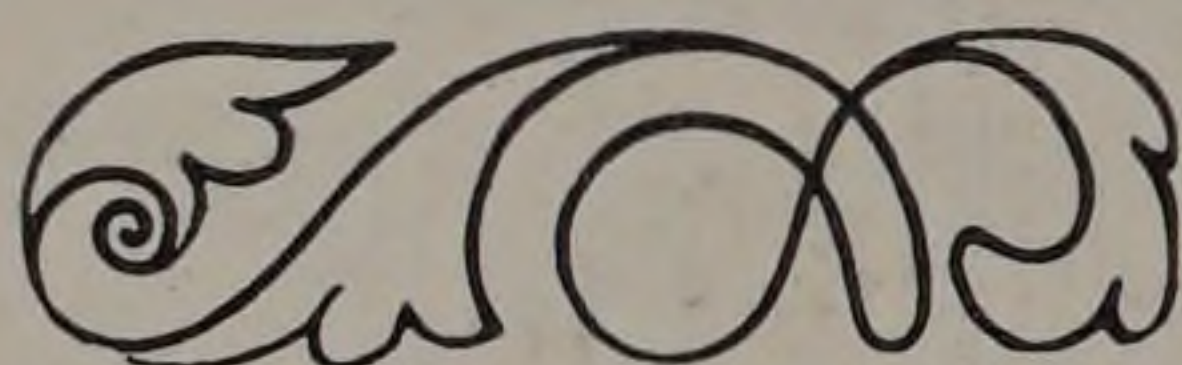


THE CYCLE.

bit skeptical as to the success of our plan, for granting that we could install our equipment and get it working, we fear that when the water plays on the everlasting fires, such a volume of steam will be created that the roof will be blown off of the place. The adversaries of Bob Ingersoll, realizing the possible outcome of such a catastrophe, have urged us to seek other methods. We have therefore hit upon another plan which we believe will prove more popular and successful. It is this. We have taken the human soul and after many elaborate experiments upon it, have turned out a finished product, which promises to be the sole of souls on the market. It is a composition of absolutely fire-proof materials. For the consolation of the down-trodden student and the henpecked husband, I might remark that we have so designed this soul that it cannot be worn by the relentless and overbearing college professor nor by the wife and omnipresent mother-in-law. It has the vitality and life of the old fashioned soul and in addition is indestructible. This sounds like an automobile tire advertisement, I know, but if you gentlemen will step right in, we'll show you the goods.



"All the world loves a lover."
Do you?