HOW THE LITTLE ONES DIED.

The Testimony of the Witnesses at the Inquest.

SAD STORY OF THE MOTHER.

A Movement to Raise Funds to Defray Burial Expenses and Erect an Humble Home for Her.

Nobody Would Risk It.

The inquest on the remains of the three Schipp babies who were burned in the fire Thursday morning was held at Coroner Drexel's office yesterday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

The members of the jury were George Medlock, L. E. Reed, C. S. Connors, J. R. Conklin, W. P. Welch and Henry Plumb.

The first witness was Assistant Fire Chief Salter. He testified that when the department reached the house the building was a mass of flames and but little could be done to save the building. He found the three burned bodies. Two of the children were in bed and one of them on the floor leaning against the bed. He was of the opinion that the fire was caused by the fire in the stove, which was on the opposite side of the room from the bed. The building was built of dry pine and lined with tar paper and would burn readily.

Anton Seltzle, who lives at 2044 Poppleton avenue, two blocks from the fire, saw the fire from his window; saw the flames bursting out of the kitchen roof. He broke in a window and the blaze enveloped the whole building. When he broke the window he heard the children, two of them, crying for help. The building was burning so that no one could get near the place. The door was locked, and when it was broken open the flames burst out so that a man could not get within ten feet of the building.

M. W. Wood, who lives at 2036 Poppleton avenue, saw the fire from Twenty-second and Pierce. The house was enveloped in flames that burst out all at once and burned so rapidly that no one could get near the building.

Willie Parker is a young boy living one block east of the house that was burned. He saw the smoke and before he could get to the building the house was all ablaze. He turned in the alarm and with two other boys tried to put the fire out while the men stood around with their hands in their pockets and didn't try to help them. He did not know there were any children in the house until after the place was nearly burned down. He then tried to get into the building but could not.

This was all of the evidence offered.

The verdict was that the children had come to their death from burning and that the cause of the fire was unknown.

The Unfortunate Mother's History.

Mrs. Schippsaent Thursday night with Mrs. Alonzo Lacy, a former neighbor, at No. 1019 South Twentieth street. She was completely prostrated by grief. The reaction had set in, and she was in a very feeble condition, the tears flowing freely, although it is quite evident that the full force of the blow has not yet fallen.

Mrs. Schipp stated to a BEE reporter that she came to America from Germany about eight years ago. She was married at Fremont seven years ago to Claus Frahm, but left him on account of extreme cruelty after two children had been born to them. Two years afterward Frahm was convicted of a crime and sent to the penitentiary, and she secured a divorce.

When she left him she went to the Home of the Friendless at Lincoln, where she stayed two and a half years. She afterwards found employment as a nurse, leaving one child at the Home, and the other with friends in Fremont. Becoming lonely and desirous of seeing her children she took both of them and came to Omaha, where she obtained employment as cook in a restaurant, and also did washing. In this way she accumulated enough money to start housekeeping at 1021 South Twentieth street. In a short time a man named William Schipp applied for room and board with her, and she took him into her house, hoping thereby to lessen her expenses. In a short time, he persuaded her to marry him and once more she was doomed to bitter disappointment. As soon as they were married, Schipp began a systematic course of cruelty. He beat her and the children shamefully until the neighbors were compelled to interfere. He pawned the furniture she had worked so hard to pay for and refused absolutely to work or assist in supporting the family. After they had been married about two months she left him, in February last, and was engaged as a domestic in the family of a butcher named Krampert, on Pierce street, near Twenty-first. She remained with Mr. Krampert all summer, and two weeks ago moved into the little house where the sad affair of yesterday occurred. She had accumulated enough to buy the few articles of furniture contained in the house, but that comprised all her earthly possessions, and she is now entirely destitute in every sense of the word. Not only has the light gone out of her life, but she is bereft of even the most necessary articles of apparel. Her earthly possessions are limited to $5 and the clothes she has on her back.

The remains of the little ones will be buried today. By that time a sufficient amount of money will have been obtained to defray the burial expenses and perhaps erect a little cottage on leased ground for the mother.

THE BEE will receive subscriptions to aid in this undertaking.

Fire Chief Galligan has raised $175 for the relief of the woman. Lew Hill has donated her the use of a house until April 1 and Charles Kosters and Frank Ramge have agreed to furnish the building for her. The members of the coroner's jury and the witnesses donated their fees, $30 in all, to the fund for the woman's relief.

The surest means to rid yourself of that distressing cough is to use Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. 25 cents.

"Mrs. Jones sits at the window all day as placid as a May morning, and her five small children play hide and seek on the back stairs." "No wonder! She uses Salvation Oil for sprains and cuts."

A GAMIN FEAST.

It is Enjoyed at the Omaha Mission School.

At noon yesterday the ladies having in charge the Omaha mission school gave their thirteenth annual Christmas dinner to the pupils, and nearly 400 children of all sizes and colors were given a banquet fit for a king.

The 200 girls belonging to the industrial school and the 150 pupils in the Sunday school were present, and a number of others also.

There were five tables, capable of accomodating 130 children, and they were all spread three times with inviting edibles.

Ladies from the leading families of the city waited upon the children. It was a pleasure to watch the little fellows despatch the toothsome viands and see the pleasure and satisfaction beaming from every face. And the bill of fare! The richest bankers in the city did not enjoy a finer feast on Christmas day. There was turkey and cranberries, roast chicken, sandwiches, ham, roast beef, chicken pot-pie, baked beans, cold slaw, doughnuts, biscuit, bread and butter, potatoes, coffee, pies, celery, pickles, apples and several kinds of cakes and pie. Some enjoyed the dinner so well that they not only filled their stomachs, but also their pockets, and others gathered up sufficient to fill a large-sized basket for the "folks at home."

The citizens had been very generous in their donations and the result was the splendid dinner. Liberal donations of money and clothing had also been made and Mrs. Jardine, the matron, has made a discreet distribution of everything where it would do the most good. Mr. Cudahy of Armour & Cudahy contributed steaks sufficient for forty-eight families, and roasts enough for twenty-four. Provisions sufficient for thirty families have been received and distributed. Tea, undergarments, and sixteen pair of shoes have been bought and given to indigent old women, two of whom are blind. A number of garments received were given to children.

The object of the mission school, however, is one more of morals and manners than of charity, although it is intended to relieve distress whenever it is found. It is intended to teach the children to be clean and neat in appearance and polite and moral in their actions.

The old building in which the school is held is too small to accommodate the pupils and an effort is being made to secure funds to erect a new building.

On next Tuesday evening the pupils of the school will present a cantata at Boyd's opera house to which the entrance fee will be but 25 cents.

For a lame back try saturating a piece of flannel with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and binding it on to the affected parts. This treatment will cure any ordinary case in one or two days. Pain Balm also cures rheumatism, sprains, swellings and lameness. 50 cent bottles for sale by all druggists.

TRACEY'S STORY.

What a Brother of the Wounded Man Has to Say.

Last night T. S. Tracey, a stock dealer of St. Louis, Mo., and brother of James Tracey, the man who was stabbed on Christmas, arrived in the city. He said that he desired to have corrected the version of the stabbing affray in accordance with the story told him by a son of the injured man, who, he says, was a witness of the affray.

As published, Jim Murray had separated from his wife. One of the causes which led to the estrangement was the fact that his wife permitted her sister, to whose calls James, for certain reasons objected, to visit his house. Yet, he claims, the injured man and his sons reasoned with the wife, and, notwithstanding that she had applied for divorce, tried to induce her to consent to again live with her husband.

On Christmas the latter, who had been living in Council Bluffs, revisited his house to get some articles of wearing apparel. When he neared the alley adjacent to the house he called one of his children, a boy named Willie, to him. As he did so he met Jones, his brother-in-law, coming from the house with a nail, going for beer.

It seems that Tracey said, "it's a pretty idea that a man can't visit his home on Christmas without meeting such a dog as you are."

Jones immediately, it is claimed, rushed at Tracy, whereupon the boy Willie exclaimed: "Look out father, he's going to cut you."

The stabbing then took place. The boy, it is alleged, positively states that the meeting took place in the alley, and that the father used no weapon, much less a chair.

The wounded man's brother says that Jones bore a bad reputation elsewhere; that he was driven out of Atchison under the vagrancy act, and that he had even cut a grown son of the wounded man some time ago; that he also used a knife upon a baker named Payler, but that the latter knocked him down and took the blade away from him.

The brother of the injured man said that the doctor did not expect the latter to live over the night, but that, in the event of his sustaining the shock, he would probably recover.

A midnight inquiry at the hospital was answered by the statement that the wounded man was improving.

An Absolute Cure.

The ORIGINAL ABIETINE OINTMENT is only put up in large two-ounce tin boxes, and is an absolute cure for old sores, burns, wounds, chapped hands and all skin eruptions. Will positively cure all kinds of piles. Ask for the ORIGINAL ABIETINE OINTMENT. Sold by Goodman Drug company at 25 cents per box—by mail 50 cents.

A CANNING FACTORY.

It is to Receive Consideration at the Real Estate Exchange.

A canning factory on a big scale to care for the fruits and vegetables of Douglas county is the latest improvement scheme to be considered by the real estate exchange.

President Hartman announced yesterday that a gentleman who has lived in Omaha for years had decided to build and operate a factory of the kind mentioned if he could get two men to join him with some capital.

The matter will be considered by the exchange.

President Hartman also announced that the committee appointed to solicit subscriptions for the proposed boot and shoe and knitting factories were at work and would have a report to make early in the new year.

The following property was listed on call this morning:

Jotter's addition to South Omaha, lot 5, block 4, 50x150, five-room house, $2,050.

Kennedy & Ruth's addition, 96 feet of lot 6, block 7, 50x96, six-room house, $4,500.

At the meeting of the exchange tomorrow the following real estate will be offered at auction sale:

Lot 10, block 9, Plainview.
Lots 1, 2 and 3, block 1, Lowe's addition.
Lots 13, 14 and 15, block 11, Bedford place.

Change of life, backache, monthly irregularities, hot flashes are cured by Dr. Miles' Nervine. Free samples at Kuhn & Co.'s 15th and Douglas.

The Schnetzenverein.

The weekly prize shoot of the Omaha Schnetzenverein took place yesterday, and Julius Schlop having made the best score, was awarded the medal for the ensuing week. The custom heretofore prevailing was to award the prize medal to the member of the club making the best record at each contest, which entitled him to the privilege of wearing it one week. At the end of the year the totals are made up and the member having the best record for the year becomes the sole owner of the prize medal. The year's record has not yet been made up, but as Fred Fuller is about 600 points ahead of any other he will probably be given the medal.

The plan of the final awarding of the medal will be changed next year, and then the member of the club making the best fifteen shots during the year will get the prize. The following scores were made yesterday:

Julius Schlop, 126; George Kane, 119; Christ Wuethrich, 116; H. Peterson, 113; Christ Rasmussen, 111; H. Bush, 107; K. Matthews, 103; George Tosten, 90; M. Kopp, 47; H. Ruser, 46.

For Abuse of Alcohol
Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.
Dr. W. E. Crane, Mitchell, Dak., says: "It has proven almost a specific for this disorder; it checks the vomiting, restores the appetite, and at the same time allays the fear of impending dissolution, that is so common to heavy drinkers."

Gospel Temperance Meetings.

Colonel Holt, at the Newman Methodist Episcopal church, Twenty-sixth street and St. Mary's avenue, was especially strong last night and had some assistance from Prof. Knowles of Colorado and Mrs. Woodward, vice president of the state Women's Christian Temperance union, who each made a few brief remarks which were well received. The meetings are increasing in interest nightly. Many additional names were enrolled last night. There will be another meeting tonight at the same place, commencing with song service at 7 p. m.

No household is complete without a case of Cook's extra dry imperial champagne. It is the best sparkling wine made.

He is a Philosopher.

A man well dressed and loaded with whisky fell down a flight of stairs leading to Boyd's opera house last night and knocked out several teeth and cut a deep gash in the side of his head. He is a stranger in the city and would not give his name. On getting up he remarked that it was hard luck, but well deserved, and then after having his wounds dressed he went to his room at the Paxton hotel to recuperate.

Remembered by His Friends.

On Christmas day the operators of the Western Union telegraph company presented Mr. J. H. Twiford, their chief, with an elegant gold watch as a token of their esteem. Mr. Twiford was the recipient of many presents from individual operators.

"'Brown's Bronchial Troches' are excellent for the relief of hoarseness or sore throat. They are exceedingly effective."—Christian World, London, Eng.

SOME GO AND OTHERS COME.

How the Retiring County Officials Will Dispose of Themselves.

The newly elected county officials will take possession of their sinecures on January 7, the day prescribed by law. The present incumbents are looking out for positions.

The officers who retire are Sheriff Coburn, Treasurer Bolin, Clerk Roche, Commissioner Mount, Surveyor Howes and School Superintendent Bruner.

Sheriff Coburn intends going into the insurance and loan business and has secured an office in the chamber of commerce.

Two of the deputies of the sheriff are already provided for. Dorsey Houck is a constable in the Sixth ward, and Louis Grebe is a bailiff in Judge Hopewell's court. Deputies Henry Grebe, George Stryker and Frank Bandhauer will go out and into the cold world.

Sheriff-elect Boyd has been very chary with his promises, and it is not known who will compose his staff further than that E. W. Thiem, a colored democrat and a former letter carrier, who did effective work during the county campaign, is to be one of the new deputy sheriffs. The latter office is worth $75 a month salary, and as much more in fees and perquisites. Jailer Joe Miller seeks a continuance of his present job and may get it. He is a democrat and gets $70 a month.

There will be a clean sweep in the county treasurer's office. Mr. Bolin will probably make a European tour during the coming year and farther than that has no definite plans. His head deputy, John Groves, has a number of offers of positions for which his ability as a bookkeeper fits him, but has not yet decided which he will accept. The office will be manned entirely for the next two years by democrats. Treasurer-Elect Snyder has his bonds already for presentation to the board. It is understood that Tom O'Brien will be one of his deputies and Frank R. Morrisey the other.

Commissioner Mount after January 7 will be plain Mr. Mount and will receive his mail in care of the Home insurance company.

What changes his retirement from the board will make is as yet all a matter of speculation. Each of the five members of that body is a candidate for the chairmanship and the organization for the next year is, at present one of the unsolved problems. The political complexion of the board insures the retention of John J. Mahoney as superintendent of the poor farm and A. J. Webb as clerk of the board.

Clerk M. D. Roche is going into the loan and insurance business. He has a partner and is looking for a location. He has a fine set of abstract books and thinks he sees a chance to make some money, something, he says, he has not been able to do in his present position. His deputy, J. C. Guilfoil, it is generally understood, will retain his position under Clerk O'Malley.

School Superintendent Bruner has not decided what he will do yet, as it will take him some time to get used to the idea of being plain Mr. Bruner. His successor has not announced any policy, and but little change is expected in the office.

Charles Howes will find plenty of work that will pay him as well as the position of county surveyor.

Take it all around the changes to be made are not as sweeping as might have been expected and the under men in the county employ have no reason to complain of their prospects.

Personal Paragraphs.

Dr. Cowery of Neligh is at the Millard.

S. E. Taylor of Lincoln is at the Casey.

H. C. Rountree of Lincoln is at the Murray.

C. H. Dietrich of Hastings is at the Paxton.

John W. Hoffman of Lincoln is at the Millard.

J. P. Albert of Homer is stopping at the Casey.

James Ferguson of Beatrice is at the Merchants.

J. R. Johnston of Crete is stopping at the Millard.

M. F. King of Lincoln is a guest at the Paxton.

J. H. Rothwell of Creighton is registered at the Casey.

Charles Johnson of Arlington is a guest at the Casey.

H. A. Peters of Hay Springs is stopping at the Casey.

W. C. Catherwood of Blair is a guest at the Casey.

W. S. Houseworth of Lincoln is a guest at the Murray.

R. D. Stevens of Lincoln is a guest at the Merchants.

E. R. Oakes of Grand Island is stopping at the Casey.

John L. Doty of Lincoln is registered at the Millard.

A. M. Gooding of Hartington is stopping at the Paxton.

T. L. Warrington of Lexington is a guest at the Millard.

C. J. Harrison of Wahoo is registered at the Merchants.

Miss E. Frankenberger of Lexington is a guest at the Millard.

Thomas E. Farrell of Hastings is registered at the Paxton.

Dan. T. Patton and C. F. Lidball of Crete are at the Merchants.

George N. Crawford of Columbus is stopping at the Merchants.

A. B. Todd and F. M. Richey of Plattsmouth are guests at the Merchants.

E. M. Brass, I. Ewing and M. B. Immel of Mason City are guests at the Casey.

Robert Lorton and Miss Rita Lorton of Nebraska City are among the arrivals at the Murray.

Major W. S. North and wife of the Ninth cavalry at Fort Niobrara, are in the city and are guests at the Paxton.

Judge J. Wesley Tucker and wife and John G. Little and wife of Valentine are among the guests at the Casey.

P. P. Shelby, formerly connected with the Union Pacific railway in this city, and now of St. Paul, Minn., is stopping at the Paxton.

Mrs. Drummond will arrive here today from London, England, on a visit to her daughter, Mrs. E. G. Brabrook, at her home at the corner of Thirty-fifth and Seward.

Theodore A. Bingham of the United States engineer corps passed through the city yesterday on his way to the German court at Berlin, where he has been detailed for duty as an engineer officer.

Watch the box, buy the genuine Red Cross Cough Drops, 5 cents per box.

AN ESCAPED EXILE.

Terrible Experience of an Editor in the Wilds of Siberia.

A dispatch received from Vancouver, British Columbia, states that on the steamer Batavia there arrived at that port from Japan a Russian gentleman who had just escaped from Siberia, where he had been in exile for eighteen years. The gentleman, who had assumed the name of Brant, was eighteen years ago the editor of a newspaper in Russia. He was not a nihilist or anything so violent, but professed only a mild form of liberalism. His views, at all events, as expressed in his paper, displeased the government, and for the offense he was sentenced to exile for life in Siberia. For six years he was in solitary confinement. After that he was twelve years on parole, going from place to place. Being a doctor of medicine, at first he was enabled to earn a pittance by practicing this profession whenever opportunity offered, but the fact being discovered even that solace was denied him and he was not allowed to remain long enough at one station to make money. Some time ago he met three American gentlemen who were traveling through Siberia and they advised him to escape, which, after calculating the chances well, he undertook and accomplished successfully. At the seacoast he found a British ship and explained the circumstances to the officers. He was taken on board and landed at Nagaskai. There his passage was paid on the Batavia by new found friends. On arriving at Vancouver the officers of the Batavia presented him with a ticket to Washington, D. C., for which place he started at once. Brant is a tall, spare man, about forty-five years of age and prematurely old.

UPS AND DOWNS OF AN EDITOR.

He has His Trials as Well as His Triumphs.

THE CONCENTRATED POPULACE.

From Greely Down to the Present Remarkable Newspaper Development—Editorial Qualifications and Growth.

The Modern Journal.

I am asked to write of "The Trials and Triumphs of the Editor." I suspect my friend, Murat Halstead, as on the eve of distinguished honors he finds himself suddenly haled and halted by the ghosts of old manifestoes which once in cold type will never down, could tell us something of the trials, as he certainly knows much of the triumphs of his craft. The free lance has its risks as well as its rhapsodies. In a different way there is no more plaintive yet humorous revelation of the trials of the editor than is contained in the recently published letters of Horace Greeley to Mr. Dana. Mr. Greeley was the powerful editor; Mr. Dana the accomplished journalist, Mr. Greely was all politics; Mr. Dana all news in its broadest sense. Mr. Greeley had no interest in the drama, and when he piteously protested to Mr. Dana as managing editor against leaving out Greeley's most important political article to make room for Fry's eleven-column dramatic review and against embarrassing him by printing a violent assault on his best friend in congress, he gives us an illustration at once touching and amusing of some of the vexations of the editor. Mr. Greeley had his trials in many ways; but in spite of them all, how splendid and impressive the triumphs of the greatest and grandest editorial career in this or any other country!

These, writes Charles Emory Smith of the Philadelphia Press in the Independent, will answer for introductory surface indications; beneath them are deep mines of suggestion with veins of difficulty and of advantage running in every direction. Journalism both as a business and as a profession has been revolutionized within thirty years. Before that time it had very little of the profit of the one or of the rank and character of the other. As a vocation it was limited and precarious; as an intellectual exercise it was narrow and unexacting. Neither in its rewards nor in its achievements taken as a whole did it rank at all with the pulpit or law or medicine. Outside of the few who became political oracles and who were more politicians than editors, it offered no positions worthy of any ambition. Now all this is completely changed and there has been no such marvelous progress in any other field unless it be in railroading and one or two other lines of development which combine intellectual and material requirements. As a business, journalism has become a great enterprise with vast capital, heavy expenditures, an army of workers and large profits, and requiring the best business management. As a profession, it has immeasurably broadened its scope, attractions, demands and opportunities. The old journalism was little more than political pamphleteering; the new journalism is the comprehensive epitome of the world's life, and the leader and reflex of human thought and activity. The one generally involved party servility and limited careers; the other offers individual independence and the most splendid pecuniary and personal prizes.

The great change has come partly through interior evolution and partly through exterior conditions. Each reacted on the other. The momentous issues and intense stress of the war produced a demand for the earliest possible news over the widest possible territory. That feverish, importunate demand bred the enterprise of the field and forced the ingenuity of the pressroom. With the invention of fast printing-presses, the multiplication of stereotyped plates, the development of world-wide enterprise, the lavish use of the telegraph, the cheapening of paper, the growth of population and the education of the people in newspaper reading, has come the possibility of great newspaper circulations; and great circulations carry almost unlimited possibilities as a business. When Greeley and Bennett disputed as to whether the Tribune or Herald printed the more papers, the trial showed that the maximum was about 18,000. Now we have several newspapers with a daily or weekly circulation of nearly 200,000, and every large city counts a number of journals with circulations varying from 50,000 to 150,000. The difference between the old maximum and the new is the difference between a small income and a bonanza. When we reflect that a single penny on a circulation of 100,000 means $1,000 a day, we can realize the import of the figures. The elder Bennett plumed himself in a leading editorial on his approaching marriage and a profit of $40,000 a year; now the paper of corresponding position makes an annual profit of not less than three-quarters of a million, and scores of papers can be named that carry $100,000 a year and upwards on the right side of the ledger.

With this mechanical and material development—partly as the cause of it and partly springing from its increased resources—has come a great intellectual growth. The brain equipment of the metropolitan newspaper has, indeed, relatively advanced beyond the physical equipment. As already suggested, the old journal was little more than a political handbill. Its range was narrow, its discussions limited, its news meager, and its interest restricted and ephemeral. It was for the most part the product of one mind. If he was a Weed or a Greeley, he made a potent political organ. If he was not a giant he made a dull paper and a poor living. The great modern newspaper, on the other hand, springs from no single Jupiter, but shines with a whole constellation of stars. The chief may be as able as the masters of the past, but unless he calls about him the most varied and brilliant talents in many departments his journal will lag in the strenuous and eager race. The reporters will include young men with the gifts of a Daudet or a Gautier for description. The correspondents will number masters of style who can paint a scene almost as well as Macaulay painted the trial of Warren Hastings. The editorial writers will contain essayists as charming as Coleridge and polemics as sinewy and pungent as Cobbett. No visionary idea this, since Daudet, Gautier, Macauley, Coleridge and Cobbett were all working newspaper men. And beneath these more showy qualities there will be, as the bulwark of the best journalism, a breadth and accuracy of information which are the first requisites and which are the foundation of solid and lasting success.

Of course it is not implied nor meant that all who are employed in journalism must be of this rank, and that there is no room for others. Much of journalistic work requires no genius. Much of it is best when it is the most simple, direct and succint narrative. Yet there is no department which may not be illuminated by genius; and many of the demands of the journalism of today require ability, training and acquirements of the highest order. The scope of the modern newspaper embraces the widest range of human progress and endeavor. It rivals the magazines in its production of current literature. It outbids the book publisher for the foremost writers of the day. It discusses theology with the authority and sanctions of the pulpit. It elucidates questions of law with the learning and penetration of the courts. It commands the highest artistic, engineering and scientific talent for the solution of problems within their domain. It sends Stanley to Africa and Schwatka to Alaska; secures treaties before the diplomats and messages before congress; beats the detectives in unearthing crime and the prosecutors in stopping violations of law; explores the asylum and charnel house; leads the council chamber in improvements and the exchange in business development; and molds public thought, if it does not guide public energy, in every direction. In all this varied work there is the room and the demand for the most varied accomplishments. Journalism has never been as able and as strong as it is now. If there are fewer names that stand out pre-eminently like the Greeley and Raymond and Croswell and Ritchie of the past, it is because the general level is far higher. If there are fewer men of real distinction as chiefs, there are incomparably more men of distinction as journalists. In the old journalism there was no place for any star but the chief; in the new journalism the genius of the staff or the specialist of the field may shine as brightly as the general.

The growth of journalism must be more and more in the direction of greater brains and a higher range of work. It has substantially reached its full development in the mere collection of news—using the term here in its limited sense as meaning the current events of the day. The modern newspaper has its drag-net spread all over the world. The telegraph brings everything to its rapacious maw. Nothing of human interest is too large or too small for its grasp. Like the trunk of the elephant, it can drag down a tree or pick up a pin. With this boundless sweep, the question which now confronts it is one not of quantity but of quality. It must discriminate and select and edit; its further progress must be on a higher standard; it must have a broader conception of news as meaning not merely the events of the day but the intellectual, social and moral movements of the time. It must have a still higher realisation of its power and of its responsibility in leading public opinion and shaping public action not merely in politics, but in the whole realm of human activity. The newspaper, rightly directed, may be the most potent factor of popular education and public progress. If a city needs a new water supply, it may employ the specialists whose mastery of the problem will determine the public judgment. If new regions are to be opened to commerce, it may send the explorers whose investigations will decide the line of investment. In the broader conception of journalism there is no limit to its mission, and, without relinquishing the field of everyday interest, its further development will be in the direction of higher intellectual effort and leadership.

This requirement will steadily elevate the standard of the intellectual outfit in newspapers. It will demand men of the highest grade of culture and special training. Some of them will be regular members of the staff, some of them will be experts employed for emergencies. The London newspapers retain specialists, just as a business house retains a lawyer; they may or may not be needed for a year, but with their retainer they are always at command when the exigency comes. In a great capital where both journalism and expert ability are concentrated this system is indispensable. In our country where both are more scattered it may not be necessary, but the general methods and results will be the same. We are accustomed to hear that the journalist must know everything. In the abstract, yes; in the concrete, no. With the division of labor, universal knowledge is not essential in any one man. Each man must know everything in his own department, and the more outside the better. Undoubtedly, the broadest information and the best faculty of communicating it—in a word, the ripest knowledge and the best style—are the most valuable qualities in the editorial writer. We hear much of the easy writing of the newspaper man, and Carlyle expressed his wonder at the faculty which every day thrashed over the same old straw. But Sheridan said that "easy writing is sometimes d—d hard reading," and there is a truth underlying this pungent observation which every journalist should remember. Far better than easy writing is thorough writing—the writing that springs from a full and fertile mind. Mr. Greeley used to sneer at collegmen in journalism, and to insist that the case from which he himself graduated was the only training school. He was wrong. True, college education without practical sense and adaptability is worthless; true, contact with practical agairs and a course in the school of life are vital qualifications, but other things being equal the journalist of college training with its benefits mental discipline and its finish has an advantage over the journalist without it.

Thus the demands of journalism are constantly advancing, and the rewards are commensurate with the services. The chief honors of every profession are reserved for the most capable or the most fortunate. The highest prizes of journalism, in position, influence and pecuniary return, are equal to those of any other calling. Below the first ran the pay of the average newspaper man in the upper grades, especially in the larger cities is better than that of the average minister, lawyer or doctor. With these opportunities and rewards journalism has great attraction for the young man of worthy ambition who is setting out on a career. But it has its trials as well as its triumphs: Unless the aspirant has natural aptitude for its requirements he had better stay out of it. Native gifts may be cultivated, but no cultivation will supply the lack of the prime instinct. The journalist, like the poet, is born not made. He must at times work at the highest tension; he must sometimes, like the racehorse, put his whole force into a fateful hour; he must be ready to face the dens of vice and crime; he must be prepared to encounter rebuffs; he must be eager to go through fire and flood to be first on the ground at Johnstown; he must ever be armed with what Napoleon called 2-o'clock-in-the-morning courage. The true journalist will glory in the triumphs of such emergencies; for the man who fails in the true instinct and quality they will be the severest trials and he had better never undertake them.

Even in the higher walks of journalism there are trials that will put the mettle to the keenest test. The editor cannot do his duty without sometimes applying the knife, and he cannot apply the knife without wounding. He must accept unpleasant responsibilities; he must be firm in the face of protest and resentment; he must be ready for the return blow. There is no place of greater obligation, none of wider opportunities, none of higher personal responsibility. The lawyer is directly amenable to client and court, the preacher to his congregation and church tribunal, the doctor to his patients and his professional peers; but while the readers edit the editor it is an unorganized public opinion and he is practically a law unto himself. The character of his influence and the measure of his success will therefore depend on his success of insight and sobriety of judgment. The fundamental element of journalism is an instinctive, unfailing, unerring grasp of popular wants and impulses. The editor must intuitively know what the masses think and how they feel. He must have the supreme faculty of interpreting their own thoughts to themselves, and of making them feel that what he says is just what they would say if they only could. The importance of the "nose for news" is proverbial; but the ear for heart-beats is just as essential! The editor in his grasp and embodiment of human nature ought to be the concentrated populace. This is far from meaning that he yields to every caprice or momentary gust of popular passion, or that he follows instead of leading. On the contrary he should preserve the best side of the popular mind against the worst side; he should advance with the steady current instead of being whirled by the temporary eddy; he should bring the transient outburst to the touchstone of the ultimate criterion. He should possess the highest attributes of the intellect—qualities which in a soldier would not organize the forces and plan the strategy but lead the attack, and which in a lawyer would infallibly seize the strong points of the case and go straight to the judgment of the jury. This answers the plea we sometimes hear for impersonalism. The aggressive force of vital journalism is a strong personality. The vigorous editor must make his personality felt, and every great journal will have a stamp and impress of its own which cannot be hid under an impersonal cloak.

One of the trials of the editor is the ephemeral nature of his work. Yet even this has its compensary offset in the wider reading and the immediate effect. A hundred thousand readers spread over ten or twenty years would be a great crown and reward in any literature—why not a hundred thousand readers concentrated in one day? However evanescent its character, the triumphs associated with the modern newspaper are incalculable. The consciousness of directly addressing half a million people and of indirectly speaking to a continent, is inspiring. It is true there is no intellectual exhilaration, no electric thrill, no ecstasy of soul, like that of the orator who looks into the eyes of his hearers and plays upon their emotions and feels the quickening reaction upon himself. But that audience is limited, while the newspaper audience is unlimited. The editor has the world for his field and all subjects of thought for his themes. He speaks before the orator can get to his feet and settles opinion before the statesman makes himself heard. He draws the fang even while he gives it play, and sends his antidote with the poison. When Coleridge, reporting a midnight speech in the house of commons and dashing off his answer at 2 o'clock in the morning, sent it out in the same sheet, he established the editorial leader and showed its possibilities. Napoleon regarded four newspapers as more dangerous than an army of a hundred thousand men; and newspapers in his day had all the limitations of the hand-press. How much more powerful with the immeasurable resources of today. Jefferson said that he would rather have newspapers without a government than a government without newspapers; and the philosophy of the observation is clear. The alertness, vigilance, publicity and organized public opinion of newspapers, are the safeguards of the social and political fabric. The editor scourges wrong-doers, dethrones political usurpers, unhorses official recreants, unfrocks pretentious charlatans, pricks social humbugs, routs old superstitutions, molds popular opinion, stimulates universal education, quickens individual aspiration and leads the van of progress. In this broad realm and in these unlimited possibilities, while the daily grind brings its rasping trials, it is also illuminated by splendid and inspiring triumphs.

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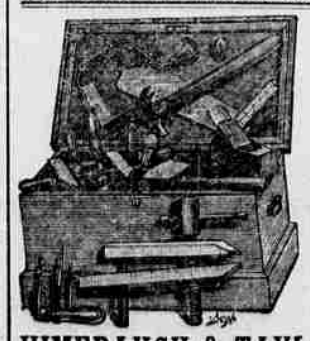

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