

be almost too much for him, because he has never mastered the duties of a stone-hand.

The probability is, that, if his form exceeds sixteen pages, he will resort to a book, or else he will fold and mark a sheet of paper to make sure that he is right. Even then he is in doubt. And why? Simply because he never thought it worth his while to learn; and, when his term of apprenticeship was ended, he found himself fit only for a frame in a newspaper-office, where he stands not the slightest chance of artistically raising himself to anything above his fellows.

How different is the case with the man who took note of everything that occurred in connection with his trade. His seven years completed, he is welcomed by the firm, until such time as he may see fit to make a change—which he usually does in the course of a few years, and to his immediate advantage. There is a moral in this, which young printers would do well to search out.—*Paper and Print.*

How Printers are Bored.

A LEAF FROM THE DIARY OF ONE OF THE FRATERNITY.

The following leaf, evidently dropped from the diary of a young printer, was picked up in the office by the "devil" the other day, and is printed in the hope that the loser may be able to reclaim his property:—

"Saturday, p. m.—Well, another week has gone by in about the same old way. I've been wondering lately why some people don't know more than they do; why they will persist in talking 'shop' to one of us fellows every time they meet us in society. Now, I am not ashamed of my business, which, I think, requires a considerable amount of brains. The other night I went out for a little while to a sort of social gathering, and I hadn't got into the parlor before a young lady simpered, 'O, Mr. —, you ain't going to put us in the paper, are you?' I had a big notion to say something bad, but I didn't. Then I go to some public exhibition, and every acquaintance I meet says: 'Well, are you getting it all down?' or, 'Got something big to write up now, haven't you?' or, 'I s'pose you fellows got to go to all these things for nothing?' or some equally flat remark. Everywhere it's the same way. Go to church, which some printers do because they enjoy it, and you are met with

the facetious remark: 'Well, you have to be pious once in a while, don't you?' Meet a man on a street car, and he asks you if there is any sensation afloat. People don't seem to think that we fellows ever know anything but 'shop.' Why don't they ask a lawyer, out in society, if he is looking for a case, or a doctor whether he expects anybody will be sick before he leaves; or a bank cashier what the highest per cent. is upon first mortgage loans. I can't understand it. We are just like other folks, and there are times, rare it is sadly true, when we are not on duty, and feel that we would be glad to enjoy social life just as other people do. But I suppose it always was, and always will be, and I'm too tired and sleepy to understand why."

"Mistakes of the Compositor."

Some one has taken the pains to collect for the *Chicago Times* some of the more famous typographical blunders of recent days—of the proof-reader on the *Herald* who underscored the line of the hymn, "Hark, *The Herald* angels sing!" so as to give due credit to his own paper; of the *World's* report of a political meeting—"the snouts (for shouts) of 10,000 Democrats rent the air;" of Gath's Fourth of July oration about the effect of the immortal declaration penned by Thomas Jefferson at which "Thomas reeled," he was made to say, instead of "thrones reeled;" a local reporter represented Talmage as reading the well-known hymn thus: "Nearer, by God, to Thee!" Instead of the fiat of the Almighty, a New York paper spoke of the "fist of the Almighty." Another paper declared that the Meeker massacre was caused, not as the dispatch said, "by the farmers pulling down the Indians' tents and corrals," but "the Indians' beets and carrots." Out West the obituary of a right reverend "prelate" was described as the "death of a pirate;" in a sermon a clergyman was announced as preaching about a "woman clothed in scantity," instead of sanctity; and the subject, "Influence of Rome on the Formation of Christianity," got into print as the "Influence of Rum upon the Digestion of Humanity." The compiler should have added to his collection the story of the Connecticut editor who wrote what he thought an unusually fine article entitled, "Is There No Balm in Gilead?" and awoke the next morning to see it read "Is There No Barn in Guildford?"—*Detroit Free Press.*