

How I Won

By GROVER S. GRIFFIN

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When I chose journalism for a profession I did so because I had literary tastes and a facility for writing. I soon found that the principal ingredient in the success of a newspaper man, especially white on the lower rungs of the ladder, is getting ahead of the other fellows. I soon tired of the routine work of collecting news and was thinking of giving up journalism when something happened in other words, my opportunity arrived.

The president of the United States proposed to Russia and Japan, who were then at war, to settle their differences. A meeting was called between the representatives of the two nations to meet at Portsmouth. Our American newspapers are not used as they are in Europe to getting ahead of one another in news of matters pertaining to government and diplomacy. My opportunity would not have occurred at this time, for I was young, had no acquaintance calculated to give me advance news and had not distinguished myself in my profession. The managing editor of an obscure paper sent me to Portsmouth simply to transmit the news as it came out, with comments on the crowds and descriptions of the distinguished participants.

But a wild dream came into my head. It occurred to me that if I alone among several hundred newspaper correspondents could get at the treaty of peace, if one were made, and telegraph it to my paper so that it could be published before any other paper published it I might make myself famous as a newspaper man. And here opportunity came in again to help me. On my journey to Portsmouth I traveled on the same train as one of the Russian representatives. He had with him a number of attendants, consisting of secretaries, stenographers and servants. I made the acquaintance of several of the suit, and it occurred to me that I might possibly make a deal with some one of them to give me the news for a consideration. I doubt if I should have attempted to get anything out of a Japanese in that fashion, but I knew that a Russian was much more amenable to the persuasion of funds.

I fell into conversation with one whom I shall call Potsdoff, a copyist. I gave him a cigar and several drinks from my flask. I explained to him my desire and found a willing listener. I ended by offering him \$50 if he could get me the treaty, should one be made, in time to send it to my paper for publication ahead of all other journals.

It may seem remarkable that I should have offered so small a sum for such a valuable prize. The truth is I offered him all the money that I had been given for my expenses after paying for my tickets, and he had no knowledge of where he could sell his information elsewhere. Besides this, when the deal was made neither of us dreamed that there would be any success in our efforts. We had plenty of time on the train to concoct any scheme that might be necessary for the transmission of information from him to me. This was the most delicate part of our work, for after the convention once met and proceeded with its deliberations any possessing its secrets would be watched carefully.

The plan we adopted was this: I would take one meal a day at the hotel where Potsdoff's master put up. I would wait outside the dining room until I saw Potsdoff go in, then go in myself and, going out before him, pick up his hat instead of my own. He later taking mine. At the next meal we would change hats back again.

Well, the convention met and began its deliberations. Potsdoff and I did not have any need to change hats till the articles of the treaty were being brought up for discussion. Then as soon as an article was written out my man, who was engaged in the work, would put a copy of it, written on thin paper, in his hat, and I would soon after be its possessor.

I was in a continuous state of anxiety lest the plenipotentiaries should fail to agree and I should have all my trouble for nothing. Besides, I fancied that if a treaty were made and I offered it at a telegraph office in Portsmouth in advance of its release I would not be able to get it through. I therefore resolved, if I did get it, I would take a train for some small place, distant from Portsmouth and telegraph it from there.

Finally the convention began discussing the articles one by one. Every time an article was agreed to the same evening I would find it written out within the lining of the hat I would put on leaving the hotel dining room. I was getting anxious for the convention to end. I had not informed my paper that I was reserving all my money for a purpose and was in debt for everything I required.

At last the final articles were signed and a time appointed for giving the treaty to the newspaper representatives. The evening it was signed I got the last article from Potsdoff, took a train for a near station, and the same night at 11 o'clock a telegraph operator was clicking his text to my paper.

How I got home, what I did when I got there, I will not dwell upon. My position as a newspaper man was established.

IMPALED BY AN ARROW.

Pinned Through the Neck to a Tree. Yet He Survived.

It was in the summer of 1839 that George Wainwright and Ben Spencer, each in charge of a train of freight wagons, were headed for the Missouri river to bring supplies back to Colorado points. The Indians were very troublesome in those days, and these two outfits always camped together for protection. One night they had arranged the camp, with the wagons forming a circle, and everybody but the guards was to be inside. Wainwright preferred to sleep in a clump of cottonwoods about a quarter of a mile off, and there he fixed himself with his negro servant as a bodyguard. Neither the camp nor Wainwright was disturbed during the night, but early the next morning while Wainwright was sitting on the ground with his back to a tree drinking his tea, a spear an arrow from an unseen foe entered his neck at the right of the jugular vein and was driven with such force as to impale the victim to the tree. The negro, believing his master was killed, ran to Spencer's camp and gave the alarm.

Spencer and some of his men rushed over to Wainwright. Instead of being dead Wainwright was not even seriously injured. Spencer cut the arrow off close to the point of entrance and then gently drew Wainwright's head forward until he was released. The victim suffered but little inconvenience from the wound and by the time the trip was completed it was entirely healed. —Los Angeles Times

THE WAY OF THE SWISS.

Foreigners Regarded as Egyptians and Treated Accordingly.

A foreign resident in Switzerland was fined 10 francs because his little girl had plucked three buttercups growing on a piece of land on which she and some half dozen Swiss children had for years been accustomed to play. The land had recently changed hands and its new owner had put up a notice forbidding the plucking of flowers. A passing gendarme had found the children flagrante delicto and had forthwith instituted proceedings against the little foreigner, while letting the little natives go scot free. The child's father appealed against the sentence and by dint of hard fighting, which entailed, of course, expense, forced the higher court to reduce the fine from 10 francs to 3 francs for each buttercup.

When I tried to learn the whys and wherefores of this case I was told by a Swiss that one-half of every fine levied goes to the gendarme who reports the offense for which it is levied, and also that Swiss gendarmes cannot fairly be expected to be quite so alert in taking proceedings against their own country people as against foreigners. Further, I was told by an American that in Switzerland all foreigners rank as Egyptians and that the one Scriptural injunction that is faithfully obeyed there is that which ordains that Egyptians shall be spoiled. —From "The Letter Day Swiss" in Cornhill Magazine.

A Famous Opal.
The most famous opal in history was that which was worn in a ring by the Roman senator Nottus in the day of the triumvirate. It was equalled that of a medium sized hazel nut, yet its beauty and brilliancy rendered it a marvel among the dilettanti of Rome especially when it was known that the goldsmiths and money changers had set its value at \$1,000,000. Mark Antony made overtures to Nottus for its purchase, intending, it is thought, to present it to Cleopatra, but the senator refused to part with it and for fear that it would be taken from him by sheer force sought safety in flight. Here history loses all trace of this famous gem, there being no record of its transference from Nottus to any of his family.

At a Wedding Breakfast.
After a marriage recently the bridal party partook of a sumptuous breakfast, toward the end of which a young brother of the bride got up and said solemnly, raising his glass:
"Ladies and gentlemen, I have to propose a toast, which, however, must be drunk standing. Please take your glasses and raise up."
The guests, although somewhat bewildered, did so.
"Now," said the young scapegrace, "if you will remain standing for a few minutes I'll find out who has been sitting on my new hat." —London Tit-Bits.

Russia.
Russia did not break into European history until comparatively recent times. Ruric, a Varenian chief, seems to have been the first to establish a government, about 862. Ruric's descendants ruled amid many ups and downs till 1598, at which time the real history of the country may be said to begin. With the solitary exception of the United States of America, the progress of Russia under Peter the Great and Catherine II. is unequalled for rapidity in the history of the world.

Bringing Down the Average.
"It is said that there are 120,000 hairs on the average human head," said the bald-headed man.
"Too bad that you've pulled the average down so low, my dear," said his wife. —Yonkers Statesman.

A Cruel Corporation.
"Why does he say that her face is like one of Browning's poems?"
"Because it has some hard lines in it." —Buffalo Express.

The Spendthrift

By J. BERRY CRAPO

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Mrs. Merriman had a fortune, but she feared at times that her son Jack would run through it before she was herself done with it, and then "poor dear Jacky" what would he do? Jack was a lovable fellow, with lots of friends who adored him, belonged to a number of clubs indeed, was in everything that induced the expenditure of money.

"Mother," he said to her one day after a lecture, "there's no use in my trying to get on economically here, where the temptation to spend is so great. I must go elsewhere. What do you say to my resigning from all my clubs and societies and going to a law school, where I can learn a profession that will enable me to take care of you, my dear mamma, in your old age?"

Jack Merriman that autumn entered a university located where there was nothing but the college and entered for the degree of bachelor of laws. But the leopard cannot change his spots. Jack found several rich students in the institution who had automobiles. What was there to do in the country during hours when he was not studying except to run over the smooth roads? What was more simple than to pay a few hundred dollars down for a machine and give his note on it for the rest? So he scraped together the few hundred dollars and bought a \$3,000 machine.

One afternoon during the Indian summer, when the warm sunlight shone upon the many colored leaves that were beginning to die on the trees, Jack Merriman, with Edith Ashurst beside him and Bob Overaker and Sadie Chandler on the rear seat, was running over to B for a dinner and a ride back in the cool moonlight. He had an uncle in B, and there was danger in his going there, but he risked it.

All went well as a marriage bell till the party rode up to the hotel where the dinner had been ordered by telephone. Jack was about to take off his goggles and help Miss Ashurst out when he espied his uncle coming down the street. It was too late to push on, for those in the rear seat were getting out and the uncle was nearly upon them. In a hurried whisper Jack told Miss Ashurst that the man was his uncle and that they were all to go into the hotel. If the uncle asked questions he was not to be Jack Merriman, but Tom Oglethorpe.

When Mr. Merriman, Sr., came along Jack was at the wheel, his goggles still over his eyes, turning on the connection.
"Jack! Hello! Wait a minute!" called the uncle.
"Anything I can do for you, sir?" said Jack, the machine chugging as though impatient to be off.
"What are you doing here? And this machine—have you been wasting your mother's money?"
"What are you talking about, and who are you, anyway? I've no time to fool here. I've got to be at D, forty miles away, in an hour."

"Do you mean"—putting on a pair of spectacles—"to say that you're not Jack Merriman?"
"Do you mean to say that you're not a blundering old idiot? Get out of the way, I say. I'm losing precious time."
Jack started the automobile. Just grazing the old gentleman's toes, and was soon out of sight. Mr. Merriman looked after him doubtfully, then, muttering something like "I'd have sworn it was he," passed on by the hotel, stopped, pondered, went back and entered by the same door that the party had gone in. They were waiting for him in the reception room. Bob Overaker accosted him in the hall.
"I say, sir, has the automobile gone?"
"The one in front of the door? Yes."
"That's too bad."
"Oh, dear!" cried Miss Ashurst. "Tom's gone off with all the wraps. We'll have to ride home without them, and it's getting colder every moment."
"Tom? did you say?" asked Mr. Merriman.
"Yes, sir," put in Overaker, "Tom Oglethorpe, my cousin. Do you know him, sir?"
"The gentleman in the automobile," replied Mr. Merriman, "very much resembles my nephew, John Merriman. Indeed, I was sure he was my nephew. Do you say he is your cousin? What is your name?"
"My name is Spangler, sir. Tom Oglethorpe's mother is my aunt."
"H'm!" muttered Mr. Merriman. "I'm obliged to you for correcting me. I came very near making a grave mistake. Good evening."
Half an hour afterward Jack, having left his auto at a garage, sneaked in at the back door and learned what had occurred. Then, directing that no one should be admitted to the dining room, the party sat down to dinner.

Mrs. Merriman did not hear from the automobile from Jack's uncle, but later from Jack himself, who suddenly appeared at home and told her that he had given up the study of law to be married. The girl was Miss Ashurst, who was worth a million in her own right.
"And, mother," added Jack, "we're going on a wedding trip through Europe and will take you with us. I've bought the auto already for the purpose. There's money due on it; let me have a check, please."
Jack's story was true—this time.

Turtle and Farina.

Turtle and farina taken together represent to those who live on the Amazon, be they white, negro or Indian or one of the numerous crossbreeds what the salmon does to the Alaska Indian, the cocconut to the south sea islander and rice to the Mongolian. A short run of salmon in the Alaska rivers, a crop failure in the paddies of China, a hurricane in the south sea islands, all reduce to the same thing—famine. On the Amazon a shortage of turtles may be offset over by a plenty of farina, or vice versa. A failure of both turtles and farina in the same year brings great and widespread distress. Farina is a crude, locally made product of the root of the manioc, a further refinement of which results in the tapioca of commerce. Farina is the pure starch of the root, farina the starch mixed with a woody fiber, the latter imparting a yellowish color to the compound. Farina under a number of different names is more or less of a staple with the natives in all of tropical America from the West Indies to Paraguay. —Los Angeles Times.

In Wild Wales.
Tourist—Good morning, my pretty, maid whose sheep are these?
Shepherdess—They belong to Mr. Geronwy Cadwaladr, sir.

T.—Oh, a very nice name too! And where does he live?
S.—At Tre'r-gwyltalion.

T.—Have you been much from home?
S.—Only in Anglesey, sir. I went with my mother and my sister to Llanfrynach and from there to see Craiglan Crug and came back to Llanfrynach and then to see the sister to Llanfrynach, but on our way home we went to see the little church by the river—such a funny old fashioned church, sir.

T.—Where is it? I mean what parish?
S.—In Llanfrynach, my dear lady. Gwynedd, my dear lady.

T.—Mercy on us! That's enough! However shall I find such a place? —London Spectator.

Suspicious.
During a period of political agitation a stranger arrived in Magdeburg, where, on applying to the authorities, he obtained a permit or ticket of residence. He had not been long in the town before he became aware that his steps were being dogged by a man in blue uniform. He bore it for days, but at last said to the spy: "Sir, do you wish to drive me mad? Why do you pursue me in this way?"

"I am a detective, and my instructions are not to lose sight of you," was the quiet answer.
"Why, what fault have the police to find with me?" shouted the stranger in the greatest excitement. "My passport is in order. Here is my ticket of residence. I am a citizen of Berlin. Why do you follow me about?"
"It states in your passport," was the reply, "that you were going to reside here for pleasure. That looked suspicious, as it is the first time any one came to reside in Magdeburg for pleasure."

Religion in Holland.
The following incident was told me by Locky in some what whimsical illustration of his belief that if religion were to die out of all other European nations it would still survive in Holland. A Dutch peasant was in sore straits about the impossibility of making his hens observe Sunday. He came to his pastor with a present of eggs. He regretted, he said, that he could not prevent his hens from laying these on the Sabbath, but he made what amends he could by giving them to God's minister that they might be handed over to the poor and infirm. —"Old and Odd Memories."

A Long Felt Want.
An American once went to Windsor castle and insisted upon seeing Queen Victoria. He was told that it was quite impossible, as an audience with the queen could be had only by appointment. Still he persisted, and then they told him that before that before seeing the queen he must state the object of his visit. He said he wanted to show her a new piece of furniture, a throne bed—a perfect throne by day and a perfect bed by night.

Her Sad Finish.
"Did you ever know a girl to die for love?"
"Yes."
"Did she just fade away and die because some man deserted her?"
"No. She just took in washing and worked herself to death because the man she loved married her." —Houston Post.

A Helping Hand.
Misses (hurrying frantically)—Hurry, what time is it now? Maid—Half past 2, mum. Misses—Oh, I thought it was later. I still have twenty minutes to catch the steamer. Maid—Yes, mum. I knew you'd be rushed, so I set the clock back thirty minutes to give ye more time.—Puck.

Would Be Taken Care Of.
"I fear I am not worthy of you."
"Never mind about that," responded the young lady with the square jaw. "Between mother and myself I manage we can effect the necessary improvements." —Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Medium.
"Papa, what is the person called who brings you in contact with the spirit world?"
"A bartender, my son." —Exchange.

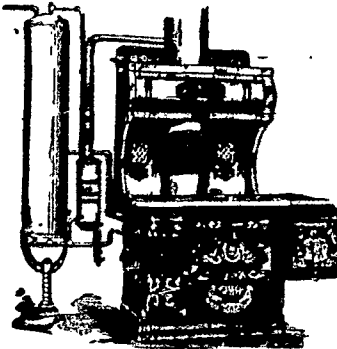
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