NOW THE JOKES HAVE THEIR TURN

TWO SIDES OF A WATERMELON.

Mrs. Poindexter—My son am a ginnius, Mistah Brokehout. He done carved dat basket out of a watermillion wiv jess his jackknife.

Mr. Brokehout—My stars, but dat's fine! Whad did he do wiv d'—yer—contints, Mrs. Po'ndextah?

EASILY EXPLAINED.

McGuggin—Why d'they call it a tin widdin', I doan't know?

O'Gob—Fer becase they've bin married tin years, ye gommach.

NOT THE WORD.

"You carved your own way to success, didn't you, Paddington?"

"No. I didn't have much to carve until achieved success. Let me help you to more of the roast."

ANOTHER BOOM FOR THE CROPS.

"Not many delegates appeared at the Esperantist congress that met in Kansas."

"No. Most of them stopped off and hired out as harvest hands."

VIOLATING ROAD COURTESY.

First Tramp—What time is it?

Second Tramp—Come off. I'm a thief myself.

SPAIN AND US.

"Spain," said the pastor, "gets easily excited over religious questions."

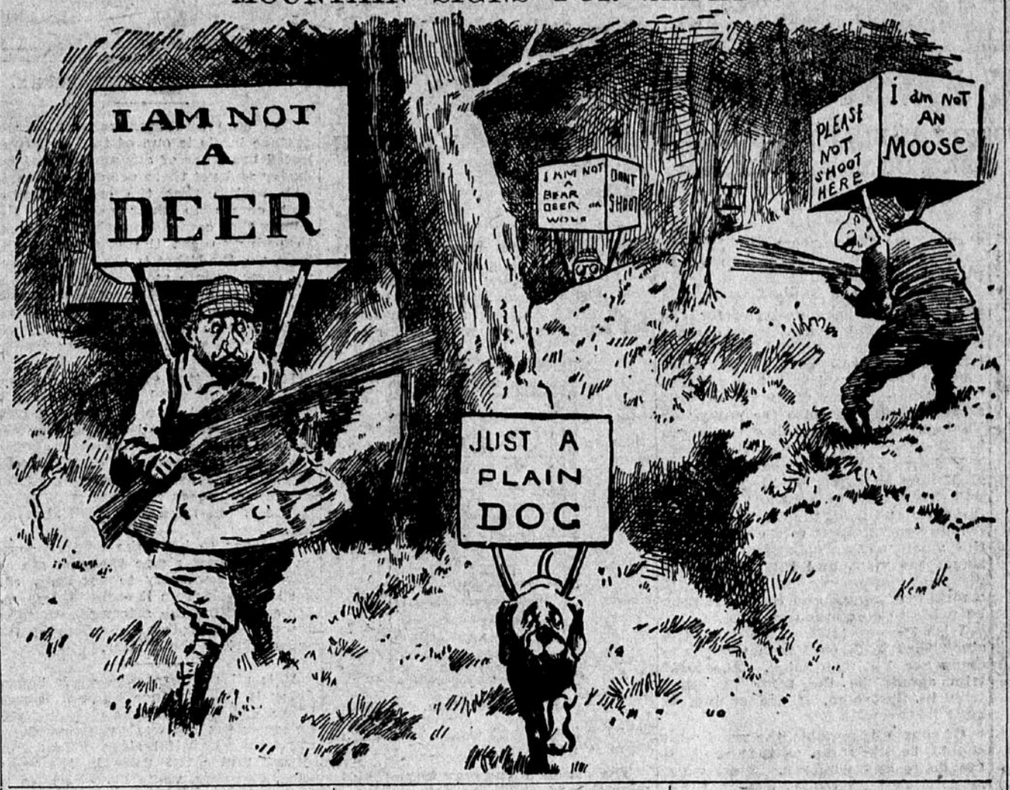
"And this country goes crazy over prizefights," retorted his parishioner.

EXPLANATION WANTED.

"I cannot understand why a man's wife is called his better half."

"You would if you had to divide your salary with one."

MOUNTAIN SIGNS FOR SAFETY.



DOCUMENTARY EVIDENCE.

"Are you a real American?"

"Yes. I gotta da papers to prove it."

MODERN METHODS.

Builder's Man—Hi, guv'ner, that new row of 'ouses in Maple Grove are all fallen down like a pack o' cards.

Builder—Idiot! Didn't I tell you not to take the scaffolding down until you'd put the wall paper up?

WORSE DOWN EAST.

Western Miss (to friend in New York)—Yes; in our country the wolves sometimes come to our very doors.

New York Hostess—Why, in some places in New York the wolf howls at the door all the time.

PIE TIME IN BOSTON.

Waiter—What kind of breakfast food, sir?

Guest—What kind have you?

Waiter—Pumpkin, apple, mince, peach, cherry, etc., sir.

HIGH TONED HOSIERY.

Very Beautiful Lady (at hosiery counter)—These stockings are too loud.

Polite Clerk—But they will keep your feet from going to sleep.

REASSURED.

"Do you know why your wife stops so often in front of that millinery store, Huber? She's flirting with the proprietor!"

"Thank heaven! I thought perhaps she was going to hold me up for a new hat!"

THE HOME BRAND.

Matron—Mrs. Faulkner is so fond of poetry.

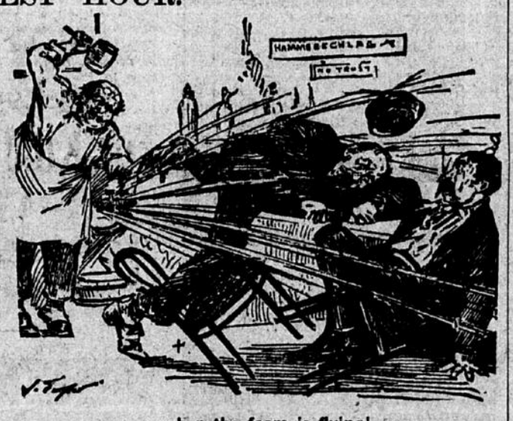
Visitor—Indeed! I have some simple books of poetry at home. Shall I send you some, Mrs. Faulkner?

Mrs. Faulkner—Thank you, mum. When I wants poetry I makes it.

HIS HAPPIEST HOUR.

Captain Gadd (of the Flyaway)—That was a stiffish blow we had last night off the head. How did you make out?

Captain Sadd (of the Sea Dog)—Like a mermaid on a dolphin, me boy. That was just the sort of weather I like. My happiest hour is—



—when the foam is flying!

FISH DINNER FROM THE CAN.

Mr. Leonard Franklin (who has just ordered some brook trout and is eating with great relish)—Ah, what a treat it is to get some fish that are really fresh! I'll bet you these were in the water an hour ago—

—Holy smoke, my tooth!

Mr. Thomas White—What's matter, dear boy? Struck a bone?

Mr. Leonard Franklin (ruefully)—No; colder!

LADIES ONLY.

Lady (annoyed by constant yelling of baby)—Poor little dear! Is it a boy or a girl?

Mother (delighted at the attention)—A boy.

Lady—Well, perhaps you wouldn't mind getting out at the next station. What's he doing in a ladies' compartment anyhow?

AS THE DIAMETER INCREASES.

Boss—What is the diameter of a silver dollar, Tim?

"On pay day or at the end of the week?"

GETTING IN PRACTICE.

First Lady—Did you notice Mrs. 'Awkes had a black eye?

Second Lady—Did I not! An' 'er 'usband not out of prison for another week. I don't call it respectable.

OUT OF THE FLOCK.

"Mawinin', deacon."

"Doan' call me deacon. I done quit. When de elders resolb ter put dat cash reg'isterin' machine on de collecshun plate dey is too ambiguous foh de shoshiatione eb mah sassiety."

USEFUL IN HIS SPHERE.

"That Ship girl married a clerk, didn't she?"

"I believe he is known in the store as a counter irritant."

HAS IT BAD.

"Smijonsi is quite musical for one in his business."

"I don't know."

"Yes; he has named his yacht Even Tenor, because he hopes she will soon be on her way."

SUBJECT OF CONGRATULATION.

Mrs. Lawsee—The trouble is if I get a new dress my servant has it duplicated before the end of the week.

Mrs. Ben There—Lucky to have a servant stay the week out.

COMING BACK.

Blow soft, ye winds that bear her back to me!

Sun, shine upon her. Let no storm clouds leak.

Waft me a wireless swiftly o'er the sea—

"Miss Gladys Peyster sails for home next week."

A RARE OLD KICKER.

"You are an hour late this morning, Pat."

"Yes; Oi know ut, sor."

"Well, what excuse have you?"

"I was kicked by my donkey on my way here."

"That ought not to have detained you an hour, Pat."

"Well, you see, it wouldn't have if he'd only have kicked me in this direction, begorra, but he kicked me the other way."

RIVALRY OF THE BIG TOWNS.

Gotham—How are things in the Windy?

Chicagoan—Fine! We closed two improper shows last week.

Gotham—Get out! We opened two.

HAD HIS HANDS FULL.

Judge—Why didn't you seize the thief when you found him?

Policeman—How could I? I had my club in one hand and my revolver in the other!

UNEXPECTED RESULT.

He—Going to marry the rich Jack Hammond? Why, I thought he had thrown all his money to the dogs?

She—So he did, but they turned out to be retrievers.

HARD HIT.

Marriageable Young Man (on left): "What a wife such a woman would make."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

"Birdie, can you trip upstairs a moment, please?"

"Yes, Alexander. What is it?"