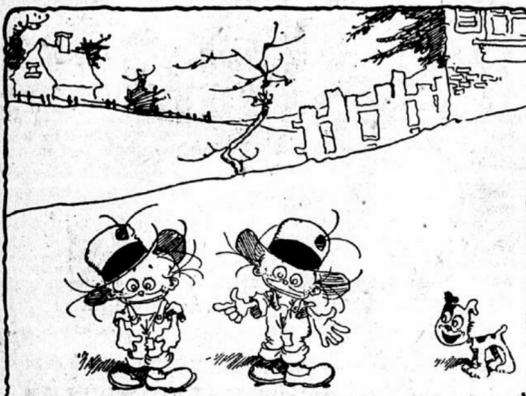


# A PAGE OF FUN



SIGHTSEEING AND SOUVENIRS.

Dorothy—I suppose you found Rome very interesting?  
Alice—I'm not sure yet. Our party was tired when we got to Rome and we had to send out for our picture cards instead of buying them ourselves.



YES.

The Twin—Now, I'll leave it to you. Ain't it tough to be a twin and know you look like Mortimer here?



DISILLUSIONED.

Bride—Oh dear! Married life isn't what it's cracked up to be.  
Groom—How can you tell when we haven't been married twenty-four hours?  
Bride—But all the papers have misspelled my name and not one of them has a picture of me that anyone could recognize.

## The Classics By Wire

### FIRE DESTROYS ROME

#### Early Morning Blaze Thought to Have Been of Incendiary Origin—Did Nero Do It?

Rome, July 10, 64, A. D. (Special Dispatch)—As a result of a disastrous conflagration which broke out in the small hours of the morning today, Rome, once the Imperial, is little better than a large mass of smouldering ashes. It is hinted openly that the fire was of incendiary origin. Nero, the Emperor, is alleged by some to have set fire to the town in revenge for the fact that the Bureau of Fire Prevention would not allow him recently to have an un-sane Fourth of July.

The Emperor frankly denies the charge.

Advices from Rome, Carthage and Athens state that the insurance underwriters of those cities are in a panic over the colossal losses involved. Some of them, it is said, will refuse to honor their policies. Losses will run into the millions.

Catus McGracchus, president of the Rome Commercial Club and Secretary of the Merchants and Manufacturers' Association, issued the following statement to the press early this morning: "According to the time honored precedent set by other cities in such cases, Rome will rise Phoenixlike from her own ashes. She will be bigger, worse, and more imperial than ever. I have already let the contract for the rebuilding of my laundry works which were one of the first to go up heavenward in smoke. We must all act as benefactors to the citizens of the city admitted to be the terminal of all roads. It seems rather a snide trick on the part of the immortal gods

Alley just before the fire started. I will also confess that I was accompanied by a large growler of kerosene. Can't a citizen of Rome go about her streets without laying himself open to suspicion?"

"I had just been down to the retail department of the Standard Oil Company where I had the can filled. We have been troubled a great deal with mosquitoes from the Tiber here of late, and I have been bathing in the Rockefeller juice to keep the blanket-blanketism from eating me alive. Of course the whole charge that my match started the kindling is the vile work of some political blackguard who wants to assassinate my lily-white character and ruin me with the rank and file of the voters. You know that I am up for re-election in the fall. If I find the miserable liar who started this nefarious falsehood, the new batch of hungry tigers recently received from Bengal will be at home to a large feast of small-time politicians."

It has been pointed out that while this denial is emphatic enough, it is composed principally of glittering generalities. He admits that he was near the factory with an oil can at 2 o'clock in the morning. His enemies ask pointedly whether a man would rise at that time of the night and go on foot to rush a growler of coal oil. Furthermore the retail department of the Standard Oil Company is not open at that hour, and the night watchman states positively that Nero was not about the place while he was awake. Doubtful strength was added to the suspicion against the Emperor by a statement from Flavia Jenkins, who said that she saw Nero sitting in a hammock on his back porch playing a fiddle and making funny cracks about the flames which could be plainly seen from where he sat.

"I am proud to have scratched the match that lit that candle," she says she heard him say.

It was learned later that the woman had formerly been a cook at the Nero home and had been discharged by Mrs. Nero under a cloud of suspicion in regard to the disappearance of some silver oyster forks. She is said to have declared at the time that she would "get even" with them.

It is further rumored on good authority that Burns detectives had been called in and that a grand jury will be summoned to investigate the charges as soon as the court house cools off.

The fire was discovered by Patrolman Cerious Marcus, of the Wharf Station, who happened to be on his beat at the time. Upon seeing the flames he ran to the corner of Third and Apollo Streets, and turned in a full alarm.

By the time the engines arrived the flames had made their way to the elevator shaft, which acting as a flue, soon converted the big plant into a huge furnace. By the time the first line was laid, flying sparks had set fire to the S. P. Q. R. Fireproof Brick Company's solid mass of flames within half a dozen moments.

It was then seen that the conflagration was a serious one and a general alarm was turned in. The leaping flames spread like wild fire. Within

fourteen minutes the Forum itself was doomed. Pandemonium reigned supreme with confusion a good second. Guests of the Belvedere and other fashionable hostilities were roused from their beds and rushed from their rooms in their night gowns—and even less.

The flames soon ate their way through the Forum and reached the power house of the Consolidated Gas and Electric Company. The city was soon without lights. Fortunately, however, fugitives were able to see



PHOTO BY CHAS. BROS.

The Hon. Nero Alleged to Have Started the Fire

their way by means of the fire that was on their trail.

Shortly after 3 o'clock the flames reached the district along the Tiber and all hopes of saving the city were abandoned. The old fashioned wooden cases of the district burned like so much tinder. Chief McCannicus immediately withdrew his men and concentrated his efforts on preventing the spread of the fire. Frantic telegrams were flashed to Athens, Rhodes, Carthage and Alexandria asking for more fire engines.

"I now have the situation well in hand," the chief said when seen early this morning. "I could have stopped the fire earlier had it not been for the fact that I was out of town when the alarm came in, the water pressure was not strong enough to throw a stream across a narrow via, the hose furnished me by the last Fire Commissioner is nothing but cheese cloth, and that the men I had under me since the civil service was abolished spend more time shooting craps than they do fighting fire. They all have their pulls and I can do nothing."

"I also regret to report that I lost a couple of battalions of mighty good men when the fire liberated the hungry varmints in the zoo of the Circus Maximus."

A good many citizens fought the cordon of police to get in where they could be killed by falling walls and flying debris. One of the unfortunates was Mr. Marcus Trebonius, a star gladiator and well-known matinee idol. He was killed after putting up a strong fight with a live wire down by the gas works.

In obedience to an order issued by the chief of police today all wine shops have been closed and suspicious looking characters will be arrested on sight. The entire city has been placed under martial law, and the 4th regiment of the Praetorian Guards stationed at Fortem Romulus have been called in and are patrolling the smoking ruins.

F. S. TISDALE.



A KICK COMING.

Hubby (holding up bill)—Here's the bill for that last fall gown—\$175. This must stop—you must wear less.  
Wifey—Goosle! You must know well that the less I wear the more it costs.



BETWEEN DOCTORS.

Dr. Saw—I have got to perform a very distasteful operation this morning.  
Dr. Pill—What is that?  
Dr. Saw—One of my rich patients wants me to take a little something of his bill.



IT MAY BE.

"Why do the current magazines print so much fall poetry?"  
"I think it's a scheme to force people to read the advertisements."



HA! HA!

Bones—I say, old chappie, why is this show like a cigar?  
Interlocutor—Why is this show like a cigar? I cannot guess. Why is this show like a cigar?  
Bones—Because if it is bad no amount of puffing will make it draw, and if it is good every one will want a box.

### THE OPEN SEASON FOR STRAW VOTES.

ONCE upon a time a Foxy Politician was walking down the public highway when he noticed that at practically every corner there was a group of men gathered about a hat. They would put their heads together, drop little bits of paper into the reversed brims of the headcovering, take them out again and act in a most wild and hilarious manner. Finally he stopped at one of these groups and accosted one of the men. "Frithee, friend," said he, "why dost act so strangely?" "Because forsooth," answered the man with a joyous shout, "we are Old Fashioned Democrats and have just taken a straw vote and discovered that verily the Hon. Woodrow Wilson will be the next President of this fortunate country. The vote was ten

to nothing in his favor."

A little farther down the same street, was another group acting more wildly, if possible, than the first.

"We shout," said these, "because we have taken a straw vote to see of a truth which way the political breeze blows, and have found thereby, that the Bull Moose is sure to get another term in the Presidential chair."

Down the street still farther was a group of orthodox Republicans who were celebrating the fact that Taft had won in a straw vote which they had just held. Going into a saloon, the Foxy Politician found that they were also taking a straw vote and had proved thereby that there was sure to be a landslide against Prohibition. So another straw poll conducted by a party of long-haired young Socialists with Windsor ties, pointed

out that Debs was sure to get to the White House this time.

So the Foxy Politician pondered deeply on all these things, bit the head off of another long black panatela and gave vent to the following remark.

"Humph!"

#### ATTEND TO BUSINESS.

Poets oft apostrophize  
Other men.  
I address my earnest cries  
To the hen.

Eggs are rising day by day,  
Dealers vow,  
If you have an egg to lay,  
Do it now.

## Dippy Dope, or How To Win A Wife

