

## "SORTS."

An editor's chair is like a back tooth—hard to fill.

Why are types like criminals? Because proof must be taken before they are locked up.

An exchange paper says: "Truth" is in type, but is crowded out by more important matter.

Mr. House, formerly of the *N. Y. Tribune*, will start a paper in Japan. House that for high?

A New England editor has heard so much recently of "Annie Versary," that he solicits an introduction.

Printer's pi is very indigestible, and the one that makes it, would rather see some one else dispose of it than himself.

A Cincinnati typo made it "Miss May's Trousers," instead of "Miss May's Trousseau." He preferred burial to cremation.

A western paper says "that true music is something that stays with you nights." This would seem to put the nightmare in the front rank of American composers.

In newspaper offices out west when they "bounce" a man, the foreman drives the nail upon which the man has been accustomed to hang his coat, up to its head in the wall.

Salutatory of the new editor of the Madisonville (Ky.) *Southwest*: "Good morning. We intend publishing a Democratic paper. If you don't like it you needn't read it."

A correspondent entered an office and accused the compositor of not having punctuated his communication, when the typo earnestly replied: "I'm not a pointer; I'm a setter."

A Pennsylvania editor, after criticising the news published by a rival sheet, winds up by saying: "If there is any thing else that has taken place in the future we should be glad to hear of it."

A printer, who, no doubt, makes a god of his belly, thinking more of things eatable than of things spiritual, set up a minister's text, "Be ye there for breakfast," instead of "Be ye therefore steadfast."

Now that the problem of perpetual motion has been given up, those painstaking individuals who have attempted to solve it should endeavor to find a joke in a Canadian paper.—*Turners Falls Reporter*.

Colonel Jamieson, an editor of the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, has been converted and has entered the ministry. We are sorry for the *Globe-Democrat*, but it may go on just the same with its scissors.

A western editor soliloquizes thus: "It makes one sad to realize that all the train robbers and bank burglars were once good little boys, and sat on the door-steps waiting for ma to come home from the society meeting."

The *News of Atlanta, Georgia*, is in a bad way. It says: "Our editor and foreman are absent on business, our pressman is sick, and ye local completely exhausted by a severe struggle, had at dinner, with a large trout."

A middle-aged compositor at the *Gazette* office, Trenton, N. J., named Peter P. Packer, also served an apprenticeship at the printing business at Princeton, and the following is an alliteration composed by himself: "Peter Preston Packer, practical printer, previously pig-pen painter, poor, proud, particular person; present publisher (part proprietor) Princeton *Penny Post*."

The editor of *Cassell's Magazine* says one of the most successful editors of the day once remarked: "An editor is generally right when he rejects an article, but almost always wrong when he begins to give his reason for so doing."

The editor of the *Indianapolis Herald* tells about a girl so "modest" as to nearly faint when addressed by a gentleman, but who required no pressing to sit at the piano and sing "Somebody's watching us, pull down the blind."

A Memphis reporter corruscates thus: "The writer has seen the sun go down in the hyacinthine waves of the Saronic gulf, in the Mediterranean, and behind the Pyramids, but it was never attended to its couch with more splendor than yesterday and the day before."

Anybody can run a newspaper. All there is to do is to get a lot of type, a pass, a pair of scissors, a paste-cup and brush, \$20 in cash, a set of cast-iron nerves—when there will be no more trouble in running a paper than there is shinning up a church steeple feet first.

A New Jersey editor lost his best gold pen and holder a short time ago. After making a thorough search all over the office and accusing a dozen writers with its theft, he happened to remember where he last placed it, and bending down the top of his ear, discovered no less than fourteen penholders, of various styles, which he had lost during the past two years.—*Norr. Herald*.

Provincial papers abuse each other in a rough country manner. The *Watchman* calls Willis a weasel, and the *Advance* denounces him as a rat. These papers have nevertheless learned the fine art of abusing that is so well understood in those favored western cities, in one of which the other day a prominent editor was mentioned as being "creditless, conscienceless and characterless dead-beat, liar and loafer."—*Newcastle (N. B.) Advocate*.

How doth the little rooster-roach

Around the sanctum roam;

He eats our paste and drinks our ink,

And makes himself at home.

But editors should not resent

The pretty creature's whim;

Their able pens were never meant

To put a head on him.

A reporter, meditating matrimony, once described a piece of scenery: "The translucent waters of a lovely streamlet warbled gaily between emerald banks and soothing umbrageous shades, and flowed gently into the calm bosom of the lordly lake, while the scented zephyrs breathed fondly upon their peaceful union." He got married next day, and has been wondering ever since what in the world he was thinking of when he wrote that.

A tramp, representing himself as a practical printer, was furnished with a dinner and kindly set to work at the case by a philanthropic editor, and produced after half an hour's toiling and sweating, the following proof:

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r 9; Bl 4 u 3/4 op Z' 510 | i o o s w s f i w c s r 1/3 g ?—*Boston Paper*

Yes, he was on his way to Maine, and when he arrived in Bath, he applied for work at the *Times* office, was allowed to set half a column in the same style, and then the editor palmed it off on his long suffering readers as "Daniel Pratt's views on things generally."—*Seaside Oracle*.