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CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL AND CONTRIBUTED—

Journalists of Canada. Goldwin Smith, ..	33
The Michela Stenographic Machine, ..	33
The Fly,	36
Speed the Pen,	36
Ideals,	37
A Great Feat in Reporting,	37
Self-constituted Reporters,	38
"There is no Death," (Poetry),	38
A Reporter's Work,	38

PHONOGRAPHIC GOSSIP,	39
------------------------------	----

COMMUNICATIONS—	40
-------------------------	----

ARTICLES IN SHORTHAND—

A Great Feat in Reporting, (<i>Illus.</i>) ..	41
The Fly, (<i>Illus.</i>)	42
Reporters' Work,	43
Speed the Pen,	44
Self-constituted Reporters,	45
Ideals, (<i>Illus.</i>)	46
"There is no Death,"	47
Fac-simile Notes by Mr. T. Pinkney, ..	48



GOLDWIN SMITH, M. A.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED SHORTHAND WRITER.

VOL. II.

TORONTO, JULY, 1881.

No. 3.

Editorial and Contributed.



JOURNALISTS OF CANADA.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH, M.A.

THIS gentleman, who is recognized as one of the most brilliant of English essayists, has become well known to the people of Canada from his connection with the press of the Dominion during his thirteen years residence here. Mr. Smith formerly held a professorship of history in the University of Oxford, and took an active part in the politics of England. He removed to Canada about the year 1868, making his home at Toronto, where, a few years after his arrival, he married the widow of the late D'Arcy Boulton, Esq. "The Grange," his town residence, is a favorite rendezvous for persons of literary inclinations, and Mr. Smith is distinguished as much for his kindness to literary aspirants as for his mastery of the English language. Although he prefers to reside on British soil, he takes a deep interest in the educational progress of the American republic, and has manifested this in the practical form of presenting Cornell University with a valuable library. He has also for some years been in the habit of delivering a course of lectures to the students at this seat of learning. A few years ago he was the leading spirit in the establishment of a weekly paper known as *The Nation*, the organ of the "Canada first" party, which sprung into existence as an expression of the sentiment of loyalty to the Dominion as contradistinguished from the sentiment of imperial patriotism, though not necessarily antagonistic thereto. *The Nation* expired with the organization of which it was the mouthpiece, after a brief though shining career.

Indeed, the influence this paper exerted upon the press of Canada is observable to the present day, its tendency having been to diminish the asperities of partyism and to infuse a more liberal and independent feeling amongst the organs on both sides. Concurrently with the editorship of *The Nation*, Mr. Smith either acted as editor or as leading contributor to the *Canadian Monthly*, finally resigning that position to Mr. G. Mercer Adam, who now holds it.

Mr. Smith's next journalistic venture was the establishment of the *Bystander*, a monthly re-

view of current events and politics, which has now been in existence for a year, and is at present temporarily suspended during the absence of its editor on a visit to England. The *Bystander* has attained remarkable success, chiefly owing to the characteristic pen of its writer, and is destined, we are assured, to wield an influence second to no other periodical in the Dominion. Mr. Smith also gets credit, whether justly or not, for being the controlling spirit of the *Evening Telegram*, published at Toronto by Mr. Ross Robertson. Although this gentleman's literary abilities would necessarily give him more or less prominence in the community, he perhaps owes his wide-spread fame, at least in Canada, more to the attacks made upon him, from time to time, by the party papers, than to anything else.

THE MICHELA STENOGRAPHIC MACHINE.



WE have pleasure in supplementing our account of the Michela Stenographic Machine, published in the June number, with the following interesting particulars supplied by a correspondent of Isaac Pitman's *Phonetic Journal*.

The Palais Bourbon was, on the 18th of February last, the scene of an experiment interesting to everyone curious of the progress of mechanical contrivance in an age which Carlyle has called that of mechanics, but especially so to readers of this magazine. On that day the first trial in France of the phono-stenographic machine of the brothers MM. Michela, took place in the presence of the Chamber of Deputies, M. Gambetta, the principal members of the staff of official reporters, and several Deputies. Little is known even in France about the apparatus; the French press having shown itself—perhaps decently—extremely apathetic about the matter, and information is not very easy to be got on the subject. I am indebted to the courtesy of M. Cassagnes, the editor of the *Annales Industrielles*, who was the first to notice the invention in Paris, for the particulars which I have gathered on this very interesting theme.

The invention of Dr. Michela is a very ingenious one, and one which has cost its inventor

thirty years of close observation and repeated experiments. I shall first describe the machine and then give an idea of the system of stenography employed, which is, perhaps, not as simple as it might be. It is necessary to premise, however, that Dr. Michela found, as the result of the careful decomposition of the phonetic elements of speech, that each syllable is composed of properly three parts at most—an initial consonant sound, a vowel sound, and a final consonant sound. The initial consonant on the other hand, is occasionally complicated by the introduction of a second sound. Thus, in the word "pace" we have three sounds, those of *p, a, s*, in "place" we have, according to Dr. Michela, four, the simple sound of *p*, being complicated by the additional *l*; he has therefore divided his signs in four series. The first contains all the consonant sounds; the second, all the sounds by which these consonants are ever doubled; the third, all the vowel sounds; and the fourth, once more all the consonants. This arrangement is of importance for the merely mechanical portion of the machine, for it is owing to it that the operator succeeds in tracing the letters in the required order. The types which produce the impression of the phonetic characters are arranged in the order of these four series; so that if there be an initial consonant it comes first, if this be a double sound the complimentary character in the second series comes next; the vowel third, and the final consonant last; were this not so there would be a difficulty in repeating the same sound in two different places in the same syllable. Again, each syllable forms a line by itself, so that no confusion can arise from the repetition of the same sound in the same word. The types being immovable, as far as the order in which they stand is concerned, there might in the word "apparent," for instance, be some difficulty in placing the second *a* if they were both written on the same line. As it is, the

word would be written thus: $\left. \begin{array}{l} ap \\ a \\ rent, \end{array} \right\}$ by which

means no confusion can arise. All this sounds, perhaps, complicated, but it is easy and rapid in practice from the nature of the mechanism which permits all the elements of each syllable to be produced on the paper by one movement of the hand.

The apparatus resembles a tiny piano with twenty keys, twelve white and eight black—disposed precisely like those of a keyboard. This keyboard is divided into halves by means of which the paper whereon the signs are printed is unrolled, and a row of little rods, at the top of each of which is cast, in relief, one of the phonetic signs—just like common type. These signs are disposed in the order indicated in my last paragraph, and do not occupy more space than about a couple of inches. A cover like that of a piano fits down over the keys, and when closed, the whole machine forms a box of about eighteen or twenty inches in length. It stands on three legs which can be dismantled.

It forms then a sufficiently handy package to be carried under the arm. When set up for work it reaches to the knees of the operator—I had almost written the performer—sitting before it.

Each note when touched, pushes down a vertical rod which acts on the end of a horizontal blade-shaped lever. This lever is attached to the other end to one of the slender rods on which are graven the phonetic signs, when therefore you press a note, one end of the lever goes down and the other up, and with it the type corresponding. It meets a band of paper passing just above the row of type and is printed on it, in colorless relief or in ink by means of another mechanism. On hearing a word, therefore, the operator, as in phonography, decomposes it into its phonetic syllables. He has under his fingers the keys requisite to represent, in writing, the first syllable. He touches them altogether, and the first syllable is printed; then the next in the same way, and so on. He operates in precisely the same way as a performer on the pianoforte striking a chord. Indeed the idea of his apparatus was evidently suggested to Dr. Michela by this musical instrument. As a skilful pianist, on seeing a group of notes, immediately finds the corresponding keys, so the mechanical reporter on hearing certain sounds, prints them with equal rapidity and ease. After each chord the paper moves forward, and thus the next syllable is printed a line below, and so on. The machinery by which this latter result is produced is no less ingenious than simple.

The paper is rolled around a cylinder in long strips of about two inches in width, it passes over the type and then between two other cylinders which grip it; one of the latter is governed by a small cog wheel which is pushed forward at every touch of a note, or of an assembly of notes by means of a small hook which catches in one of the cogs, and is worked by a rod in connection with all the keys. The movement takes place only when the notes, after having been struck, return to their natural position, that is after the impression has been produced. As the notes are struck this hook goes down, a slight turning motion, produced by a spring, preventing its catching in a cog as it descends. When the released note springs up again, the hook comes up and pushes the cog which it finds in its way, upwards. This little wheel sets the cylinders going at each movement, and having hold of the paper pulls it along with them a certain distance. The ink is applied by another little roll of blue inked paper, moved in the same way and passing over the white strip the moment the impression takes place.

In a machine of the nature of this one, the graphic system is quite of secondary importance—certainly not of such paramount importance as in the case of written shorthand. The objects to be obtained are economy of space, facility of transcription, and simplicity of study. The main object of a written system, namely, brevity, as an essential to speed, is of no consequence since, by the aid of a machine, a long

sign is written with as much rapidity as a short one. It is not to be expected, therefore, that the phonetic system of Dr. Michela should be nearly as perfect a one as say, Pitman's. As this is destined for phonographers, however, some idea of it will not be amiss. The doctor's signs are the following six, viz. :—

. : u / n l

These are developed into twenty by means of change of position on the paper, and this number is increased by variety in grouping until the number of different signs is really raised to seventy-four, thus a letter is not represented always by one sign, but by an assembly of sometimes two, sometimes three. It is, however, always possible to get all the requisite characters under one's hand at the same time, so as to print each syllable completely at one stroke, each finger manœuvring two notes at a time if necessary. Notwithstanding the number of different signs, Dr. Michela claims that a sufficient knowledge of his system to admit of transcription, is to be acquired in fifteen days, and a rapidity of writing 200 words a minute with the machine in six months. As the characters are all printed, he claims further that they may be transcribed by any one who can read his system. Thus, while the machinist—that a reporter should come to be called a machinist—continues his note taking—which he can do for three hours without fatigue—transcribers can be engaged in writing out. The practice in the Italian Parliament, where the invention is in use, is to cut the roll of paper, on which the signs are printed, every five minutes while it continues to be unrolled. The inventor pretends, too, that his system is universal, and can be applied to all languages. This is not exactly correct, for many signs used in English, for instance, are entirely wanting. Thus he has no th or dh nor w sound; nor has he any means whatever of producing final consonants. The pretention, too, that anyone, even a person unacquainted with the language reported, can work the apparatus, whatever it may be worth in theory is groundless in practice. It is necessarily impossible to write phonetically, even by machine, unless one can thoroughly distinguish the sound uttered. Now, every one who has learned a foreign language in order to speak it, will bear me out when I say that the greatest difficulty which stops beginners in understanding a foreign tongue when spoken, is the impossibility of distinguishing the sounds which are really uttered by a rapid speaker. A word which is comprehensible enough in writing is often unrecognizable when spoken. I myself have reported French at a very fair rate of speed by means of Pitman's system, but only after I thoroughly understood the language. These, however, are effects which can be remedied or avoided. The object of this article is necessarily rather descriptive than critical, and I think it will not be denied that the apparatus of Michela, whatever its utility may turn out to be, is an ingenious one. Its success, of course, depends on experience. I doubt,

though, whether it is destined to be so universally adopted as its inventors seem to think.

I don't think any amount of mechanism, however subtle or however simple, can ever replace the intelligent reporter. This apparatus may answer well in assemblies where its workers enjoy all necessary advantages, but in a place like, say the press gallery, where the hearing is bad and a thousand other little difficulties intervene between the reporter and his subject, I doubt whether anything but the human machine—to borrow from Voltaire—can suffice. Besides the consequence of machinery is that the man is no use without it.

Still it appears to answer excellently in Italy where it is the only method in use in parliament, and its success at the Palais Bourbon is said to have been complete. The following account of the last public experiment is taken from the *Illustration* for 12th March :—

Mlle. Guillio, who worked the apparatus, being an Italian and speaking French very imperfectly, the experiment commenced by a bit of dictation, in Italian, from the *Journal Official* of Italy. M. Michela read rapidly a discourse on railways, recently pronounced in the Senate at Rome. The piece dictated contained no less than a page, which Mlle. Guillio, on being requested to read her note, read, without the slightest hesitation, as though she had the journal itself before her. Then, to complete the essay, the President of the Chamber caused two pages of the Chamber to be rapidly read, and in order that no difficulty might be spared the operator, he took a slight pleasure in throwing in interruptions in Latin. He entered into the discussion himself, and with good humored malice, provoked interruption and remarks which were faithfully reproduced. The curiosity of the assistants, however, was so thoroughly aroused that no one dreamt of interrupting. "It is not difficult to see that we are not in session," said Gambetta. "I have about as much trouble now to excite interruptions as I usually have to prevent them." Mlle. Guillio, although she understood but little of what was dictated to her, reproduced it with astonishing fidelity. Not having understood everything, she read badly, cutting words in two and forming eccentric locutions with the heads and tails of words cut off from each other; but her exactitude was none the less absolute, and indeed the trial was all the more conclusive because the intelligence of the reader could not in any way supply any possible omissions on the part of the machine.

I may add that M. Cassagnes is of opinion that the aid of electricity may be introduced into the invention, thereby permitting of several reports of a discourse to be instantaneously produced by a single operator at any distance from the spot where it is pronounced. Whether this idea will ever be realized, time alone can show.

Brethren, when you hear any phonographic news, "make a note of it," and send it to the WRITER.

THE FLY.

BY BILL NYE.

MUCH has been said of the fly of the period, but few write about him who are bald headed.

Hence we say a word. It is of no use any more to deny the horrible truth. Although beautiful as a peri in other ways, our tresses on top have succumbed to the inclemency of the weather, and our massive brow is slowly creeping over to ward the back of our neck. If a man be possessed of such ravishing beauty and such winning ways that his power might become dangerous, nature makes him bald-headed.

That is our fix.

When we have our hat on and go chassieing down the street with that camel glide of ours, every one asks who that noble-looking Apollo with the deep and melancholy eye is; but when we are at the office with our hat hung up on the French walnut side-board, and the sun comes softly in through the rosewood shutters and lights up the shellac polish on our intellectual dome, we are not so pretty.

Then it is that the fly, with gentle tread and seductive song, comes and prospects around on our bump of self-esteem, and tickles us and makes us mad.

When we get where forbearance ceases to be a virtue, we haul off and slap the place where he was, while he goes over to the inkstand and snickers at us. After he has waded around in the carmine ink awhile he goes back to the bump of spirituality and makes some red marks over it.

Having laid off his claim under the new mining law, he proceeds to sink on it.

If we write anything bitter these days; if we say aught of our fellow man that is disagreeable or unjust, and for which we afterwards get licked, it is because at times we get exasperated and are not responsible.

If the fly were large and weighed 200 pounds, and come in here and told us that if we didn't take back what we had said about him he would knock out the window with our remains and let us fall a hundred feet into the busy street it wouldn't worry us so much, because then we could strangle him with one hand while we wrote a column editorial on Conkling with the other. We do that frequently. But a little fragile insect, with no home and no parents, and only four or five million brothers and sisters, gains our confidence, and then tickles our scalp till we have to write with a sheet of tar roofing over our head.

Then he comes in and helps us read our proof. We don't want him to help, but he insists on making corrections and putting punctuations in the wrong place, and putting full stops where they knock the sense all out of the paragraph.

If the fly could be removed from our pathway, we would march along in our journey to the

tomb in a way that would be the envy and admiration of the civilized world. As it is, we feel that we are not making a very handsome record.

SPEED THE PEN.

(Printer's Miscellany, St. John.)

SEVERAL prominent members of the L. P. F. (Lead Pencil Fraternity) have, through the columns of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED SHORTHAND WRITER, entered into a controversy on the question of speed. One of them, a Mr. Holland, expresses it as his belief that Mr. T. A. Reed, who claims as his utmost speed 185 words a minute, should no longer enjoy the title of champion ink-slinger of the world. In support of this assertion Mr. Holland mentions a couple of one-minute tests when the writers succeeded in capturing, respectively, 240 and 281 words out of a possible 918, more or less.

One who subscribes himself "Outsider," says that "Mr. T. A. Reed is certainly not going to continue to be forever the fastest reporter in the world, but these one-minute tests, the matter of which a person might readily memorize, are not to be compared to his 185 words done in the course of his reporting practice." Continuing, he says: "Mr. Holland's statement, though brilliant, by no means settles the question. Who else, besides Mr. Reid, has reached to a certainty 185 words per minute by the half hour?"

The February number of the WRITER contains a communication from Mr. T. J. Godfrey, which, were it put into our editorial kettle and allowed to remain there for about three quarters of an hour, would, when boiled down, read as follows: "Mr. Holland's statements are not even flavored with the truth. It is absurd in any one to claim a speed of anything in the neighborhood of two hundred words per minute, even though it be but a one minute test."

While we think, with Mr. Holland, that it is about time Mr. T. A. Reed should be relieved of the "belt," yet we cannot but look upon his citation of one-minute tests as rather an unfair means of supporting his case. "Outsider" views the matter in the proper light, but confesses that he has yet to learn of livelier work than Mr. Reed's 185 performance. Mr. Godfrey, we are tempted to think, has never been upon the grand stand on a phonographic race course when the trotters are attending to business. That it is unjust to measure the working speed of one stenographer with the racing speed of another, no fair-minded person will hesitate to admit, and we think that Mr. Holland should have confined himself to all-day reporting, one-minute exhibitions having, in our opinion, no bearing whatever on the matter. We are not acquainted with all the men of the lightning brigade, but we could, without leaving our old arm chair, give our readers the names of a baker's dozen of quick quillists who can propel their Fabers by the hour at the rate of two hun-

dred words per minute, or thereabouts. As one who can distance Mr. Reed on all-day work we might mention our esteemed friend, Mr. Thos. Pray, jr., editor *Boston Journal of Commerce*, a gentleman who, though not now a professional reporter, can make his pen give a very good account of itself. Notwithstanding that the *Boston Journal of Commerce* has quite a large shorthand staff, Mr. Pray occasionally finds himself called upon to give personal attention to some of the many important cases that are phonographically reported for his widely known paper. The printed report of one of the cases—"Fall River Iron Works vs. Mechanics Mills"—we have before us. The volume is composed of 763 pages, octavo, and contains about three hundred thousand words! During this trial Mr. Pray wrote 14,300 words within seventy-three minutes, thus averaging 196 words per minute, and performing the work under circumstances not the most favorable. To use Mr. Pray's own words: "I took 14,300 words and was only inside of the court room seventy-eight minutes, from which you must deduct time to remove my coat, arrange reporting material and get to work. I wrote, perhaps, for seventy-three minutes. It was in a very poor light and with an inkstand full of mud. I gave my notes to two amanuenses, who knew as little about the case as anybody could, and they transcribed them, with the exception of 80 or 81 words, which I readily supplied, they being technical."

IDEALS.

MODEL HUSBANDS, WIVES, JOURNALISTS, POLITICIANS, BABIES, AND CLERGYMEN.

THE ideal husband is a kind-hearted, noble man, with the figure of an Apollo and the beauty of an Adonis, who pays the same delicate attention to his wife that he did before their troth was plighted; the real husband is a round-shouldered, grizzly looking fellow, who buys the second quality butter for the table, eats his meals at a down-town restaurant, and only remembers that he is married when he is obliged to pay the household expenses.

The ideal housewife is a woman who keeps her home in the most delightful order, who cooks the most delicious dinners and presides at the tea-table with the grace of a queen; the real housewife is a woman whose face is red and blazed with cooking over a hot stove, whose voice is sharp and earnest, and who just "slams" things around anywhere, no matter where, in order to get her work done in season for a buzz over the backyard fence with her neighbors.

The ideal newspaper man is a man whose brain is crammed solid full of all things classical, social and political, whose pen can reel off poetry, sentiment and sense to order, and into whose presence we should come with feelings of awe inspired by overpowering genius; the real newspaper man is a worn out fragment of humanity, who carries a sickly smile significant of

hope deferred and financial depression, and wears a seventy-five cent alpaca coat.

The ideal politician is a man whose breast is heaving full of patriotism, and whose interest in the welfare of the country is second only to his allegiance to divine power; the real politician is a man with his hands full of wires pulling in all directions, from the dram shop to the pulpit, to worm himself into an official position with big pay and lots of nothing to do.

The ideal baby is a little fellow with the daintiest tinted cheeks, curliest hair, sweetest little "coo," and with angel's wings just sprouting from his shoulders; the real baby is a young wad of humanity with open valves, screaming all the time, fuzz on his bald head like thistle-down, and as for angel's wings, they don't fasten them on with safety-pins.

The ideal clergyman is a man born too good for this world, with the virtues of Christianity bristling all over his character and shining forth like the rays of the noon-day sun; the real clergyman is a man who preaches his best sermons "on an exchange," in the hope of getting a call with a bigger salary.

GREAT FEAT IN REPORTING.



A REMARKABLE achievement in stenography was that of the lady to whose kindness the *Boston Herald* is indebted for the accurate and almost verbatim report of Carl Schurz's fine speech in German at the reception by his Boston countrymen. The speech was translated off hand into English shorthand notes as it was taken, instead of being taken in German and afterward put into English, as is generally the case on such occasions. Mr. Thomas Allen Reed, of London, is regarded as the greatest shorthand writer in England, and his facility at taking both French and English equally well is considered a marvel. But when he takes a French speech his notes are in French. In the Canadian Parliament there are two sets of shorthand reporters, one to take the speeches delivered in English and the other those delivered in French. But the mental processes necessary to such a work as that of the Boston lady will be seen to be remarkably complicated. First, there is the following of the speech in German, which must have been with the strictest attention; then there is the instantaneous translation of the German words into their English equivalents; and, thirdly, there is the rendering of the English into shorthand characters while the ear is alert to catch the German. The quickness of wit demanded by such a performance is wonderful, though we believe the French reporters in the gallery at Ottawa perform a similar marvel with the English speeches. The lady gained her skill in this respect by practise in taking notes at the lectures in German universities.

Correspondence on shorthand topics is solicited for the WRITER.

SELF CONSTITUTED REPORTERS.

(The Journalist.)

IT has been said with an amount of truth too well known to be disputed, that a little learning is a dangerous thing, and to none I think is this saying more applicable than to a certain class of men who call themselves reporters. All who have been connected with the press for any length of time, and whose experience has introduced them to the gold and to the dross of their profession, must have marked the wide gulf which separates the two. We are all conversant with the advice of the father of reporters, and the would-be scribes who daily applied to him for advice and assistance. It is lamentable to us that this recommendation is generally ignored, the consequence being that the market is overcrowded by a class of men whose aspirations are not prompted by a general desire to fit them for the position which they crave. Not only does the want of knowledge characterise these gentry, but the bliss they enjoy in spite of it, perhaps consequent upon their ignorance, is delightful to contemplate. Conspicuous by their pride and officiousness, their productions are usually distinguished by their ridiculous errors, which are often perceptible to the most careless observer. Beyond all this their personal character and habits are far from blameless, and on the whole they bring discredit both privately and professionally on a responsible and not unimportant body of men.

A REPORTER'S WORK.

WHICH SHOWS THAT HIS LIFE IS NOT AN IDLE ONE.

IT is generally supposed by the world at large, says a sympathetic contemporary, that the lot of the reporter is happiness itself. He is envied by the rich and the poor, but especially by the boys during circus time, as he is supposed to "git in for nuthin'," which is a big thing in the eye of the gamin. There are those besides the gamin who think he wears a magic slipper that carries him safely past all doorkeepers and ticket sellers; that he sports a charm about his throat that brings forth free beer and bug juice *ad libitum*; that he has brass-plated cheeks which are transported even into the skeleton closet of the household and that his conscience is pliable and his disposition so mercenary that it is but necessary to cross his palm with a few paltry shekels to turn his calumny into praise and his facts into fancies.

But alas and alack! Truth stripped of the imagery with which it is frequently clothed, oftentimes would not be recognized by its own mother. Behold the naked truth.

In order to get the facts with which to construct his numerous articles, he must travel on an average of five miles a day, or an aggregate of 1,500 miles a year. During these perambulations he asks several thousand civil questions

and gets several thousand uncivil answers; gets fired out of offices and houses; has dozens of doors slammed in his face; is asked 10,000 questions and returns as many short but civil answers; gets into a circus once on a promise to give it a big send-off; is buttonholed 1,300 times by parties who desire to impart a good article about themselves; is let into several political secrets by candidates, which are barefaced boosts; is boosted by the same candidate because he didn't publish the secret; is welcomed wherever his pencil will put money into people's pockets or give them a little notoriety. However, he pays five cents a glass for beer, full rates for board, top prices for clothes, either walks or pays full fare on the street cars. While others are enjoying the opera, the social party, the circus, prayer meetings, a game of poker, a turn on the roller skates or marching with a political club the reporter is wrestling with a mass of chaotic facts and endeavoring to get them into shape for you to read while you despatch your good warm breakfast.

He gets to bed at 3 o'clock in the morning and between the annoyances of flies, noisy chambermaids and pencils of sunlight boring into his eyes he does well to get seven hours' sleep by the time he is aroused at noon to get his breakfast. At 2 o'clock he reports at the office and begins the same old round of duties. But, taking one consideration with another, the life of a reporter is not much worse than that of a street car driver after all.—*Oil City Derrick.*

THERE IS NO DEATH.

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in heaven's jewelled crown,
They shine forevermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread,
Shall change beneath the summer shower,
To golden grain of mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flower.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away;
They only wait through wintry hours,
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best-loved things away,
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate,
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

And where he sees a smile too bright,
Or heart too pure for taint and vice,
He bears it to that world of light,
To dwell in Paradise.

—F. BULWER LYTTON.

THE PHONETIC REFORM IS BOOMING.—The following is a specimen of some of the communications daily received by the City Commissioner:—"Gune the 9th. Mr. Cotsworth, Sitty Comr —Sir, you have been notfid alreedy of filthey state of the Rare of — Qune street West if it is not sin to i will hav to see the Mare."

Phonographic Gossip.

W. L. Cotton, Esq., editor of the *Examiner*, is one of the shorthand reporters in the House of Assembly.

Mr. Alf. Boyle has accepted a position in the law office of Messrs. Bain, Blanchard & McColl, Winnipeg. He was formerly correspondent for the law office of Messrs. Mulock, Tilt, McArthur & Crowther of this city. This is another of the Torontonians abroad.

We had the pleasure of a brief visit lately from Mr. H. A. Langford, of the Michigan Central Railway General Freight Office, Detroit. Mr. Langford was on his way home after a holiday in the east—a pleasure which all good shorthand workers deserve to enjoy.

Nobody will be more utterly delighted when the foundation is laid for a new County Court House than the hard-working shorthand men of Toronto. It is not only a disagreeable, but a dangerous business to work steadily for a day in the present ill-ventilated and old fashioned place.

Mr. Wm. Perkins, formerly correspondent for the law office of Messrs. McCarthy, Hoskin, Plumb & Creelman, of this city, has taken his departure for Winnipeg to accept the position of reporter on the *Times*. Mr. Perkins writes Isaac Pitman's phonography with a few of Graham's contractions. We wish him every success in his new field of labour.

Mr. T. Pinkney and a company of friends leave Toronto on August 3rd for New York and the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence. It is their intention to pass a few weeks in the latter delightful locality, enjoying *otium cum dig.* We wish Mr. Pinkney (who is one of our esteemed contributors) and his friends a happy and healthful time.

Mr. Robert Tyson, a member of the reporting staff of the Superior Courts of Ontario, is an enthusiastic canoeer. A few years ago he took a long voyage around the coast of Lake Ontario and down the Mississippi, of which he afterwards wrote a most interesting account in the *Canadian Monthly*. Mr. Tyson contemplates another long trip this summer, if indeed he is not already afloat.

Mr. J. Innes McIntosh writing from Guelph, Ont., says:—In this city there are few whose knowledge of shorthand extends beyond the first of the text books. In common with other places there crop up enthusiastic aspirants, but many of them sink in the Slough of Despond before the alphabet is well learned. There are perhaps a dozen shorthand students here who are really in earnest, made up mainly of young typos and junior limbs of the law. The former know the value of the art from their close association with it, and the latter probably catch the contagion from the court reporters.

Mr. Herbert Burrows is private secretary to the superintendent of the Grand Trunk Railway at Toronto. He uses Isaac Pitman's system and can write 150 words per minute.

We are glad to learn that our lady friends are adopting phonography on this side. Nine young women graduated in phonography at the Young Women's Christian Association last week. The best of them could write 110 words a minute.

"The Shorthand Society," for the study of the science and literature of shorthand, was established in London, England, on the 28th June. Mr. Cornelius Walford, F. S. S., F. I. A., was appointed President; Mr. Thomas Allan Reed, and the Rev. W. H. F. Hechla (Gabelsburger writer), were selected as Vice-Presidents; Mr. J. G. Petrie, Honorary Treasurer; and Mr. Edward Pocknell (author of "Legible Shorthand"), Honorary Secretary. The society is open to all the world. The fee for fellowship is 10s. 6d. a year. Foreign associates are admitted at 2s. 6d. a year.—half the fee of British associates. The object of the society is to discuss points of theory and practice with a view to determine right principles for forming a shorthand system for general use.

A new and most ingenious speaking machine has lately been exhibited by Herr Faber before the Physical Society, London. It is designed to more perfectly imitate, mechanically, the utterances of the human voice, by means of artificial organs of articulation made on the human model, and it is worked by keys like a musical instrument. A bellows made of wood and india rubber serves for lungs; a small windmill is placed in front of the bellows to give thrilling sounds; the larynx is made of a single membrane of hippopotamus hide and India rubber; a mouth with two lips, a tongue, and an India rubber nose complete the organs of the apparatus. Fourteen distinct sounds are uttered by it, and, combining these, any word in any language can be produced—also laughing and whispering.

We think it safe to assume that every subscriber to the WRITER would like to see its *news* department enlarged and improved. This can be most effectually accomplished if each of our readers will make it a point to send us at least *two paragraphs* of phonographic news every month. Personal mention of shorthand men, notices of meetings, and in fact everything and anything connected with or interesting to stenographers, will be most welcome. It is too much to ask our good friends each to make this effort? From what we know of the *esprit d'corps* which distinguishes the shorthand profession, we feel confident that our request will meet with a liberal response. Items may be sent either per postal card or letter, and we will only be too happy to remit all postage in this service.

Communications.



THE ASSOCIATION QUESTION.

TORONTO, July 14th, 1881.

To the Editor of the WRITER,

SIR,—I have read with much interest the communication of Mr. Frank Yeigh regarding the establishment of a Canadian Shorthand Writers' Association, and agree with him in every particular. I do not see why we should be so far behind our brethren in the United States, in this matter. There you will find in every state a Stenographers' Association supported by the leading reporters of the state. And why should not that be here? I am sure if some of our best reporters would take the matter in hand it would be a grand success. It would not be a bad idea to grant certificates, say 1st, 2nd and 3rd class, to those who pass an examination to be prepared by competent persons. This would, to a certain extent, do away with a great many of those self-styled *reporters* who crowd the market, and it would place the art of reporting upon its proper footing. This process of examination would be beneficial to all; the merchant and lawyer would then be able to get a reliable correspondent. Let some of our leading reporters now take up this matter without delay. They surely can devote a few hours a month to the matter.

I am, yours truly,

T. PINKNEY.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

LONDON, 1st July, 1881.

To the Editor of SHORTHAND WRITER:

Dear Sir,—I have read your journal with the usual degree of interest, and I am now glad to avail myself of the opportunity that it affords to those wishing to express their opinions, or to ask for information on matters connected with the art. I may state that in this letter I have both of these objects in view.

No doubt many of my fellow students have oftentimes, as I have myself, wished for explanations as I shall now endeavor to elicit from our elder brethren. It must be very evident to all who are in any way connected with it and who read the various communications of the profession that there exists a fear that the supply is growing in advance of the demand. For instance one says, "It is doing an injury to

"the profession to place before students shining examples of men who have secured remunerative positions through their knowledge of the art." Now is this not the most natural incentive to all lines of business? Will not the recognized professionals of to-day admit that it was through this kind of encouragement that they took up and conquered the art? If they fail to gain the proffered prize then of course it cannot be of any practical use, and therefore it cannot interfere with those who have; the injury is then to themselves and not the profession. The same individual further on states that "it is contrary to sound principle to attempt to prohibit instruction in this branch of education." Thus I quite agree with, had the remaining part of the letter been in keeping with it, but it seems to be the prevailing feeling amongst the profession that we students will yet displace them from their positions. I think it is totally uncalled for, if men of high attainments are so scarce in this branch as is admitted, then why do they not make an effort to climb a little higher, where, according to their own idea, they will be safe for a time at least from incompetent aspirants. I hope some of the profession will now explain, or else give us something more edifying and encouraging in the future. By so doing they will consult their own interests.

Yours very respectfully,

ASPIRANT.

SUGGESTED REFORMS.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED SHORTHAND WRITER:

Dear Sir,—There are four things in connection with shorthand that I would like to see. (1.) Uniformity in all reporters' notes. (2.) The National Association consider this at their meeting in September. (3.) The standard of our profession raised or braced up by means of newspaper articles. (4.) The printed matter of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED SHORTHAND WRITER doubled for twice the subscription price. What say you all, gentlemen?

Yours very truly,

E. D. SNYDER.

DOWAGIAC, Mich.,

May 21st, 1881.



A GREAT FEAT IN REPORTING.

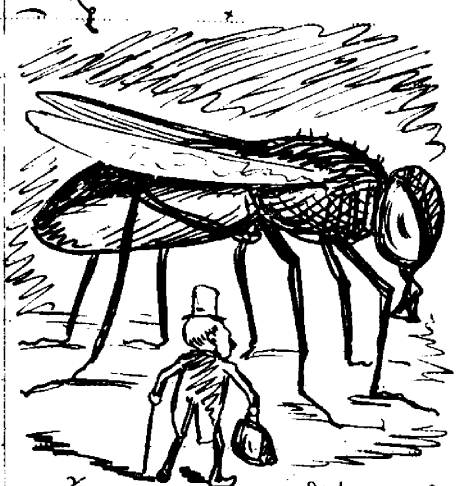
Graham's Corresponding Style.

Handwritten shorthand notes in the left column, consisting of various symbols and lines.

Handwritten shorthand notes in the right column, consisting of various symbols and lines.



THE FLY.
Munson's System.



Handwritten shorthand symbols in Munson's System, arranged in rows on a grid. The symbols consist of various loops, curves, and straight lines, representing letters and words in shorthand.

Handwritten shorthand symbols in Munson's System, arranged in rows on a grid. The symbols are similar to those on the left but include some variations, such as a '2000' and a '22'.

SPEED THE PEN.
Graham's Reporting Style.

1. The first part of the document is a series of handwritten notes in a shorthand style. The notes are arranged in approximately 15 horizontal lines. The characters are dense and appear to be a form of shorthand or shorthand for a specific language or dialect.

2. The second part of the document is a series of handwritten notes in a shorthand style, similar to the first part. These notes are also arranged in approximately 15 horizontal lines. The characters are dense and appear to be a form of shorthand or shorthand for a specific language or dialect.

IDEALS.

Isaac Pitman's System.

Handwritten shorthand symbols on ruled lines, including various strokes and combinations.

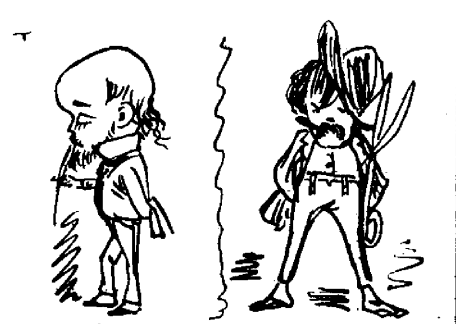


Handwritten shorthand symbols on ruled lines, continuing the practice.



Handwritten shorthand symbols on ruled lines at the bottom of the left column.

Handwritten shorthand symbols on ruled lines at the top of the right column.

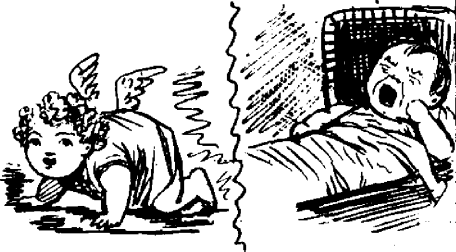


Handwritten shorthand symbols on ruled lines in the middle of the right column.

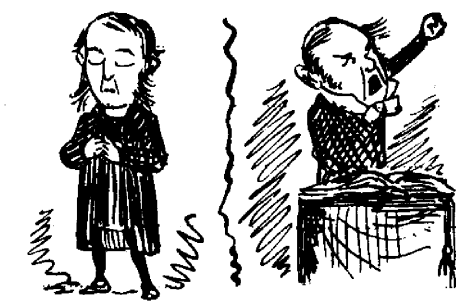


Handwritten shorthand symbols on ruled lines at the bottom of the right column.

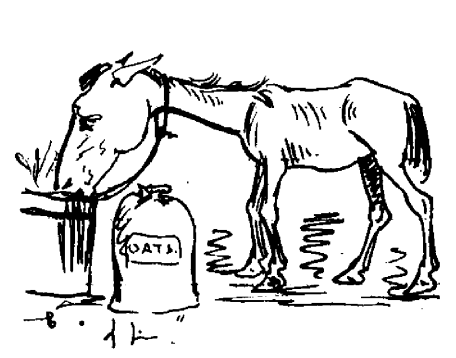
Handwritten shorthand symbols on a set of four horizontal lines.



Handwritten shorthand symbols on a set of four horizontal lines.



Handwritten shorthand symbols on a set of four horizontal lines.



"THERE IS NO DEATH."
Ben. Pitman's System.

Multiple lines of handwritten shorthand symbols on a set of four horizontal lines, demonstrating the Pitman system.

Leafes from a Reporter's Note Book.

FAC-SIMILE OF MR. T. PINKNEY'S REPORTING NOTES.

The following is a facsimile of Mr. T. Pinkney's reporting notes, written in shorthand. The text is arranged in approximately 20 horizontal lines, each containing several words or phrases in a highly abbreviated, cursive script. The shorthand uses various symbols, including loops, curves, and straight lines, to represent letters and syllables. The overall appearance is that of a dense, handwritten record of a speech or event.