

# The GRAPHIC'S FUNNY LEAF



### THE SPELL OF THE MOTOR.

"Must I take your answer as final, then?"  
 "Yes. I hate you. I don't want to ever see you again!"  
 "Ah, well, then it is good-bye. I suppose I had better ask your friend Nancy Backbyte to come out in my new motor to-morrow—and—"  
 "How dare you say such a thing! Oh, George, how could you forget me so easily!"

### AN UNPLEASANT SURPRISE.

"How many of you are there" asked a voice from an upper window of a party of "waits."  
 "Four," was the reply.  
 "Divide that among you!" said the voice, as a bucket of water fell, "like the gentle dew from heaven," on the expectants' beneath.

### HIS CHARACTER.

"Why, Clara, dear, what has happened? It is not a month since your marriage, and I find you in tears already!"  
 "Ah, Hilda, darling! George is standing as member, you know, and I've only just learnt from the opposition papers what a really dreadful man I have married!"

### THE OLD, OLD STORY.

Husband: "Now, what is the use of buying that silver-plated trash for a wedding-present? Why not send something useful?"  
 Wife: "Huh! I suppose you'd like me to send her a cooking stove and a coal scuttle and a kitchen table. They'd look well on the piano, with our cards attached, wouldn't they?"

### NOT DISINTERESTED.

"Mabel," said her father, after Mr Stalate had left, "that young man owns shares in the gas company, does he not?"  
 "Yes."  
 "And he is also heavily interested in the coal trade?"  
 "I believe so."  
 "Well, hereafter he must be reminded that his departure is due at ten p.m. I am convinced that his devotion to you is not disinterested."

### WHICH?

He was a noble lord, and he was in an awful rage with one of his footmen.  
 "It is intolerable!" he exclaimed. "Are you a fool, or am I?"  
 "Oh! my lord," replied James, with humility, anxious to appease the great man. "I am sure you would not keep a servant who was a fool."



### A SELF-PRESERVATIONIST.

Henrietta: What an odd-looking gentleman you are, to be sure!  
 Algernon: Yes, I'm training to be a feather duster so's I won't get in the soup.

### UNION RATES.

Mother: "Now, Bobby, if you'll be good for ten minutes I'll give you a penny."  
 Bobby: "Can't do it, mamma. Our boys' 'Be Good Union' has fixed the amalgamated scale at a penny for three minutes."

### REALISM IN ART.

Caricaturist: "Things have come to a pretty pass when they refuse a tramp joke because it was done in wash."  
 Friend: "But how about the others?"  
 Caricaturist: "Said the pig joke should have been made with a pen, the crazy man in distemper, and hereafter want all teetotal jokes worked up with a dry point."

### IN THE NEAR FUTURE.

The Cook: "O'm sorry, mum, but the walkin' diligate av th' Supreme Order av Cooks hov ordered me to throw up me job."  
 Mrs Subbub (tearfully): "Oh, Norah! What have I done?"  
 The Cook: "Nawthin', mum; but your foolish husband got shaved in a non-union barber-shop th' day before yesterday."



### BRIEF PANTOMIME.

The doctor's report.  
 A SURE THING.

### AN ANSWER.

"In what condition was the patriarch Job at the end of his life?" asked a Sunday-school teacher of a quiet boy.  
 "Dead!" calmly replied the youth.

### HATS OFF.

The lady was choosing a hat. After trying on nearly every hat in the shop, she pounced with glee on one lying on the counter.  
 "Here's something pretty!" she said, as she tried it on. "There's some style about this, isn't there?"  
 Her friend sniffed.  
 "It's very dowdy," she said.  
 The other tried it at another angle.  
 "It is rather dowdy," she said. "I won't take it, after all."  
 Then a voice from behind her said, very bitterly:  
 "If you've quite done with my hat I should rather like to put it on!"

### CURED.

Playwright: "From the nature of my play you see it ought to close with some line or significant act from the hero in perfect accord with the feelings of the audience." Critic: "Why not let him have a sigh of relief, then?"

### WE'VE ALL BEEN THERE.

Jasper: "What are you looking so annoyed about?"  
 Mrs Jasper: "I expected a day's rest, and didn't get it. This is the cook's day out, but she insisted on staying at home."

Teacher: "Now, Master Kirby, you should be more correct in your composition. You say 'I love school.' Now, school cannot be loved. Can't you use a more correct expression?"  
 Master Kirby: "I hate school."

### HER LITTLE WAY!

The fire policy on a lady's house—a big one—was brought to her by the agent.  
 "There it is, madam," he said, "the premium is twenty pounds."  
 "Oh, how unfortunate!" cried the property owner. "My bank account is a little low. Tell the company to let it stand, and deduct it from what they owe me when the house is burnt down."



### THE LIMIT.

"Is this cruise to be a long one?"  
 "I think not. Our host's mother-in-law is on board, you know."

### A LITERARY GENT.

"Literature certainly runs in the Scribbler family. The two daughters write poetry that nobody will print, the sons write plays that nobody will act, and the mother writes stories that nobody will read."  
 "And what does the father write?"  
 "Oh, he writes cheques that nobody will cash."

### AMBIGUOUS.

First Artist: "Well, old man, how is business?"  
 Second Artist: "Oh, splendid! Got a commission this morning for a million-aire. Wants his children painted very badly."  
 First Artist (pleasantly): "Well, my boy, you're the very man for the job."

### HOT ON THE BAGPIPES.

Minks: "Yes, my boy, I have oatmeal on my table every morning. I consider it the most wholesome, most—"  
 Jinks: "But see here, don't you know that oatmeal is the principal dish in Scotland, and that country is a nation of dyspeptics?"  
 "Oh! It's not the oatmeal that causes dyspepsia there."  
 "What then?"  
 "The bagpipes."

### THE REAL PET.

Little Joe: "Mamma, can we take Dickie with us out walking?"  
 Fashionable Mamma: "Certainly! Tell the nurse to dress him."  
 Little Joe: "Oh, I don't mean Dickie the baby; I mean Dickie the dog."  
 Fashionable Mamma: "What? Take my dog out such unhealthy weather as this! Of course not."

### ALL BOBBY'S FAULT.

"What are you crying for, child?"  
 "Bobby has hurt me."  
 "How, pray?"  
 "I was going to punch his head, when he ducked, and I struck the wall."

### NOT LANDED YET.

Miss Ascum: "Wasn't that Mr Bond I saw you walking with last evening?"  
 Miss Coy: "Yes."  
 Miss Ascum: "He is the landed freeholder of the county, isn't he?"  
 Miss Coy (blushing): "Well—er—he isn't quite landed yet."

### NOT IN THAT CASE.

He—Do you believe that if one person gives another a pair of scissors it will cut their friendship?  
 She—Not if it's a nice little pair of silver scissors with a monogram on.

### INNOCENT.

The Father—My daughter, sir, must have the same amount of money after she is married that she had before.  
 The Suitor—I wouldn't deprive her of it for anything.