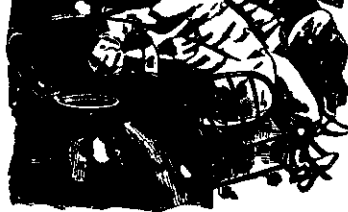


The GRAPHIC'S FUNNY LEAF



MEAN MAN.

The mean man was looking happy, "Whose feelings have you hurt now?" he was asked.

"My nephew's," said he. "I have just sent him a letter asking him to accept the enclosed hundred-dollar cheque as a little birthday gift."

"But where does your specialty come in on such a proposition as that?"

"I didn't put in any cheque."

QUANTITY VS. QUALITY.

"No, Miss Emboupoint," said the impresario, "I fear that I cannot star you as 'A Lady of Quality.' I might be able to cast you in the title role of 'A Lady of Quantity,' however."

And next day the newspapers had another horse-ship story.

UNMASKED.

He—Who is that ugly old woman over there by the piano?

She—Oh, that's Mme. Cosmetique, the famous beauty specialist.

ACCURATE.

"What did yez mane be callin' Sargeint Donnigan a kopje?" asked Mr Dolan.

"It shows me culcher," said Mr Rafferty, "A kopje is a little kop, and Donnigan's the smallest man on the force."

UNAMIABLE MOOD.

"Why is it," said Willie Washington, "that a woman who has no ties of affection will devote herself to a pug dog?"

"I don't know," answered Miss Cayenne. "If I felt positively obliged to make a choice I believe there could be found a man who was less stupid and annoying than a pug dog."

EVENED UP.

"This living in furnished rooms," said the wife, "is hard on the children."

"No doubt," replied her husband, who was endeavouring to remove the marks of sticky fingers from the plush sofa, "but the children are also hard on furnished rooms."

EXASPERATING.

"Gee whiz! How my wife does aggravate me!"

"You surprise me. Surely she doesn't henpeck you?"

"No. It's her awful meekness. Whenever we have an argument, and I'm in the right, she always sighs, and says: 'O, very well, dear, have it your own way.'"



AN IRREPARABLE LOSS.

Neighbour (much distressed): Oh, my! So the story is true, and your husband has really eloped with the servant girl?

Deserted Wife (weeping): Yes, and she was the best girl I ever had, too—a splendid cook and so quiet and obedient, and respectful. Goodness knows where I shall be able to get another like her!



HIS FORTE.

Aspirant: There, professor, you have heard my voice. Now, please tell me candidly what branch of vocalism it is best adapted for?

Professor: Well—cheering!

A FEELING OF RESENTMENT.

"Did you do anything to celebrate Shakespeare's birthday this week?"

"I should say not," answered the man with the big diamond and the fierce moustache. "A man who wrote those box office frosts like 'Macbeth' and 'King Lear' ought to be glad he's livin' without askin' for any celebrations."

A DEAD SHOT.

Sportsman, to Smithson, who hasn't brought down a single bird all day: "Do you know Lord Parkhouse?"

Smithson: "Oh, dear, yes! I've often shot at his house."

Sportsman: "Ever hit it?"

THE NEWEST JOURNALISM.

Shank: Yes; Wardle is quite an enterprising editor. When he heard about Sheldon, of "In His Steps" fame, running an American daily journal as Christ would run a newspaper, Wardle proposed to edit his paper, the "Evening Caterwaul," as Satan would edit it, and he came very near putting his project into execution.

O'Shawe: Why didn't he?

Shank: He couldn't think of any changes to make.

A COLD-BLOODED PROPHET.

Dramatic Author (after reading first two acts of his play): Now, then, can you tell me how the play is going to end?

Manager: Of course I can!

Author: How?

Manager: The second night.

ONE THING AT A TIME.

George: I think only of you, my darling. Do you think only of me?

Mabel: Why, George; don't you know I'm arranging my trousseau?

RAPID DEVELOPMENT.

"You are in business in the South?" asked the passenger in the skull cap.

"Yes," said the passenger in the smoking jacket.

"Is business good out there?"

"Yes. In the last two years our plant has increased in size more than one thousand per cent."

"Great Scott! What was the size of your plant originally?"

"It consisted of a pair of rabbits."

NOT FOR HOME CONSUMPTION.

Admiring Friend: How proud you must be, Gladys, of having a papa who is an author.

Gladys: Oh, mamma's very careful about our reading. I don't know papa's books at all.

I REALLY DON'T KNOW.

Would I marry again? Sometimes I say "No."

Yet men are all charming as far as they go.

And yet there are times when they bother one so—

I really don't know.

At other times, too, when the world appears slow,

With many a place that a woman can't go

Unless she is flanked by a fellow, and so—

I really don't know.

Perhaps if some lovable sweetheart once came

And offered to share both his heart and his name—

I might be persuaded to enter the game.

I really don't know.

It is all very well a cynic to be,

Yet woman is sweetest when loving, you see,

So—if I loved him, and I knew he loved me—

Well, I really don't know.

CAREFULLY GUARDED.

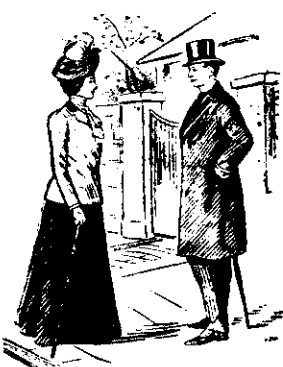
Julia: Is Carrie jealous of her husband?

Eleanor: Jealous? I should think so! Why, on their wedding trip she wouldn't let him admire the scenery!

AN ALTERNATIVE.

"I will die," said the rejected suitor, "and then she will see how much I loved her!"

"Don't go to extremes," said his friend, soothingly. "Couldn't you indicate your feelings by taking to drink?"



AS SHE IS SPOKE.

He: I suppose your French lessons were of great service to you in Paris?

She (just returned from the Exhibition): Not very much. The stupid creatures don't seem to understand their own language.

THE BEST OF THREE.

After successfully defending, at an assize, a prisoner who had pleaded an alibi, Sir Frank Lockwood went for a walk in the town, and met the presiding judge, who said, "Well, Lockwood, that was a very good alibi."

"Yes, my lord," was the answer; "I had three suggested to me, and I think I selected the best."

A MORAL ROGUE.

Footpad (to tourist whom he has robbed)—"What! A love letter from another woman in your pocket? You wretch, I am going to send that to your wife!"

DEEPLY REGRETTED.

"What's my husband? Nothin', air; bin dead this many a year! Blown to pieces in a gunpowder magazine! There wasn't even time for a p'lice-man to take his dispositions, an' nothin' to hold a postmaster's examination on, sir!"



ESSENTIAL TO HAPPINESS.

Magistrate: Can't you and your husband live together without fighting?

Complainant: No, Your Worship—not happily.

SOLDIERS OF THE QUEEN.

"Sure, Terence, if ye go to the front, kape at the back, or ye'll be kilt. Oh know it!"

"Faith, an' isn't that the way Oi gets my livin'?"

A JUDAS KISS.

"Shall I leave the hall-lamp burning?"

Mrs Jaggsby: "No; Mr Jaggsby won't be home until daylight. He kissed me five times before he left this morning, and gave me twenty dollars for a new bonnet."

NOT NOW.

Returned Tourist: "Is Mr Goodheart still paying attentions to your daughter?"

"No, he isn't paying her any attention at all."

"Indeed? Did he jilt her?"

"No; he married her."

HIS VIEW OF IT.

She: "I think it's a shame that so many of our society women are going on the stage."

He: "Oh, I don't know! A woman isn't to blame for trying to get up in the world."

A DELICATE COMPLIMENT.

A prominent gentleman in Scotland is in the habit of lending small sums of money, without asking interest, to any deserving party who asks it. Recently he was asked by a well-known character in the city where he resides, named Jock—, for a few pounds to purchase a cart and cuddy, and set up in the fish business.

"Well, Jock," said the gentleman, "if I give you this money how are you going to pay me?"

This was a poser for Jock; but a thought struck him, and he blurted out: "Weel, sir, if ye're kind enough to gie me the money, I'll tell ye whit I'll dae—I'll name the cuddy efter ye!"

A GENTLE TOUCH.

Visitor: "But surely you don't like being exhibited in shop windows?"

Actress: "I don't know. Do you think you would mind, dear, if you were good-looking?"

THOSE MEDICINE ADS.

Aunt Susan: Bid the story you were just reading in the newspaper end happily, Joshua?

Uncle Joshua (approvingly): "Gosh! Yes. The beautiful heroine got cured of an incurable disease, an' it tells the name and price of the pills that done the trick."

BOUND TO SELL.

Clerk: "That's a very fine piece of goods, madam."

Madam: "I don't believe there is enough here."

"We have more just like it."

"It's a little too high, too."

"We will order a darker shade, with pleasure."

"And it's awfully expensive."

"You will not be hurried with the bill, madam."

"And I know my husband won't like it."

"We will enclose a divorce with the goods."