

ADDRESSING NEWSPAPERS.

By *Garrett O'Connor.*

One of the greatest trials of the railway mail clerks and of the Post Office Department generally, is the multiplicity of defective addresses on newspapers, books, circulars, etc. Strange to say, the general public is not so much to blame as the publishers, or a portion of them — for they do not all offend, there are good and bad. The desirable form of address, according to a high American authority, is large type, not too crowded, shiny black ink and a straw-colored paper. Many newspapers and magazines, in cities and towns, are addressed according to the ideas of the authority whom we quote. It is a pleasure to the clerks to handle these publications, for the addresses are always placed in the most desirable position on them, and the eye finds them without trouble. But, on the other hand, where publishers use very small, old, dirty, type, badly crowded, the address labels very small and of all colors, mostly undesirable, the clerks strain their eyes, lose valuable time at sortation, and are most liable to mistake a blurred address for some thing else. When a sack of matter is emptied on a sorting table, on a dark day, or where lamps are not very good, or car windows not clean, each paper or magazine lying just as it falls when the sack was shaken out, it can be readily seen, where so many addresses are blurred, upside down, faint, small typed, crowded, etc., that quick sortation is impossible, if accuracy (which is most necessary) is desired. Publishers of country papers and small city papers often offend. The large dailies and weeklies are generally clearly addressed, though never *too* clearly or *too* carefully.

Ye Gods! but the eyes are weary after they have deciphered the addresses on a wagon load (not uncommon) of miscellaneous papers!

Some publishers, who should know better, place addresses lengthwise on newspapers, and then three-parts cover them with wrappers, or altogether, so that every paper handled has to have part of the wrapper torn off to disclose the full address. A dirty-red address label, and small, old, inky type, is another abomination.

There is a machine called an addressing machine. It is intended to do good work, but much of it is so faint, blurred or rubbed, that one has to take two or even three looks at an address before being sure what it is.

I wonder will some publisher, having seen this "growl," take the matter up at the next convention of newspaper men? I wonder when the very important matter *is* taken up, if it will be deemed of sufficient importance to inspire publishers to adopt, for their own benefit and the benefit of their readers, and the benefit of the Post Office authorities, who try so hard to hasten publications to their correct destinations, a uniform label, clearly and cleanly printed on straw-colored paper and placed in a uniform position on all matter sent through the mails?

I miss my guess very much if our progressive Postmaster General and staff would not welcome such action on the part of publishers, and give them expert advice on the subject.

A Precaution.—Those citizens of Milwaukee who are of German extraction, like many of their fellow countrymen elsewhere, greatly esteem sauerkraut as a food staple. On one occasion a Milwaukee German was speaking of the high price of cabbage. "I dell you," said he, "dese cabbages is awful in brice dis year, me und vife put up six, seven, eight barrels of sauerkraut every year—but ve can't dis year. Dem cabbages dey cost toc much."

"You put up some sauerkraut, Hans, didn't you?" asked a friend:

"Oh yes — two or dree barrels maybe — just to haf in de house in case of sickness."
—Brooklyn Life.