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THE JOKE'S ON YOU

Photoplay in two reels

Written and directed by Ralph Cedar

Author of the photoplay (under section 62)
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"THE JOKE'S ON YOU"

Wifey gaily flipped flap-jacks while Hubby struggled desperately with his tie, in an effort to get it on evenly - he succeeded in getting the ends even, but had tied himself to the post of the kitchen cabinet. He pulled and pulled and at last brought the partition down - Wifey immediately tried to console him and got a biff with the board which knocked her down. It was then Hubby's turn to console. He gently wiped her tears with her flaky-looking puff - meanwhile the flap-jacks were burned to a cinder. Putting the puff on the shelf, Hubby looked after the cakes - the puff dropped into the frying pan.

Hubby became violently ill - a travelling "quack" knocked at the door at the opportune moment and ordered Hubby to take a rest, otherwise Wifey would be wearing black. Hubby wired his cousin that he would arrive on that afternoon's train for a quiet and peaceful rest.

They duly arrived - Cousin Bob whipped up the team so fast that they broke away. He then guided the front wheels and they tore down hills, around bends at breakneck speed. At last the brakes could stand the strain no longer and flew off - they tore down a steep hill and capsized. First period of Hubby's quiet and peaceful rest.

The cousins greeted them most effusively - the youngster made the welcome doubly so by placing tacks on the seats. At dinner there was such a mad scramble for the "eats" that Wifey and Hubby were completely elbowed out of food.

At last bedtime came. Hubby, being tired after such a strenuous day, gratefully climbed into bed. It was pretty hard, but rest he could not get. Cousin Bob insisted on making his saxophone moan in the most heartrending manner - so much so that his nightcap protested by wiggling in the most tortuous manner.

It was pouring with rain - Bob playfully threw some water on Hubby - falling asleep he let his pipe drop and Hubby was set on fire. Bob threw him out of the window. At last all was once more quiet. "Fido" disliking the nasty weather outside, jumped through the window and settled himself on the bed near Cousin Bob. Hubby didn't like him at such close quarters, but he had a hard time getting "Fido" to agree with his way of thinking. However, the last straw was when "Pa" came into their bed to keep warm. He started a chorus of snores and between Bob dreaming he was "bull-dogging" steers and "Pa" dreaming he was one of the "Four Horsemen", Hubby was nearly mangled. He crept out and downstairs. Meanwhile Wifey was undergoing the same awful nightmare with the girl cousins and she crept downstairs. They both bumped into each other and with a grateful sigh prepared to descend the stairs - that woke up Cousin Bob who demanded to know if he had done anything to make them sore -Hubby gave him one sock in the jaw and hobbled out, followed by a weary Wifey.

THE END.

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