



## LAY OF ANCIENT ROME

O h, the Roman was a rogue,  
He errat was, you bettum ;  
He ran his automobilis

And smoked his cigarettum ;  
He wore a diamond studibus  
And elegantt cravatun,  
A maxima cum laude shirt,  
And such a stylish hattum !

He loved the luscious hic-haec-hoc.  
And bet on games an equi ;  
At times he won ; at others, though,  
He got it in the nequi ;  
He winked (quo usque tandem ?)  
At puellas on the Forum ;  
And sometimes even made  
Those goo-goo oculorum !

He frequently was seen  
At combats gladitorial,  
And ate enough to feed  
Ten boarders at Memorial ;  
He often went on sprees  
And said on starting homus,  
“Hic labor — opus est,  
Oh where’s my hic-hic-domus ?”

Although he lived in Rome —  
Of all the arts the middle—  
He was (excuse the phrase)  
A horrid indivi’l ;  
Ah! what a different thing  
Was the homo (dative, hominy)  
Of far away B. C.  
From us of Anno Domini.

THE two commercial travelers were boasting to each other of the merits of the respective fire-proof safes for which they were agents. “I guess,” said the first, “that we’ve given our safe ‘some’ test, and I reckon that our best trial was when we heaped up a collection of combustibles round it which took a week to burn out. Inside that safe we put a little dog with some water. At the end of the week we raked away the embers and opened the door of the safe which had been in middle of a blazing bonfire for a week. Out jumped the little dog, well and happy, wagging his tail with delight.”

“Yours is a good safe,” said the other, “but it isn’t in the same block with us. We adopted the same test precisely, and when we’d raked away the embers and come to the safe, at last we opened the door, and the little dog ——” he paused dramatically.

“Was dead,” interrupted his rival.

“Yes sir,” was the reply. “You’ve hit it. Frozen to death.”

