

Etiquette at Table

By Les Conklin

There is no need to be embarrassed because of blunders in table etiquette, as nobody is perfect. Every family makes bad breaks sooner or later. Most of them happen when somebody drops a hot plate.

The knife should be placed at the right hand side of the plate, unless your mother-in-law is sitting next to you. Then it should be gripped firmly in the right hand as a weapon of defense in case of a sudden attack.

Bread should be buttered on the upper side. If the butter is poor, it is wise to pose as a convict and feed on dry bread and water.

The fork is used to eat meat and peas and to scratch mosquito bites on the back of your leg. In a restaurant, the spoon is used to pound on the plate and attract the attention of the waiter when you want quick service.

One of the most delicate problems in table etiquette is eating peas correctly. The best way to do it is to roll them into a heap and make a vicious stab at them with the fork before they can sneak away on you.

The seating arrangement is left to your discretion. A man with any sense of good taste at all will always find a seat between two pretty girls.

If you are expecting a call from your bootlegger, sit as close to the door as possible. If one of your guests owes you money, sit between him and the door.

It is very unsafe to sit between two fat persons, especially if they eat with a sidewheel movement. If you are caught in a jam like this, you will be unable to wield your fork with any great degree of efficiency.

If you do not like to talk sit between two women. They will talk so much that nobody will notice your silence.

NEWLYWED WAILS

Any married woman should be able to help write a popular song. All she has to do is supply the words and her husband will get the air easily enough outside.

Be it ever so humble, there is no place like bachelor quarters.

The Spartans used to place a ring on their captives' fingers to designate them as slaves. Today the order is changed somewhat. A girl has a man place a ring on her finger to show she is a slave.

The fellow who wrote "Keep the Home Fires Burning," must have been a married man who hated the job of starting the furnace every morning.

Not all women complain continually to their husbands. Not all women have husbands to complain to, so they suffer in silence until they get one.

When a woman comes to that pass where she is considered in the age-before-beauty class, she suddenly begins to have an unswerving faith in what the beauty specialist recommends.

If life were a moving picture, women would supply ninety per cent of all the talking titles.

Benedicts are like sheep. Both are shorn regularly by their masters.

Nature is infallible. You can tell the age of a horse by its teeth, and the age of a woman generally by how old her husband is.

The fellow who jokingly refers to his wife as the "sweet woman," we have a sneaking suspicion, says it with some bitter thoughts.

Inspiration.

Jack—There goes Benzine, the great author. They say that he has to be next to Nature to write anything worth while.

Jim—Yes, he can't work unless he is surrounded by orange blossoms.

Blackstone—Why do women always like to parade their new finery before their friends?

Mrs. Blackstone—For the same reason, I suppose, that you men dress up like drum majors at your lodge conventions.—New York Sun.

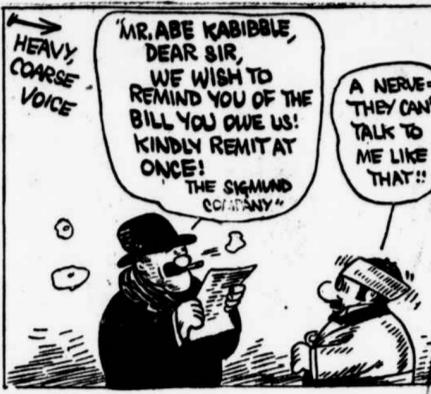
Bum—Ya see, I am connected with the Hoboes' Welfare Club.

Cop—Well, if ya don't move ya'll be connected with some other club.

"Well, old man, is your oil stove working good?"
"Fine—can't you smell it?"

ABIE THE AGENT

(Registered U. S. Patent Office.)



Oh Well That's Different

KABIBBLE KABARET



DEAR MR. KABIBBLE, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF A FELLOW WHO JILTS HIS GIRL BEFORE HER BIRTHDAY, TO AVOID GIVING HER A PRESENT

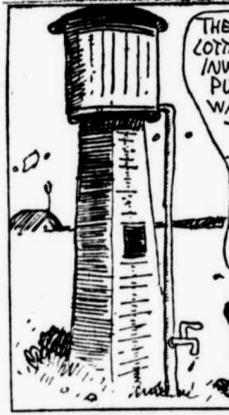
YOU'RE RIGHT—THE LAW WILL ONLY ALLOW ME TO THINK MY OPINION OF HIM!!

THE THIMBLE THEATER

(Registered U. S. Patent Office.)



KRAZY KAT



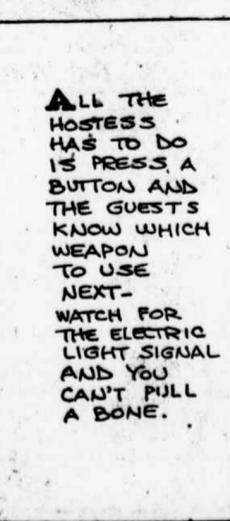
HOW DO THEY DO IT?

(Registered U. S. Patent Office.)



One of Civilization's Greatest Problems Solved at Last

(Copyright, 1922, by R. L. Goldberg.)



Luck Is Certainly Against Him

By Rube Goldberg.



All About Town

By Dave Sentner

(Special Correspondent.)

Many citizens were out on streets yesterday watching each other watch each other.

In line with the ancient custom of the village, the theaters required tickets for admission.

At 8:16 one citizen succeeded in getting from the east side to the west side of Broadway. The sidewalks were lined with natives who cheered the feat. The heroic citizen was later killed on his way back trying to avoid reporters.

A cross-town car passed Columbus Circle at 11:55 p. m. It was running wild which accounted for its appearance.

An orangeade clerk was arrested for dropping some orange juice in the orangeade. He claimed it was an accident.

The Movie Operators' Association wrote to The Bulb, the village newspaper, protesting against the audience applauding at the movies. They contended it keeps the operator awake.

A commuter was discovered flivver into the subway on one flivver into the subway on one nickel. The inspector let him go when the culprit agreed to drop the flivver in the slot.

The valet and chauffeur of Sammy Slub, one of the village professional beggars, were searching last night for a diamond cigarette holder that Sammy lost while on duty.

Two living masculine models demonstrated overcoats in a haberdashery window on the village main street while two hundred dummies on the other side of the window demonstrated paralysis.

The belle of the Deaf and Dumb Dancing Club is suing The Bulb for calling her a Dumbelle.

PARDON US, BUT—

One criminal waste of time is to spend all day preparing a meal that is eaten in ten minutes.

What we want now is a Dictator for the bootlegging business.

If you can't afford to buy coal—go to Florida.

Germany shouldn't kick about paying the indemnity. Wasn't she willing for peace at any price?

RADIO RAGTIME

ABS SAPPVILLE. Mornin' Ashes. 'Lo Cinders. Here goes:

"When were walkin' sticks first invented?"

"When Adam handed Eve a Cain."

Boy, you sure guess 'em. Try this one:

"Why does a preacher say 'dearly beloved brethren' instead of sisters?"

"Because the brethren embrace the sisters."

WOW, Ashes, you're a guessin' fool today. Try this:

"What is the highest form of animal life?"

"The giraffe."

Eam, You guessed 'em all. So long; see you tomorrow. All right, Cinders.

Jever See?

A flapper without a lipstick?

A circus without trained seals?

A husband without an alibi?

A parlor singer declining to perform?

A pullman porter without a whitebroom?

A bootlegger without funds?

Well, neither did we!

Flapper Fairy Tales.

Ludwig—Shall I call a taxi?
Georgette—Oh, no, let's walk and get the nice cool breeze from the river.

More Ambiguity.

"Well, and what did you think of the prohibitionist lecturer?"

"His speech was very spritree."

A Poker Definition.

Bobby—Father, what is a dictionary?

Father—Something that you sit on in a poker game when there aren't enough chairs to go round.

"I heard a delicious bit of gossip about Alcoa at the reception."

"I thought she was there in the room."

"Oh, yes, but we asked her to sing."—Boston Transcript.

"How did it feel to drop four miles and a half in a parachute?"

"Madam, if you must know," replied the bored aviator. "I had a sinking feeling."—Birmingham Age-Herald.