

THE OLD PRINTING OFFICE.

BY FAIRBANKS MIX.

What! Twelve o'clock? How time does fly
 When'er I sit and fondly muse
 On the happy days when Brown and I
 Set type upon the Weekly News.
 Ah met! How plainly I recall
 That dingy, typographic den—
 The charcoal profiles on the wall
 Of faces I'll ne'er see again;
 The bust of Franklin 'bove the door,
 The battered hand-press, old and grim,
 I see Brown pull the lever o'er—
 Once more I roll the forms for him.

The click of Colby's old bourgeois
 Comes faintly to me o'er the years—
 It speaks to me with plaintive voice
 That nearly brings a flood of tears.
 For oh! I never can forget
 The awful thoughts that came to me
 While floundering in the hopeless net
 Of Colby's dread chirography.
 If all the ills I wished him then
 Had struck him in a single lump,
 He'd have dropped his brain-distracting pen
 And gone to Tophet on a jump.

Once more in thought I stand behind
 The old hand-press and roll for Brown;
 Again we're horrified to find
 An item printed upside down;
 Again old Colby leaves his seat,
 Exclaiming wildly, "Stop the press!"
 And on the freshly-printed sheet
 Exhibits an inverted "S."
 Once more the local poet raves,
 And threatens both our "worthless lives,"
 Because he'd written "hurly knives,"
 And we have made it "Barlow knives.

Poor man—he hungered for renown
 And hoped to win it through the News;
 But cruel critics in the town
 Kept him repairing boots and shoes;
 And now within the churchyard's shade,
 Beneath a stone of humble size,
 Deep planted by the sexton's spade,
 A mute, inglorious Milton lies.
 Let all aspiring birds take heed
 To this his epitaph, to wit:
 "Here lies a poet, gone to seed—
 He left behind—a cobbler's kit."

Heigho! If wishes could replace
 The well-remembered scenes of yore,
 I'd soon be standing at the case,
 And nimbly sticking type once more;
 For years have brought with them the sting
 That vexes those who think and think
 And scratch their weary heads and ailing
 The unremunerative link.

—Detroit Free Press.

The "Automatic Welcome."

A USEFUL MECHANICAL APPLIANCE THAT NO PRINTER
SHOULD BE WITHOUT.

The *Hawk-Eye* has just gone into its new editorial rooms, and it is proud to say that it has the finest, most comfortable, complete, and convenient editorial rooms in America. They are finished off with a little invention which will be of untold value to the profession of journalism when it is generally adopted, and we know that it will rapidly come into univer-

sal use as soon as its merits are understood and appreciated. We believe it is fully equal, in all that the term implies, to the famous Bogardess Kicker, less liable to get out of order, and less easily detected by casual visitors. It is known as "Middlecreeb's Automatic Welcome." The sanctum is on the same floor as the news room, being separated from it by a partition, in which is cut a large window, easily opened by an automatic arrangement. The editor's table is placed in front of that window and near the head of the stairs, and on the side of the table next the window, directly opposite the editor, the visitor's chair is placed. It has an inviting look about it, and its entire appearance is guileless and commonplace. But the strip of floor on which that chair is placed is a deception and a fraud. It is an endless chain, like the floor of a horse-power, and is operated at will by the editor, who has merely to touch a spring in the floor to set it in motion. Its operation can be best understood by personal inspection.

Yesterday morning about ten o'clock, Mr. Bostwick came in with a funny story to tell. He naturally flopped down in the chair that had the strongest appearance of belonging to no one else, and began in his usual happy vein: "I've got the richest thing—oh! ha, ha, ha! Oh! it's too good! Oh! by George, the richest thing! Oh! it's too loud! You must never tell where you got—oh! by George! I can't do it! It's too good! You know—oh, ha, ha, ha; oh, he, he! You know the—oh, by George, I ca—" Here the editor touched the spring, and a nail-grab under the bottom of the chair reached swiftly up and caught Mr. Bostwick by the cushion of his pants, the window flew up and the noiseless belt of floor gliding on its course bore the astonished Mr. Bostwick through the window out into the newsroom, half way down the cases, where he was received with great applause by the delighted compositors. The window had slammed down as soon as he had passed through, and when the editorial foot was withdrawn from the spring and the chair dropped and the nail-grab resumed its accustomed place, young Mr. Bostwick found himself so kicked out of the sanctum, like it might be, that he went slowly and dejectedly down the stairs, as it were, while amazement sat upon his brow.

The next casual visitor was Mr. J. Alexis Flaxter the critic. He had a copy of the *Hawk-*