

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1900.

ST. JOHN REPORTERS.

What the People Think of Them and What They Really Are.

There is a class of people who look upon the members of the newspaper profession with a certain amount of awe and a peculiar brand of respect.

On the other hand some consider the life of a news gatherer fully as servile as it really is and look upon the ill-paid knight of the pad and pencil as at everyone's beck and call, a rumbout to satisfy their desire, to see their names in print.

As far as St. John is concerned none of these above conclusions are correct and yet there is a degree of truth in them all.

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Many of the best newspaper men in the United States today are St. John boys, whose training in all branches of reporting here at home made them particularly proficient, and superior to many "specialists" across the border.

Wandering back to the subject of the St. John reporters of today, what a friendly, good-natured lot they seem to be.

That juvenile reporter, who wishing to be quite chatty at a social function, asked the dignified dame if she enjoyed "tripping the gantlet," is still in newspaper work but in a country town, so is the lad of items who persisted in stowing 20,000 tons of freight in a steamer of 9,000 tonnage at Sand Point, to say nothing of a reporter who thought 500 pounds the ordinary weight of a deer, in one of his gunning articles.

St. John is not a very big city, but it has its full complement of "tough" people and tough places. Among the resorts of this kind lately instituted is a dance hall in a new building on Mill street.

But as to the class of people referred to at the outset, those who think the reporter a walking encyclopaedia, if they only knew how often the news-gatherers on the local papers are fooled by practical jokers and others during the course of the year they would alter very considerably their opinions as to their kenness.

LIVE LOCAL TOPICS.

A Budget of Bright Breezy Items Gathered from All Over the City.

long time since the following paragraphs were spun at an impromptu "smoker" in one of Newspaper Row's favorite haunts.

An evening paper reporter exhaled a cloud of cigarette smoke and confessed that he had been the butt of a wild goose chase not a week ago. Somebody told him that a relative of Lord Roberts, the British commander-in-chief was living in the North End.

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A weekly paper devotee blushingly acknowledged that a woman fooled him "good and good" not more than ten days ago over the telephone wires.

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all that is graceful in the entrancing mazes of the most popular of dances, are many and terrible. The half stooped, catch-as-catch-can, "tackle", with pump handle arm movement seems to be the favorite. Outside of the sardine sandwiches, crackers, cheese, lager beer, and frequently something more stimulating, which invariably go to make up the "running" supper, there are other features of interest to the dancers.

Who Is Champion?

There seems to be a diversity of opinion in sporting circles as to whom belongs the title of amateur skating champion for the Maritime Provinces, Bart Duffy or Billy Merritt. These were the two keenest rivals in Monday night's events at Victoria Rink.



W. H. MERRITT.

the best ice track general in the business down this way, and at Montreal a couple of seasons ago he demonstrated this quality when up against the best men in world.

and two seconds, so in a matter of points they are quits apparently. It is quite true that Merritt was handicapped as to the general result by his falling in the quarter mile event, when in a promising position, and just starting to spurt in a flash finish, but to balance this the Duffyites claim the genial "Billy" did not do his share of pacing in the two mile event.

The Magistrate's Daily Audience.

Now that the biograph is being made use of in scientific matters and students of natural history are finding it of especial value in reproducing scenes and objects as they in reality appear PROGRESS would venture to suggest that a moving picture machine be set going in the local police court some Monday morning, for it would certainly be of value to those who make facial peculiarities a study, as well as serving in future years as a historical record.

The Jail is Full.

There are at present fifty-one prisoners in the jail on King street (east). This is the largest list of "boarders" the big stone house has ever had during the winter months, which speaks none too well for the morality of this far-famed "city of churches."

Not Wind Enough.

Anyone who knows by experience or reputation the sort of weather which usually prevails around that promontory of west Cornwall called the Lizard, where in 1898 the Mohegan was wrecked, and where last year the Paris went ashore, will appreciate the following from one of S. Baring Gould's books, concerning the district or peninsula of Menage: There is a single windmill in the district. The story goes that it was once rumored that a second one was about to be constructed. The miller was concerned. He went to see the man who was supposed to be responsible for the scheme.

"I say, mate, be you goin' to set up another windmill?" "I reckon I be. You don't object?" "There's room for more nor one." "Oh, room enough! But there mayn't be wind enough to serve us both."

MONDAY IN THE POLICE COURT.

Master Strayhorn's Leghorn—"Little Assyria" Before His Honor.

Mrs. Strayhorn of Main street, N. E., a Jewish resident named Rubins of the same locality, a small boy and a brown leg-horn hen were the principals in a serio-comic sketch in the Police Court last Monday. His Honor, Officer Greer and a man named Fitch played minor roles. It appeared that Mrs. Strayhorn's boy is an enthusiastic hen fancier and last summer had as many as eleven feathered beauties, which he prized very highly, although his parents considered them a bother and a nuisance.



THE HEN.

the frightened egg producer all over the yard finally lugging it off. Suspicions were at once aroused as to the fate of the other hens, and Mr. Strayhorn being away in New York Mr. Fitch took it upon himself to defend the title of the hen and called at Rubin's door to ask if a mistake had not been made. Rubins said it was his hen, but the Strayhorn lad identified it as his, nevertheless the Jewish neighbour held on to it and said he was going to have his Sunday's (Saturday) dinner off it. This, Mrs. Strayhorn thought was going too far, so the hen was arrested and the parties concerned appeared in court.

That same morning "Little Assyria" was in Court.

"Little Assyria" is that part of Brussels about opposite the Baptist church where all these swartzy rug peddlers and pack agents live. Suffice it to say the whole population of this people were either inside the rail or spectators when the charge of assault preferred by one Raphael against Charlie Thomas and a fellow named Joseph, was thrashed out. The prisoners got clear, but not until a tornado of foreign language had swept the big room, during which his Honor had his heart and hands full in keeping the run of things. The plaintiff, a fellow with a deep bass voice was not in the least backward, but pushed his claims vigorously. The witnesses, however, were all against him, including a woman who had to do her testifying through an interpreter—a bright lad, whose familiarity with the judge caused not a few smiles. The snapping black eyes of the Assyrian host, and their distinctive features, reminded one of the Midway Pleasance, the "couche-couche" dance, and other things witnessed by the sight of this class of foreigners.

USE MAP

trim boats gliding down g of a brook nearby, the river below, the soft winds the fragrance of flowers, wet peas and the perfume of me to me that if a man had to keep him from pining for and mosquitoes enough to brooding, life here, in sum- could be one grand, sweet garden we climb up over a hill that curves round the summit we find some wide the trail. We wonder the time to build them, the mines, until recently, \$15 a day. Near by there marks N. W. M. P., and the police, who are always blowing a trail, bridging arking a mud hole—have here.

ies along an almost level land. There are a great long the trail, but very few e of the "cabins are very ve have double walls, filled en. Over the door of one are fixed to spell "Iowa." the aspen trees or cotton- ce, moss is found in thick n bunches of swamp grass of a swamp. It is this thick s that keeps the sun from holds the frost in the ground. oss is removed, the earth d summer, for the days are d as warm as they are in.

me out on the brow of the ing Dawson. The view is here, to our left, rushes the ce and yonder, at the farther wn the mighty Yukon, curv- sweep sublime, glides away ls on the long journey to the two thousand miles away. e town and the foot of the wide stretch of level, marshy was a quagmire a year ago. l been drained—we can see d ditches from the hilltop— walk or ride all about.

and companion, Dr. B. points pitals—that have cost over h empty. One is for typhoid . Only three cases there. the doctor, Dawson to-day is arly healthy town on the Cy. Warman.

at's Interpretation. (the boarder, not long over)— O'Brien I this do be a great th' encouragement av crime, O'Brien—'Yez moacht be mish- sor.' 'Indade an Oi ain't. It sez that wan man clubs another an th' judge gives him life

ND CLEANING of all descrip- shortest notice. Don't forget ndry work is the best. Tele- and we'll call at once 28 to St. Phone 58.

ENDERS -FOR- are Engine and Ladder Truck,

will be received at the office of the public safety, City of St. John, N. B., until FRIDAY, 23rd inst., from 9 o'clock to 12 o'clock, for the purpose of furnishing one number 1 Steam Fire Engine, with Archibald Boiler Bearings, and one number 2 Steam Fire Engine, with Archibald make. The engine must give full dimensions of the Engine and truck to be delivered at House, Saint John, N. B. Freight to be paid. The money or certified cheque equal to the estimated full value of the engine named in bid will be required. Payment does not bind themselves to accept any tender. ROBERT WHEELY, Director Public Safety Department. St. John, N. B., March 15th, 1900. 5-11 m w/10.