

The GRAPHIC'S FUNNY LEAF

WIT
SAYLE
JOKES

HISTORY'S HOUSE-CLEANING.
When pigeon holes are cleared some day
What wondrous things will come to view!
What fears the contents will allay
While hopes forgotten dawn anew!
Beneath the dust of decades spread
What mighty documents we'll find!
What weighty arguments unread!
What vast reforms to bless mankind!

Dark secrets then will stand revealed
While fair impressions fade and die;
Grim mysteries will be unsealed
At last before the public eye.
Perchance some names scarce noted now
Will then be welcomed and revered.
In faith, 'twill be a jolly row
When the pigeon holes are cleared.

HARDER STILL.
'It must be harder still for public men whose turn has come to explain how they came to get defeated.'
'Yes,' answered the member pensively; 'but not as hard as it is for some of 'em to explain how they came to get elected.'

HIS 1899 MODEL.
'What style of tandem are you going to ride this year, Grumpey? I remember Miss Miggins objected to the one you had last season.'
'I'm going to ride the same tandem, but with some other girl.'

SAFE FROM DROWNING.
Visitor in Sydney: 'I should love dearly to go sailing, but it looks very dangerous. Do not people often get drowned in this bay?'
Waterman: 'No, indeed, mum. The sharks never lets anybody drown.'

MISCARRIED.
'What prevented you from marrying Miss Timmins?'
'I wrote her a proposal which she never received.'
'Didn't the postmaster deliver it?'
'No; I forgot to mail the letter.'

A SURE SIGN.
'I think I am in love with that girl. When she comes around I get three new diseases.'
'What are they?'
'Palpitation of the heart, ossification of the head, and paralysis of the tongue.'

AN ANOMALY.
His book on 'Making Money'
Was a wonderful success;
His volume on 'The Art of Wealth'
Is now upon the press;
His essays on 'The Way to Dine'
Give epicures delight,
And he's working on a volume:
'Living in a Sybarite.'

But his tailcoat's rather seedy,
And his hat is quite posse,
And his general tout ensemble
More or less suggests decay.
He rarely has a dollar
And with effort keeps afloat,
And he dines—when he is able—
At a common table d'hote.

MEAN.
Miss Dearborn: 'Is it a fact that your father is worth a lot of money?'
Miss Wabash: 'What put that idea in your head?'
'Why, I understand some man wants to marry you.'

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.
Friend 'So yours was a case of love at first sight?'
Mrs Getthere: 'Yes, indeed. I fell desperately in love with my dear husband the moment I set eyes upon him. I remember it as distinctly as if it were yesterday. I was walking with papa on the quay, when suddenly papa stopped, and, pointing him out, said: "There, my dear, is a man worth £10,000 a year."

SAVED.
'Never mind,' she said, as the old gentleman's heels flew out from under him and he landed on his back on the sidewalk in front of her; 'never mind, you are not the first man I have had at my feet.'
His system was badly shattered, but he smiled faintly, and the recording angel put her pen back upon the rack, without having made the black mark with which she had been all ready to decorate his page.

A WIDE DIFFERENCE.
'You say you gave me no encouragement,' he said, bitterly, after she had told him she would be a sister to him, 'and yet you surely kissed me when I gave you that gold-buckled belt.' At this she laughed merrily. 'And have you not yet learned to distinguish between official encouragement and a vote of thanks?' she asked. And then he went out into the cold world and declared that he never did think much of those parliamentary girls.

TWICE REMOVED.
She: My grandfather was cousin to the Earl of Bullyshanty, twice removed. He: Twice removed, eh? What for? Didn't he pay his rent?

TO BE CORRECT.
'Do you go to school, my little man?' asked the smiling visitor.
'No,' drawled the hopeful. 'I'm sent.'

A MODEST YOUTH.
'Who is the smartest boy in your class, Bobby?' asked his uncle.
'I'd like to tell you,' answered Bobby, modestly, 'only papa says I must not boast.'



NOT IN CHICAGO.
'Is that your wife?'
'I don't know.' The decision in our divorce case hasn't been announced.

THE PLAYHOUSE BEAR.
Whenever I go to the playhouse I sit in the endmost chair,
So little I reck of the rubberneck or the girl with the Eiffel hair,
But, oh! at each fall of the curtain, ordained by some law accurst,
A portly wretch on the quarterstretch is seized with a raging thirst;
He walks all over my Tribbys; he jumps on my cherished corn;
His lumbering tread would arouse the dead far better than Gabriel's horn.
By his shoes will ye know the monster, box-toed, brutal and square,
And make ye no truce with Abig-foot, the man that walks like a bear.
I'd rather be hit by the tram car, tho' it rinded me limb from limb,
Yea! Let me be caught by the juggernaut, but keep me away from him,
One night at the fall of the curtain, he took me by surprise;
I was reading jests in the programme, I did not lift my eyes.
Near and nearer he tottered; he hoisted his hoof and then—
I have not waltzed with women; I probably won't again.
So mark, when the orchestra tooteth, then is the time to beware!
Take ye no chance on Abig-foot, the man that walks like a bear.

DIDN'T MIND THE NOISE.
'Is the house very quiet?' he asked, as he inspected the room that had been advertised to let.
'No,' said the landlady, wearily. 'I can't truthfully say that it is. The four babies don't make much noise, for they never all cry at once, and the three pianos one gets used to, and the parrot is quiet sometimes; but the man with the clarinet, and the boy that is learning to play the flute, do make it noisier than I wish it was.'
'That's all right!' said the man, cheerfully. 'Live and let live is my motto! I'll take the room, and move in to-morrow, and the little things you mention will never disurb me. Good morning.'
And it was not till he had moved in and was settled that they learned his occupation. He played a trombone in an orchestra.

HER ATTACHMENT.
'I married for money,' said the gloomy man.
'Wasn't there a woman attached to it?' asked the cynic.
'Of course there was,' with increased gloom; 'so much attached to it that she has never parted with a cent.'

WISE WOMAN.
'Did she ask you if she was the only girl you had ever loved?' 'No; she said she wouldn't insult me by intimating that I had so neglected my opportunities. And besides—' 'Well?' 'She said she didn't have to ask; she could tell!'



AFTER THE CIRCUS LEFT TOWN.
'Don't move, mum. I want ter see if I kin jump on yer heel widont smashin' yer bonnet.'



CLEAN ENOUGH.
Policeman: 'Come, move on, you dirty tramp!'
Tramp (who has just been run over by a street-sweeper): 'Don't git gay, now! Who's had a cleanin' last me or you? See?'

STRIKING AN AVERAGE.
'What a tremendous expansionist Nigger is when he gets out in a crowd.' 'Yes, and what's a tremendous shrinker he is when he gets home.'

HE DID IT AGAIN.
'No; you can't kiss me,' she said.
'I think I can,' he replied, proceeding to prove his view at once.
The maiden's eyes gleamed ominously, while the young man, his bravado gone, trembled for the consequences of his audacity.
She spoke excitedly.
'You're a mean thing—that's what you are! But you can't do it again. So there!'

EXPERIMENTUM IN CORPORE VITI.
'You are Mr Quezeen, the husband of the celebrated lecturer on cookery, are you not?' 'Yes, sir,' said the dejected, hollow-eyed man. 'I am the man she tries her new dishes on.'

BEHIND THE TIMES.
'Who is that?' asked the schoolboy's father as he glanced through the text-book.
'Why, that's Atlas. He was supposed to hold the whole world on his shoulders.'
'H'm. He wasn't up to date. If he had lived later in history he would have organized a few corporations and tried to put it in his pocket.'