

The GRAPHIC'S FUNNY LEAF

WIT
SAVINGS
LITERARY
JOKE

ASKING TOO MUCH.
"That's the fault of lots of people," exclaimed Duff, disgustedly.
"What is?" inquired Muff.
"They think that you wouldn't do them a good turn unless you always turn the grindstone when they have an axe to grind."

SHE HAD 'EM.
Miss Newlyrich was being taught how to play hearts. A diamond was led and she played a club.
"Have you no diamonds?" they asked her.
"Oh, she has any quantity upstairs," exclaimed her mother, proudly.

HER FIRST QUESTION.
"At last," said the great scientist, "I have fully established communication with Mars. What great question shall I submit to them first?"
"Ask them," said the young woman promptly, "if they have discovered a comfortable and suitable bicycle costume for girls that is also attractive."

LOSING VENTURE.
"The trouble with experience is that you can't sell it, no matter how much it cost."
"No?"
"No. There may be hundreds of men buying it in the open market while you have a large accumulation on hand that you are ready to dispose of at a discount, but they won't buy from you. The peculiarity of experience as a business commodity is that everyone seems to be determined to get it fresh and pay the full retail price for it. There is absolutely no demand for the second-hand article."

ADIEU.
Prima Donna: Appearances are very deceptive.
Comedian: Especially farewell appearances.



A GONER.

(Grogson (in alarm): Great Scott! I've left my purse under my pillow.
Fisher: Oh, well, your servant is honest, isn't she?
Grogson: That's just it—she'll take it to my wife.



BUSINESS.
Shopkeeper (whose patience is completely exhausted): Suppers, call the porter to kick this fellow out.
Importunate Commercial Traveller (undaunted): Now, while we're waiting for the porter, I'll show you an entirely new line—best thing you ever laid eyes on.

THE SIZE OF IT.
"The principal ingredient in all these patent medicines is the same."
"It must be a powerful drug. What is it?"
"Printer's ink."

SO SEDATE.
How did you like the new preacher, dear?" asked Mrs Fijit when her husband returned from church.
"He's great," replied her husband, "He woke me up only once."

HER IDEA OF IT.
"Mrs Giezer intends to have a number of literary evenings," said Mrs Tenspot to Mrs Hojack.
"What is her idea of literary evenings?"
"Well, she's to give a Ben Hur progressive euvre, followed by a Long-fellow ping pong."

SURE PROOF.
"Now that my engagement to Edgar is broken off, I wonder if he'll ask me to return the jewels that he gave me?"
"If he doesn't ask for them I'd send them back at once—for in that case they're not genuine!"

UNDOUBTEDLY THE CASE.
It was 11.30 p.m. by the clock in the steeple when the youth felt called upon to say something.
"Don't you know," he remarked, "I could sit by your side forever."
"Yes," answered the dear girl in the case, suppressing a yawn, "and at the present writing it looks as though you intended to."

"I see you've got an automobile. Were you ever in a race?"
"Yes."
"How did you come out?"
"On crutches a month later."

WHEN IT BEGAN.
"Eve," asked Adam, one bright May morning in the year 2, "where are those best fig leaf trousers of mine?"
"Were those your best?" inquired Eve. "I thought you did not want them any more, and gave them to a tramp monkey that happened along."
Inwardly raging, Adam hid himself to the fig patch and tried to find a pattern that matched his coat and vest.

A PLAUSIBLE EXPLANATION.
"Gladys," he sighed, as he leaned toward the frivolous young thing, "Gladys, there is something within me that tells me that you love me—something that thrills through and through me, bearing a message."
"Henry," interrupted the maiden fair, "you have evidently cross-circuited a wireless message that I have nothing to do with."

FAMILIARITY.
"I'm glad to see you. And how did you enjoy your visit to the south?"
"Oh, not very much! There wasn't a soul where I was staying except intimate friends."

HE KNEW IT.
Wife (kissing him): Dear, dear Jack!
Jack (aside): There goes another five.

HIS EXPERIENCE.
"You can't imagine," said the musical young woman, "how distressing it is when a singer realizes that she has lost her voice."
"Perhaps not," replied the man, "but I've got a fair idea of how distressing it is when she doesn't realize it."

HIS NO LONGER.
"I suppose you own the house you live in?"
"I used to."
"Sold it, eh?"
"No; got married."



A CRUSHER.
Bragge: I was knocked senseless by a cricket ball two years ago.
The Boy in the Corner: When does yer expect ter get over it?

CLEAR CASE.
"I think Carrye is going to elope with Cholly to-night."
"Why?"
"She's been committing the marriage service to memory all morning."

CONSIDERATE.

Mrs Fijit: Why don't you ask Mr Nextdoor for our lawn mower, Henry?
Mr Fijit: Oh, he's only had it three years, and I don't want to offend him.



A NIGHTMARE.
Mrs Flocke: Henry, don't you think my new bonnet is a perfect dream?
Mr Flocke (thinking of the bill): Yes, and a jolly bad one!

HIS QUALIFICATIONS.
He was pleading his cause earnestly.
"I am wealthy," he said, "and could make ample provision for you."
She nodded and checked one point off on her fingers.
"I have had experience with the world," he continued.
She checked off another point.
"I have passed the frivolous point," he went on, "and I have the steadfastness, the age and the wisdom to guard and guide you well."
He paused for an answer.
"The points you make are strong ones," she said, "but they lead undeviatingly to the conclusion that you would make an excellent father for me. You have all the necessary qualifications, but just now I am looking for a husband."

EXPERT TESTIMONY.
"Do you think," she asked the rich old widower, "that it is possible for one to be a gentleman without a college education?"
"Well, I guess so," he answered "Mr and my three brothers have more money than any other forty men that ever come out of our county, and there ain't none of us that ever seen the inside of a college."

KEEPING THE FAMILY.
"So you want my daughter?" growled the old man. "Can you support a family?"
"What's the matter?" remanded the suitor, suspiciously; "are you out of work?"

NO CHANCE FOR POPULARITY.
"Do you think Boggs would make a winning candidate?"
"What is his first name?"
"Algernon."
"Turn him down. We must have a candidate the boys can call 'Bill.'"

A REAL NEED.
"Here's an invention that enables you to see the man who rings you up over the telephone."
"That's well enough. But what is really needed is something that will enable you to punch him on the jaw."

TIP FOR WILLIE.
Little Willie: Ma was looking over the paper to-day and I spoke to her five times, but she never answered.
Pa: My son, you may as well learn now as later that it is a waste of time to try to attract a woman's attention from a bargain advertisement.