

# PRESS AND PUBLIC MEN.

The Honesty of the Latter Certified by the Former.

## DENIALS OF PRESS STATEMENTS

Those Who Complain of Society Items.

### GREAT PUBLIC MEN.

General H. V. Boynton, a Washington correspondent of many years' experience, contributes an article to the "Century" on "The Press and Public Men," many of the statements in which are applicable to Ottawa as to Washington and to Canada as to the United States. The following extracts are made:

"There is a widespread idea among those in the public service that cultivating the press, as they are pleased to term it, is something very far beneath their notice. On the other hand they seem to think it the special business of the press to cultivate them, and when they find themselves left to the pale vegetation which belongs to the shadows into which they withdraw, they deem themselves ill used, and declare favoritism to be one of the most glaring faults of the press. These gentlemen of narrow vision never appreciate the fact that the field of journalistic work is far too wide to admit of many visits to individuals, and when the mountain does not come to them they never avail themselves of the plainest alternative.

In going to the mountain lies what has been referred to as the proper use of the press. If a man in the public service does anything which interests his constituents, it is to his advantage and to theirs that they should know it. The press stands ready to make it known, and finds itself repaid in making the news. If the act performed is of national interest, the Associated Press will carry it to every corner of the land. If it is local or needs comment, the special will use it. If it is partisan, the special of the party press will take it. In all this there is mutual advantage. One side desires the publication, the other wishes the news. But if the public prophet, in his suicidal pride, waits till his news is found by glaucous, and habitually refuses to go to the mountain, he becomes the only sufferer, since the world will manage in some way to wag on without any information about him, and meantime he will remain in comparative obscurity."

### ARE PUBLIC MEN CORRUPT?

"When the party press first began its exposures of party men the serious blunder was very widely committed by the latter of rallying their forces to every possible effort in shielding and defending those whom the public had promptly adjudged guilty. From this sprang that almost universal sneering at the press on the part of public men, and especially those whose shortcomings formed the subject of criticism. To sneer at newspapers as sensational, and at truthful reports as newspaper lies, was the common form of defence for the guilty. From this in turn arose the idea which became far too common in the land, that public men, as a class, were corrupt. The public reached the natural and logical conclusion that, since the majority of public men saw little to criticize in these flagrant shortcomings, and were even ready to defend them, the mass could be no better than those who had been detected and exposed. But for this mistaken policy the country never would have been misled as to the general wholesomeness of public life. An observation in Washington of more than a quarter of a century warrants the declaration that a very large majority of public men of all parties, and in all branches and grades of the public service, are strictly honest, and that the public business in all of its divisions, and under each party management, has been as honestly, as promptly, and as efficiently conducted as the most respectable private business in the land. The excuses pleaded and the defenses made for the few exceptions to this rule, on the part of political associates, have caused the opposite opinion to prevail. Public men, therefore, and not the press, have been mainly and justly responsible for any erroneous opinions which the country may have formed upon the subject."

### DENIALS OF NEWSPAPER STATEMENTS.

"It is within the experience of every correspondent that many of the solemn denials made to meet charges which in their essentials were true, and which have contributed largely to the prevailing idea of inaccuracy in the press, were false denials, verging in their falsity upon moral perjury. Denials are a matter of course. Their truthfulness in a majority of cases is a matter of doubt. A large proportion of the denials to which the public is treated are themselves inaccurate, many are mere quibbles, and many are false. Witness every one of the Credit Mobilier denials. The press makes many mistakes. The wonder is that in the rush of its presenting an epitome of the world's daily doings it does not make a thousand errors for one. It makes very few deliberately. And many of those statements concerning which loud-mouthed and quibbling denials are often accepted are true in their essentials.

"Three examples will serve to throw light on this branch of the subject. Said a man of national fame who had commanded one of the Union armies, and had been the governor of his State, and had served with distinction in Congress, in furnishing some sensational but true statements for publication: 'This is exact; but if you ever give me as authority I will publicly deny your despatch.'

"Said a former dean of the Diplomatic Corps, in presenting a story of deep interest: 'If you allow this to be traced to me, I will promptly deny any connection with it over my official signature, and leave you in the lurch.'

"Said a senator of many years' service both in and out of Congress, after talking at length for publication: 'Yes; write it up, and print it. But be careful. If I don't like it, I will deny the whole of it.'

"False denials contribute quite as much to the impression which many share of the inaccuracy of journalistic work as its actual errors. The press is not immaculate, but it has as few unworthy men in its prominent

positions as any other profession or occupation in the land. The work of no other is so open to publicity. There is no veil, as there is for all others, under which the press can hide its shortcomings. The sunlight by day and the searchlight by night illumine the paths of all its known workers."

### THE MEN WHO DO NOT CARE.

The flippancy with which a large class of public men dismiss what they call the attacks of the press, and the superciliousness with which so many are accustomed to announce in their places, or declare in their interviews, that it is not their habit to take notice of what the newspapers may say, is but another form of the only defence which very many of them are able to make against just criticism. There is nothing truer in regard to public life in Washington, as is known to all who have facilities for closely observing it, than this, that, as a general rule, those who protest to the public the oftenest and the loudest that they pay no attention to the press are the very ones who watch its utterances most closely, and generally with more nervousness and with more cause for apprehension than any others. As a general rule, the best men, the ablest men, and all men of all parties who are straightforward in their purposes and in their lives, who perform their duties with due regard to their responsibilities and their oaths of office, are those who trust the representatives of the press the most implicitly. These, as a class, never suffer from the criticisms of the press, and it would be very difficult to point to a single man among them who has ever been persistently and unjustly misrepresented, or to whose defence the great majority of Washington writers have not constantly rallied whenever his public acts have been untruthfully assailed. As a rule, and a rule with few exceptions, those whose course will not bear the light, and who cannot stand upon their real records, are the sole ones in public life who either dread the press or suffer from it.

"In the face of a very wide belief that the press observes no confidences, and that it is necessary to keep everything from its representatives with most scrupulous care, lest the public should become informed in cases where such information would be most embarrassing, it is scarcely too much to say that the only class of men in Washington who year after year are trusted implicitly, and who year after year become acquainted with matters of the greatest moment, upon the condition that this knowledge shall only be used as a guide and shall not go beyond them, are the journalists."

### SOCIETY ITEMS.

"One of the most curious institutions with which the press has to deal, and with which it is continually annoyed beyond endurance, is that nondescript conglomeration in Washington which calls itself 'Society.' This is a calling entirely apart, and, generally speaking, far beneath that large number of intelligent people of common sense and permanent standing, both within and without official circles, with which the capital is more than ordinarily blessed. The small men and women who attain temporary position in the various orders of this kaleidoscopic conglomeration are perhaps those who are most deeply sensitive of the shortcomings, the exaggerations and the inaccuracies of the press. With these, belaboring the press is one of its calisthenics. The whole body is an auxiliary force for the common defence against the press by the use of that weapon heretofore referred to; namely, universal and persistent sneering. And so Mr. and Mrs. Fresh, glorifying themselves throughout the few months of their public existence, rapidly marching the while towards the shadows of that oblivion from which voters unexpectedly raised them, and into which voters so speedily repunge the majority of them, are often heard to remark sneeringly upon the absence of the representatives of the press from noted social occasions. The favorite form of shielding themselves is to be continually asking, whenever the paragraphs which they have written in regard to their dresses, and eyes, and hair, and general beauty, appear in the local prints, why there cannot be some decency on the part of those who conduct the press, and why people cannot be let alone, and not be given this unpleasant notoriety. It will probably never come to the knowledge of the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Fresh that the representatives of the press whose duty it is to see everything have long since been through this dismal round, and long since abandoned its pathways as the most senseless use of time to which it can be put even in the national capital. These worthies will never believe that the scrap-baskets of the representatives of the press contain each month throughout the season more invitations to what is most prominent in desirable society than those who are loudest in their sneers at the press see throughout the entire term of their butterfly existence. That which gives the most curious aspect to all these outbreaks from these lower orders of society's habits is the fact that the very large proportion of the personal notices, of which they are sure to complain in public to their friends with the air of those whose privacy has been invaded, are prepared in the handwriting of those to whom they relate. There is not a newspaper office in Washington that has not voluminous collections of this sort, wherein the only changes made before their appearance in print have been the necessary corrections in orthography and grammar. There is scarcely ever an exception to the statement that the descriptions of prominent social occasions are prepared in advance down to the minutest details of dresses, trousseaus, and presents. These paragraphs thus furnished, are generally a wondrous alchemy which transforms everything into forms of beauty. Ordinary costumes become superb, corpse-like complexions take on the auroral glow, non-classical noses are reduced to at least bewitching reticence forms, and generally to Grecian outlines, real hair becomes the golden aureole of ideal painters, and so down the list the various commonplace features of professional society habits become smooth, and beautiful, and altogether lovely."

### THE ACCESSIBLE MEN.

"Speaking generally, the higher the rank of public men in any field of public duty, and the abler those who hold place in its various branches, the closer, more cordial, and more confidential are their relations with the public through the representatives of the press. As a rule, presidents, cabinet officers, chief clerks, the heads of important bureaus, and the fifty or sixty men in

Congress who originate and carry forward the great business of the nation, are men who at all times are approachable in the interests of the public, and who communicate, with little or no reserve, all that is proper for the public to know, and give most of the rest in confidence to all trusted representatives of the press for their personal guidance. Of late years this intimacy between those most prominent in public life and the representatives of the press has been steadily strengthening."

### The Case in a Nutshell.

At a class recitation in one of the Public Schools in Illinois, a few days since, the following questions were asked by the teacher, and the following answers were given by one of the pupils—a bright little Yankee some 12 or 14 years:

Teacher—What great country lies north of the United States?  
Pupil—Dominion of Canada.  
T.—What is the population of Canada?  
P.—About 5,000,000, sir.  
T.—What is the principal business of the people over there?  
P.—Raising babies, sir!  
T.—Raising babies! I don't understand you!

P.—Yes, sir, raising babies for the foreign market!  
T.—Your answer is extraordinary, and I don't understand it. You will explain yourself.

P.—I mean that the Canadians are raising babies for Uncle Sam!

T.—Still I fail to see the point in your answer!  
P.—Well, sir, the papers say that more than a million of Canadians have found homes in the United States. These were all babies once, and were raised by the Canadians! The way the Tories are running the Government over there, millions more will be compelled to find homes in this country. You now see the point, teacher, I trust, for I have tried to make it plain to you.

The teacher saw the point. That Yankee boy takes a philosophical view of the matter and should be presented with a chromo for his apt answer.

### New York's Boy Choir.

In 1869 there were but three boy choirs in New York—in Trinity Church, Trinity chapel and St. John's. After four or five years the next boy choir was organized through the exertions of Mr. Hatch, the banker, for Christ church on Fifth avenue, which is now demolished. After an interval of seven or eight years, boy choirs seemed to spring up in all directions. The ritualistic movement in the Episcopal church no doubt has much to do with the introduction of this kind of music, though boy choirs are now found in what are called the "low" and "evangelical" branches of the church, and even in some of the sectarian churches. There are now in Brooklyn and New York between 60 and 70 boy choirs, and counting New Jersey and the suburbs there must be 100 of them. The boy choir of Trinity chapel is the best known in the city, and this is the only church in the United States which has a daily choral service. The choir consists of 30 members—12 men and 18 boys. Boy singers are usually obtained from the public schools, but a church of reputation never has any difficulty in securing all the talent it needs.—From the Epoch.

### Liked His Neatly Straight.

The *Law Gazette* has told a story about some one of the Irish judges, and lawyers are trying to find out which one of the judges is referred to. It appears that a certain learned judge is accustomed to dose at times during the speeches of the counsel, and, on awakening, does not always realize the situation immediately. An eloquent Queen's counsel was lately addressing the commissioner's right to a disputed waterway. In his address he repeated somewhat emphatically, "But, my lord, we must have water. We must have water." The learned judge thereupon awoke and startled the lawyers by remarking, "Well, just a little drop, thank you, just a little. I like it strong."—N. Y. Tribune.

### Embracing the Situation.

Binghamton Republican: "Well, good-night, Miss A.—" said a young man the other evening to a Dwightville girl whom he was visiting. I think it's better for me to go. I feel certain that if I stay two minutes longer I shall be indiscreet enough to kiss you."

"Well, good night, Mr. F.—" replied the young girl. "Oh, by the way," she added, "I want to show you my satchel bag before you go. It will only take a couple of minutes."

It is only necessary to state that the young man in question is possessor of a bright intellect, and he quickly embraced the situation, and we can further assert that the girl was in it.

### Their Respective Values.

Mrs. Meddergrass—Young Sassafraz has run off with our daughter, Jerusha. Meddergrass—Oh, he can have her. And he took the sorrel mare.  
"What's that? Give me my gun! I'll go after the scoundrel right away!"

### Like the Earth.

New York Herald: Boggs—McKinley won't get the earth this fall; but after the election he will resemble it.

Foggs—How?

Boggs—He will be flattened at the polls.

The Vatican counts 308 staircases and 1,000 different rooms.

George Holmes, of Cincinnati, is the owner of a peculiar diamond. In the morning it is a beautiful sky blue, at noon it is perfectly white and at 6 o'clock in the evening it begins to turn black, and after sunset it is like a piece of coal.

A rare reptile, a white rattlesnake, was exhibited the other day at a fair in Georgia together with a photograph of its eye, in which can be distinctly seen, it is said, the likeness of a farmer who narrowly escaped death from the reptile.

Belgium has a population of 6,030,043. Kansas has a population of 1,427,096, yet she is so large that seven countries the size of Belgium could be laid down within her border, and yet she would have 400,000 square miles of unoccupied territory left.—At the Sanford ranch and throughout the district around Westbourne, Manitoba, the yield of wheat was an average of nearly forty bushels to the acre.

### JOSEPH WAS ALL RIGHT.

Else There Had Been Some Interesting News from Whitehall.

There was a motherly-looking old lady sitting in the midst of her bundles at the Grand Central depot yesterday, says M. Quad, when a man with a grip sat down beside her and began to read a newspaper. She eyed him pretty sharply for a few minutes and then enquired:

"Any great news in the papers to-day?"

"Nothing very extraordinary," he replied.

"See anything in there from Whitehall?"

"Not yet."

"I'm from Whitehall, or pretty near there. Bin down here visiting my sister. Haven't bin here but two weeks, but it seems a hulk year. Only got one letter from Joseph, and about all he said in that was that he took his pen in hand to inform me that he was well, and hoped these few lines would find me the same, which they did. I'm a little worried. Don't find any item there about a house or barn burning up near Whitehall?"

"No, ma'am."

"Joseph was breaking a colt when I came away. Don't see anything about a farmer getting his neck broke or being kicked to death?"

"Nothing of the sort, ma'am."

"Anything about anyone falling down a well or off a haystack?"

"No, ma'am."

"Joseph is awful reckless, but maybe he's got through all right. Anything about a mad dog biting anybody, or a gun busting and blowing a man's head off while he was shooting at a hawk?"

"Nothing whatever. I think you will get home to find everything all right."

"I hope so, but two weeks is a long time to be away, and I'm naturally given to worry more or less. I expect the pigs have got into the garden two or three times, and I s'pose the colts have broken out again and Joseph has left the cellar door open every night, but if it's no worse I shall be a thankful woman."

"Here is an item about a farmer running away with his hired girl while his wife was absent," said the man, as he turned the paper.

"Do tell! Well, that don't skeer me any. I didn't leave no hired girl there, and Joseph is so awful homely that even the sheep dodge him. Much obliged to you. I expect to find things a little topsy-turvy, but I guess there ain't no call to worry."

### Sunday Reflections.

Many a man in the swim feels like a fish out of water.

It's only the self-made man that the child is fatter to.

Time is a true physician, for it buries all its patients.

Married couples seldom settle before grounds of complaint come to the surface.

### HELPS COLLECTIONS.

Mr. De Piscopal—Doctor, why do you continue to preach about Ananias and Sapphira?

Dr. Fourthly—Oh, it helps out collections wonderfully.

### R'S IN HIS PLATFORM.

Jack Waite—I hear that Dr. Fourthly has begun a campaign against the devil; I wonder if there are three R's in his platform?

Mrs. De Piscopal—Certainly.

Jack Waite—Indeed! What are they?

Mrs. De Piscopal—Religion, respectability and riches.

### DRIVEN FROM THE FOLD.

"I don't want to be a good, moral little boy," said Jimmie, as he put his Sunday School book aside. "This book says as how the good little boy grows up and marries the Sunday School Superintendent's daughter. I'd hate to get stuck on that nasty, freckled little tattletale."

### Smacking His Chops.

New York Herald: "I suppose Jimpsom when he struck the free lunch counter fairly smacked his chops?"

"No; the barkeeper came around and smacked them for him."

### The One He Wanted.

Yankee Blade: Young Man—I came to ask you for the hand of your daughter.

Father—Will you have patience, young man?

Young Man—No, sir. That ain't the one I want. It's Mabel.

### Moonlight Fervidage in London.

Life: "That's a magnificent star, Irving."

Said Mr. Burnand to the eminent actor, pointing to Jupiter.

"Yes; but it isn't in it with me," returned Irving. "It can't play Hamlet."

"No. That's where you're alike," said Burnand.

### A Living Miracle.

Chicago Tribune: "Beg pardon, sir, but haven't I met you before? Your face seems quite familiar to me."

(With a pitying smile for the other's ignorance.) "It ought to be if you take the papers."

"I'm the fellow that was cured of the seven year scratches by Hunkerson's liver pills."

### A Young Jonah.

Medical Record: The order which a little girl brought into a Lewistown drug store: "Mister Druggist, please send ipecac enough to throw up a 4-year old girl."

As a dancer the Kaiser is not a success. He is stiff and unbending as a ramrod. He whirls with great rapidity, and everybody on the floor gets out of his way—not so much from respect for royalty as to prevent broken shins and torn costumes.

Another fine Rembrandt has been purchased for the royal gallery at the Hague. It is signed, and is dated 1657, and is believed to be a portrait of the painter's mother, Adriaen Harmenstoon.

George Eliot, Florence Nightingale, Mrs. and Miss Fawcett were mentioned by Sir Henry Parkes in moving his female suffrage resolution in New South Wales recently, as fine specimens of intellectual women.

An officer in the bureau of the Superintendent of Immigration at Washington says that the present demand for domestic servants is unprecedented. They are for the most part German, Swedish or Irish immigrants, and it is now a rare thing to find an American girl in the kitchen.

Not less than 1,000,000 pounds of rubber are annually used for bicycle tires.

### Don't Stop at the Station Despair.

We must trust the Conductor, most surely Why millions of millions before Have made this same journey securely And come to that ultimate shore. And we, we will reach it in season; And ah, what a welcome is there! Reflect then, how out of all reason To stop at the station Despair.

Ay, midnights and many a potion Of little black water have we As we journey from ocean to ocean— From sea to ultimate sea— To that deep sea of seas, and all silence Of passion, concern and of care— That vast sea of Eden say Islands, Don't stop at the station Despair.

Go forward, whatever may follow! Go forward, friend led, or alone; Ah me, to leap off in some hollow— Or fen, in the night and unknown— Leap off like a thief; try to hide you From angels, all waiting you there! Go forward! whatever be your fate! Don't stop at the station Despair.

—Joachim Miller.

### TEA TABLE GOSSIP.

Oh! how I mourn the good old times—the days that now has fled, When I could get upholstered with good, wholesome Graham bread, An' meat that wasn't overdone nor soaked clean thro' with grease, An' good, hot gems, that wouldn't weigh a pound or more apiece. Alas! I never shall see again the like of Huld's Brown; I cuss the day I ever tried to cut her wages down; Too late I came to know her worth—my race is nearly run. For basswood pies and dumb-bell rolls their perfect work has done; Next year the daisies on my head, will gayly bend an' bob, Dyspepsy's claimed me for her own, 'cause Huld's jumped her job.

—Clarence H. Pearson.

### ON TUCK.

She heard his heart beat where her head Lay pillowed on his manly breast; It seemed to her its throbbing said: A world of things of love's unrest. "Dear Charles," said she, "your heart beats tell Of constancy that ne'er may vary."

He dared not answer for a spell, But blessed his short-wind Waterbury!

—This year is 5,652 in the Hebrew faith.

—There are twenty-seven royal families in Europe.

—It cost \$250,000 to bury Grand Duchess Paul of Russia.

—The Niagara Falls tunnel has now 1,175 feet of its 3,550 feet excavated.

—The new hat that is coming for the women is a sort of an Alpine shape. Johnny, get the gun!

—Crime is rare among women in Scotland. North of the Tweed there are only sixty female convicts at the present time.

—Mr. Tomato (to Mr. Potato, as a pretty girl goes by)—Can the potato masher? Mr. Potato—No, but perhaps the tomato can.

—A woman cannot be altogether unhappy when the woman she has invited to supper asks her to write down her recipe for that cream pie.

—The power plant at the World's Fair will be 24,000 horse-power, and will require the services of 250 engineers, firemen and attendants.

—"Oh, I know all about babies," said Harlow to the young mother, who was afraid he would let her little one fall; "I was on myself once."

—You seldom see a man so honest that he says to his wife: "Where did I leave my hat?" He usually says: "Where did you put it?"

—In the kitchens of the Bon Marche, in Paris, are kettles that hold 375 quarts and frying-pans large enough to fry 300 cutlets at a time on each.

### Not Enough of Sand in Him.

"Why have you given up your bean?"

"He tried to kiss me at the gate the other night."

"That's no great crime."

"No, it isn't, but when I resisted he desisted."

### He Was Engaged.

Giant—I want a job.

Dime Museum Keeper—Oh, get along! I've got all the giants I need.

Giant—That ain't my specialty. I'm the tallest dwarf in the world—height, nine feet two inches.

It is said to be a whole day's task for two men to fell a mahogany tree. On account of the spurs that project from the trunk, a scaffold has to be erected and the tree cut off above the spurs, leaving thus a stump of the very best wood from ten to fifteen feet high.

The son of John Kelly, the Tammany chieftain, is a fine looking, strapping youth of 11. The Epoch says that his father, just before his death, called the boy to him, and said: "John, never go into politics. It's a thankless task."

Dona Amelia Cardi, Portugal's first woman doctor, delicately her graduating thesis to the Queen, who accepted it. It was on "Hysteria Fever."

Miss Elizabeth Bisland, the globe trotter, became the wife of Charles W. Wetmore, a New York lawyer, on Tuesday.

It is proposed by the German residents of the United States to in future celebrate October 6th as "Deutscher Tag," or German day. On October 6th, 1683, the sailing vessel Concord, from Amsterdam, landed at Philadelphia nearly 200 Mennonite emigrants from Germany. From this modest beginning the growth of the German population in the United States has swollen to marvellous proportions; and Mr. Carl Schurz, in his address at a meeting in New York on Sunday, in calling attention to the fact that Ireland has its St. Patrick's Day, England its St. George, Scotland its St. Andrew, Holland its St. Nicholas and Wales its St. David, insisted that, as Germany had no representative saint's day, the anniversary of the landing of the pilgrim Mennonites might well be celebrated instead.

Ex-President Grevy left 10,000,000 francs.

Twelve per cent. of the working class of Great Britain and Ireland are women—its percentage of workingwomen being larger than is found in any other country in the world.

The great proportion of the Government inspectors who examine pork for trichinae through microscopes are women, they having been found to do the work much more satisfactorily than men.