

GRIP'S CALENDAR.



"ARGUMENT!"

THEY had a meeting of the Argyfing Club in town the other night and several learned argyfiers were there.

It would, of course, be out of the question in a paper of GRIP's dimensions to furnish a full report of the proceedings, but one or two extracts are given by way of illustrating the mental grasp and logical acumen of the big guns. The paper of the evening was read by Mr. Slimwit, who sought to show that if the atmosphere were regarded as an ownable thing, and if it were in fact owned by a syndicate who charged high rates for its use, two results would follow, viz: 1st. The members of the syndicate would become millionaires without having to work for their money, and 2nd. the arrangement would be very rough on everybody outside of the syndicate. These positions were vigorously assailed by many powerful reasoners.

Theophilus Greathead, LL.D., declared that while he might disapprove of the atmosphere being given as a present to any syndicate, that was a very different thing from a syndicate obtaining possession of it by process of honest industry, forethought and prudence. He utterly failed to see why the right of such a syndicate to own the atmosphere should be questioned more than its right to own a house or any other article.

Mr. Sledgehammer Pounder, M.A., backed up Dr. Greathead's argument powerfully. He said he had never heard anything quite so absurd as Mr. Slimwit's contention. If the atmosphere were an article of speculative commerce, and had got into the possession of a syndicate, it would be because such had taken place in the course of things, and this being so, it would be the height of folly to attempt to alter the arrangement. Mr. Slimwit had suggested that the community could even things up by taxing nothing but atmosphere, and thus getting back what the syndicate took for the use thereof, but in reply he could only say that it would be utterly futile to endeavor to divide up the atmosphere and give each man an equal portion, and besides he did not approve of taking away the honest earnings of one man to give in a present to another. Slimwit was thus vanquished, but, like the hero of Goldsmith's poem, he feels that he can "argie still."

AN ELECTROSTATIC PAIR.

HE was the gallant engineer  
Of a giant dynamo,  
She sang to the wires the whole day long,  
With a chorus of "Hello!"

He loved this telephonic maid,  
Till his heart's vibrating plate  
Was magnetized and polarized  
At a milliamperic rate.

His love he well expressed in ohms,  
And amperes, or even in volts:  
In voltaic phrases and dynamo figures,  
Or currents, arc-lights, and bolts.

Said he: "By the great broken circuit,  
Or more, by the Ruhmkorff coil,  
Your negative answers will drive me  
To some subway under the soil.

"Not a spark of inductive affection,  
Not a positive 'Yes' have I had;  
I'm afraid the wires have grounded  
In favor of some other lad."

Then regret, like a galvanometer,  
Or an astatic needle, it smote her,  
And she said: "Of love I have ions  
As strong as an Edison motor."

So he opened the circuit and clasped her,  
In arm-ature, and held her there;  
And she was the belle electric  
Of this thermo-electric pair.

*Hardware.*

GET behind the girl who says her hair is naturally curly, and you will find a curling iron scar on her neck.



THE N.S.W. OLD MAN OF THE SEA.

THE PREMIER (*in background*): "Ha! If I only had the courage to knock him off his perch!"—*Sydney Bulletin*.  
[The abolition of "Upper Chambers" is a live issue all over the civilized world.]