

who was a tramp printer in his youth and worked his way through the great offices from Canada to the Gulf in the days before the rattling linotype was known, will recount tales of Brown, and Dana, and Greely and other mighty wielders of the editorial pen.

Few of the tales these early hours bring forth find their way into print. They concern newspaper work and workers chiefly and often seem flat and uninteresting when done into cold type and read without the accompanying music of the press, and in places where one might look long and find no ink-pot or paste brush or shears, no heaps of discarded exchanges, no baskets of crumpled copy paper. Besides, the men who tell these yarns are too busy recounting the multifarious doings of other men to spend much time writing of their own adventures. And so the stories die, or pass down by tradition like the heroic legends of old, no doubt embellished on the way by the fancy or whim of each successive relator. Here are a few of them:—

INTERVIEWING MARK TWAIN.

Bill McKinley was a reporter on a Montreal evening daily, an old-time reporter with a weakness for whiskey blanc—strange in one so Irish as Bill—and a knack of picking up choice bits of news that no one else seemed able to find. In some ways Bill wasn't a very reliable newspaper man. No one disputed the accuracy of his news stories, but when the city editor sent him on an assignment, he could never be sure that the report would be in in time, or that it would be in at all. That depended very much on the way Bill was feeling and on the friends he chanced to meet between the newspaper office and the spot to which his duties called him. Bill would even disappear for a day or two, now and then, re-appearing some morning bedraggled and shame-faced but never deigning to offer an apology. He didn't need to offer any, for these expeditions were more often than not productive of one or more of those exclusive stories which newspaper men call "scoops" and which city editors, as a class, regard as the very breath of their nostrils. A hundred times when the czar of the office had quite made up his mind that Bill's journalistic career was to end, as far as that paper was concerned, the stray-away had saved the situation by flinging on the irate editor's desk a "wad" of copy which made that worthy shout for joy.

But to the story. It happened one Friday afternoon in early summer, that Mark Twain arrived in Montreal. Of course, there was a scramble to interview him, but Mark refused point blank to be interviewed, and escaped to the home of Sir George M——, with whom he was to go yachting down the St. Lawrence. McKinley had been off on a longer jaunt than usual, and when he reached the office Saturday morning the city editor informed him that the only way in which he could save his situation would be by getting an interview with Mark Twain. So Bill started. At Sir George M——'s house he learned that Sir George and his guest were on the yacht "Swan" in the harbor, and intended steaming down the river in the course of an hour or so. Bill had to hurry, but not so fast that he couldn't pause at half a dozen places to imbibe long draughts of his favorite beverage. He easily located the "Swan" swinging at anchor a couple of hundred