Veteran Editors of America

BY FREDERIC J. HASKIN.

The most distinguished figure among the veteran editors of America is "Marse" Henry Watterson, of the Louisville Courier-Journal. The great scope of his experience is better understood when it is remembered that he used to sit in the press gallery at Washington by the side of Horace Greely, and that he reported the first inauguration of Abraham Lincoln for the Associated Press. Mr. Watterson is sixty-seven years old, just the age of his distinguished predecessor, George D. Prentice, when his career ended in death. In his memorial address to the Central Assembly, Mr. Watterson thus referred to his relationship with the famous Kentucky editor whose place he was to fill: "You will believe me sincere when I tell you, paraphrasing the words of Tyndall upon Faraday, how lightly I hold the honor of being Prentice's successor compared with the honor of having been Prentice's friend. His 'mantle' is a burden I shall never pretend to carry." Notwithstanding his modest statement that he could not pretend to wear the mantle of Prentice, Watterson has won more fame as an editor, has figured more prominently in national politics, and has been heard by a wider audience as a lecturer.

As a contemporary of Murat Halstead, Mr. Watterson became active in politics in 1872, and between that time and 1892 no Democratic platform was written without his aid and counsel. He presided over the convention that nominated Tilden, and was prominent as a leader and platform framer until the convention of 1896 which nominated William Jennings Bryan upon a free silver platform, and called forth from Mr. Watterson, then in Switzerland, the famous telegram, "No compromise with dishonor"—a message that confirmed Mr. W. N. Haldeman, owner of the Courier-Journal, in his determination to oppose Mr. Bryan. Later the Courier-Journal espoused the cause of Palmer and Buckner.

Unlike Prentice, who averaged fifteen hours of work a day up to the time of his last illness, Mr. Watterson is not a drudge. He writes when the spirit moves him, and never "fights space." Sometimes he writes twice a week, sometimes three times, sometimes every day, but never, even when he is busiest, is there anything in the nature of routine in it. Plunging into a subject that interests him, he will work like a Trojan as long as he likes. Then he is off for a lecture tour, or quiescent at his country home until his eye, running over the news columns, is caught by something that calls forth another broadside. At the Courier-Journal office he is a privileged character. He goes to Europe when he cares to, and returns when he feels like it. His weeks or months of work are no more prescribed than his days and hours.

Prentice, it was often said, knew little about the "news end" of his paper and cared less. Mr. Watterson does not, of course, take active supervision of the news columns, but woe betide the night editor who does not know each and every one of "Marse Henry's" rules governing the "make-up" of the Courier-Journal. The typographical tone and dignity of the paper must be as rigidly maintained as the quality and integrity of the editorial columns, and the copy editor who does not live by the Wattersonian law perishes without the law.

One of Mr. Watterson's biographers, a former managing editor of his paper, wrote an article some time ago for a New York periodical, in which he said that Mr. Watterson usually dashed off his editorials at his club and spent the rest of the evening in a social game of draw-poker, or "making the roulette wheel look like the aurora borealis." The article called from Mr. Watterson a heated reply, in which he stated that he was weary of having his name coupled with julep jokes and stories about all-night gambling. That he had not played poker for years, had never drank a mint julep in his life, nor even raised a sprig of mint on his farm.

Concerning the question of Watterson's salary, there has been no little discussion. Ask in the counting room of the Courier-Journal, and you will be answered with a shrug and a smile—perhaps with the statement that whatever it is "Marse Henry" overdraws when he likes. It is popularly supposed that he draws $10,000 a year, when he does not overdraw. Watterson once said of Prentice, "He cared nothing for money, but had what he needed;" and the same may be said of Watterson, who has often refused office and has always declined to consider offers, however attractive, to establish a connection with larger papers. He is loyalty to his paper and to the sons of his old friend, W. N. Haldeman, is unswerving. Any one who will is welcome to assail what appears in the editorial columns of the Courier-Journal, but the man who says it is not a great newspaper is the enemy of Henry Watterson.

No one of the great editors whose names were indissolubly linked with the history of this nation in the two decades after the civil war had a wider range of experience than did Murat Halstead, who now lives in retirement at Cincinnati. On March 2 last, he and his wife celebrated their golden wedding anniversary. They were married on March 2, 1857, and took the train that night for Washington, where Mr. Halstead arrived in time to report the inauguration of President Buchanan on the 4th of the month. He reported the trial and execution of John Brown, at that time becoming acquainted with Col. Robert E. Lee, in command of the troops at Harpers Ferry. When the civil war came on, Mr. Halstead saw much service as a correspondent in the field, returning to Cincinnati to take charge of his paper after the war closed.

He was with Prince Bismarck in the Franco-Prussian war, with Weyler in the Cuban revolution, just before the American intervention, and with Gen. Merritt in the Philippine insurrection. He has attended and reported every national convention since the one held in Charleston in 1860, with the exception of the last Democratic convention at St. Louis, when Mr. Parker was nominated. Of an intense nature and decided opinions, the Halstead of the editorial page was far from being a colorless writer. In his day he probably caused more bitter editorial controversies than any other one man in America. As a correspondent he was always fair to both sides, sometimes leaning a little backward in his desire to do justice, but always graphic and interesting. He is one of the few remaining giants of the days of personal journalism in the United States.

Whitelaw Reid, the American Ambassador to Great Britain, began his journalistic career just fifty years ago as the editor of the Xenia (Ohio) News. Later he became a reporter on the Cincinnati Gazette, and during the hot political contests of 1860 began writing articles over the signature "Agate." He took the field as a war correspondent, distinguishing himself at the battle of Shiloh by being the only one to get his report through to the Northern newspapers. His defense of Grant in that "battlefield report" has done much for the historical record of the great Federal captain. After a few years in Washington he went to the New York Tribune in 1868 and became associated with Horace Greeley. When Mr. Greeley died, in 1872, he succeeded to the editorship and chief ownership of the Tribune, one of the most powerful party organs ever known.

Mr. Reid doesn't mince words when he writes editorials, and his bitter attacks upon Conkling and Platt during the famous factional fight of the early '80's earned for him a hatred that has never been appeased. When Mr. Reid went as Minister to France he put John Hay in charge of the Tribune. Later, when Mr. McKinley came to the White House, Mr. Reid would have been sent abroad, but the Platt influence in the Senate was such as to prevent his confirmation. Mr. Hay was sent. In 1897 Mr. Reid displaced Mr. Hay by going to England as special ambassador to the Queen's jubilee, and four years later he displaced Mr. Choate by his appointment as special ambassador to the coronation of King Edward. He was also honored by an appointment on the Paris Peace Commission of 1898.

But all the time his editorials rankled in the bosoms of New York's Senators, and Mr. McKinley could give him no permanent honor. When Mr. Roosevelt became President in his own right he swung the big stick over Mr. Platt, told him to be good, and sent Mr. Reid to St. James. Since 1905 Mr. Reid has had nothing whatever to do with the Tribune management. It is doubtful if he will ever return to active journalism, because he is now seventy years old. He loves his country home, Ophir Hall, a U-shaped stone building in the court of which there grows an enormous buckeye tree, showing that he is still an Ohio man.

Harvey W. Scott, for half a century the editor of the Portland Oregonian, has an intimate knowledge of the classics of which few men can boast. And yet he is not college bred. Born on a farm in Illinois sixty-nine years ago, he went to Oregon when he was a boy—in the days when West was West. All the money he could make or scrape was saved to buy books of instruction, and to indulge the passion for reading which possessed him from childhood. The language of the ancients were mastered, and the minds of all the English writers were his to look into. In the years that followed, this hard-gotten training showed in the editorials he wrote, which are remarkable for their strong, clear, unaffected English. For forty years Mr. Scott has made it a practice to read a chapter from "King James' Bible" and a scene from one of Shakespeare's plays before going to bed. No other man deserves so much credit for the wonderful upbuilding of the Northern Pacific Coast region, and certainly no man is more proud of his country or more interested and concerned in its welfare.

To-morrow—A continuance of "Veteran Editors of America."

IDEAL AND REAL.

BY MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAM.

"I'll tell you it's the only way! Unless you agree to run away with Jessy you'll never get her," Grandmother Lewis said, energetically, as she smoothed her silk apron. Miliard, who was thin and every way of the correct form, groaned. "Run away! What from? And why?" he demanded. "Do you, does anybody, object to me? I'm sure Maj. Lewis does not—and as for Jessy herself——"

"Jessy is a dear, sweetly pretty, adorable young fool," grandmother interrupted. "She has her head stuffed full of romance from the plays she saw and the novels she read at that tony school in the city. She was only a parlor boarder, you know—and my son John had no more sense than to go tell the head of it his girl must have whatever she wanted. She got it, too—such a bill of extras as John had nobody ever saw, or paid, before. I'm telling you so you may be prepared. The Jessy you'll see shortly is not a bit like the nice, rosy girl I sent away. She tells me flat, to my very face, that it's wicked to be contented with the state of life wherein you find yourself. She also sighs, and repeats poetry under her breath, and has signed actor photographs all over her dressing table. Says money is vulgar and respectability stupid—also that she simply wouldn't love a man that everybody belonging to her approved.

"Pretty bad for you, boy. I've brought you up, partly, myself on purpose for my little girl. And even yet I don't despair of getting you. You also have been away. Can't you help us discover something that will justify us in forbidding you the house"

Millard groaned again, shaking his head. He was a serious person, with only here and there odd grains of humor. Possibly one of the grains came on top just then. He sprang up as though galvanized, caught grandmother's hands and said: "The trouble with raking up a past, even a manufactured one, is that it sticks—you have to live always in dread of it. People will take your good deeds as jokes all right enough—evil ones are quite another matter—also quite immortal. You see, I must consider mother and the pater! It would break their hearts to have tales told about me. And even if you and the major said nothing, folks would be sure to imagine the worst. Indeed, they'd have to—seeing I have been almost a child of the house. So, if you please, we'll try another plan. Can you let me see those signed photos? I happen to know several actor-persons who are, just now, out of a job."

When he had looked over the pictures, he laughed again and went away, not to come near the Lewis house for almost a week. Jessy was first puzzled, then piqued. She had been prepared to break the childish engagement between them, and it was distinctly aggravating to have the party of the other part acting as though no engagement existed. She had seen Millard several times, but always at a distance, and going quickly, as though great things were in hand. He had even sent her messages, hypercritical, yet rather cavalier she felt, saying that when he came calling he would make her ample amends for the delay.

When he did come Jessy forgot to pout—for he fetched along Percy de Bonne, the youngest and rawest of her matinee idols.

"Yes, I went in a lot for Bohemia." Millard explained to her aside: "It's the only thing worth living for. I do wish you could know something about it. Maybe I can show you a little of it shortly. Keep it from our respected elders, but Miss Angel Rivera is coming to the inn at the end of the week—that will make us just a party of four. De Bonne actually remembered your name. That's something wonderful—he said he couldn't forget a girl who sent diamond studs in asking for his photo——"

"The wretch! How dared he tell?" Jessy cried, flushing furiously. Millard smiled indulgently.

"I see you have a heap to learn," he said. "Temperament, the artistic soul, absolves its possessor from petty restrictions. I shouldn't wonder if De Bonne actually proposed to you. It would be a sacrifice of his ideals, of course—but you'd bring him money enough to make him independent of those beastly managers and critics—and that's something—even to a great man."

"Oh, Mr. De Bonne, are you really a great man?" Jessy asked, saucily, as the actor person just then lounged his way into the chair beside her. He fixed her with a steady glare and said in his deepest voice:

"Had you any doubt of it when you sent me——"

"Hush!" Jessy said, imperatively, her whole face burning. De Bonne chuckled inaudibly, but leaned a little toward her, saying in a hushed voice: "You need not blush, pretty one. I have a real divorce—and my intentions are strictly honorable——"

"I think grandmother wants me," Jessy said, with what dignity she could master, trying to rise, but De Bonne held her down. "I think you know what I came for," he began. "Of course a man of my type can't vegetate long in a dead-alive country town. I decided to marry you as soon as Millard told me how matters stood—that your money was your own. It's well to have these little things understood in the beginning. I am willing, quite willing, to trust you in the matter of settlements until after you are my wife. Being a minor, you could not make valid ones—as I take it. Your father, who is also your trustee, would not join in them. Let's see. You be ready to-morrow early—say 11 o'clock—Millard, and I will call for you—then away to the parson. He has some absurd plan of waiting for Miss Rivera. I tell you, as, of course, I can't tell him—when you are Mrs. De Bonne——"

"But I shall never be Mrs. De Bonne—I hate you—like poison. And I won't run away—not with anybody—I wouldn't even with Dick Millard, if he asked me—and I love—the—ground he walks on," Jessy burst out, twisting herself from the actor's hold, and darting toward the long French window.

Millard, just outside it, caught her to his breast, and hid her face there, while he soothed her tempestuous sobs. Presently grandmother came to lay gentle hands on her head, and say: "Never mind, pet—we've sent the creature away—you shall never see him—if he dares to speak of you—well, your father and Dick will settle with him. Run away! You run away with him! Why, my precious would never, never cheat her granny so—not for anybody in the world."

"Not for anybody in the world—but you'll let me marry Dick—to save him—right away?" Jessy sobbed. "And you'll give me the biggest wedding ever in the county—and ask all the far-away kinfolk to come and stay all night—and I won't have any wedding trip—and wear my mother's wedding frock. I want to be all like my own people—sweet and clean and homely."

"Bohemia! Don't you yearn for it?" Millard asked mischievously.

Jessy shook her head vigorously. "Maybe you do," she said. "But you had just as well not—you are to live and die at my apron-string, and I shall never, never, never go to any such wicked place."

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Lectures to Kindergarten Club.

A lecture will be given at the Kindergarten Club Thursday at 8 p. m., on "An Evening With Birds," by Prof. Henry Oldys, of the National Museum. The club will meet at the home of Mrs. W. E. Hoeke, 1631 Q street, where the lecture will be given.

SHUN UNCLEAN SHOPS

Health Officer Tells How Consumers Can Aid City.

CLAIMS GOOD WOULD RESULT

Wants Each Purchaser to Constitute Himself an Inspector and by Protecting Himself Protect Others. Vigilance as to Cleanliness, He Says, Should Extend to the Home.

Stop dealing with unclean and insanitary grocers and butchers.

By this simple rule, says Health Officer Woodward, every home can be protected against disease, and much can be accomplished toward securing purer and better food.

"If the prospective purchaser would merely take the trouble to observe the condition of the places where he is about to make purchases of food stuffs and would purchase only at such places as are manifestly in a clean and sanitary condition, the problem of a clean and wholesome food supply would be very much nearer solution than it is to-day," says the health officer.

"No reasonable number of inspectors can insure universal and continuous cleanliness and wholesomeness of markets and stores, but if each purchaser would constitute himself an inspector, as it were, and if conditions are unsatisfactory, would visit upon the offender the severest of all punishments—the loss of trade—markets and stores would be continually kept in proper condition. But even apart from seeing the places where purchases are made are in proper condition, it would be worth while for the citizen to investigate occasionally to determine whether the food which he purchases is, after it reaches his house, kept in any better condition than it was while in the possession of the dealer."

MRS. FLYNN GETS PENSION.

Application of Policeman's Widow Granted by Board.

The Commissioners yesterday approved the recommendations of the police pension board that Mrs. Effie Flynn, widow of Policeman Michael Flynn, be given a pension of $25 a month. While suffering from a mental disease, which the board says was contracted in the line of duty, Policeman Flynn shot and killed himself about a month ago. He was connected with the police department for nearly twenty years.

Mrs. Mary A. Speer, widow of Policeman Charles Speer, who died of disease contracted in the line of duty, will also receive a pension of $25 a month.

Policeman Frank Virnstein, who has become permanently disabled by reason of disease contracted in the line of duty, will receive a pension of $50 a month.

George Warren Covey and Howard Mason were appointed special policemen for duty as private watchmen.

Upon recommendation of Capt. Spencer Cosby, of the filtration plant, Henry Milford, an employe of the United States engineer office, was appointed a special policeman for duty on the Potomac Bridge without compensation from the District.

Will Sprinkle Fourteenth Street.

In view of the fact that the fine machinery of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing is seriously injured by the dust from the street, Thomas J. Sullivan, director of the bureau, has requested that Fourteenth street, from the road through the Monument Grounds to C street southwest, be sprinkled daily. John T. Twohey, superintendent of street cleaning, yesterday reported to the Commissioners that the sprinkling of this street will begin to-day.

MORE CASH FOR MASONS.

Additional List of Contributors to Building Fund Announced.

Contributions have been received by the Masonic fair committee from the following:

Gen. Geo. H. Harries.	Mr. William Long.
Julius Garfinkle.	Dr. Francis A. St. Clair.
B. Cassey & Co.	Weil Bros.
Alice B. Barnett.	Mr. James M. Jones.
Mrs. C. V. Denny.	Mr. J. L. Grand.
Mr. E. D. Thomas.	Mr. R. J. Eckloff.
Mr. F. E. Parker.	Dr. B. B. Ransom.
Dr. J. Ernest Mitchell.	Mr. F. P. Jacobs.
Miss Ruth Haneline.	Dr. Percy Hickling.
Mr. F. Livegine.	Dr. Wm. C. Woodward.
Messrs. Brown, Draper & Co.	Mr. A. C. Newback.
W. P. Willis & Co.	Mr. A. T. Lindsay.
James B. Hughes & Son.	Mr. H. W. Bloke.
Emily T. L. Elliott.	Mr. Willsch.
Dr. Thos. Featherstonehaugh.	Rev. H. N. Browne.
Mr. John Harting.	Mr. G. W. Akinson.
Mr. Fred E. Berry.	Mr. S. L. Sommers.
Mr. Ernest L. Robey.	Dr. W. Robert Perkins.
Lannon Engraving Co.	Miss Bertha Coblezer.
	Mr. G. Pinchot.

The contributions are being received by R. A. Chester, of the Commercial National Bank.

SCHEME TO CATCH COIN.

Women Devise Novel Method to Help Build Masonic Temple.

One of the unique schemes adopted to catch the nimble nickels, dimes, and quarters at the coming Masonic Fair is a Chinese laundry, which will be operated in part of the combined booth, which is in charge of Martha, Mizpah, Electa, and Bethlehem chapters, O. E. S. All the chapters named are to conduct separate schemes, and the proceeds are to be divided equally among them, and it is expected that a goodly sum will be realized for the temple fund. The Chinese laundry is to be conducted by members of Martha Chapter, and its operation is in charge of the following committee:

Mrs. Emilie Hellriegel, chairman; Mrs. Sallie Hutchinson, vice chairman; Miss Ella Luckett, secretary; Mrs. M. Harper, Mrs. Ella Espey, Mrs. Viola De Shields, Mrs. Hattie Hutchinson, Mrs. Grace Croggon, Mrs. Ida V. Faber, Mrs. Georgia Buckey, Mrs. Ellen M. Reynolds, Mrs. Thomas J. Gates, Mrs. Emma Dellwig, Mrs. Mary E. Struble, Mrs. Ida W. Fenderson, Mrs. Adele Kimmel, Mrs. Laura Scott, Mrs. Ida A. Prescott, Mrs. Mary Adams, Mrs. Elizabeth Heinline, Mrs. Alice P. Boss, Mrs. Elizabeth McCathran, Mrs. Elizabeth Carlin, Mrs. Frances D. Barstow, Mrs. Mary W. Galloway, Mrs. A. E. Powell, Mrs. Emilie Scott, Mrs. Ball, Mrs. Campbell, Misses Ida Randall, Marian W. McCathran, Mabel Gates, Bessie McCathran, Alice Vermillion, Etta Austin, Lelia Mae Nelson, Lillian W. Thompson, Grace L. Hurlburt, Mr. J. J. Faber, Mr. T. Dixon, Mr. Harry McReynolds, and Mr. W. A. Kimmel.

Donathions in large quantities are beginning to arrive at fair headquarters. In the late receipts are consignments of baking powder from the Elton Company and Rumford Company, of Baltimore; cigars from Heineman Bros., Baltimore; a flag from Pettibone Bros., Cincinnati; an Enterprise cook stove, from Phillips & Butteroff, Nashville, Tenn.; an Oriental rug from Oriental Rug Company, Baltimore; shoe polish from Whittemore Bros. & Co., Cambridge, Mass.; case Braddock rye, from James Clark Distilling Company; candy from Cassidy; coca-cola, from Coca-Cola Company, Chattanooga, Tenn.; liquors, from Taylor Grimes; shoes, from Edmonston & Co., and books, from Lowdermilk.

Dr. Frank E. Gibson, chairman of the committee on uniformed organizations, and Hylas T. Wheeler, of the committee on visitors, have called a joint meeting of their committees for next Friday night at fair headquarters to consider plans for escorting and entertaining invited guests at the fair. Dr. Gibson announces that his committee will be increased from nineteen to twenty-four members from each commandery in the District, in order that there shall be a full detail on hand for escort duty each night.

A watchman has been appointed to take care of the house at 1003 Irving street, in the disposal of which each holder of a season ticket will have a voice, and it will be open for inspection every day, including Sundays, from 9 to 6 o'clock.

Inspect Public Comfort Station.

Commissioner Macfarland, Engineer Commissioner Biddle, Plumbing Inspector Davis, and Assistant Engineer Commissioner Kelly yesterday made an inspection of the public-comfort station on Pennsylvania avenue between Thirteenth and Fourteenth streets. As the station is underground and below the sewer line, it will not be open to the public until July 1, at which time the sewage-pumping station will be in operation.

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Next Week—George M. Cohan.

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BELASCO THEATRE.
Thursday evening, March 28, at 8, Puccini's opera, MADAMA BUTTERFLY (in Italian)—Mmes. Farrar, Homer, Lawrence, Poehlmann, Moran, Sheerman, MM. Caruso, Stracciari, Reiss, Dufriche, Dragoni, Mohlmann, Navarini, Begue, Master Statzaroli. Conductor, Mr. Arturo Vigna.
Saturday afternoon, March 30, at 2, Gounod's opera, FAUST (in French)—Mmes. Emma Eames, Jacoby, Poehlmann, MM. Dippel, Plancon, Scotti, Begue. Conductor, Mr. S. Rovy.
Saturday evening, March 30, at 8, Verdi's opera, AIDA (in Italian)—Mmes. Rappold, Homer, Lawrence, MM. Caruso, Stracciari, Journet, Muhlmann, Paroli. Conductor, Mr. Arturo Vigna.
PRICES.

Parquet (entire floor)	$6.00
Mezzanine balcony (first three rows)	6.00
Mezzanine balcony (remaining rows)	5.00
Second balcony (first four rows)	4.00
Second balcony (next three rows)	3.00
Second balcony (remaining rows)	2.50
Gallery	2.00

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6—EXCELLENT VAUDEVILLE ACTS—6.
25—PRETTY SHOW GIRLS—25.
Next Week—RIALTO ROUNDERS.

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