

IDEAL NEWSPAPERS.

THEY EXIST FOR ALL CLASSES OF SOCIETY AND NOT FOR ONE.

Wherein Lies the Fault of Most Intelligent Criticism of the Modern Newspapers and Their Methods of Gathering and Presenting the News.

The Massachusetts Society for the Promotion of Good Citizenship has lately been addressed by several distinguished gentlemen in a series of lectures upon the subject of journalism, and the result should be a clear understanding of what is necessary to constitute the ideal newspaper. Unfortunately, however, these philosophers are at hopeless contraries. No two of them agree upon any essential point. They have conflicting views not only as to the causal features of the case, but also as to the fundamental facts. What one considers a drawback another declares to be an advantage. Their methods of analysis and judgment differ as widely as if they were designed simply to bewilder the average mind. They are in harmony only upon the proposition that there is great room for improvement in the daily press.

When it comes to telling how the improvement should be made, they have their individual notions and are unable to make the same recommendation in a single respect. They would each have a newspaper suited to his special preferences and prejudices without regard to the tastes and wants of the rest of the world. It does not seem to occur to them that journalism appeals to a miscellaneous audience, and that it must adapt itself to the demands of the many instead of the wishes of the few, or it will lose its occupation. They would have it cater to a select constituency, forgetting that if it had to depend upon a select constituency for support it would soon cease to exist.

It is true of most criticism of the newspapers that it is thus narrow and unreasonable. Any intelligent man can easily map out a model journal from his point of view, but his point of view does not include the whole field. At the most it only relates to the opinions and tendencies of a class, whereas a community is composed of many classes, all having different desires and interests. The editor who knows his business seeks to please the majority and not the minority. He knows that his paper must have more patrons than any one class can furnish if it is to thrive and keep pace with the progress of the age.

It is not to be supposed that he regards his position as that of a man with a solemn mission for the dispensation of wisdom and virtue, whatever the pecuniary results may be. He cannot afford to take himself so seriously. His functions, as he understands them, are of a more practical nature, and experience teaches him that success lies in the direction of recognizing and gratifying a variety of tastes.

In that way only can he secure the number of readers necessary to pay the large and constantly increasing expense of gathering the news from all parts of the globe and presenting all current information about the affairs of mankind. It is quite likely that he often prints matter of a superficial and transient order, but it has its value to those who want it, and that is its justification so long as reasonable discrimination is used in selecting and apportioning it. Those who do not care for it are at liberty to skip it and read only what they like, which may be equally distasteful to others.

There would be a great deal less of this talk about the ideal newspaper if the critics would stop to think that we are not yet living in an ideal world. The press, like every other public institution, is subject to existing conditions and influences and cannot dictate the terms of its own service and prosperity. It has come to its present state of usefulness and importance through a process of gradual evolution. There has been a systematic improvement in its character and its proceedings. It grows more creditable every year as its opportunities extend and its popularity increases.

To say that it is not perfect is only to say that it shares the prevailing shortcomings of human nature and is governed by the law of environment. It began by being a luxury, and it has become a necessity. This could not have happened if it had not vindicated its right to such consideration. Things do not become indispensable unless they have definite and practical value. It is not possible to conceive how we could get along without newspapers. They occupy a larger place in the system of modern civilization than any other one agency of general convenience and advantage.

The people appreciate them, notwithstanding the efforts of certain carpers to disparage and discredit them. It is not true that their faults exceed their virtues. They perform their appointed work with diligence, discretion and a due sense of responsibility. The worst that can be said of them is that they are not better than the world in which they are published. But they are unquestionably twice as good as the world which makes them what they are, and when it reaches the ideal standard they will get there also.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Texas' State Capitol.
The state capital of Texas is the largest state building in the United States and the seventh in size among the buildings of the world. It is a vast Greek cross of red Texas granite, with a central rotunda covered by a dome 811 feet high. It was begun in 1881 and finished in 1889, having cost about \$3,500,000. It was paid for with 3,000,000 acres of public land deeded to the capitalists who executed the work.—Exchange.

Fame Within Reach.
"Going to be famous, that man? Well, I guess he will!"
"What has he done?"
"Invented a new literary gymnastic which takes even less brain to write than a 'poet'."—Truth.

WILLING TO MAKE ALLOWANCES.

A Kind Hearted Farmer Who Said Perhaps the Furrows Were Sun Warped.

A certain eminent clergyman, who is greatly loved for his gentleness and forbearance with offenders, recently told a man that an experience of his own in years long gone by taught him the grace of ready excusing. When he was a boy, he was a very poor boy, but he had already a strong theological bent and was studying hard during the winter and working even harder during the summer trying to get a preparation for college. He wanted to be a preacher, and the fact that he didn't seem to be good for anything else tended to convince him that he had not mistaken his calling.

One spring he was entirely out of money and had to get out of school and go to work. Not being able to find anything to do in the small college town where he had been studying, the youth—call him Richard Vernon—went out among the farmers to see if he could get work from them. He found a man who was very busy with his spring's work and in a hurry to get the furrows plowed in a big field for potato planting. The weather was favorable for planting; the farmer's boys would be home from school the next day, which was Saturday, to do the dropping and covering. He told Richard that he might mark out the field with the plow for the planting, and if he suited he might be hired for two or three months. Meantime the farmer saw that the boy was very anxious to stay, and that he had evidently a very good disposition.

So the young theologian went to work with tremendous vigor. He did not stop to take breath until he had marked off a large tract of ground with deep furrows. Then came his employer from his work in another part of the farm and looked at the boy's work and leaned up against the fence and laughed until he shook. The potato field had been scraped and scalloped all over with the ridiculously irregular and wobbly little ditches which Richard had turned. There was not a clean, straight furrow in the lot. The ground looked as if an insane elephant had tossed up the earth. The furrows were of all depths and at all distances from one another, for Richard had driven the horse most of the time at a smart walk, and he had been too much occupied with keeping up and maintaining a precarious grasp upon the plow handles to be able to pay any attention to the regularity or evenness of his work.

Richard Vernon laughed, too, as he stood and looked over the field. He wiped the sweat from his brow and looked very anxiously at his employer. There was no chance for regular work there, that was evident. His laughter faded away, and there was a certain faint twinkle in the corners of his mouth as the boy said:

"I guess you don't want any more of my work, sir?"
"Oh, yes—yes, I do," said the farmer. "Maybe 'tain't your fault that the furrows are crooked. You see, the sun's pretty hot today, and I reckon the heat warped 'em!"—Boston Transcript.

Only a Little Thing.

A hospital for incurables is a very noble and worthy charity, and I am glad that no prominent city is without a provision for this class of sufferers. I wish, however, that the brutally descriptive name of such institutions could be so modified as not to contain the death warrant of every person received within their doors. "A place to die in" is not a cheerful title for one's last earthly home, and the omission of this reminder from the official name could so easily be supplied in the rules for admittance that to parade it seems worse than useless. It is wonderful how a little consideration sweetens the bread of charity.

I once visited a home for broken down gentlefolks, presided over by a woman who made giving and receiving alike blessed. I alluded thoughtlessly to the old people as "inmates." "We never call them 'inmates,'" said she in a tone of gentle reproof. "I always have them spoken of as 'guests.' It makes so little difference to us and so much to them."—Kate Field's Washington.

Noah Left the Ark on April 29.

Saturday, April 29, is the day marked in all ancient calendars as being the one upon which Noah and his family quitted the ark after having withstood the siege of the great deluge. The day is marked in all ancient calendars, especially British, as egressus Noe de arca, the 17th of March, the day upon which Noah, his family and their great floating collection of natural history specimens set sail, being designated in the same class of early printed literature as intromitus Noe in arca, "the day of Noah's entrance into the ark." Why these days were chosen as the ones upon which the supposed embarkation and debarkation were made are enigmas which the antiquarians have not yet solved.—St. Louis Republic.

A Comforting Assurance.

Mrs. Placey, an old lady who had been dying for the last 10 years, was drawing upon little Robbie's sympathy one day by telling him she wouldn't be here much longer and he must think of her often. "Never mind, Mrs. Placey," said Robbie, who had just been taking part in the Decoration day exercises; "I'll put flowers on your grave every Saturday and a United States flag."—Springfield Homestead.

Sweet Revenge.

M. Colombies, a merchant of Paris, had his revenge on a former sweetheart, a lady of Rouen, when he left her by will a legacy of \$5,000 for having, some 20 years before, refused to marry him. "Through which," states the will, "I was enabled to live independently and happily as a bachelor."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Days of Grace Abolished.

In California, Vermont, Oregon, Idaho, Utah and Wisconsin days of grace on maturing notes, drafts, acceptances and bills of exchange have been abolished, unless there is express stipulation to the contrary.—Detroit Free Press.

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Your best remedy for Erysipelas, Catarrh Rheumatism, and Scrofula.

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Abscesses, Tumors
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Cures others, will cure you

The Percheron Stallion.

SULTAN!

Will stand for mares at the following places: J. E. Mulholland, near Panic, on Monday and balance of each week at owner's barn in Paradise settlement.

Description.—Sultan is a bright dapple gray, 6 years old, 164 hands high and weighs 1700 pounds; has good style and fine action, and a good disposition. Will show for himself.

Pedigree.—Sultan was sired by Old Sultan, imported from France by W. T. Walters, of Baltimore, Md. First dam Ole Colie, by Prince Napoleon, also imported from France; second dam, by Old Nigger, imported; third dam, Waxwork, imported.

Terms.—\$5.00 for the season, payable with the first service of the horse; \$6.00 to insure mare with foal, payable as soon as mare is known to be with foal; or \$8.00 to insure living foal on foot. Parting with an insured mare before known to be with foal forfeits the insurance. All reasonable care taken, but not accountable for accidents.

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No Fancy Prices,

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We make the statement for the benefit of those who are not our customers, and so may not know it: OUR PRICES MAKE CUSTOMERS OF ALL WHO COME.

A full line of

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A full line of Henrietta at 25c. in all shades, 40c., 50c., and \$1.00.

Silk warp Henriettas.

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A nice line of Children's Jackets from 2 to 12 years.

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