



THE OFFICE OWL

By

Mrs. F. L. Rollins



Isn't it queer 'that the night falls but it doesn't break' and the day breaks but it never falls."

Our Easter parade is over and April Fool's day is behind us. Mrs. Geo. Hart asked her husband what he thought would go well with her New Easter bonnet, thinking that he would suggest a new suit or dress. After looking the bonnet over Mr. Hart

replied, "The thing that would go best with that hat is a

black out.

"Miss Effie" Parker said she didn't color Mr. Parker as many eggs this year as he was old, for dishpans were rationed and she didn't have a container large enough to hold them.

We have installed a new stream-lined bookkeeping system in the office now. You just push a button, pull a lever and jerk out about a thousand sheets of paper with all the tax deductions and such already figured off leaving you a nice big zero with out any effort whatever. We may jerk our hair and tear our shirts before we learn it all, but Mr. John Schenck, Jr. thinks maybe it will improve my disposition but many think it is too old to improve.

Mr. Wilbur Boyles still hauls all the goodlooking country girls to work. They say Wilbur went courting a certain farmer's daughter several times. The old farmer stopped Wilbur the other day and said to him, "I reckon you've been sparkin' my gal a lot lately. Is it on the square?" "Nope", replied Wilbur blushing, "T'aint, its mostly on the back porch I guess."

One of the old maids "Lib" Bridges got her adjectives mixed the other day when she opened her mail. Instead of a love-lorn letter she found a statement of her Internal Revenue Tax. She tossed it aside and said "Just a statement from that old Infernal tax collector. She said that she had heard that every man was practically three men; the man you knew before he proposed - the man you've accepted - and the man you've married. Said she wanted to figure that out before she got married, for she didn't want a bushel of kisses before marriage and a few measly little pecks afterwards.

"We're home folks not jest family kin"
We're the folks with whom you've been
Mingling all your joys and tears
Till they seem a part of you
From your childhood clear all through,
Standing by you lose or win
We're your homefolks like real blood kith and kin."

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Gal: "This is the man I'm going to marry, Maw. I know he loves me, 'cause when he takes me in his arms, I can hear his heart pounding."

Maw: "Well, daughter, you'd better be careful. Your paw fooled me that way for two years with a dollar watch."