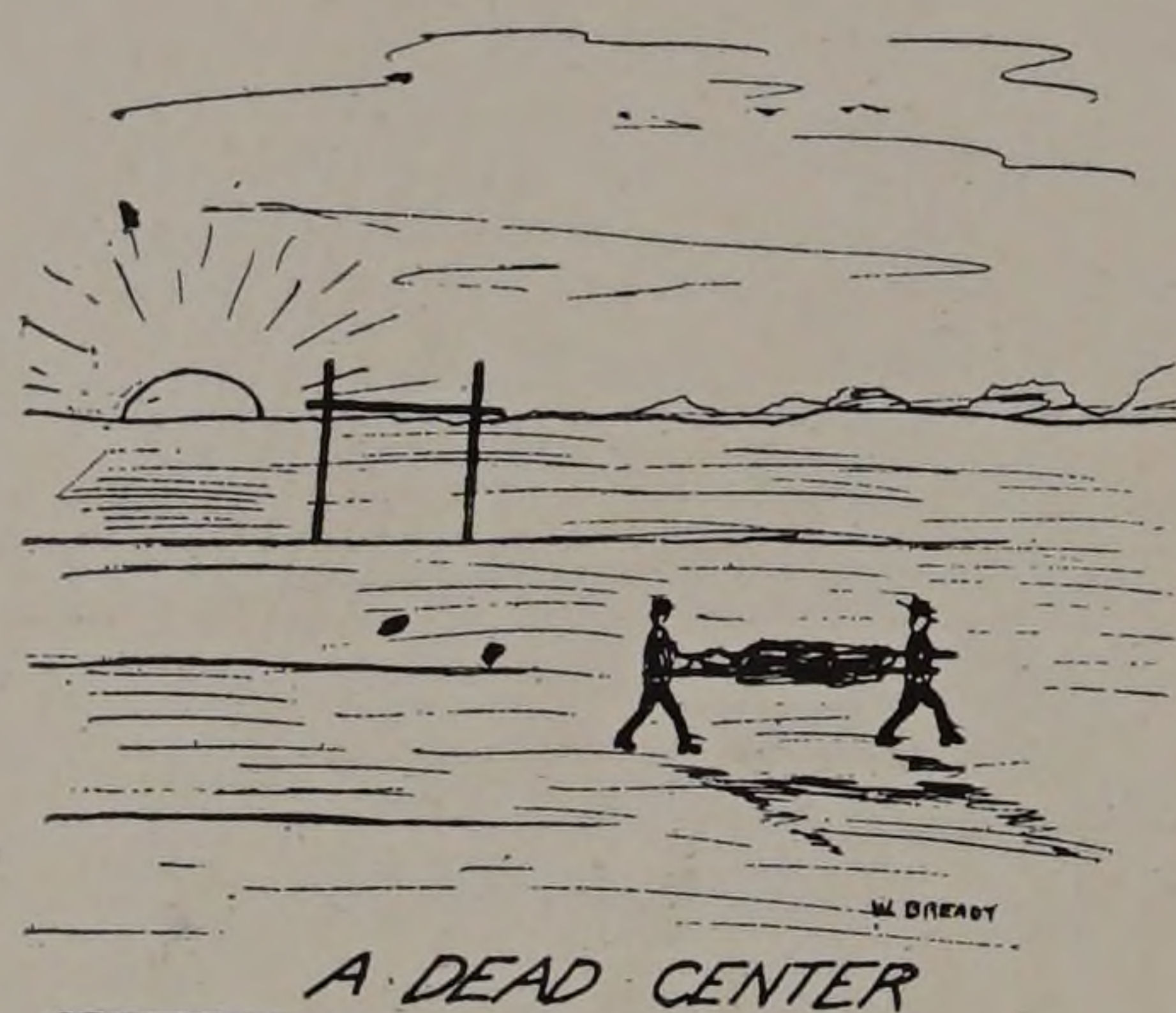


THE CYCLE.

ENGINE PART NO. 5



A DEAD CENTER

A FOOTBALL HERO.

He made a run around the end,
Was tackled from the rear,
The right guard sat upon his neck
The fullback upon his ear.

The center sat upon his legs,
Two ends upon his chest,
The quarter and the halfback then
Sat down on him to rest.

The left guard sat upon his head,
The tackle on his face,
The coroner was then called in
To sit upon his case.

Frosh: I think this is all right now, sir.

Pa Reid: (After squinting under the square). No, not quite: its about 1-1,000,000,000,000,000 of an inch off.

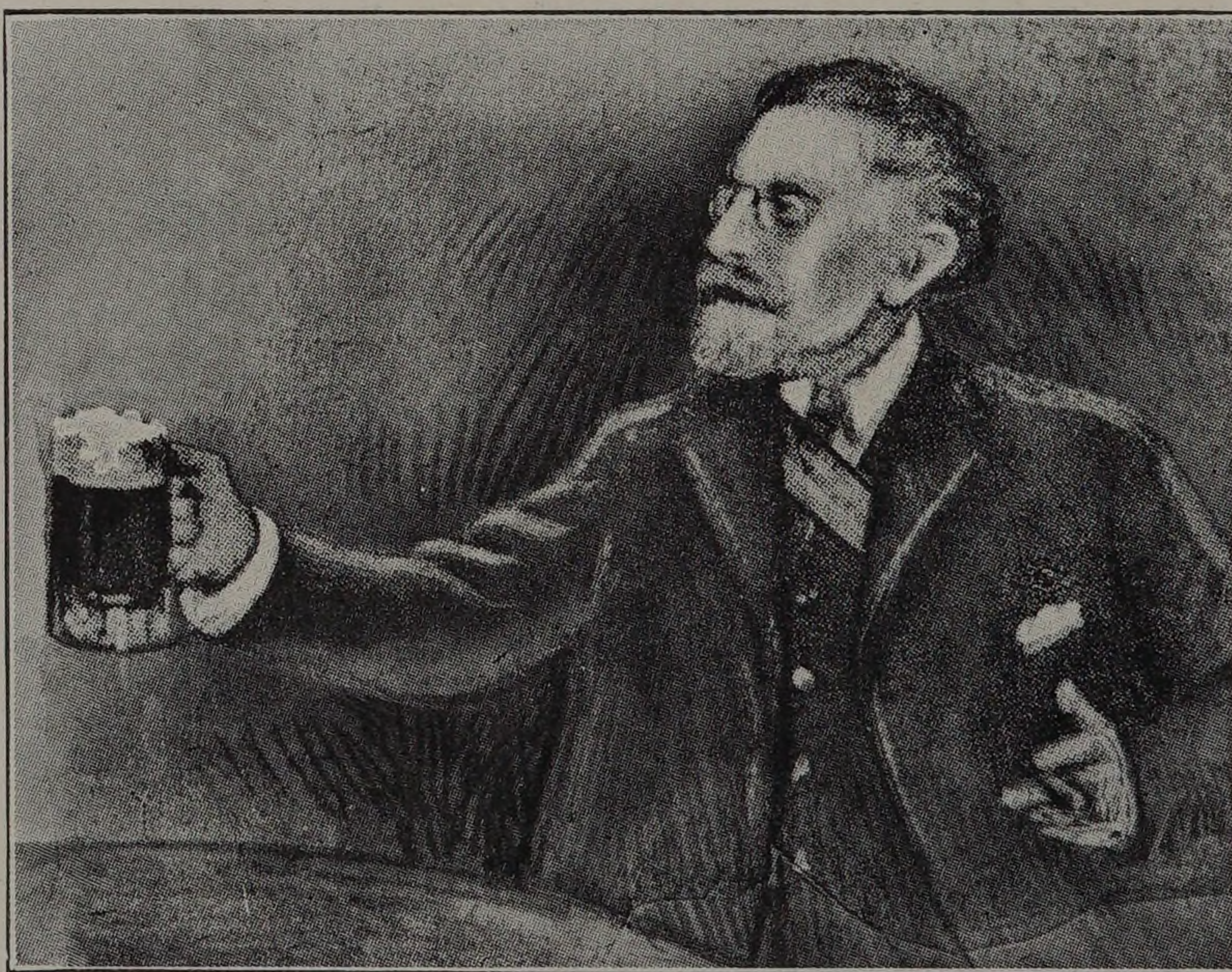
Dr. Harvey Wiley predicts that twenty years from now the world will be run by alcohol, wind and water; if he'll cut out the wind and add a little sugar we'll take some of his dope right now.

Smith: "How is your infinity?" (Affinity)
Eckert: "Oh, She's the limit."

Podunk Lawyer: "Was the sore mule killed when the fast express hit him?"

Si Dike: "No, but he didn't eat for a month."

Podunk Lawyer: "According to that you owe the railway company about \$40.00 for the fodder you saved."



"AUF IHR WOHL."