

THE NEWS FOR THE HUB.

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENTS FOR THE PAPERS OF BOSTON.

Walter Wellman Knows Them Well and Here Tells All About Them—They Are Bright Men, Capable Journalists and Good Fellows All Round.

[Special Correspondence.] WASHINGTON, June 18.—There are fewer changes from year to year among Washington correspondents representing the Boston papers than there are perhaps among those of any other city.



WILLIAM B. SHAW.

ington for a congress or two he is ordered back to the home office. But the Boston papers rarely make changes, and as a result the correspondents make a circle of acquaintances which is very valuable to them.

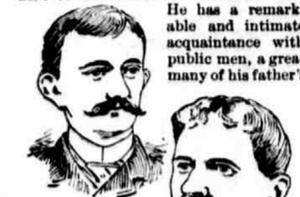
The oldest man in point of service on the "Row" is William B. Shaw, the representative of the Boston Transcript. He came to Washington in 1850, having completed his trade as a printer at Towanda, Pa.

Prior to and up to that year leading journals in New York and other cities relied solely upon the mails for their "dispatches." Telegraphic messages at this early period were very expensive, costing ten cents a word.

The Boston Herald has always given a good deal of space to Washington news, and its Washington bureau has been a prominent feature of the paper. During the last session of congress it kept several men employed here.

Macfarland was originally intended for the bar. He was educated at Rittenhouse academy, and was preparing for Princeton when his father died in 1876.

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If the reader of the Boston Morning Journal should pick up his paper some morning at the breakfast table and not find the signature "Webb" to a Washington dispatch he would know that something had happened, and it is safe to say that this omission would

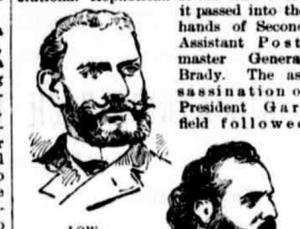
be a serious disappointment to a great many of The Journal's readers. "Webb" is E. B. Wight, who has for years kept Journal readers au courant with national capital affairs and served them with pure and unadulterated Republican politics.

Mr. Wight was born in Massachusetts in 1843. He moved to Illinois in 1856. As a youth his health was poor, and instead of taking part in the games of other boys his spare time was devoted to study.

During all this time, however, he had been constantly engaged in literary work. While in Europe he had corresponded with Charles A. Dana's Chicago Republican, now The Inter-Ocean, and when he returned to Chicago, and while practicing law, he wrote editorials for the Chicago Tribune and made translations from German and French, some of which were published in book form.

Mr. Wight has two fads. One is the collection of scraps. He is an omnivorous reader of newspapers, and everything of possible interest which he runs across is cut out and placed in his collection. He now has what is undoubtedly the most valuable private scrap collection in the United States.

The head of the Washington bureau of the Boston Globe is A. Maurice Low, an Englishman by birth but an American by adoption. It is appropriate that he should represent a Massachusetts paper as his wife, a niece of Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, is a direct descendant of Jonathan Belcher, one of the colonial governors of the old Bay State.



very shortly afterward, and he reported the Guiteau trial for The Republican, besides "doing" the execution of the murderer. He left The Republican to accept a place on Music and Drama, in New York, and was later editor of one of the news services of the American Press Association.

Last year Mr. Low sprang a sensation on the public which attracted the attention of public men on three continents. The Behring sea negotiations had assumed an acute phase, and Lord Salisbury, through the British minister here, had informed Mr. Blaine that in case any more British vessels were seized it would be the painful duty of the admiral in command of her majesty's forces on the Pacific station to recapture the ships, even resorting to force if necessary.

Mr. Blaine was in Bar Harbor at the time, but the British minister was here and he promptly stamped the dispatch as a canard. Mr. Blaine, when interviewed, was diplomatically silent. The matter was brought up in the British and Canadian houses of commons and the ministers were questioned, but they refused to give any information.

The lowest temperature ever recorded anywhere was noted by Gorochoff, Dec. 30, 1871, at Werchojansk, Siberia—81 degs. Fahr., or 113 degs. of frost.

the leading Canadian journals and is a regular contributor to the columns of The St. James' Gazette, of London.

Charles A. Conant is the correspondent of the Boston Post. He is a direct descendant of Roger Conant, a member of the Plymouth colony and one of the first settlers of Salem, Mass.

He came to Washington as correspondent of The Post in 1886, soon after The Advertiser became a Republican organ. He has always been an independent Democrat in politics and a strong advocate of civil service reform.

Two years ago, in addition to his Boston work, he became correspondent of the New York Commercial Bulletin, which pays special attention to business and financial subjects. As a writer on financial affairs Mr. Conant is regarded as an authority, and his dispatches have been marked by that same accuracy and intimate knowledge of his subject which distinguished his early work in the political field.

WALTER WELLMAN. STORIES OF DR. COLLYER.

His Benevolence—His "Lucky Walk." His Comfortable Sunlit Home.

New York, June 17.—A benevolent but worldly lady recently called upon Dr. Robert Collyer in behalf of an object of charity upon whom she had expended all possible personal resources. The case was a pathetic one, the good lady's heart was full of it, and she pleaded her cause in an unusually earnest and soulful manner.

In the course of it she did not hesitate to tell the reverend gentleman that she had not been in church for many years, that she hated creeds, was bored by service and despised mummery, but that she could not see a human being suffer, and that she prayed constantly without going on her knees.

The good man smiled patiently, and, taking a five dollar bill from his pocket, said:

"I got twenty-five dollars this morning for a funeral service. I do not like funeral money. Ten dollars of it I have given to a poor boy who is working his way through school, five dollars went to a poor woman to pay her rent, five dollars I invested in a fraud. I had a sneaking idea," he continued, with a dry little chuckle and a humorous lighting up of his beautiful face, "that the Lord was going to let me have this five dollars, but it seems he is not. Take it, and I will speak to the ladies of the church and have them send more."

"Madam," he added, as the lady took her leave. "About that little matter of attending church, I guess you need not worry if this is the way you do. If you have any trouble at the gate with St. Peter, just let me know, and I will give you papers of passport!"

Dr. Collyer is a man who protests against giving with the right hand and with the left drops his last quarter into the beggar's hand. He insists that indiscriminate charity is productive of poverty; that our people all give too much; that the south of England, where the church bears its poor from cradle to grave, is pauperized beyond redemption. Nevertheless he is unceasing in generalship of the charity resources of his church, and would be the first to take the coat off his back to cover a man who shivered.

On festive occasions, such as Thanksgiving and Christmas, it is his habit the first thing in the morning to take what he calls his "lucky walk." He puts whatever money he happens to have in his pocket and goes out on the street. To the very first person that appeals to him, without question, doubt or hesitation, he gives every cent with a benediction.

"It is but selfishness," he says. "I do it that I may eat my turkey in peace!" He looks as if he might have been cast in a mold that was meant for a statue of Benevolence—massive, wholesome, kindly, large in every sense of the word, with a light in his beautiful eyes like a reflection of divine truth. He regards life as a study and death but a change. "I would go over it all again," he says; "every bit of it." Mrs. Collyer died last October. He refers to her with tears in his eyes.

He has a comfortable sunlit home here on upper Broadway, which is presided over by a sister who looks like a Scotch queen—tall, large, straight as a young tree, of extremely noble and dignified bearing, with snow-white hair arranged in large puffs, and a face bearing an expression of having carried some noble thought in its muscles every moment of her whole life. Strangely enough, in her resemblance to her brother, while he is distinctively masculine, she essentially feminine in type, yet in her face lies the expression of the greater strength.

The apparent flattening of the vault of the heavens has been found to have an annual period and to depend on clouds. It seems least flat with a misty horizon and less by night than by day.

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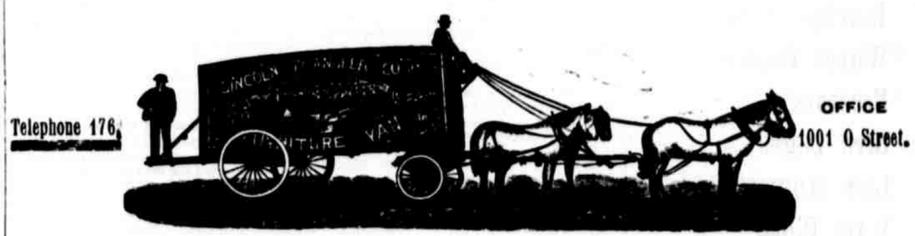
THE SKIRT DANCE.

(PAS DE QUATRE.)

Introduced into the Burlesque, "Faust up to Date."

By MEYER LUTZ.

Musical score for piano with multiple staves and tempo markings like 'Tempo di Schottische' and 'D. G. S. of Pine'.



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