

to hear this man from Boston Tech, Mexico, etc., talk his lingo, with his jingo he will drive tears to your eyes, tears of joy, come inside and hear him give his Silicer lecture, Aluminer, etc. Step in, gents, don't crowd, don't push, let the babies who can't walk come in first.

Ring Five.

Ladies and gentlemen, it grieves me indeed that you should be forced to listen to the other barkers as they call themselves, spieling in such a rough tone of voice. I fear me they are not so well trained. We therefore have our special building, which, as you can well see is fitted up in grandiloquent style, thank you professor, soft music. Ladies, I must inform you that we have the most intelligent summation of trained beings in our midst, notwithstanding anything said by those other rude persons to the contrary. I wish to introduce just a fine, well cultured man, if I do say it myself, pardon my blushing ladies, my powder is at home; all the architects use rice powder, don't you know, old chappies. As I was going to say before I blushed, I wish to inform you people that you will see if, as Caesar aptly put it, "you will loan me your ears and pocketbooks," someone in the crowd was so rude as to suggest Caesar did not say this, but that Mark Anthony said it. I know this to be a fabrication. For did not one of Anthony's daughters fall from Julius' house one day and almost slipped when Mark cried Caesar, Julius, Caesar, that is he mean for Jules to catch her. We also have with us a verdant gentleman who will sing and dance to the tune of, "Were select, were select, raw, raw, raw, Architect." They tell the story of Jones and Green meeting a girl and quarreling as to who should take her to the dance when a pig of Armour come up and slapping him on the back remarked, Oster, Oster-green, which Green promptly did. Clevah, by Jove. But let's go back and view the others. I will not explain any further what we should show in yonder tent, but must ask you to deposit \$75, just \$75, no fees whatsoever at the Toot door and come in and see our trained performers, no spoofing whatsoever. See Rebori, two fine fellows, Reb-or-E, a fine team and see them fling the highland fling and eat cream puff without smearing it all over.

Come, gentlemen, pardon me ladies, I should have put you first, come and watch our stars perform in the ring, really a treat, old chappie, no spoofing, no really.

Ring Six.

Clang, clang, bing, bang! Hurry, hurry, hurry! No, Freshie, this isn't a lunch counter, this is the fire department. We are the prima fire eaters! Mr. Finnegan and I are the only performers in this ring, but look at our names and be confident. We have grappled with the burning questions of the day—and of tomorrow. Man has made a mistake in bothering himself about trivial problems pertaining only to his temporary life, here on the surface. We have gone deeper for our theme because we believe that in our after life we must, of necessity, go down below with problems of everlasting endurance.

With this in view and looking to our comfort in our future home, we have designed an automatic sprinkler system to be installed in the palace of His Satanic Majesty. We are frank to admit, however, that we are a