

"From Our Washington Correspondent"

By Edward B. Clark

JIM Preston,
Superintendent
of the Senate Press
Gallery, tells about
famous men in the Nation-
al Capital many years ago.
How the great papers got
their news in those days



Jim Preston

HE superintendent of the senate press gallery in Washington is James D. Preston, a son of the late Herbert A. Preston, who for a long time was the Washington correspondent of the New York Herald. The senior Preston died some years ago. The other day the son, in going over his father's papers, found the manuscript of an address on Washington newspaper life which contained stories of men whose names were known by the nation and which still are known.

The address of Correspondent Preston of which the manuscript was found was delivered to students of the Georgetown university and in general its subject may be put down as experiences in the life of a Washington correspondent. Some of the things which Mr. Preston said concerning newspaper work have their application as sharp today as they did in the elder day. Here are some extracts from his address and some stories with them which make their own points felt and make salient their lessons to newspaper men and to others of today:

"In 1872 a reporter writes this, Hamilton Fish, secretary of state, returned to the city yesterday. The city editor tells him to put a cap head on all his matter. 'But this only makes a line. Never mind, put a head on it. The reporter did so. It read, 'A distinguished visitor.'"

"I do not suppose that three words ever caused an entire administration with General Grant at its head, to tear its hair and swear as those words did. Was it malicious? The secretary said it was and it cost the man his place. The president and the cabinet all summer that year remained away from Washington except the secretary of state. He kept at his desk and only absent himself two weeks. To be gazetted as a 'distinguished visitor' was enough to cause him anger, especially in the so-called organ of the administration. He saw the force of the satire in the heading and the reporter made him an enemy for life."

"It is said by some papers that are independent, and therefore not bound by party ties, that they are fearless champions of the people's rights. Perhaps they were at one time, and have come under the yoke of the fear of losing patronage and influence in their latter days. The late Jere Black told me a story how when he was secretary of state at the close of James Buchanan's administration he met the elder Bennett, founder of the Herald, in President Buchanan's library one evening. The growth of the paper, its great popularity and its extended circulation, were the subjects of conversation. Mr. Bennett accounted for all this by saying it was the people's paper and the populace in turn showed its appreciation by advertising in it and patronizing it. It was, I think, the first of this class of journals, and naturally so stern and firm a Democrat as Mr. Black was, he looked with disfavor on any innovation that threatened the peace and perpetuity of his party."

"I arose," said Mr. Black, "and with all the vehemence of my nature I denounced such journalism. I saw the president was a little annoyed, but the occasion and provocation were too great for me to keep still. To my surprise the owner of the paper did not appear to notice what I had said. This irritated me and as I had gone that far I was determined to say all that I thought of this mountebank in modern journalism. I continued, Mr. President I cannot find words sufficiently strong to express my supreme contempt for a man who calls such kind of journalism popular. Why sir, if on that day of days when that most momentous trial the world has ever known took place before Pontius Pilate, and the sentence of death was pronounced on the Son of God, if the Herald had been printed in Jerusalem, it would have been on the side of the people, of the rabble, and doubtless it would have appeared in extra form, with blackest type, and biggest letters repeating the words of its popular sup-

porters, 'Crucify Him, Crucify Him, Crucify Him.'"

"Mr. Bennett arose, and apparently without any feeling in the beginning of his remarks, yet showing the depth and intense fervor of his nature as he continued. This is what he said in conclusion. 'Yes, Mr. President, your Secretary of State thoroughly understands the underlying principle which daily governs each issue of the Herald. He says the Herald would have been on the side of the rabble, of the clamoring populace and it would have echoed the cry, 'Crucify Him, Crucify Him, Crucify Him.' So it would, Mr. Black! and then turning upon the secretary of state he raised his voice and stretched out his long Scotch arm, shaking his finger in Mr. Black's face: 'Yes! you are right; and where would your hope of salvation be today, Mr. Black, if he had not been crucified for you.'"

"Some years ago the owner of one of the largest papers in New York, recognizing the need for brightening his paper, issued an order that commonplace writing should not thereafter be printed. The order extended to the editorial page. The cleverest descriptive writers that could be found were employed, and what was the result? Why they tell the story that the editors wanted the pavements around the building covered with sawdust and straw to deaden the disturbing noise of the passing vehicles, because such a great mental effort was necessary. You remember what I said about humor and insanity. Well, the presence of this additional force of funny writers made a very shrewd of the office. The merit of news was forgotten and the whole establishment was divided against itself."

"Petty jealousies were more numerous than individuals among them. A. B. was simply a conceited fool, C. D. and E. F. had no more humor in their composition than the Belgian pavement in Broadway. As the night editor and the city editor, were only plain news fellows the fine writing and the funny writing went out every time under that inexorable rule, 'chop things down.' The editorial page established a standard of cynical ridicule, so that it became a byword, and when a contemporary wished to pique on the apex of comparison, he merely had to say that such a thing was funnier than an editorial in the New York Eagle. In less than six months the order in that office was to buy more Procrustean beds and less paper and pencils."

"When a man has turned what he thinks is a particularly fine sentence, invented a good joke, on some public men, and sees his master the next morning as dry as dust, why he has no desire to try to comply with the owner's order. After a while the paper got back into its common practical everyday style again and again the editor shook 'em up with an imperative order that the first man that interfered with this command would be fired on sight. He thought Washington was an excellent field wherein to establish this new order of things. One afternoon when the editor was in a great hurry he sent a telegram re-

quiring three columns of bright, spicy, interesting, crisp short paragraphs to be telegraphed before eleven o'clock that night. They were to relate to public events and public men and every line must be printed whether good, bad or indifferent. And this, not for one day, but for every day."

"It is no use to say in the face of such an order, if you only had twenty-four hours' notice it might be well done. The only question was what could be done and how well could it be done before eleven o'clock that night. The paper came to Washington the next day with four columns of the most interesting novelettes about president, members of his cabinet, senators, congressmen, bureau officials; in fact everybody in official life contributed to the humor of those columns. The grave chief justice of the United States, and the ponderous executive were credited with saying the cleverest things—I say credited, because all the stories, all the jokes were either pure invention or vitalized chestnuts."

"Now let me take you into my confidence since you would all like to know the secret of journalistic intellectual force. Probably not one in a hundred of the bright things you read in the papers were ever said by the persons to whom they are attributed. In the days of President Lincoln every story extant had him for a father. The journalist of today knows very well the way to float a witty saying in to put it upon one in public life. In our day Senator Everts has the credit of saying more bright, clever things than anybody else. And why? Because he really has told, very frequently too, witty stories. For that reason when a newspaper man invents anything particularly good and wants a sponsor he puts it on Everts."

"You may remember early in the first session of the Fifty-first congress the Democrats evaded the roll call for weeks in succession. Whenever the eyes and noses were called they left the hall in a body. Just then the gripe was very common in our midst and one morning there appeared the following. Senator Everts remarked to his colleague, Edmunds, that if running from the eyes and nose was a sure symptom of the gripe then every Democratic member in the house must be sadly afflicted, for they had been running from the eyes and nose for more than two weeks past."

"If you were to ask Senator Everts if he made such a remark he would doubtless tell you, 'if you read it in the newspaper it must be true. But the trouble about such humor is, the newspaper where it originates never gets credit for it. Not long ago the size of the postage stamp was reduced. Again Senator Everts came to the front. He said—in the newspaper—'Edmunds, do you know that Wasmaker has endeared himself to the rising generation of Young America?' That profound lawyer from Vermont could not answer the conundrum, and so Senator Everts answered, 'Because the postmaster general by reducing the size of the postage stamp, has diminished the licking propensity of the adult population of the country.'"

Gloves, belting and other leather articles have been made from sea lions' hides in a British Columbian factory.

Mrs. Lydia Botkin of Homer, Ill., celebrated her one hundred and first birthday anniversary November 19. She is in the best of health and would be taken for a woman not over seventy. She can recall vividly historic scenes of years ago, which pass before her in the mind's eye as clear and distinct as a motion picture screen depicting a century's growth and progress.

BLIND WORKS AT HOUSEWRECKING

Loss of Sight Is No Serious Handicap to This California Man.

WORK IS WELL DONE

Tears Down Buildings Without Much Aid and Piles the Boards and Takes Away the Refuse—Does Astonishing Things.

Berkeley, Cal.—Blindness is no serious handicap to Gerald Cloutman of 2207 Ellsworth street, housewrecker, who has not seen the bright sun since he was three years old. He graduated from the California School for the Blind and started out to make his own living. Now he daily astonishes those who know of his affliction by climbing steep roofs, detaching lumber from the most precarious positions and always coming back to safety unscathed. He is at present wrecking a house at Sixty-fourth street and San Pablo avenue, doing all of the work himself, and even experts can find no fault with the way the boards are aligned on the sidewalk and waste is neatly piled away.

Thinks Blind Can Do Anything. To those who express their astonishment at his skill, Cloutman replies that a blind man can do nearly as much as anybody gifted with two seeing eyes.

"But blind people are never given a chance," he complains. "If people would interest themselves in individual cases and use patience and compassion, many who now are a burden to their communities would become useful members of society. More is being done now along those lines, and the time will come when a blind man will have no more difficulty in securing a position than anyone else. Science may help some, but those who must grope their way



Does All the Work Himself.

through life in darkness entirely will be benefited more by the exercise of sound common sense."

Wife and a Homestead. Cloutman was married six months ago. He is about thirty years old. For several years he has spent the summer months in Calaveras county, where he claims a homestead and makes a living selling brooms. In winter he piles his trade as wrecker in this city.

BABY WEIGHS BUT 24 OUNCES

Infant Is Perfectly Formed and Is Fed With a Medicine Dropper—Expected to Live.

Tiltonville, O.—The women of this town are interested in a tiny mite of humanity which arrived at the home of Joseph Benson, who is twenty-four years old, and whose wife is eighteen years old. The infant, a girl, is formed perfectly, but weighs only 24 ounces. Mrs. Benson's wedding ring can be slipped over the baby's hand and down to its elbows. The child is fed with a medicine dropper. The attending physician believes that if the baby's life can be sustained for seven months, it will have no more trouble than a normal child.

MAKES HIS HOME A HOTEL

Charge Brought by San Francisco Woman Wins Her a Divorce.

San Francisco.—Gretchen E. Best has been granted a divorce from Ottc Best, a Los Angeles chemist, because he considered his home a hotel and his wife an unnecessary encumbrance. "That seems to be a prevailing weakness nowadays," said the judge who tried the case. "Too many men consider their homes merely a place to sleep and eat and their wives as servants, and if the wives refuse to be merely servants then they are considered nuisances."

Killed by His Own Trap.

Austin, Tex.—While setting a wolf trap on a ranch near here Alfred L. Cook accidentally shot and killed himself with the weapon he intended to use against the wolf.

KILLED TENTMATE TWELVE YEARS AGO

Ojeda Says He Has Had No Luck Since He Shot Miller Near Manila.

San Francisco.—Confessing that he had killed his tentmate near Manila over twelve years ago, and that he wished now to surrender and atone for his crime, W. A. Ojeda, an ex-soldier, gave himself up to the police.

Ojeda says the man he killed was George D. Miller, who enlisted in the army from Omaha under the name of George Moore, and that the crime occurred in the camp about four miles out of Manila during the night of June 27, 1903.

"We enlisted together, and were sent to the islands with the Eighteenth battery, field artillery," Ojeda



Shot Him as He Lay Asleep.

told the police. "For reasons which I cannot explain I was always afraid of Miller, and was finally driven to killing him out of a feeling of self-protection. I shot him as he lay asleep in our tent one night. I used his revolver, so that it would appear to be a case of suicide. That is how the authorities viewed it."

"I have never had any luck since then, and though I have married and raised three children, everything has gone wrong. I want to square myself on this thing and then start over again."

Ojeda says his family is now at Cedar Hill, Tex. He claims to have been raised at Hollister, Cal.

MEN LURED BY "RICH WIDOW"

Much-Married Enchantress Tells How She W needed Money From 'Would-Be Husbands.

San Francisco.—Wedded four times, and the mother of ten children, Mrs. Thompson Nigro Bryant Isaacson Christianson admitted the other day before United States Commissioner Krull in San Francisco that she had been using the mails for three years to wheedle money out of conding men under promise of marriage.

Mrs. Christianson confessed that she had received thousands of dollars from her victims by representing herself as a wealthy and lonely widow eager to resume the blissful life to be found in happy marriage. The only plea that she made in her defense was her desire for fine clothes and her love for her twelve-year-old invalid son, Joey. She admitted that her former husband, Isaacson, proved an exception to all the men she ever knew by getting all of her money.

"I have a long list of business men in San Francisco, Oakland and other cities who answered advertisements I used to insert in the papers. Most of them were after the money of the supposed wealthy widow, but I fooled them. I suppose I shall have to take my medicine for fleecing so many easy marks," she concluded.

WEDS ON A DEATH THREAT

Long Says He Married Mrs. McFadden for Fear She Would Kill Him.

Easton, Pa.—The contention of Robert W. Long that he married Anna McFadden because he was afraid that her mother, Mrs. Moses McFadden, would kill him unless he did, failed to get him a divorce. Judge Stewart has filed an opinion sustaining the report of the master, which refused a decree of divorce.

Long swore that on January 18, 1911, Mrs. McFadden and her daughter visited his tailoring establishment, when Mrs. McFadden informed him that unless he married Anne immediately she would kill him. After the wedding, he said, he went to his own home. He neither supported his wife, nor did she ever make any demands on him for maintenance. They had no children. In his application for a divorce Long claimed the marriage was invalid, because he was coerced and became a bridegroom against his better judgment.

Aged Couple Married 71 Years.

Burkittsville, Md.—Mr. and Mrs. Greenberry J. R. House, aged ninety and eighty-seven years, respectively, celebrated their seventy-first wedding anniversary at their home here by entertaining their five children, eight grandchildren and 16 great-grandchildren.

Hopes Women Will Adopt This Habit As Well As Men

Glass of hot water each morning helps us look and feel clean, sweet, fresh.

Happy, bright, alert—vigorous and vivacious—a good clear skin; a natural, rosy complexion and freedom from illness are assured only by clean healthy blood. If only every woman and likewise every man could realize the wonders of drinking phosphated hot water each morning, what a gratifying change would take place.

Instead of the thousands of sickly, anemic-looking men, women and girls with pasty or muddy complexions; instead of the multitudes of "nerve wrecks," "rundowns," "brain tags" and pessimists we should see a virile, optimistic throng of rosy-cheeked people everywhere.

An inside bath is had by drinking, each morning before breakfast, a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it to wash from the stomach, liver, kidneys and ten yards of bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, sour fermentations and poisons, thus cleansing, sweetening and freshening the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach.

Those subject to sick headache, biliousness, nasty breath, rheumatism, colds; and particularly those who have a pallid, sallow complexion and who are constipated very often, are urged to obtain a quarter pound of limestone phosphate from any druggist or at the store which will cost but a trifle but is sufficient to demonstrate the quick and remarkable change in both health and appearance awaiting those who practice internal sanitation. We must remember that inside cleanliness is more important than outside, because the skin does not absorb impurities jo-contaminates the blood, while the pores in the thirty feet of bowels do.—Adv.

Physical Bar to Sacrifice. "Darling, I would die for you!" "You can't; you're too bald."

RELIABLE REMEDY RESTORES KIDNEYS

For many years druggists have watched with much interest the remarkable record maintained by Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy.

It is a physician's prescription. Swamp-Root is a strengthening medicine. Dr. Kilmer used it for years in his private practice. It helps the kidneys, liver and bladder do the work nature intended they should do. Swamp-Root has stood the test of years. It is sold by all druggists on its merits and it will help you. No other remedy can successfully take its place.

Be sure to get Swamp-Root and start treatment at once. However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

His Recoveries. "Did he recover from the accident?" "Yes. And ten thousand dollars from the railroad company besides."—Browning's Magazine.

Red Cross Bag Blue makes the laundry happy, makes clothes whiter than snow. All good grocers. Adv.

Her Definition. Him—What's your idea of a great man? Her—One who is able to realize how insignificant he really is.

ELDERLY WOMEN SAFEGUARDED

Tell Others How They Were Carried Safely Through Change of Life.

Durand, Wis.—"I am the mother of fourteen children and I owe my life to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. When I was 45 and had the Change of Life, a friend recommended it and it gave me such relief from my bad feelings that I took several bottles. I am now well and healthy and recommend your Compound to other ladies."—Mrs. MARY RIDGWAY, Durand, Wis.

A Massachusetts Woman Writes: Blackstone, Mass.—"My troubles were from my age, and I felt awfully sick for three years. I had hot flashes often and frequently suffered from pains. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and now am well."—Mrs. PIERRE COUNOYER, Box 239, Blackstone, Mass.

Such warning symptoms as sense of suffocation, hot flashes, headaches, back-aches, dread of impending evil, timidity, sounds in the ears, palpitation of the heart, sparks before the eyes, irregularities, constipation, variable appetite, weakness and dizziness, should be heeded by middle-aged women. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has carried many women safely through this crisis.

INTERESTING INFORMATION

Spain is credited with producing more than three-quarters of the world's supply of olive oil.

Vancouver Island, it is estimated, alone can furnish one billion feet of merchantable timber a year for 100 years to come.

The world's output of new platinum in 1914 was placed at 263,453 troy ounces. Russia furnished 241,200 ounces, Colombia 17,500 ounces and the United States 570 ounces.

A newly designed side car for the motor cycle may be taken off and used as a boat.

As much as thirty pounds of wool have been sheared from one Angora goat.

The silver output for the last year, 67,500,000 ounces, while never exceeded in quantity except once in this country, falls below the record of several other years in value because of low prices last year.