

Tales the Reporter Tells

How the Chicago Editors Do Not Lie Awake Nights Thinking of Schemes to Make it Pleasant for Embryo Journalists.

Having spent my youthful days in Texas where the only method of breaking the monotony of a dull existence was to lie in the shade of the ranch house and watch wild-eyed Pete write his initials in the back of a greaser with an army pistol, I longed for some real excitement. And after Harper's had accepted a poem from my pen I knew that the outer world would have the lappetals if I didn't come out and exhibit myself. That explains why I resigned my position as a printer's "devil" on a Texas weekly paper and made tracks for Chicago. I use the word "tracks" deliberately and with due consideration, for my funds gave out long before I reached the Windy City and I had to walk a considerable part of the way. Any one who has walked through Missouri will agree with me that you make tracks; in fact, the tracks are so deep at times that it is necessary for the pedestrian to yell for a derick to lift him out of them. When you mention bad roads in Missouri you never hear the natives spring the "show me" chestnut.

At Chicago there were no brass bands and silk-hat delegations to meet me. The literary editors of the Chicago papers failed to note my arrival, but perhaps they didn't know I had been called to a new field. After I had interviewed the editors of several Chicago newspapers relative to obtaining a position, I reached the conclusion that they didn't care whether I had been "called" or not. There was nothing doing in the work line on the dailies, and as a job was the only thing that separated me from starvation I decided to look for a position on one of the smaller publications until I could show the editors

of the big dailies what a mistake they were making not to employ me. From a newspaper directory I obtained the name of every publication in Chicago and then started on a strenuous hunt for a job. Roosevelt's African hunt was small potatoes when compared with the job-hunting expedition which I headed in the Windy City. The South side and the West side offered no encouragement, but on the aristocratic North side I learned that a weekly paper in Ravenswood was looking for an editor. Ravenswood is the cream of the aristocratic suburbs of Chicago. The inhabitants thereof permit no intoxicating liquors to be sold within the realm, but on North Clark street, the east boundary line, the saloons are so numerous that a pedestrian grows dizzy trying to read all the hop signs. Newspaper shops were not so numerous, and it was with difficulty that I hawed out some of the aristocrats long enough to obtain the location of the printing office I was seeking. This newspaper was located in East Ravenswood Park, which isn't a park at all, unless one is so pastor-fond to imagine the few blades of grass growing along the Northwestern railroad right of way constitute a park. I found the place, anyway, and lost no time in applying for a situation.

This paper, the Ravenswood News, was owned and edited by Mrs. Frances E. Norton, whose brother murdered President Garfield. On the week of my arrival in Chicago, Mrs. Norton had fallen from a street car and broken a limb. She was unable to direct the management of her paper, and, therefore, must employ an editor. After convincing her that I was familiar with every detail of the weekly newspaper game, from operating a Washington hand press to driving off persistent bill collectors by threatening to knock their blocks off I had no spare change for investment engaged me at the magnificent salary of \$8 a week and room. The newspaper office was located in the basement of Mrs. Norton's house. Her room was just above the office and as her injured limb did not permit her to get about the shop, she would summon me for consultation about the weighty policies of the paper by rapping on the floor with her cane. These rappings were so frequent that I decided it would be a good investment of my first week's salary to purchase an electric call bell. I changed my mind later, as the salary was allotted in such small installments that in a campaign of education for em-labor-saving, nerve conserving devices.

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the throne of Albania, the new kingdom now forming as a result of the allies' victories.

The Kaiser is fond of Princess Lotti, who, besides being beautiful and 20 years old, is related to the royal families of Hohenzollern, Hapsburg and Wurtemberg and the grand ducal family of Baden.

Prince Hugo, the dashing lieutenant in the Austrian artillery, would be the choice of Emperor Francis Joseph as well as the Kaiser, while the other powers are not unfavorable to the plan. The prince, however, is not a member of any of the ruling dynasties, and in the ordinary course of Austrian mobilization, would be compelled to turn from his bride in the middle of his honeymoon to do military duty.

There was, of course, no question of the prince being the future king of Albania when Princess Lotti decided to give her hand to a mere lieutenant. It was a love match and the princess did not stop to consider differences of rank.

The wedding was a gorgeous affair and took place in the ancestral castle of the Furstenbergs, the park of which contains the source of the Danube. The castle is one of the greatest in Europe, and contains art treasures and books valued at several million dollars. The bride's kingly relatives each sent a representative while the gifts included many costly jewels.

MONTENEGRIN WOMEN LIKE MASTERFUL MEN

Paris.—The Montenegrin woman wishes not only to be mother of men, but the wife of a man. She holds to a high-handed husband, to one who will be master of his own house. Witness the story of the wooing of Gordanne, as told in the "Revue Hebdomadaire."

Gordanne was the beautiful daughter of an innkeeper. Her suitors were many and it was time for her to wed. She promised to make her choice between three suitors and summoned them all to her father's house.

In the afternoon, standing in the doorway, she awaited their coming. First came a youthful gloved and cravated, who during a weekend at Cattaro had acquired the elegances of city life. "Excuse me," he said politely doffing his hat, "will you permit me to enter?"

Gordanne stepped aside, but as she did so murmured, "You will never be my husband."

The second, a comfortable farmer, was less mannerly. "Let me in," he said, pushing past the girl. "Neither shall you call me wife," said the girl. The third said not a word, but

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seising her by the arm flung her aside and entered the house as though already its master.

"That," sighed the innkeeper's daughter, "is a true Montenegrin. He is the husband for me!"

Of such stuff, after all, are the mothers of heroes made.

CONNAUGHTS PLAN RETURN.

Want to Visit White House After Wilson's Inauguration.

London.—It is rumored in society that the Duke and Duchess of Connaught were so pleased by their recent visit to the United States that they intend making a second visit shortly after the inauguration so they can pay their respects to President Wilson at the White House.

The Duke and Duchess have received a number of letters from prominent Americans, inviting them to repeat the visit, and the Goernor-General has indicated that if he goes at all he will

travel on a more extended scale, visiting all the large cities in the Middle West as well as in the East.

Reduced Cost of Reading.

There are two clubs in New York that are designed to reduce the cost of fresh reading matter. One is composed of women who contribute 25 cents a month and have the use of

all the best magazines, which are later sent to a hospital. The other buys new books for the same price to each member and the books are disposed of by a lottery system, although each member gets one. There are hundreds of ways to save money.

A woman does not question her husband's judgment after she breaks into the widow class.

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