

Reporting a Hurricane

By F. A. MITCHEL

There is a town in Florida that some years ago was the scene of a rivalry between two newspapers. The field was barely large enough for one journal, the Chronicle, which had occupied it ever since Joe Baxter established it during the last century. When Baxter died his son, Captain Joe, Jr., carried it on. But the captain had been in the Confederate army during the war between the states and received a wound that had crippled him for life. The girl he had left behind him, however, was true to him and married him in a hospital after the surrender.

Joe was fitted to perform the indoor work connected with a newspaper, but was not able to do much getting about gathering news. Mrs. Joe did a good deal of that, and, having many friends, she was kept well posted on the social news, which is important to any newspaper. She and Joe managed to keep the wolf from the door till Philip Stringer came from New Orleans, looked the place over and determined that there might be room enough for two papers.

The truth is that the place was beginning to fill up with northern visitors during the winter, and the more people the more chance for a newspaper. But the special indorsement was that Joe's physical handicap kept him from setting about to gather in the news, and Stringer calculated to get ahead of him in this respect every time. Besides, Stringer, having been connected with a New Orleans paper, believed he knew better how to cater to city people than did Baxter.

So the Gazette was established and, being the more enterprising of the two papers, got most of the new subscribers and advertisers, the old residents standing by the Chronicle. But the new was more valuable than the old, and the former was constantly eating into the latter till it looked as if the Baxters would soon have to discontinue their paper.

One morning Molly Baxter, after having cleaned up the breakfast dishes and sent the children to school, reported at the office to find Joe very gloomy.

"The weather bureau reports a hurricane coming up from the West Indies and says that it will probably reach our coast today. If it should be here I ought to go to the coast and write a description of it. But I can feel the storm in my wound now, and it takes all the starch out of me. Stringer will be there and will write it up with all the grandiloquence of which he is capable."

"You stay where you are. I know how bad weather affects you. I'll do what work is to be done here between now and 11 o'clock, go home and get the dinner ready for you and the children, and I will take the 2 o'clock train for the coast."

As the afternoon train neared its terminal on the coast on passing between two hills it was struck by a gust of wind that lifted it clear off the track. Molly Baxter was on it and considerably bruised. She thought of how Joe, when he was wounded in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg, got up and went on till he was driven back with the rest by a murderous fire, and, pulling herself together, she forced her way against what wind there was on the lee side of a hill facing the ocean to the top and found herself in the corner of a stone wall, where she was perfectly protected and with her eyes just above it saw one of the biggest storms that have ever visited the Atlantic coast. She did not have writing materials with her, for she would not have been able to use them, but she had a fine memory and stacked it with numerous details. She saw the waves envelop the town below, its shrieking citizens climb the hills, one ship riding at anchor buried by a huge billow and then lifted over a dock and landed up among the houses. These and many more things as terrible she saw and crammed them all down in the storehouse of her memory.

When she had got enough of the problem was to get back home with it. About dusk the wind went down inland enough to admit of a vehicle not being blown over, and, hiring a farmer to take her in his wagon, she reached the Chronicle office about 11 o'clock, where she found her husband anxiously waiting for her. Assured of her safety, he gave her copy paper and a pencil and prepared to set up what she wrote. At 2 o'clock the next morning she had finished her description and helped him set up the last column.

When the Chronicle and the Gazette came out those who read the Chronicle account remarked, "What a big storm that was!" Those who read the Gazette said, "That storm has given Stringer a chance to spread himself." A correspondent of a northern paper who had not seen the storm, but saw Molly Baxter's account of it, telegraphed it verbatim to his paper. A message came back:

"Who wrote that description of the hurricane?"

The reply stated that it was written by Mrs. Baxter, wife of the owner of the Chronicle.

The next mail brought Molly Baxter an offer of \$3,000 a year as special correspondent for a northern newspaper to cover such places as would interest the northern public. She accepted it, but she and Joe kept the Chronicle, for Molly's storm work turned the tide against Stringer, and he sold out to them for a song.

DAMES AND DAUGHTERS

Mrs. Elizabeth Ancker of Baltimore has twenty-eight kindred in the German and French armies.

Rose Hartwick Thorpe never received a cent of pay for writing "Carpenter Shall Not Ring Tonight."

Mrs. Mary E. Hart, who recently started a few raising farms in Dyce, Alaska, is making a success of it.

Dr. Louise Peters of the department of pathology and bacteriology of the Rockefeller Institute has been promoted from the rank of fellow to that of assistant. She is the first woman to receive an appointment as assistant to Dr. Simon Flexner.

The "Admirable Critchen" of her sex is Miss Marie Marvingt, whom the French people call "the bride of danger" and whom they claim to be the greatest lady athlete in the world. Swimming, cycling, mountain climbing, ballooning, flying, riding, gymnastics, athletics, fencing—in all these things Miss Marvingt excels.

Science Siftings.

A lens built in France for a new 240,000-candle power lighthouse in Hawaii is expected to project the light forty miles.

Steel bars made by forcing the metal while heated into plastic through dies are claimed to possess greater tensile strength than rolled bars.

The entire solar system is moving toward the giant sun Vega with a known speed of twelve miles per second. It moves as a unit, for the sun, its retinue of 8 planets, 36 moons, over 700 asteroids, an unknown number of comets and meteor streams, all keep time.

Professor Otto Lummer of Breslau has melted carbon. He enclosed a large air tight, formed of two carbon rods, in a heavy glass container and exhausted the air. By using a powerful electric current he produced such a heat that drops formed at the tips of the carbons.

Town Topics.

A detective shakeup has just taken place in New York. Infinitely preferable to a shakedown.—New York Sun.

Boston is going to have some grand opera, after all, next winter, so that music lovers and society people have something to look forward to.—Boston Globe.

Chicago has made another city directory estimate and now claims a population of 2,500,000, but nobody else seems to be so much excited about it.—Indianapolis News.

Neither New York nor San Francisco will shed many tears because Chicago is in no position to obtain its share of the water borne commerce with South America.—Chicago News.

The Royal Box.

The Prince of Monaco, though he rules one of the smallest states in Europe, has nevertheless twenty-one titles. They are variously prince, duke, marquis, count, baron and seigneur.

Before his accession to the throne King Peter of Serbia lived in exile in Paris in a flat for which he paid the very modest rent of \$150 per annum. He was in those days a great athlete and boxer.

The present German emperor has been on the throne a little more than twenty-six years. It will be remembered the kaiser's twenty-fifth anniversary was celebrated with great rejoicing throughout all Germany on June 16 of last year.

Buy a Bale.

Good evening. Have you bought that bale of cotton yet?—Houston Chronicle.

"Buy a bale"—even if you haven't the money. The alteration is alluring.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

This "buy a bale" plan for relieving the cotton planters has the advantage of a good slogan in the very meter of "Do it now."—Boston Herald.

The "buy a bale of cotton" movement proceeds satisfactorily for the cotton growers. And presumably the mill men have no reason to fear that bales of cotton in American homes will revive the old domestic industry of spinning.—New York World.

Current Comment.

Besides disarmament, Europe should try a little democratizing.—Chicago News.

About this time if the war had not stopped it we would be hurrahing for the winner of the America's cup race.—Providence Journal.

Uncle Sam will doubtless take all possible precautions to avoid the traditional perils that confront the peace-makers.—Washington Star.

War's idea of "engulphing" is to kill off the strong and young and valiant, leaving the infirm, the diseased and the cowardly to be the fathers of the future.—Kansas City Star.

Recent Inventions.

M. Bavierre of Paris has invented a piano without hammers.

A new medicine glass cover is a saucer with a fluted rim, marked with the hours and quarters, to hold a spoon in such a position as to indicate the time for the next dose.

A five barreled megaphone, with tubes radiating in as many directions, has been invented by a Maine woman to save a person turning around and repeating his words when making an announcement.

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As They Came

She found her years advancing but not her beauty waning.

She made her cheeks more rosy, received a little "pomp," and after weeks of study prepared a new song.

And now in many a corner of jobs she has her name, they had to raise her wages, she put her foot on the gas, she put her foot on the gas.

—Chicago Daily Tribune.

As They Came

"Come on, Bill," whispered the old burglar in disgust. "It's no use waiting any longer."

"Don't you think those 'blows' will get off the steps soon?" queried the new burglar.

"Ho. I just heard him say that was the last time. They'll be an hour yet."—Kansas City Journal.

Asks From Fate: "If I might have been a motorcar I looked like one at least. The charging season passed. And yet my neighbor seemed to pain. I married at his age. Until I saw the little flaw. He could not make it go."—New York Sun.

Newly Discovered Talents: "Of course I shrieked when I thought there was a burglar in the house? said young Mrs. Torklin.

"What did your husband do?"

"Charlie looked at me with deep respect and asked why I couldn't hold her that way once in awhile when the home team needed a boost."—Washington Star.

The Barber: "I watch the pious bill and see in mannered charity that that's something you need. I could do. But for the awful fact of reality. I will hold my own fair hand. It's somewhat red and rough and hoarse. And not near yours, you understand? Yes, higher cost of matrimony."—Chicago News.

Pa Gets Previews: "Pa, what's a goodole?"

"That's a Venetian boat, son?"

"And what's a goodole?"

"That's a Venetian boatman."

"Is a bandoller a Venetian bandman, pa?"

"Not another word, Willie."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Looking For Information: "It takes a sight I want to have. It is the way of womankind. The secret of the smiles which glow. The passing thoughts within her mind. Why fade and follow surely had. A welcome war, yet bring distress. And, asked for kisses when 'twas denied. Why she says no when she means yes."—Judge.

A Plain Hint: "Why don't you ask that nice girl to marry you?"

"I wouldn't stand a chance. She keeps telling me that she has two admirers and can't choose between them."

"What stronger hint do you want, you clump?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A la Mode: "A stylish young dame named Triquet had all that a rich girl could want. When she came a new style. She outdid it a mile. And looked like get out in a haqen."—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

A Plausible Theory: "Why is a man's skull made in sections instead of all in one piece?" asked Johnny, who had just taken up physiology.

"So that it will stretch at the seams and not burst when he gets the 'swelled head.'" answered father.—Judge.

The Chin: "The chin it was made to raise trouble. Either dimples or pimples or stubble. Then some have the gall. To not grow at all. While others come a trifle and double."—Collier's Weekly.

Prepared For It: "That young college professor seems to have a great many tricks for catching the girls' fancy, hasn't he?"

"Yes. But, then, you know, he took the degree of bachelor of arts."—Baltimore American.

Her Little Game: "A wily young widow named Wed, as graceful and slim as a reed, sighed, 'For poor darling Jack I shall always wear black, for it's very becoming, indeed.'"—Judge.

Oh, That's Different!

"Never let your right hand know what your left hand is doing," quoted the sage.

"But suppose you are a prizefighter?"

Interrogated the fool.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Household Hostilities.

When the cook demands her passports And declares that she will go 'Tis a very solemn moment. As all housewives fully know. —Kansas City Journal.

Listen to This, Will You? "Since the war began the women have been taking the pieces of the men on the Paris street cars." "Well, they'd do it here, but the men are too ill-mannered to get up."—Buffalo Express.

The Censor.

Whenever father starts a tale To show his lively sense of wit 'Tis bites her lip and then turns pale, Then very promptly censors it. —Detroit Free Press.

A Sure Sign: "What was that you said, my dear?"

"Oh, it doesn't matter if you didn't hear it."

"Giving me the worst of it again, I'll bet."—Detroit Free Press.

GENERAL NEWS

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Port Personalities.

Mr. Kipling says that every man in England must go to sea, but that the sea is not a good teacher. —London Chronicle.

Has H. G. Wells noticed that the French literary folk have ceased to stand of writing hot stuff?—London Chronicle.

They call General Ruder the "Wall Jackson" of the Twentieth Century. He will have to hustle some to live up to that sobriquet. —Houston Post.

Reported that some of the most important work to be done as a result of the war is to make it so.—Detroit Free Press.

The name of the navy officer in charge of the Tickerton radio station is Felix K. Glynn. It sounds as if it had been transmitted in code by wireless.—New York World.

Fashion Finks.

American women are to have moustache styles this fall. For the new parade!—New York Sun.

Well, anyhow, if the girls won't wear such brilliantly colored clothes this winter because the war is making less of the supply of dyes, they won't be so hard on the eyes.—Indianapolis News.

Now we are told that war styles in women's clothes are to continue coming fashions. This is something that will have to be handled with care if we are going to maintain neutrality. It may even be necessary to have a censor on the job.—Boston Herald.

Animal Oddities.

Kangaroos on their native heath have been known to jump seventy feet.

The shark holds the record for long distance swimming. A shark has been known to cover 500 miles in three days.

A bee, unladen, will fly forty miles an hour, but one coming home laden with honey does not travel faster than twelve miles an hour.

It has been noted that sea elephants live on various kinds of small fish and use the trunk to seize them with. Apparently the food is transferred to the mouth, precisely as elephants manage it.

Short Stories.

Sugar is made in Africa from certain plants.

Islandic patriots have designed a new national flag—a navy blue field marked with a white cross with a red cross inside it.

A steamer whose rudder had been broken was steered for several days through the Pacific by packing boxes hung over the sides.

The tallest wooden flagpole is that erected on the grounds of the Panama exposition in San Francisco. It is four feet in diameter at the base and weighs thirty-five tons.

Flippant Flings.

European chorus: "I love my country, but oh, you United States!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

The real estate market in Europe is all shot to pieces.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

However, those not how in the swim can soon form a new D. A. B.—Daughters of American Refugees.—Washington Post.

There is said to be a heavy slump in the importation of that species of lace work popularly known as swiss cheese.—Philadelphia North American.

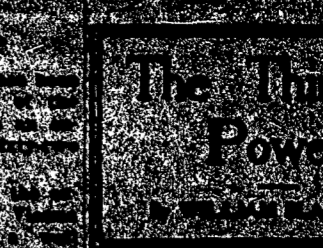
German Cleanings.

Kiel is the headquarters of the German submarine service.

Germany last year produced 50,200,000 metric tons of potatoes.

The German war office has had only six different chiefs since 1871.

A feature of the German military system is the requirement that all officers on "active service" shall wear around their necks labels with their names, rank and rank in the event of disablement these are useful for purposes of identification.



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