



"I GIVE THEE ALL, I CAN NO MORE."

MISTRESS—"Really, Norah, I wish you could contrive to make yourself look a little tidier."

MAID (daughter of Erin)—"Faix, ma'am, ye're always wantin' me to put so much tidiness into yer house, the devil a morsel I've left to spare for mesilf!"—*Fun.*

FROM THE HALL OF THE SCIENTISTS.

(By Our Very Short-hand Reporter.)

MY DEAR GRIP,—Knowing that you must be suffering the pangs of a consuming yearn for accurate information regarding the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, I hasten to put your gigantic mind at rest by sending you these few lines.

On Thursday last Professor O'Chanute read a paper on the resistance of air to inclined planes in motion, and when the learned essayist showed conclusively that fluid pressures are in direct proportion to the number of molecules affected, a reporter's thinker collapsed, and he was carried out of the room in a dead faint; but when Mr. O'Chanute got through showing that there is no warrant for assuming that the geometrical figure enclosing the molecules is that of a column, but that it might be a prismoid with only the height due to the velocity, and still enclose double the number of molecules of parallelipipedeon of equal altitude, even the seats were in tiers.

Mayor Clarke is responsible for the suggestion that Judge Macdougall should be elected a member of the Science Association. The great legal light would without doubt make an excellent investigator, after having rummaged so long among the fossils that lie buried in the stratified stupidity of the Board of Works.

From 12.30 until 2 p.m. each day of the meeting, the "struggle for existence" was very noticeable in the

vicinity of the lunch-room. Many a determined attack was made on the door of the Residence dining-hall where the mighty were fed; but Mr. James Bain stood there and repressed the noble rage of the famished *savants*, and froze the genial currents of their souls until the caterer got a chance to supply those of the faithful who had secured lunch tickets early in the day.

It is quite certain that Lord Alfred Tennyson never hustled to report the proceedings of a Scientific Association, else he would never have said, "Science moves but slowly, slowly, moving on from point to point." The rate at which each day's meeting differentiated from the state of homogeneity represented by the General Session to the state of heterogeneity represented by the meetings of the sections was calculated to make the horse-reporter feel tired.

This interesting bit of conversation was overheard in the corridors:—

HE—"There is an anthropologist behind you."

SHE (starting convulsively)—"Ugh! Where?"

HE—"There; that old man."

SHE—"Oh, how mean of you to have given me such a scare! I thought you meant something that had escaped from the bug-man's collection."

Considerable dissatisfaction was expressed on Friday last by members of the Association regarding the treatment they had received at the Pavilion the night before. They were kept from entering the building by the police until after the arrival of the Reception Committee of the Council, by the special order of the chairman. It is true that some of the ladies almost fainted in the crush, but what of that? These foreigners must be taught to recognize the importance of eloquent Chairman Dodds and his friends.

Yours scientifically, P. Kus.

A STUTTERER is a man who breaks his word.



HIS CHANCE FOR LIFE.

SYMPATHETIC CITIZEN—"Is he fatally wounded, do you think, officer?"

POLICEMAN—"Two av the wounds is fatal, sor, but the third is not, an' if we can lave him rest quiet for a fwhile, I think he wud come around all right!"