

OLD TIME NEGROES.

THE AFFECTON THEY OFTEN DISPLAY FOR "THEIR WHITE PEOPLE."

Aunt Susanna, One of the Servants on Famous Belle Meade Farm, Tennessee—A Story of Charles Dudley Warner, the Writer.

MILWAUKEE, Oct. 11.—To this day the well-to-do southern people, who were formerly 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 where 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."



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."

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 set her back in slavery."



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 man of 76, with snow white hair and whiskers.

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. The colored population in all of the southern states is very large. Around the small towns and villages they congregate in numbers that the majority barely elude out an existence. In some places like young colored women work for seventy-five cents a week, very frequently doing the cooking, washing and ironing and housework for large families.

BITS FROM NEW YORK.

The Straw Vote Taker—A Misdemeanor Legend Near the Postoffice.

NEW YORK, Oct. 11.—By this time in the campaign the man who takes "straw votes" for the presidential candidates on railroad trains, in ferryboat 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 H. R. have organized a mutual protective league and invented a system for the discouragement of the "straw vote field" that, judging from an experimental trial last week, is likely to prove delightfully effective.

"What! You don't mean to say you vote for Cleveland, do you?" or "Thank-dee! If anybody had told me you were a blarney man I wouldn't have believed it!" had already broken up more than one pleasant game of whist or railroad euchre—played "laps, slam, jam bones and the widow in"—in the smoking cars, when some 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 whist, three 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.

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 the triumph. In compliance with an agreed upon signal by one of their members, they had simply cast their eleven votes solidly to one man for Cleveland, 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 Mall 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."

JACKSON, Tenn., Oct. 11.—Col. Robert L. Chester, of this place, is the oldest Mason in the U. S. He joined the order in 1817. He is now in his 96th year. He was born in Carlisle, Pa., in 1793. In 1798 his father moved from Carlisle to East Tennessee, then a territory. The same year the state was taken into the Union. In Jonesboro, Tenn., Robert 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 about this time to Nashville, then a struggling little hamlet.

In May, 1829, he went to St. Louis, Mo., then a small town on the banks of the Mississippi, with no business of importance, but little hope of future prosperity. There was but one brick house in the city at that time. He then moved to Jackson, Tenn., where he has resided most of the time since. During the years 1824 to 1828 he was a member of the legislature, and in 1828 he was appointed the messenger of the Tennessee electoral commission to carry the votes of the state for President Cleveland to the electoral college. He has voted for every Democratic president since Madison. He has been the father of seven children, two of whom are living.

MAKING NEWSPAPERS.

WORK BEGINS IN EARNEST AT O'CLOCK IN THE AFTERNOON.

And from That Time Till the Hour of Going to Press the Next Morning Everything is Hurried Through at a Very Great Rate.

CHICAGO, Oct. 11.—At 1 o'clock in the afternoon newspaper making begins in earnest. At this hour the editor-in-chief and the managing editor come in and hold 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.

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 instructions 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-morrow, the thing that people do the most talking and reading about?" For that is the thing he 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, in the best goods, the prettiest, 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 evening seems to be the big news of the day may be completely overshadowed by something which comes in at midnight, and the really great newspaper is one that not only gets all news in good shape, but stands ready at a moment's notice, no matter how late the hour, to accommodate itself to changed conditions and to make the most of the latest and best. There are newspapers, and some in 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 select the best 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 which occurs, find out all about it quickly, catch its spirit and substance and put them on paper rapidly, graphically 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 possesses of that quality called readability, such as is rarely the highest type of journalism. 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 a many sorts of subjects. The other is the man who thinks, I can hire five hundred 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 hall 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 places here. Another man works in the government buildings, another in the criminal courts, and so on. Every policeman in town is a reporter, and but for the police the newspapers would have a sorry time of it gathering the news. The police telegraph system was inaugurated to the newspapers. If a crime is committed, an accident occurs, there is a man's death, a body is found, or a body, or an important prisoner is arrested, every part of the city or suburbs, it is known within a few minutes at police headquarters. The patrolman either reports in person at his station or telephones from a signal box the information which he has come in possession while on his rounds, and from his station it is

quickly transmitted to headquarters and there given out to the reporters. Night and day the year through, without the loss of a minute, the newspapers keep a representative at police headquarters. Some of the papers keep two men, so that if something of importance occurs at a late hour there may be two men to be on duty. Around the hour of a moment, except to telephone the office that another reporter must be sent to cover headquarters. This work is called "the police," and is divided into day and night duty. There are no more keen, sharp, "big" 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 editor about to go to press 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 number and made 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 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 thrown forward, her breast and neck 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 color. They pried open her clenched fists to ascertain if any notes were held therein. They pulled off her rings and noted the initials engraved thereon. They searched her dressing case for proof of her identity or corresponded with night porter.

How did the city editor hear of the case so quickly? By the kindness of a night porter who he had once befriended. This porter ran out of the hotel to a drug store 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 glimpse of the whole process of newspaper making. The dramatic editor, the musical editor, the railroad editor, the real estate editor, the art writer, the literary editor, the exchange editor, the sporting editor, and all those persons who work during the day on departments, are just finishing or still making their "copy lines." From the hands of the editor-in-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 120 printers are at beginning before type cases which cover a half acre of ground.

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.

Yellow Fever Nurses.

Nearly all the old "quarantined" in New Orleans are expected to die, if yellow fever and the city is not to be saved. It is necessary to get rid of the yellow fever.

Europe's Chief Tobacco Market.

Amsterdam claims to have become the chief European tobacco market on account of the fine quality of the Sumatra tobacco which is brought there. American cigar manufacturers are said to be specially eager to get this tobacco. Sumatra sent to Holland in 1887 128,000 boxes, worth about \$13,000,000, of which \$5,900,000 worth was purchased by American buyers. The Dutch tobacco companies make enormous profits, the dividends of the Deli company having been 100 per cent., and those of the Arendburg company 100 per cent., in a recent year.—New York Sun.

NEW SPRING STYLES! JUST ARRIVED.

—And now ready for inspection at—

John Morrison's

All the Finest Qualities and Latest Patterns in stock. I have the finest cutter in the city and guarantee satisfaction. Call and see my goods and work.

121 North Eleventh street.

BOOKS, THREE CENTS EACH!

The following books are published in neat pamphlet form, printed from good readable type on good paper, and many of them handsomely illustrated. They are without exception the cheapest books ever published in any kind of language, and furnish to the masses of the people an opportunity to secure the best literature of the day at the most trifling expense. In any other series these great works would cost many times the price at which they are here offered. Each one is complete in itself.

Union - Pacific

The Overland Route.

Shortest and Quickest Route to all points in

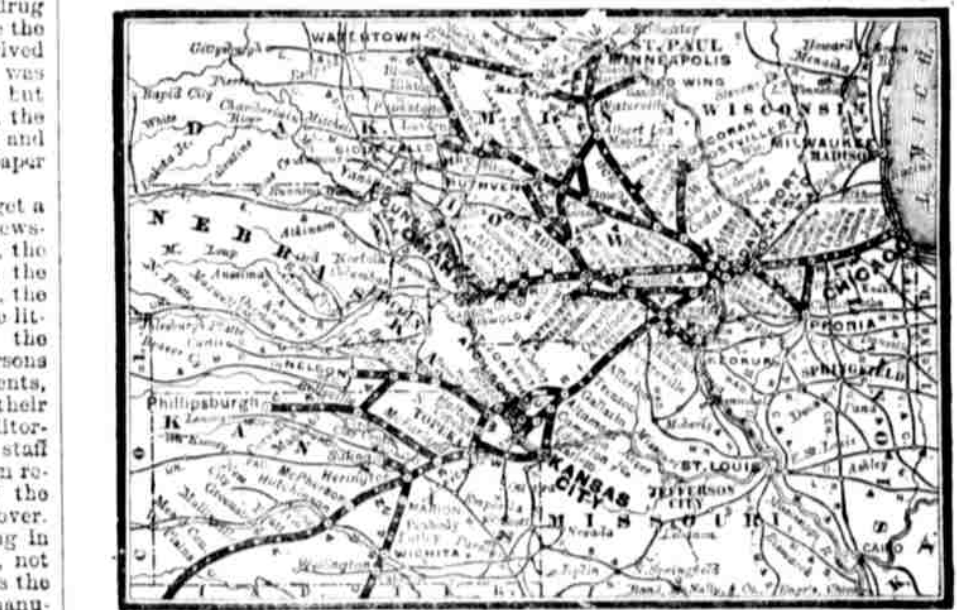


Take the overland flyer and save one day to all Pacific coast points. Running into Union Depots and connecting with the fast limited trains of all lines for all points east, north and south. Through tickets on modern day coaches. Baggage checked through to destination from all points east. In the United States and Canada. Sleeper accommodations reserved in through Pullman Palace cars from the Missouri river to the Pacific coast.

E. B. SLOSSON, City Ticket Agent. 1041 G Street, Lincoln, Nebraska. THOS. L. KIMBALL, Ass. Gen. P. & T. Agt., Omaha. J. S. TREBBI, Ass. Gen. P. & T. Agt., Gen. Pass and Tkt. Agt.

A MAN

UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY, WILL OBTAIN MUCH VALUABLE INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF THE



CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC R.R.

Its central position and close connection with Eastern lines at Chicago and continuous lines at terminal points, West, Northwest, and Southwest, make it the true mid-way line that transcontinental chain of steel which unites the Atlantic and Pacific. Its main lines and branches include Chicago, Joliet, Ottawa, LaSalle, Peoria, Geneseo, Moline and Rock Island, in Illinois; Davenport, Muscatine, Washington, Burlington, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, West Liberty, Iowa City, Des Moines, Indianola, Winterset, Atlantic, Knoxville, Audubon, Harlan, Guthrie Center and Council Bluffs, in Iowa; Gallatin, Trenton, Cameron, St. Joseph and Kansas City, in Missouri; Leavenworth and Atchison, in Kansas; and St. Paul, in Minnesota; Watertown and Sioux Falls in Dakota, and many other prosperous towns and cities. It also offers a CHOICE OF ROUTES to and from the Pacific Coast and intermediate points, making all transfers in Union depots. Fast Trains of Day Coaches, elegant DINING CARS, magnificent PULLMAN PALACE SLEEPING CARS, and between Chicago, St. Joseph, Atchison and Kansas City special RECLINING CHAIR CARS, seats FREE to holders of through first-class tickets.

THE CHICAGO, KANSAS & NEBRASKA R.R. (GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE)

Extends west and southwest from Kansas City and St. Joseph to Fairbury, Nelson, Horton, Topeka, Herington, Hatchman, Wichita, Caldwell, and all points in Southern Nebraska. Interior, Kansas and beyond. Entire passenger equipment of the celebrated Pullman manufacture. Solidly built, latest type of heavy steel rail. Iron and stone bridges. All safety appliances and modern improvements. Commodious, well-built stations. Celerity, certainty, comfort and luxury assured.

THE FAMOUS ALBERT LEA ROUTE

Is the favorite between Chicago, Rock Island, Atchison, Kansas City, and Minneapolis and St. Paul. The shortest route to all Northern Summer Resorts. Its Watertown Branch is the most productive lands of the great wheat and dairy belt of Northern Iowa, southwestern Minnesota, and Eastern Dakota.

The Short Line via Omaha and Kanabos offers superior facilities to travel between Chicago, St. Joseph, Atchison, Council Bluffs, St. Joseph, Atchison, Leavenworth, Minneapolis, and St. Paul. For Ticket, Maps, Brochures, or any desired information, apply to any Coupon Ticket Office in the United States or Canada, or write to E. ST. JOHN, General Manager, CHICAGO, ILL. E. A. HOLBROOK, Gen'l Ticket & Pass' Agent.