

THE JOURNALIST'S SIXTH SENSE.

JULIAN RALPH, in the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.
Condensed for TYPE AND PRESS.

THIS sixth sense of the Journalists is by no means akin to the news sense. A newspaper man must have the news sense in order to distinguish what is worth publishing and to know what proportions to give to the various incidents which make up a newspaper, if he be an editor, or which constitute the story he is writing, if he be a reporter. He can get along very well without the sixth sense, which is a most mysterious quality or instinct, and which many possess, but no man can command or rely upon. It seizes a man with irresistible force and leads him to what he seeks. Sometimes it even takes him to the seat of news which he is not seeking and of the existence of which he has had no inkling. It frequently impels him to act against his judgment and to do things which he feels to be absurd, and yet is obliged to persist in until the reward comes with a shock like lightning from a cloudless sky. But illustrations make the best form of explanation:

The morning on which Captain Dreyfus' lawyer, Maître Labori was shot down on his way to the court in Rennes, is fresh in every one's mind. In my own it is as clear as you may imagine when you learn that here, at Rennes, I am writing this at the same table and with the same pen that I used in describing the startling event. My alarm clock was set for half-past five, yet though I had not enjoyed a fair night's rest for a week, I could not sleep after five o'clock. I went to the court early, and on the way I passed the telegraph office. "Will you wait a minute?" I asked my companion, Mr. G. W. Stevens, of the London *Daily Mail*; "I think I will telegraph my people that I expect exciting news to-day." I do not know what it was that prompted this. Perhaps the cross-examination of General Mercier, the bitterest accuser of Dreyfus, by Dreyfus' gigantic champion, was uppermost in my mind. Yet that did not require nor deserve a telegram of warning—in fact, there was no need at all for warning those who must always be prepared for great news. Nevertheless, the warning came to me, and the incident serves as a perfect example of the working of this strange sixth sense.

But only think of the case of Mr. Balch, now the assistant of Mr. Kennedy Jones, the conductor of the *Evening News*, of London. Mr. Balch was in Boston at the time of a most sensational tragedy in New York. There was nothing ever so vague to connect any one in Boston with the extraordinary affair. On one evening Mr. Balch walked to or from his dinner in the streets of Boston and passed a colored man. He may have passed ten or even fifty others in the course of the same walk, yet on the moment that he saw this particular person he became seized with the idea that this might be the man whom the police of New York suspected of a dreadful part in the tragedy which engrossed their attention. He followed the man to—what do you suppose?—a church, of all places. He watched his behavior during the early part of the service. He saw the man exhibit to his female companion (or else he saw adorning the woman) some jewels like those by stealing which the man had added the sin of theft to his more hideous crime. He left the church and notified the Boston police of his discovery. Some officers returned with him to the church, and the end of it all was the arrest of Chastine Cox, the slayer of his benefactress, Mrs. Hull, in West Forty-second Street, New York.

Nothing in all my experience, perhaps, seems to me more inexplicable and extraordinary than another incident which occurred at about the same time. It was suspected that a clergyman must be in the possession of some sensational facts concerning a matter of acute public interest. He had but newly come to the city, his address was not in the directory and no one could be found who knew him or anything about him. I was "on the case," as the saying goes, and suddenly, as I was walking with another reporter in a section of the city which was removed from the sphere of our work, we saw a most unclerical looking man walking along the opposite pavement. I said at once, as if another person had spoken with my lips: "There is the clergyman for whom we are looking." The object of my pursuit was so surprised and taken off his guard that he acknowledged having performed the ceremony about which I sought information, and, after that, was easily led to tell me all that I desired to know. That was the work of the sixth sense, pure and genuine.

A PERFORATOR.

EVERY first-class job office has a perforator. Have you one? If not, write Miller & Richard. The Gem Perforator which is illustrated in our advertising pages is most suitable. Fuller particulars concerning it furnished on application. The few dollars invested in a perforator will bring a good return.



RE-BUILT MACHINERY.

NEW machines are always guaranteed by the maker and are therefore bound to be satisfactory. Miller & Richard's rebuilt machinery is also guaranteed to be in first-class order when shipped, and therefore no mistake can be made in purchasing from it. In fact since we have been repairing and rebuilding machinery on our own premises by our own special workmen under our own supervision, our machines have given universal satisfaction. Any person desiring a bargain should consult us. We have on hand always a large stock of machines of all kinds and we have access to the stocks of several large American dealers. Our prices are right, and we are quite certain that we can fill every order with satisfaction to the purchaser.



PERSONAL.

AFTER seven years' experience on the *Tweed News*, Mr. W. J. Taylor has been asked to take charge of the circulation department of the *Montreal Herald*. Mr. Brierley is always looking out for bright young men; he heard of Mr. Taylor, who had been running a very bright weekly, and he sent for him. The arrangement is temporary, but there is no doubt that it will soon be permanent. Mr. Taylor retains the ownership of his paper in *Tweed*, but will leave it in charge of his brother who has been with him a couple of years.

CANADA will soon have a staff of war correspondents. Charles Lewis Shaw has gone to Capetown to represent the *Vancouver Province*, *Ottawa Journal*, *Toronto Telegram* and other dailies. The *Toronto Globe* has sent Fred'k Hamilton; the *Mail and Empire*, Mr. Brown; the *Montreal Star*, Mr. Smith; and the *Herald*, Mr. Simonski. Mr. Shaw sailed on Oct. 11th from New York, the others sailed from Quebec on the *Sardinian* on Oct. 30th.

J. C. WILSON, the well known paper manufacturer of Montreal, died recently. He was an old friend to many Canadian publishers.

WINGHAM, ONT., had three papers, now it has but two—the *Times* and the *Advance*.

F. W. HUCKELL of the *Carberry Express* is ill. He will spend the winter in Colorado.

THE Chesley *Enterprise* has swallowed up the Chesley *Free Press*.

C. BLACKETT ROBINSON'S *Dominion Presbyterian* is now printed in the Belleville *Sun* office.

A NEW catholic weekly will shortly be issued in Ottawa from the office of the Federal Press, Sussex Street. The editor will be Thomas Swift who has been connected with *The Monitor* and *Events*.



SCRAPS.

Minister: "My boy, I'm sorry to see you flying your kite on the Sabbath Day." Boy: "Why, it's made out of the *Christian Weekly* and it's got a tail of tracts!"

Mr. Russell Lowell tells a good story of a man he met in Chicago, who had a great deal to say about his travels in Europe. Mr. Lowell remarked that he greatly enjoyed the French literature, and that George Sand (Madame Dudevant) was one of his favourite authors. "Oh, yes," exclaimed the Chicago gentleman; "I have had many a happy hour with Sand." "You knew George Sand, then?" asked Mr. Lowell, with an expression of surprise. "Knew him? Well, I should rather say I did," cried the Chicago man; and then he added as a clincher, "I roomed with him when I was in Paris."