

SALARIES OF EDITORS.

Some of the Men Who Have Drawn Prizes in the Journalistic Lottery.

"I think every young man and woman in this town wants to go into journalism."

The speaker was one of the best known managing editors in New York City, and he passed his hand over his troubled brow as he spoke.

"I get about forty applications per day from men and women who want to become journalists and the proprietor of this paper gets twice as many more.

This managing editor was in a bad humor, but he was all right as to facts. There isn't a newspaper office in town that isn't flooded with applications for work.

The prizes in New York journalism are few. You are reasonably sure of drawing a blank pretty nearly every time.

Charles A. Dana is perhaps the most famous of the men who have drawn prizes.

Joseph Pulitzer, of the World, is said to clear \$2,000 per day. He is not a working journalist now, but not many years ago he was an ordinary reporter in St. Louis, and they say he was a hustler, too.

Whitehall Reid, as a matter of form, draws a salary of some \$14,000 per year from the Tribune, but his income from his stock in the paper is several times this amount.

John A. Cockerill is one of the working managing editors and newspaper men and draws a salary of \$15,000 per year from the World and has an interest in it besides.

Amos Cummings is said to have an income of \$15,000 per year. He was a compositor and a private in the Union army during the rebellion, and he, too, came from the bottom up to where he is now.

Chester A. Lord, the managing editor of the Sun, has a salary of \$7,500 per year. He started on a small paper in the interior of the State and had to work hard for success.

George F. Spinney, as managing editor of the New York Times, has a salary of about \$7,000 per year. But he has been a hard-working journalist all his life and the salary is not so much.

Foster Coates, of the Mail and Express is one of the youngest but best-known of New York newspaper men, and as has been before stated, he started as a printer's devil.

The total wool production of the world is estimated at 2,000,000,000 pounds. Australia is the heaviest producer, coming to the front with 455,570,000 pounds.

The small boy whose unwise father has given him a drum and a tin horn for Christmas, somehow or other never seems to be the boy that breaks through the thin ice when he goes out skating.

A JOURNEY TO VENUS.

How Long It Would Take a Fast Express Train to Reach the Planet.

Let us for a moment suppose certain railways to be built: one around the world in a perfect circle, others to various points in the solar system.

And we will further suppose that the trains on the railways could be kept going at the rate of sixty miles an hour for any required length of time.

Three or four weeks passed away, and one evening he came home with a couple of tickets for the theater and insisted that we go.

Travelling at the rate of sixty miles an hour, and never stopping, it would take between 166 and 167 days to reach the journey's end.

Let us now take a trip to the planet Venus, our next nearest neighbor. This will be a much more formidable undertaking.

Gods, how the minutes stretch themselves to lingering hours in plague of such As wait at great men's doors, and on their moods.

—General George A. Sheridan, the lecturer, political orator and wit, has a superstition, at which he laughs and scoffs.

—A woman's sphere—that she won't get a rich husband.

SPEAKING NEWSPAPERS.

Edison's Latest Idea and Emile Berliner's Marvelous Gramophone.

The latest development of the phonograph is a project of Thomas A. Edison, the inventor, to produce a machine that shall tell the news of the preceding day by word of mouth.

At the exhibition here reproduced playing of a German band filled the room. Mr. Berliner said that at an exhibition given in Washington it was distinctly heard five hundred persons.

The striking characteristic of the instrument is power. In some cases, however, there was a slightly burring sound.

Though the gramophone is intended for commercial use, its immediate mission, Mr. Berliner thinks, is to provide a means of amusement for concert halls or parlors, which will be always available.

Some watchful god may pity take, and show A way to triumph yet, and better hope.

Bees in New Zealand.

A considerable quantity of German red clover is annually imported into New Zealand, where it flourishes, but has not hitherto ripened sufficiently to yield seed for reproduction.

—General George A. Sheridan, the lecturer, political orator and wit, has a superstition, at which he laughs and scoffs.

MUTILATED MONEY.

The Work Attending its Redemption at the New York Sub-Treasury.

"What shall I do with this ten-dollar bill?" The speaker held in his hand a legal tender note issued some time during the recent war.

"Do you get many in as bad condition as that just presented?" "Yes, very often. But they generally come as this one did, singly.

They are sorted and done up in packages of the different denominations. A thousand notes usually form a bundle.

Do you take any account of the mutilated notes by their numbers?" "We would have no time to do that.

THE BLACK FOREST.

Where It is Situated and Why It Received its Peculiar Name.

The Black Forest is the name given to the wooded mountain chain in the southwestern part of Germany, traversing the provinces of Baden and Wurttemberg.

Mary's Little Lamb.

I sing of sheep, and of the great wool industry; likewise of the lamb, the descendant of the sheep;

HELPING ONE ANOTHER.

How the New York Newsboys Assist Their Blind Comrades.

All the milk of human kindness is not to be found in the hearts of the great and prosperous.

"Who's the blind feller? Why dat's Blind Charley. Is he me farder? Naw. He's a poor bloke who lives down here on Park row.

Inquiry of the delivery clerks proved the boy's statement to be true. There are a half dozen blind newsboys, or rather newsmen, in this city who owe the fact that they are not sent to the workhouse simply to the kindness of their little co-workers.

"Hello, Stumpy," said one gamin as he met another, "have yer fed yet?" "Naw," replied Stumpy, "I guess dis is de eve I don't eat."

Mary's Little Lamb.

I sing of sheep, and of the great wool industry; likewise of the lamb, the descendant of the sheep;

Mary was the owner of the lamb I sing.

Owner in fee simple, unincumbered by chattel or other mortgage.

Well Supplied Already.

"Any news in the paper this morning, Samantha?" inquired Mr. Chugwater as he came down to breakfast.