



American Women as Newspaper Writers.

By Katherine Thomas

Newspapers Cannot Get On Without Women—Mentally and Physically, an Exhausting Occupation—The Society Reporter Must Be a "Listening Machine"—Excels as an Interviewer.

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(Katherine E. Thomas is one of the best known women writers for newspapers at Washington. Her book on "Official Etiquette at the Nation's Capital" is regarded as a standard. She has also written a novel on Washington society entitled "Not All the King's Horses.")

Woman's place on the newspapers today is due to the law of demand and supply. She has not crowded man out. It is distinctively a position into which she has neither forced her way nor sought in ever so limited a degree to oust man from that domain in which since the invention of the art of printing he had held exclusive right.

With the evolution of successive stages of progress the necessity of woman's work on the press became so apparent that the cry went forth throughout the land. And it was because of that cry that this great field of woman's cleverness and industry was opened up.

With trembling feet the pioneer woman writers crossed the threshold of the newspaper offices. It is with assured tread she makes her way today. In the comparatively short space of time in which woman has been an acknowledged factor on the staff of the daily press she has accomplished much. Before her yet stretches vast worlds to conquer. But that she will conquer, that in the future she will achieve success in this occupation is long since a foregone conclusion.

Not the least powerful factor woman brings to her work as a newspaper writer is that birchlight, intuition. When added to her keenly observant powers become trained along the necessary lines and her natural tenacity of purpose has the strong stimulus of competition with men, it will be realized that success is and must continue to be her portion.

As in all else of the country's work, there is a great deal of human nature in the newspaper world, and when a woman enters into such active shoulder-to-shoulder rivalry with men, as has now of necessity developed in all the active press matters of the day, she must understand from the start that she can expect no quarter. To be upon the staff of an up-to-date daily means an amount of work more exhausting mentally and physically than in any other wage-earning occupation can fall to the lot of a human being. To be upon the staff of a powerful newspaper means to live at concert pitch day after day, month after month.

It is only by the strictest observance of the hygienic laws relating more particularly to the regular eating of simple, easily digested, nourishing food that any one, man or woman, can expect to stand the strain. Newspaper work at all times wears upon the nerves, and yet, strange to say, it is women who bear it best. Seldom, indeed, do they go under from the effects of this work, while the number of physical wrecks among the men is wholly out of proportion. This, be it understood, where the work and hours are identical.

It sounds at first paradoxical to say that the life of a newspaper writer is one of incessant repression and continued development. The tremendous rush of competition, the being in active touch with the great and small events of daily life, the knowledge that each so engaged is in an infinitesimal way writing history, serves to rouse even dormant ambition.

Active daily newspaper work is a hotbed for the development of the best intellectual qualities. It is a life of untiring perseverance, of unflinching patience, of abasement of self at times to an abnormal degree, yet upon the whole decidedly beneficial. Frequently it comes to pass that the woman writer, while maintaining her

dignity of brains, must entirely obliterate her individuality, unless she means to fall by the wayside and be laid in the potter's field of failures. For some people she must ever become a mere listening machine. Absolutely this and nothing more if she means to achieve success, for she must listen to all manners of woes and tribulations, and have positively none of her own to relate in exchange. The role of Punchinello is not always the easiest to enact, but to leave it out of the curriculum at times very materially interferes with achieving the desired end.

Of all arts of which she must become mistress that of learning to draw people out that their best points may be brought into play, is the most important. The acquisition of this accomplishment has in turn its reflex good effect upon her work, as nine times out of ten it will enable her to turn an opening negative into a closing affirmative.

The branch of newspaper work in which women excel in Washington, in which in fact they have the almost exclusive field, is that of social reporting. To a greater or less degree during the last half dozen years the society reporter has come to have a place upon the staff of nearly every large journal in the United States and Europe. But it is in Washington that she rises to her greatest heights of usefulness, and, therefore, because of the broader opportunities among the official and political element, of greater importance.

In this particular phase of work, woman's great success lies in the cultivation of the power to keep her own counsel regarding much that must necessarily be seen and heard in the discharge of her work. And in this respect, scoff as unbelievers may, she has achieved a success. From the experience of years I can truthfully assert that the woman writers of the daily press do not gossip even among themselves of the vast number of secrets that come to their knowledge concerning prominent people of the world of society in which their lives are spent.

At the start of society reporting woman's presence on the regular staffs of newspapers was regarded in the light of a necessary evil. She not infrequently in masculine estimation sunk far below this level, rarely in the eye of the general public did she rise above it. Just why this should have been enigmatical, as the "copy" of the average woman correspondent requires less revealing than that of her brother of the pen. Further, she represents a commercial value that the man does not and in the nature of things cannot. Her value is incalculable as an advertising medium. This is something she comes in time to understand and appreciate.

The best society column on a local paper is quick to be noted by fashionable women. The reliability of this column once recognized means a tremendous valuation to the proprietor. The advertisers, especially those having women's apparel and belongings for sale, soon grow to know and patronize the paper in accordance with its social rating.

There is literally at the present time no department of newspaper work in which women have not practically exemplified the fact that they stand equal with men as reporters. As war correspondents, for nerve and accuracy they made enviable records in the Spanish-American and South African wars. But it is as an interviewer that the woman newspaper writer is beginning to excel. In this line her unquestioned success. It is here that a natural patience stands her friend in the hour of need. It is here also that her intuition serves her well.

The average woman does not understand politics. Possibly the reason for this may lie in the fact that up to the present time she has taken little active part in the workings of the great machine which turns some presidents in and others out of the White House. But this does not militate against her availability and strength as an interviewer, because a woman more naturally than a man carries out instructions. When detailed to some important work of this nature she is quick to add to her current knowledge such specific information as is essential in the case. She rarely returns empty-handed from an assignment, and the newspaper woman of standing is recognized for accuracy of detail.

If I were asked the most important essential to success in a newspaper writer I would reply "fact!" and again "fact!" There are other essentials, of course, and among these, in addition to a good memory, which is naturally strengthened by the severe training is to be enumerated an instinct for news. This means not only to keep abreast of the doings of the hour, but to know at hearing or glance a really good thing when one comes across it, to seize upon and use it forthwith, yet never under any circumstances to be led into the fatal peridy of playing traitor. Another essential is not only to be equal to emergencies but to cultivate the faculty of deciding quickly and wisely. This last is by no means easy even to a veteran writer.

Interspersed with the hard work are bright bits of happiness along the way. There are many compensations for the life of self-abnegation in the stanch, elevating friendships with people who otherwise would not have been met by the newspaper writer save in the discharge of duty—friendships in which "shop" is forgotten, in which the real woman is recognized and her talent met upon the only plane on which a clever woman will allow it to be met.

ALL KNOW THIS MAN

THE TIME-STEALER ONE OF THE EVERLASTING NUISANCES.

Minutes, Hours, Days and Weeks Are His Plunder—Foe to Industry with Whom It Is Very Hard to Deal.

He is known among his acquaintances—and about everybody knows him—as the time thief. Not that he relieves his friends of their watches; that wouldn't be so bad, because watches can be replaced, but the time thief takes what can never be recovered or duplicated—minutes and hours, and days and weeks, which do not belong to him. Unlike the ordinary thief who steals from those who have the most of what he covets, the time thief steals the golden moments from those who have the fewest to spare.

The time thief is not ordinarily a bad sort of fellow. But for his pernicious habit of taking what does not belong to him he might be a good citizen and an ornament to society. The modus operandi of this foe to industry constitutes the peculiar enormity of his offense, for he carries on his nefarious business openly and cheerfully, persuaded that he is an angel of beneficence to his fellow men.

He "blows" breezily into the office of his victim at the busiest hour of the day and this is what takes place:

"Hallo, old chap," says the time thief, slapping his victim on the back. "There you are with your nose at the grindstone again. You'll peg out one of these days and never know you've been alive."

"How are you?" returns the victim, with forced politeness, for of course it is impossible to kick the time thief. "You'll excuse me if I finish what I'm at here—awfully busy this afternoon."

"Busy, nothing," says the time thief, jovially. "You only think you're busy. Nothing but habit, old man, nothing at all but habit. If I didn't drop in every day or two to jar you out of your rut I don't know what would become of you. Now, just chuck that pen while I'm here and put your feet up on the desk. Got a little story I want to tell you."

But the victim, who has been through all this before, laughs as politely as possible, and keeps on with his work. If the time thief didn't have a hide as thick as an alligator he'd take the hint and ramble out. But such a course never occurs to him. Being a time thief, he won't go until he has obtained enough plunder to make it worth his while. Accordingly, he plunks himself down in a chair, puts his feet on the desk, and tells his little story. The telephone rings, visitors arrive to transact business with the victim, the office boy comes in with papers for him to sign. These are very annoying interruptions for the time thief, but they do not discourage him to the point of giving up his attack. He always begins again at the point where he left off and carries his story through to the end—and begins another.

The time thief never has any business of his own, and never can see why anybody else should have any. "Look at me," he says boastfully. "I look 20 years younger than you do now, and I'll live that much longer than you. All because I know how to live. Well, so long for now; I'll drop in again to-morrow and cheer you up again."

Although the time thief boasts that he knows how to take things easy, it would be worth while to have him tackled by another time thief. The chances are that he would see things in a different light at once. But the effect would only be temporary, and he would pounce on his victim with all the more delight at the next opportunity. In all probability the time thief will last while time lasts.

Gorillas Terrorize Congo Natives, Alfred Yorke, a young explorer, who has returned to London from the French Congo, brought back with him three immense gorillas. He states that a section of the French Congo and the German Cameroons is filled with these big beasts.

His companion laughed. "Do you remember," he asked, "what a countryman of Voltaire's, a very distinguished physician, said to a patient who had a slight attack of indigestion, and was convinced that he was dying of heart disease? 'I haven't as yet made the diagnosis, but do not alarm yourself needlessly, for we will be able to discover everything at the autopsy.'"

Then they both laughed. They had been listening to a man expounding a scheme for currency reform. Harper's Weekly.

Where the Shoe Pinched. It was easy for Mr. Randall to bear with his wife's remarkable decision of character at all times, but her obstinacy he found most difficult to endure.

"I can't quite comprehend her," he confided to his brother after one trying experience. "Many years as we have been married she still surprises me. Why, all in the same day, sometimes in the same hour, she will settle a disturbance in the kitchen, put the children just where they belong, adjust some matter in the church, and then, when her judgment ought to be at its best, display the most astounding obstinacy in attempting to regulate my goings out or comings in. It's—it's incomprehensible."—Youth's Companion.

Why He Fought. Magistrate—Pat Murphy, the constable says you were fighting. What have you to say for yourself? Pat Murphy—Well, your worship, Oi had a clean white shirt on, an' Oi got was so mighty proud as it that Oi got up a bit as a row wid a mon so as Oi cud take me coat an' wesoot off and show it.

NEW YORK IN THE REVOLUTION.

Gotham Was Tory to the Core During the Great Struggle.

New York was tory to the core. Those who think it sordid and commercial to-day should pore over the records of the actual history of its men of affairs in the years when the common people were fighting battles for independence, says the Success Magazine in an article on Tammany hall. No soldiers marched out from its streets to join the ranks of men under Washington. Its wealth paid no taxes for the support of the revolutionary cause. The future metropolis was dominated by alleged Americans who believed that independence meant their vested interests. They were convinced that democracy threatened their social prestige, they were instinctively fond of the gauds and trapping of royalty, they set money and position above country—they were the laissez faire of half a century later, and the smug prototypes of the bourbon reactionaries of to-day.

It was their influence which prolonged the war of independence. They believed that only the power of royalty could keep the despised mob under control. They had stubbornly and successfully resisted every attempt of the masses to secure even a vestige of political right. They dreaded lest a time should come when men with ballots in their hands should attempt to confiscate their property. They had no more patriotism than a modern corporation seeking to evade its taxes or to steal a franchise. This numerous and powerful class did its best to thwart American liberty, and when it was won despite them there was consternation in the mansions of New York. With tears and forebodings they watched the evacuation of the city by the British; some of them fled, but most of them remained.

Game of Loggats Revived.

A club has been formed in western Canada to play the old English game of loggats which has long fallen into disuse in the old country. The pastime is alluded to by Shakespeare.

The game consists in throwing a pin called a loggat at a stake driven into the ground. The player who gets his loggat nearest the mark wins. This is essentially our French game of quoits, which every one in America pronounces "quates." The difference is that we use a heavy disk, or in many regions a horseshoe instead of a pin.

Of loggats, Stevens, the Shakespearean commentator, who died in 1860, says: "I have seen it played in different counties at their sheep shearing feasts, where the winner was entitled to a black fleece, which he afterward presented to the farmer's maid to spin for the purpose of making a petticoat on condition that she kneel down on the fleece to be kissed by all the rustics present."—Springfield Republican.

The Loves of a Violinist.

"A violinist," said M. Ysaye, "can love as many fiddles as a sultan can love wives, and more. I should like a violin harem—a regular seraglio of fiddles—Stradis, Guadagninis, a Guarnerius or two, a few Amatis and even a few Gaglianos." Once, early in his career, he was passionately attracted by an alleged Guadagnini in a pawnbroker's window in Hamburg. Buying it was out of the question, and the pawnbroker, after much persuasion, only consented to lay aside the instrument for awhile. Even then possession seemed remote until Ysaye, meeting a diamond-dealing friend actually fired him with so much enthusiasm for fiddles that he consented to leave a bag of stones with the pawnbroker as security for the instrument. "In this way," says Ysaye, "I was married to my first love among the fiddles, my beautiful Guadagnini."

Diplomats, Doctors and Doctrinaires.

There were two diplomats in the house gallery in Washington the other day, and as they went out one said to the other, quite apropos of nothing: "My dear colleague, do you remember what Voltaire said—doctors are people who pour drugs, of which they know little, into a body, of which they know less?"

His companion laughed. "Do you remember," he asked, "what a countryman of Voltaire's, a very distinguished physician, said to a patient who had a slight attack of indigestion, and was convinced that he was dying of heart disease? 'I haven't as yet made the diagnosis, but do not alarm yourself needlessly, for we will be able to discover everything at the autopsy.'"

Almost Beyond Him. His Friend—What part did you find most difficult when you were on the stage? Footlights—Trying to live up to the salary I told my friends I was drawing.

A Candid Opinion. Bacon—Do you think we will ever have universal peace? Egbert—I'm afraid not. There seems to be just as many cooks and church choirs in the world as ever!—Yonkers Statesman.

May Be Less. Bill—I see there are 19 American colleges with an enrollment of more than 3,000 students each. Jill—Was that enrollment taken before or after the football season?—Yonkers Statesman.

More Important. "At the recent meeting of the directors did they pass any resolutions?" "No, but they did a dividend."—Baltimore American.

A TRAGEDY.

"Henry, you're pale!" cried the financier's wife as he staggered out of his motor and up the marble steps. "We are ruined, Mary," he replied, ashen-lipped. "The judge has fined my company \$25,000,000 for contempt of court! We must give up all, all!"

Puckily the woman rose to meet the situation. Her hand stretched toward the vast ocean that lay at the foot of the Italian garden.

HER LEAP YEAR PROPOSAL.



Miss Sweet—I have just proposed marriage to your son, Mr. De Goldberg, and been accepted.

Mr. De Goldberg (sternly)—Can you support him in the style he has been accustomed to?

Sounds the Same. "My husband is a fool!" snapped Mrs. Ostler Towne.

The visitor expressed only mild surprise, but the suburban lady was moved to explain.

"You know I wanted to persuade our hens to lay in the nests we provided. And a neighbor suggested getting a couple of nest eggs. So I telephoned to my husband to bring home a couple of artificial eggs with him."

"Well, and didn't he?"

"Didn't he! The idiot brought home a pair of cork legs!"—Cleveland Leader.

Permanent. Bride of Some Months—My tempers, you say, are trying?

He—At times. "I would not have you worn out with them. If you cared to be released from—"

"Oh, no; not at all; not a minute. I don't feel so even when I'm cross. I'm no 90-day volunteer. I enlisted for the war."—LIFE.

A Trade Qualification. "Why don't you get your dentist to take an active part in your campaign?"

"He is no politician. Why do you suggest him?"

"Only because dentists are usually successful in taking the stump."—Baltimore American.

Squelched. The Rooster—Why strut about so? I hear the foudler is said to deposit 7,000,000 eggs in the course of a year.

Eastern Weaklings. Miss Gotham—Why do those westerners call eastern people tenderfeet?

Returned Tourist—Because eastern people can't walk 40 miles into the country to look at a \$10,000 suburban lot without feeling tired.—New York Weekly.

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WOMAN'S BACKACHE



The back is the mainspring of woman's organism. It quickly calls attention to trouble by aching. It tells, with other symptoms, such as nervousness, headache, pains in the loins, weight in the lower part of the body, that a woman's feminine organism needs immediate attention.

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Mrs. Will Young, of Columbia Ave., Rockland, Me., says: "I was troubled for a long time with dreadful backaches and a pain in my side, and was miserable in every way. I doctored until I was discouraged and thought I would never get well. I read that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for others and decided to try it; after taking three bottles I can truly say that I never felt so well in my life."

Mrs. Augustus Lyon, of East Earl, Pa., writes to Mrs. Pinkham: "I had very severe backaches, and pressing-down pains. I could not sleep, and had no appetite. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured me and made me feel like a new woman."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration.

There are many men who wear their hats practically all the time when awake, and are blessed with a heavy shock of hair; yet if the scalps of these same men once become infested with dandruff germs, the parasites would multiply all the quicker for lack of air. Baldness would ensue as the final result. Newport's Herpicide kills these germs and stimulates unhealthy hair to abundant growth. Herpicide is a pleasant hair dressing as well as a dandruff cure and contains not an atom of injurious substance. Sold by leading druggists. Send 10c. in stamps for sample to The Herpicide Co., Detroit, Mich.

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There are many men who wear their hats practically all the time when awake, and are blessed with a heavy shock of hair; yet if the scalps of these same men once become infested with dandruff germs, the parasites would multiply all the quicker for lack of air. Baldness would ensue as the final result. Newport's Herpicide kills these germs and stimulates unhealthy hair to abundant growth. Herpicide is a pleasant hair dressing as well as a dandruff cure and contains not an atom of injurious substance. Sold by leading druggists. Send 10c. in stamps for sample to The Herpicide Co., Detroit, Mich.

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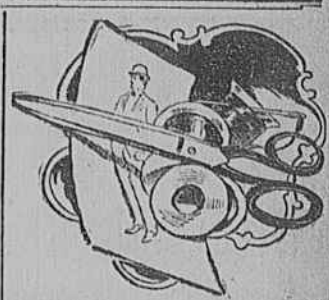
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"I hear he refused to take chloroform when he was operated on."

"Yes; said he'd rather take it when he paid his bill."

Tess—Mr. Wise is an agnostic, isn't he? Jess—The idea! What made you think that? Tess—Miss Passy told me he didn't believe the Bible. Jess—Oh, she means their family Bible, in which the record of her birth is entered. He noticed that she had been tampering with the date.—Philadelphia Press.

Teacher in Infant School—I want every pupil who has never told a lie to hold up his hand.



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