

"Waiter" said young civil engineer, after vainly struggling with knife and fork for fully ten minutes on an alleged spring chicken, "bring me a chisel, a steel wedge and a heavy hammer, for I'm interested now, and am determined to see of what material this thing is made."

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The mate of a ship at the critical moment of a storm shouted out:—

"Let go the topsail halyards"

"I ain't a touching 'em sir," was the reply of a newly shipped sailor.

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Mr. Sealove—(In parlor on outgoing steamer) Tell our daughter to sing something less doleful, my dear.

Mrs. Sealove—That is not our daughter, it is the foghorn.

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Seasick passenger to deck steward—

Luncheon so quick? Why breakfast came up only a few minutes ago.