



THE OFFICE OWL

By:
Mrs. F.L. Rollins

We were once asked by an outsider, "What is the principal occupation of Lawndale?" Our answer was, "In the winter they mostly sets on the east side of the house and follows the sun around west, and in the summer they sets on the west side and follows the shade around to the east".

One of our employees came in the office and demanded in a loud voice, "Who looks after the "Poke Business in here"? That was his way of saying, "I want someone to check up on my pay envelope." Another employee when asked if his wife was going back to work soon, replied, "No, I make purty good now and she is 'dependent' and don't have to work." A colored boy was signing up for his withholding tax, etc. when the clerk asked him what county he was born in, he answered promptly, "Noth Caliner," and when she asked him if he had any children under 18, he replied, "Yesum, I'se one 18", and she asked him the second time, "Do you have any under 18"? "Yesum, I'se has one 18 and 8 under 18".

"The Old Maids Row" almost had a car accident the other week, when Mildred Brackett found out, "When you sit down on a bee you will be sure to rise again". She did that very thing, and almost turned the car over.

Mr. C.D. Forney, Sr. is working hard now on his hobby of raising chickens. He reports that a customer came to buy some of his eggs last week, and he told him that he had, "First grade, second grade and third grade eggs", and his customer answered, "Don't bother any further, just let me have some that have graduated."

Miss Annie Sue Hoyle and one of her various beaux went over to Ellenboro, to the Fair last Saturday, and as they drove by a booth where fresh popcorn was for sale, Sue said, "My dear, ain't that nice?" "Ain't what nice?" the youth asked. "Why the popcorn smells so good;" Sue replied. "The beau answered, "It does smell kinds fine, lets drive a little closer, so you can get a better smell."

Mrs. J. L. Osborne says, "The age of forty is when a woman stops patting herself on the back and begins under the chin."

Shelt Feimster, our colored janitor, told Mr. Schenck, Sr. 'that one of his colored friends done got a terrible position, 'wiv de army', and when Mr. Schenck asked him what sort of a position, Shelt replied, "Why dey says he's done attached his-self to a flying corpse".

We heard that Raymond Warlick had a terrible dream the other night. He dreamed that he had invented a new type of breakfast food and was sampling it, and when he awoke, part of his mattress was gone.

A citified government inspector was spending a few days in our village, and was trying to find out just what we do for amusement. He was questioning an old timer, "You say you don't have a picture show, and don't have a pool room or a library, just what do you do for amusement, in the evening?" The native spat out his cud of tobacco and replied, "After we all get thru work, we all go down to Maurice Bowman's Meat Market and watch his new Meat Slicer."

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