

mechanism of the sliding carriage and double-letter arrangement for capitals, now in use in the type-writer. It would require a lengthy article to describe the gradual development of the mechanism of the various machines.

YEARS AND YEARS AGO.

On the return journey we had the good fortune to meet on the train our friend—or, as the Society reporter would say, *compagnon du voyage*—Mr. E. R. Stimson, who is travelling in connection with the Foreign Exhibition to be held in Boston in September. Mr. S. was, we believe, one of the earliest Canadian agents for type-writers, having been in partnership with Mr. Arthur Harvey, an insurance agent. Investment in type-writers was in those days—1874-5—very costly and very doubtful. What is now looked upon as the commonest machine—the plain No. 1, at that time very crude in comparison with the poorest machine to-day—sold at retail at \$150, and so difficult did the agents find the sale or them that they were forced to cut down the prices to less than cost, so that they actually lost money as well as time. Worse, even, than that, was the opposition which was excited by their introduction. Engrossing clerks in law offices feared the machines would leave them like Othello, and they therefore took the precaution to get the letter-bars distorted, or the mechanism generally out of gear, so that “the old thing wouldn’t work.” This conduct—or the result of it—while it delighted the students, disgusted the employers, demoralized the business, and disheartened the agents. When we began an active agitation in favor of writing machines in this city about a year ago, we met many instances of the spirit alluded to. Happily, there is not much left of it now. Mr. Stimson took a machine to Australia on one occasion, but found that the fear of competition was too great for its general introduction there.

A SUCCESSFUL CANADIAN.

The time not devoted to sight-seeing was spent at the home in Brooklyn of our old friend, Mr. Walter S. Oliphant, now confidential secretary to the manager of the Hanover National Bank. Mr. Oliphant was, some twelve years ago, one of the most active members of a Toronto literary society, whose roll contained the names of Mr. Albert Horton, of the House of Commons *Hanover* staff; Mr. Arthur Wallis, now in the gallery at Ottawa for the *Mail*; Mr. James Boyle, formerly of the *Mail*, now of St. Louis; and the writer. We hope the day is not far distant when the shorthanders of Toronto, at all events, will organize a like society. The exercises of the one in question included essays, newspaper articles and discussions, debates, readings, and the conduct of business (each member in turn being chairman). The members owe a very large share of whatever success they have since attained to the incentives thus offered, and the prac-

tice thus afforded, to mental effort. Not only so, but the friendships thus formed in those days of youthful enthusiasm can never be broken. Chattering of these old times, the Brooklyn host and his guest passed many pleasant hours. Mr. Oliphant has all the earthly comforts any heart could wish, and thoroughly appreciates all. Among his household treasures is a handsome oak cabinet containing an elaborate service of silverware, valued at over \$350, the gift of the employees of the Grand Trunk Railway, along the whole line from Portland to Sarnia. Mr. O. was for nine years secretary to the Mechanical Superintendent, and was almost constantly on the road. When he graduated from the Toronto *Globe* job-room as a printer, his longhand was a grade below “fair to middling” in quality. He determined, however, to overcome this great bar to progress, and he wrote, literally, miles of *m*'s and *n*'s and other letters and combinations. After the most painstaking labor, he acquired a style which—didn't suit, and therefore set himself anew to the task, this time with more success, until finally he reached the perfection of a bold, round, symmetrical style, as legible as print, and more beautiful to a business man's eye than copper-plate. Writing machines are now being generally introduced, and the steno-grapher is gradually being transformed into a steno-typer, so that the call for good longhand is less urgent, as a rule, than formerly; but still the fact remains that the wretched caligraphy of the average shorthander is one of the most serious obstacles to his success. The time and labor expended by Mr. Oliphant in mastering his present style have been well repaid, for it was his longhand writing which first attracted the attention of his employer. Now he has a position worth \$1800, with splendid prospects of advancement, and he enjoys the unlimited confidence of his chief. This may be gathered from the single significant fact that though he holds the only power of attorney for the Bank, and uses it in the regular course of his duties to the extent of hundreds of thousands of dollars, he has not been asked to furnish a single dollar's worth of security.

THE ART LEAGUE—A SUGGESTION.

One of the most enjoyable and inspiring visits was that to the Art League, accompanied by the writer's brother, Mr. Wm. Bengough, who is perfecting himself in his art with the Hatch Lithographic Company, on Vesey-street. The League was organized some seven years ago by a few young artists, with little money but unlimited enthusiasm and intense desire to become thoroughly proficient in their special vocation. The institution gradually added members and appliances, and is now self-supporting, offering to young men and women of artistic taste exceptional advantages in the prosecution of their studies. The Cooper Institute offers free tuition in art, and during the school year closing last May 2,217 young men