

The Great Armourican Circus

All r-r-right. Gome to odair now, and stop dalking! Exkuse me, I thought we was in de class-room. Vell, gentlemen, ve haf on hand vot ve call de Great Ar-r-mourican Circoos. Doand you fellers in the back push! There's plenty of room! If there ain't vell—I can't help it, but Doand Bush! Ve haff six rinks in our Circoos. Each department hass a rink for himself and such a conclomeration off actors hasn't been together since I had that class in Algebra width Strain, Volfsohn, Schpitz and that vot you call him—shark?—Hanson in it. Who dthrew that cabbage? Hanson, you vill go oudt please! I don't care if you didn't—you might haff! As I vas saying, ve haff rinks on our fingers, ah, I mean rinks in our circoos! Ve haff assembled our actors from all de melting pots and pans in the solar system. Ve haff picked all de stars and comets from such planets as Wisconsin, Illinois, Dollhousie, Leip-zick, Illinois Railroad Shops, Joliet and perhaps Englewood.

You shall see them solfing problems of to-day, yesterday and fife o'clock next week. They vill wrestle width posseteefe and negateef charges and making monkey shines width integrations width mathematics and geometric preshishun according to Hoyle and others. Volfsohn, daondt you try to be funny, 'cause it isn't in you! Admission iss by registration card only. The show will last for—until you come oudt. As I said before, take it easy or doandt take it at all. I am not a—vat you call it—barker—but you know what I mean. Al-l r-r-right! Oop width the tendt.

Ring One.

Here we are ladies, here we are gents, here we are you others in the back seats, the only and original beginners of the great Armourican Circus. Before the other bunch of engineers get a hold of you, let me show you our trained bunch; gentlemen we have positively the biggest crowd in this whole show. As they say in the Y. M. C. A. (Young Mens Circus Association), "We Are, We Are, We Are, We Are, The Great Make-a-Nickel Combine, Mechanical Engineers." Ha, here I stand, look at me, would you for a moment thing I was anything but Normal (no reflection gentlemen), but look closer, who am I? Why I am the man with the only Geb-hardt in the world that's I'm, but lets go on. Who do we see here, Ah gentlemen, a perfect treat, the stoutest of the stout, we have Frith (no not fits, ladies), the man who is the possessor of the negative lap, as we term it at the Toot. Then we see yonder over there, that marvelous musician, the World's Greatest Song-bird, he is called W. G. S., he will entertain us with his own composition entitled, "He hit her in the slats as she lay in the cradle, but she did not weep, she was made of plaster of Paris." While we are on the subject of songs we will take a pike at yonder scene, the hall of fame, where all afternoon the song of the blacksmith, founder, machine shop man, and wood shop man can be heard; listen gents, don't you hear it, nope? You're not near it. Come, come, ladies, don't be distracted by the offer of that funny free department, the Elect-tickle one, come, pay your five dollars for each shop and then you can shop to your hearts content. Ha, list, I forgot to mention gents, and you too