

The Washington Press.

HARRY A. WOODWORTH, PARRSBORO, N.S.

Let proud poets sing of the beautiful spring,
And of every other oft-sung-about thing ;

Let them sing ; for I guess
That the song that I now am proceeding to start
Is a song that will go to the editor's heart,
For all the great editors in their apprenticeship
learned to be fluent while running a
Washington Press !

I have heard people talk of how editors walk,
How they go with a rush, and a sway, and a balk ;
And they freely express
Their surprise that brain-work should produce such
a gait
As they see in all journalists thoroughly great—
One-sided development is the sure fate of the
man who works long at the man-killing
Washington Press !

The athlete comes in with self-satisfied grin,
Tells the editor how he the trophy did win ;
Says the editor : " Yes ;
Would you mind taking hold of that press for
a while
So that I'll have a chance to remark on your style?"
And the athlete takes hold, and he grunts and
he sweats ; he's a pretty tired man ere
he's done with the
Washington Press !

The angel that writes all the sounds and the sights
That occur at all times in the days and the nights—
I hope (I confess)
That reporter befriends other scribes that rest not,
And all oaths recorded will speedily blot
By a tear ; tho' he'll have to keep blubbing
most of the time, the oaths that ascend
from a
Washington Press !

A paper can't lie, even if it should try,
If a Washington press it is influenced by ;
And the tired printers bless
The likeness of George, and the likeness of Ben,
Which have proved so inspiring to all the great men
Who have pulled on the lever of old Archimedes
that moves the great world through the
wonderful
Washington Press !

It has been asked, " Does advertising pay?"
A German journal, the *Mainzer Nachrichten*,
replies to this question by giving the following
fact, the authenticity of which it guarantees. A
person advertised that he would pay five marks
to the sender of the largest potato. In less than
fifteen days the clever advertiser found himself
in possession of as many sacks full of the very
finest potatoes, which, after paying the five
marks promised for the largest sample, might
be reckoned a very profitable speculation.

Employing Printers' Banquet.

THE annual banquet of the Toronto Employing Printers' Association was held May 11th at the Walker House, about 50 members and invited guests being in attendance. The chair was occupied by President A. F. Rutter, and the vice-chair by Bruce Brough, vice-president of the association. President Wilson, of the Typographical Union, and Joseph Tait, M. L. A., occupied positions of honor on the right and left of the chairman respectively.

W. A. Shepard replied to the toast, " Our Association." He said that, although there was a general complaint of hard times and over-competition, the printing trade was in no worse condition than other trades. He urged greater care in the preparation of estimates when entering into contracts. It was not right to condemn the association for the shortcomings and errors of individuals. The association was doing all it could to educate its members, and he confidently looked for improved conditions as the result of their labors. He congratulated the association that in framing the tariff some concession had been made to their views. It was pleasing to note that the best of terms prevailed between the association and the employees. He was glad to say that there was a prospect of the copyright question being settled next year, which would start many presses to work and bring prosperity to the trade.

The toast of the " Sister Crafts " was replied to by Fred. Campbell, of the Canada Paper Company, David Elder for the Toronto Type Foundry, Harry Patterson for the foreign agencies, Richard Brown for the book-binding trade.

Vice-President Brough spoke on the conditions of the printing trade.

President Wilson, of the Typographical Union, replied to the toast of " Our Guests," expressing his satisfaction at the good feeling prevailing between the Employing Printers and the members of the union.

The toast of " The Ladies " and " The Press " concluded the evening's entertainment.

" Is THE editor in-chief in?" asked a stranger as he sauntered into the city reporter's room at 8 o'clock in the morning. " No, sir," replied the janitor, kindly, " he does not come down so early. Is there anything I can do for you?" " Perhaps so. Are you connected with the poetical department of the paper?" " I am, sir." " Oh, what do you do?" " I empty the waste baskets, sir."