

# The GRAPHIC'S FUNNY LEAF

**A CHILD OF AGE.**  
I met a little city girl,  
She'd been to school, she said;  
"Are these schoolbooks you're carrying?"  
She smiled and shook her head:

"The Visits of Elizabeth, and  
"Elizabeth's Garden, sir,  
The Letters of Elizabeth's Mother,  
And Elizabeth's Letters to Her;

"Here are Elizabeth's Diary,  
And Elizabeth's Washing List;  
Elizabeth's Engagement Book,  
And a List of the Kisses She Missed."

"And this in the age we live in!"  
I looked at the maid and sighed;  
"I think it is the Age of Elizabeth,"  
The shy young thing replied.

**AN INFANT PRODIGY.**  
The Director of the Art School—  
And what makes you think your boy  
has a talent for art, madam?  
Madam—Oh, he's so fond of scratching  
faces on the furniture with a nail.

**CRITICAL BRUTALITY.**  
Artist—This is the scene I wanted  
you to give me a title for.  
Critic—It's—why not call it home?  
Artist—Home! Why?  
Critic—Because there's no place  
like it.

**EQUIVOCAL.**  
Mrs. Bobbs—I quite thought you  
had forgotten us, Miss Gusher.  
Miss Gusher—Well, I have a bad  
memory for faces as a rule but I  
should not be likely to forget yours!

**ONLY A LITTLE ONE.**  
London Host—Will you have a little  
pie, Mr. Greenleigh?  
Mr. Greenleigh (a country visitor)  
—Well, to tell you the truth, I ain't  
very hungry, but if it's only a little  
'un, I don't mind trying it.



**AN UNDESIRABLE ATTACHMENT.**  
Customer: A month or so ago I  
bought a plaster of you to help me  
get rid of lumbago.  
Chemist: Well, sir, I hope it proved  
effective.  
Customer: It did. And now I want  
something to help me get rid of the  
plaster.

**HINTS FOR THE HOME.**  
Housekeeper—What's the best way  
to keep fish from smellin'?  
Purveyor—Cut off their noses.

**ALWAYS PUSHING.**  
"No, sir!" exclaimed the loud-  
voiced commercial in the smoker.  
"I'm proud to say that no house in  
the country has more men pushing its  
line of goods than ours."  
"What do you sell?" asked a curious  
one.  
"Baby carriages."

**CAUSE AND EFFECT.**  
Duffers—Plinkin's wife is a very su-  
perior woman, isn't she?  
Buffers—Yes. How do you know?  
Duffers—Oh, he has such a hang-  
dog look.

**CONVINCING PROOF.**  
She: I had no idea before last night  
that Mr Watson was a man of such  
lofty ambitions and exalted ideals.  
He: How did you come to find out?  
She: He proposed to me.

**FROM BAD TO WUSS.**  
First Tramp: Did the old man give  
yer anything? Second Tramp: Naw.  
First Tramp: What did you say to  
him? Second Tramp: I says, "Could  
yer 'elp a poor man as is out o'  
work?" an' he said, "Oh, ves; I can  
give yer work for three weeks."  
Times seems to be gettin' wuss an'  
wuss every day, don't they?



**TABOOED.**  
The Crystal Gazer: I can tell you  
about a buried treasure.  
Patron: Please don't. My husband  
is always drumming that into my  
ears.  
The Crystal Gazer: Does he know  
anything about a buried treasure?  
Patron: Yes—his first wife.

**TOO DEAR.**  
Edith: Richard, this would be a  
good time to apply to papa for his  
consent. Richard: Is he in a particu-  
larly good humour? Edith: By no  
means. He is very angry over my  
dressmaker's bills, and would be glad  
of almost any excuse to get rid of me.

Fond Mamma: Oh, Charles, plucked  
again! Whatever will your father  
say? Spoilt Darling: Well, mother  
dear, it's not my fault. The stupid  
examiner asked me the same ques-  
tions that they asked me last year.

**BETTER STILL.**  
"I admire your wife's style of writ-  
ing. Her diction is perfect." "Yes,  
her diction is all right. So is her con-  
tradiction. That's wonderful."

**NO CHANCE.**  
"You have been allowing games of  
chance in your house," said a magis-  
trate to a delinquent publican. "No,  
your worship, no," was the defence;  
"there was no chance about it.  
Everybody cheated."



**CONSIDERATE.**  
Bridegroom (a week after the wed-  
ding): I haven't seen anything of  
your father's £500 cheque yet. He  
promised it, didn't he?  
Bride: Yes; but he heard that your  
father had already given us one, and  
he knew we shouldn't care to have  
duplicate presents.

**CAUGHT ON HIS OWN HOOK.**  
Boarder (warmly): Oh, I know  
every one of the tricks of your trade.  
Do you think I have lived in board-  
inghouses 20 years for nothing?  
Landlady (frigidly): "I shouldn't be  
at all surprised."

**IT ALL DEPENDS.**  
Dings: I'm going to shoot the man  
who sold me my house in the suburbs.  
I asked him particularly if the house  
was within walking distance of the  
station, and he said that he couldn't  
tell exactly, as he had never lived in  
the house, but his brother had, and  
that the brother thought nothing of  
the walk between the station and the  
house.  
Mings: What?  
Dings: That brotner while he lived  
there was in training for the two-  
mile handicap run, and the station is  
just that far from the house.

**CANDID.**  
Miss Summit: Can you tell me the  
time by your watch, Mr. Hardup?  
Hardup (sadly): Not before next  
week."

When Mr Smith got on to the top of  
the tram car he had a bag on the  
two seats in front of him. A stranger  
lifted the bag and sat down. "Sir,"  
said Mr Smith, "I am reserving these  
seats for two gentlemen." "That's  
all right," said the stranger, "I'll be  
one of them."

It is a thankless world. A man  
gets no credit when he pays cash!

**TOPOGRAPHICALLY UNRE-  
SPONSIVE.**  
Miss Pilkington—Aren't the moun-  
tains lovely?  
Mr. Whilks—Oh, I don't know.  
Since I play golf I can't endure roll-  
ing country.

**HIS CONCLUSION.**  
Cohenstein—V-t makes you tink  
your last fire vac caused py rats  
gnawing matches?  
Isaacstein—Vell, I springled a  
pound of powdered cheeze over a box  
of matches der night pefore!

**A SMALL THING.**  
The Wife—Oh, George, I've lost my  
bathing suit! What shall I do?  
The Husband—Don't say anything  
about it, and it won't be missed.

**OUTDONE.**  
"Throw away that vile cigar."  
"Not much, mister; go an' find yer  
own butt!"

**A MONETARY CHOICE.**  
"Which do you like better—money  
or nobility?"  
"Well, I love a dollar, but I wor-  
ship a sovereign!"

**CONTAMINATED.**  
"You are an authority on history,  
I believe?"  
"No," replied the scholar, sadly. "I  
used to be before I began reading  
historical novels."

**NOT EXACTLY DULL.**  
"He has had an interesting career,  
hasn't he?"  
"Well, rather. He has been  
through two fortunes, three wives  
and a sanitarium."

**FAINT HEART WON.**  
Dora—How many times did you re-  
fuse Jack before you accepted him?  
Ethel—Only once. He seemed so  
discouraged I was afraid to try it  
again.

**ALL ARRANGED.**  
"I wonder what your father will  
say when I ask him for your hand?"  
"Don't worry about that, dear. He  
rehearsed it with me last evening,  
and he does it beautifully."

**A BARGAIN.**  
Janice—Do you know, Horatio, dat  
every boy hez a chance ter be de  
President?  
Horatio (thoughtfully)—Well, I'll  
sell my chance for ten cents.

**WITH A LOUD REPORT.**  
Scribbler—My new play is entitled  
"The Mystery of the Firecracker."  
Critic—Success?  
Scribbler—Oh! yes; it went off, all  
right.



**NO HOPE.**  
Uncle: What a big boy you're get-  
ting, Bobbie!  
Bobbie (gloomily): Yes, I'm 'gin-  
ning to think there's no chance of me  
being a jockey.