

of the father—Sam, Frank and James M. All of whom are journeymen. Long life to the veteran printer and editor!

D. T. Daily, late of Scranton, Pa., and more recently editor of the *Elmira Sunday Times*, is now occupying a position on the *Gazette*. Daily is a good fellow and has hosts of friends.

Prof. Charles Burnett, of the *Gazette*, is away on a little vacation. The Professor will never make as much noise in the printing world as Aernsburg. He has a good ear for music, however, and is one of the quietest men ever known. An earthquake would not disturb his equilibrium.

James M. Finch, at one time foreman of the *Elmira Husbandman*, an agricultural paper of much influence and large circulation, now holds cases on the *Gazette*.

Well, Mr. Editor, I will close and give you another rest, for I suppose I press a good deal on your valuable space.

Yours, as ever,

JOHN, N. B.

A Few More "Thick and Hair Spaces."

To the Editor of the *Miscellany*:

SIR,—I send you a few anecdotes pertaining to the craft, none of which, I believe, have ever been in print. They are all true to the letter, and if you discover any point in them you are welcome to insert them in your *Miscellany*, which by the way, is a capital little paper, and full of good hints and information.

Yours,

SLUG 16.

HANK AND THE HOOSIER.

He was a long, slab-sided hoosier, whose limbs protruded from his coat sleeves and pant-legs, and altogether as queer a looking mortal as ever struck a print shop. But work was plenty and subs were scarce, and as he had a permit from the union, Hank Adams, who was then foreman of the *Evening Journal*, Chicago, allowed him to go to work. Hank showed him where to get copy, gave him a take off the hook, and the hoosier went to his case and gathered up a stickful. "What shall I fly at next?" he asked of Hank, whose smiling face was just to be seen over the copy desk. "Take another take off the brevier hook, you ——— hoosier," said Hank. As soon as he had elevated another stick, he ambled towards the copy desk

again and repeated his question, "What shall I fly at next?" "Fly at your coat, you ———," said Hank, who never was choice in his expressions, "and get back to Injanny and finish learning your trade." Hoosier took the hint and slid down stairs. He was never seen in Chicago again.

KEEPING THE GALLEYS OPEN.

Jolly old Tom Hedges. Was there ever a jollier foreman of a daily paper? Nothing ever put him out, and late hours only served to increase his avoirdupois. Who that was ever on the *Southern Circuit* could forget him, as he lumbered about the queer old *Times* composing room. I wonder if he is still in the flesh, or whether Bronze John carried him off last summer, as it did so many of the boys of old 17? Tom was never out of temper, yet he came very near it one day when an up-country printer, who had never worked in a city office before, struck New Orleans, and, after interviewing Mr. Wootan at the *Bee*, sauntered into the *Times* to look for a little subbing. Greeny was instructed how to take copy, and as he had two cases he managed to collar a galley, and when he had his take up, emptied it alongside him and went out for another—setting it and dumping it after the first. This he did with three or four takes, when there was a commotion. "Now who the ——— is keeping this galley open," shouted Jones; "and this, and this?" Nobody answered, and at last Hedges' attention was attracted. Going the rounds of the cases he found the new hand with five or six sticks of matter, all set in solid non. and run in as if it was one take. He didn't get mad, that wasn't his way, but he asked the new sub his name. "Burt Maxey," he replied. "Well, Burt," said Tom, "you may as well let up for to-day, and if any one round here asks you to sub for him tell him you'll be ——— to ——— if you'll do it."

A SUB THAT WAS A LITTLE OFF.

The old *Herald* office in New York used to be a queer sort of place, and in war times, when work was plenty and subs were at a premium, many were the dodges resorted to get off. One night I remember Dick Jones and I wanted to go off for a little recreation: I had secured a sub but Dick couldn't get one for love or money. At last in desperation he went down stairs and finding a dilapidated looking specimen—a tailor, I believe—wandering about, he took him