for these joint meetings by various engineers of Boston, as well as by members of the local M. I. T. Society, and it is hoped to make the meetings a great success. They are to be held monthly, and at each meeting a paper on some subject of present interest will be read and discussed. These papers will be furnished in advance to all members of the local society.

Former members of the Electrical Engineering Society are cordially invited to be present as its guests.

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**Murty Donough and the Chimpanzee.**

Sure an' I was just after landin',
From the vessel come over from Cork,
Along with me Biddy and childer,
An' all of us looking for work.

We'd been took quite bad on the passage,
An' divil a bit could we ate,
And were feeling that tired and shaky,
We could hardly keep up on our fate.

But we left Castle Garden together,
To look for a tinimint near,
Though the carts and the horses and paple
Was filling our hearts up with fear.

We see a big place called a "Musy,"
Wid pictures outside all about
There was shnakes an' lions an' tigers
An' a boy wid the head of a goat.

So we stopped there a bit on our travels
To see what the thing was at all,
And to hear the man by the doorway,
For each blessed minit he'd call,
"Step up here Ladies an' Gents all,
It costs but a dime" (that's tin cints)
"To see all the wonders of nature,"
Sure I didn't know then what he mint;
So I says to Biddy there wid me,
"We'll lave the childer outside,
An' pay the man our tin cintses
An' shlip in the doorway so wide."

So in to the "Musy" we started,
The place smelled like the hould of the ship,
An' I held onto Biddy so tight there
That the divil could ne'er break the grip.

There was ladies all dressed up in jewels,
A-setting on chairs side by side,
And they called it the Great Beauty contest
And votes for each one they'd provide.
And there was the great livin' skelton
As thin as the crame on skim milk,
A-setting beside the fat lady
All dressed up in shiny blue silk.
The man he was giving a lecture,
About all the wonders he had,
An' telling how much it had cost him
To hire the monkey-faced lad,
An' he spoke of the man who ate fire,
An' the lady that had a long beard,
An' the woman that played with the shnakes here
An' divil a bit was afeared.

An' thin he stepped up to a cage like
An' a great hairy crature was there
An' he says "Gents an' Dames, its Jim Pansy,"
An' Biddy an' me had to stare,
For shure as me name's Murty Donough,
It wasn't Jim Pansy at all,
But Patsy O'Rourke or his brother,
That come from the County Donegal.

He had some kind of a dress, sir,
That looked like the hair on a cat,
But he couldn't fool Biddy or me, sir,
For we knew Patsy 'Rourke for all that.

So I axed of the man that was talkin',
"Sure, what did you say was his name?"
But he just said to me, "It's Jim Pansy,"
An' kept on with his talk all the same.

But I says to him, gettin' angry,
"You may call him Jim Pansy all day,
But I know very well he's Pat 'Rourke
Or his big brother Dan, ony way."

Then he spokle me quite plesint and softly
As if anxious the pace for to kape,
And said what he meant by "Jim Pansy"
Was the name of a sort of an ape!

So I thanked him for his condesintion
And told him no trouble I'd make,
An' I took a new look at Jim Pansy
An' saw I had made a mistake,
For though the resemblance was striking
An' the crature looked just like a man,
Yet the face of the ape was more knowing
Than Pat or his big brother Dan.