



CONDUCTED BY T. WILLIAM BELL.

A Stalwart of the Stalwarts.

Since D. L. Skunk-Beelzebub's attempted assassination of Standard Phonography when he published in his *Monthly* for December, 1880, a *fac simile* of what he represented to be a specimen of our reporting notes, but which in reality was nothing more than a meaningless scrawl forged for the purpose of leading young phonographers to look upon Standard Phonographic reporting notes as worthless in consequence of their being illegibly illegible, we have received a respectable number of happy hits from a number of respectable shorthand wits. We insert a few of them:

A Toronto editor says: "Beelzebub is evidently a Three F chap—a Forger of Fonografisk *Fac-similes*."

A boy of the city of Baked Beans and Brown Bread, Mass., who once upon a time sold an 'organ-grinder' twenty dollars' worth of rosy paper for cash, and who received in payment thereof an offer of a full course of Benn Pitmanism, with Hel and Her hooks thrown in without extra charge, puts the following: "If it be States prison for life for forging bank notes, how much longer should the term of imprisonment be for forging shorthand notes? How would it do to hang Skunk-Brown on a sour apple tree?"

One of our many lady subscribers wants to know the reason why we allow a played-out organ-grinder to take liberties which we would never think of granting to her. What she refers to is the familiar way the professor has of addressing us. He calls us "Billy," you know, a name that is not too far-fetched when we take into consideration the quantity and quality of the butting he has had to stand since the happy day dawned upon him when he found himself promoted to the position of a focman worthy of our steel.

Our jolly old friend, the *Meteor* man, devotes considerable space to what he speaks of as "a big row raging across the wild Atlantic." Before concluding his remarks he dips his quill into the poetic ink pot and pens the following:

In Bedlam, says Brown,
Bell would be on his level;
And Bell, he associates
Brown with the devil.

The *Scholastic* (Notre Dame, Ind.), in a column article editorially handles our unfortunate friend rather severely; but, as the writer remarks, "we suppose he was prepared for a storm, and hoisted his bomb-proof umbrella after penning his libellous article." We quote also the concluding sentence: "D. L. Skunk-Beelzebub is a wicked practical joker, and he has made false representations in regard to the *Miscellany* man, and should do penance in sack-cloth and ashes for a reasonable term."

We have a whole tureen full of material like the foregoing, which would be gladly handed over to our readers, but we are tempted to be a little charitable, in the hope that Prof. D. L. Skunk-Beelzebub will come to the front like a little man and plead guilty to the charge of having, on the 10th day of April, in the year of phonographic deviltry one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one, more or less, in the one hundred and fifth year, or thereabouts, of the reign of his Royal Highness, Yankee Doodle, with malice aforethought, printed and published without permission, in the "Grand Christmas Holiday Number" of that scurrilous *Monthly* which is conducted by the phonographic quack of the nineteenth century, a photographic *fac-simile* of forged reporting notes, with the design of bombshelling the Standard system from the face of the two hemispheres, and elsewhere.

It would be desirable, even in the interest of shorthand Nihilism, to have this phonographic Guiteau acknowledge the corn and his willingness to be forgiven, before the next general meeting of the New York State Clamographic Assassination, which will be held in Buffalo on the 23d day of August, for it has been confidentially whispered in our ear that it is the termination of the said body of Clamographers to ask the Professor (a member by mistake) if he has anything to say why sentence of expulsion should not be passed upon him.

No doubt our friend will take the hint and stay at home on the 23d.

Now that we are speaking of that noble body of Stenographers, let us hope that the sixth