

THEODORE L. DEVINNE ON PROFIT SHARING

N STEP in profit sharing was taken by Theodore L. Devinne & Co., New York, printers of the *Century* magazine and other publications, April 1, 1891; and on April 2, 1892, every employee, from the youngest to the oldest, received five per cent. of the profits of the year. The result was signalized by a banquet and testimonial by the employees to the members of the firm. In speaking of the results of the year, Mr. Theodore L. Devinne, among other good things, said: "I did propose to have something to say about the nine-hour day, but it is late; and I will not begin a controversy, yet I cannot entirely pass it by. While I think that the nine-hour day will be of no real benefit to you, and a real injury to our house, we shall not oppose it blindly. If our rivals accept it we shall accept it too, if we can. But we shall not allow our business to be crippled by rivals who persist in a ten-hour day. We ask for no special privileges, but we shall agree to no special disabilities. We insist on equal rights. One more remark. If this loss should come, you, too, will be sharers in that loss. If we had worked but nine hours a day last year, there would have been a smaller surplus to divide. Nine hours must make a decided diminution in the income of the house. The old proverb that our patron saint, Ben Franklin, frequently quoted, 'Time is money,' is as true now as it ever was. The less you work, the less the production; the less the production, the less the profit. Neither Henry George, nor Edward Bellamy, nor all the trade unions, nor all the legislatures can ever juggle these premises to any other conclusion."

Mr. Devinne is universally acknowledged to be the foremost employing printer in the world. He is a broad-minded man of culture and philanthropic instincts. A practical printer of long experience, and being at the head of an establishment employing hundreds of people, his opinion is well worthy of serious consideration.—*St. Louis Stationer*.

CURIOUS EPITAPH UPON A PRINTER

THERE lieth the outer form of Typography Page, a printer, who, for distributing the pearl of charity, was, perhaps, a nonpareil. He was faithful and honest to his companions (of which he gave many proofs), though nearly brought to the gallows by them. His humanity was great, and his life truly justified by good rules. Early in his life he was called to the bar, and was happy when employed for the service of his country. He was always told to face the French cannon with a broadside, but was sorry to have the English destroyed. He was not bigoted to any religion, but a strenuous advocate of justification,

and an enemy of monks and friars. He often imposed on himself for the benefit of others. He was no critic. Though he corrected the errors of other people he did not forget a due attention to his own. His character was throughout of a good bright color, and he seldom went too far in his pull. When laid up in the sick-room of disease he complained his head was in pie. Death locked up his mortal form on the tenth quire of his last token, when he had patiently pulled off his white paper, with hopes of a glorious reiteration, in full assurance of a second edition being better than the first. His light being out he was papered up in his coffin, and solemnly interred in the peaceful wool hole.

No more shall copy bad perplex his brain;
No more shall type's small face his eyeballs strain;
No more the proof's foul page create him troubles,
With errors, transpositions, outs, and doubles.

No more his head shall ache from author's whims,
As over-runnings, driving-outs, and ins,
The surly pressman's frown he now may scoff,
Revised, corrected, finally worked off.

JOURNALISM AS IT WAS

FORTY-FIVE years ago, according to the reminiscent testimony of Col. Alexander E. McClure, of the *Philadelphia Times*, the labors of the editor-in-chief of a little village newspaper were mostly directed to maintain its little subscription list. Every subscriber was personally known to the editor-in-chief.

The rural readers of that day were a frugal set, and the question of spending \$1.50 for a newspaper was often a matter of the gravest consideration, and frequently required the employment of all the eloquence the editor-in-chief could command to prevent subscribers from stopping their papers when they came to pay their bills. The good old rule prevailed, and was flaunted under the editorial head of the paper, that, under the decision of the Post Office Department, "no newspaper could be discontinued until all arrearages are paid."

As an illustration of the important labors of the editor-in-chief of that day I might mention one typical case of a reluctant subscriber, who, after trying the paper for six months, brought in a small load of half rotted wood in payment of the 75 cents due for his subscription, and ordered his paper stopped. After much persuasion I succeeded in getting a suspension of judgment on the subject until he should come into town again. When he returned some days thereafter he said that he had consulted the women folk about the matter, and they had concluded that they would continue another six months during the winter season, "as the papers were very convenient for tying up apple butter crocks."—*American Stationer*.