OLD TIME NEGROES.

THE AFFECT ON THEY OFTEN DIS-PLAY FOR "THEIR WHITE PEOPLE."

Aunt Susan, One of the Servants on Fa-Story of Charles Dudley Warner, the

[Special Correspondence.]

MILWAUREE, Oct. 11 .- To this day the well to do southern people, who were for-merly slave owners, show the greatest affection for their old servants, the "uncles" and mammies" of the antebellum days. In every community can be found instances were long trusted and much thought of servants have refused to leave the old place, and are provided by their former owners with comfortable homes and little patches of ground, where they can be seen in front of the cabin doors on pleasant days "crooning over the good old days long since gone." On nearly all of the fine old estates in the middle section of the south the traveler will find one or two of these old servants, who cling to the name of the former owner, refuse to live with strangers and love and respect 'old marster's family." They watch over the younger children, the washing and ironing or wait on the table, and in this way make



WHEN DARKIES LOVE TO PLAY.

themselves very useful and keep up a semblance of the relationship and association of the old regime. On the celebrated Belle Meade stock farm, near Nashville, there is one of the few remaining typical old colored "mammies." She is known far and wide as "Aunt Susanna." Famous people who have been entertained at Belle Meade have been delighted by listening to Aunt Susanna's quaint philosophy, and Charles Dudley Warner, after a visit to the place, wrote a beautiful tribute to the worthy old servant in which he said she was one of the greatest institutions of the south. She can read and write and is a pink of politeness and social propriety. After listening to readings by Thomas Nelson Page, she instantly repeated page after page of his delightful dialect stories and charmed a large circle of distinguished people who were present. When President Cleveland arrived at Belle Meade, on his pleasant southern tour, Aunt Susanna was one of the first to greet the distinguished guest. Some of the local papers waggishly reported that Aunt Susanna told the president she hoped he "wouldn't sot her back She spurned the sentiment, in talking to me about the matter, and said that when she was introduced to the visitors she made her prettiest courtesy

"Mr. President, I welcome you and your young bride to our beautiful southern home.

saying 'sot' to the president! Why I agreed upon signal by one of their mex-

Aunt Susanna was very much delighted with Charles Dudley Warner because he put her in print in "good grammar." Mr. Warner asked her if she favored the freedom of the slaves. She said she "did and she didn't." There were a good many lazy, worthless, no account nig-gers, she said, and she thought it was a good thing to turn them adrift into freedom "an' let 'em sbift for demselves," but she was not in favor of freeing and separating the good, honest, hardworking old family servants from their masters. "the people they loved so well." To use her own words: "Before freedom I had a good home, good clothes and nothing to bother me. When I was sick a doctor came. I always had \$40 or \$50 in money about me. Now I must work awfully bard to get a mighty few things a doctor don't come unless you'send the money, and when I get a dollar I have to stretch it clear from Nashville to New Orleans."

To show the affection these old servants have "for their white people," the day I dined at Belle Meade, Aunt Susanna was waiting on the table. A venerable old man sat near me. He had told me that his mother owned the old colored woman in her youth and he evidenced great joy at seeing her after a lapse of humanity the benefit of their many years. When she came to him to reflections upon such humbug pass some dish I noticed that she slyly caught one of his hands and gave it a hard squeeze. Later she told me that she was



IN TENNESSEE.

so glad "to see young marster that she could hardly keep her hands off of him." The "young marster" had grown to be a about this time to Nashville, then a strugman of 76, with snow white hair and ging little hamlet.

where I buried that silver, so he could

come down and get it The younger generations of darkies have no fondness for the old plantations. They flock to the towns and cities, where they learn trades, get into schools and have other superior advantages. colored population in all of the southern mous Belle Meade Farm, Teanessee-A towns and villages they congregate in such numbers that the majority barely the cut an existence. In some places likely young colored women work for seventy five cents a week, very frequently doing the cooking, washing and ironing and housework for large families. Where they get a dollar a week they live at their own homes, and very often support neveral young children. G. H. YENOWINE.

BITS FROM NEW YORK.

The Straw Vote Taker-A Misleading Legend Near the Postoffice. [Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Oct. 11 - By this time in the campaign the man who takes "straw votes" for the presidential candidates on railroad trains, in terryboat cabins and all other public places infests the land to such an extent as to constitute himself an almost omnipresent nuisance. A party of jolly "commuters" on the N. Y. and II. R. R. have organized a mutual protective league and invented a system for the discouragement of the "straw vote fiend" that, judging from an experimental trial last week, is likely to prove delightfully effective. The "commuters" in question, doing business in New York and living in the numerous pleasant little villages along the line of the road, traveling back and forth daily in company together, are acquainted with each other, and by common consent, for the preservation of pleasant relations in their daily enforced companionship, avoid the discussion of poli-tics when on the trains. Taking "straw votes" threatened to disturb this harmonious relation.

"What! You don't mean to say you vote for Cleveland, do you!" or "Thun-der! If anybody had told me you were a Harrison man I wouldn't have believed it!" had already broken up more than one pleasant game of whist or railroad euchro -played "laps, slam, jam bones and the widow in in the smoking cars, when tome of the older brethren grasped the situation and propounded a scheme that promised so much fun that all the others heartily agreed to co-operate in it.

A few mornings ago eleven commuters were interested in two games of whistthree of them as lookers on-in a crowded smoking car a little below New Rochelle, when a protracted wrangle between two strangers culminated in a bet over the result of a "straw vote" in that car Neither of the wranglers would trust the other, so each started out with pencil and paper, explaining, requesting, interrupting conversation and play, annoying everybody. One of them started from the front of the car, the other from the rear, each on an independent canvass. When each had got through they met to compare results. One had Cleveland 38, Harrison 26; the other, Harrison 37, Cleveland 27; total in each case, 64.

The vote takers for a moment glared at h other in silence, while they breathed hard and grew red in the face. Then each charged the other with deliberate falsification and lying, called each other all man-ner of things common and unclean and speedily were engaged in a vigorous pummeling match which was eventually stopped by the train bands.

Meanwhile the eleven commuters roared with laughter, slapped their thighs and screamed impartially encouragement to both the combatants. They had made all the trouble and had an exclusive right to Continuing she said: "The idea of me the triumph. In compliance with an was raised with people of quality and bers, they had simply east their eleven never as much as said 'sot' a hen." and to the other for Harrison. That was the scheme by which they hope to either put a stop to vote taking on the trains. they patronize or get the maximum of fun out of the attempts at it that are made.

On Mail street, opposite the rear of the postoffice and near Broadway, stands a huge block of stone, handsomely carved, adorned on its ends and one side with the words, in great raised letters: "Drink, Patient Friend." Its interior is dug out, so that it forms a great stone watering trough. which was originally intended to be for the use and benefit of horses. But season after season goes by and no "patient ffield" drinks there. It is kept dry and boarded over summer after summer. The end of a pretended philanthrophy seemed to be attrined when the thing was put in place and nice paragraphs about it had been inserted in all the newspapers. After that the sham only remained and, for all anybody seems to care, the patient friend's tongue may hang out of his mouth with drought. The fountain in the City Half park does not play regularly in summer but does so spasmodically and wastes fifty times as much water as would keep that trough full all the season through, so that lack of water can be no excuse. What a pity it is that horses cannot read that inscription and give humanity the benefit of their philosophic

Is He the Oldest Mason?

JACKSON, Tenn., Oct. 11.-Col. Robert I. Chester, of this place, is the oldest Mason in the U. S. He joined the order in 1817. He is some now in his 96th year. He was born in Carlisle, Pa., in 1793. In 1796 bis father moved from Car- / . lisle to East Tennessee, then a ter-ritory. The same year the state was taken into the Union. In Jones-

boro, Tenn., Rob-ROBERT L. CHESTER. ert Chester spent the days of his boyhood. He remembers quite distinctly the death of Gen Washington. He served all through the war of 1812, and then went into business in Carthage, Tenn. He paid his first visit

In May, 1823, he went to St. Louis, Mo., whiskers.

They tell a good joke at Mr. Warner's expense about his visit at Belly Meads.

In May, 1823, he went to St. Louis, Mo., then a small town on the banks of the Mississippi, with no business of import He was joking the old servant about the war, and asked her how they managed to retain so much of the old family silver, pointing to a heavily loaded sideheard in the dining room. Aunt Susanna made some evasive rouly, and Mr. Warner evasive reply, and Mr. Warner 1873 he was a ractaber of the legislature. asked her if they had buried it during the war. She said they did, but refused to answer when asked where. Alser Mr. Warner's departure the explained that Temes co electoral commission to answer when asked where. Alser Mr. Trendent the votes of the state for President they can be compared to the carry the votes of the state for President they can be compared to the carry the votes of the state for President they can be considered to the carry the votes of the state for President they can be considered to the carry they are they are the carry they are they are the carry they are the are they are ters by saying "I was alread of that Yankee gentleman. He kept asking me so closely, I feared there was going to be another war, and he was trying to learn

MAKING NEWSPAPERS.

WORK BEGINS IN EARNEST AT O'GLOCK IN THE AFTERNOON,

And from That Time Till the Hear of

afternoon newspaper making begins in earnest. At this hour the editor in chief and the managing editor come in and held a short consultation. Then the editor in chief receives calls from his assistants, and they talk over the subjects about which editorials are to be written for the paper of the following morning. chief editor has three or four writers under him, including a witty paragrapher, and this staff prepares a page of matter each day. The editor-in-chief, the reader should understand, while directing the general policy of the paper, has little to do with details and the actual management. All that is left to the managing

editor, the particular charge of the editorin chief being the editorial page. The managing editor now consults with his assistants. His immediate assistant, who has been at work since 8 o'clock, tells him what is going on in the country, and the evening papers begin to come in with their early editions. Telegraphic instruc-tions are sent to various correspondents, and, perhaps, there are special and important directions to give the representatives of the paper in New York and Washington. Most important of all is the work of the city editor. The city editor has been at work for three or four hours, reading all the morning papers and making up what is called his "assignment book." In this book he has memoranda of all the known events of the day. If there are meetings, weddings, sensational trials, police investigations; if a prominent man is due in the city, or a noted criminal is to arrive in charge of officers; if a particularly interesting case

is to come up in the divorce courts—no matter what is likely to occur or has already occurred in or about the city-the city editor must know all about it, must have a record of it on his book, and must send a man, or a number of men, as the case may warrant, to report it. The city editor tells the managing editor what he thinks is going to be "the news of the day." That is something that every editor stops and asks himself almost hourly, What will be the best thing in the papers to morow, the thing that peo-ple do the most talking and think-ing about?" For that is the thing wants to spread on, the thing he wants to put his best men on, and have some pictures made for, if it is a thing that will bear pictures, and when put in type and ready to make up in the forms he wants this thing, this "news of the day," to "lead the paper," that is, to appear as the first article on the first page. The first page of a metropolitan newspaper is like the show window of a merchant, for it is there that the best goods, the novelties, the striking things, are to be displayed. An editor who does not know how to get his best news on his first page, and who has not good judgment as to what is his best news, might as well quit and go into some other business. He is a failure as an editor. The worst of it is that all plans may be changed in an instant. What at 6 in the

Chicago, so lazily managed that the news which comes is simply put in the columns until column after column is filled, without any sort of effort being made to sift the good news from the trivial and to make the paper up in accordance therewith. The city editor has under his control twenty or more reporters. Some of them are men who have made reputations as writers and who draw salaries as large as the city editor himself. The tendency of late is to employ the best writers on the city staff, and the man who can "hustle for news," who can take hold of an event of any sort whatseever, find out all about it quickly, catch its spirit and substance and put them on paper rapidly, graph-

and reliably, with keen perception of what is material and what too trivial to mention, making of the whole "a story," that is, a tale of fact which is complete in that It has dramatic action, cause, development, climax, crisis—a story that is short, compact, trustworthy and at the same time possessed of that rare and indescribable quality called readableness-such a man is the highest type of journalist. There are not many such, and the few there are command good wages. Some of them work by space, being paid ten or twelve dollars a column, and in some cases fifteen or twenty, for all they write. The managing editor of The Tribune said to me the other day: "There are two classes of newspaper men who are so scarce that it is almost impossible to find them. One is the first class reporter who can write anything, and has at his command a dozen different veins suitable to as many sorts of subjects. The other is the man who thinks. I can hire five hun dred newspaper men, to go and do what I

tell them to do, but I cannot find one who has ideas of his own. There is a premium out for newspaper men with ideas Some people suppose that a reporter simply goes out in the town and depends upon the good offices of friends who come up to him and "give him items." That is true only in small villages. In cities a reporter wouldn't get a printable item once a month in that manner. Whatever a man gets in a big city he is generally sent for. He knows what he is after, or he has a certain field to cover and the news comes to him in that way. For instance, one reporter goes into the city half in the morning and stays in that building all day. It is his business to find out all that is going on in the various public affects there. Another man works the government building, another in

the criminal courts, and so on. Every policeman in town is a reporter, and those of the Arendsburg company 1600 per cent. and those of the Arendsburg company 1600 per cent. and those of the Arendsburg company 1600 per cent. in a recent year. New York hun. bone ver an important prisoner is arrest-I which he has come in possession it is charago iterald.

quickly transmitted to bendquarters and there given out to the reporters. Night and day the year through, without the loss of a ramule, the newspapers keep a representative at police headquarters. Come of the papers keep two men, to that if semething of importance occurs at a late hour there may be two Going to Press the Next Morning Elerymoment, except to telephone the office thing Is Hurrled Through at a Very that another reporter must be sent to rover beadquarters. This work is called "the police," and is divided into day and CHICAGO, Oct. 11.—At 1 o'clock in the sharp, "fly" men in the detective forces of our large cities than these same police reporters. Hundreds of stories could be told of their wit and shrewdness, of their courage and audacity. One will suffice.

Just as his paper was about to go to prers one morning a city editor heard that there had been a sensational suicide at a leading hotel. This was private information which did not come through the police, and therefore there was a chance that the other papers would not hear of it. If there is anything that makes a city editor's blood run warm it is an opportunity of this sort. Hastily telephoning his "night police" reporters, he told them the rumor and bade them jump into a cab and get to the L- hotel as quickly as possible, but to make sure they were not followed by other reporters. Then he followed by other reporters. whistled down stairs to have the presses held a few minutes. His two young men, after leaving headquarters lazily and securing a cab a block or two away, drove with all speed to the hotel. There was a little excitement in the office, though only a few persons were awake at that hour. The reporters entered and wanted to know where she was. The clerk met

them with a calm gaze and a fine bluff. He did not know what the young men wanted, and when told of the suicide denied that any such thing had occurred in the house. But the reporters were not to be bluffed away. They ran upstairs and found two or three porters standing before one of the rooms, whispering mysteriously. No policemen were on hand. 'Have the police been notified?" asked one of the reporters of a porter. "Yes."
"But we can't wait for the police," said the other reporter, "for our paper must go to press in ten minutes." No, we can't wait, and won't," replied the first So they burst open the door of the bed room. A strange scene lay before them. Every gas jet in the room was lighted; in the middle of the chamber, in a big chair, sat a young and beautiful woman. handsomely dressed, with her head bent forward on her breast and the blood oozing from a hole in her head and trickling down over her immaculate garments and snowy skin. The reporters were the first to touch her. They lifted her head that they might see her face. They pulled open her eyes to get their They pried open her elenched fists to ascertain if any notes were held therein. They pulled off her rings and noted the initials engraved therein. They searched her dressing case for proof of her identity or correspondence which might throw light upon the mystery. In five minutes the scene was photographed upon their minds. They had even the monogram from the corner of her handkerchief which one had drawn from her bosom-a bosom in which there was yet warmth but no life. The quick eye of the reporter had not failed to observe that the dead woman wore fine silk stockings, and that throughout her attire was of the richest and finest, as if she had decked herself in her best before firing the fatal shot. Just evening seems to be the big news of the as the police arrived the young men rushed down stairs. A few questions of day may be completely overshadowed by the clerk and they jumped into their cab. something which comes in at midnight, and the really great newspaper is one which not only gets all news in good shape, but stands ready at a moment's notice, no matter how late the hour, to On the way to the office they agreed upon a division of the work of writing. At their desks two pencils flew over paper as rapidly as nervous, eager men could push them. As fast as one of them wrote a accommodate itself to changed conditions dozen words the city editor snatched the and to make the most of the latest and best. There are newspapers, and some in sheet away and whisked it upstairs to the printers. Another man wrote the head ines. In ten minutes all had finished In ten minutes more the papers were roll-

ing from the press, papers which contained three-quarters of a column of double leaded account of the suicide The first part of that account was written by one reporter, the other half by another. Neither crossed the track of the other. You could not tell where one began and the other left off. It was a spirited, graphic, factful narrative. How did the city editor hear of the case so quickly? By the kindness of a night porter whom he had once befriended. This porter ran out of the hotel to a drug store and telephoned the news while the stere and telephoned the news while the
woman was dying. The reporters arrived
before her body was cold. That was
called a "luck" beat, and luck it was, but
there was the intelligence, the nerve, the
skill to take advantage of the luck and
make the most of it. That is newspaper
genius.

At 6 o'clock in the evening we get a
climate of the whole process of news.

glimpse of the whole process of newspaper making. The dramatic editor, the isical editor, the railroad editor, the commercial editor and his assistants, the real estate editor, the art writer, the literary editor, the exchange editor, the sporting editors, and all those persons who work during the day on departments, are just finishing or still making their "copy." From the hands of the editorin-chief come the editorials which the staff has prepared. In their rooms a dozen reporters are grinding out accounts of the events which they were sent to cover. Telegraphic dispatches begin pouring in by the hundred, and a small boy, not more than four feet high, soon leaves the desk with a bushel basket full of manuscripts in his arms. He walks upstairs into a great room where hundreds of gas lights and scores of electric lights make the scene as light as day, and where 195 printers are just beginning work before type cases which cover a half acre of

The making of a newspaper is not such a simple thing after all, and if we want to learn all about it we shall have to write another letter and stay with these printers and the pressmen and the other night workers till the sun rises. WALTER WELLMAN.

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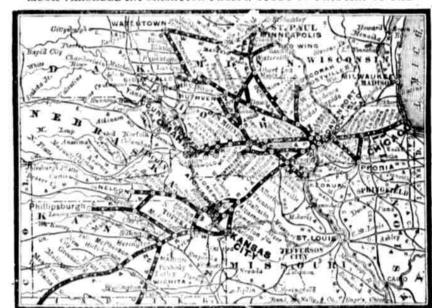
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