

Laugh Time Tales

"Life without Laughing is a Dreary Blank"

His Anniversary

OLD Zeb Johnson, the champion white-washer, walked down the main street of the village one morning dressed in his best suit, with a large, brilliant buttonhole bouquet and with cotton gloves on his big hands.

"Hello, Zeb," said the postman, "are you taking a holiday?"

"Dish yere," said the old man with a proud wave of his huge hand, "dish yere am mah golden wedding anniversary, sah. Ah'm celebrating hit."

"But your wife," said the postman, "is working as usual. I saw her at the washtub as I passed your house."

"Her?" said Zeb hotly. "She ain't got nuffin' ter do wif it. She's mah fou'th."

Taken on Trust

"OUR product is thoroughly tested before leaving the factory. No man can sell stuff to-day that has not been tested."

"We manage to sell our product without testing it."

"That's odd. What do you sell?"

"Dynamite."

A Bigamous Wish

A VISITOR to the household of a colored man in Georgia was much impressed by the thriftiness of the mistress of the house.

"That's a hard-workin' wife you've got, Joe," said he.

"Yes," said Joe, with the utmost gravity. "I wish I had a couple more like her."

Singing it Out

ANTONIO was overawed by his surroundings when the first draft sent him to the cantonment. And he continued to live in awe, particularly of all officers, during the early days of his training. While standing guard one night he was in such a flutter when the corporal of the guard approached, that he made his challenge in a low voice which the non-com. could not hear.

"You'll have to speak up, my man," said the corporal, "or you'll get into trouble. I'll take your word for it that you challenged me, but when the officer of the day comes around, you'll have to sing it out or you'll get a trip to the guard-house. Remember, sing it out and sing it out loud."

Antonio vowed that he would make no mistake that would get him in the guard-house, and when the officer of the day appeared a half hour later, he was greeted with—

"Tra-la-la-la, who coma dere?"

So Sudden!

SHE was pretty and he was handsome and they were very devoted to each other as they sat and held hands and watched the Reds play at the Cincinnati ball park.

"There's Hal Chase on first," observed the youth. "He's a bird. And there's Toney, the pitcher. He'll be our best man before long—"

The sweet young thing gasped. "We-ell I guess he'll be all right—but, Arthur, this is so sudden!"

But How?

CASEY (on retiring): "Whatever ye do, Norah, don't let me overslape in the mornin'. If ye don't wake yourself, wake me, anyhow."

All Talk

PHILLIPS BROOKS sent to a religious paper an article in which he said: "We pray too loud and work too little." The compositor made a neat job, and when the article appeared the sentence read: "We bray too loud and work too little."

"I let it go at that," said the Bishop, in telling the story. "The fact is, I believe the printer was right, and I never ventured to correct him."

Yes and No

"WOULD you call Mrs. Gowitt a good conversationalist?"

"Yes and no. She makes you think of a lot of things to say, but she talks so incessantly you don't get a chance to say them."

Different

ALTHOUGH only seventeen, he had come to "join up," and was in the recruiting office answering some questions that the sergeant was putting to him.

"Look here, my man," said the sergeant, "are you willing to die for your country?"

The recruit opened his eyes in astonishment.

"No, sir," he replied; "I'm joining up to make a German die for his."

Candor

MISTRESS—I am not quite satisfied with your references.

Maid—Neither am I, but they are the best I could get."

A Misunderstanding

A CERTAIN English foreman in one of the Kensington textile factories is in the habit of having an apprentice heat his luncheon for him. The other day he called a new apprentice.

"Go downstairs and 'eat up my lunch for me," ordered the foreman.

The boy—a typical young American, with no knowledge of cockney English—obeyed with alacrity. He was hungry. Ten minutes later the foreman came down. He also was hungry.

"Where's my lunch?" he demanded.

The boy gazed at him in amazement. "You told me to eat it up—and I ate it," he stated.

"I didn't tell you to heat it up!" roared the irate foreman. "I told you to 'eat it up."

"Well, I didn't heat it up," maintained the youngster stoutly. "I eat it cold."

Mistake Somewhere

"WELL, did you see the great diva?"

"Yes, and I was disappointed."

"How so?"

"Aw, she sung. She didn't dive."

Sinister

MRS. OWENS.—I wonder if the doctor's wife meant anything personal just now.

Owens.—What did she say?

Mrs. Owens.—She said we might at least pay them a visit.

Still a Slave

A GENTLEMAN travelling through Alabama was much interested in Uncle Ned.

"So you were once a slave, eh?" said the gentleman.

"Yas, sah," said Uncle Ned.

"How thrilling!" said the gentleman. "And after the war you got your freedom, eh?"

"No, sah," said Ned gloomily. "I didn't git mah freedom, sah. After de war I done got married!"

A Close Call

HE had long hair and a pensive look.

He wrote a poem entitled, "Why Do I Live?" He signed it "Charles Anthony," and sent it to a magazine. The editor wrote him as follows:

"My Dear Charles Anthony: The reason why you live is because you sent the poem by post instead of bringing it personally."

No Hurry

THE telephone bell rang with anxious persistence. The doctor answered the call.

"Yes?" he said.

"Oh, doctor," said a worried voice, "something seems to have happened to my wife. Her mouth seems set and she can't say a word."

"Why, she may have lockjaw," said the medical man.

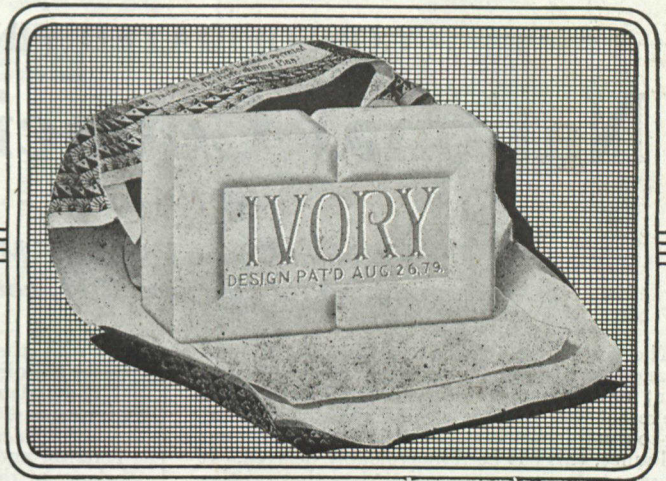
"Do you think so? Well, if you are up this way some time next week I wish you would step in and see what you can do for her."

Offended

I TOLD Henrietta that I was proud to see her vote just like a man," said Mr. Meekton.

"Did that please her?"

"No. The choice of phrase was unfortunate. She said that if she couldn't vote better than a man there would have been no need of her troubling about the ballot in the first place."



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