

CORRESPONDENCE.

Letter from Philadelphia, Pa.

To the Editor of the *Miscellany*:

PHILADELPHIA, April 23d, 1877.

SIR,—The bump of hope undoubtedly predominates quite largely in some people—especially among printers on particular occasions. Just think, no less than seventeen hopeful aspirants were found, at the stated meeting of Philadelphia Typographical Union, No. 2, held March 17th, ready and anxious to accept the nomination for delegates to the next International Typographical Convention, which convenes in Louisville, Ky., in the month of June next. Of course, each and every one of the seventeen hopeful aspirants who were placed in nomination, and who cheerfully and with alacrity accepted the proffered honors, must have had that wonderful bump sufficiently developed to incline to the belief that he would be the lucky individual over his competitors. Three out of the seventeen were to be chosen, consequently fourteen had to be laid aside. How sad and forlorn those fourteen hopeful aspirants must have felt on learning their fate after the election had been held, which took place at America Hall, 615 Jayne street, on Saturday, April 21. No doubt their ardor was greatly cooled off, and their reticacy at this juncture may forever prevent their hopeful aspirations rising again to seek the honors they so ardently coveted. Doubtless, their slumbers that night, on learning of their defeat, were greatly disturbed, and their rest much impaired. If the delegates had to pay their expenses to these yearly gatherings—where little or nothing is ever done—I wonder if there could be found so many hopeful aspirants in the ranks of one union? Echo chides and says: “(O, don’t propound a query so touching.” Really, it must be nice to know that you have been chosen a delegate, and doubtless it inspires many with profound gratitude when they learn they can have a week of pleasure without even a penny’s expense to themselves. But when they know that they are even paid for accepting such honors, it becomes doubly pleasurable to them. (These are surmises of mine, for I never had the glory thrust upon me, and, as I am of a retiring disposition, never expect to.) Yet, in the main, I think I am right. No blame, of course, can be attached to any hopeful aspirant on such occasions, especially if he has the organ of hope so large, inclining him to think and believe that defeat in his case is impossible. Well, the contestants met, each marshalling their forces to the fray, and fourteen of the hopeful aspirants were placed *hors de combat*, while three came out of the ordeal victorious. The names of the lucky ones in the race are as follows: Louis H. Saunders, C. M. Wilson, and W. E. Sexton. The following officers of the Union were elected at the same time, for the ensuing year:—President, James J. Dailey; first vice-president, John N. Hallowell; second vice-president, Chas. P. Lamb; rec. sec., James Welsh; fin. sec., Wm. Floyd; treasurer, Charles Gelwicks; door-keeper, Wm. Hodgson; trustees, Jas. Beatty, Eugene Valette, and L. M. Meyer.

The employing printers having sent a series of resolutions, adopted by that body at a meeting held on the 5th inst., to the President of Philadelphia Typographical Union, saying “that a reduction in the price of book composition is necessary,” a special meeting of the Union was called by that officer, which took place on Saturday evening, April 14. The matter was brought before them

for consideration, and, after considerable discussion, the request was laid on the table. What the upshot will be on account of the injudicious action of the Union, time alone will bring to light. A further reduction in the price of composition will undoubtedly bring the printers down on a level with the laboring man, in a financial point of view. The present price of composition on book work is 38c. and 40c.; the wished-for reduction is 32c. and 30c.; the latter is lower than the anti-war scale.

It is with deep regret that I announce the fact that the Co-operative Printing Company, located in the *Evening Star* building, No. 33 South Seventh street, has recently gone out of existence as a company. This is the last of three that were once in existence in the United States. One was started in Chicago some years ago, but had a very brief life. Another was started in New York, some twelve years or more, under the most favorable auspices, and was, at one period of its life, destined to become one of the largest printing establishments in that city, having in its employ, at one time, some forty or fifty hands. Unfortunately, dissensions and bickerings broke out among stockholders—some twenty-five in number, all working printers—and gradually, but surely, it fell to decay. It was finally, after swamping the stockholders who remained in it, sold under the sheriff’s hammer, if my memory serves me right. The one in this city, which was started over eight years ago, with a capital of fifteen thousand dollars, and stockholders to the number of fifty, all practical printers, was the last of the three to succumb, and sad is it to say, that the present stockholders will probably lose all the money they put in it—three hundred dollars each. This is discouraging, and it is not at all likely that another experiment of the kind will ever be undertaken by a body of journeymen printers. There is not the slightest doubt that if the company had been properly managed, from all I can learn, it would have been a perfect success, and made money for its members. Incompetency and mismanagement has been its bane from its inception to its exit, so says one of the unfortunates. Some of the stockholders will deeply feel their loss, for it was money saved from their hard earnings that was put in it, with the hope and trust that a business could be built up that would, in a measure, compensate them for the sacrifices they had made. Alas, for human expectations. Their bright hopes have all faded, and no doubt they have the sympathy of all good printers in the city. Why men should take responsible positions they are wholly incompetent to fill, and ruin themselves and others, is something strange; yet so it is. Doubtless if the stockholders of this company had secured a good business man outside of the organization, a different tale might have been told to-day. But the recently looked for calamity has come, and destruction to their hopes and capital have engulfed them in one common ruin.

On Monday forenoon, April 16th, Nat. McKay, naval contractor, who last year brought no less than seventeen libel-suits against the editors and proprietors of the *Daily Times*, this city, attempted to horsewhip the editor, Col. A. K. McClure, on Chestnut, between Sixth and Seventh streets. As soon as the Colonel was attacked, being unarmed, he seized his assailant by the throat, held him with a firm grip, and doubtless would have then and there castigated him right soundly, had he not been attacked from behind by two dastardly confederates of McKay’s, when he was compelled to lose his hold. The affair caused quite a commotion in that fashionable thorough-