

## THE CYCLE.

that he was led to build this plant. He feels that the sun needs a rest and he is confident that his scheme will enable Old Sol to lay off for an hour or two.

In order to get to the sun and submit Mr. Snow's proposition, Gilbert has built a jump spark coil which he will exhibit to you. His scheme is to use the sun and the flag pole out on Ogden Field as the terminals of the coil. The messenger carrying the proposition will stand on top of the flag pole. The apparatus is then set to work. As soon as the messenger sees the spark racing up the pole, he will grab it, and when it jumps from the pole to the sun, Mr. Messenger will be carried along. What's that? How will he get back? Why, he will slide down a sunbeam.

As I said before, gentlemen, there will be no charge to you in this ring. First, because we have all the Nichols we want and secondly, this man Nichols has captured all the charges in existence—both positive and negative—and after weighing them he will burn them up. Thus we will not be bothered with charges, so step right in, gentlemen—it's free.

### Ring Four.

Nitric, Sulphuric, Ammonia and Slop,  
Comical Engineering always on the top.

Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!

That's the way we stand, peoples and kids, here we are the first course in comical engineering ever given, that's us. Woop-ee, ray for us. Huh buddie, why I am feeling fine, why I just flunked nine. But gents and skirts, let's get down to business. List, I will introduce to you a wonderful man, namely myself, for who else might I be. I am a wonderful actor, if you don't believe it go down to the Toot and hear the fellows on the fourth floor back a-yelling, "Say, fellows, let's find out, let's go and see Mack," McCorm-act they mean. 'Snough for me. The gent on my right, that happy guy, sh—sh—he was married only a few months ago, he's the greatest living organ, pardon me, I meant Organic—(no, no, not Orang-Outang), he is a marvelous baseball player, sure his initials tell you so, B. B. Freud, Base Ball Freud. No, no, little girl, don't U. B. Freud. 'Tis all right. But we must hurry on or else you'll go out, not that I wish you wouldn't. Who is the guy tickling my ribs, making me laugh, why that's our human C. A. T. Yep, sure, cat, Chawls Austin Tibbals, Asso. Comist, as is our beloved BB, no youngster, that's not what you shoot in air rifles, it's what he hands you. Say youse guys in the rear, wait until I've finished or get out before I start one o' de six. These last two laughing so chemically are the comical twins, McMullen & Gill, nothing fishy about that last name, eh, wat? They will now give you the nickel and cobalt dance, while our other two will spiel their spiel, the first a two-act comedy entitled, "A Funeral in Chemical Lab, Poor Ethyl Iodide," so they made Alcohol the hearse away, but nobody cared what the acid or what made the alkali so basely." Finishing with a too real film, I mean flim, depicting the precipitation of a fight by the addition of an acid remark to a basic principle. Last, but not least, we have with us a man with a marvelous vocabulary, gentlemen it is worth the price of admission