

ested reader an idea of how the unscrupulous advertising agent herewith referred to is prone to abstract a profit both from the publisher and his patron, the advertiser.

The advertiser selects his list of papers in which he desires his advertisement to appear. The agent notes that among the list selected there is possibly one or two papers in which he has no contracted space. He forthwith communicates with the publisher and is informed that there is no deviation from the card rates, and that no commission is allowed. For example we will say that the space desired is \$100 per month. The agent has the letter wherein it is explicitly stated that no less price will be accepted. Reluctantly he shows it to the advertiser, who thus satisfied that that is the ultimatum, consents that the agent place his advertisement in that especial publication at the price named. Then it is the agent begins to work upon the cupidity and firmness of the publisher. A letter is forwarded stating that the agent is very sorry that the valuable paper aforesaid was not at first included in the list selected and that the amount of money appropriated for the purpose was nearly, if not quite exhausted, but upon his own responsibility he will offer say \$60, which he has every reason to believe will be refused. It is refused.

This serves to lengthen the correspondence and the next letter is cunningly worded. The publisher is, figuratively, patted upon the back and told that after further consideration it had been decided to strike from the list a less important publication and make his valuable journal the best offer possible, and that it would be considered a favor if the enclosed cheque for \$75 would be accepted for the space mentioned. Nine times out of ten the publisher does not refuse the \$75 at hand cash in advance for the space.

The advertising agent has thus acquired the \$100 space for \$75, and credits himself with what his ingenious correspondence earned him. Of course he charges the advertiser a small per cent., say 12½c., and thus on the one publication his aggregate profit is \$37.50. Such methods are considered sharp, and there are advertising agents who do not hesitate to employ them. Many business men, however, are having their eyes opened to the deceit and trickery, as practised by a certain class of agents who pass as the sponsors for honesty and integrity in business. It is for this reason that large advertisers have found it to their advantage to place a competent man in charge of that department of their business. Much more than his salary is saved in commissions usually allowed by the provincial press, and there is, beside, the satisfaction of conducting their own business without hindrance or interference. No petty spites or jealousies enter into the contract-making.

Every advertising agent who has the business of his patron at heart should and does study how best to serve him. Bigotry, deceit, petty jealousies and fraud may prosper for a time, but the end is inevitable failure and disgrace.—*Canadian Grocer*.

A WORD TO THE WORDY EDITOR

I CANNOT resist the impression that editors are making their journals, especially the "great dailies," almost impossible to read, partly by the inordinate amount submitted to their readers, and still more by the manner in which it is submitted. I know that the criticism is not new and I know the usual answer—that a newspaper is made up of an "assortment to suit all tastes," and that each class of readers can and will choose what is really of interest. But the answer is only partly true. There is much in the contents of any considerable newspaper—the greater part often—that is meant for the general reader, and it is precisely this portion that is growing in volume and diffuseness beyond all reason. If one compares it with a portion meant for special classes, the difference is very marked. Why, in the name of mental hygiene, should not the wants of the general reader—myself, for example—so far as they can be known, be treated with the same intelligent respect? Of course, there is necessarily a certain vagueness about some of these wants. No editor can be expected to know whether I want my reading served with "*sauce piquante*," or accompanied by "*pieces sucrées*." But there can be no doubt that I, with every other fairly intelligent reader, do like my news told me in generally simple English, and with a decent sense of the relative importance of an earthquake in California, and an elopement in a village of central New York, a day's session of Congress, or a duel between two insignificant Americans on foreign soil.—*Scribner's*.

AN ENCOUNTER WITH MARK TWAIN

"TEN years ago," says a newspaper man, "I was very young and correspondingly fresh. I had secured a place as reporter on *The Boston Traveller*, and felt that I held the destinies of nations in my hands. I was taking hotel arrivals one day, when a stranger lounged up to the register and asked with a drawl: 'Editor of a paper here?' I nodded patronizingly, and he observed that it was a great responsibility. He said that he had tried hard to become a great editor, and once secured a place on a Western weekly, but had been ingloriously discharged. He seemed quite heart-broken, and I proceeded to tell him that journalists were born, not made, and to make an egregious ass of myself generally. He lounged away, the clerk told me his name was Mark Twain, and I made a sneak out the back way."