



American Women as Newspaper Writers.

By Katherine Thomas
Newspapers Cannot Get On Without Women—Mentally and Physically, an Exhausting Occupation—The Society Reporter Must Be a "Listening Machine"—Excels as an Interviewer.

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)
(Katherine E. Thomas is one of the best known women writers for newspapers at Washington. Her book on "Official Etiquette at the Nation's Capital" is regarded as a standard. She has also written a novel on Washington society entitled "Not All the King's Horses.")

Woman's place on the newspapers today is due to the law of demand and supply. She has not crowded man out. It is distinctively a position into which she has neither forced her way nor sought in ever so limited a degree to oust man from that domain in which since the invention of the art of printing he had held exclusive right.

With the evolution of successive stages of progress the necessity of woman's work on the press became so apparent that the cry went forth throughout the land. And it was because of that cry that this great field of woman's cleverness and industry was opened up.

With trembling feet the pioneer woman writers crossed the threshold of the newspaper offices. It is with assured tread she makes her way today. In the comparatively short space of time in which woman has been an acknowledged factor on the staff of the daily press she has accomplished much. Before her there yet stretches vast worlds to conquer. But that she will conquer, that in the future she will achieve success in this occupation is long since a foregone conclusion.

Not the least powerful factor woman brings to her work as a newspaper writer is that birthright, intuition. When added to this her keenly observant powers become trained along the necessary lines and her natural tenacity of purpose has the strong stimulus of competition with men, it will be realized that success is and must continue to be her portion.

As in all else of the country's work, there is a great deal of human nature in the newspaper world, and when a woman enters into such active shoulder-to-shoulder rivalry with men, as has now of necessity developed in all the active press matters of the day, she must understand from the start that she can expect no quarter.

To be upon the staff of an up-to-date daily means an amount of work more exhausting mentally and physically than in any other wage-earning occupation can fall to the lot of a human being. To be upon the staff of a powerful newspaper means to live at concert pitch day after day, month after month.

It is only by the strictest observance of the hygienic laws relating more particularly to the regular eating of simple, easily digested, nourishing food that any one, man or woman, can expect to stand the strain. Newspaper work at all times wears upon the nerves, and yet, strange to say, it is women who bear it best.

Seldom, indeed, do they go under from the effects of this work, while the number of physical wrecks among the men is wholly out of proportion. This, be it understood, where the work and hours are identical.

It sounds at first paradoxical to say that the life of a newspaper writer is one of incessant repression and continued development. The tremendous rush of competition, the being in active touch with the great

SHERIDAN VERY MUCH ALIVE.
Good Joke Brought Off in the Days of the Regency.

The first gentleman in Europe dedicated to Sheridan a letter making fun of the grotesque appearance of a crows of the Prince's, Maj. Hanger, at a ball given in celebration of the Queen's birthday. The Major, on receipt of a letter, hastened to show it to the Prince, who insisted that only a duel a outrance could wipe out the insult. On examining the handwriting the Prince said he had no doubt at all it was Sheridan's, and the author of "The School for Scandal" was accordingly challenged. The duel was of such vindictive deaths that it was not till three shots on either side had been interchanged, and the Sheridan fell, that the honor of the Major was satisfied. "Killed, by G—!" exclaimed Capt. Morris, in a voice of horror, and he and his principal, the Major, fled the field. Unsuspecting was the relief of the remaining Major when Sheridan turned up that night at the Prince's

and small events of daily life, the knowledge that each so engaged is in an infinitesimal way writing history, serves to rouse even dormant ambition.

Active daily newspaper work is a hotbed for the development of the best intellectual qualities. It is a life of untiring perseverance, of self-fulfilling patience, of abasement of self at times to an abnormal degree, yet upon the whole decidedly beneficial.

Frequently it comes to pass that the woman writer, while maintaining her dignity of brains, must entirely obliterate her individuality, unless she means to fall by the wayside and be laid in the potter's field of failures.

For some people she must ever become a mere listening machine. Absolutely this and nothing more if she means to achieve success, for she must listen to all manners of woes and tribulations, and have positively none of her own to relate in exchange. The role of Punchinello is not always the easiest to enact, but to leave it out of the curriculum at times very materially interferes with achieving the desired end.

Of all arts of which she must become mistress that of learning to draw people out that their best points may be brought into play, is the most important. The acquisition of this accomplishment has in turn its reflex good effect upon her work, as nine times out of ten it will enable her to turn an opening negative into a closing affirmative.

The branch of newspaper work in which women excel in Washington, in which in fact they have the almost exclusive field, is that of social reporting. To a greater or less degree during the last half dozen years the society reporter has come to have a place upon the staff of nearly every large journal in the United States and Europe. But it is in Washington that she rises to her greatest heights of usefulness, and, therefore, because of the broader opportunities among the official and political element, of greater importance.

In this particular phase of work, woman's great success lies in the cultivation of the power to keep her own counsel regarding much that must necessarily be seen and heard in the discharge of her work. And in this respect, so far as unbelievers may be concerned, she has achieved a success. From the experience of years I can truthfully assert that the woman writer of the daily press do not gossip even among themselves of the vast number of secrets that come to their knowledge concerning prominent people of the world of society in which their lives are spent.

At the start of society reporting woman's presence on the regular staffs of newspapers was regarded in the light of a necessary evil. She not infrequently in masculine estimation sunk far below this level, rarely in the eye of the general public did she rise above it. Just why this should have been is enigmatical, as the "copy" of the average woman correspondent requires less revising than that of her brother of the pen. Further, she represents a commercial value that the man does not and in the nature of things cannot. Her value is incalculable as an advertising medium. This is something she comes in time to understand and appreciate.

The best society column on a local paper is quick to be noted by fashionable women. The reliability of this column once recognized means a tremendous valuation to the proprietor. The advertisers, especially those having women's apparel and belongings for sale, soon grow to know and patronize the paper in accordance with its social rating.

There is literally at the present time no department of newspaper work in which women have not practically exemplified the fact that they stand equal with men as reporters. As war correspondents, for nerve and accuracy they made enviable records in the Spanish-American and South African wars. But it is as an interviewer that the woman newspaper writer is beginning to excel. In this line her unquestioned success. It is here that a natural patience stands her friend in the hour of need. It is here also that her intuition serves her well.

The average woman does not understand politics. Possibly the reason for this may lie in the fact that up to the present time she has taken little active part in the workings of the great machine which turns some presidents in and others out of the White House. But this does not militate against her availability and strength as an interviewer, because a woman more naturally than a man carries out instructions. When detailed to some important work of this nature she is quick to add to her current knowledge such specific information as is essential in the case. She rarely returns empty-handed from an assignment, and the newspaper woman of standing is recognized for accuracy of detail.

In the Matter of Friends.
It is not how many friends you have, but what kind of friends. The wrong sort are enemies.

dinner table. "How—how—how is this?" he stammered. "I thought I had killed you!" "No, my good fellow," replied Sheridan. "I wasn't good enough to go to the world above; nor as yet quite bad enough to go to that below; therefore, I deferred my departure. But, I say, Hanger, didn't I die well?" It was then explained to the mystified Major how he had been hoaxed by the Prince, who had arranged that the pistols should be charged only with powder.

Bill Knew Grease.
One day Bill had company to dine with him, and his wife, wishing William to appear well, quietly admonished him to be careful what he said. All went well till Bill got his potatoes well washed, when he said: "Dolly, pass the grease."

"Why, William," said his wife, "you should call it gravy."
"Waal, says Bill, 'I guess if it got on your tablecloth it would be grease.'"

Explained.
Prize fights are by rounds because so often they are not on the square.

KNOWWHATYOUBUY

You Can See Quality and Quantity in the Local Stores.

PAYS TO TRADE AT HOME

The Purchaser Must Take Mail-Order House Goods on Faith—Keep the Money of the Community at Home.

When the consumer buys merchandise he is interested in three things—quality, quantity and price. When he goes into the store of his local merchant he sees the goods that he is to pay for displayed before him; he can determine whether the quality is first-class, and whether the quantity is all that is claimed. These two points settled, he should have a fair idea as to whether the price asked is a fair one or not.

But how is it when he attempts to buy of the big mail order houses of the cities? The only guide he has to the quality and quantity they are offering is what the catalogue says, and the catalogue is prepared with the one object in view of selling the goods.

When the consumer buys of his local merchant and finds the goods he has purchased were not as represented he can promptly take them back and receive his money. When he buys of the mail order house in the large cities he has practically no recourse but to take what he gets and look pleasant at the results.

It is cheap goods and short weight that is making mail order house profits. They can buy but little, if

IN A CHILD'S LOVE

LONELY COUPLE FOUND HAPPINESS IN LIFE.

Advent of Little Nellie Filled Void of Which Physician and His Wife Were Scarcely Conscious.

Mrs. Dayton entered her husband's study and sank into a chair. "You look hot Eleanor," said Dr. Dayton, glancing up from a scientific journal. "Have you been out in the sun?"

"Yes, I walked over to the fresh-air camp to see the children who were brought from the city this morning."

"I wish you wouldn't go there so often, Eleanor," he said, a trifle impatiently. "A visit to the fresh-air camp seems to exhaust you more than anything else."

"But, Harry, I love to see the children. One such darling little girl came this morning. She has yellow curls and big brown eyes, and her name is Nellie. I used to be called Nellie when I was her age. She's from the foundlings' home, and I couldn't help wishing, Harry, that we—"

"Now, dear, don't bring up that subject again. You know I doubt the wisdom of adopting children, and you are not strong enough to assume the care of a youngster." The doctor smiled tenderly at Mrs. Dayton. "Haven't you trouble enough looking after me without flying to hills you know not of?" As he ceased speaking the telephone bell rang.

"I'm wanted at the camp," he explained, hanging up the receiver and reaching for his medicine case. "A child lifted the top of a beehive and has been badly stung."

An hour later Mrs. Dayton rose from her porch hammock at the sound of her husband's voice. "Here's a little visitor, Eleanor!" he called.

She ran out to the motor car and took in her arms a limp little baby girl. "Why, it's Nellie!" she said.

"Is it Nellie? I wasn't thinking about anything but her stings, which were pretty severe. Talk about grateful patients, Eleanor! When I managed to relieve the little thing's sufferings she clung to me, and I simply couldn't get away from her. So I told the matron we'd keep her over night. You see her face and arms are badly swollen, and she may need more care than they'd have time to give her at the camp."

"I like the doctor man," lisped Nellie. "I want to stay with him."

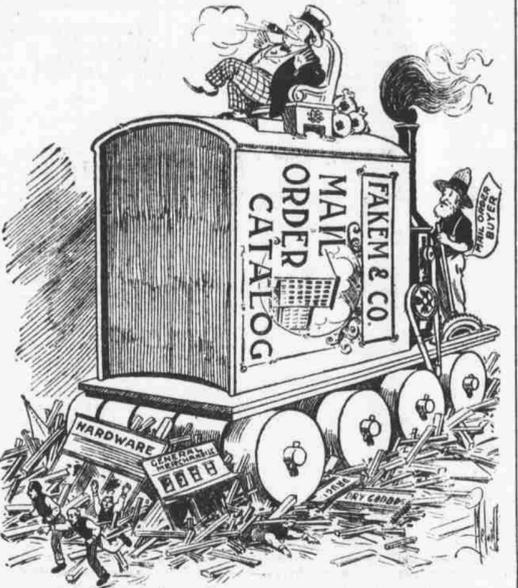
Mrs. Dayton kissed the yellow curls and laid the child in the hammock, and the doctor disappeared into the house, murmuring something about preparing a soothing lotion.

One morning two weeks later the matron of the fresh-air camp telephoned Dr. Dayton that the children with whom Nellie had come were to be returned to the city that day. She requested him to bring Nellie to the camp in time for the afternoon train.

"To-day? Why, is the time up already? Why—well, you see, I think my wife would like to keep her—that is, I—hang it all—I beg your pardon, I mean that we both want her."

He turned from the telephone and saw Mrs. Dayton listening in the doorway. Her eyes were bright and her cheeks wore an unworldly glow of health. She was a winsome picture with Nellie hanging to her skirts and the chain of flowers in her hands that she was weaving for the baby's curls.

"Oh, Harry?" was all she said, but the look of love and gratitude in her eyes filled his own with happy tears. —Youth's Companion.



The mail-order juggernaut is crushing the lives out of hundreds and thousands of local merchants, and hundreds of towns and villages as well. When you send a dollar to the mail-order house you are but operating the lever that keeps this death-dealing machine on the move.

any, cheaper than your local merchant can. First-quality, standard merchandise is manufactured on a very narrow margin of profit, but the mail order house can win and pay big dividends on enormous capital if they can sell to the people an inferior quality and short weight quantity of merchandise at the prices they ask. Your local merchant could do the same thing, but you would not buy the same goods of your local merchant that you buy of the mail order house at an equal price.

Here is an item clipped from the Parma, Mich., News which shows the nefarious system of the mail order concerns, and how they victimize their patrons:

"A farmer purchased two sacks of binding twine of a large Chicago catalogue house, and upon its arrival this morning a ball was unrolled and measured with a ball of Plymouth twine sold by local dealers, when it was found that the Chicago article was just 306 feet short of that sold at home. There being ten balls in a sack, it will be seen that the farmer lost 6,120 feet, or over a mile of twine on two sacks by not buying at home. Then, too, the mail order house product was of an inferior quality, being full of knots, and one farmer standing near during the measuring process remarked that it would never work on a binder. Now we wish to ask you, does it pay to trade at home? If there is anyone who is skeptical of this story, just call and we will show you."—Parma, Mich., News.

Bankrupt stock, merchandise that reliable jobbers would not handle because of its poor quality, the refuse of the factories made over into cheap merchandise. These are the things the patrons of the mail order houses are buying. Here is an extract from an article that appeared in the Sioux Falls, S. D., Leader which explains this point:

"The mail order house selling vehicles by the catalogue route, is more than a pirate, it is a turkey-buzzard. It takes the freaks and failures that have died for want of real merit, and tries to stifle legitimate business by selling the embalmed remains at a reduced price.

"The whole nefarious mail order system, in so far as it relates to vehicles, almost the exceptional order that is conducted on the theory that it is possible to take an inferior job and foist it on a credulous people by means of a reduced price and the honest reputation established by the meritorious original which it shamelessly caricatures. These methods have been crowned with success solely by reason of the fact that mail order houses put more skill, energy and money into advertising than do the manufacturers to whom the American people are directly indebted for the best vehicles on the face of the earth. "The mail order business is the quick doctor of commerce. It prom-

ises much and guarantees nothing. The directions are always on the inside, and you have to buy a non-returnable package before you can find out what they are."

A. G. Ederton, of Walter, Okla., writing to the Shawnee, Okla., Union Signal, says:

"The mail order houses are the worst offenders of the pure food law that we have to deal with. They are the people who use short weight tin cans and every year the American public is cheated out of thousands of dollars by this alone."

"I see where some mail order houses offer paint at about what good oil is worth. Now, does anyone think that a mail order house can buy good paint stuff cheaper than anyone else?"

"Now suppose you find out that crude petroleum, like what is pumped out of oil wells cost. Very cheap, is it not? That is the oil that is used and what about the paint stuff? How about Spanish whitening, with just enough white lead to stick it together?"

The question of prompt delivery is another question which mail order house patrons should consider. It is filled promptly. The reason for this delay is that they do not carry the goods in stock, and must purchase them after your order is received. In Chicago, for example, no mail order house will sell to any person living within the city limits, and the reason for this is that these concerns purchase a large amount of the merchandise they are selling from the retail stores of the city, the proprietors of which refuse to sell them the goods except upon the condition that they are not to sell to the people of the city. When you order articles of considerable bulk they must be ordered that the factories after your order has been received, and the result is that

you not only have to wait for a period of days and weeks and sometimes months before you receive them, but they come to you piece-meal and you have to pay freight on a number of shipments instead of on one.

Here is the wall of a mail order victim taken from the columns of the Crookston, Minn., Journal, which explains this point:

"Sir: I want to register my kick right here on catalogue houses and their misleading methods. I am frank to acknowledge that I have been duped to perfection. The only difference between me and the other victims being that I am a little deeper in and that I am willing to acknowledge the corn.

"To begin with, last fall I with her who is now my wife decided to purchase some stuff to furnish our new home. Accordingly we ordered all our furnishings of a catalogue house two weeks prior to our marriage, which we thought would be plenty of time to get the goods around. But by the infernal planets let me tell you right here that all the correspondence, diplomacy, appealing and pleading has succeeded in landing only a kitchen table and later a mirror from Pittsburgh. My wife tells me I ought to be thankful for these, for we no longer have to eat our meals on a dry goods box and I can look in the mirror and see what fools look like.

"Our honeymoon was being a very dramatic experience: cooking on an electric plate, eating on a dry goods box, sleeping on the floor and borrowing a few necessary utensils of friends and neighbors. No more catalogue goods for us. We hope to get enough more goods by April 1 to celebrate all fool's day in a fitting manner."

"A VICTIM."

IN A CHILD'S LOVE

LONELY COUPLE FOUND HAPPINESS IN LIFE.

Advent of Little Nellie Filled Void of Which Physician and His Wife Were Scarcely Conscious.

Mrs. Dayton entered her husband's study and sank into a chair. "You look hot Eleanor," said Dr. Dayton, glancing up from a scientific journal. "Have you been out in the sun?"

"Yes, I walked over to the fresh-air camp to see the children who were brought from the city this morning."

"I wish you wouldn't go there so often, Eleanor," he said, a trifle impatiently. "A visit to the fresh-air camp seems to exhaust you more than anything else."

"But, Harry, I love to see the children. One such darling little girl came this morning. She has yellow curls and big brown eyes, and her name is Nellie. I used to be called Nellie when I was her age. She's from the foundlings' home, and I couldn't help wishing, Harry, that we—"

"Now, dear, don't bring up that subject again. You know I doubt the wisdom of adopting children, and you are not strong enough to assume the care of a youngster." The doctor smiled tenderly at Mrs. Dayton. "Haven't you trouble enough looking after me without flying to hills you know not of?" As he ceased speaking the telephone bell rang.

"I'm wanted at the camp," he explained, hanging up the receiver and reaching for his medicine case. "A child lifted the top of a beehive and has been badly stung."

An hour later Mrs. Dayton rose from her porch hammock at the sound of her husband's voice. "Here's a little visitor, Eleanor!" he called.

She ran out to the motor car and took in her arms a limp little baby girl. "Why, it's Nellie!" she said.

"Is it Nellie? I wasn't thinking about anything but her stings, which were pretty severe. Talk about grateful patients, Eleanor! When I managed to relieve the little thing's sufferings she clung to me, and I simply couldn't get away from her. So I told the matron we'd keep her over night. You see her face and arms are badly swollen, and she may need more care than they'd have time to give her at the camp."

"I like the doctor man," lisped Nellie. "I want to stay with him."

Mrs. Dayton kissed the yellow curls and laid the child in the hammock, and the doctor disappeared into the house, murmuring something about preparing a soothing lotion.

One morning two weeks later the matron of the fresh-air camp telephoned Dr. Dayton that the children with whom Nellie had come were to be returned to the city that day. She requested him to bring Nellie to the camp in time for the afternoon train.

"To-day? Why, is the time up already? Why—well, you see, I think my wife would like to keep her—that is, I—hang it all—I beg your pardon, I mean that we both want her."

He turned from the telephone and saw Mrs. Dayton listening in the doorway. Her eyes were bright and her cheeks wore an unworldly glow of health. She was a winsome picture with Nellie hanging to her skirts and the chain of flowers in her hands that she was weaving for the baby's curls.

"Oh, Harry?" was all she said, but the look of love and gratitude in her eyes filled his own with happy tears. —Youth's Companion.

ALASKA'S GREAT FISH RIVER.

Nushagak the Basis of Important Canning Industry.

How many readers ever heard of the Nushagak river, asks the Youths Companion. Not many, it is safe to say. Yet the department of commerce and labor pronounces this river of western Alaska "one of the important fishing streams of the world." The fish which the Nushagak furnishes is salmon, the taking, canning, freezing and salting of which is an Alaskan industry, the importance of which is shown by a recent report issued by the department of commerce and labor. The first two canneries were built in 1878. Since then the number has increased until in 1907 there were 94 establishments, which put up more than 2,500,000 cases. Low prices since then have somewhat reduced both the number of canneries and the output; nevertheless, since canning began in Alaska, nearly 23,000,000 cases have been sent out. In order to provide some counterpoise to this tremendous drain the packers combined to start hatcheries. These have been carried on with important results and increasing success. In 1905 the United States bureau of fisheries took up the work, in addition to what had been done by the packers. There are now nine hatcheries, from which about 450,000,000 fry have been liberated.

Tides Upon Land and Sea.

A correspondent of the Geodetic Survey has recently made observations with the seismograph at Mauritius that have led to the suggestion that not only the ocean and the atmosphere but even the land may experience the effects of a daily tide running round and round the earth as it revolves on its axis.

But, while the tides in the air and the sea are due more to the moon than to the sun, the supposed "land tide" arises solely from the sun's action.

Moreover, it is caused not by the attraction of the sun but by its heat. A wave of depression is supposed to follow the sun from east to west, caused by the extraction of moisture from the soil.

At Mauritius it is found that there is a relative upheaval of the land to the west of the place of observation from morning until evening and a relative depression on the same side, or an upheaval to the east, during the same night.

Removed in a Skiff.
Cincinnati.—Fred Wilson, who is in the last stages of consumption, was removed from his home, at No. 318 East Front street, in a skiff to Pearl and Broadway, and later taken to the city hospital.

STATE NEWS PICK-UPS

LIE PASSED

Between Ex-Judge and the County Prosecutor.

Steuenville, O.—The recent indictment of Fred Fairbanks and the issuance of alleged illegal licenses in this county was responsible for a sensational encounter in the juvenile court between Prosecuting Attorney W. R. Alban and ex-Probate Judge F. H. Kerr at the close of the court. Judge Kerr was only prevented from striking Prosecutor Alban by Mayor Scott, who interfered.

The personalities started over the examination of a witness, Prosecutor Alban interrupting Judge Kerr in what he termed unfair examination. Prosecutor Alban charged Kerr during his term of office with profiting from known illegal marriage licenses to the tune of \$7,000.

Judge Kerr gave the lie direct, and insinuated that Prosecutor Alban was four years finding out that licenses were being issued illegally and then he only took occasion to indict Fairbanks to gain notoriety.

FIRE AND WATER

Did Great Damage in a Furniture and Carpet House.

Columbus, O.—Practically the entire stock of the Bell Dana Co., North Third street, was ruined by fire and water. The stock is estimated to be worth about \$75,000 and it is believed that the loss will total \$40,000, which is one of the large dealers in furniture, carpets, etc., and occupied the six-story building of E. O. Schoedinger, who occupied the other half with a metal business. He was unable to estimate the loss on the building, which is considerably damaged. The fire is supposed to have originated from defective electric wires.

PINNED DOWN

By An Overturned Engine For Three Hours in Zero Weather.

Toledo, O.—On entering this city the engine of Lake Shore passenger train No. 23 was thrown from the track by the derailler at Tower K. The engine overturned, pinning Engineer J. W. Brunswick, of Detroit, to the frozen ground. In that position Brunswick remained for three hours, one leg broken, an arm mangled and the temperature at zero. When removed he was taken to St. Vincent's hospital. He may recover.

KEEPS HIS WORD.

Names One Man Who Opposed Senators Dick and Foraker.

Columbus, O.—Secretary of State Thompson appointed Edward W. Hirsch to the last remaining clerkship in his office, vice Dexter Agler. Hirsch is the chairman of the local republican central committee and was the candidate of the party organization here which is opposed to Senators Dick and Foraker. Secretary Thompson says that the organization was promised an appointment and he simply kept his word.

Will Build Culverts.

Middletown, O.—The Arkansas Corrugated Metal Culvert Co., incorporated under the laws of Arkansas, capital \$25,000, was organized here for the purpose of manufacturing a patent corrugated metal culvert at Little Rock, the plant to be in operation April 1. The officers of the company, all local men, are C. C. Fouts, president; W. H. Johnson, vice president; J. P. Lang, secretary; E. L. Steuber, treasurer; Hugh Morris, F. O. Putney and R. R. Williamson, directors.

Raising Money For Deserter.

Cleveland, O.—Prominent Cleveland women have interested themselves in the case of Frank Lucas, of Cleveland, who deserted from the United States navy two years ago for the sake of his wife and children and was betrayed a month ago by his brother John. Wealthy women began a movement to raise money sufficient to bring Lucas home and get him on his feet so that he and his family may resume house-keeping.

State Gives \$25,000.

Columbus, O.—The state emergency board approved the following: Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphan's home, for fire protection, \$6,500; adjutant general's department, relief of flood sufferers at Manchester and Aberdeen, \$2,500; Ohio reformatory officers' salaries, \$291.57.

After M. E. Conference.

Cincinnati.—Dr. Davis W. Clark, W. B. Mellish, William C. Herron, Dr. J. B. Young and E. P. Marshall were appointed at the conference of the Cincinnati M. E. committee to bring the next general conference of the M. E. church to this city. They will go to New York to appear before the book committee.

Big Four Circuit.

Bucyrus, O.—The Big Four racing circuit, including the country fair held at Bucyrus, Marion, Sycamore and Mt. Glead, met here and arranged the speed programs for the fall racing. The Wednesday events are left to each association.

Tommy West Located.

Hamilton, O.—"Louisville Tommy" West, about whom inquiries were made, is not among the missing. West was in this city and left for Dayton, O., with his wife, who had completed a four weeks' engagement at the Bijou.

Republican Leaders Divided.

Akron, O.—Interviews with prominent republicans on their choice for president between Foraker and Taft find there are twenty-two for Taft and two for Foraker, with three for Roosevelt, one for Hughes and one for Cannon or Fairbanks.

Removed in a Skiff.

Cincinnati.—Fred Wilson, who is in the last stages of consumption, was removed from his home, at No. 318 East Front street, in a skiff to Pearl and Broadway, and later taken to the city hospital.

AT A PISTOL'S POINT.

And in Fear Confessed He Blaw Up McIntosh, Declares McCaskey.

Akron, O.—Thomas McCaskey, who confessed to the police that he placed an infernal machine in the toolchest of Andrew McIntosh, causing the death of McIntosh when he opened it a few weeks ago, now insists that he was forced into his confession by the police at the point of a revolver.

McCaskey made this declaration to Rev. A. M. Bailey, pastor of the First Baptist church, who visited him in his cell at the county jail.

BAREFOOTED IN WATER

She Was Forced To Stand Until Her Feet Were Frozen.

Waverly, O.—Charged with having forced Rosa Hervey, their 13-year-old niece, to stand barefooted in a ditch until her feet were frozen, George Hervey and wife, colored, of Morgan-town, were arrested. The child presented a pitiful sight, her body covered with burns and bruises, her toes and fingers so badly frozen and gangrenous that they will have to be amputated. Hervey, who is a preacher, admits that the child was inhumanly treated, but charges his wife with being responsible for her condition. The sight of the child so inflamed the large crowd present at the hearing that the prisoners were at once hustled into jail to avoid mob violence.

DREAMED COUSIN DIED.

And He Found It True—They Buried Her As She Wished.

Kent, O.—Two months ago Claudia Lemmons, aged 21 years, said to her parents, at Akron: "When I die bury me in my white dress in a couch case, and place a red and white rose on my breast." She was evidently in perfect health.

Amos Lemmons, the girl's father, appeared in a dream, it is said, to his nephew, Alva Lemmons, of Kent, saying that his daughter was dead. The nephew, worrying about the dream, telephoned to Akron and was told that Claudia had dropped dead when going to her work. She was buried and her wishes were carried out to the letter.

NATURAL GAS

Offered To Cleveland From Territory That Will Supply Cincinnati.

Cleveland, O.—A. S. White, of New York, representing the Columbia Co., which recently secured control of the two Cleveland artificial gas companies, proposed to Mayor Johnson to furnish the city natural gas from the same West Virginia field that will supply Cincinnati. Mr. White says Cleveland can get better service at lower prices by using natural gas. It is claimed that the Columbia Co. and