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GETTING LONDON NEWS.

YANKEE CORRESPONDENTS AT THE WORLD'S CAPITAL.

They Enjoy Life, Live on the Fat of the Land and Are Made Welcome by Personages of Consequence, but They Work Hard.

[Special Correspondence.]

LONDON, Sept. 7.—There is probably no post in journalism which American newspaper men desire so much as that of London correspondent. The situation is not only highly paid but it involves no small degree of dignity and importance.

"Industrious" might seem to be a misnomer to some of the rank and file in America, if they should take a casual glance at the men as they appear in the corridors and smoking rooms of the great hotels.

Not more than three or four of the correspondents are concerned in furnishing "routine" news; that is, stock quotations, market reports, parliamentary proceedings, ordinary calamities and the like.

For instance, some of the important evening papers appear at 1 o'clock; it is then but a few minutes after 7 in New York, an hour when the evening newspaper offices are deserted, unless some energetic office boy has come down unusually early to clean up.

The correspondents of these individual papers do not concern themselves with this manner of hustling. They devote their efforts, as I have indicated, to getting inside information, working up special topics, that by the very reason of their American flavor would not naturally be covered by the London press.

Next to him in seniority of appointment is Mr. Harold Frederic, the correspondent for the New York Times. His career has been a brilliant one on this side, where he has been stationed for about eight years. He, too, appears to be a fixture in London, but he frequently makes long trips to the Continent in the pursuit of special topics.

Mr. Arthur Warren represents the Boston Herald. He is about thirty-one years old, and a man whose enthusiasm for his profession I have seldom seen equalled.

By common consent the hardest working American newspaper man in London is Mr. E. Tracy Greaves, correspondent for the New York World. He has offices in Trafalgar square, where you may have a reasonable chance of finding him at any hour of the day or night. Not content with pursuing the game of news

hunting indefatigably, he has recently secured an American assistant in the person of Mr. John J. A. Becket, the author of many charming short stories in the American magazines.

The New York Sun's "bright young man" is Mr. Frank Marshall White, at one time the literary editor of Life. Mr. White has an office on the Strand, and he, like the others, is frequently on the Continent on special missions.

The New York Herald, long famous for its foreign news, is represented here just now by two men, Messrs. James Creelman and T. B. Fielders. Mr. Fielders came here from the New York Times a little more than two years ago. Shortly afterward Mr. Creelman came over to take charge of the Herald's London edition.

A short time ago Mr. Creelman was detailed to London, and he and Fielders are co-operating in the work of sending news to America. There is another American newspaper man here connected with The Herald in the capacity of editor of the Sunday paper.

Among other young American newspaper men now stationed here are Mr. H. J. W. Dam, correspondent for the New York Recorder; Mr. Louis Moore, representative of the United Press; Mr. Walter Kneiff, chief of the Associated Press office, and Mr. Horace Townsend, formerly a New York Tribune reporter.

Nearly all these men appear to regard London as a permanent residence, for the bachelors among them have fitted up comfortable chambers (English for apartments) and the married men have taken long leases of houses or flats.

FREDERICK R. BURTON

Young Clergymen.

CHICAGO, Sept. 17.—Rev. Howard MacQueary, of Canton, O., whose advanced views have caused so much comment, is but thirty-one years of age.

Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., is another preacher who has attracted a great deal of attention during the past year. But, although aggressive and strongly personal, hesitating not to speak on the subjects of the day, to attack our system of politics and to condemn those in high places he may deem guilty, he nevertheless, is thoroughly orthodox.

Probably the youngest bishop in the United States is the recently elected assistant bishop of Louisiana, Rev. David Sessums. He is practically a bishop, inasmuch as the physical infirmities of Bishop Galleher render him unfit for ceremonial duties.

BOSTON, Sept. 17.—Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich is at present in Switzerland, traveling for recreation pure and simple. He is no longer editor of the Atlantic Monthly. He has a charming home in Boston on Beacon Hill.

He is a brilliant and entertaining conversationalist. His English is most carefully selected, and he speaks slowly and with great precision. He is said to be the most delightful host imaginable, and while he has no penchant for athletics, he is interested in topics that concern women and is a great favorite of the fair sex.

HIS MISTAKE.

There is such a thing as a Funny Man being too funny.

The early riser was out watering his grass when the funny man came along and stepped on the hose.

"Get off that hose!" exclaimed the early riser. "Oh, don't mind me," said the funny man. "Go on and water your grass."

"Then he noticed that the nozzle was carelessly pointed in his direction. "Here! Point that the other way!" he cried.

"The early riser glanced down at the nozzle and his face lit up with pleasure. "Amusing to shut off a man's water, isn't it?" he asked.

"But, my dear sir," expostulated the funny man, "I didn't!" "It's intensely funny," said the early riser, "you'd better get off that hose."

"Don't you see the nozzle's pointed right at me, and if I do!" "Oh, well, I'm in no hurry," interrupted the early riser. "If you enjoy it I don't know that I have any reason to object."

He sat down on the railing surrounding his grass plot and rested the nozzle on his knee, still keeping it pointed toward the funny man.

"I say," said the latter, "if you'll turn that the other way I'll get off." "Oh, I wouldn't put you to so much trouble," said the early riser. "Enjoy yourself."

The early riser held the nozzle between his knees while he took out a cigar and lit it. The funny man watched him puff it for a moment. Then he said:

"See here, old man, my leg's getting stiff." "Why don't you shift legs?" asked the early riser disinterestedly.

"The funny man tried it, made a slip, and the stream almost reached him before he could get his foot on the hose again. The early riser chuckled.

"Say, I'll break your head!" cried the funny man excitedly. "All right," returned the early riser carelessly. "But be careful or you may slip off the hose again."

"The funny man glared at the early riser a moment and then said: "If I were as mean as you are I'd go into the pawnbrokers' business."

"If I were as funny as you are," said the early riser as he leisurely puffed his cigar, "I'd hire out to a burlesque company."

The funny man tried to walk along the hose to get farther away from the nozzle, but the water spurted out a little with each step and he stopped. Then he got desperate, stepped off, and started to run. The stream caught him in the middle of the back.

When he got out of range he turned and shook his fist at the impassive early riser and made some terrible threats.

And the early riser muttered as he began watering the grass again: "Funny that a funny man can't take a joke on himself."—Chicago Tribune.

That Was All. It seems that the word "gentleman" is subject, in one country at least, to the misconceptions so frequently attendant on the hardly used term "lady."

"A Colonial Tramp" gives the following instance of such an absurd and mistaken phrasing:

When we were at Port Said, in passing down one of the side streets we missed our little guide for a moment, and as he had our parcels we looked round to see if he had not run off with them. Upon that we became aware of a dark, evil looking and dirty half-breed of some kind, cuffing him about at an alley corner.

"Is that your father?" I asked, guessing at the fact for the reason that the boy had not resisted very much, and now shook himself together without offering any explanation.

"My father? No, sir," with great scorn. "He one dirty little gentleman wanting the parcels, that's all."

"On, that's all, is it?" "Yes, sir, he gentleman who waits at dark corners when Englishmen pass at night and stab."—Youth's Companion.

William HOLLERED. A woman with a bundle in a shawl strap accosted a policeman in Union Square park the other day with the announcement that her husband was lost. They were coming down town from the depot and had got off at Fourteenth street by mistake, and while he was looking around for his bearings he had wandered away.

"No, I guess I'll stay right here for awhile longer. I'm expecting to hear him holler every minute."

"Will he call to you?" "I think he will. There he goes now; that's William's bawo."

Down toward Fifth avenue was heard a noise which seemed to be a sort of combination of fog horn and boiler explosion, and the woman picked up her bundle and continued:

"That's William, and I can go straight to him. That's the way he stands in our back door and calls up the hired man from the back lot, only he's a little scart and ain't hollerin' only about half as loud as usual."—New York Evening World.

Not Exactly Approachable. "Do you know General Jenkins?" said one newspaper man to another. "Oh, yes."

"Is he an easy man to approach?" "Well, I should say not. He lives about six miles out of town over one of the worst roads you ever saw."—Washington Star.

The First Message from Mars. Snodgrass—Our experimenters have at last succeeded in attracting the attention of the people inhabiting Mars. Sully—Indeed? Has any message passed between that planet and the earth? Snodgrass—Yes; they wanted to know what the score was.—New York Sun.

His Trouble. The Squash—What's the matter with you? The Watermelon—Too much water-melon.—Life.



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