

neration for the paltry amount of the subscription, and it is taken as a personal offense if an account is sent them. "The idea of sending a bill to me for so paltry an amount," says Mr. Pomposity to himself; "such a piece of down-right impertinence I have not heard of since I had the measles. Well, I never did think much of that fellow, and as for his publication it is the worst printed, meanest looking, trashiest thing I know of. It has never had a single item in it worth reading since the account of the presentation made to me when I retired from the Presidency of the Society for the Prevention of the Collection of Just Debts,—and that I wrote myself. Hang the thing, I won't take it any longer, and Mr. Publisher will soon find out that he is losing caste with old-time patrons of my stamp; and it will not be long before he will be sawing wood for a living, or, like myself, 'beating' people out of what is justly due them!" Mr. Pomposity does not do as any honest man would—send his money, and order the publication discontinued. No, he is too "smart" for that. He waits until the next number comes to his address, and then he says to his postmaster, "I don't want that publication any longer," and the postmaster returns it to the office marked "Refused." The above remarks apply to publications generally, and we are sorry to say we have many like Mr. Pomposity connected with the Craft, who are not above resorting to the most contemptible means to avoid paying the small amount of their subscription to the CRAFTSMAN. Though connected with the pub-

lishing business for nearly thirty years, we have seen more shuffling and wriggling, on the part of some of our subscribers, during the period we have had the CRAFTSMAN (about five years), than in all our experience with daily and weekly journals. We have even had poverty pleaded to us as an excuse for not paying, and on investigation found the "poor man" in independent circumstances. That was one of the delinquents who paid up promptly on receipt of a polite invitation from our solicitor! A great many remove without notifying us, leaving their accounts unpaid, and of course we are unable to follow them. We shall endeavor to trace this class shortly by publishing a list of them, depending on our subscribers, who can do so, to inform us of their present address.

We have between four and five thousand dollars standing out for subscription to the CRAFTSMAN, a sum much larger than we can afford to lose, and having exhausted every reasonable effort to collect without putting the delinquents to further expense, we intend to try what placing our accounts in the hands of our solicitor will do. We have repeatedly sent accounts to parties owing us over three years—have written to them, sent circulars, drawn on them through the bank, dunned them in our pages,—all to no purpose. Now, we are going to get mad, and the dead-beats and shysters, will find out their holidays are over, and ours only commencing. When they come to pay more in law-costs than their accounts amount to, they will appreciate the situation more feelingly, but they will have only themselves to blame.