

The GRAPHIC'S FUNNY LEAF

WIT
ASTIRE
JOKES

NOT SO BAD AFTER ALL.
Cobbie: 'Well, old man, my wife has had a legacy left her.'
Stone: 'Congratulations! I am glad your marriage has turned out so well.'

TWO OF THEM.
He: 'What is the name of your machine?'
She: 'Do you mean the name the maker gives it, or the name papa called it when he fell over it in the hall night before last?'

THE HORNS OF A DILEMMA.
'My wife owns two hats, and so we are always late to the theatre.'
'Why is that?'
'She can't decide which to wear.'

A WATERLOO VETERAN.
An English lady, walking with her little girl, saw a lame old beggar bearing on his hat the legend, 'I fought at Waterloo.' Give him some money, for he helped to save your country,' said the lady. As the child dropped some silver into his hand the ex-soldier bowed and exclaimed, 'Merci, mademoiselle.'

THEIR DRAWBACK.
'I hate to have John take long rides on his bicycle before sunrise.'
'Do you think they are injurious?'
'Of course; I always have to get up and get breakfast for him before he goes.'

A WILLING SACRIFICE.
She: 'Although my father is rich, I have never cared for wealth but as a means to an end.'
He: 'Well, I'm ready to go as end man at a moment's notice.'

ONLY TOO TRUE.
'Dearest,' she murmured, 'I'm so afraid you'll change.'
'Darling,' he answered, 'you'll never find any change about me.'
Which was painfully true in a double sense.



AN AFFINITY.
Kitty: 'Madge says she will never marry until she meets her ideal.'
Beatrice: 'Silly girl! What is her ideal?'
Kitty: 'A young man who will propose to her.'

RIGHT SORT.
Steady Company after a running comment on business success in general: 'I must say, Miss Florence, that if there is one thing I particularly admire in a man it is business enterprise.'
Miss Florence: 'So do I. There's young Rushman, for instance. He's only been calling on Miss Sparks two months, and they're engaged already.'



HIS STRONG POINT.
Policeman X (to cook who has jilted him): 'I can tell you one thing; you may, perhaps, get a handsomer fellow in my place, but one with a healthier appetite, NEVER!'

AN IDYLL.
A young lady from the country was suing her ex-sweetheart for breach of promise, and the lawyers were, as usual, making all sorts of inquisitive inquiries. 'You say,' remarked one, 'that the defendant frequently sat very close to you?' 'Yes, sir,' was the reply, with a hectic flush. 'How close?' 'Close enough so's one cheer was all the settin' room we needed.' 'And you say he put his arm around you?' 'No, I didn't.' 'What did you say then?' 'I said he put both arms round me.' 'Then what?' 'He hugged me.' 'Very hard?' 'Yes, he did so hard that I come purty near hollerin' out.' 'Why didn't you holler?' 'Cause.' 'That's no reason. Be explicit, please. Because why?' 'Cause I was afeared he'd stop.'

ALL OFF.
He: 'To be candid, darling, I feel that before we are married I must pay up my debts.'
She: 'And so you have only been trifling with me!'

GOOD REASON.
Hewitt: I sat at the table next to yours at the restaurant yesterday and I don't see how you could laugh at the stale stories that Gruet was telling.
Jewett: He was paying for the dinner.

WHY.
'How did he happen to marry her?'
The young woman to whom the question was addressed shrugged her shoulders. 'It was her boast that she never spoke ill of her friends, and she was determined to live up to that high ideal.'
'You can see for yourself that he wears goggles,' she said.

LITERARY NOTE.
He: 'Have you read Kipling's 'Departmental Ditties?'
She: 'You don't mean to tell me that he has taken up the department stores? What won't he try next?'

THERE ARE MORE OF THE SAME.
'I know one man at least who is a confirmed woman hater.'
'Because he couldn't get one to marry him?'
'No; because he did.'

ONE TRUTH.
'According to you your husband never told you a single truth before you were married.'
'Oh, he wasn't quite so bad as that. He always used to say he was unworthy of me.'

HOGG'S TALES.
'Are you fond of Hogg's tales?' asked a lady of an old farmer the other evening.
'Yes, I like 'em roasted, with salt on 'em,' was the response.
'No, but I mean have you read Hogg's tales?'
'No, indeed, said he. 'Our hogs are all white or black. I don't think there is a red one among them.'

SHOULDN'T BLAME THE POOR MAN.
Walker: 'What funny knees old Badly has. Why doesn't he get new ones?'
Clarkey: 'I guess he can't. The doctor says he's on his last legs.'

DOUBTFUL.
Lord Dedbroke: Did Miss Paekenharn blush when you proposed to her?
Count Zutheim: No, she turned pale and said she was afraid her fader might go into some bat spegulations before she could get vort to him.

NO SWEARING.
English student of Shakspeare, in train nearing Forres, to a Scottish elder: 'This is the locality of the "blasted heath," is it not?'
Elder: 'A'm chief elder o' a Free Kirk, and a allow nae profanity in ma hearin'. If there was a colleision and ye died wi' that word on your lips whaur wad ye be?'



QUESTIONS OF VALUES.
He knew that she was a clever business woman, and therefore he thought his scheme a good one. But he did not realise that she was such a good judge of values.
'I have made a bet that I will marry you,' he said.
'Money up?' she asked.
'Yes,' he answered, pleased at the business-like way she took hold of the proposition.
'How much?'
'A hundred pounds.'
She looked him over critically.
'Too low,' she said at last. 'You'll have to get it raised to £1,000 or you'll lose.'
And at that, as she afterwards explained, she was giving him a bargain day price.

THE PRICE OF AFFECTION.
The Mother: I am sure you would learn to love my children.
Nurse: What wages do you pay?
The Mother: Eighteen pounds a year.
Nurse: I am afraid, ma'am, I could only be affectionate with them at that price.

IT ALL DEPENDS.
He: 'Do you believe in long engagements?'
She: 'He has plenty of money and is inclined to be liberal, a long engagement is the thing, but if he cannot afford boxes at the opera and such things I always make his regime very short.'

WHEN CHINA FLIES.
Watts: Seems to have been some trouble over at Wicwire's house.
Potts: Well, yes. His wife told him to advertise for a parlourmaid, and he goes and puts in the ad. 'blond preferred.'

THRILLING.
He: How did you like that book I sent you?
She: Oh, it was just lovely! The hero and heroine quarrelled and made up in every chapter but one.



KNOW WHAT TO DO.
Blink: 'The trouble with a bore is one never knows what to do with him.'
Wink: 'Not at all. The trouble is one's always afraid to do it.'

AT THE ASYLUM.
Visitor: 'I suppose most of the patients are quite rational on many points?'
Doctor: 'Oh, yes. Some of them quarrel about the different makes of wheels just as if they were absolutely sane.'

THE OTHER ELECTION.
Mrs Fogg: Mr Selah preached a beautiful sermon this forenoon. So helpful, too. He said we should make our calling and election sure.
Mr Fogg: Election sure! What does he know about politics, anyway? You never can be sure these days.

A MERE HABIT.
'I am told that he is her fifth husband.'
'Say, it must be awful to a man to feel that his wife looks on him as a mere habit.'

HIS CHARITY.
Mrs Henpeque: So you did an act of charity to-day to commemorate the tenth anniversary of our wedding?
Mr Henpeque: Yes; one of my clerks wanted a rise of salary so that he could get married, and I refused him.

A REAL FAIRY STORY.
Sister (finishing the story): 'And so they were married and lived happily ever afterwards.'
Tommy: 'And is that why you call it a "fairy story"?'

THE REWARD OF MERIT.
An Englishman has received the prize at a students' cisteddoff in Wales for his cyghanodd on Frawd hsiarn y Wyddfa. Whatever the prize was he richly deserved it.



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