

GETTING OUT THE PAPER.

PART ONE.

It was ten o'clock at night in the Morning Golden Slipper office in Xville. One would have expected at that time to see the boys standing at their cases piling up the thousands, shifting periodically from one foot to the other and calling out for a standing line occasionally. But one's expectations would not have been supported by facts. Not a comp was at his case. Not a line of news was set. The boys had struck!

That was all that was the matter. That was all that made a little group of pressmen, editors, reporters and business office employees look glum. Smithington, the river and levee man, who had been an actor in his time, jumped on the bare imposing stone and breathed in a tragic voice:—"We are lost. Prayers, threats and entreaties alike have been useless. How, oh, how can we get the paper out?" "How?" growled the chief. "How? I'd like to know how we're going to get it out at all, let alone in time for the mail. Hallo, Howjames, I thought you were dead."

Howjames, who had just entered, looked surprised at the bareness of the office. He was a Bohemian who had struck town some eight months before and was used now and then to bring in some copy when he struck a midnight horror or other news. "What's the matter?" he queried, "all the compositors sick and the subs drowned?" "Been a strike," responded the chief laconically. "Strike? Hum-m-m. Well, you want to get the paper out, don't ye?" There was a general laugh. "That is what we seem at present to desire," said the chief dryly. "Can any of you stick type?" inquired the new-comer. On investigation it was found that three of the group had some trifling acquaintance with the case. "Well, boys, I'm your foreman, and if you'll pull out lively we'll get the paper out," and Howjames pulled off hat and coat. "Is this a fake?" asked the chief. "Not any," responded the improvised foreman; "get to your cases, boys." The chief's eye gleamed. "Young man," he said to Howjames, "you get the paper out and I'll repay you." "I'll get the Slipper out or we'll die in the attempt." "At last!" shouted Smithington; "our night had come, we were all undone, but now we will see the victory won!" "You get to your case," said Howjames.

Ten minutes afterwards there was a silence as of death in the office. "Can you give me a capital 'H' in this little size letter?" asked Snibs of Minute-boy who stood near him. "No, stick in one of those large double spaces I think the compositors call them quads."

At half-past eleven the first stick was filled. It was a terror, as to punctuation and all typographical rules. "Will you take this type out of the stick?" said Smithington to Howjames. "I am too busy," said that worthy, who was figuring away on a piece of paper "take it out and make an impression of it the best way you can." Sp-r-r-p-smash!—and there was a small heap of pie on the floor, representing a stick-full of brevier. All turned and laughed at Smithington who stood, the picture of woe, in the centre of the floor. "I've a good mind to knock the stuff out of you" said the foreman.

It was now twelve o'clock. Four men had been setting for an hour and a half, and there was only about a thousand and a half set up, and as none of the boys could dump, this was left in the sticks. The chief came into the room with a column editorial, saying "Rush this out." Howjames stared at him in dismay. "Rush it out," said the chief. "I guess you'll have to rush in some compositors first," said he. "There's only one compositor here, and he has to be foreman too. Now look here, I can't get the whole paper out by myself. None of these fellows have ever lifted a two-inch ad or distributed a half column. We'll have to fill up on ads." "Can you lift ads yourself?" asked the chief. "I am thoroughly conversant with every detail of the business," answered the improvised foreman. The moment the chief had gone he tried to lift a two-stick ad. "I am travelling on my cheek and mean to get there," whispered Howjames to himself; "I never was inside a printing office for more than an hour at a time in my life, but we'll get through!" Needless to say, Howjames did not utter these words audibly. The two-stick ad went to pieces in his hands. "I will have to get some one to help me with that half-page one," he said to himself. "Here Snibs, come here and take one end of this ad." "All right." "Now, clinch it firmly and push it towards me all the time, so as to keep it tight, and I will do the same. We want to get it into the form." "All right." Marvellous to say they got it off the stone and brought it with very few letters missing to the turtle. "I see the column-rules are still in the chase," said Snibs, who was doing his part to keep the ad together. "Well, I think it will just slide in as well with them in as though we put them in afterwards. Let it down easy now. We want it in the bottom half of the page."

And they did let it down easy. It was amusing to see the face of the chief who appeared at that instant! He was purple with rage when he comprehended the action. "You get out," he said to Howjames, "and don't you let me ever see your face again." "I'm foreman here, and mean to get the paper out," answered Howjames. "Chuck him out, boys," roared the chief, and he was obeyed at once.

PART TWO.

"I suppose I will have to get to work," soliloquized the chief, "I can lift an ad, anyway, better than that object."

He got his coat off. He waded in. He had those reporters and the solitary pressman perspiring as they had never perspired before. "You are making \$5.00 apiece to-night, boys," he said. And then he lifted the ads and piled up a couple of sticks of nonpariel and proof read the reporter's takos and corrected them somewhat and just half an hour after the time for going to press the turtles were ready. They were tough looking turtles but there they were. The pressman put the forms on the press, and then, worn out with his unusual exertion

he expired. (I am sorry to kill him so soon and before he got his five dollars but it has to be done.) "Man the press!" shouted Smithington, when the poor fellow had been layed on a heap of waste paper, and starting the press somewhat prematurely he fed it with several fingers of each hand and part of one foot. The chief walked to his place and fainted away at the thought of the day's experiences. Everyone but Snibs and his companion had now either gone home or become disabled. Snibs waked to the gilderfluke and was reaching for the bandersnatch when the flip-flap dashed half of his brains out and he fell on the floor. Up to this time we have not heard much of Snibs' companion. We will now proceed with him. He had been silent during the aforementioned calamities but now jumped into the breach and with his unusually capacious feet filled it quite up. He got the press going and got the edition out. (Yes, that's all right. I know it's an awful lie, but the edition had to be got out somehow, you know.) By this time the chief had recovered from his fainting, and getting up he donned a mailing machine and got the whole edition off in time for the mail. I will not dwell upon the scene, as I can board cheaper elsewhere. When the compositors got back the next day they found seven-eighths of a ton of pi, but some one had got in over night and stolen their old case-shoes from beneath each frame!

CHATHAM BARNES.

LABOR TRIUMPHANT.

A TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION INSTITUTED AT ROUSES POINT, N. Y., WITH BRIGHT PROSPECTS.

From our Special Correspondent.

On Wednesday, June 11th, a branch union of the International Typographical Union was organized by Deputy Organizer I. M. Freudenthal, deputized by Hon. M. J. Nolan, of Albany, N. Y., Chief Organizer for the Eastern States, with a full membership of 27 journeymen and women and one apprentice. The movement was started about two weeks ago by several of the printers in town, among whom may be mentioned Isaac M. Freudenthal, Silas Surprise, George D. Kelsey, J. M. O'Hanlon and Robert Lambert. These gentlemen worked indefatigably and vigorously for the cause, which at its inception seemed rather hazy, but their continued efforts brought forth a successful result, one which will be regarded as a herald of better times in northern New York for the laboring men and women of the district.

In view of the present labor troubles in Montreal, this much-desired result will be greeted by the various labor organizations with approval.

When the Deputy Organizer interviewed the proprietors of the large printing establishment here, Messrs. Philips and Casey (formerly owned by John Lovell, of Montreal), in connection with the proposed union, the proprietors were asked if it would occasion any trouble between them and their employees. In reply they stated that they were in favor of the organization, and were glad that it had come to pass, and further promised to pay a higher rate of wages, at a later period, which action would be entirely voluntary on their part. They expressed a hope that no arbitrary movement would be made by the union in this connection, which hope will be fulfilled, as the union was not (or has any other branch union ever been) instituted for the purpose of creating trouble between employers and employees, but simply to ameliorate their condition by peaceable and just measures, and also to raise the moral and social, as well as mental, standard of the workmen.

The meeting was held in Philips & Casey's building, the use of which was kindly conceded by the above gentlemen.

The following is a list of the officers: President, Silas L. Surprise; vice-president, Miss Annie Gray; financial secretary, John M. O'Hanlon; recording and corresponding secy., Geo. D. Kelsey; treasurer, Miss Florence A. Robinson; sergeant-at-arms, Eugene Spears. The regular installation of officers will occur as soon as Chief Organizer M. J. Nolan arrives here.

THE INTERNATIONAL CONVENTION.

PRINTERS AT A BARBECUE—RELIEF TO THE CHATTANOOGA STRIKERS.

ATLANTA, Ga., June 11.—After transacting considerable important business the members of the International Typographical Union adjourned to the foot of Stone Mountain this afternoon, and enjoyed a genuine Georgia barbecue. Few of them had ever taken part in one of these famous feeds before, and to say that it was hugely enjoyed would be putting it mild.

Before adjourning the business session \$1,000 was voted for the relief of the striking printers in Chattanooga. The Chattanooga printers struck on their own account and were not entitled to aid from the International body. Nevertheless, a donation of \$300 was recommended by the Finance Committee, which was by amendment increased to \$1,000.

Initiatory steps were taken for the calling of an international typographical congress in Chicago during the World's fair, and the delegates to the American Federation of Labor were instructed to work in that body for an international workingmen's congress in the same city at the same time. On motion of Mr. Lanahan, of New York, the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That this Convention give permission to grant a charter to a union in New York City composed of pressmen, feeders and other press-room employees with a scale of prices to cover each branch, provided, when travelling cards are issued they shall designate the branch at which the person is employed.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

ATLANTA, Ga., June 12.—The Typographical

Union to-day re-elected E. T. Plank president and W. S. McClevey secretary and treasurer. The other officers elected are: First vice-president, H. J. Loser, Nashville; second, J. Von Buettner, Galveston; third, P. J. Weldon, Chicago; organizers: First district, Edmund Beardsley, Brooklyn; second, G. Harry Stone, St. Louis; third, S. R. Freeman, Birmingham; fourth, Victor B. Williams, Chicago; fifth, James E. Reynolds, Ottawa, Ont.; sixth, John R. Winters, San Francisco; seventh, Michael G. Cummings, St. Paul. Delegates to the American Federation of Labor: Alex. J. Mullen, Minneapolis; Frank L. Rist, Cincinnati, leaving two to be elected.

SPORTING NEWS.

(By H. A. R. D. GUT.)

Buffalo's baseball boom's "bust." Just hear each club's friends "howl for their boys" at the lacrosse match this "aft."

No three straights, we prophesy.

Jimmy—"Arry, are 'ee goine to tha laa crosse match, this afta-noon?"

Harry—"Fy, Jimmer, bye, what ere that?"

Jimmy—"Its a tha bloomin' thiug as they calls 'Our National Game,' out 'ere."

Harry—"An' is that French for cricket, chummy?"

Jimmy—"No, dash ma hies, hits not French, hits Kanuck or Hindan; hand they just cuts and slashes heach other like costermonger's mokes, you know. But they 'aves no wickets nor bowlers."

Harry—"and 'ow his hit they calls this 'our national game,' when that's cricket?"

Jimmy—"But hits not hours; hits theirs."

Harry—"Hian't this 'ere country a part of the British Empire?"

Jimmy—"Yes."

Harry—"Well, if hits that, you see as what's theirs is hours, and wice wery. So we won't 'ave any houtlandish game 'as that 'ere."

[A death-blow to lacrosse.]

Is there to be no more intermediate clubs, except on paper? We cannot afford to do without that class of clubs if we expect to keep up the standard of senior clubs, because if the seniors are compelled to recruit from junior clubs it will have the result of lowering the standard necessary for attaining a position on a first-class team. We believe that a junior should have stood the intermediate test—unless in exceptional cases—before being even tried by seniors. That is if we wish to keep on improving our game.

BRIEFLETS.

We want play grounds in this city—in every ward—where our boys and girls can play and exercise. And grass to be played over—not be chased off.

We venture to assert that any one who will establish a swimming bath on the Craig street level, say, in the centre of the city, will do more good for the health of the youth of our city and reap more profit for himself than the majority of businesses. It could be a skating rink in winter and baths in summer. And the corporation ought to encourage any project with that object in view. Yes, 5c baths.

Shamrock team for this afternoon:—Reddy, Barry, McKenna, Dwyer, Murray, Brophy, McVey, Moore, Neville, Rielly, Tansey, Brown, Spare—Cafferty and Rowan. Cafferty's leg has not quite recovered from a fall on Montreal cinder-path last match.

Montreal team—Shanks, Patterson, Cheyne, Cameron, Wilkinson, Michaud, Spriggins, Carlind, Baird, McNaughton, Paton, Geraghty.

Referee—Mr. W. C. Bonnell, Toronto; umpires—T. Darling and T. W. McNulty.

When is a lacrosse player like a good naavy? When he is quick on the pick.

Why does not the C. A. L. A. give gentlemen who officiate at either goal their proper titles? They are not umpires; they are referees at the goals and their decision is final, too.

EDISON'S EARLY EDITORIAL EXPERIENCES.

The story of Edison's efforts to raise money for scientific purposes by means of newspaper publication is likely to become one of the stock illustrations of the truth that necessity is the mother of invention. When he was only a boy he became intensely interested in electricity and felt anxious to devote himself to the study of this potent agent. But he needed funds. To obtain capital he determined to start a newspaper. He invented a method by which he might do this at a trifling expense, becoming its editor, compositor, and salesman. He obtained permission to set up a printing press in a running train, arranged with a news agency to furnish him by telegraph, at the various stations at which the train stopped, with the latest news, and printed and published various editions of the Grand Trunk Railway Herald as the train ran on. These he sold to the passengers, and succeeded so well that the paper had to be enlarged, and a weekly edition was called for.

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We have a beautiful assortment of Ladies' Taffeta Gloves, from 25c, shown in beautiful assortment of styles and colors. Ladies' Pure Silk Gloves from 50c, in all leading shades. Ladies' Pure Silk Half Mitts, 25c upward.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.

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We shall put forth EVERY EFFORT TO SUIT the public both in price and quality in connection with this department. We here give a few

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Gent's Tennis Coats, \$1.50. This is undoubtedly a Special Cheap Line. Other qualities and varieties in Lawn Tennis Coats sold at Equally Low Prices.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.

Gent's White Flannel Pants sold at \$2.50 and \$3.50.

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including:

Gent's Lawn Tennis Suits. Gent's Flannel Shirts from \$1. Gent's Tennis Belts from 15c. Gent's White and Colored Vests from \$1.25. Gent's Bathing Drawers from 10c. Gent's Kid Gloves from 50c.

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