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G. A. Luther set up a stove in his barber shop the other day and ran the stovepipe through the floor of Dr. Warner's bedroom but did not connect the pipes in Doc's chimney. Next day Del Irish thought it was chilly and proceeded to build a good, healthy fire. Doc's bed is quite close to where the stovepipe passes through the floor, and at the time the fire was started, 9 a. m.—he is not an early riser—Doc. was sleeping sweetly and dreaming of the water melon he ate the night before. Pretty soon the fire got a good start and Doc. awoke from his slumbers to find the back of his neck roasted, the flames shooting through the floor several feet high and the room full of smoke. He quickly grasped the situation and sprang to the window and yelled for the fire department. The department was asleep, but the two barbers turned on the hose and a conflagration averted. Doc. received a generous soaking at the hands of the substitute fire company.

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