

GENERAL DIRECTORY

TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE

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grippe or a hard cold. You
may be recovering from
malaria or a slow fever; or
possibly some of the children
are just getting over the
measles or whooping cough.
Are you recovering as fast
as you should? Has not your
old trouble left you full of
impurities? And isn't this the
reason you keep so poorly? Don't
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AN ESSAY ON SCOOPS.

SHY EXPANDS HIMSELF ON THE
NEWSPAPER BRAND.
And Gives in Detail the Way a Reporter Goes to Work to Secure One and What Happens After He Has Landed It.
There are several kinds of scoops. I have one in my coat pocket. To me it appears as big as a dredge dipper. I haul it twice a day, and the way it cuts into my coal pile is a caution. My coal man also has a scoop. It's exactly like the one I use, but it seems to me to have about the capacity of a small souvenir teaspoon. I presume this is accounted for by the fact that the coal dealer's scoop brings coal to me at so much per short ton, while my scoop shovels coal out at so much per 2,000 pounds ton.
There are other scoops. The particular sort about which I intend to write a few lines concerns the newspaper business. You've heard of these scoops no doubt. A newspaper scoop is not used to shovel into coffers the pennies paid over the counting room desk by newshoys. Newspaper scoops are not utensils.
To be brief, a scoop is a scoop. Any newspaper man knows that. To go into detail, a scoop is a news item that you get in your paper which does not find its way into a competing paper. For instance, if some other paper says John Smith is dead, and he is not dead, that is not a scoop, even if it doesn't get into The Blade. But if The Blade says John Smith is dead, and he is dead, and The Bee does not print that news item, then it is a scoop.
Just ask the fellows on any of the papers what a scoop isn't. They can tell you. It is far easier to get scooped than to get a scoop, but it is better to be the scooper than the scooped.
Just the other day I was sent out to get a scoop. The city editor informed me that he was going to make a first page, double headed story out of that scoop. Perhaps you do not understand that. Well, he meant that he was going to put that story on the first page and put leads before the slugs. Maybe you do not understand it yet. He meant that he was going to have the story, or news item, printed on the first page of the paper, and he was going to have the lines appear far apart, so that the article would strike the eye.
I want after that scoop. When you've got a scoop in tow, you must go around with rubber shoes on your feet and your finger over your mouth in a sort of "Hiss!" fashion. After you lasso your scoop you must hurry it back to the office and get it in the paper. Then when the paper is printed look on the first page for it. You'll find it standing out like a factory chimney on a cottage. Curl your lips in a satisfied manner, put your hands in your pockets and stroll out into the street as if you had a corner on the rolling hoop market.
Just buy a copy of the afternoon contemporary to see how badly you beat them—and you'll find the elusive scoop on the first page of that sheet, double headed and in the northeast corner.
That's the way with scoops. You'll get after them, and you'll land them, but you are sure to find them in the other paper. No matter how you figure it, somebody else will have it.
Even if you do get a scoop, your contemporary will not acknowledge it. Supposing, now just supposing, you get an exclusive story of a big thing. The next time you meet one of the dubs that grind out copy on a competing sheet you'll twist him about it.
"Scoop! Ho, I should say not!" he'll make answer to you. "Why, we had that snugly stored in an out of the way corner. It was not worth playing up."
That is one way he will get back at you. He'll make that reply if the scoop happened to be a live one. He knows your time is too valuable to be looking over his shoulder to ascertain if he is prevaricating—only that isn't the word newspaper men use.
The fellow you twist about the scoop may be on to his job and if he is he will make reply.
"Scoop! I should say not. Why, your fellows are slow. We had that story a week ago, and now you are playing it up for an exclusive."
There is another side to this scoop question. You think you have a scoop and you haven't. Then you go through all papers—reporters always do that—and you learn that your opponent did not get a certain item. You covered it—that is, you got it. Then you wonder why you didn't play it up for a scoop.
Scoop! If I were asked to give a definition of the word, I'd call it an evanescent, vanishing, ephemeral nothing.—Toledo Blade.

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Gypsy Dancing Girls of Seville.

In The Century Mr. Stephen Bonsal writes of "Holy Week in Seville." He says: "On returning homeward we entered a gypsy garden, where, in boxes of jessamine and honeysuckle, the Gitanas dancing girls disport themselves as they did in the days of the poet Martial. Penthesila is as graceful and as lissom today as when, in the ages gone, she captured Pompey with her subtle dance—as when Martial depicted upon her beauties and graces in classic words centuries ago.
The hotel keepers in Seville are generally very careful to introduce their patrons only to gardens where the Eowderized editions of the dance are performed, but I commend to those who think they can "sit it out" the archaic versions which are danced naturally today, as they were in the days of the Caesars, by light limbed enchainers of hearts and flammae girls with brown skins and cheeks that are soft like the side of the peach which is turned to the ripening sun, and in their dark, lustrous eyes you read as plain as print the story of the sorrows and the joys of a thousand years of living.
Now they dance about with the grace of hours, the abandon of menads or of nymphs before Acteon peeped, and now, when the dance is over, the moment of madness past, they cover their feet with shawls, that you may not see how dainty they are, and withdraw sedately and sad from the merry circle and sit for hours under the banana trees, crooning softly some mournful couplet in the crooked gypsy tongue.

Value of Toes in Walking.

The idea that the lesser toes are necessary in walking is generally entertained, and it has been a surprise to European physicians to learn that amputation of all the lesser toes of both feet has been followed by complete recovery and the restoration to usefulness of both the feet operated upon. The fact healed slowly after the operation, but very steadily and without unpleasant complications. The operation was performed, and in a little more than a year and a half the patient danced all night and experienced no inconvenience whatever on account of having only one toe on each foot. She rides a wheel, plays tennis and enjoys every sport that girls of her age are fond of. The cause of the trouble was originally chills, which was neglected until it produced contraction of the muscles with the most intense pain, which was at times so severe that she could not enjoy the necessary amount of sleep. Surgeons are of the opinion that a great deal of needless suffering is endured which might be relieved by extremely simple operations on the feet.—New York Ledger.

Dodging a Shot.

When Dewey was first lieutenant of one of the gunboats which Farragut used as a dispatch boat the admiral used often to come aboard and steam up near the levee to reconnoiter. The southerners had a way of raising a field-piece to the top of the high bank, firing point blank at the gunboat and then backing down again. Upon one such occasion Farragut saw Dewey dodge a shot.
"Why don't you stand firm, lieutenant?" said he. "Don't you know you can't jump quick enough?"
A day or so after the admiral dodged a shot. The lieutenant smiled and held his tongue, but the admiral had a guilty conscience. He cleared his throat once or twice, shifted his attitude and finally declared:
"Why, sir, you can't help it, sir. It's human nature, and there's an end to it."



A man must wrap up as he goes. If he does, ill-health he will reap ill health, if he neglects his health the weeds of disease will grow up and choke it.

Asked For a Shirt and Got a Wife.

During the civil war there was a certain young lady in Georgetown who found it in her power to do a great deal for the Confederate soldiers confined in prison at Washington. Young, beautiful, cultured, popular, of a wealthy and prominent family, she was frequently allowed admission to the prison, whether she always took her maid with a well stocked basket of good things for the poor boys behind the bars. One day as she was passing through a group of men in the common prison she stopped and said to them:
"If there is anything you would like to have that I can bring you, won't you let me know? I shall be very glad."
One man stepped forward promptly. Bowing most courteously, he said:
"If you will be so kind, I should like very much to have a clean shirt."
He was a young lieutenant from Louisiana, one of the handsomest and most elegant men I ever met, and when that young lady looked up into his brown eyes she found it in her heart to give him much more than a clean shirt, for she married him as soon as the war was over.—Philadelphia Times.

How He Was Won.
Act I "Be mine, and I can promise thee wealth and riches and gold and diamond rings and carriages and footmen and er—er I've brought you a penny worth of chocolate dough and"
Act II "Henry I am yours"—Pick Me Up