

Frank Munsey

Hastling Editor Who Owns Three Big Daily Newspapers and Half a Dozen Magazines—His Views Concerning Journalism and His Offer to Arthur Brisbane.

It is not an exaggeration to speak of Frank A. Munsey, who recently purchased the Baltimore News, as a human dynamo. His record in the publishing field indicates that he is as full of energy as a 5,000-horsepower electric generator.

There is no business that cries so loud for organization and combination as that of newspaper publishing. If the extensions of the paper trust are to be met, organization is necessary to the very existence of many newspapers.

For one thing, the number of newspapers is at least 60 per cent greater than we need. As a result of the overproduction the publishers suffer, and as a direct consequence the public suffers.

If I controlled 500 newspapers, I would have them as small in size as business conditions admitted, but every line in them would be as nearly a masterpiece of editing and reporting as it was possible to turn out.

Think of the possibilities involved in a chain of 500 newspapers under a single



FRANK A. MUNSEY.

control. Such a faculty could be maintained as no college could support; the greatest authors, artists, essayists, engineers and statesmen would write with authority on every question of importance, each of the 500 papers getting the benefit of these great minds, while maintaining their individuality on purely local matters.

As to paying \$100,000 to an editor in chief, there is evidence that Mr. Munsey would be willing to back up his theory on this subject. The evidence came out quite accidentally at a dinner given not long since by the Periodical Publishers of America in compliment to Stephen Lauzanne, the French journalist, then on a visit to America.

Mr. Munsey was on his feet at once. "I don't believe now that even Brisbane could have kept the Daily News alive," he exclaimed. Mr. Munsey said his recollection was that he had first offered Brisbane \$25,000 a year, then had doubled the sum.

Mr. Brisbane bowed his appreciation of what evidently was more than a mere compliment, but explained that he had just signed a new contract with William R. Hearst.

Mr. Munsey is fifty-three and exemplifies the saying of Tennyson, "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay." He was born in Maine and learned telegraphy as a young man, being placed in charge of the Western Union office in Augusta. Becoming possessed of the idea that he could succeed as a publisher, he started for New York and there began the issue of the Argosy, which last December celebrated its twenty-fifth birthday anniversary.

MISS HELEN TAFT.

The Clever Daughter of the Able and Versatile War Secretary. Secretary and Mrs. William H. Taft have three children—Robert Alphonso, now an undergraduate at Yale and nineteen; Helen, who led her classes at the Cathedral school in Washington, and Charles P., who is about ten and who loved to play tricks on his good humored father while traveling with him in the now famous Taft journey around the world.



MISS HELEN TAFT.

that if she were a man she would be likely to follow in the political footsteps of her father. When the war secretary returned from one of his journeys to the Philippines, his daughter presented to him a book in which were pressed flowers. "These are from the graves of famous men," said she. She had spent the winter in England, and she wanted her father to see she had profited by her travels.

WILLIAM S. SIMS.

Lieutenant Commander in Navy Whose Testimony Made a Sensation. Lieutenant Commander William S. Sims created a sensation when in his testimony before the senate committee on naval affairs he declared, "The most disgraceful exhibition ever witnessed on the face of the globe was the shameful state of inefficiency displayed by the United States navy during the Spanish war."

Other witnesses before the committee disagreed with the statements of Commander Sims, particularly Rear Admiral Capps, who maintained that conditions in the navy at the time of the encounter with Spain were not nearly so bad as represented by Sims.

The latter was a participant in the Spanish conflict and an inspector of target practice in the navy, and this fact made his testimony more impressive when he said regarding the battle of Santiago: "Nine thousand projectiles were fired, and only 120 hits were recorded, or about 1 1/2 per cent. The



LIEUTENANT COMMANDER WILLIAM S. SIMS

exhibition of marksmanship was disgraceful. If there had been any decent display of marksmanship on the part of the Spaniards, they would have got away, and our guns would not have stopped them. Cervena did not have proper ammunition to fit his guns. If he had, he would have made trouble for our fleet. As it was, he was worse off than our ships."

According to Commander Sims, conditions were bad up to 1903, but have been greatly improved since then. As to armor belts, he thinks they are placed too low on all our battleships.

Lieutenant Commander Sims is naval secretary to President Roosevelt. He was appointed to the navy from Pennsylvania in 1876.

USEFULNESS OF SNOW.

Agriculture Would Suffer if All Moisture Fell as Rain. If all the condensed moisture of the atmosphere were to fall as rain and none of it as snow hundreds of thousands of square miles of the earth's surface now yielding bountiful crops would be little better than a desert.

It is in the extensive regions where irrigation is a prime necessity in agriculture that the special uses of snow come chiefly into view. All through the winter the snow is falling upon the mountains and packing itself firmly in the ravines. Thus in nature's great ice-house a supply of moisture is stored up for the following summer.

All through the warm months the hardened snow banks are melting gradually. In trickling streams they steadily feed the rivers, which, as they flow through the valleys, are utilized for irrigation. If this moisture fell as rain it would almost immediately wash down through the rivers, which would hardly be fed at all in the summer, when the crops most needed water.

These facts are so well known as to be commonplace in the Salt Lake valley and in the subarid regions of the west generally. They are not so well understood in New Jersey or Ohio, where snow is sometimes a picturesque, sometimes a disagreeable, feature of winter.

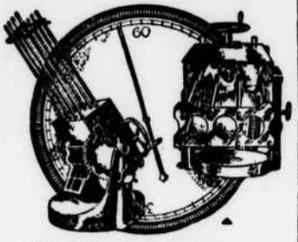
In all parts of the country the notion prevails that the snow is of great value as a fertilizer. Scientists, however, are inclined to attach less importance to its service in soil nutrition—for some regions that have no snow are exceedingly fertile—than to its worth as a blanket during the months of high winds. It prevents the blowing off of the finely pulverized richness of the top soil. This, although little perceived, would often be a great loss.—Chicago Tribune.

NEW RAPID FIRE GUN.

Improved Cooling Chamber is a Feature of New Weapon.

Major W. H. Fitzgerald of the English army, said to be the inventor of the first machine gun, is also the inventor of the latest, says Popular Mechanics. The new production of his inventive genius will, if as successful as many European gun experts believe, displace all other machine guns for many kinds of warfare.

The gun contains eight barrels, arranged in two tiers of four, and will discharge 400 shots a minute. Its greatest feature is the patent cooling chamber



MACHINE GUN OF NEW DESIGN.

ber, which allows it to be fired for an unlimited time without becoming overheated. The Maxim, the gun it most closely resembles, can only fire for a period of ten or fifteen minutes before an interval is allowed for it to cool.

The second great feature is its construction, which makes it possible to fire it down the precipitous side of a mountain, straight into the air, and to any point of the compass. The inventor claims it is as cheap to make as the Maxim and that the mixture required for the cooling chamber costs only 12 cents a month per gun.

A New Engineering Feat. In bridges and other structures of iron or steel it often happens that some of several parts in tension does not support its share of the load, and instead of the usual expensive and troublesome plan of taking down the parts and forging them in a blacksmith shop Hasenkamp, a German engineer, proposes making the adjustments in length with the structure intact.

The stroke of the piston is one-twelfth of an inch, and its diameter is less than one-ninth of an inch. Yet when it gets in motion it works as though it were the strongest and biggest locomotive that ever ran on rails.—Philadelphia Press.

The smallest locomotive engine in the world weighs twelve grains, and three drops of water fill its boiler. This miniature marvel was constructed by an ingenious American. Despite the fact that it could be placed inside a thimble, it is composed of 140 distinct pieces and is held together by fifty-two screws.

Active construction work has been begun on the telephone lines which are to link the leading towns of China together. The construction and operation is entirely under control of the Chinese government.

NEW SHORT STORIES

McAdoo and the Oracle. "Open," said William McAdoo, former assistant secretary of the navy and former police commissioner of New York, "when I was younger, I went up state in New York to make a political speech. Mrs. McAdoo was with me. We arrived in Albany on a chill, rainy, miserable October afternoon. It was cheerless at the hotel, cheerless in the city and cheerless everywhere. Mrs. McAdoo had a cold. I had a cold. The outlook for the meeting was not good."

"We went out for a walk despite the rain. We walked through the park. Mrs. McAdoo the while reading me a lecture on the futility of politics, which I could not answer, for what she said



"I READ THE CARD."

was true. Just as she reached her peroration, in which she was telling me what an ass I was for remaining in politics or having anything to do with that pursuit, we came on a weighing machine.

"It was one of those weighing machines that play music, weigh you and drop out a card telling your fortune, all for a nickel. As Mrs. McAdoo was getting to her closing and unanswerable sentences I stepped on the machine, dropped in my nickel, heard the music tinkle and waited for the delivery of the card with my fortune.

"The machine clucked. The card came out just as Mrs. McAdoo finished in a grand burst of declamation. I read the card. It said: 'Do not be discouraged. Your second marriage will be happier than your first.'—Saturday Evening Post.

He Gave Himself Away. Apropos of the movement in New York toward the abolition of race track gambling Mrs. Jack J. Warren, the witty Vermont reformer, said the other day in Burlington:

"Race track gamblers always claim that everything about the game is square, absolutely square. Cross examine them very closely, though; look into all their methods; question them on every point, and usually, like Colonel Toddy of Tin Can, they'll give themselves away."

"Colonel Toddy of Tin Can was a whist sharp. "I once and once only," he said in the smoking room, "had all thirteen trumps dealt me."

"You, I suppose, were—or—the dealer?" some one said. "The colonel turned purple. "No, sir," he roared. "No, sir, blast your impudence, I was not the dealer!"

"Then, may I ask," he said, "what happened to the trump which the dealer turned up?"

Cause of His Enthusiasm. A reader of the New York World writes to that paper as follows: I detect a note of sadness in your editorial on "The Third Term." It sounds as if you were disappointed because you were not going to have Roosevelt to beat Bryan with.

The attitude of the World and the other New York papers toward Bryan recalls the old story of the Adventist minister in 1872 who preached an eloquent sermon predicting the end of the world on Nov. 1.

"Glory!" shouted a fat man in one of the rear pews. After the service the minister hunted up his enthusiastic auditor and said: "My friend, are you as anxious as you seem for the world to come to an end?"

"Sure!" was the reply. "Anything to beat Grant."—New York Times. Tracing Ancient Lineages. Representative McGavin at a dinner recently in Washington discussed the proposed 25 per cent duty on the dowries of American girls who marry foreigners.

Representative McGavin spoke with bitter scorn of the titled foreign bridegroom whose sole claim to distinction consisted in a monocle and an expression of idiotic vacuity. He denounced "that form of international trade wherein soiled and frayed nobility is exchanged for American dollars, wrung from the lambs of Wall street, with a woman thrown in."

"But take Count Dash," some one interjected. "Count Dash can trace his family back 800 years." "Ah," said Representative McGavin, "through the bankruptcy court records, I suppose!"

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

Doctors always agree upon two things—consultation fees and the immediate need they have for the money. A thing that is too self evident often deceives people into thinking that it is extremely difficult and complex.



Marriage is a great developer of a taste for the plain, ordinary things of life and of the inexpensive manner of living.

The more madly in love a man is in his youth the more completely he forgets it in his prime.

Women who support their husbands are undoubtedly fond of animals.

When women take to staying out all night maybe men will have to stay in for safety.

It may be rather hard on your feelings to be held up as a horrible example, but it is nothing to the strain of having to live up to the reputation of being a shining example.

Any man is easily flattered when you discover the brand of dope that fits his case.

Great Expectations.

When spring comes gayly down the pike With blossoms in her hair And with a smile much like the ones Piratious ladies wear, The man who has been closely housed In dull, confining toil Longs for a patch of ground where he May wrestle with the soil.

He wants to have a bed of peas And eke a lettuce patch, He wants to get a flock of fowls And set some eggs to hatch, He wants to peel his coat and vest And do things with the hoe To show his wide eyed city friends How he can make things grow.

The blood is stirring in his veins Like sap in lordly trees, For him no more a wasted life Of soft and useless ease, He hears the call of Mother Earth, A call to earnest deeds, And so he sends for catalogues Of flower and garden seeds.

It doesn't hurt him very much, Or any, as a rule, The fever lasts a day or two, And then his blood gets cool, But while he's underneath the spell, Perhaps a day or so, He rather takes the thing to heart And really thinks he'll go.

Easily Identified.

It was the first time Judkins had been away from home since he was married, and naturally he was anxious to know how lovey dovey stood the strain of his absence, so he made her promise before leaving to telegraph every day.

Mrs. Judkins wasn't used to sending telegrams. To her writing a dispatch was about as impressive and formal as making a will. She was much frustrated when she went into the office and called for a blank. However, she got through it some way and paid the fee.

It is the custom in hotels as soon as a telegram arrives to send the porter through the office and restaurant and barber shop calling the name of the person to whom it is sent. Lounge round the office, diners and others were much amused to hear the strong voiced youth proceeding from room to room calling, "Telegram for Dear Bob!"

When He Skips.



"Do you think man will ever learn to fly?" "Write him a note saying 'All is discovered' and see."

An Opportunity.

"Hard times in Europe, I hear." "There will probably be a rush of Americans over there then." "For the sake of the hard times?" "Well, because of them." "Explain." "Bargains in dukes and princelings."

At Close Range.

The Japanese perhaps have made rash statements in their heat, But prudent yellow men will not Make faces at our fleet.

Strange Tongues.

"He has a remarkable aptitude for modern languages." "Indeed!" "Yes; he learned to talk automobile and golf both in one season."

In Their Line.

"What are you reading?" "A story for farmers." "Oh, a cereal story."

Possible Escape.

A man must either sink or swim. So says an old report, Unless he has an airship Or something of that sort.

The News

BULLETIN BOARD

TEN POUND BOY BORN TO MR. & MRS. BILL JONES GREAT EXCITEMENT

Am I happy? Well, say, old chappy, Get next, get wise, Does the sun rise? Are the birds singing? Did you ever hear joy bells ringing? Well, that's me. Whee! Say, I'm all to the merry, And the one original cherry In the glass, I'm sure in the A1 class. My vest? Yes, I suppose my chest Has expanded some. By gum, I feel like a frisky colt! Say, did you ever get a jolt Of gladness, Knocking all your sadness Into spots? Me? Well, I guess Yes! Here, have a cigar, Not smoking? Now, wouldn't that jar— And not drinking? Say, cheer up! I'm a-thinking You're out of sorts. Wake up, old man. Join the sports. Say, Ain't the day A beauty? Great weather, I feel as light as a feather, I'm the pure, concentrated brand Of happiness in the land! Well, I'm amazed! Salary raised? Naw! For that, heehaw! You don't know? Gee! You're slow. Thought it was all over the bloom'n' town. Why, it's enough to knock a man up With joy. Say—it's a boy! —John Bunker in Puck.

Kept His Word.

Mabel—Jack proposed to me last night. Stella—Poor fellow! So he did keep his word after all! Mabel—Why, what do you mean? Stella—When I refused him last week he said it would cause him to do something desperate.—Detroit Tribune.

Too Easy For Him.

"Beverly wants to play the fool in your new drama." "Beverly! Not much! I want him to earn his salary. He certainly can't expect me to pay him for standing around and acting natural."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Information Desired.

"Say, pa!" "What is it?" "Can a man who is rounded off at the corners be called a square man?" "What kind of a man is one who is rounded off at the corners?" "A bowlegged one."—New York Press.

A Helpmate.



"Isabel, when we are married I intend to get a small farm and go in for raising squabs." "Oh, how lovely! And I'll help you to pick them when they're ripe."—Browning's Magazine.

A Trying Position.

"Why don't you make your husband promise to quit playing the races?" "I did once," answered young Mrs. Torkins. "He had me worried half to death showing me all the chances to make money he was missing."—Washington Star.

Finding Himself.

"Did you wake up and find yourself famous?" "No," answered the orator who had attracted attention by an ill advised speech; "I found myself famous and then woke up."—Washington Star.

Crime Against Humanity.

"We are told to cast our bread upon the waters," said a young wife. "But don't you do it," replied her husband. "A vessel might run against it and get wrecked!"—Simplicissimus.

In Spite of the Panic.

Stranger—What is that crowd doing in front of the bank? Has it failed? Policeman—Oh, no! The depositors are merely having a run for their money.—Chicago News.

This Was Too Frank.

Gerald—You talk to me as if you thought I was a fool. Geraldine—I thought you wanted me to be perfectly frank with you.—Bohemian Magazine.

Mashing and Mathematics.

Hewitt—I never could remember figures—never cared for them, in fact. Jewett—Then why do you always sit in the front row at the theater?—Puck.