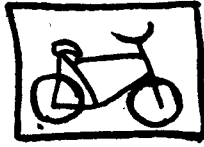


One morn while gazing through the bars upon a gentle hill,
 Our hero saw a summer youth upon a bicycle—
 He clapped his hands unto his brow, and burst his chains and fled—
 And in a month was rushing down those corridors of dead.
 The wierd inscription then he took, in ecstasy of bliss,
 And twisted it till he evolved, in perfect beauty, this—



He set the mummy in the seat, and dancing in his glee,
 Completed in a second's space his great discovery.
 He also found the Pyramids were built so smooth and wide
 So that the gay Egyptian sport could coast adown the slide;
 And lastly he can tell you why, if e'er you pass that way—
 The sandy Desert of the Nile is "scorching" to this day!

It is told of Kemble, that being much disturbed during one of his favorite parts by the crying of a child, he advanced to the footlights and exclaimed: "Ladies and gentlemen, unless the play is stopped, this child cannot possibly go on!"

HARD TO BEAT.

A HIBERNIAN admirer of Hook exclaimed, in delight at his wit, "Och, you're the Hook that nobody can bate!"



DRAWN BY BEATRICE SULLIVAN.



MISS PROUDFOOT.—Now, honestly, Teddy, don't you admire the arch of my foot?
 TEDDY (*whose folks have recently returned from Europe*).—You bet. Reminds me of the "Bridge of Size."