

capable of producing something worth while on half a hundred subjects ranging from forestry to a hockey-skate. Who was it wrote so interestingly last year on "My fountain pen?" And what a pretty fancy "The Green Gold Maiden" more recently! Take any subject you like and turn your thoughts loose a little and you will surprise your readers, if not yourself, by the brilliancy of your ideas. Four or five contributions of this nature every fortnight would do the JOURNAL more good than whole reams of advice and criticism. Let your light shine in the pages of the JOURNAL, or on them, if that is a better way of making the exhortation. We scorn so small a thing as a preposition, but we would not scorn your article.

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And now that we have made a beginning we must also make an end. Being in a judicial mood we go on to administer a rebuke to those who send in illegible 'copy.' We are sometimes driven to find expression for our overwrought feelings in impatient remarks, and this does not consort with editorial dignity. Then contributors should remember that many a good point is missed if the writing in which it is presented looks like the track of a centipede or the tail of a fugitive earthworm. The battle of Waterloo is said to have been lost because Napoleon's generals could not read his despatches. Others deny this and say Napoleon's genius was subdued for the moment by the ill-effects of a hard-boiled egg eaten overnight, and that as a result his tactics lacked their accustomed dash and brilliancy. We incline to the former view. It is notorious that Napoleon did not employ

a type-writer, and it would seem his hand-writing was equally notorious. Imagine D'Erlon wrinkling his forehead over an impossible despatch while the French guns were sticking fast in the mud and the French cavalry galloping to destruction over a fire-swept plain or plunging horse and man in frightful confusion into the sunken roadway that ran past Hougomont. A pitiable spectacle indeed! And pitiable is it to see the editor struggling with the hieroglyphics of certain "copy," partly to find out what is contained therein, and partly for the benevolent purpose of saving the compositor from temptations to profanity. Then the sense of the piece may be spoiled. If one reads "chew" for "eschew," and this appears in print, the contributor is righteously indignant. Or consider what would happen if such a stanza as

"Here lies the hero of a hundred flights,
Approximated he a perfect man;
He fought for country and his country's rights,
And in the hottest battles led the van."

were metamorphosed, on account of illegible writing, into

"Here lies the hero of a hundred flights—
Approximated he a perfect one;
He fought his country and his country's rights,
And in the hottest battles led the run."

And while suggesting legibility we would also urge contributors to have the courage of their convictions about hyphens and other marks of punctuation. A hyphen is no great matter if one is only bold about it. If the parts of a compound are doubtfully joined, and then a hyphen is apologetically