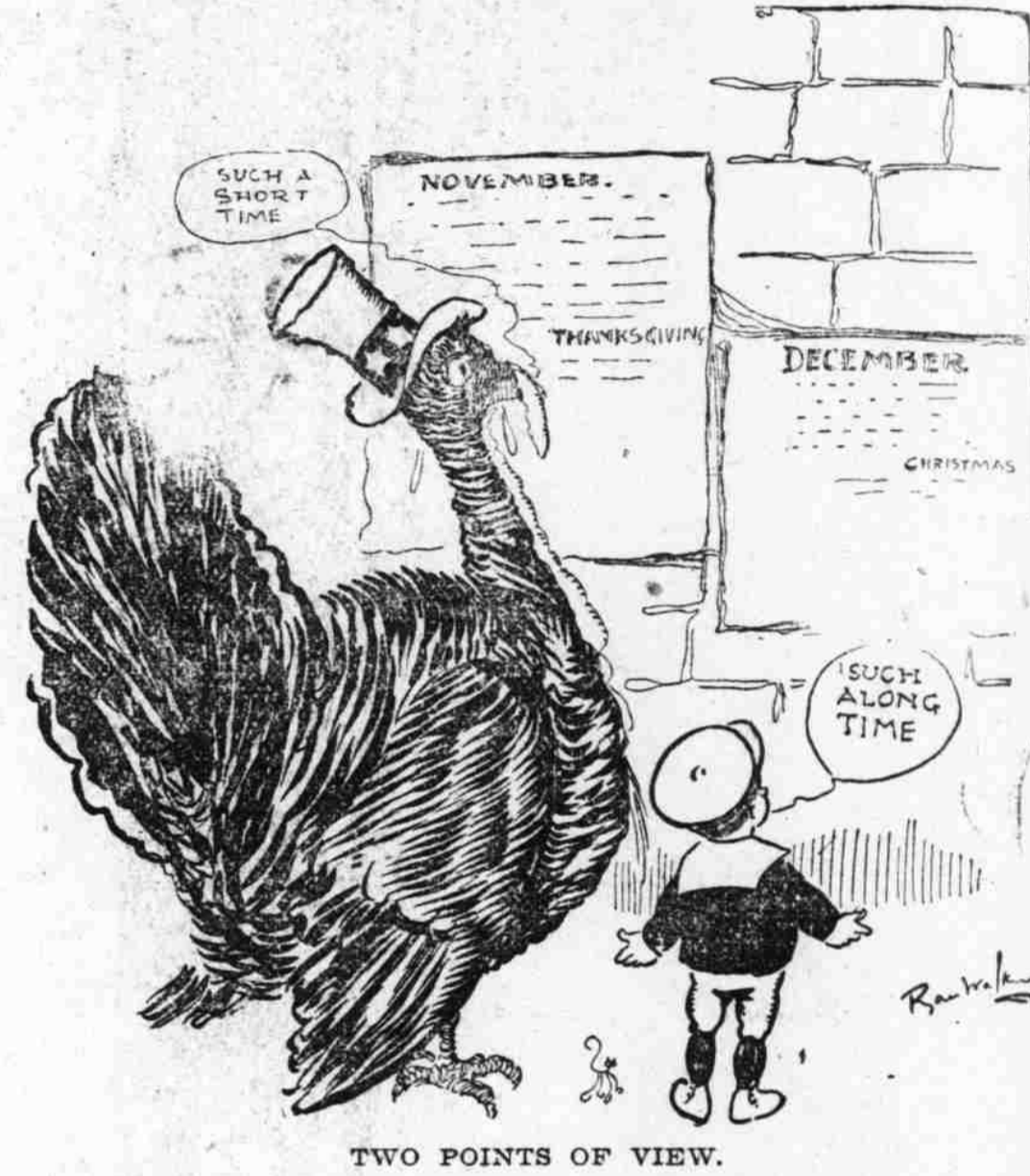
The Bookkeeper—The boss is in a bad humor this morning, I think.  
The Entry Clerk—Yes; I heard him call the elevator man down.



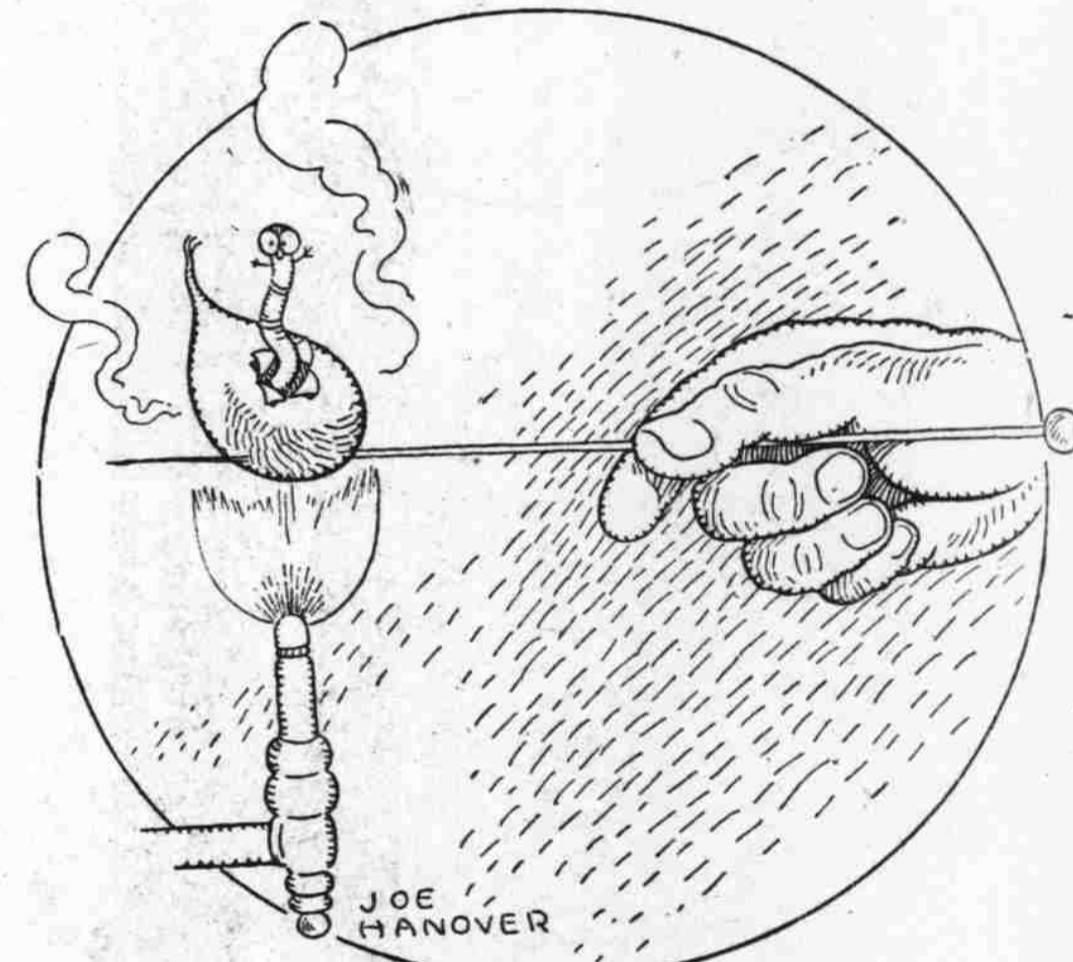
Inquirer (in crowd)—Who is the speaker who wants to keep the country from going to the how-wows?  
One of the Crowd—Oh! that's our candidate for dog catcher.



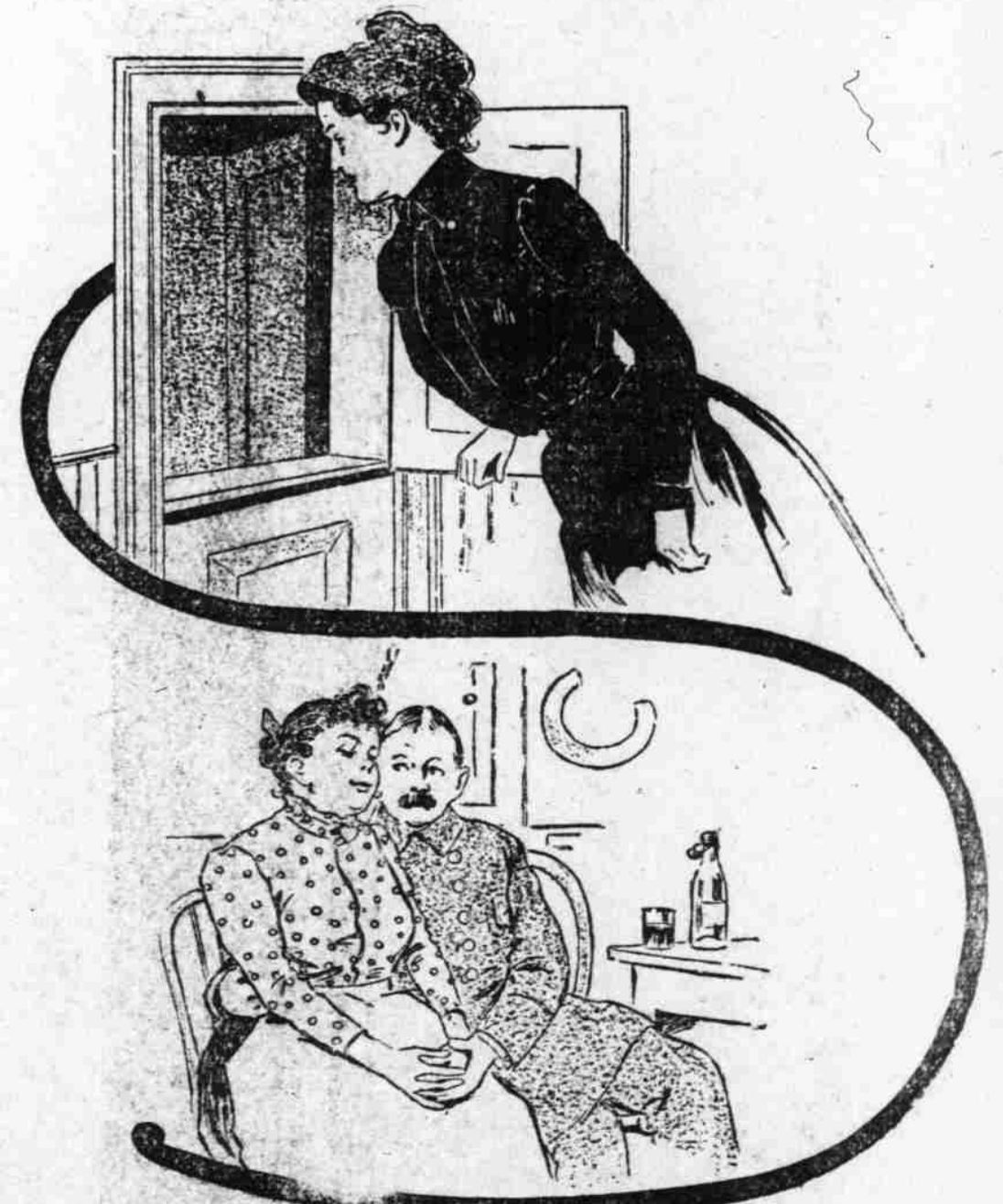
A STORY OF A THANKSGIVING DINNER THAT NEVER CAME OFF.



TWO POINTS OF VIEW.



A HORRIBLE FATE.  
Mrs. Chestnut Worm—Mercy! I'm being cremated!



AT LEAST HIS ARM WAS.  
Mistress (down the dumb-waiter)—Bridget, is your friend Mr. Rafferty, the policeman, still working this beat?  
Bridget (in the kitchen)—No'm; he's on the belt line now, mum.



SAME THING.

She—Are you going to the football game on Thanksgiving Day?  
He—No; I couldn't get a seat, so I'm going through a slaughter-house instead.