

Itzig: 'A Reporter's Boy'

Some of the best newspaper reporters cannot write a sentence correctly. They are not expected to do so. It is their business to collect facts, which they relate to others who put them in form as a 'news story.'

Something is lost, of course, by this method of second hand telling, for the writer cannot reproduce a scene from imagination so well as he could if he had seen it, but the assistants, or 'reporters' boys, as they are called, are not sent out alone on any incident that promises much importance. Their work is the small news of the day, which is intended only for short paragraphs. That their results are often interesting enough for long accounts is due to accident; in part, however, to the industry and the understanding developed by long training of native intelligence.

Isaac Holstein, or Itzig, as he was called for short, was such a student. He was a child of the East Side tenements, and his work, at police headquarters, was chiefly among his own people, the Jews of the New York Ghetto. Shrewd and accurate, he was always to be trusted to fetch all the facts and to state them correctly. None of the other boys could "beat" him, and none was so accurate as Itzig, who never failed to get names and addresses, and never got them wrong.

This devotion to completeness and accuracy made his accounts sometimes a bore, for he brought in details that were of no use, but it was an invaluable trait, of course, and very rare except among first-rate men of all sorts. His work was libel-proof, and no other paper could go over his investigation and add new particulars to his story. When he came back he was done; and he would sit down with his notes and tell all about the fire, accident or crime, with swift ease and unhesitating assurance.

One day, however, there was an exception. He had been to a fire. To cover so commonplace an incident was child's play for him, and something he liked, because he rejoiced in description and the heroic. It was a never-failing pleasure to him to discover and celebrate a bold rescue by a policeman, a fireman or a neighbor.

"Say, it was great!" he used to say, when he came to tell about such a deed. "William J. McGlory, number four truck, twenty-eight years old, No. 17 Cannon street, he—then, laying down his notes, Itzig would reproduce with gestures grimaces and language often slangy, a vivid picture. The picture details were always as complete as the names, initials, addresses, etc.

But on this day, while several reporters were waiting for his fire story, he was shuffling and hesitating over a fire. His sense of "the great" was evidently struggling with some other feeling or observation, and it was impossible to make out what was the matter.

"It wasn't much, only a two-alarm fire, and it didn't do no damage to speak of," he said. "I wasn't in a good neighborhood, either—just a tenement house, No. 16 Essex Street, five-story, red brick, full of families with kids, kids by the hundreds, eighty-seven. But you see there was a panic and a—somebody had to— you know how it is when 'the geese'—the East Side Jews—get a scare run into 'em!"

Itzig described top-floor families out by way of the roof to the next house, third and fourth cooped up in halls, some of 'em rushing to the fire-escapes, others too sketched to move, just shrieking and tending their garments, as the Bible says.

"Across the street," he hurried on, "the other 'Motzes'—another slang word for East Side Jews—out on fire-escapes, with their hands and faces raised to the sky, crying, 'Ei wei, ei wei!' You know how it is. You can describe it an' I'll give you the names. But the fireman was late, on account of no one knowing how to ring in an alarm. Samuel Bernstein, forty two years old, No. 16 Essex, next door to the fire, tried it first, then—

"Oh, come to the point!" I interrupted. "Well, there was a fire rescue. It wasn't very hard, either. You see—

"Give us the name of the rescuer, while you're about it."

"Oh, it was just a fellow passing by ran in and saved some people, mostly children."

"Didn't you get his name?"

"I got the names of them he saved, which was the most important."

"Well, go on."

"The fire," resumed Itzig, "started in the basement, shoemaker shop, Abram Koswinsky, thirty six years old, married, three kids, oldest four,—do you want names and ages?"

"If they did or suffered anything."

"No, they got out easy by the rear window, through the area to No. 22 back. But the flames were just climbing up the stairways. Escape by the front door was out off when I got there. I—I happened to be over that way on a suicide and heard the wails, you know. Somebody had to help, or we'd have had a big story with a dozen roasted to death. Put in, 'Scared' white faces looked out of the windows each second, then disappearing back in the smoke. It was tough, I tell you. There was a way to get to the third story by the next house. You could climb from one fire escape to the other and get in the window. Inside, the flames was cutting the floor in half. A man and woman and two children in the front room were passed out by the way the man came. Their names were—

they licked his back hair off, and set his coat on fire. But he got there. And he found two men, three women and five kids huddled in one corner, one woman and two babies unconscious from smoke. The others were getting air by breathing low down on the floor.

"The men had to be made to go down the rear fire-escape with the women and jump. This took time, and the flames burst out of the rear, cutting off that way out. So there was the five kids. I—I think the man said that he grabbed two and was going to throw them out to the old people, but they had run away. So he had to go from."

"He started to run for it, but he was set fire to and had to lie down and roll the flames out and crawl again. The firemen had come, and they caught the kids all right. The fireman who caught 'em was Jerry Sullivan, Truck Eleven, the first there, and—

"Give us that later."

"The fellow inside sneaked back the same way and got two more. The firemen had a ladder up to take the children. One was left. As he went back for that he seen the game was up. He had to shake his coat, which was burned, so he whacked it against a wall till it was out, and wrapped the last kid in it."

"Then came the fun. The flames covered the back of the house and was coming in the window. House full of smoke, floors hot, hallway ablaze, solid, you know, 'hemmed in by fire, babe in arms' that's the feature of the story! The stairways fell, the hall floor curved, the whole building shook. The fellow thought of a lot of things, but they didn't have anything to do with getting out of that hole. There was an awful crash, and he just sank in a heap. Itzig wiped his face. The perspiration that had started to it dampened his handkerchief."

"The next thing that man knew, he was in a drug-store, No. 28 Essex, and the fire was out."

"But how did he escape?" asked one of the reporters. "Didn't he go down with the wall when the crash came?"

"No, that part of the house didn't fall, and you see, the fireman knew him. When he didn't show up they crossed the air-wall from next door, got through a window and battered down the door to the room where he was."

"They found him asleep and—and a feature of the story is they couldn't get the kid out of his arms to save the two separately. They had to carry them out together."

"The reporters laughed at Itzig. 'What's the hero's name?' asked one. "Oh, he wasn't a hero. He couldn't have done it if he hadn't started to, being there first. Besides, he didn't save the last child, you see, but had to be rescued himself."

"Did you interview him?" queried Chapman, who was writing the story. "No, not much; he wasn't able to talk. 'Not even to tell his name?' He didn't want to," said Itzig. "But the fireman, you said, knew him."

"Yes,—not very well,—only his first name."

"What was that?"

"I—well, I didn't think to ask. 'Didn't you think to ask! Didn't you think to get the most important point in the whole story! Are you losing your mind?' cried Chapman, in amazement."

But one of the other men was of quicker perception. "Was his name Isaac?" he asked. Itzig flushed.

"Itzig," said a reporter who had gone behind him, "your hair is all burned off and your neck is blistered."

"Yes, and you've got on your Sunday coat," cried another.

"Oh, get out!" said Itzig. "It's so disgusting when you reporters go sticking your noses into other people's affairs!"—J. L. Steffens, in Youth's Companion.

WHEN THEY GET MARRIED.

Ages at Which Men and Women Wed—The Unmarried and Their Chances.

WATER LAMP LAMPS. MORE LIGHT. LESS OIL. Boils water in a few minutes. Gives a pure, bright light. Pays for itself in a short time.

Widows remarry at an average age of 39 and widowers at 41.

Table showing the following table for 1,000 marriages is compiled from the last census report: Husband's Ages, Wife's Ages.

Of the remaining 9 men and 5 women the marriages will be between 60 and 80 years. It will be noted that after the age of 30, in both sexes, the desire as well as the opportunity for marriage falls off rapidly.

It is estimated that in any of our older settled states the number of marriageable but unmarried women between the ages of 16 and 45 is about 30 per cent. of the women living between those ages. If this estimate be correct the number of unmarried but marriageable women now living in New York city is about 165,000, while the number of unmarried men between the ages of 21 and 50 is 173,000.

Every woman living in this country who is between the age of 16 and 45 has four chances out of five of getting married; 25 out of every 100 must go through life unmarried.

WOMAN—WHY SICKLY? Nerves Shattered—Stomach Weak—Direction Damaged—Frostrated—South American Nerve is Woman's Friend—Never Fickle.

Mrs. Hutchinson, of Vandeleur, P. O. Ont., says: "South American Nerve is a wonderful medicine, and the only remedy that ever helped me. I was a great sufferer from nervous prostration, acute indigestion. The first dose relieved me and three bottles completely cured me."

One Other Suggestion. Spain has omitted one plausible theory regarding the destruction of the Maine.

One's faith shows less what he is than what he is trying to be.

MAMA GET ME A PAIR OF D.S. LIKE PAPA'S. WEAR Trade Mark SUSPENDERS GUARANTEED BORN.

Miramichi, April 11, to the wife of Michael Young a son.

Halifax, Mar. 27, to Capt. and Mrs. J. A. Saunders a son.

Belbrook, April 3, to Mr. and Mrs. James Porter, a son.

Paint for Everything

Almost everything about the house is improved by paint—if the right kind is used. There was a time when one kind of paint was made to serve every purpose.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS Co.

makes a special paint for each kind of work. A paint that will do its special work in the way it can best be done.

For floors a hard-drying and hard-wearing paint, to walk on. For chairs and furniture, a bright, glossy paint—that's hard to mark or scratch. For bath tubs, a hard, bright enamel—that hot or cold water does not affect. For buildings, a durable paint—to withstand the elements.

Paints for outside and inside. We will send a free book describing our different kinds of paints and their different uses if you will send your address. The leading paint dealers keep these paints.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS Co., PAINT AND COLOR MAKERS. 100 Canal Street, Cleveland. 2329 Stewart Avenue, Chicago. 21 St. Antoine Street, Montreal.

Weymouth, April 8, to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert M. Journeay, a daughter.

Lockport, March 29, to Rev. and Mrs. D. B. Hemmon, a daughter.

Port Matland, N. S., April 8, to the wife of Rev. Herbert Saunders, a son.

Cambridgeport, Mass. Mar. 29, to Mr. and Mrs. Stephen E. Jeffrey, a son.

Windsor, by Rev. Henry Dickie, Daniel Fooks to Fanny Maybery.

St. John, April 18, by Rev. Dr. Bruce, John J. Cook to Mary Brand.

Pembroke, April 9, by Rev. C. F. Wilson, C. P. Doty to Edith Chute.

Newcastle, April 7, by Rev. W. Aitken, James I. Stewart to Lizzie Reid.

Somerville, Mass., by Rev. Mr. Merry, W. P. Moore to Lizzie Burrows.

Gaspe, April 6, by Rev. J. Williams, Thomas Kennedy to Jessie Prescott.

Wentzel's Lake, Mar. 29, by Rev. L. M. McCreery, Austin Liver to Bertha Mirtle.

Wentzel's Lake, Mar. 28, by Rev. Mr. Phillips, Richard Abbott to Edna Daley.

Yarmouth, April 11, by Rev. J. H. Fothay, Richard Treiry to Annie Smith.

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Billtown, Mar. 31, by Rev. M. F. Freeman, Horace L. Kinman to Myra L. Lamont.

Guysboro, April 8, by Rev. W. L. Croft, Andrew Henderson to Carrie Luddington.

South Bar, C. B., April 8, by Rev. J. F. Forbes, Nell M. Abbott to Edna Daley.

Isaac's Harbor, Mar. 29, by Rev. A. J. Vincent, John Churchill to Lottie McMillan.

Gaspe, April 6, by Rev. John Williams, Andrew Davidson to Helena Scotland.

Fredericton, April 12, by Rev. Canon Roberts, William Craig to Margaret Stewart.

Isaac's Harbor, April 6, by Rev. A. J. Vincent, William Clyburn to Lydia Warrington.

Adrievate, April 4, by Rev. Douglas Foster, Capt. Harry W. McNally to Nettie D. Elliott.

East Sable River, Mar. 30, by Rev. N. B. Dunn, David Thompson to Mrs. Amelia DeLoux.

Woodstock, N. E., April 13, by Rev. Ven. Archbishop Neale, Henry Bliss to Elizabeth Dibble.

St. John, April 10, John O'Grady.

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Moncton, April 10, Wm. Evans, 39.

Pictou, April 6, Wm. Sutherland, 94.

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Greenfield, April 1, Stewart Hunt, 64.

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