

NEWSPAPER MEN HOT

EX-SECRETARY OF WAR ALGER SAYS THEY RAN AWAY.

B. H. Davis and Others May Sue for Libel—Some of the Brave and Clever Things They Done.

New York letter: The newspaper man is up in arms. He has been dubbed a coward and slurred as to his accuracy by no less a person than ex-Secretary of War, Gen. R. A. Alger, who, in his recent book has made a charge of so serious a nature against certain members of the profession that they are threatening him with a suit for libel. Richard Harding Davis and Caspar Whitney have taken steps to vindicate their reputations and others will probably do so. Although ex-Secretary Alger does not mention any names he has written specifically enough as to who his reflections were intended to injure for the matter to be entirely a case of libel, according to the best authorities.

The paragraph in the book which has aroused the indignation of every legitimate newspaper man in the country is as follows: "Some timid newspaper men accompanying General Young and Colonel Woods became alarmed at the first shot fired at Las Guasimas, and rushed frantically back to Siboney, before the engagement was over, and wrote from the decks of the transports, where they took refuge, imaginary accounts of the fight."

Concerning this attack Mr. Davis says: "I cannot speak from personal observation concerning the newspaper men who accompanied General Young, but I know from others that Casper Whitney, who was with General Young during the engagement, remained at the hottest point of the firing line. I possess a photograph taken immediately after the engagement showing General Lawton, Colonel Wood, Colonel Roosevelt and Casper Whitney seated in the Spanish camp just captured. Mr. Whitney has shown his courage too many times to have it doubted. At Guasimas he certainly did not run to the rear. After the fight several correspondents, for all of whom I speak personally, caught up with Col. Wood's forces. They were Stephen Crane of the World, John Klein of the Herald, and J. P. Dunning of the Associated Press. These ran forward as soon as they heard the firing and joined the column. They certainly did not run away before they reached there as they were compelled to get reports of the complete engagement, which they did."

"Only two newspaper men accompanied Col. Wood. They, therefore, must have been the men referred to by General Alger. They were Edward Marshall of the Journal and myself."

"While advancing on the firing line with Col. Wood Mr. Marshall was shot through the thigh. He was so severely wounded that his leg was afterward amputated. He dictated his account of the battle while lying where he fell. During the first part of the fight I was with Troop G. Later with Troop I. With a rifle that I borrowed from a wounded man I advanced with the troop, firing when the order was given until the fight closed. I then at once wrote my account. It was not an imaginary one."

The statement of Mr. Davis is so lucid and so rather clinched by some passages in Col. "The Rough Riders" in which the following appears: "There were with us, at the head of the column, two men, who, though non-combatants—newspaper correspondents—showed as much gallantry as any soldier in the field. They were Edward Marshall and Richard Harding Davis."

"One of the men, who had been most severely wounded was Edward Marshall, the correspondent, and he showed as much heroism as any soldier in the whole army—while he retained consciousness persisted in dictating the story of the fight."

"It was Richard Harding Davis who gave us our first opportunity to shoot back with effect. He was behaving precisely like my officers, being on the extreme front of the line."

The reports of Col. Wood further confirm this view of Guasimas affair if further confirmation were needed.

Mr. Davis does not seek any cheap notoriety over the affair but says unless General Alger withdraws the objectionable paragraph he will certainly take legal action.

This dignified stand bears out the truth breathed in the stirring lines by Arthur Leslie upon the character of the newspaper man, which though widely known, I cannot refrain from quoting here, they being so appropos:

At the rear you'll never find him,
Where clash of arms sound faint;
He'll not let lips of others
His own word pictures paint.

He's in the thick of the battle,
He's where the strife runs red;
He's grinding out his story
In that flying sleet of lead.

He loves to write of others
In whose valor he delights;
He oftentimes makes them famous
Twixt darkness and daylight.

He loves to spread in detail
On the flaming scroll of fame
The way that they won glory
But he never tells his name.

He dies to serve his paper,
His life's the price of news,
There's none to tell his story
And few can fill his shoes.

But why do we refer to the newspaper man on the firing line alone as the one who exhibits bravery. Is there a day scarcely passes in which he is not compelled to act some heroic or courageous part? More often than not it is moral

PORTO RICO WANTS STATEHOOD.



FEDERICO DEGETAN

It transpires that the delegates from our new island possession have primarily come to pave the way for its admission, first as an organized territory, and then as a state. This will be the first of the great problems presented by the acquisition of our new possessions for us to determine.

courage he is called upon to show— a courage which is higher even than that displayed upon the battlefield. He may be called upon to offer a deliberate affront to some important personage who is public interest. He has been instructed to see this man and put such questions to him that he may be met with the most insolent treatment and even his physical and his assignment and do it willingly, pleasantly and thoroughly.

An hospital scandal may come up. He is treating patients brutally, and he demands an exposure of the remedying of abuses. Who has to do with the exposure in all this benefit for the public weal? Is it the soldier, the politician, the lawyer? Is it the fearless, fameless and fearless newspaper man. Give him his roll of copy paper and he will face something worse than guns. There are unmentionable things that newspaper men have to do—strange sacrifices they are called upon to make in order to get the news. Yet who ever hears of a common, everyday reporter finking at anything.

Who exposed Hell's Kitchen, in New York and caused the police to wipe out one of the worst murder dens in the world? A reporter whom I knew personally. For weeks he ate, slept and drank with men whose knives would have been at his throat the moment of first suspicion.

There are brave men in all lines, and most men to succeed must be brave, but the variety of courage a newspaper man is called upon to display renders his profession one of the most nerve-racking in the world.

When pretty Miss Cisneros was held captive in a Spanish dungeon in Cuba who rescued her? Certainly not soldiers, nor statesmen nor daring or clever men of other crafts. It was a newspaper man, Carl Decker, who showed more daring and ingenuity in effecting her rescue than twenty detectives would have done.

Who exposed the fraudulent methods by which unqualified immigrants were allowed to land at the old Barge office and were shipped to points inland by the railroad companies working in consignment with the companies, after they had been cleaned out of their last dollar?

Everyone has tried, or pretended to try to crush this glaring evil but evidence could not be obtained against them because the trains were locked up and no one could leave them after getting aboard until landed in the West. It fell to the lot of a newspaper man to obtain the evidence and break up the notorious system. It was Wilbur M. Bates who did that clever and nerve-racking job, and when he had obtained all the details necessary he jumped out of the window of one of the cars at full speed, took the next train back to New York, went to the office and wrote his copy, his work accomplishing all the reforms made in the barge office.

But Mr. Wilbur M. Bates did not come to New York to make his reputation. Either in Washington or Baltimore, I think it was, he reported a notorious lot of criminals by obtaining evidence in the same manner, sending thirteen to the gallows as the result of his enterprise. Plenty more such work has to be credited to this nervy and clever journalist.

There are many cases of heroism and more than a few cases of heroism on the part of newspaper men that any one who looks towards it to be pitied. Think of the enterprise of the Associated Press at Samoa, who, two hours after the most destructive storm on record, destroyed the German ships in the harbor at Apia, without waiting for telegraph

lines to be repaired, fixed an instrument on the beach, connected it with the cable and was ticking the news across the ocean.

There was the brave chap who sat in the Associated Press office at Chicago during the great fire, ticking off the news of the catastrophe until the flames reached him at the desk and he had only time to tick the last word, "dying" followed by his initials.

Such cases are almost numberless. It is only a day or two ago that four prominent journalists were injured near New York in Henry Fournier's auto while trying to force a fast pace out of the machine—for the sake of science. They were: A. G. Batchelder, of the Journal, H. B. Fullerton, Henry Fournier, himself one of the most prominent French journalists, J. H. Gerrie of the Herald. H. E. C.

MISTAKE A CHECK.

But the Haughty Waitress Would Not Permit Its Correction.

Philadelphia Record: A little mild-mannered man was finishing his midday repast with a piece of pumpkin pie in a Chestnut street light-lunch cafe yesterday. As he lingered over the last morsel he coughed apologetically to attract the attention of the haughty blonde young woman behind the counter, and, having caught her eye, he said: "I beg your pardon, but you made a mistake of 10 cents in my check yesterday, and—"

"Too late now," snapped the blond young woman, turning again to a pale youth with an incipient mustache, with whom she had been holding an animated conversation.

The mild-mannered little man sighed and gulped down the last of his coffee. "I was about to say," he remarked, as the blond young woman turned, "that the mistake I spoke of was—"

"We don't correct mistakes," she interrupted, punching 20 cents in a check and handing it to him. The youth with the incipient mustache giggled into his paper napkin.

"If you will listen to me for a moment," said the little man, "I will explain that the 10 cents—"

"Yes we had a perfectly lovely time at the ball," remarked the waitress, again addressing the youth with the fuzz on his lip. "Listen here." Then she leaned over and lowered her voice to a confidential tone.

The mild little man crumpled up his napkin and threw it crumpled on the floor. "A man can't be honest, even if he tries to be," he exclaimed. "I wasn't overcharged yesterday. My check was ten cents less than it should have been, and I was about to ask you to add it to this."

But the haughty young blond woman pretended not to hear, and the mild little man picked up his check and walked to the cashier's desk.

The old courthouse in Williamsburg, Va., where Patrick Henry made his famous speech on the stamp act, is still in existence. It is used for judicial purposes, and every Saturday morning petty offenders are tried there.

Prof. Horatio W. Perker, of Yale, has just won the \$500 prize by Ignace J. Paderewski for the best choral by a composer of American birth. The work is called "A Star Song," being a cantata for solo, chorus and orchestra.

If the permission of the Portuguese government can be obtained, a line of railway will be built from Delagoa bay to Johannesburg. It will cheapen the carriage of goods to Johannesburg 50 per cent.

In view of the fact that about half a million postal cards are mailed every year in Germany without any address, the authorities recommend that the address should always be written first.



By Anna Stebbins

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THAT was what every one called him. There was nothing striking about Jim. He seemed to reach an uninteresting medium in all things, from his family circle, where he was fifth of nine children, to the village sports, where he never distinguished himself.

He was not tall for his age like Tim, his oldest brother, who was already a skilled apprentice to the blacksmith at Bergen Mills, nor had he ever been such a jolly, moon-faced brownie as Billy, whom the city folks always stopped to smile upon with such expressions as "Now isn't he the cutest little chap!" or "Palmer Cox ought really to see that boy!"

At school Jim never reached the head of his class nor did he ever drop with a sickening thud to its foot. As his teacher expressed it, he did his work just about three-quarters. When sudden catastrophe forced his playmates to accept him as a substitute in the baseball nine, he was the object of constant attention at the hands of the captain, and played as hard as he might that "chesty" individual was incessantly calling, "Play ball, Jimmy; play ball!"

Even when the big bobbed went to pieces on Beemer's hill, and half the boys were taken to the hospital, Jim trudged home afoot, and his mother exclaimed: "Well, thank goodness, it was just Jim! If it'd been Tim or Fred, now, he'd 'a' broken a leg, knocked out his teeth or had his back broke for life, but Jim!"

She paused eloquently. As usual Jim had struck the medium. Three cuts on his face, a sprained finger and an ugly bruise on one knee completed his injuries, so a physician was not called, and the usual maternal remedies were administered with earnest oburgations to refrain from "bobblin'" in the future. But all these things happened when Jim was young, very young, and before a party of capitalists discovered that the lake beyond Bergen Mills would make a charming summer resort. With the city visitors came a gorgeous carousel, with superb lions, haughty ostriches and glittering chariots. Jim lost all interest in other things, and every spare moment was spent in watching the giddy whirls of the merry-go-round and its patrons.

Then came the day of days, when the youth who collected fares on the carousel announced that he was tired of country life and was going back to the city. Dismay was pictured on the face of the proprietor of the carousel, but joy filled the heart of Jim, who stood by, watching the daily polishing of the golden chariots. And, best of all, it was vacation season!

Drawing on a supply of latent energy which he did not dream he possessed, Jim approached the proprietor. "Say if you want a boy, I'd like that job. I can rub up the animals and the chariots, and collect the tickets, and hold on the little ones that's afraid, and—"

His list of accomplishments came to an abrupt end. The man studied with shrewd but not unkindly eyes. "Yes, I've noticed you hanging round here pretty steady, and I guess you'll do if your folks are willing and won't pull you off to do jobs around home. The uniform will fit you pretty well too."

And so did Jim spring suddenly into the very limelight of Bergen Mills publicity. Before the first week had elapsed, he fitted into his nook as naturally as if he had been in the show business all his life. He could lean with easy nonchalance against the rods of the carousel as it whirled round at a mad pace. He had a name for every animal in the circle. And his mother had cleaned the red and gold uniform and polished the buttons till they looked like new.

The dizzy existence he led might have caused it, but somehow, Jim commenced to dream dreams and to see visions. The chariots were ridden by fairy princesses, faintly creatures in white frocks, flower trimmed hats and gay ribbons, who came with the summer visitors. And Jim was always the knight who would somehow stretch his long legs and spring from the platform, or the lion, stiffening his tufted tail, should leap straight over the heads of the gaping spectators. Jim would fly after them on his Arabian charger.

But when August came panting down it was not a matter of fairy princesses, but just one princess who rode a lion every afternoon, with a watchful maid seated in the chariot behind her. Jim felt that their positions should be reversed. The colored maid with a gay turban and carrying a spear should mount the lion, while the princess, all

in spangled white with glittering wings should sit enthroned in the golden chariot. Jim told the Arabian charger all about it, too, and warned that astute animal to be ready for the call to arms at any moment.

One day while hurrying back to the carousel from dinner he had worked himself to a fine pitch of enthusiasm over the thrilling situation when he was aroused from reveries by frightened screams and the hoof beats of a galloping horse. He ran into the dusty street to face a plunging horse. Hanging on to the reins in the phaeton was the colored maid! The princess was not to be seen. Probably she was crouching in terror at the feet of her servant. Could he do it without the Arabian charger? All this passed through his mind in a flash. The next instant he was clinging to the bride of the maddened horse—then darkness!

When he woke, he was lying in a strange room with a white capped nurse bending over him. She felt his forehead with her cool hand and gave him something to drink, something cold and delicious. Next came the doctor, who asked him many tiresome questions, and his mother, who cried a great deal and said very little, which proceeding puzzled Jim greatly. After they had gone he and the nurse had a long talk, and then he recalled it all—the princess, the black servant and the plunging horse. And he understood better why his back ached so.

Somehow the ache never stopped night or day, and Jim was beginning to weary over it. One day he astonished his nurse by exclaiming: "Say! I'm kind of sorry I made up that play. I thought it would be fun to ride the Arabian charger and save the princess, but it's lasting such a long time."

At first the nurse thought he was delicious again, but when she had asked a few questions she understood it all. Later in the day she paid a visit to the superintendent of the hospital and told him all about the princess, the servant and the Arabian charger.

The very next day the princess with her father came to the hospital. She was a serious young maiden, which was well, because some day she would have a large estate to manage. She listened very quietly while the superintendent and the nurse talked. The latter said, as they rose to leave the room: "Now, remember, whatever else you say he must not know that it was only the colored girl he saved! Think it—it would break his heart."

The princess nodded her head wisely and forced back the tears. She did not know why she felt like crying, except that she had seen something like tears in the nurse's eyes, and even her father had turned away his head once or twice during the conference.

Jim almost shouted with delight when he saw her. She wore the dress he liked best of all—white lawn with lace that showed her pretty shoulders and arms, blue ribbons and a rose trimmed hat. They talked it all over, and when she rose to go he said cheerily: "I'll be back to the carousel very soon. I think the Arabian charger must miss me!"

"You ain't going back to the carousel—for a while. My papa is going to take you to town with us—to another hospital where they keep boys with hurt backs. There's the noblest doctor there. I know him, a nd he's going to put your back in a plaster paris case, and I'm coming to see you every single day. It's right close to our house."

Jim had grown strangely quiet, and now he turned to her wistfully: "Will I have to stay this—this way very much longer?"

"The princess took a fresh grip on the flowers she still held. "The doctors hope not, but you won't mind, will you, if I come every single day and bring you books and flowers and things?"

Jim looked yearningly toward the window and the warm September sunshine. He understood now why the nurse had so skillfully parried questions on this subject. Then he turned to the princess. There were tears in her eyes. Could they be for him? He pulled himself together like a young soldier, and groped for her hand. "No, I shan't mind it—at all."

Then the princess forgot how stately a story book princess should be. She forgot that her father was president of a bank and that Jim's father was only a fireman in the Bergen Mills. She dropped her flowers and, bending over the cot, kissed him proudly.

"You're a regular brave prince, Jimmy, and I'm glad I'm your princess, indeed I am."

MILITARY RED TAPE.
Way in Which Rudyard Kipling Managed to Get Around It.

Youth's Companion: During the South African war Rudyard Kipling discovered at Cape Town a hospital without bandages and in desperate need of them. This, too, was in a city where bandages were for sale in many shops. He told an acquaintance that he was going to meet that want, and the gentleman at once offered to pay for all the bandages that Mr. Kipling would buy and take to the hospital. A cart was quickly loaded, and then

the author was informed that under army rules the hospital authorities could not receive supplies from a private individual.

"Well," said he, "I will dump the packages on the pavement before the door, and then tell them to come out and clear up the litter. Perhaps they can get them into the building in that way without tearing any red tape."

He drove off with the bandages, and the supplies were somehow smuggled into the hospital.

Senator Quay hurried away to Florida as soon as victory was assured, and will shake the "plum tree" in the peninsula.