

NOTHING BUT LINKS



"Sausages are so delicious. Have you ever tried that flat kind?"

"Only once, my husband is such a golf fiend he won't eat any kind but the links."

MOTHER'S PRECIOUS

Fond Mother—"I hope my little darling has been as good as gold all day."

Nurse—"No, ma'am, he went off the gold standard about tea-time."

LAST CALL

Hotel Telephone Operator (calling guest)—"I apologize for not calling you so you could get that early train; however, I'm calling now to say that you may as well sleep as long as you like."

SYNONYM

The family was preparing the lesson for Sunday School.

"Surely you remember what 'synonym' means?" queried the mother.

"Sure, we remember," said one of the small boys alertly. "Synonym is something you put in pies."

AGENT'S ADVICE

"I am afraid the car does not suit us," wrote the new mortorist, "my fiancée cannot reach the brakes and the steering wheel at the same time."

"The car is perfect," wrote back the agent, "kindly get a new girl."

INEFFICIENT

"Of course, you're lucky! I'm afraid my husband is one of the helpless kind. If he wants to darn some socks or sew a button on, I always have to thread the needle for him."

HIS PARKING PROBLEM

"Officer, I'm lookin' for a parkin' plache," said the stew on foot.

"But you've got no car."

"Oh, yesh I have; it's in the parkin' plache I'm lookin' for."

A DARK SECRET

An old plowman and his wife were celebrating their golden wedding.

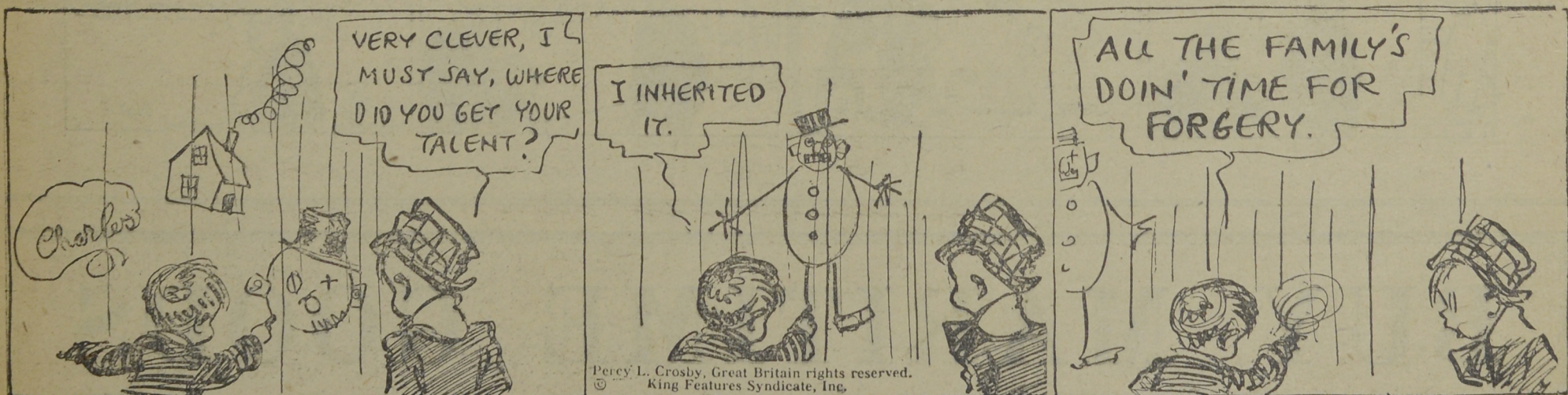
A reporter from the local newspaper called on them to offer his congratulations and to obtain a story.

"I understand, Mr. Skinner," said the reporter, "that you have brought up 15 children on sixteen-and-sixpence a week."

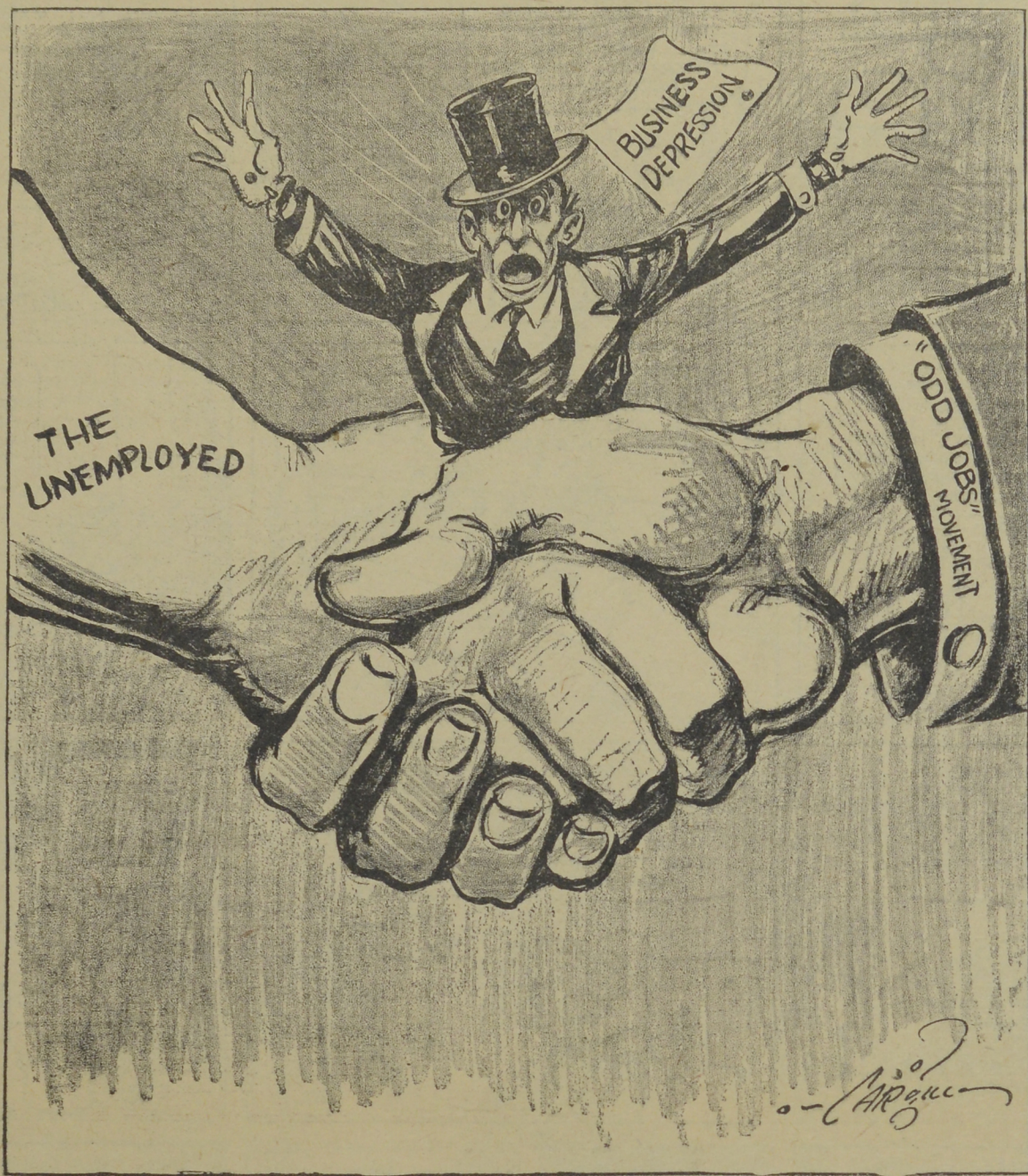
The old man nudged him hurriedly.

"Ssh! Not so loud," he whispered. "I've always told Martha that I only got sixteen-and-threepence."

SKIPPY—THE FAMILY OF "ARTISTS"



ANOTHER SPRING "GRIP" SUFFERER



SURE THING BET



"I'd bet a nickel you don't know your lesson."
"Gee! You're cheap! Not bettin' more'n a nickel on a sure thing."

AN ACCOMMODATING LINE

Lady (at country station)—"Could you stop the express for me?"
Fed-up Porter—"We could, ma'am—or we could wire the last one to come back for you."
—Humorist.

TERRIBLE !!

"I hear you lost your valuable dog in an auto accident."
"Yes, I was saved and the dog was killed."
"What a pity."

WHOOPEE !!

Motorist—"Dobson, I found this long golden hair in the tonneau! My wife's hair is black!"
Chauffeur—"I'll give you an explanation, sir—"
Motorist—"Explanation nothing! What I want is an introduction!"

GOOD ADVICE

The old lady had accidentally got into a smoking compartment, and with unconcealed indignation she watched the man next to her light a clay pipe.
"Sir," she exclaimed, in frigid tones, "smoking makes me sick."
"Does it now, ma'am?" said the man, somewhat surprised.
"Then take my advice and chuck it."

TWO SIGNS

They came into violent contact with each other at the corner of the street.
"O!" yelled Binks, "how you make my head ring."
"That's a sign that it's empty," angrily replied Jinks.
"Didn't yours ring?" queried Binks.
"Not at all."
"Then that's a sign that it's cracked."

BUSY

Like a busy bee fitting from flower to flower, the little woman passed along the shabby street, pausing at every open door for a few words with the occupant.
Mrs. Green watched her for a while, and then said to Mrs. Brown: "Busy little woman, ain't she? Always running up and down."
"You're right," replied Mrs. Brown, icily. "What with running up bills and running down the neighbors, she don't have much spare time."

HEARSAY EVIDENCE

Mother—"Has daddy finished dressing for church?"
Small Son—"I don't think so. I heard him talking to his collar."

LOOK OUT! !

First Lady—"If you ain't tellin' a lie I'll eat my 'at."
Second Lady—"You be careful dearie; the berries on them cheap 'ats is generally poisonous."

BANK HOLIDAY STORY

Card in grocer's window: "We'll give you credit. Just bring in an honest face."
One man went in to buy and produced a picture of Abraham Lincoln!

HIS OWN IDEA

A small boy had a fight with a playmate in the neighborhood. His mother reprimanded him and concluded by saying: "It must have been Satan who suggested hitting Willie Jones in the eye."
"I wouldn't be surprised," the child replied, musingly, "but," he added proudly, "kicking him in the shins was my own idea."

A CLEAN SWEEP

Wife—"What can I say in Bridget's reference? I can't say she stole."
Husband—"Say she carried all before her."

THE EXCEPTION

"A good conversationalist is always appreciated at table," says a writer.
Unless the other three are trying to play bridge.

THE LESSER EVIL

"What made you and your wife decide to spend Christmas with your relatives?"
"The firm belief that if we didn't they would spend theirs with us."

LISTEN, LADIES

"More and more people, especially women, are taking to breeding mice as a hobby," said the founder of the National Mouse Club in London. "Almost any color can be developed by careful selective breeding." Thus comments the London Herald, society women who have already adopted mice as pets, may have a different colored mouse to suit each dress.

WELL STARCHED

Second (to battered pugilist after sixth round)—"Keep a stiff upper lip, Jim."
Jim (speaking painfully)—"E's seen to that.—Sporting News."

PERFECTLY PROPER

She trimmed him well,
You may be sure.
Gold digger? No,
His manicure.

E. R.

EDUCATION?

"Don't talk to me about free education!" said a burly farmer of the old school. "What good has it done any one, anyway? Makes young fellers too proud to do owt for a living but sit at a desk and wear cuffs around their necks. And the girls! Why, my missus can't get a servant; they all want to be actresses or teachers or lady clerks! And, t'best of it is, after all the larning, some of 'em can't even spell. There's young Johnson at the Green Swan just put a sign over his coach-house, and this is how he spells 'carriage'—g-a-r-a-g-e! Don't talk to me about free education!"

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