

The Newspaper Reporter.

A WORD FOR THE WORKER WHO IS OFTEN MISJUDGED BY OUTSIDERS. When a newspaper reporter rings a door bell and asks for the latest and most authentic particulars of Mr. Jones' recent domestic vicissitudes...

There is no body of men with less personal curiosity than reporters. Experience on any well conducted newspaper quickly blunts the edge of that interest in small doings that characterizes individuals in private life.

It is keen pleasure to listen to the conversation of a group of able newspaper men. Their profession gives them a grip on the moment, and they know when to get going.

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The reporter usually gives his interview a dignity it does not in fact possess. He weeds out the superfluous details away from the verbiage, links the logical sequence and mends the grammar.

Most men go into journalism young, and before they realize that bodies need the consideration given to other sorts of machinery. There is no tyrant so absolute as the printer's devil.

A Paradise for Tramps. The Karg gas-well was discovered in Findlay, Ohio, about fifty miles south of Toledo, on January 20, 1886.

When I made my visit to the well, one evening in February, 1886, snow covered the ground to the depth of three or four inches.

How to Find Drowned Bodies. We learned that two negroes tied their clothing to the backs of their necks and attempted to swim the river look a bundle of fodder and placed it in the river where the drowned negro first sank.

When riding about Springfield in company with Mr. Hill who was mayor of that city twenty-five years ago, an George Spence, the former told a characteristic story of Sam Cox.

There are the speaker's voice, the singing voice and the conversational voice. All of these varieties are almost never found in perfection in one person.

Sunset Cox as a Campaigner.

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Presently the farmer came round and halted his team rather reluctantly. "I haven't time to talk to you," said he, "this plowing must be done."

With that Hill "geed up" the team and led Cox and the farmer talking. "When I got around the 20 acre farm said Hill, I found Sam and the farmer down in the fence corner playing seven up, with a half emptied bottle of whiskey between them."

Hill plowed several rounds and the game kept up. The old German won every time and was in high glee and pronounced Sam one of the best fellows in the world, only he didn't know how to play seven up.

"Are you going over to the meeting tonight to hear this man Cox make a speech?" "No, I won't go near him."

"No, but you come to my house some time and see me a week and I'll play with you every day." That old German neglected his plowing or turned it over to his boys, and went over Clark county, whooping it up for Sam and was instrumental in securing over 100 of the 2,500 by which he was elected in that district that was republican by 4,500.

The Largest Farm in the World. In the extreme southwest corner of Louisiana lies the largest producing farm in the world. It runs 100 miles north and south and 10 miles east and west, and is owned and operated by a syndicate of Northern capitalists.

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Imitating Himself.

The following story of Edwin Booth's alleged failure in imitating himself is interesting. Some time during 1862 the brother of the "only Hamlet" was playing in Washington and at the close of his engagement was tendered a benefit. This was naturally a matter, for, whatever may have been the general opinion of the acting of John Wilkes Booth, there was very little dissent, especially among the gentler sex.

"What next?" asked Booth. "I am going to give them you in the 'Soliloquy,'" said the specialist. "But with the original looking on I know I shall make a mess of it."

"I say, Ned," said John Wilkes, "I've an idea. Go and imitate yourself." The proposition struck the tragedian as a comical one. Hastily putting on the mimic's wig and buttoning up his coat he went on and delivered the celebrated speech of the melancholy Duke.

The audience applauded wildly. The next morning the National Intelligencer, the great paper then, said that the imitations ruined the performance, each being worse than the other, "while that of Edwin Booth was simply a looking on I know I shall make a mess of it."

The liquor traffic is not to be stilled until it is settled right and the right way is annihilated. Anything short of this will continue to build, it will definitely; there must be no compromise with this monster evil.

Two women came before a mandarin in China, each of them protesting that she was the mother of a little child they had brought with them. They were so eager and so positive that the mandarin was sorely puzzled.

Without a moment's pause one of the mothers threw herself into the river with a shriek. She must save her drowning child.

Without doubt, she is the true mother," she declared, and the mandarin's wife commanded that she should be rescued and the child her.

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