

is made in the *Times* office, and is as near perfection as it is likely to be in our time. In a corner of one of the great composing-rooms there are six or seven of these little machines. They are capable of "composing" three parts of the news portion of the paper, each putting up five or six columns a night. The editorial and writing rooms occupy the next story below, and convenient to the chief's desk is a telegraph in direct communication with the office of Reuter's foreign press agency. For the distribution of copy, proofs, and messages the numatic tube is used, with satisfaction. On the ground-floor are the machine, engines (the latter in pairs in case of accident), foundries, and publishing offices; so that the last operation of production, the printing of the forms, is conducted with the added facilities of approximation of departments. The forms come down; they are stereotyped; they pass to the machine; the paper is printed, and goes forth into the publishing office, which opens its doors at about four o'clock each morning to the carters and porters of Smith & Sons, who are the chief distributors of the leading journal. In front of these busy rooms, cut off from the heat of the machinery, are the advertising offices and the letter inquiry department. The latter department is for the use of persons who choose to have their letters addressed to the *Times* office, for consulting the files, and other purposes—a convenience which the public evidently appreciates. The *Times*, with all its ramifications and influences, reaching from Printing-house square to the uttermost ends of the earth, constitutes one of the modern wonders of the world; and nothing about it is more remarkable than the fact that it may be said to have grown up in our day.

ELOCUTIONARY TRIALS.

The following from the *Notre Dame Scholastic* humorously illustrates the liability to error in transcribing notes of words having the same sounds into other words of very different meaning. The phonographer may read between the lines a lecture on the necessity of understanding the meaning of the words reported from the lips of the speaker.

I wrote a poem, the other day,
And sent it to be read
Before a club of learned folks,
And thought it would be said
To equal any poem writ
By Thomson, Swift, or Pope,
But oh, alas! the reader spoiled
My poem, and every hope
Of future fame; for sad to say
Her reading was so queer,
She made me say the queerest things,
As you shall quickly hear.

Of my old home and childhood's scenes:
I wrote in pensive mood;
But really now the reader made
Me say things very rude.

(I wrote) "Would I could meet my friends once
more

'Round my father's table!"
She made me say I wished to meet
Around my "father's stable!"

I wrote of happy times, when I
Sat on my grandpa's knees,
But oh! the reader made me say
I sat on "grandpa's sneez."

I spoke of grandma's feeble voice,
"Alas! dear grandma's old!"
The reader made me say, "Alas!"
"My dear grandma is sold!"

My mother's lap I spoke of next
As solace for life's tears,
She said, "my darling mother's slap
Was solace for life's steers!"

As duteous child, I spoke at length
Of reverence for pa's will,
The horrid reader made me say
"I revered pa's swill."

My brother's eyes, I said, "were grand,
Most eloquent his lips."
The reader said, "his sighs were grand
And eloquent his slips."

"Two writers much I loved in youth,
Young—Harriet Beecher Stowe."
The reader made me say I loved
"Young Harriet Beecher's toe."

And then I wrote of sylvan glades,
St. Mary's pious nooks;
The reader spoiled my piety
And spoke of "Pious Snooks."
Now Mr. Snooks I never met
In any walk or glen,
I know him *not*, though he may be
Most pious of all men.

The smart reporters present took
In shorthand all she read,
It came out in the papers, and
Poor I went sick to bed.

How much does a journalist earn in Paris? The pay varies very much with the journals. The leading dramatic critic, M. Francisque Sarcey, is paid about \$160 a month for his weekly dramatic article in *Le Temps*. M. Sarcey writes a daily article on topics of the day in the *XIXieme Siecle*, for which he is paid about \$300 a month. The weekly Parisian letter in the *Independance Belge* brings \$30. M. Emile Zola received about \$300 a month from the *Figaro* for one article a week. The pay of the chroniclers like Alber, Wolff, Scholl, and Charles Monselet, is about \$300 a month. Paul Mantz, the art critic of *Le Temps*, is paid less than \$20 an article. The travelling reporter of the *Figaro*, the man who is the only descriptive reporter of any ability in France, is paid \$300 a month. The small fry of journalists earn from \$40 to \$100 a month. Compared with journalism, commerce again offers prospects that are not uninviting.