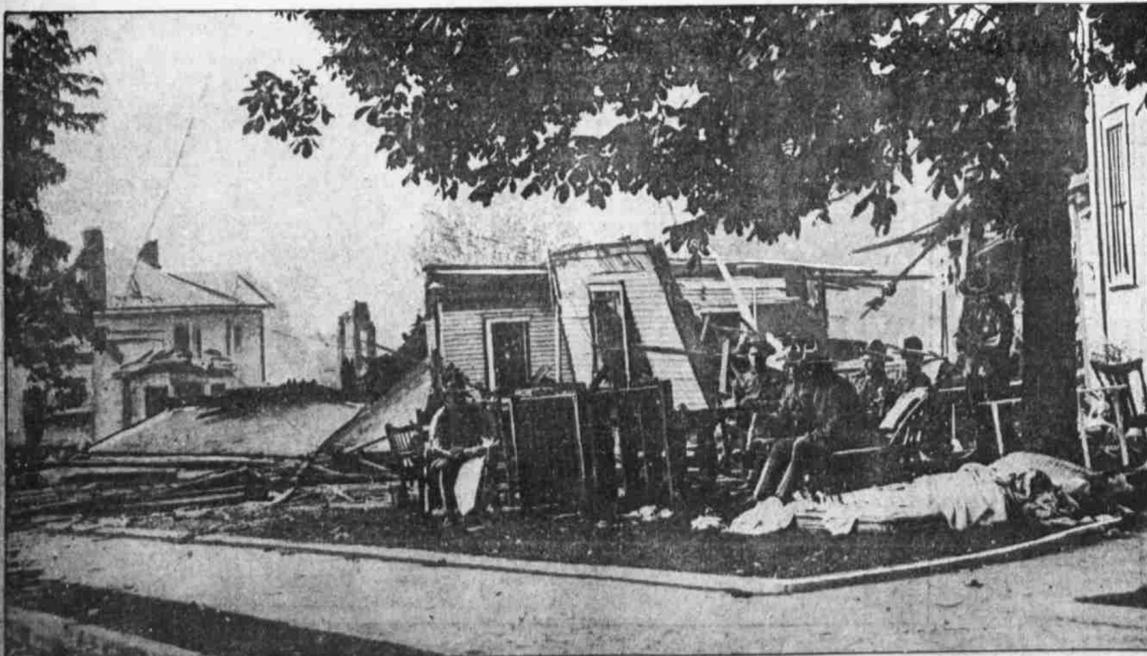


Copyright International Film Service.  
**MERE SKELETONS REMAIN OF PALATIAL RESIDENCES WRECKED BY ATLANTA FIRE**  
The conflagration which wreaked approximately \$3,000,000 damage in the southern city started in the negro section, but soon spread to the fashionable Ponce de Leon residential district.



Copyright International Film Service.  
**ATLANTA'S GREAT FIRE RAGING THROUGH THE TINDER BOXES IN THE NEGRO SECTION**  
This remarkable photograph was taken while the conflagration was at its height and when the entire city seemed certain of destruction. Thirty minutes later the frame buildings in the foreground were a smoldering mass of ruins.



Copyright International Film Service.  
**STUDENT OFFICERS GUARD FIRE-SWEPT DISTRICT FROM LOOTERS**  
Members of the officers' training corps at Fort McPherson did yeoman work in re-establishing order after the Atlanta fire had been conquered. Thousands of persons were made homeless by the blaze, but the sections untouched by the fire responded so quickly to the emergency that all the sufferers are being cared for without outside help.

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says her friend in the newspaper business told her that the rival paper's war dispatches were written right there in the office, and she supposes the editor wants to be sure to have them right.

**She Knew Him**

Hub—One night while you were away I heard a burglar. You should have seen me going downstairs three steps at a time.  
Wife (who knows him)—Where was he, on the roof?—Boston Transcript.

THE BASEBALL PLAYER TAKING UP GOLF GETS THE FIRST DOLLAR CENT LIE HE'S HAD ALL DAY



—By FONTAINE FOX.

THE PADDED CELL



ER—MISTER STEEL, IF I'M NOT HOME WHEN YOU DELIVER THE DOLLARS WORTH OF POTATOES JUST SLIP THEM UNDER THE DOOR.



—MAYNARD

One Way Out

"Walter," he said indulgently, and yet withal firmly, "I ordered one dozen oysters. Now, in my young days, one dozen comprised precisely twelve. Why, then, varlet, dost always bring but a paltry eleven?"  
The waiter adjusted his serviette to the required position on his forearm and bowed elegantly. Likewise he went, "Ahem!"  
"Sir," he said calmly and evenly, "none of our patrons care to sit thirteen at table."  
It was just then that the explosion occurred.—New York Telegraph.

A Trained War Horse



—London Opinion.  
Sergeant (during rest on route march)—Pack too heavy? Why, look at Jones there, he doesn't complain.  
The Wreck—Course 'e don't, 'e ain't nothin' fresh for 'im. 'E used to go out shoppin' wiv 'is missus!

Looked Bad

"Do you believe in signs?"  
"Well, I don't know! The fire-alarm went off three times while the minister was preaching Wildways's funeral sermon."—Life.

And There Are Many Others



—The Passing Show.  
Medically Unfit—I wonder you never went into the army.  
Conditionally Exempt—I probably should if it hadn't been for this beastly war.

THE FRUITS OF LABOR



—Cassell's Saturday Journal.  
Farmer—Stick to it, ladies; stick to it. And who knows, in tefine ye'll be just like me and Jarge.—Cassell's Saturday Journal.

SCHOOL DAYS



The blackest thing in the world—is the shadow of the gully waiting for you around the corner.

Her Mite

"My poor woman," said the settlement worker, "what can I do to relieve your distress?"  
"Can you sing, ma'am?"  
"Why—er—a little."  
"I wish you'd sing some of the new ragtime songs, ma'am. Me and my husband ain't been to a cabaret in two years."—Birmingham (Ala.) Age-Herald.

So to Speak



—Harvard Lampoon.  
Sympathetic Old Lady—You must find those soldier suits very hot.  
R. O. T. C.—I do, but it's a uniform heat.