

Humorous Department.

The Point of View.

"Uncle Ransom," said the planter, as he rode a writer in Everybody's...

"Yes, sub, Marse Robert, da' so, but..."

"How many times have I told you if you didn't quit that, you and I couldn't get along together on this place?"

"Dat sho' is the trufe, Marse Robert. You p'intedly tole me dat—but you know a nigger, he jes' nacherly for-gits."

"Every negro on this place believes that he can do exactly as he pleases."

"Dar now, bless Gawd, you sho' spoke a parable: dese young niggers is gittin' mighty triflin'."

"It has come to this, Ransom: Reveille is not big enough for you and me. Tomorrow morning we part; you go your way and I go mine."

The old negro looked sorely troubled and bewildered. He glanced over his shoulder at the rippling lake, the open cotton, the perfectly level fields...

"Well, Marse Robert, ef we jes' can't git along together—ef we's jes' bou'ter seprate, would you mind tellin' me whar'bouts you 'spects ter go?"

The Mystery of It.

In Washington the recent death of George W. Harvey, known since Lincoln's day for the rare food of his famous "oyster house," has recalled the following anecdote of his life:

"On one occasion Mr. Harvey visited New York, and his praises were sung by some of the prominent men who were his friends. A dispute ensued as to the merits of certain dishes, and a contest was arranged between Mr. Harvey and several famous New York chefs. The competition centered upon the mixing of a salad dressing. The jolly fat judges watched the preparation carefully and observed that Mr. Harvey as a finishing touch took from his pocket a tiny vial, carefully uncorked it, poured a few drops into the finishing and set it before the arbiters. They tasted each dressing in turn, smacked their lips and puckered their brows. Then they declared that all the dressings were very fine, the most delectable that they had ever put to palate, but that about Mr. Harvey's dressing there was an 'ah—indefinite something' which caused them to award it the prize.

"George, what was it you put in that dressing?" asked one of Mr. Harvey's friends later.

"Only water," he replied. "I knew a little mystery would get 'em."—Chicago Post.

Did Twain Insult?

"This natural born spitter of surry," said Mark Twain at a dinner of the New York Post Graduate Medical school, "reminds me of a kangaroo that I saw on my last Australian lecture tour."

"I was riding inland on the box seat of a stage coach beside a very talkative driver. The country was level and highly timbered. Now and then, un-gainly and big against the skyline, a kangaroo bounded in and out among the trees.

"They're mighty cute, then kangas," said the driver. "Cute as Christiansa some on 'em. Hank Shuter, what owns the section behind this here creek, he's got a trained kangaroo that meets the coach every week and gets his letters for him. The pouch, you see, comes in right handy."

"We turned a bend of the road, and a fine, large kangaroo, disturbed in his feeding, looked up at us with an inno-cent, questioning air.

"Nothing fer you today, old man!" shouted the driver.

"And the kangaroo, as if that was what he had been waiting for, bounded into a clump of trees and was soon lost to view.

"That's him," said the driver. "I nodded indifferently."

The Trick That Failed.

At the last session of the Washington Post, there was a very close division on an important measure that was pending. A western member was fighting the bill with all the vigor at his command, and his success depended absolutely on his presence at his post. A clever member of the opposition devised a scheme whereby the troublesome man could be lured away. Accordingly, on the morning of the day the vote was to be taken a telegram was sent to the home of the fighting member. It read, "Come home. Your wife is dangerously ill. The congressman glanced at it, read it carefully two or three times, and then started toward the capitol. The perpetrator of the scheme asked the congressman what the telegram contained. He showed it to him.

"What?" gasped the inquirer, "and in the face of that you are going to the capitol?"

"I am," was the cool response. "But don't you feel worried about your wife?"

"Not in the least," was the reply. "Why?" asked the other.

"Because," replied the fighting member, "I have no wife."

The Deserter.

"Do you desire to have it understood," asked the judge, addressing the lady who wanted the divorce, "that your husband deserted you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Please tell the court as concisely as you can how he deserted you."

"Two months after we had completed our wedding trip he scolded me because he thought I was extravagant in the matter of getting clothes, and I went home to my people."

"Yes, proceed."

"Well, I waited and waited and waited for him to come and beg me to turn to him, and he never did."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Not Result.—A Smith county school boy persisted in saying "have went" to the great distress of his teacher. To break him of such ungrammatical usage she kept him in after school and told him to write "have gone" 500 times. The boy went to his task industriously and worked steadily for some time. Finally the teacher was called from the room by another teacher, and when she returned she found the youthful grammar student absent. On his desk were a number of tablet covers covered with "have gone," and the following note: "Taken through and have went home."—Kansas City Journal.

Miscellaneous Reading.

SELLING THE SHORT STORY.

The Young Author's Chances in the Magazines.

There are today in this country nearly fifty magazines that are willing to pay good prices for good stories. Among them they use about 250 stories a month and buy probably fifty more, which they will never use.

Of these 200 or 300 stories marketed every month, about one in fifty is first-class and about one in ten is second-class. The others are purchased and printed because the editor must have something to fill in the spaces between the front cover and the advertisements.

The editors of the better class of magazines are continually howling for stories. If they get a good story from a writer, they follow him up with requests for more. If they see a good story or two in another magazine they write to the author and ask if they cannot have something from him. They are on the watch all the time for any one who has the gift of narrative.

These are the facts of the case, well known to every one in the publishing business. On the other side are the theories believed by the budding authors who feel the germs of genius within them.

The authors of unpublished manuscripts seem to have two standards that editors will accept any old thing if the writer has a name. The second is that editors will never tell an unknown author why they refuse his story.

The antagonism between the aspiring author and the unyielding publisher undoubtedly exists. What is the real cause of it and whose fault is it? With a view to getting at the truth of the matter the writer undertook to get upon speaking terms with the editors of fifteen of the leading magazines published in America today, and also to make some practical experiments of his own so as to test the truth of the charges continually made against the well known editor by the unknown author.

The result of these interviews seems to prove pretty conclusively that if the unknown author cannot get his story published it is entirely his own fault and that the faults which lead to his discomfiture can be grouped under three heads.

To begin with the most common fault of all, the manuscript may be all right, the situations may be all right, and the dialogue clever, but—no story.

In the next group of failures are those manuscripts in which the story is there, but is not properly arranged or told. This is a fault which puts a manuscript just in the balance. Whether the editor thinks enough of it to bother further with it is largely a matter of the humor of the moment. It is very much like the hesitation of a person in buying something that is not quite what he wants, but which could be made up to his satisfaction by a little time and trouble on his alteration.

The third class of failures is stories which are all right, but are not suited to the magazine to which they are sent. This is the cause of nine-tenths of the failures of inexperienced authors.

One of the most extraordinary delusions of the novice in authorship is that his manuscript is not even read. One often hears of pages gummed together as the test, and so on. The reply to this charge is that it is not always necessary to separate the yolk of an egg from the shell to find out that it is rotten.

If writers only knew the eagerness with which the publisher's reader scans every story that comes into the office from a new source they would quickly get over the idea that their stories were returned unread. Many of the writers of established reputation are written out, and the magazine editor is tireless in his quest for new ideas, a fresh style, an unexploited field. All he asks is that the new story shall fit into the style of architecture on which his magazine is built.

The one absolutely hopeless case is the writer who has no story to tell but who can fill up fifteen pages of type-writing with a mixture of dialogue and incident that leads nowhere. Several of the editors interviewed spoke feelingly of the time and trouble wasted in wading through this sort of authorship.

"This sort of writer," remarked a reader for one of the best known magazines, "reminds me of a young fellow who applied for a job in a carpenter's shop and brought a perfectly smooth piece of board as a sample of what he could do. The carpenter asked him what it was for or what it fitted and found that it did not fit anything but a single ruler. If it is a story of adventure there must be only one adventure. If it is a love affair it must be only one episode in the courtship. If it is a character sketch it must deal with one trait of character only.

"There is no more common mistake made by would-be magazine writers than to imagine that a short story is a condensed novel. A short story should be like a flashlight picture of a single stone being laid in a wall. The novel is a description of the whole building from cellar to roof."

The rapidly with which a reader can judge a story is the result of long practice. While it is true that an expert can scan a story without reading more than a third of the words in it, he will never miss the story if the story is there.

It may be badly told, but if it is a really good story the editor will rescue it every time. He will enter into negotiations with the author to fix it up or will buy it as it is and fix it up to suit himself. Every magazine has men employed for that purpose.

Not one in ten of the smooth reading stories that one finds in the magazines is printed as it was written. Unless they are the work of a trained writer who knows all the tricks of the trade they have been chopped and changed in order to lick them into presentable shape. Unnecessary introductions have been cut off the beginning, anti-climaxes cut off the end, superfluous adjectives taken out of the middle and descriptions of scenery removed entirely.

To the writer was shown one short story printed in McClure's, which was a first class story of its kind. It had been changed four times, forty-eight superfluous words had been

cut out by two and three at a time and six explanatory and argumentative letters had been exchanged between author and publisher before the final proof was passed.

All this trouble over a 3,000 word story submitted by mail by an unknown author, who had never written any thing before, and by a magazine that receives several hundred manuscripts a month and can command the best writers!

Why? Because the story was there, and S. S. McClure knew it the moment he saw it and he rose to the bait like a pike. The author was one of his finds.

"What is the particular element that you imply as so desirable when you speak of the story in a manuscript?" the writer asked Mr. McClure.

"It must be human and there must be some motive in it," he answered immediately. "It may be cleverly written; but so are advertisements. Adventure and incident may be there, but if there is nothing human in it no laughter will ever shake the reader's hand, no tear will ever fall upon the page."

Many readers who were interviewed expressed the same opinion in various ways, insisting that it was this want of the human touch that caused the rejection of 90 per cent of the stories submitted to magazines.

"A story must act on the reader's feelings as well as on his mind," remarked one. "It must quicken his impulses somehow. If it is a story of adventure it should be able to carry you along with it, just as the audience used to hold on to the backs of the seats in front of them when John B. Gough described the stagecoach tearing down hill close to the edge of the precipice with a drunken driver on the box."

"The habitual magazine reader remembers a story that has made him feel long after he has forgotten those that made him think."

Frank Munsey classifies stories simply by their commercial value and puts paths first, love second, adventure third and humor last.

"And one can invent love plots and adventures," he says, "and some men cannot put pen to paper without being humorous; but the pathetic story is always from the heart, and if it is genuine it always reaches the heart of the reader. Those are the stories that are hard to find."

One of the most common errors of the novice in authorship is sending his manuscripts to the wrong place. The further he is from the right place in his selection the longer he will probably have to wait for its return. This delay and the repetition of refusals is one of the most disheartening things the budding author has to contend with, but it is entirely his own fault. He may imagine that all the editors have conspired against him, whereas there is nothing against him but his own lack of judgment.

If a man had a patent churn to sell and went hawking it among the housewives on the West Side you would laugh at him and tell him to take it to the country and sell it to the farmers' wives. If he replied that the country was just the same as the city, all houses and people, you would laugh still louder at his folly. Yet the author who sends his manuscripts to the wrong place is just as misguided.

The first thing that a new writer usually does is to send his story off to his favorite magazine or to the magazine that he hears most highly spoken of. All amateur actors want to play Hamlet from the start. The high class, well known magazines, like Harper's, have to wade through more trash than any others.

"A story was submitted to me privately by a friend of mine," said one reader. "The author was a young lady who did not know that I employed a magazine. She thought it was the greatest thing that ever happened, that story of hers. Most authors think that about their first attempts."

"She was in doubt whether to send it to Harper's or the Century, as she did not want to offend either of them giving the other the refusal of it. After reading it over I advised her to try it on the Waverly Magazine first and not to expect any pay for it."

"She has not spoken to me since, but I learned from a friend of hers that she sent it from one magazine to another for nearly two years, having to copy it again once or twice when it got shabby. The funny part of it was that she finally sent it to the Waverly and they used it."

There is a young woman in Brooklyn who has just brought out a book that promises to be a success. She has a classified list of magazines, beginning with those that she would like best to publish her stories and ending with those that are better than the waste basket.

She has twenty-five magazines on this list, and every short story she writes is sent to each in turn and upon its rejection to the next magazine in line. If the manuscript sticks anywhere on the trip, well and good. If it is rejected by the whole twenty-five, into the waste basket it goes.

While this scheme may impress some persons as clever, it is really a confession of bad judgment. It is like offering to sell carpenter's tools to twenty-five different trades, when only two or three trades use them, although all trades use tools.

Every one who hopes to be successful as a magazine writer should buy and read at least one or two numbers during the year of every magazine published, or of twenty or thirty of the leaders. The sort of stories and articles they contain should be carefully studied.

Unless his story is of exceptional merit, which of course every author imagines it is, there are never more than four or five magazines that would even consider it. When magazines buy stories from authors with big names they do it for the purpose of advertising the fact that the big man is writing for that magazine, and they usually carry very little for what he writes.

It is the same in all matters of business. When Albin, the first man to ride a bicycle on one wheel, was engaged by Barnum he wanted to show the public what he could do on a wheel, but the manager told him he could not do more than three minutes.

"We don't care a cent for your act," the manager told him. "All we want is to show the public that we have got what we advertise."

The secret of the success of any magazine lies in its individuality. People come to recognize it as different from the others and they do not feel that any other magazine will take its place.

What makes this individuality? The editor's power of selection, his ability to pick out the stories and articles that carry out his conception of what a magazine should be. If any old story would do for any old magazine, as some writers seem to imagine, what would become of this distinctive trait?

Unless a writer who sends a story to a magazine has studied this peculiar touch that gives the magazine its

character and has written something that fits in with it he is simply wasting time and postage stamps. He may have made a beautiful churn, but the woman who lives in Central Park West does not think it fits into her ideas of what should be in her household.

"Yes," returned he, with a suddenly respectful and serious demeanor. "She occupies the rear of this house, so you'd best step round to the rear door and knock gently, ma'am."

"I did; but no one answered."

"Ah, then, didn't you notice a sign on the door in the shape of a neat placard?" asked the man, in tones of awe and admiration.

"Yes. The placard said 'out.'"

"Then she's out. That's her sign, ma'am."

The man seemed very modest and anxious to learn, and the editor told him the exact facts. Instead of being grateful for this expert criticism, which was valuable, the author of the story became abusive and told the editor that he had never printed such a good story in the Popular, which was a rotten magazine anyhow, and much more to the same effect. Such authors are hopeless, because they will never learn.

John Thompson, editor of Pearson's, told the writer that one had to be more cautious about mentioning the defects in an author's stories to the author himself than one would be about remarking upon the defects in a woman's personal appearance if she asked you about it. In fact he thought the author would be the more vindictive of the two.

At the same time he had found, when he was sure that he was talking to the right sort of man, who would not be misunderstood, that he could put his finger on the weak spot in a story, and that the editor mentioning the defects in an author's stories to the author himself than one would be about remarking upon the defects in a woman's personal appearance if she asked you about it.

John S. Phillips of the American Magazine tries authors out with hints, such as that the story would be improved if it began at such a place instead of where the author begins it. If the author watches the blue pencil cut its way across the page without flinching, and sees his beautiful adjectives crossed out without serious objections Mr. Phillips knows that the man will stand the gaff and be a success as a writer; but when a man fights for a phrase and insists on a description that has nothing to do with the story, however fine it may be in itself he is never going to do.

These editors all agree upon the one cardinal point, the writer must have a story to tell and it must be human. Editors care little or nothing about grammar or style; they have experts to fix that up. What they are looking for is the story that is not from the head but from the heart.

SISTERS OF BACCHUS.

Romans Punished Drinking Women With Death.

For many centuries the Romans were water drinkers, the favorable location of their cities and the wine they rediscovered, having determined the location of the great city itself. Wine was used on important occasions or as a medicine, and women were not expected to drink it. The feeling in Rome was much toward women wine-bibbers as it has been until recently in Europe regarding women who smoke.

At the time of the Christian era the women drank only sweet wine, and many are the anecdotes of punishment under the Roman law that made the family council arbiters of life or death of the woman who drank and of her who stole her husband's keys to the wine cellar.

In a vaunting way the Romans for a long time decried the use of fine wines. Cato boasted of having partaken of the same wine as his oxen. "But then," said the speaker, "Cato was a queer fellow, who pleased himself by ridiculing luxury."

It was unworthy of a Roman to admire choice wine. The Greeks were the wine producers of the world in French today. The finer wines were served at feasts in single portions, even at grand dinners. This was the earlier condition.

As Rome spread about the world the vine was distributed throughout Italy, and the greater the conquest of foreign territory the stronger the home industry of wine producing.

There is evidently a relationship between the two facts. As the policy of culture increased luxury spread, and with it the use of wine. The old time aversion was dissipated and city and country would grow again the next year, but an army cuts and burns trees and vineyards, and Spartacus was a species of phylloxera that the country people learned to drink.

Rome not only slaked its thirst but had veritable fountains of wine. The wars had two results; they carried the soldiers into wine growing countries and they brought to Italy the Buires viniculturists of the best regions. Just as there have been recently in California vine dressers from Piedmont and Sicily, so in those days Egean farmers found employment in planting in Italy the vine of their home islands.

The most important in the political relations between Rome and its provinces. Rome taught them war, building, language and to drink wine. Gaul prohibited it as a mark of civilization. As China fears opium and France absinthe, so the ancient colonies feared the influence of wine.

But this feeling disappeared when they were annexed and began to be assimilated. And as the colonies increased the prosperity of the mother country did likewise, and largely through the vine, whose products found in every new province an illimitable field. Love of wine followed the army, and the more Germany, Dalmatia and Pannonia drank the more filled were the coffers at home.—Boston Transcript.

The Queen of All.

Honor the dear old mother. Time has scattered the snowy flakes on her brow, plowed deep furrows on her cheeks, but is she not sweet and beautiful now? The lips are thin and shrunken; but those are the lips which have kissed many a hot cheek on the childish cheeks, and they are the sweetest lips in all the world. The eyes are dim, yet it glows with the soft radiance of holy love which can never fade. Ah, yes, she is a dear old mother. The sands of life are nearly run out, but feeble as she is, she will go further and reach down lower for you than any other upon earth. You can not walk into a prison where she can not see you; you can not enter a prison whose bars will keep her out; you can never mount a scaffold too high for her to reach, that she may kiss and bless you in evidence of her deathless love. When the world shall despise and forsake you, when it leaves you by the wayside to die unnoticed, the dear old mother will gather you in her feeble arms and carry you to the bosom of all your virtues until you almost forget that your soul is disgraced by vice. Love her tenderly and cheer her declining years with holy devotion.—Selected.

Occupant in the Rear.

"Is there a young lady by the name of Evans living in this house?" inquired the strange woman of the timid appearing man at the front door, says Judge's Library.

"Yes," returned he, with a suddenly respectful and serious demeanor. "She occupies the rear of this house, so you'd best step round to the rear door and knock gently, ma'am."

"I did; but no one answered."

"Ah, then, didn't you notice a sign on the door in the shape of a neat placard?" asked the man, in tones of awe and admiration.

"Yes. The placard said 'out.'"

"Then she's out. That's her sign, ma'am."

"Do you know when she will return?"

"No; we never know that, ma'am. In fact, she comes and goes whenever she takes the notion, and wants none to interfere with her doings or habits in any way, shape or manner, ma'am."

"She's rather a mysterious and independent sort of person, I take it."

"Well, rather. You see, ma'am, she's our cook!"

"You can help a lot sometimes by not giving advice."

"After all there isn't a great deal of difference between will power and won't power."

Lavadura advertisement featuring an illustration of a woman washing her hands and text describing the product's benefits for delicate fabrics and hands.

While It Is a Fact advertisement for insurance, highlighting the benefits of life insurance and the company's financial strength.

In All the World of Piano advertisement for Chas. M. Stieff, emphasizing the quality and variety of their pianos.

Chas. M. Stieff advertisement for Farmers' Wholesale Grocery, listing various food products and services.

THE DARK CORNER advertisement, a dramatic piece of text about a woman's life and a man's discovery.

W. S. GORDON advertisement for typewriter supplies and stationery, listing various products and services.

DUTY TO THE PUBLIC advertisement for The National Union Bank, detailing its capital and services.

THE NATIONAL UNION BANK advertisement, providing contact information and services for Rock Hill, South Carolina.

LODGE EMBLEM CARDS advertisement, offering printing services for lodge members.

CHECK BOOK PASS BOOK FREE advertisement, promoting financial services and products.

Bank Account L. M. GRIST'S SONS advertisement, offering banking and printing services.

SEE US NOW advertisement for Rawls Plumbing Co., highlighting their plumbing services.

TYPEWRITER SUPPLIES AND STATIONERY advertisement for L. M. GRIST'S SONS, listing various office supplies.