



HAWAII.—NATIVES RIDING SURF BOARDS AT WAIKIKI.

### Endorsed.

The dinner was over, the ladies had retired and the gentlemen were enjoying their cigars and discoursing on that most welcome of subjects—femininity.

"Well," said the host, after some discussion of the relative beauty of women of different nationalities, "I have kissed the witching French girl, the Japanese girl, the Indian maid, and the American girl, but I claim that my wife's lips are the sweetest of all."

Then a bronzed young Army officer at the other end of the table exclaimed—"By George! That's a fact, sir!"

### Of Two Evils.

A well-known *viveur* was talking about the extravagance and the heartlessness of New York.

"I know a man," he said, "who was held up by a footpad the other night.

"Hand over your money," the footpad growled, levelling a revolver at my friend, 'or I'll b'low your brains out!"

"Blow away," he said. "I'd far rather be in New York without brains than without money."

### Explained Away.

A man was arraigned in Court on a burglary charge and in his loot were, curiously enough, a horse and a tablecloth.

"If you didn't steal these things, how on earth did you get them?" asked the Judge.

"Why, I raised that horse from a colt," protested the prisoner.

"And the tablecloth?" asked the Judge.

"I raised that tablecloth from a mere napkin," came the ready reply.

Policeman—"Knocked down by a motor car, were you? Did you take the number of the car?" Victim—"No. It was going too fast."

Policeman—"Could you swear to the driver?" Victim—"I did."

### About Echoes.

"Talking about echoes," remarked an American tourist to a Highlander, "I recall one in Switzerland; the echo rolls for five seconds, no more, no less. Then there's one in the Pyrenees that jumps six times, first loud and harsh, then low and soft, then loud again, and so on, thus rivalling a certain echo in Afghanistan, which doesn't repeat until a minute and a half has elapsed." "That's naething," replied Sandy; "there's a ravine ower in the Grampians, and when we stann' at yin end o't and yell 'Jock' the echo comes back, 'Which Jock?'"

A doctor riding along a country road came up with a yokel leisurely driving a herd of pigs. "Where are you driving the pigs to?" asked the rider. "Out to pasture 'em a bit; to fatten 'em." "Isn't it pretty slow work to fatten them on grass? Where I come from we pen them up and feed them on corn. It saves a lot of time," said the doctor. "Yus, I suppose so," drawled the yokel, "but what's time to a pig?"