

illegible; it is too brief; has too many phrases that can't be read. What's the good of a system by which *Gay Kay* stands for 'When in the a—I did you get back from California?' I tell you, my dear fellow, it's nothing more than a regular picnic system—got up in half an hour, you know. It takes about twenty years to master it. The only way to do is to hitch a rubber tube on to a copy of the *Hand Book*, and let the babe use it as a nursing bottle, and by the time he becomes of age he will become a Grahamite reporter."

To be concluded.

Rev. F. G. Morris has sent us a beautifully gotten up circular bearing the title "Standard Phonography," and containing four pages of interesting phonographic items. Mr. Morris is a practical Standard Phonographer, and sends his circular out as a recipe for an easy way of making daily bread by the cartload. This reverend gentleman is not only a beautiful and rapid writer of Graham's all-wool system, but is also an excellent teacher of the same, giving lessons either orally or by mail. Address P. O. Box 155, Easthampton, Mass.

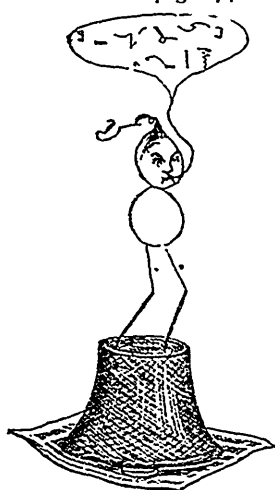
The Boston *Journal of Commerce* celebrated the eighteenth anniversary of its birthday a few weeks ago, and came out on the occasion with a brand new suit from McKellar, Smith & Jordan's typographical tailoring establishment.

This paper, which is now able to boast of the largest circulation of any journal in the New England States that is devoted to manufacturing industries, etc., has, under the management of its present wide awake editor, Mr. Thos. Pray, jr., increased its popularity so much that in order to support the immense pressure on its advertising space it has been found necessary to put in a few additional rows of columns, and the *Journal* now appears in the fashionable eight page form.

About a year ago some unfriendly newspaper man published a statement to the effect that the circulation of the *Journal of Commerce* was so very small that nothing larger than a little basket was necessary to carry the issue to the post office. In a recent article the editor says: "We print 7596 copies of this issue of the *Journal of Commerce*. The 'little basket' of a year ago has been laid by."

We have any amount of space at our disposal this month, with nothing that is very important

to write about, and would like very much to give our good friend Pray a longer notice, but, to tell the truth, a thing which we occasionally do to break the monotony, we are not the readiest writer in the world. However, as D. L. Scott-Beelzebub(e) says: "For chromo-making the *Miscellany* man takes the biscuit." So we are just going to see if we can't get up something for the occasion. Our readers will kindly indulge us for about fourteen minutes and we will get out our jack-knife and set to work. During the intermission you may find a little amusement among the "Sorts" on page 174.



About fourteen minutes later.

While we sincerely hope that the managing editor of Boston's commercial journal will some time or other become a Celestial—one of those whose language is not so hieroglyphic as that of the Celestial in our chromo—we must say that the last time we had the pleasure of meeting the gentleman he wasn't sporting so much pig-tail as our jack-knife has given him. The likeness is not what might be called a very faithful one of our genial friend, but it is certainly about as near to the mark as D. L. Scott-Beelzebub(e) succeeded in getting last April in his grand Christmas holiday number.

What troubles us more than anything else is the fear that Professor Pray will complain of the liberty or advantage we have taken in trotting him out in such a nude state; particularly when he knows that the *Miscellany* has quite a large number of lady subscribers, some of whom might be naughty enough to pass remarks. However, we will make it all right, Brother, when you come to the city of Cheap John, N. B., in July, by lending you our Ulster coat and Wellington boots.