

**THE SOLICITOR.**

Who is id hustles nighdt und tay  
Und preaches dot id always pay,  
Und dot dere should pe no delay?  
Dot's der Solicitor.

Who is id follows us like fate  
From early morn till nighdt so late,  
Und wants to figure oudt a "rate?"  
Dot's der Solicitor.

Who is id asks aboutt our health  
Und points der straight road oudt to vealth,  
Midoudt der burglar's cunning stealth?  
Dot's der Solicitor.

Who is id fears no frost or blighdt,  
Whose circulation's "oudt o' sighdt,"  
Who generally vins py righdt or mightdt?  
Dot's der Solicitor.

Who is id makes der paper brighdt,  
Enables id to fighdt for righdt—  
Sustains id in financial plighdt?  
Dot's der Solicitor.

Who is id makes our pizness pay  
Und like a schnow plough clears der vay  
To fame und sure prosperity?  
Dot's der Solicitor.

**GOOD PRINTING**

Can you define the words? The oft-repeated words "anything will do as long as it can be read" are heard almost daily in the best of printing-offices. It is significant of the business (?) man who "saves at the spigot and wastes at the bung-hole." Now, by good printing, the writer contends that its meaning does not necessarily imply artistic work. It must be a composition of well-chosen, readable types, so arranged as not to offend the eye, printed on good paper, with good ink, by a press-man who understands bringing out the strong points, who knows how to bring forth a job free from smut and soil.

Is good printing necessary? Why should it not be? let us ask. It is often spoken of as being indicative of character. The man of sound business principles who endeavors to do justice to all, realizes the value of neatly printed stationery. In many cases it is his sole representative, and on it many a success has hinged. —W. H. Wright in *Publicity*.

**SUCCESSFUL PUBLISHERS**

Of the 4,047 millionaires in the United States, according to the revised list recently issued by the New York *Tribune*, thirty of them are publishers of newspapers and magazines. In connection with the above statement, we could not help remarking when looking over the list of names of these fortunate individuals, that in every instance they were the names of men who by persistent advertising have made their publications known to every intelligent reader throughout the length and breadth of this great land. When a doctor is willing to take the same medicine that he

prescribes for his patients, they will have no hesitation in admitting that there must be some virtue in it. It is certainly reasonable, then, to suppose that the merchant or manufacturer who is desirous of calling the attention of the public to the articles he has for sale, will place more credence in the efficacy of advertising, when the publisher himself believes so implicitly in its power.—*The Kings' Jester*.

**AN ART BOOK**

Through the kindness of Messrs. Warwick & Sons PRINTER AND PUBLISHER has been the recipient of a copy of one of the most artistic of the art books produced this season by Raphael Tuck & Sons. It is entitled *The Story of Columbus*, but is told in the shape of a fairy tale, and this tale is embodied in a poem by the celebrated American, Nesbit. The characters are fair young children whom the fairies induce to go to sea on a voyage of discovery. Their leader is a brave lad named Columbus. But the great feature of the book is the beautiful full-page art cuts. The frontispiece is a handsome nautical design, encircling the picture of the true Genoese Discoverer. Throughout the book are beautiful scenes, such as the Departure, Storm, Mutiny, Sighting Land, Planting the Flag, A Friendly War Dance, Home Again, and Presented at Court. Each illustration is a model of art and skill, varying from the light grey sepia work to the full-blown harmony of a score of blended colors. The poetry itself is combined with small artistic designs running along the borders of the verses. The letterpress is artistic fairy script. In fact each page is a work of art, and the book, in size about fourteen inches by eighteen, is one of the most clever productions of art work that has ever been placed before an art admiring public.

**A NEWSPAPER STORY**

It is certain that journalism has no severer critics than some of those who are found in its own ranks. The other day a man who works on an evening sheet was asked something about an article that had appeared in that paper. He knew nothing about it. "What!" said his questioner, "don't you read your own newspaper?" "Read my own paper!" he answered scornfully. "That reminds me of the story of Blobbs and Jinks, you know. They were Bohemians, and had got dreadfully run down. One day Blobbs went into a horribly cheap restaurant and sat down at a table to order a meal, when up rushed Jinks in a waiter's apron to get his order. Blobbs was struck nearly dumb, but he managed to blurt out, 'Good heavens, Jinks! you don't mean to tell me'—Jinks looked at him very loftily; 'I wait here,' said he, in a crushed tone, 'but I don't eat here!'" The enquirer was left to make his own application of the story. He had no difficulty in doing so.