QUALIFIED.

College Trainer (to new arrival)—"What makes you think you could play football?"
Texas Aspirant—"Well, once I fell down in a stampede and the herd ran over me."

HE LOSES.

Snickerson—"Bet there ain't another such looking object as you in creation."
Laffe—"I'll take you, old man, I've a twin brother in Kansas City."

RELIEF.

Mr. Grogan—"Sure, Moike, an' what did yez do wit' yure dorg?"
Mike—"Oh, he was wort' $10 and Oi kep' tinkin' if some wan sh'd stale um Oi could ill afford th' loss, so Oi gave um away, b'gorra!"

SPECIFIC.

Barber—"Have a hair cut, sir?"
Customer—"Yes, sir, I will have a hair cut. In fact I will have all my hairs cut."

READY TO TRY FOR IT.

Painter—"And had I but the inspiration, knave, I could e'en paint a masterpiece!"
Servant—"All right, I'll get you some. Do they sell it canned or in bulk?"

FOREIGN FINANCE.

Thrifty Wife—"That rubbish pile in the back yard is getting to be a nuisance."
Longheaded Husband—"All right, we'll export it."

BRINGING HOME THE PEACHES.

"Hum! They don't look bad. Guess I'll try a half bushel."

"My! They're huge ones. I must have got a bushel by mistake!"

"Say! Look at those whoppers! Why, mine ain't bigger'n marbles, after all."

"Still, I dunno. They do seem pretty heavy before you get 'em home."

"What's that, Belinda? Small ones? Why, how you talk!"

THE NEW TREATMENT.

Algernon—"If I could get her father out of the office for a minute I'd be all right. Ha! He's a crank on deportment. I'll try the book-agent gag!"

"Say, wanter buy this book? It's a bully one, see?"

Mr. DeLuxe—"Sir! That's no way to sell books. Gimme your hat and I'll show you how to enter an office properly."

Algernon—"Dearest one, I've locked him out! Say that you'll be mine in spite of a father's objection!"

"Be calm, Mr. DeLuxe. At last your daughter has accepted my hand. Bless us or I'll advertise you as an easy mark."

HARD CASE.

Bruddah Eph.—"Wot's de change ag'in de new preachah?"
Uncle Mose—"Heresy, man! He done say dat a possum ain' fitten foh to eat. Dass wot!"

NOT "THANK YOU."

CHAFING-DISH PARTIES WILL BE THE RAGE.

One way to defy the coal famine this winter.

IN THE SOUTHWEST.

Passer-By (during dry season)—"That cow looks as if she needed water. Why don't you give her more?"
Farmer Gripstuff—"'Cause if I wasted water on the cow I wouldn't have enough to put in the milk."

EFFECTS OF CIVILIZATION.

Big Chief—"Ugh! Smoke 'um pipe peace, ugh!"
Traveling Politician—"Thanks, but look here!"

"Never mind the pipe. Let's have a cigar all around."
Tribe—"Ugh!"

"Yum! Yum! Yum!"

Big Chief—"Say, are these campaign cigars?"
Politician—"Let me rise to explain. My committee——"

MR. JACKSON'S REVENGE.

Mr. Johnsing (in auto)—"Keep away, dah! Whafo yo' want me to crowd yo' off de road, hey?"

"Dey's goin' to be trouble heah! I kin feel it a-comin'!"

Mr. Jackson (in background)—"Who was dat talkin' erbout crowdin' me off'n de road, huh? Praps yo' can tell when yo' done gained yo' senses, Mistah Johnsing!"

PROFIT AND LOSS.

Downy Dobbins—"Ha, locked up, hey! Well, I guess I kin sneak something tro' de hole."

"Dere's a good coat on de wall an' I'll hook it off wit' me umbrel."

RUSHING THE CAN.

PURSUIT OF SCIENCE.

Prof. Bulbsquinter—"How interesting! A specimen of the geewhinkus duflickus or common——"

"Ah! A frenzied bovine! I'm afraid I shall have to drop some of my sand ballast."

"And let my patent cranial balloon carry me out of harm's way for the moment."

"Although it seems a pity that the pursuit of science should be interrupted even for a moment."

HE SERVED.

Lady—"You say you served through the Spanish war. Was it in Cuba?"
Tramp—"No, mum, in state prison. Me sentence happened to be going on at dat time."
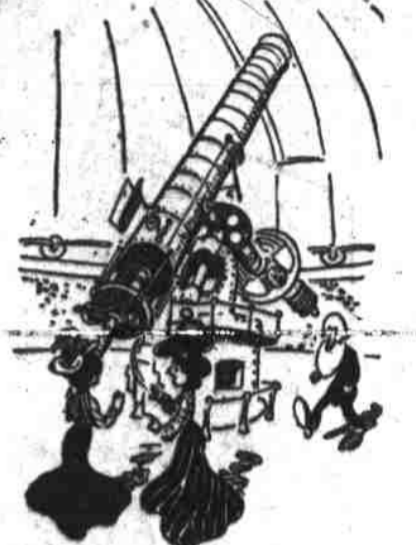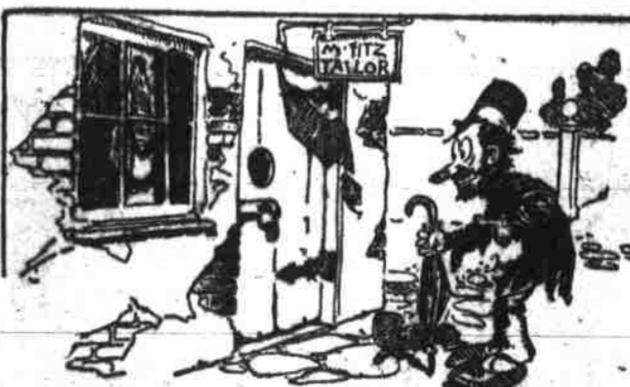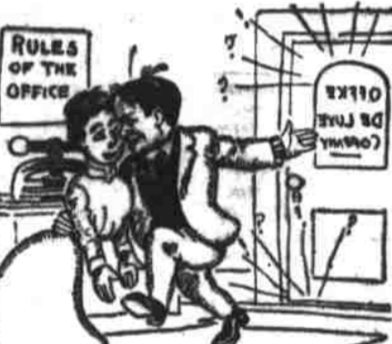
EXPLAINED.

Farmer—"What you doin' in my smokehouse?"
Ham Thief—"Why, I was just goin' by an' I thought I'd stop in an' have a smoke."

PERMANENT INJURY.

He—"In my first football game I was knocked silly."
She—"Ah, I see. And you never got over it!"

DEAR GIRLS.

Edythe—"Oh, it's grand! The stars are beautiful!"
Ethylle—"Oh, let me see, too!"

Curator—"Excuse me, ladies, if you will wait a moment I will take the cap off the telescope."

WHERE HE GOT OFF.

First Horsethief—"What you pinched fur—stealin' a champeen trotter?"
Second Horsethief—"Naw; wisht it was. I stole an automobile and couldn't get three mile an hour outer the machine."

CHANGED HIS MIND.

Friend—"How yer like yer job, Bill?"
Bill—"Bully, an' I'm a-goin' to stay right——"