...not" spells the town had experi-
... in the thirties, and I seeked
...ised a small boy to show me the
...Either through my lack of musical
...ation or some other cause, the exhi-
...wasn't a success. Maybe the mads
...taking a summer vacation. Anyhow
...rang nary a note for me. No ecstatic
...l filled my soul with its hidden har-
...y, and when I had waded out and dipped
...y head under the ripply surface I slipped
...o a round stone and the stillness was broken
...r some seconds. But it wasn't singing.

Still the sands are there. John Boyle O'Reilly said so, and any number of Atheneians will testify that they "heard 'em."

H. C. GREEN.

SIGNS OF THE SWALLOWS.

Their Actions of Late Indicate an Early Autumn This Year.

Every morning for several days past little long-winged, fork-tailed swallows have been noticed to congregate in countless numbers on the telegraph wires across the Allegheny river from Duquesne way, below the Sixth street bridge, and their twittering has attracted a great deal of attention. Perched on one little foot, sometimes combing their feather dress with their wide, irail beaks, and at the next moment turning around to their neighbors in apparently earnest conversation, they are a very interesting crowd of birds to watch and listen to.

Yesterday afternoon as a reporter was standing on the bridge watching them, a little boy and his father stepped up to the railing of the bridge.

"Look, pa," said the youngster, "what is the matter with those birds that they are all sitting on the telegraph wire?"

"They are swallows, Edward," said the gentleman. "They always assemble in a large body like that before they depart for a warmer climate."

"Well, but wasn't it warm enough for them here a few days ago? Why do they want to go away then?"

"Oh, yes, it was warm enough then, but the fact that these birds go away from here so soon denotes that we shall have an early and cold fall."

"But how do the swallows know that, anyhow?"

"I do not know how they can tell, but it is invariably the case that they make arrangements to ore the cold weather sets in to go away to the South, where it is warmer in the winter than here."

"But why don't they stay there all the time, isn't it hot there in the summer, too?"

"Yes, and a great deal hotter than it is here sometimes; but why they don't stay there I can't tell."

"Well, they are funny birds. Can they talk, or do they read the weather report in the paper that they know so well what weather we are going to have?"

"No, but instinct tells them that."

"Instinct! Who is he? Does that gentleman write the weather report?"

"Oh, be quiet, Edward; you talk too much! Come along and let us get to town, or we will miss the train."

"Well, but, pa, you might as well tell me something about Mr. Instinct and"—

The reporter could not catch the last words, as the interesting pair had gotten out of earshot.

All this time the swallows had continued their peculiar music. The twittering had become general. It was evident they all wanted to have a say on the subject being discussed. The talk reminded one of a Polish meeting, full of resolutions and amendments. But the noise is kept up by a few, that few become less, and at last one of them seems to be holding the floor alone. Suddenly even that one stops, and as if the last sound had been a command to depart, they all fly up, and in a few minutes they have all disappeared beyond Mount Washington.

SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

The Ledger Novelist Was a Good Neighbor and a Patriotic Citizen.

(Lewiston (Me.) Journal.)

"Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., knew more about more things than any man I ever met," said a Norway man who knew him well. "He had a good bringing up. His father was an able man, and one of the best preachers of the Universalist faith. His mother was a most excellent woman. Up to manhood he scarcely heard at home an ungrammatical expression. He was trained to good speaking and thinking, which were seen all through his life. Like nearly all ministers' sons, Sylvanus was a little wild while young, and when about 17 years of age he ran away from home and entered in the navy. When he got as far as New York or Philadelphia he was either sick of his bargain or wanted to let his folks know where he was, and sent for his father, who, after a consultation with the officials, took their advice and allowed him to go on his Mediterranean trip of a year. His sea experience benefited him and steadied him down. It gave him points that were useful to him in writing his stories. He was a large-hearted man, and no one in distress ever appealed to him in vain. He was always ready to assist the unfortunate. Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., was a tower of strength in every movement toward building up the town. Norway never had his equal, take him all in all."

She Stopped His Swearing.

(Troy Times.)

There is a young married man, who travels for a wholesale grocery, living in Minneapolis, who is a very good fellow, but he has fallen into the habit of using profanity almost constantly. His charming wife tried a dozen ways to break him off the habit without success. Finally she decided upon a plan. He came home the other evening and remarked:

"It's been a h—— of a day, hasn't it?"

"What in the h—— has been the matter with it?" asked the wife coolly.

He looked as if he had been hit by a cyclone. It required two days to break the young man of the habit, for his wife repeated every "swear word" he used in her presence. Now he doesn't swear even when he misses a nail and strikes his finger with the hammer.

Filling Teeth With Diamonds.

(Boston Herald.)

One of the absurd stories now current is about women having their front teeth filled with diamonds, as gold is not considered sufficiently becoming. This makes dentists smile. The profession has no intention of bringing the jewelry trade into their business for to secure set a diamond in the filling of a tooth would require the skill of more mechanical ability than the valiest person would possibly endure.

Accordingly I visited Mr. Charles A. Dana, of the *Sun*; Dr. Hepworth, of the *Herald*; Mr. Miller, of the *Times*; Colonel John A. Cockerill, of the *World*; Mr. Foster Coates, of the *Mail and Express*, and Mr. Robert G. Morris, of the *Telegram*.

After some delay, such as occurs in all New York newspaper offices, I was conducted into the presence of Mr. Dana at the *Sun* office. His surroundings were all that could be desired by a journalist. The walls of the office were hidden by well-filled bookcases. A tidy desk, soft carpets and comfortable office chairs gave the room a cozy and home-like appearance. Before the desk sat Mr. Dana, slowly twirling his gold-rimmed eye-glasses. His intelligent face, framed by silvery hair and beard, had a look of kindness which half dispelled the fear of interviewing so great a man; yet, it was with rather breathless haste that I stated my mission and asked his opinion of women as journalists.

"I think if they have the ability," he said, slowly and thoughtfully, "there is no reason why they should not do the work as well as men; but I do not think they can, as a class, do equally good work, for the very reason that women have never been educated up to it in the same manner as men. A few years since there were no women journalists. Even now they are not regarded with editorial favor in New York. In the West, where good men are not plenty, clever women are employed. Here there is a superabundance of first-class men."

"Are you opposed to women as journalists, Mr. Dana?"

"No. If a woman can do assigned work as well as a man, there is no reason why there should be discrimination to her disfavor. And yet, while a woman might be ever so clever in obtaining news and putting it into words, we would not feel at liberty to call her out at 1 o'clock in the morning to report at a fire or a crime. In such a case we never hesitate with a man. That is why the latter is preferable.

AN AWFUL THRUST.

"Accuracy," continued Mr. Dana, "is the greatest gift in a journalist. It is difficult for most people, when they are told that two and two make four, not to write that they make five, three or anything except the exact truth. (Here I groaned, mentally, for the fate of this interview.) Women are generally worse than men in this regard. They find it impossible not to exaggerate. The best newspaper man I ever had could not write one line of correct English; but he was valuable because he always gave the facts. We could find plenty who could write, and this men always furnished them the facts. An accurate man or woman is invaluable in newspaper work."

"Have you many women applicants for positions on the *Sun*?"

"Not very many. We have a great number of men, but not women."

"Then you think women have a chance in the journalistic field?"

"Any one with ability has a chance," he replied, in a rather non-committal manner. "There is always a demand for people who have ability or talent, and I presume it would be appreciated in a woman as well as in a man; but men are preferable, because, as I have said, they are educated up to the business."

"How do women secure positions in New York?"

"I really cannot say," Mr. Dana replied, with a twinkle in his eye, which mildly suggested the absurdity of asking him such a question. He gave a gently rub to his glasses and a half swing to his chair, and asked kindly:

"Where have you worked, Miss Bly?"

"On THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH."

"Ah, yes; well, it is a very clever, bright paper."

After discussing Mexico, Mr. Dana concluded the interview by repeating that, "as men have been educated to the business, they are always preferable to women who have not."

Dr. Hepworth, who so ably manages the *Herald* for James Gordon Bennett, needs no introduction, as his clerical duties, his books and lectures to young men have made him known throughout the country. Dr. Hepworth is quoted by all who have met him as possessing the manners of a Chesterfield. He is of a strikingly intellectual appearance, and invites confidence at sight.

"Be seated, please," he said kindly, as I entered the editorial office. With him I resolved to try other tactics than those I had pursued with his great rival. So I said:

"Dr. Hepworth, I want a position on the *Herald*."

"Yes?" inquiringly, looking up with an encouraging smile, and adjusting his glasses as if to get a better view of the one who had made such a bold demand. "What can you do?"

"Anything," I replied, with a candor that was probably about as startling as it was true.

JUST SUITED THE HERALD.

"Well, that's what the *Herald* is in search of. We want talent, and we are always glad to give everybody a trial. Sometimes we are compelled to search for the person we desire. Mr. Bennett has told me to allow every reporter to try writing editorials. I try first one and then another; and what if I am disappointed times innumerable? I am bound, some time, to find the talent we are in pursuit of, and when that occurs the reporter chosen has secured himself a permanent position. Just as soon as the man with that talent is found I'll transfer him from the reporters' room to the editorial desk."

"Do you object to women entering newspaper life?"

"No, I do not object; but still there are many things about it not suitable for women. I could not think of sending one to the police or higher criminal courts, as I could a man. Even if I did, the officials there would give her as little information as they could, in order to get rid of her, and very likely, just as she was leaving, the most important news would take place. Now a male reporter would stay there and hear and judge of the cases for himself. As all that the paper cares for is the news, it could not afford to be represented by one continually liable to lose important information. But crime and criminals, though important, do not engross all our columns, and there is much other work women can do, and do well. In this respect I might specify the gathering and writing of clerical, fashion and society news. Until, however, the public demands a different kind of news, so long will women be unable to serve as all-around reporters. The very sources from which we obtain a larger portion of our news render it an impossible field for a woman. On account of the sensations and the scandals which are demanded by the present popular taste, a gentleman could not, in delicacy, ask a woman to have anything to do with that class of news. That is what bars her from reportorial success, absolutely."

"Do you favor employing women upon the work they can do?"

"Yes, because on such news matters they are [illegible] it will never be removed. When once a newspaper has had the services of a bright and clever woman it finds, as I have stated, that her place is hard to fill, and that she is invaluable."

"Women are unsurpassed as reporters in a few fields," said Mr. Robert G. Morris, editor of the *Telegram*. "They can go to a reception and obtain every little detail of the event, which a man misses entirely. Why? Because a man must examine minutely a woman's costume in order to describe it, where a woman would take the whole thing in at a glance; and while the man is getting one dress, the woman has every costume in the room. She is familiar with everything that belongs to a wedding, reception, ball or similar event, and has it all for use, while a man does not even know enough to ask sensible questions. Woman understands women, as men never can; so why should she not be able to write of their ways and habits. Women are more ambitious than men and have more energy, if anything, but yet their work has its limit on the papers. Not because they are not smart enough, but because they are women. If there was an emergency just as we were ready for the last edition, I could not send a woman sliding down the banister and have her return up three flights of stairs four steps at a time. That's where the man gets the best of her as a New York reporter."

NELLIE BLY.

How to Approach an African King.

(Missionary Letter.)

The King's clothing consists of a red cloth, sugarloaf cap, a few brass rings upon his arms, coral necklace and a yellow silken loose robe. His wrinkled forehead shows that he has had trouble in his time. He is very civil to his chiefs, sending to each, after they make obeisance, a piece of kolah nut. He sent to each of us the same. All who approach the throne, the moment they enter the open space in front—rigidly kept clear—double their right hand into a fist and shake it at the King. This means "I hope that I see you strong and well, O King, like unto my fist and my arm."

ONLY A LIVE STOCK REPORTER.

"I cannot say personally," said Mr. Miller, of the *Times*, "what the feelings of the profession are in regard to women journalists, because I have never talked the matter over with my acquaintances of the press. We have had a lady on this paper for years, who reports on the cattle markets in a manner which far surpasses that of any man. She is an authority on all questions of that kind; but I cannot say what women are like on other kinds of work. I have heard city editors say that they are a bother; but I cannot of my own knowledge testify to that being correct;" and he smiled.

"You have no objections to employing women?"

"I can see no reason why a woman should not be employed and receive the same compensation, if she has the same ability, and can work like a man. There is an old prejudice in New York against the employment of women in this field. We have so many experienced men who come to New York that we don't care to encourage women. I cannot say why the West is more liberal in this respect, unless, as the common belief is, they have not the able men required, and they do not want to pay men's salaries. But I cannot be quoted as an authority, having had no experience in the premises. You had better call to see the editor of the *Mail and Express*. I think they have been quicker than any other paper to give work to women. They have a gentlemanly force, which makes it a desirable place for women."

Colonel Cockerill, of the *World*, looked up from the manuscript which lay before him on the desk, and asked curiously: "Why don't you get a bachelor, and form a syndicate of your own, instead of doing newspaper work?"

I didn't relate a tale of blighted affections, etc., but, Yankee-like, answered the question with another. I asked:

"What do you think of women as journalists?"

"I think they can do some things well enough. What they are fitted for, however, they don't want to do. There are society events which no man can report as well as a woman; yet they always claim to hate that style of work. Fashion work and women's news they can also do, and do in a manner worthy of the highest praise. We do not encourage women here, because we have a deluge of good men unemployed. All the good journalists of the United States flock here to seek a livelihood—and come in larger numbers than we can ever provide for—consequently we don't wish to encourage women. What they are fitted for is so limited that a man is of far greater service. We employ two women; so you see we do not object personally."

"Do you think woman will ever be able to do more than she does now on the papers?"

"Not unless the public taste demands different news. I don't think women journalists will ever be in great demand in New York. There is a feeling, not from experience, but from the want of it, against them. We want originality and brightness, and I don't think it would be refused if found in a woman; yet no editor would like to send a woman out in bad weather or to questionable places for news. We have as many as 12 applications daily from men, but very few from women. When they do apply we tell them to send in their articles. If they are particularly clever we accept them; if not, we refuse. They are generally of the latter class."

HE REPLIED MOST FAVORABLY.

"Women are invaluable to a newspaper," said Mr. Foster Coates, managing editor of the *Mail and Express*. "There are certain things they can do, and in a taking style peculiarly their own. Their manner of reporting certain events can never be equaled by a man. There is a peculiarity in expression entirely feminine, which pleases and attracts readers. Their work is limited, due entirely to the class of news which abounds in daily papers at present. For general all-around or emergency work they are not available. Their dress, constitution and habits of life keep them from the routine of a reporter's work."

"What work do you think a woman can do, Mr. Coates?"

"Society, fashion and general gossip are entirely suitable for woman, and she for them. Articles on travel, and special article, such as fill our Saturday and Sunday editions, dramatic and musical criticisms, domestic, charitable and religious news, are all within her sphere. Interviewing prominent people, book reviewing and many other things can also be done by her in a style that men can seldom reach. I consider, from an experience of 15 years, that her services are invaluable to a bright, widely-circulated paper. Women are always anxious to read what women write, and the knowledge that a woman has charge of some special department in a paper secures permanent readers, not only among her own sex, but among men. There is a prejudice in New York against women, and until they

LAMPS, GLASS, CHINA