



SULLIVAN'S "LIVING STATUARY."

Bad Boy.—Hi, Jimmy! Free show! Catch on to John L. Sullivan trying to *pose* as a gentleman—dead failure! He wants more practice!

CYCLING.

THE steed of steel ribs and curved backbone is an old institution; we have all heard of the cycling suns and stars (fancy riders we suppose).

"Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay."

Cathay cycles have gone out of use of late years; the Your-up style is much preferred. The Greeks had some strange notions: it is only of late years that much of their mythology has been understood. We shall add our quota (we don't know what that is, but at any rate we shall add it). We shall give a myth of explanation. They called their bicycles Olympus—thus you see what is meant by going to mount Olympus. Some might now call their cycles Olimpus, especially when they see the stars. We have not time to trace the whole evolution of the beautiful vehicle; revolution has always had a great deal to do with its progress.

One of the drawbacks of cycling is its unsociable character; it is the very epitome of selfishness, a lass for it! Some men are very fond of it; they ride season after season, off and on—principally off.

The man who cannot and will not ride might be called a "ne'er-do-weel."

If you ride you are a cyclist, if you tumble you are on the sicklist.

Do not, before starting, take a glass, as then you are apt to take a tumble'r two. You may take a horn if it is a bugle-horn, though ten to one you'll do enough blowing when you get back.

You will never be a cyclist unless you have a suit. Always start out a well attired rider; you will likely come back a—well a tired rider.

It is easier to get on a bicycle than to get off. Getting off a bicycle gracefully is no joke, *i.e.*, getting off a bicycle is quite a different thing from getting off a joke. I don't know which is the easier.

A bicycler does not always know when he is well off. Perhaps you think I am off—I am—off for a spin—by bicycle.

FAMILIAR PROVERBS.

REVISED FROM THE ORIGINAL MSS.

THERE is many a cup between the lip and the slip.

A ROLLING stone gathers no moss; but a "rolling home" is sometimes gathered in by a policeman.

A BIRD in the hand is worth two in the bush—in money.

ANSWER a fool according to his folly—always excepting your boss.

ONE man can lead a horse to the street fountain, but ten men cannot get a little something in theirs at the soda fountain unless they have the proper wink.

THE love of money is the root of all evil; but the lack of it is the root of all work.

A SOFT answer turns away wrath. It also makes the accepted suitor want to linger.

A FOOL and his partner are soon moneyless.

PRIDE goeth before destruction, and an insidious orange peel before a fall.

FIRST be sure you are right—that it is missing—and then take the best one of the hats that are left.

"SHALL WE DANCE?"

(INSCRIBED TO REV. MR. JOHNSTON.)



MR. JOHNSTON, sit down and we'll argue the point,

"Shall we or shall we not dance?"

Shall we go to dress-balls and small social hops, just as they do it in France?

I say that we shall, It's nice, good, and well;

Now, all your objections advance.

It's expensive? Well, yes, but papa is quite rich, And he never would feel the expense,

Though of course the example is bad, I admit: And "a stumbling-block of offence,"

It's expensive—agree!

I admit it—proceed— That appeals to my mere common sense.

It's unhealthy? Um—er—well, yes, perhaps it is, At least one is apt to catch cold,

And it may be quite true that hundreds of deaths Have occurred, as you say you've been told:

Hot rooms, and bad air, Most doctors declare Unhealthy—they've said so of old.

It's immodest? Well, perhaps, in some cases it is, Some dresses are certainly so:

And scarcely a man I've danced with, I own, Would I care to accept as a beau—

Round dances I hate, And I candidly state They're immodest—most shockingly so.

It's unchristian? O come now, my reverend sir, Don't talk in that Methodist way—

Religion has "nothing to do with the case," As the man in *Mikado* would say—

Just think of St. Paul At a calico ball, Beginning, with, "Friends, let us pray!"