Newspapers by ancestry
https://www.newspapers.com/image/59745447/

Downloaded on Jun 11, 2026

Musings of a Reporter

(From Leavenworth Post)

The reporter had visited all his usual haunts and he would have sworn that there were blisters on his feet as large as a dollar looks to one of his ilk on the night before payday. A generous supply of fresh white note paper in his pocket was hardly untouched, save where perspiration had made a great round discolored patch running through the sheets.

"What's doing?" inquired a friend on Delaware street, beating the scribe to the stereotyped question.

The reporter cast a reproachful glance at the friend who had so ruthlessly overstepped the proprieties and then sparred for five minutes for a peg on which to hang something to print; but his effort was without success. The scribe moved on in his unending quest for the elusive "story."

Disturbs a Sleeper

Half a block down the street he cast his eye to windward and noted the bulky form of Senator Vinton Stillings framed in a second story window. The senator's head was nodding comfortably from side to side and little breezes were lifting his gray locks in a manner that seemed to the wanderer for all the world like a wig-wag signal to join the sleeping.

Forthwith he did.

The reporter seated himself in a chair usually occupied by his honor, Judge Wendorff, and awaited developments. Gradually the sleeper grew troubled and usually he hitched the great bulk about and then came out of it. For a minute he blinked at the visitor in an impressed sort of way and then delivered himself thus:

A Puzzling Question

"How on earth do you fellows ever find enough stuff to fill a paper these dull days with half the population leaving the townsite for some alleged summer resort?

"I'll swear I don't know how you do it," he bustled on without giving the scribe time to explain that he didn't, according to frequent reports from the front office.

"But this thing of going away to spend the summer is the biggest kind of humbug," asserted Senator Stillings, pursuing his own line of thought. "Why people will give up all the comforts of home where they can loll around in a kimono to go galavanting off to some outlandish place where the conveniences are all in the advertisements and the prices three times what the service is worth is more than I can understand."

Warms to Subject

Senator Stillings was warming up to his subject. He unbuttoned his collar and reaching for his telephone ordered a box of ten cent cigars sent up right away.

By the time the tobacco was burning the senator had forgotten about the summer resorts and was talking shop entertainingly with the scribe. "The hungriest bunch of reporters I ever met up with are in Topeka," he continued. "There are so many of them there and so little going on that a visitor from out in the state is fairly mobbed the minute he sets foot on Kansas avenue. They're just like a pack of wolves. But taking them all around they are a pretty decent bunch of fellows. In the ups and downs of my public career I have found it a pretty good policy to tote fair with the newspaper boys. Not one ever gave me the raw end of a deal."

An Interrupted Story

Mr. Stillings branched off into a reminiscence of an experience he had in the office of the Chicago Tribune, but the narrative was interrupted by the entrance of Hugh Farrelly, candidate for United States senator, and a friend.

The visitor introduced himself briskly, tossed a card to Senator Stillings and requested his support.

"I am a standpat Republican," replied Mr. Stillings, "but I wish all the candidates well. They've got my sympathy."

Out of Politics

As the visitors were passing out the door Senator Stillings halted them and passed over the box of Havanas.

"I am not a candidate for anything and never expect to be again," he explained.

"I thank you," replied Mr. Farrelly. "A good smoke is what I've been wishing for."

When the visitors were gone Mr. Stillings unlocked the safe and took out an old minute book of the court of Fairfax, Va. The book contains signatures of George Washington, Lord Fairfax and many other notables. It covers the years 1708-70 and is one of Mr. Stillings' priceless possessions.

From Fairfax court house the entertainer wandered into new fields and he told a wonderfully interesting story of a slave driver who used to play poker and reside in Platte County. His name was Dorris. It is said the rings are still in the cellar of his former home across the river where he used to chain the black men up.

This reporter may write the story of the slave driver some day.

Copyright © 2026 Newspapers.com. All Rights Reserved.