

dred words per minute, or thereabouts. As one who can distance Mr. Reed on all-day work we might mention our esteemed friend, Mr. Thos. Pray, jr., editor *Boston Journal of Commerce*, a gentleman who, though not now a professional reporter, can make his pen give a very good account of itself. Notwithstanding that the *Boston Journal of Commerce* has quite a large shorthand staff, Mr. Pray occasionally finds himself called upon to give personal attention to some of the many important cases that are phonographically reported for his widely known paper. The printed report of one of the e cases—"Fall River Iron Works vs. Mechanics Mills"—we have before us. The volume is composed of 763 pages, octavo, and contains about three hundred thousand words! During this trial Mr. Pray wrote 14,300 words within seventy-three minutes, thus averaging 196 words per minute, and performing the work under circumstances not the most favorable. To use Mr. Pray's own words: "I took 14,300 words and was only inside of the court room seventy-eight minutes, from which you must deduct time to remove my coat, arrange reporting material and get to work. I wrote, perhaps, for seventy-three minutes. It was in a very poor light and with an inkstand full of mud. I gave my notes to two amanuenses, who knew as little about the case as anybody could, and they transcribed them, with the exception of 80 or 81 words, which I readily supplied, they being technical."

IDEALS.

MODEL HUSBANDS, WIVES, JOURNALISTS, POLITICIANS, BABIES, AND CLERGYMEN.

THE ideal husband is a kind-hearted, noble man, with the figure of an Apollo and the beauty of an Adonis, who pays the same delicate attention to his wife that he did before their troth was plighted; the real husband is a round-shouldered, grizzly looking fellow, who buys the second quality butter for the table, eats his meals at a down-town restaurant, and only remembers that he is married when he is obliged to pay the household expenses.

The ideal housewife is a woman who keeps her home in the most delightful order, who cooks the most delicious dinners and presides at the tea-table with the grace of a queen; the real housewife is a woman whose face is red and blazed with cooking over a hot stove, whose voice is sharp and earnest, and who just "slams" things around anywhere, no matter where, in order to get her work done in season for a buzz over the backyard fence with her neighbors.

The ideal newspaper man is a man whose brain is crammed solid full of all things classical, social and political, whose pen can reel off poetry, sentiment and sense to order, and into whose presence we should come with feelings of awe inspired by overpowering genius; the real newspaper man is a worn out fragment of humanity, who carries a sickly smile significant of

hope deferred and financial depression, and wears a seventy-five cent alpaca coat.

The ideal politician is a man whose breast is heaving full of patriotism, and whose interest in the welfare of the country is second only to his allegiance to divine power; the real politician is a man with his hands full of wires pulling in all directions, from the dram shop to the pulpit, to worm himself into an official position with big pay and lots of nothing to do.

The ideal baby is a little fellow with the daintiest tinted cheeks, curliest hair, sweetest little "coo," and with angel's wings just sprouting from his shoulders: the real baby is a young wad of humanity with open valves, screaming all the time, fuzz on his bald head like thistle-down, and as for angel's wings, they don't fasten them on with safety-pins.

The ideal clergyman is a man born too good for this world, with the virtues of Christianity bristling all over his character and shining forth like the rays of the noon-day sun; the real clergyman is a man who preaches his best sermons "on an exchange," in the hope of getting a call with a bigger salary.

GREAT FEAT IN REPORTING.



REMARKABLE achievement in stenography was that of the lady to whose kindness the *Boston Herald* is indebted for the accurate and almost verbatim report of Carl Schurz's fine speech in German at the reception by his Boston countrymen. The speech was translated off hand into English shorthand notes as it was taken, instead of being taken in German and afterward put into English, as is generally the case on such occasions. Mr. Thomas Allen Reed, of London, is regarded as the greatest shorthand writer in England, and his facility at taking both French and English equally well is considered a marvel. But when he takes a French speech his notes are in French. In the Canadian Parliament there are two sets of shorthand reporters, one to take the speeches delivered in English and the other those delivered in French. But the mental processes necessary to such a work as that of the Boston lady will be seen to be remarkably complicated. First, there is the following of the speech in German, which must have been with the strictest attention; then there is the instantaneous translation of the German words into their English equivalents; and, thirdly, there is the rendering of the English into shorthand characters while the ear is alert to catch the German. The quickness of wit demanded by such a performance is wonderful, though we believe the French reporters in the gallery at Ottawa perform a similar marvel with the English speeches. The lady gained her skill in this respect by practise in taking notes at the lectures in German universities.

Correspondence on shorthand topics is solicited for the WRITER.