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The A. O. A. And Their Challenge to the Balance of The Medical World.

The American Osteopathic Association closed its fifteenth annual session last week. It was held at Hotel La Salle, Chicago. It was a noteworthy convention—note-worthy because of its attendance of almost 2,000 registered physicians, while the A. M. A. which met a month before at Los Angeles, only showed an attendance of slightly over 2,000 registered physicians. The total membership of the A. M. A. is over 40,000, while the total membership of the A. O. A. is less than 4,000. The Chicago program was an intellectual and a clinical feast. It is too bad that all graduate D. O.'s are not members of the National Association.

The A. O. A. challenged the A. M. A., the American Institute of Homeopathy and the National Eclectic Association to a test on

800 patients with typhoid fever or pneumonia, to be equally divided between the four contestants or schools. The banner to go to the school having fewest fatalities. The challenge has not been accepted; a half dozen here have said it wouldn't be, that they were afraid to accept it. Failing to get anything but scorn and buncombe from the other three schools, especially the "Old School," the A. O. A. sharpened the point of their challenge by offering to put up ten thousand dollars (\$10,000,) they each to put up a like amount and enter the fray in earnest for the sake of suffering humanity to see who is best able to cope with disease. The winners to take the \$40,000 and put it into whatever charitable institution they should name. Dr. Chas. Still, son of the founder of osteopathy, said: "It would be the easiest way I know of adding \$40,000 to the endowment fund of our A. T. Still Research Institute."

They have not accepted that proposition yet either.

Gallant.

An exceedingly drunken man on a very rainy day stood weaving back and forth beneath a belching water spout. A passing policeman took him by the arm, thinking to lead him away, but the drunk resisted weakly and mumbled: "Shave the wimmen an' children! I'n swim!"—Everybody's.

What's In a Name?

The dahlia did not come by its name without a struggle. It is, as everybody knows, called after the Swedish botanist Dahl, but the name, as mispronounced by English gardeners, was opposed by the purists on the ground that there was already an existing genus named dalea. Luckily the dalea is an entirely insignificant genus, and so the word dahlia was retained, but not before a determined effort had been made to change it to Georgina—in honor of Professor Georgi, a Russian botanist. The strange rivalry is recalled by Walter P. Wright in "Popular Garden Flowers."

ELEGANT DISCOMFORT.

A Glimpse of High Life in France Before the Time of Louis XIV.

Before the reign of Louis XIV. in France there was a period when palaces were not very comfortable places in which to live. They were magnificently decorated, but the windows were small and not well placed, and the rooms were filled with magnificent but not particularly comfortable furniture. Fires were seldom lighted in the immense, beautifully sculptured marble fireplaces. Usually the only fire was to be found in the bedchamber at the end of a suit of rooms. At Versailles, in 1695, it is reported, the water and the wine froze in the king's glasses at table. Mme. de Maintenon sat in a chair with wings to it to protect her from drafts. It was customary to protect oneself from cold by folding screens and portable braziers.

The furniture in the halls and parlors consisted of carved wooden benches, stools, heavy chairs and great gilded leather armchairs and ebony cabinets and coffer, which served for seats and even beds, and which held linen, silver and clothes. One might wander for a long time through these labyrinths of rooms before reaching the only inhabited room, the bedchamber, which was better protected from drafts, had a fire in it and more comfortable seats than the other rooms.

The bedchamber was the living room. Friends and acquaintances were received there. The door of this room was closed, but all the other doors were open, and persons came and went as they pleased, admitted and guided by no one, although there might be more than a hundred servants in the house. The master of the house, on leaving the bedchamber, might find persons entirely unknown to him wandering, sitting or even taking naps here and there about the rooms. The service of the servants was so poor, one chronicler says, that no one was surprised at being told that he must go to bed without supper.

The celebrated literary and social leader Mme. de Rambouillet introduced a change in the fashion of house building and furnishing, and royalty promptly copied her innovations.—New York Press.

How It Looked.

A prominent churchman who is very fond of a joke, tells of an amusing incident in conjunction

with an ordination ceremony in Virginia. As is usual on such occasions, the bishop wore a red university hood at the back of his surplice. Among the most interested of the congregation was an old dandy from Richmond. After the ceremony he was asked by some one how he liked the proceedings.

"I was clean taken by de preachin' of de bishop," answered the negro, "an' at de same time I felt kinder sorry for him. He ain't got no wimmen to look after him, has he?"

"Why, what makes you think that, Sam?"

"I noticed, sah, whenever de bishop turned round dat de back of his coat was busted an' de red under-shirt was a-showin' through."

The Resourceful Count D'Orsay.

D'Orsay was once dining at the Old Ship hotel at Greenwich when some one called his attention to an inscription made with a diamond upon the central pane of the bay window overlooking the Thames, in which his name was improperly connected with that of a celebrated German dancer. D'Orsay took an orange from a dish, coolly remarking upon the good quality of the fruit and tossed it up in the air several times, then, as though by accident, he gave it a wider cant and sent it through the offending pane, knocking the glass into the Thames.—"Beaux and Dandies."

Suspicious Praise.

"A good wife is heaven's greatest gift to man and the rarest gem the earth holds," remarked Mr. Jarphy the other morning. "She is his joy, his inspiration and his very soul. Through her he learns to reach the pure and true, and her loving hands lead him softly over the rough places. She is—"

"Jeremiah," said Mrs. Jarphy solemnly—"Jeremiah, what wickedness have you been up to now?"—Truth.

Political Science.

"John," asked Mrs. Dorkins, "what is a 'political con game'?"

"Why, it's—it's a frameup, you know."

"Yes, but what is a frameup?"

"A—er—piece of bunk, of course; can't you?"

"What is a piece of bunk?"

"Oh, shucks!" exclaimed Mr. Dorkins. "What's the use of trying to tell a woman anything about politics?"—Chicago Tribune.

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