

again. The others, who attend all the sessions, run a very grave risk to say the least. This is no slight matter and is mentioned, not impulsively, nor in a spirit of carping criticism, but after due consideration and considerable experience.

To show the evil effects of last minute changes of program, let us suppose a case which is quite true to life. M. A. is an enthusiastic naturalist, and a very busy man in all other lines as well. He sees in the paper that the British Naturalists Association is to meet in Y Hall in the town of B, Oct. 10, 11, and 12. He is unable to spare the whole three days so looks over the program to see which is the best day for him. On the second day at 2 p.m., Prof. B., of K. university, is to address the convention on the nervous system of the flea. Now Mr. A. has been making a particular study of the nervous system of the flea, and is anxious to hear the results of Prof. B.'s investigations, so he shapes his plans and his business engagements to leave that afternoon free for the convention. Imagine his chagrin when he learns a little later that the convention has been postponed. "Oh, well," he says, "there was good reason for the postponement," and proceeds to change his arrangements and save another half day later on.

The day comes and Mr. A. goes to the town early, for he has been saving up business to combine with the convention in one trip. The train is a little late, and he barely has time to get through with his business, eat a hasty dinner and be at the hall by 2 o'clock. He hurries up the quiet stair wondering whether he is too early or too late. As he opens the door of the hall he is met by a cloud of dust. The janitor is sweeping. Where is the convention?" Mr. Janitor looks

disgusted, and asks why he did not read the sign. He does not stop to reply. At the foot of the stairs a sign says in large letters: "Naturalists Meet Upstairs." He looks again, and sure enough, someone has written in lead pencil underneath: "Meet at the Union Hotel." "Where is that?" He knows the city pretty well, but it is already a quarter past two and the precious address he is so anxious to hear will be in progress. By the time he finds the Union Hotel it is twenty minutes to three. Mr. A. goes up the stairs, two steps at a bound, but is checked by the sight of a crowd at the door. "No room?" "Yes, a few seats up at the front, but it is so hot and close in there that no one cares to go up." "Is Prof. B. giving his address?" "Oh, he gave that this morning. They made a slight change in the program. Weren't you here? It was splendid." Mr. A.'s muttered reply would not look well in print. Finally he finds breath to enquire weakly "What is on for this afternoon?" "The election of officers!" He goes home disgusted. He could have just as well have attended in the forenoon and done his other business in the afternoon, if he had only known. But there was the printed program on which he had depended, as a man would on a railway time-table, but it had been changed without notice. Small wonder if he went home disgusted with conventions in general and the British Naturalists in particular.

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