

The GRAPHIC'S FUNNY LEAF



DIDN'T KNOW IT.

Papa: I hear you were a bad girl to-day, and had to be spanked.
 Small Daughter: Mamma is awful strict. If I'd a known she used to be a school teacher, I'd a told you not to marry her.

WHICH?

Callahan (despondently): Shure, and Oi've been leading a dog's loife iver since Oi got married.
 Kerrigan (thoughtfully): Perhaps yez wint to the wrong clerk, Callahan, an' got a dog license instid uv a marriage license.

WHERE REASON TOTTERS.

Husband: 'What! Another hundred dollar gown. Didn't I tell you that you must keep within your allowance?'
 Wife (triumphantly): 'You said unless in case of absolute necessity.'

TRUE HEROISM.

'I'm going to kiss you,' gurgled the ancient maiden.
 'Madam,' said the hero, bracing himself for the ordeal, 'I have faced the foe too often to tremble in this hour of my danger.'

THE FORESAW.

'Don't you think that fellow who broke his engagement because the girl went to the jeweller and inquired the price of the ring a little sensitive?'
 'I think he was wise. A woman like that would be wanting her husband to keep an account of his private expenses.'

CONDITIONS.

Mrs Mann: You can't wash and iron, nor make the fire (satirically). Perhaps you might be able to sit in the parlour and read the morning paper after my husband has got through with it.
 The Worklady: I think I could do that, mem, if the paper had stories in it.

A DEEP SCHEME.

Together by our fire we sat,
 Her hands were clasped in mine,
 And in her musing face was that
 Which spake a thought divine.

She turned a fearless glance to me,
 Which proved her trusting soul,
 And then she breathed this subtlety:
 'My dear, we're out of coal.'

HIS ONE CHANCE.

'I understand, then,' remarked the lawyer, 'that you absolutely refuse to accept the legacy bequeathed you by your wife's will?'
 'That's right,' returned Mr Henpeck. 'This is the first chance I've ever had to oppose my wife's will, and I'm taking advantage of it.'



AH!
 Jack: 'Do you embrace Miss Sweetthing when you call on her?'
 Tom: 'Not any more. Her father has established a press censorship.'



Freddie's Fiancee (hearing her father coming downstairs softly)—Oh, Freddie, you can't think how pleased I am to know you admire papa so! But my ear-ache is better now, so I'll take my leave from your shoulder.

TOMMY IN DANGER.

Teacher: What's the matter with you to-day, Tommy? You seem to be nervous and uneasy.
 Tommy: I am. Yesterday was my pa and ma's wooden wedding and nearly all the neighbours sent 'em shingies.

An old country gentleman, returning home rather late, discovered a yokel with a lantern under his kitchen window, who, when asked his business there, stated he had only 'come a-courting.' 'Come a what?' said the irate gentleman. 'A-courting, sir. I've courting Mary.' 'That's not true. What do you want a lantern for? I never used one when I was a young man.' 'No, sir,' was the yokel's reply, 'I don't think yer did, judging by the missis.'

TOO EASY.

'Show me what a man eats and I will explain what he is.' 'Humph! I can tell what a man is without looking at what he eats. Even before you ordered that dish of oats I was convinced that you were a donkey.'

SPECIFIED.

Mrs Hunt: 'From what I hear of your husband I should infer that he is a man of iron will.'
 Mrs Hunt: 'You're right, he is, and pig-iron at that.'

COWBOY COMPLIMENT.

Once when Mme. Nordica was singing at a concert in Texas she forgot her warm overshoes. A cowboy whom she had utterly fascinated offered to bring them to her, and he did so, but he brought only one at a time. When Mme. Nordica thanked him, and in her gracious way regretted to have given him so much trouble, he said to her, 'Don't name it, ma'am. I wish you were a centipede.'

HE KNEW ITS VALUE.

Mrs Solomons: 'Yo know dot diamond ring you gef me for a New Year's present, Sol?'
 Mr Solomons: 'Yase.'
 Mrs Solomons: 'Vich you radder hef—dot fer a searf ring or a new silk handkerchief?'
 Mr Solomons: 'Vell, I dinka I take der—er—handkerchief.'

BEGUN.
 'You say the excavation for your new building has begun? I haven't seen any signs of it.'
 'It began in my pocket. I have just paid the architect a £100 fee for the design.'



A NEW TROUBLE.

Williams: 'Have you bought that dog to keep the burglars away?'
 Poodlesby: 'Yes.'
 Williams: 'Then you're not troubled any more at nights, I suppose?'
 Poodlesby: 'Only by the dog.'

WHY NOT?

'Did you send any of Jimmy's cast-off toys to the children's hospital?'
 'No; when Jimmy gets through with his toys you wouldn't know they had ever been toys.'

NOT QUITE.

Jack: Did you tell her that she was the handsomest woman in the ball-room?
 Tom: No. I said she was the best dressed.

BOY'S DEFINITION.

A clerical friend, having read in the 'Times' a series of definitions of the word 'liar,' supplies one of the word 'lie,' as follows: 'A teacher asked for a good definition of a lie, when a boy said, "A lie is an abomination to the Lord, and a present help in time of trouble."'

HUMDRUM EXISTENCE.

Mrs Wiggles: 'My husband and I never quarrel.'
 Mrs Waggles: 'How tame and uninteresting your life must be.'

PERPETUAL MOTION.

Here is the 'philosophy' of perpetual motion as solved by an up-to-date philosopher:—
 Rags make paper.
 Paper makes money.
 Money makes banks.
 Banks make loans.
 Loans make poverty.
 Poverty makes rags.
 Rags make—well, just keep on repeating the above.

NO GETTING AROUND IT.

'Yes, he made his first lucky strike in eggs. He bought 10,000 dozen at a low figure, put them in cold storage, and sold them at a profit of more than 200 per cent. That was the cornerstone of his enormous fortune.'
 'And the hens laid it. How strange!'



ONLY WAY LEFT.

'I wonder how the servant girl question will finally be settled.'
 Her husband (gruntingly): 'With a club I imagine.'

A NEW PIE CRUST MARKER.

An Irish servant was complimented once by her mistress before company on the elaborate ornamentation of a large pie at dinner. 'Why, Bridget, you are quite an artist. How did you manage to do this so beautifully?' she inquired, thinking to rally her for the company's amusement.
 'Indade, it was meself that did it, mum,' said Biddy, with a malicious grin. 'Isn't it purty, mum? I did it with your false teeth, mum.'

'I suppose you save a good deal of money now that the gold season is over—caddie hire, etc.?' 'Save money! Well, I guess not! It's more expensive than ever. Why, only last month my wife smashed a £10 vase practising her swing in the parlour, my daughter has broken two gas fixtures, and I myself, as careful as I am, have torn two holes in the rug!'

A WARM ARTICLE.

The emotional litterateur has just written a piece of which he was very proud. The editor looked it over and said—'Do you candidly think such opinions ought to go into cold type?' 'I don't know much about the practical work of printing,' was the reply, 'but I don't believe it makes any difference. Even if the type is cold, I guess that article will take the chill off it.'