



CONDUCTED BY T. WILLIAM BELL.

"Playing Smart."

D. L. (Scott) Brown(e)'s "Christmas number" was received about three weeks ago and we have been in the general hospital ever since. We'll just tell you all about it. Brown's "Christmas Chromo," and the "Crusty Career of An Old Chronic Critic," tickled us so very much that we tumbled into a red-hot fit of double-X laughter, and, we laughed and laughed and laughed, till we couldn't laugh any more. The last ten or fifteen yards of that laugh, some how or other, went down the wrong way, and then we coughed and sneezed, and played hop, step and a jump around our sanctum, and hollered for some of the hands to come up at their earliest convenience, to hold us together, that anything in the shape of an explosion might not be allowed to take place. Yes, for three whole weeks—for twenty-one days and twenty-one nights—we have been unable to hold our quill steadily enough and long enough at any one time to pen this article, or anything else in the way of a notice of the Christmas or grand holiday number of the organ of the Calafatographic profession. However, we are glad—indeed, very glad—to be able to say that we are ourselves again, and now hasten to acknowledge receipt of the "organ."

This grand holiday number contains what the editor of the *C. I. S. Writer* presumes to be a portrait of Brown's grandfather, whom Brown introduces to his readers as the greatest statesman of modern times, the noblest and most sublime artist since the days of Raphael, and the most dexterous stenographer since the Babylonian period. The eight-column biographical sketch which accompanies the chromo deals chiefly with that period of the old man's "sublunary" existence when the object of his highest ambition was to become a city councillor. And an exceedingly interesting and well written ac-

count is given of the memorable campaign when the old gentleman ran as an "independent" for a district, the name of which seldom finds its way into the columns of Sunday School magazines.

On pages 236 and 237 of the organ are given *fac simile* specimens of reporting notes (?) for a correct transcription of which the editor offers a ten years' subscription to his paper. These notes, says Scott Brown, Scott Jones, or Scott Smith, or whatever the editor's name is, are written in Graham's Standard Phonography, and are from the reporting pen of the phonographic editor of the *Printer's Miscellany*, having been handed to him by the *Miscellany* man for publication.

We rise to inform the honorable gentlemen of the House of Phonography, that when D. L. Scott Beelzebub publishes a statement of that kind he publishes what he knows can't even claim to be a forty-second cousin to the truth, for the specimens are neither Standard nor any other phonography, and were never handed to Mr. B. by the phonographic editor of this magazine.

It is a widely-known fact that this man Brown, if man we may term him, has for the past five years been industriously endeavoring to show up Standard Phonography as a system that is utterly worthless as a means of accurate reporting, in consequence of its illegibility, and this is his latest movement in that direction.

We are always ready and willing to enjoy anything in the way of a first-class practical joke, even though it be played at our expense; but we think that Mr. Brown has gone just a little too far this time.

Of course we admire very much the good judgment displayed by Brown in the selection of his subjects, for in this case he well knew that the good nature of his victim would secure him against anything unpleasant in the shape of criminal proceedings.

On page 269 of the same issue we find the following: "Mr. Walker, A. M., D. H., of St. John, N. B., who said he was an 'old subscriber' (probably wanted to *subscribe* to all he could get without pay), made a pleasant call at our office last month, with his 'grip sack,' rubbers, and umbrell all in one. He was on his way to Washington, probably to 'subscribe' for something there on the same terms. Sorry we were