

OPENING OF SPRING JOKES AND BASEBALL FUN



FORCE OF HABIT.
"Why does that umpire call on that fellow to strike?"
"Probably he used to be a walking delegate."

SHE KNEW HIM.
Mrs. S.—So you've been out to have a skate?
Mr. S.—Yes, m'dear.
Mrs. S.—Well, I thought I detected the odor.

DISCREET JUDGMENT.



Kelly (captain of the Grasspullers, menacingly): "Fare decisun, dere, empire. I tagged de coon afore he tsched de plate. Fare judgment, dere. He's out!"
Swattay (captain of the Neversweats, who has licked the umpire, ferociously): "Dat man's safe, empire." He cud read er book on dat plate afore Kelly tagged 'im. J-e-d-g-m-e-n-t!"
Slumpie (the umpire, and who has licked Kelly): "S-a-f-e! Dead safe! An' I fine Capten Kelly t'ree bats for tryin' ter intimmerdate de empire. P-l-a-y ball!"

PRACTICING BEFORE POP.



Johnnie: "Now, pop, jes' watch me throw an—"



—out shoot."



NO DASH.
"Say, pop, what do they call the man in the ball game that always gets put out?"
"Doc Cook."

CIVIL SERVICE.
"Are you addicted to the use of drugs or have you ever been convicted of any crime?"
"Not yet."
"Any defect in your hearing?"
"No. I hear too much. I live in a boarding house."

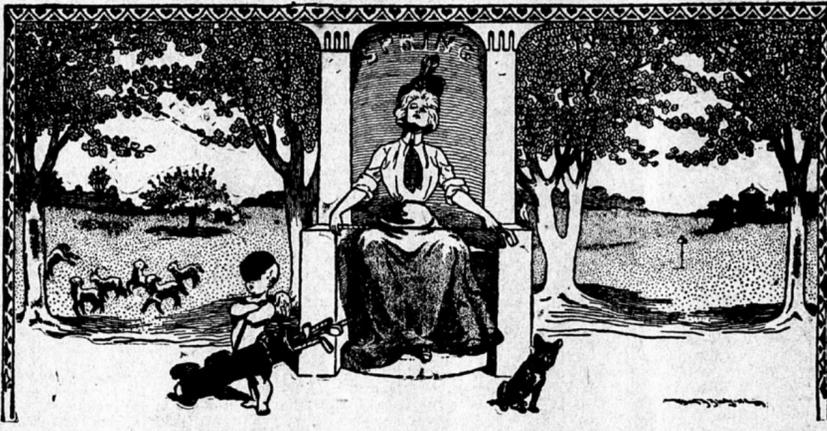
FIRST NIGHTERS.
She—what do those people in the gallery mean by yelling "Rats?"
He—Those must be the catscalls that we read about.

Friends.
"Oh, well, beauty passes, you know."
"Yes; a pity you didn't stop it on its way, isn't it?"

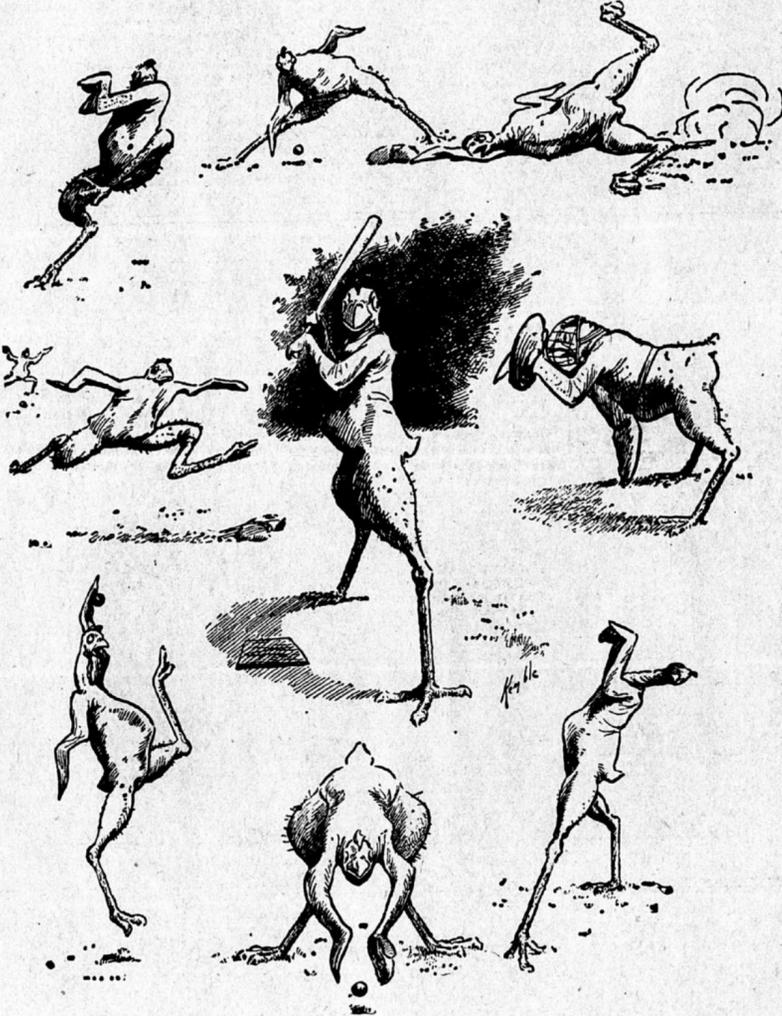


"Hully chee! Don't I wish I could get up on dat fence!"

ALL READY.



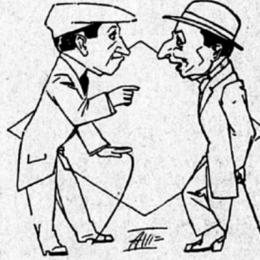
GAME CALLED IN PULLETSVILLE.



WHEN THE CALLER LEFT.
Bobby—Where did the hen bite you?
Caller—Why, Bobby, I haven't been bitten by any chicken.
Bobby (to his mamma)—Didn't you tell papa he was terribly henpecked.



FOOT RACE FROM THE GROUNDS.
Rastus' Report by Phone—De Rab-bitfoots was lammin' de Roosters foh a finish when de umpiah called "Foul." Bo'f nines clim' de fence and looked foh de chicken. Nothm' mo' doin' today.



AN UMPIRE IN THE AIR.
"I never had to throw up my job but once," said a baseball umpire. "It was a game between two deaf mute clubs. They kept so quiet about the decisions that I got rattled before the fourth inning."

THE GAME OPENS.



"Well, say, dis just gets me into—"

—a reserved seat.

HURRIED DOWN.

Stranger (at the door)—I am trying to find a lady whose married name I have forgotten. She is a singularly beautiful woman, with pink and white complexion, seashell ears, lovely eyes and Titian hair.
Voice (from upstairs)—Jane, tell the gentleman I'll be down in a minute.

HER FIRST DAY ON THE BLEACHERS.

Escort—Quite a number of policemen out today.
Dear Girl—I suppose they are here to keep the players from stealing bases.

HIS FIRST AND LAST BALL GAME.



Uncle Silas (at his first ball game): "I've heard o' them empires gittin' mobbed, an' I cal'late I'll see one direckly. Th' pesky whelp's called two strikes on th' chap that's swingin' th' flail an' 'blessed of th' ball's hit it wunst!"

APRIL SHOWERS.



JOB WAITING.

"I hope, Amanda, when we are married you won't be towing that pampered poodle of yours along the street."
"Of course not, Fred. I'll let you do it."

OFF THE LINE.

Husband—How many people are there in the house back of us?
Wife—I don't know. They have their washing done at the laundry.

THE REAL ARTICLE.

"They ain't no such thing as a real Christian."
"I knowed one. When it come time to work the roads he did a real day's work, as if he was workin' his own farm."



RETURN OF THE WORM.
Mr. Worm—By heavens! If our acorn cottage hasn't sprouted while we were gone.

"Tanks, old man."