

SELF CONSTITUTED REPORTERS.

(The Journalist.)

IT has been said with an amount of truth too well known to be disputed, that a little learning is a dangerous thing, and to none I think is this saying more applicable than to a certain class of men who call themselves reporters. All who have been connected with the press for any length of time, and whose experience has introduced them to the gold and to the dross of their profession, must have marked the wide gulf which separates the two. We are all conversant with the advice of the father of reporters, and the would-be scribes who daily applied to him for advice and assistance. It is lamentable to us that this recommendation is generally ignored, the consequence being that the market is overcrowded by a class of men whose aspirations are not prompted by a general desire to fit them for the position which they crave. Not only does the want of knowledge characterise these gentry, but the bliss they enjoy in spite of it, perhaps consequent upon their ignorance, is delightful to contemplate. Conspicuous by their pride and officiousness, their productions are usually distinguished by their ridiculous errors, which are often perceptible to the most careless observer. Beyond all this their personal character and habits are far from blameless, and on the whole they bring discredit both privately and professionally on a responsible and not unimportant body of men.

A REPORTER'S WORK.

WHICH SHOWS THAT HIS LIFE IS NOT AN IDLE ONE.

IT is generally supposed by the world at large, says a sympathetic contemporary, that the lot of the reporter is happiness itself. He is envied by the rich and the poor, but especially by the boys during circus time, as he is supposed to "git in for nuthin'," which is a big thing in the eye of the gamin. There are those besides the gamin who think he wears a magic slipper that carries him safely past all doorknockers and ticket sellers; that he sports a charm about his throat that brings forth free beer and bug juice *ad libitum*; that he has brass-plated cheeks which are past-ports even into the skeleton closet of the household and that his conscience is pliable and his disposition so mercenary that it is but necessary to cross his palm with a few paltry shekels to turn his calumny into praise and his facts into fancies.

But alas and alack! Truth stripped of the imagery with which it is frequently clothed, oftentimes would not be recognized by its own mother. Behold the naked truth.

In order to get the facts with which to construct his numerous articles, he must travel on an average of five miles a day, or an aggregate of 1,500 miles a year. During these perambulations he asks several thousand civil questions

and gets several thousand uncivil answers; gets fired out of offices and houses; has dozens of doors slammed in his face; is asked 10,000 questions and returns as many short but civil answers; gets into a circus once on a promise to give it a big send-off; is buttonholed 1,300 times by parties who desire to impart a good article about themselves; is let into several political secrets by candidates, which are bare-faced boasts; is boosted by the same candidate because he didn't publish the secret; is welcomed wherever his pencil will put money into people's pockets or give them a little notoriety. However, he pays five cents a glass for beer, full rates for board, top prices for clothes, either walks or pays full fare on the street cars. While others are enjoying the opera, the social party, the circus, prayer meetings, a game of poker, a turn on the roller skates or marching with a political club the reporter is wrestling with a mass of chaotic facts and endeavoring to get them into shape for you to read while you despatch your good warm breakfast.

He gets to bed at 3 o'clock in the morning and between the annoyances of flies, noisy chambermaids and pencils of sunlight boring into his eyes he does well to get seven hours' sleep by the time he is aroused at noon to get his breakfast. At 2 o'clock he reports at the office and begins the same old round of duties. But, taking one consideration with another, the life of a reporter is not much worse than that of a street car driver after all.—*Oil City Derrick.*

THERE IS NO DEATH.

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in heaven's jewelled crown,
They shine forevermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread,
Shall change beneath the summer shower,
To golden grain of mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flower.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away;
They only wait through wintry hours,
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best-loved things away,
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate,
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

And where he sees a smile too bright,
Or heart too pure for taint and vice,
He bears it to that world of light,
To dwell in Paradise.

—F. BULWER LYTTON.

THE PHONETIC REFORM IS BOOMING.—The following is a specimen of some of the communications daily received by the City Commissioner:—"Gune the 9th. Mr. Cotsworth, Sitty Comr —Sir, you have been notfid alreidy of filthey state of the Rare of — Qune street West if it is not sin to i will hav to see the Mare."