

[From the Australasian Typographical Journal.]

### THE OLD PRINTING PRESS.

A song to the press, the printing press!  
Of the good old fashioned kind,  
Ere the giant machine with its pulse of steam,  
Elbows it out of mind.  
In the days of yore  
Our fathers hoar  
By his sturdy limbs have wrought:  
Of iron or oak,  
His teachings spoke,  
The language of burning thought.

A song to the press, the printing press!  
As the carriage rolls merrily along.  
His stout sides groan, as the bar pulls home.  
Keeping time to the pressman's song;  
And the crisp, wet sheet  
On its errand fleet  
By anxious hands is sped:  
Thought of elsewhere  
It may sorrow bear,  
It brings to the printer bread.

Then here's to the press, the old printing press!  
Though his days be numbered now,  
A fond heart weaves of the laurel leaves  
A garland to deck his brow;  
Though the giant machine  
With its pulse of steam  
Has doomed his form to decay:  
His stout old frame  
From our hearts shall claim  
Remembrance for many a day.

[Written for the Miscellany.]

### Innocence in the City.

A country printer, having just emerged from his apprenticeship, betook himself to the city in search of employment. Calling into several book and job offices, on his arrival, for work, he was invariably informed that business was very dull, and that his services were not required. Reflecting over his ill success in this branch of the trade for a few moments—for he had perseverance, and was bound not to be thwarted in this his first undertaking—he finally made up his mind that he would try some of the morning or afternoon papers. Entering the composing room of one of these large establishments for the first time in his life, he knew not how to act. After deliberating over the matter in his own mind for a few moments, how he should proceed, he inquires of one of the comps. for the foreman. Having found that worthy, he asks:

"I am from the country and looking for work. Can you give me a job?"  
Foreman—"No; stands all occupied; perhaps you can get some subbing to do."

After lingering around the room for a while, as all "subs." have to do, work was given him by one of the compositors.

Innocence doffed his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and got along very well, congratulating

himself on his good success. Unfortunately for him, however, he got hold of a "take" of telegraphic market reports. Scanning it over for a while ere he manipulated the type, he could not understand why it said that lead was *light*; hogs were *quiet*; feathers, *heavy*; lowland cotton, *high*, etc. Here, he thought, an excellent opportunity was opened to him to distinguish himself, and show the city comps. that country printers knew as much as they, and believing, also, that the telegraphic operator was either drunk or didn't understand his business, he reversed the order of things, and set it up in type to read that lead was *heavy*; hogs, *dull and stupid*; feathers, *light*; and lowland cotton, *low*, etc.

Just as the foreman was closing up the pages, proof came of the article. Not having time for corrections, it was taken out and something substituted in its place.

After the forms went to press, the country "sub." found himself face to face with the irate foreman, trying to convince him that what he had done was right, as he had been brought up in a country printing office, and knew all about hogs, feathers, etc.

The obdurate and irrefragable foreman could not be convinced, and the "knowing country comp." was finally seen donning his coat, retreating toward the door, swearing high Dutch against all telegraph operators. His exit was final.

[From the Norristown Herald.]

### The Editor's Valentine.

We have already received our valentine for this year. It is not a very pretty one: what it lacks in beauty is made up in masterly coloring and skilful handling. The title is "A Newspaper Man," and represents a dropsical-headed chap with a red nose, a green coat and red pair of trousers, going through a piece of ten-cent muslin with a formidable pair of shears. You may have noticed that all editors wear green coats and red pantaloons. A quill inserted behind a comprehensive ear exhibits much feeling, and is unlike anything found in mediæval art. Very much unlike it. The color in the nose is laid on with a reckless lavishness and a brush, and doesn't suggest the Goitiesque style of painting to any appreciable extent. The abbreviated coat-tails are remarkable for breadth of effect and absence of feeling, and are painted in a rather low tone. The pose of the figure is easy and graceful, and is natural with editors.