

## RANDOM REELS

By HOWARD L. RANN.

THE REPORTER.

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Reporters are kept on a newspaper so that people can see their names in print. Some people do not care to have their names appear more than four or five times a week, while others expect to break into every edition in company with a half-ton cut which can be read upside down without destroying the general effect. The reporter who can turn in the most mis-spelled names in a day is sure of steady work, and is of more value to the paper than a piano concert which leaves nothing but dreary memories and a busted bank account.

It is not necessary for the reporter to be educated higher than the knaves, but his legs should be kept in good working order, for without them he would be as helpless as a hobo in a shower-bath.

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There are only two things on earth the reporter is afraid of—the city editor and the libel laws. If the reporter had his way, the city editor would be removed from our midst and obliged to work at some honest occupation. One of the most trying things that can



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## LAUGH WITH US

An auctioneer had been selling a little hussy so that he was economizing as much as possible in the use of words and even syllables.

Early in the day he had shouted the bid, "One hundred dollars, two hundred dollars, three hundred dollars, etc."

Then he restricted himself to calling out, "one hundred, two hundred, three hundred, etc."

When Mr. Carty, attracted through curiosity by the crowd, came up, the auctioneer had further abbreviated his speech, and was crying, "One hundred, two hundred, three hundred, etc."

Oh, went Mr. Carty's coat, and he sang out, excitedly,

"Don't do this all yourself, young fellow. Let me in it. I can take care of a few of 'em."

new quarters late in the afternoon. By the time they had passed through the usual routine of the night, several of them were awakened at 4 o'clock to assist the cooks in preparing breakfast.

As one well built, sleepy man got to his feet he stretched and yawned, "I doesn't take long to spend a night in the army."

A housekeeper, going from home for the day, looked everything up, and for the grocer's benefit, wrote on a card:

"All out. Don't leave anything."

This she stuck under the door of the front door. On her return she found her house ransacked and all her choicest possessions gone. To the card on the door was added:

"Thanks. We haven't left much."

The young housewife was complaining of the small piece of ice that had been left in response to her order for fifty pounds.

That the ice-man was convinced that she was young and inexperienced is evidenced by the nature of his reply. "But notice, ma'am, the firm and excellent quality of it. In buying ice your motto should be not how much but how good."

A batch of recruits reached their

**Do You Find a Zest in Living? Does the Future Seem Bright With Promise? Then You Are Getting the Most Out of Life and Are Really Living—Says Fern Howard.**

Are you enthusiastic about life? Or are you one of those unfortunate "what's the use" individuals? If the former, you are to be congratulated. If the latter, you are to be pitied.

Why? Because there is little success without enthusiasm.

"I wish I knew just how long I am going to live," I heard a man say, the other day. "I'd know what to do and what to leave undone in my years of age, and fifty years are as nothing. One only begins to learn how to live, when one has to die. The very thought is enough to kill one on enthusiasm."

If Edison, Rockefeller, and others who have attained fame and worldly success, had spent their time in wondering "what to do, and what to leave undone," they would have made little progress in the world of affairs. They went enthusiastically to work to do the thing, which, in their opinion, had to be done, and they did it.

"What's the use," I heard another man say, recently. "I have acquired a fortune and a beautiful home, but making money doesn't thrill me any more. I'm fifty years of age. My life is over. I don't know what I'm waiting for."

This man had, through hard work and perseverance, acquired a fortune; but, unfortunately, in his fight for success, he had not learned how to retain the enthusiasm with which to enjoy it. What a tragedy, that at the meridian of life, a man should find nothing better to say than, "I don't know what I'm waiting for!"

In direct contrast to this man's experience, is the one of a man who, at the age of fifty-five, has just recovered from the effects of a serious operation. He said to me, recently, "Oh, I'm glad to be alive! I am just beginning to live. I'm making great plans for the future. There is so much to be done. I expect to accomplish more in the next few years, than I have ever accomplished. I'm as enthusiastic as a young boy."

This man is to be congratulated. Through all the years of suffering and hard work, he has never lost his enthusiasm. Of all the people in the world, I think I admire most the person whose enthusiasm seems never to diminish. Of two men of equal ability, the man who has the most enthusiasm is the man who will win and who will most enjoy his success after he is won.

## WILL SPEND HER HONEYMOON AMONG AFRICAN SAVAGES

**Surprising Courage of Lady Randolph Churchill, the Noted American Beauty, Who At Past Sixty is Going With Her Youthful Husband To Civilize the Cannibal and Polygamous Natives of Nigeria.**

Lady Randolph Churchill has married her third husband and started on her third honeymoon.

Why should people be especially interested in this personal occurrence? Some of our worthy, stay-at-home women have married three times, and even more, and no great fuss is made about them. There are reasons—

In the first place, her ladyship has been the most conspicuous Anglo-American social leader for many years.

In the second place, her honeymoon is not only the most remarkable she has ever had, but quite unique among all the experiences in this time that can be called to mind.

For her ladyship, who is upward of 60 years old, will spend her honeymoon with a comparatively young bridegroom among the wild African savages of northern Nigeria, who are addicted to cannibalism, polygamy, fetish worship and all sorts of horrible practices.

Lady Randolph's new husband is Mr. Montague Porch, who is chief secretary to the government of Northern Nigeria, an extensive British possession in West Africa.

Mr. Porch is an energetic young man and is expected to do great things in the way of introducing civilization and morality into a territory that needs them badly.

It was known that Lady Randolph contemplated matrimony for a third time. She had been closely associated with Mr. Porch during his visits to England since 1914. It is understood that she deferred marriage until she could complete the very important work connected with the care of soldiers' wives which she has been carrying on.

Having made all her arrangements for the continuance of this work, she was quietly married and away they went for Northern Nigeria.

That Northern Nigeria presents a remarkable field of activity for a talented society woman appears very clearly from all the reports of explorers and officials. It has a population of about 8,000,000, but the number is not quite certain, for many of them hide in the woods and the country is still imperfectly explored. It has an area of about 250,000 square miles and is about one-third the size of India.

**Fifth Largest River.**

It is watered by the great River Niger, the fifth largest river in the world. The exploration of this little-known stream will undoubtedly be the chief feature of Lady Randolph's new honeymoon.

Within the vast territory of Nigeria are scores of minor kings, chiefs and potentates ruling over tribes with different religions and customs. A few centuries ago a band of half Arab, half negro warriors, known as Fulahs, invaded the country and enslaved the aboriginal natives. The conquerors then set up a puppet government, but the opportunity it gave them to build up enormous harems, to live in rude luxury without work and to use or sell natives as slaves.

The cruel oppression inflicted on the aboriginal natives by the Fulahs caused the British government to intervene and take over the administration of the entire country. Lady Randolph expects to carry on the work of civilization already started and to teach the Nigerian families to live the moral, self-respecting human beings.

Among the native potentates is the King of Sokoto, who rejoices in the possession of 600 wives, over whom he exercises absolute sway. If one of them merely looks cross-eyed at him he cuts off her head or buries her alive.

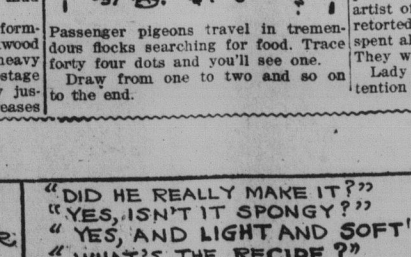
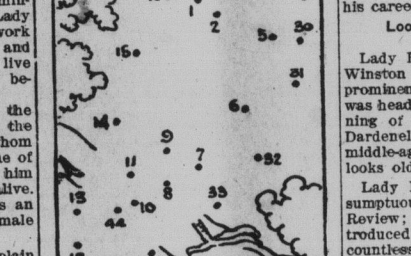
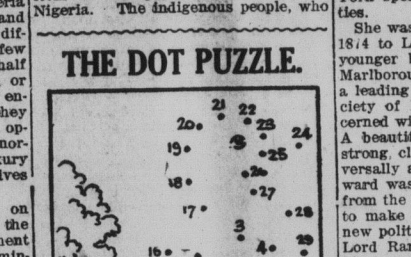
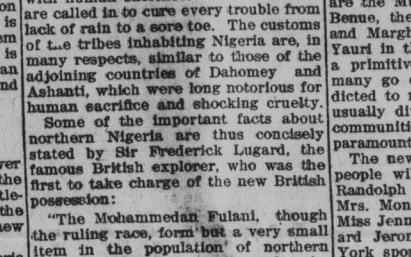
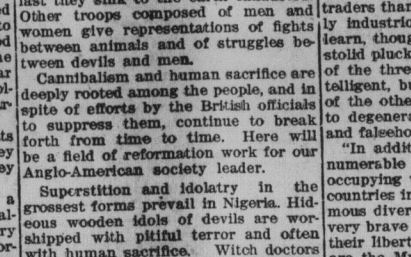
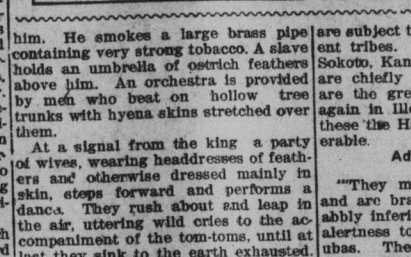
In addition to his wives he has an Amazon guard of 1,000 fierce, female warriors.

Perhaps Lady Randolph will explain to this worthy that it is no more right or fair for a man to have 600 wives than it would be for a woman to have 600 husbands. She can show him that his behavior might be improved in many other respects. She has a wide experience in managing men and it is probable that her arguments will receive some attention even from a savage.

The 600 wives act as a theatrical company and dancing troupe for the king's amusement. Whenever he is not hunting or feasting he holds a public entertainment in the main square of his capital, in front of his mud palace of 1,000 rooms.

The king presides at the performance, seated upon a carved ironwood throne. In his hand he holds a heavy iron bar, with which he issues stage directions, or executes summary justice when any performer displeases him.

## FUNNY FOLKS.



## RIPPLING RHYMES

By WALT MASON.

**LOOK PLEASANT.**

The news that comes from o'er the seas oft makes my face with fear grow pale, and I can feel my tootles freeze, while I peruse the dismal tale. I read how Teute have pushed a wedge right through the allies, deep and wide, and I exclaim, "It's time to hedge—the tale is going with the tide. Some moons ago I used to scoff at those who said the Teute would win; but at this hour all bets are off, and here's where hedging must begin." My wife remarks, "Don't talk that way when you are mingling with the bunch; you might dishearten some poor lay, and make him think we've lost our punch. You know as well as I do, James, your la-

mentations are a fake; we'll lose, perchance, a brace of games—the series we are bound to take. What if our armies sometimes slide, and lose a hill, a tor or two? You know we'll get the Teuton's hide, and nail it deftly to the barn." Thus shamed by my Amanda Jane, I shoo my dotard fears away, and go kerchooping down the lane, to make the neighbors feel more gay. Men stand around and sweat and quake when news of evil luck arrives, but there is nothing that can shake the Spartan courage of their wives. Oh, woman, in your hours of ease, you play bridge whist for fun or kale, but when the war flag hits the breeze, you shame the rabbit hearted male.

## TALKING IT OVER

JUST "A THING APART."

"Is it true that women love most the men who treat them with the least consideration?" This question from the Feminist caused five sets of needles to stop clicking once, and five pairs of eyes to seek the questioner's face in surprise.

"Certainly not," indignantly denied the Fair Divorcee, who was the first to realize that the question had been put to the meeting.

"I was discussing this question," went on the Feminist, "with a person of great brilliancy of mind and much self-possessed perspicacity on the subject of female nature."

"A man of course!" chorused the five.

"Oh, certainly," cooed the Feminist, "only a man could know as much about women as does this brilliant creature. Strangely enough he is not very young—and it is usually extreme youth that is so wise on the subject of our sex. The man of forty has usually learned that women cannot be won by force."

"He knows that each one is an intricate puzzle. The youth of nineteen knows it all. He can pigeon-hole any woman in five minutes. That is just the arrogance of youthful ignorance. It takes years of hard knocks to shake his confidence! Now, my Brilliant Friend is a revelation. He is not young, yet he professes himself very wise. I will quote you a few pearls from his conversation with me:

"A woman may like kindness in a man but she never loves it. She loves martyrdom. She loves to be tortured by doubts one moment, then transported with joy at having her doubts put to rest the next. She loves the light and shade. A lover, or husband, who is consistently attentive gives her no opportunity to sear her soul."

"The trouble with your Brilliant Friend is, that he has been born fifty years too late," said the Newspaper Woman. "No doubt, when samplers were a woman's most exciting occupation the poet was right in saying that love was a woman's whole existence. Love in those days needed for its exciting and tempestuous force the blushing maid had little else with which to occupy her mind. But in these days, a woman has a career, an ambition, or at least a job. Love is just as much 'a thing apart' with her as it is with a man. She meets enough variety in life to satisfy her desire for light and shade. She doesn't need it in her love affairs and doesn't welcome it. It's the gay Lothario, the club man, the card man, the drinking man, that a woman divorces. Who ever heard of a woman divorcing a man because he remembered her birthday, or because her allowance was due, or because he didn't make her a present three times a week? No, your friend's theory was exploded the first day that woman started to learn short hand."

"You appreciate the havoc worked by selfishness. You know that it is one of the surest sources of misery, sorrow, and suffering. You are sincerely anxious so to rear your little girl that she shall grow into a kind, unselfish woman."

I sympathize with your desire. To help you realize it let me offer a few suggestions.

No one can question your love for your daughter. But it is, to say the least, unfortunate that you are so fond of her that you are continually making needless sacrifices for her.

Yesterday afternoon, when you wished to attend the meeting of your Mothers' Club, she begged you to stay home and read to her. She was on the verge of tears when you hesitated. She could very well have read to herself. Or she could have amused herself in some other way.

But you could not bear to think of causing her pain. She wanted you to remain with her, therefore—you remained.

This is the sort of thing you have done time and again. Sometimes, to be sure, it is right for you to do it. But not all the time.

When you yield so frequently to your child's entreaties you are assuredly rooting in her mind ideas which are almost certain to blossom into the ugly weeds of selfishness.

You are giving her false notions of her importance. You are helping to develop exaggerated views of her "rights."

The same unfortunate result is all too likely to follow from your habit of doing for her things which she ought to be doing for herself.

She is old enough to button her shoes, brush her hair, and otherwise attend to her attire. But every morning, before she goes to school, you fuss and fuss.

A wonderful and without a parallel in present-day society. Some ill-natured gossip in London have referred to her as "the baby snatcher" on account of her penchant for young husbands, but this is surely inspired by envy of a woman who has retained power to attract far beyond the normal span.

As a fitting climax to her brilliant career, she bravely sets forth to spend her third honeymoon in a scarcely explored country among cannibals and savages.

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"How old are you?" asked the inquisitive caller of little Katherine.

"I'm seven and five-twelfths years," answered Katherine, who has a great liking for fractions.

"Why, Wilhelm, what's the matter with your face?" queried the anxious mother of a small boy whose countenance looked like a railroad map.

"Oh," answered Wilhelm, "Sammy Smith said he didn't like the looks of my face, so he fixed it for me."

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Passenger pigeons travel in tremendous flocks searching for food. Trace forty four dots and you'll see one. Draw from one to two and so on to the end.

Lady Randolph's oldest son is Col. Winston Churchill, one of the most prominent statesmen of England, who was head of the admiralty at the beginning of the war and originated the Dardanelles expedition. Stout, bald and middle-aged, Col. Churchill certainly looks older than his mother.

Lady Randolph has published a sumptuous magazine, the Anglo-Saxon Review; written books and plays, introduced novel musicians and managed countless works of public usefulness.

In 1900 she embarked on her second matrimonial enterprise, when she was married to Lieut. George Cornwallis West, who was a young yearling in her oldest son. His mother was, with Lady Randolph, one of the chief ornaments of "the Prince of Wales' set" in the days of his earliest brilliancy.

The young man professed the deepest devotion to his mother's contemporary and the terms of endearment he uttered at the wedding breakfast were widely quoted and commented on.

After a few years, however, they drifted apart. Lady Randolph complained of her husband's interest in an artist of the Gaiety Theatre, while he reported rather lamely that she had spent all his money in her good works.

They were divorced early in 1914. Lady Randolph Churchill's retention of her youthfulness and beauty

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