



A VAIN HINT.

"Pretty good cigar you've got there, Charlie?"

"Yes, I guess so; I've been all over the front room and can't find a match for it."—*Chicago Light*.

#### JOURNALISTIC ETHICS AT SQUIGGLECHUNK.

"WELL, John," said the editor of the Squigglechunk *Indicator*, "I'm agoing to the great Terracottaville Fair for the balance of the week. You'll have to git out the paper and 'tend to job printin'. If any good payin' jobs come in you can hold the paper back for a day or two."

"All right, boss. And you might give me an order on Smithers for a pair of shoes, if his ad. ain't traded out yet. And if you *could* let me have a dollar in cash—"

"Well, I'll do the best I can. Take hold and write up some good smart editorial. The *Indicator's* been everlastingly socking it to 'em on this tariff and Reciprocity business, and we must give the public a change. Guess you might jerk a pretty stiff editorial about the pay of the judges. I see by the *Mail* that they are shamefully underpaid. A chief justice only gets six thousand dollars a year and the others not more than five. It's a burning disgrace to our country. Just show the thing up, rub it in good an' strong, and put in plenty figures, John—you'll git 'em all in the *Mail*. I tell ye, nothin' catches the reader like figures. If ye only run in enough they think you know all about the subject."

"Yes," said John, "and while I'm on that question, boss, I guess I might put in a few more, showin' that the average farmer only makes \$344 a year, and that a mechanic is mighty lucky if he earns \$400."

"Hold on, John, what yer talkin' about? That ain't nothin' to do with judges' salaries."

"That's just accordin' as how you look at it, boss. Kin you make any five thousand a year out of the *Indicator*? Ain't five hundred more like the figure? And do you think a judge is worth more than ten times as much as an editor and fourteen times as much as a

farmer? Tell you what it is, boss, the hard-working folks of this country's got to keep all these city swell-heads. These judges must have their fine horses and carriages and entertain their friends in style. Have you any horse and carriage? Can you do any entertainin', unless it be settin' up the drinks at McGinnis' once in a while?"

"John, you everlastingly paralyze me," said the venerable editor. "I'm not sayin' you ain't dead right, but you don't see any of them arguments in the Toronto dailies, I notice; and I reckon the safest plan on these here questions is to follow their lead. Don't you go givin' the public any of your original ideas. I don't know as they could stand it. You keep right in the track of the *Mail*, that'll be safer. And you might say somethin' about that feller that was arrested in Montreal for sendin' lyin' despatches to the Yankee papers about Prince George of Wales. It's an infernal outrage, John. Why, the scoundrel oughter be lynched! Make it strong, and say that this business of sendin' slanders over the telegraph wires and vilifyin' people in that shameful fashion must be put down."

"That's all right. I'll tend to it. And at the same time I reckon I might say somethin', too, about the scoundrels who have been sendin' lies about Powderly and the Knights of Labor along of this N.Y. Central strike all over the country—accusin' 'em of wrecking trains and doin' everything to set the people against them. I haven't heard of any of them bein' prosecuted. Seems to me that they are a blamed sight meaner an' more contemptible liars nor the feller that sent that despatch about the Prince. He's got lots of friends, and a lie can't hurt him, but the strikers was fightin' for their lives, an' every dirty, small-souled newspaper sneak that wants to toady to the railroad bosses for a pass took the chance to fling mud at 'em."

"See here, John, if you talk that way I'll discharge you. I'm goin' to Terracottaville on a pass myself."

"Discharge me? I guess not, boss—if you did you'd have to settle up, you know. So you needn't get on the high horse."

"Oh, no, John, I didn't mean that. I don't mind your talk, but for any sake don't put anything like that in the *Indicator*. You never see such things in the respectable dailies of Toronto, you know. It's always best to stick pretty close to their line. Good-bye, John, I'm off. Here's your order for the shoes and thirty-five cents in cash—all I can spare just now, but if you can collect old man Budger's subscription you may keep half of it."

"Well, well," sighed John, as he resumed setting type on a foreclosure sale poster, "some of these days I'll have a paper of my own, and then—"

And then he will probably be driven by business exigencies and social pressure to do just exactly as others do who lie that they may live!

#### A TRUTHFUL PROVERB.

SCHNIEDELTWITZER—"Wie gehts, Bummelsnoof? Did you hear dot our oldt vriend Lagersaufer vash tead?"

BUMMELSNOOF—"Nein! you don't vas told me? Vell vell. Und he vash dook Quackenboss' Shake-you-up Pills just so shteady all der vile."

SCHNIEDELTWITZER—"Ach zo! He butts great vaith in dem, but it vash no goot. Dot jüst broves der troot auf dot goot oldt Englisch broverb vot dey shticks oop by some vences, 'Boast no Pills.'"