The Force of Brevity.

Bill Smith looked from the sheet of notepaper in his hand to the green muslin of the "Red Poppy" newspaper, and back again. He was one of the editors of the "Red Poppy," a small weekly newspaper published in a small town. It was late in the afternoon, and the sun was setting behind the hills to the west. The paper was almost finished, and Bill was checking the final copy for errors.

"You're a fine fellow, Bill," said the printer. "You always get the job done on time."

"Thanks," said Bill. "I try to." He turned to the printer. "Are you going to call me 'Bill' tonight?"

"Yes," said the printer. "I always do."

"Good," said Bill. "I like that."

"Next week," said the printer. "I'll call you 'Mr. Smith.' "

"That's fine," said Bill. "Just remember." He turned to the printer. "Now, let's finish this job."