

THE CYCLE.

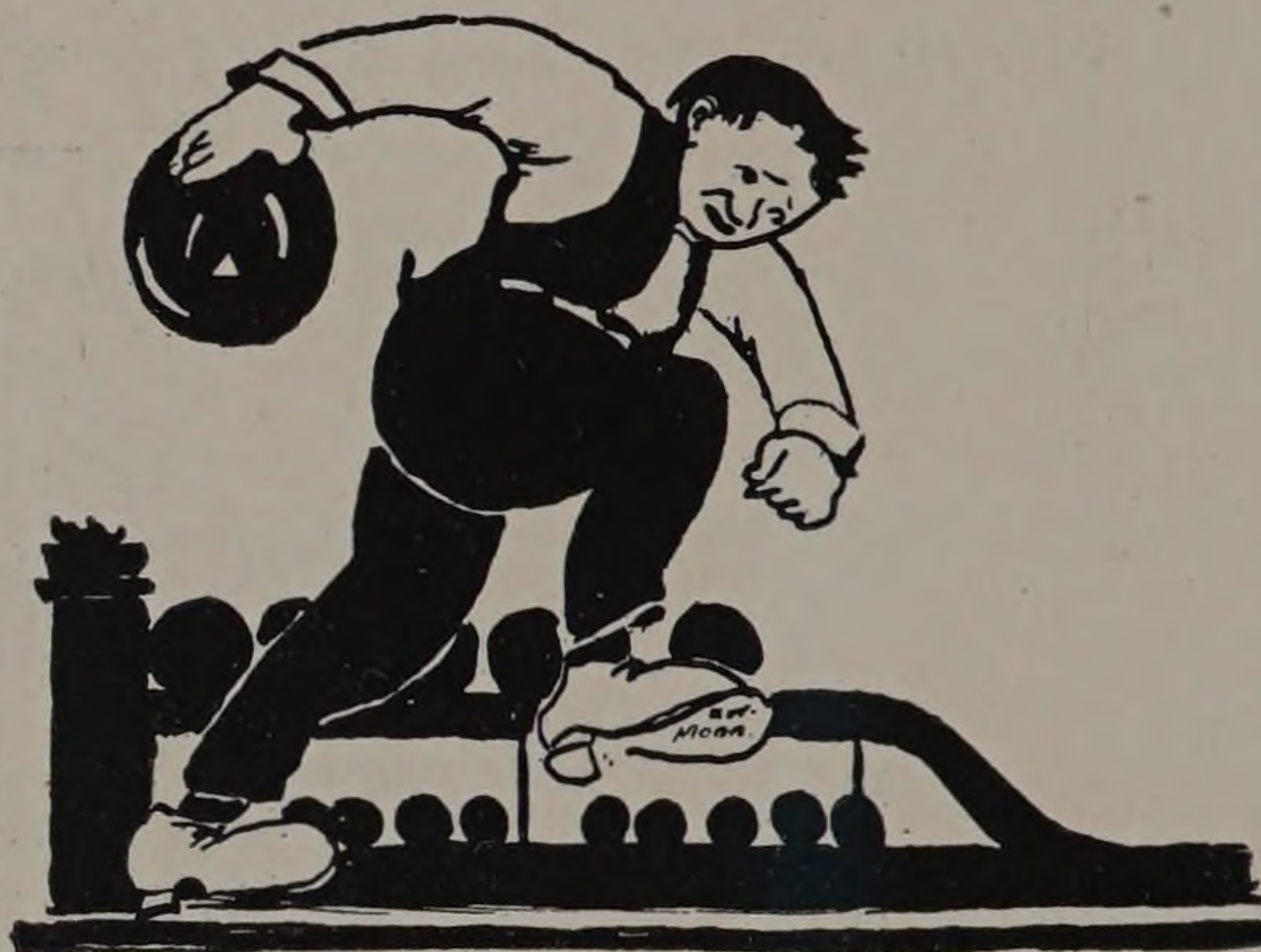


"May I kiss you?" he asked.
 "Sure, Mother don't care."
 "I know, I kissed her last night."

The devil fumed and fretted
 Not a spark could he discern.
 The Armour Fresh was on the grate
 But far too green to burn.



Cycle going to press



Bowling, Bowling, Over the Silv'ry Sea

Evolution of a Freshie

Freshie:—"What was the question, please sir?"
 Soph:—"What was the question?"
 Junior:—"What?"
 Senior:—"Huh?"

Expressman:—"I've got a box here for the Armour Institute, of some d—m stuff."

Pete (from elevator):—"That's all right, this is the place."

"The man who drinks never gets ahead," says the advertisement of a liquor joint cure. Wrong again. He generally has a good one in the morning.