



Financial Advice

If you get a cashier's check,
Pass it on!
Don't imagine you're a wreck—
Pass it on!
Confidence is all you need;
To "hard luck" tales give no heed;
Keep 'em moving at full speed—
Pass it on!

When you get one, pay a bill;
Pass it on!
They're no good when standing still,
Pass it on!
While it pays car fare and rents
Show your share of commonsense
And your stock of confidence—
Pass it on!

Nothing Strange

"I see by the paper that a Chicago man who has been dead for ten years has just come back."
"Huh! Nothing strange about that. A lot of men who have been dead for ten years haven't gone yet."

Perhaps

"Well, perhaps Mr. Burton's defeat will make river improvement easier than it has been."
"What makes you think so?"
"He's found out that Salt river is navigable, and the chances are he will permit its improvement."

Nothing Doing

He gently pressed her dainty hand
Yet knew she not what Cupid's dart meant.
No vows the two there interchanged—
He was the clerk in the glove department.

At the Minstrel Show

"Mistah Johnsing, can youse tell me de diffrunce between a cashier's check an' a live wiah?"
"I don't think I kin, Mistah Brown. What is de diffrunce between a cashier's check an' a live wiah?"
"De diffrunce is dat one ain't legal tendah, while de othah is passin' current. De ochesstry will now play while Mr. Bonesman sings dat plaintive little melody, 'Break de News t' Papah; de furnace fiah is out!'"

In Bear Land

The flurry in Bear Land was at its height, and despite the efforts of the conservative Bruins everything seemed headed towards ruin.
"Something must be done," remarked one of the leaders.
"Would it not be a good scheme to issue Teddy Bear certificates?" queried one harassed financier.
"That will not suffice," said the chairman of the meeting. "The trouble is deeper seated than that."
Just then there was a loud cheer from the assembled Bruins outside.
"Has the end arrived?" moaned the chairman.
Just then the door flew open and a messenger rushed in waving aloft a bearogram. Snatching it from the hands of the messenger the chairman read it and shouted:
"Saved!"
Gathering about him the assembly read:
"Washington, D. C., November 20.
—Owing to complications that have arisen the president of the United States has announced that he will

not be able to indulge in another outing for some time."

Instantly a copy was given to every paper in Bruin Land, and the glad news stayed the panic at once.

Compensation

"Glory be!" exclaimed Ragson Taggs, "I've got plenty of cause for Thanksgiving!"

"What have you to be thankful for?" queried a friend.

"Plenty. Just as I was wondering how on earth I was to get a good Thanksgiving dinner the doctor tells me I must diet myself and abstain from all rich food."

Up to Date

The gas burned low.
All was silent through the house save for the steady noise of the furnace masticating the ten-fifty per ton coal with an appetite that could not be stayed.

A shadowy form crept across the floor towards a pair of trousers thrown carelessly in a corner. Ever and anon the shadowy form stopped in its course, and silence once more reigned, except as aforesaid.

At last the shadowy form reached the trousers and grasped them. A hand was thrust into a pocket and there was the faint jingle of coin and keys and things.

Then the trousers were carefully replaced in their former position and the shadowy form retired.

The next morning, after the head of the family had started down town, the wife hurriedly counted some small change she had secreted under the corner of the rug.

"This," she muttered to herself, "is what I suppose they call 'emergency currency.'"

The only answer was the steady work of the furnace.

November

The fleecy snow is falling,
And leaves are falling, too;
And falling is the mercury—
And notes are falling due.
Pray tell me, brother worker,
The truth I fain would know—
Why 'tis that when a note falls due
It's hard to raise the "dough?"

No Panic

This happened in Lincoln one day last week, the scene being the rear platform of a Seventeenth street car: Alex Weckesser jumped on the car as it rounded the corner and a friend greeted him:

"Hello, Alex! How's business?"
"Never better," replied Weckesser. "I made about \$50,000 today."

The car rattled merrily on until it came to Neckesser's corner and he dropped off.

"Great Scott!" ejaculated a passenger. "Who was that young fellow? And how do you suppose he made that much money in one day?"

"O, that's Weckesser, foreman of the press room at George Bros. He must have been printing bank certificates all day."

Then it dawned upon the stranger that he had not quite understood it.

Thoughts on Thanksgiving

The man who has nothing to be thankful for is to be pitied. It is never so bad but what it might be worse—although it is hard sometimes to believe it.

You ought to be thankful that

you are living today, for something may turn up tomorrow. What's the use of having a big dinner in front of you if you have a stomach that revolts at anything stronger than predigested milk and water crackers?

A soupbone, where love dwells, is better than young turkey with cranberry sauce where contention reigns.

If you have nothing else to be thankful for, you might at least be thankful that you have an opportunity to make others happier. The man who can not do something to add to the happiness of others is indeed in poor circumstances.

A Thanksgiving dinner shared is a Thanksgiving joy doubled.

Answers to Correspondents

"Friendship"—No one has sent us a turkey as yet. We do not know where we will eat Thanksgiving dinner.

"Filling"—We prefer oyster dressing, but we can stand for chestnut, or even sage dressing.

"Stranger"—The only way we can tell a turkey's age is by the teeth. We do not mean the turkey's teeth.

"Addle"—Chicken will do.

"Choice"—We prefer the light meat, with a slice of the dark meat, and plenty of gravy on the dressing.

"Aside"—We'll compromise on cranberry sauce.

"Cafe Noir"—It is a matter of taste. We prefer to have our coffee come on early in the meal.

"Sweet Tooth"—While making a choice you may pass the pumpkin pie.

"Tempus Fugit"—People have different hours for dining. We prefer to have our Thanksgiving dinner served just about the time we are hungriest.

"McGregor"—There is an old saying, "Where the McGregor sits there is the head of the table." We prefer to sit next to the foot. The carver and the one next to him are usually the last ones waited upon.

"Admirer"—Ship it by express.

"Hostess"—Thanks. Your regular dinner hour will suit us perfectly well.

Brain Leaks

Agnosticism makes no converts at the tomb.
Love laughs at locksmiths, but not at goldsmiths.

Money talks, and cashier's checks produce a lot of it.

In the midst of prosperity we are in need of real money.

Friendship bought with money is never an available asset.

Salvation is free, but it costs something to maintain it.

Joining a church does not make a man a Christian, but it helps.

It is rather rubbing it in to advise a man with "cold feet" to keep cool.

We lose a lot of valuable time worrying about the things that never happen.

After all, would life be worth while if everything happened just as we wanted it to?

It is easy to believe after eating a hearty meal that everybody in the world is well fed and happy.

Kind words are easily coined, and there is never any need of issuing cashier's checks to take their place.

The longer a man works at a job the more he knows about it, and the less he thinks he knows about it.

People who give a lot can attract public attention. Some men have given their all without ever being known to fame.

He is in mighty poor business who tries to destroy a faith and a belief that are the supports of feet that totter towards the grave.

- If we were a canary bird we'd not sing; and if we ran the house the canary would either postpone his singing or hunt another home.

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