

out, Brother W., but when you call again bring that promised article. Ta-ta."

It has always been our fondest hope that the day might not be far distant when the phonographic fraternity could boast of being exempt from that curse brought upon societies in general by the presence of that class of people who live for the sake of slandering and vilifying their fellow creatures, but it would seem that these unfortunates, who are, indeed, the meanest specimens of depraved humanity that an all-wise Providence permits to exist on the face of the earth, are not to be exterminated so easily as one might be inclined to imagine. What, in the name of phonography, actuated the writer of that paragraph to pen such a libellous "personal" is something that we fail to understand. Mr. Walker is referred to as "an old subscriber," and we have good reason to believe that he was for a year or two a subscriber to the *Monthly*. We have never known Mr. Walker to give utterance to anything derogatory to his vilifier, but, on the contrary, he has always spoken of Mr. Brown in glowing terms, and we have no doubt that Mr. W.'s visit, if he did so honor Brown, was made for the purpose of having a friendly chat; but it seems that because the visitor did not choose to leave a two-dollar bill for a year's subscription to a paper not worth a pipefull of soap-suds, he is savagely attacked by this monster of the mud.

Instead of being "on his way to Washington to subscribe to something there on the same terms," Mr. Walker's trip to the capital was for the purpose of attending a law university, where, we are informed, he successfully passed an examination, and was within a few weeks prepared to return to this city.

Perhaps Mr. Brown will smile and tell his dozen and a half of readers that the "personal" was only one of his little jokes, but the dozen and a half will very likely think, with the editor of the *Canadian Shorthand Writer*, that Brown's idea of humor is about as curious as his notion of decency.

The *American Shorthand Writer* is the name given by Messrs. Rowell & Hickox to their new phonographic monthly, a magazine devoted to the "winged art" and spelling reform. American baked beans, American elevated railroads, and American cheek, are perhaps to be referred to Canadian brands, but by all means give us the *Canadian Shorthand Writer*. While

we are pleased to know that the publishers of this newly started magazine do not wish to mislead the public, yet we consider it very little less than bad taste in them to give their paper a title which is so apt to cause confusion. For instance, we might sometime have occasion to refer to the editor of the *Shorthand Writer* as a resurrected patriarch, fit subject for a Murillo; a prototype of a pre-historic petrified pigmy, a perjured villian, or a horse thief, and our American friends might get the benefit of epithets that were intended for our Toronto cousins. However, we are very glad to have the *American Shorthand Writer* on our list of exchanges, and no doubt will occasionally find something in its pages worthy the attention of our scissors. This monthly, the price of which is \$1.50, consists of twelve octavo pages.

Articles like the following, which is a Montreal *Star* editorial of recent date, are well calculated to bring phonography into general use. It is to be hoped that other widely circulated journals will copy the good example of the *Star*:

"Shorthand is becoming more essential every day. Any man who can write shorthand need not fear about travelling the world. He can make a living wherever the English language is spoken. Shorthand is as good as a trade, as sure a means of livelihood, and as an accomplishment it will yet rank high. The wonder is that more people do not write it. And of those who do write it the marvel is that so few become experts. Out of 10,000 shorthand writers in the United States, there are said to be only 300 verbatim reporters, and the same may, we opine, be said of the shorthand writers in England and Canada. But it is odd that our schools do not turn out more experts, for shorthand is both an accomplishment and a trade.

The spicy phonographic items in the widely circulated *Printer's Miscellany* have given pleasure and instruction to its many phonographic subscribers. It has helped to arouse the printers' fraternity to the subject of shorthand; and this is well, as the day is fast coming when those who can set from Standard Phonographic copy will be in demand, and, of course, all the private advantages of the art are as useful to printers as to any class of men.—*The Student's Journal*.

"A Funnygraphical Innocent" is crowded out. He will be crowded in next month, weather permitting.

Stenographers are signiphic men.