

be joined to the latter syllable; as, *ta-lent, fa-tal; me-lan, le-ver; spi-rit, si-lence; cy-nic, ty-ro; le-gu-ry, mo-no-po-ly*. Except *x*, and single consonants, when they belong to the former portion of a derivative word; as, *ex-ile, ex-ist, ex-amine; up-on, dis-ease, circum-ambient*. Two or more consonants belong to the latter syllable, when they are capable of beginning a word; as, *ta-ble, ti-ble, lu-cre, o-gle, mau-gre, stro-phe, de-stroy*. But, when the consonants cannot begin a word, or when the vowel preceding them is short, the first should be separated; as, *ab-bey, ac-cent, vel-lum, ab-ject, gar-den, laun-dry, pam-phlet; sac-rifice, de-ri-ment, blas-pheme, dis-tress, min-strel*.

It is desirable that compound and derivative words should, at the ends of lines, be divided in such a manner as to indicate their principal parts, when such is possible.

The terminations *tion, sion, cial, tial*, and many others, formerly pronounced as two syllables, but now only as one, must not be divided either in spelling or at the end of a line.

A syllable consisting of only one letter, as the *a* in *cre-ation*, should not commence a line. This word would be better divided *crea-tion*; and so all others of a similar kind. But such a syllable, coming immediately after a primitive, is by some printers brought to the beginning; as, *con-sider-able*.

A line of print must not end with the first syllable of a word, when it consists of a single letter; as, *a-bide, e-normous*; nor begin with the last syllable, when it is formed of only two letters; as, *nation-al, teach-er, similar-ly*. For regard should be had to the principles of taste and beauty, as well as to the laws of syllabication.

Three or more successive lines should not end with a hyphen. A little care on the part of the compositor will, in general, prevent an appearance so offensive to a good eye. Divisions, indeed, except for purposes of spelling and lexicography, should take place as seldom as possible.

Of course, in the matter of dividing words in the practical manipulation of the types, a great deal depends upon the measure used. In narrow measures, with large type, it is impossible to avoid numerous divisions; therefore, that which would be quite inexcusable in wide measures, or with small type, would be quite excusable in reverse circumstances.

While much has been said on this subject,

much more could be added, for the subject is far from being exhausted. However, we think sufficient instruction has been given for guidance in ordinary work; therefore, we will not weary our readers with a more extended treatise. We will treat of the other points in the course of time.

### "I Wonder if I'll be 'Papers' or 'Boots' up There?"

"Town Gossip" in Detroit Free Press.

All day long the rain had poured or drizzled, and night had closed in the murky day with a fog and a mist, which made the street lamps appear dim and sickly. The City Hall bell had tolled six half an hour since, and Jefferson avenue had gone home to the bosom of its family, closing its large wholesale houses, and leaving the great thoroughfare gloomy, quiet and deserted; quiet save for the rumbling street cars and lumbering drays and heavy carts, and deserted by all except an occasional pedestrian, the police and the watchmen who haunt the doors of the wholesale institutions. Griswold street—Detroit's Wall street—had gone home, too, and the offices which erstwhile had hummed with life were dark and deserted, except in one or two instances where some young attorney, unmindful of the hour, was still poring over reports and trying to unravel a knotty point in a new case.

Town Gossip was picking his way through the water pools over a Larned street crosswalk, when the familiar cry, gradually dying away, "Evening pay-pur," smote his ear.

"Paper, sir? It's my last. Won't you take it, sir? Then I'll be all sold out."

I let my umbrella slide down to my shoulder as I paid for the paper and stuck it in my pocket.

The boy uttered a "thank you" and ran across the street, stopping under the yellow gas light to count his money. I saw that he was miserably clad, and that his bare feet protruded from his worn-out shoes. Then, on looking sharply at his face, I remembered that I knew him. He was a boy that T. G. was wont to wait for in front of the Exchange every day of the dusty summer after dinner. He was a better "shiner" than the other fellows, and T. G. liked his frank face and ready answers.

"Well, Jack, how much did you make to-day?" I asked as I overtook him.

"Only thirty cents, sir."

"And how much do you usually make?"

"I most allus get eighty or ninety cents