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LITTLE JIM'S LEG.

A Detroit Newsboy's Experience with a "Bloke." He Tells a Sad Story to a Sympathetic Old Lady at the Depot—A Sample of English as Spoken on the City Streets. There was a one-legged newsboy about twelve years old selling papers in front of the Third street depot the other day, when a motherly-looking woman who was waiting for a train beckoned him to the door of one of the waiting-rooms and said: "Why, you poor little boy—you have been crippled!" "Yes'm—I've lost my laig," modestly replied the boy. "Dear, dear me! Lost your right leg and you must go on crutches all the rest of your life! What is your name?" "De boys call me Jim, ma'am." "Poor little Jim! How did it happen?" "I was 'trowed off a street car by a bloke." "Thrown off a street car by a bloke! How awful! They had the street torn up, and the car struck the bloke and jostled you off. They ought to be more careful in a city like this." "It was a bloke on the hind platform, ma'am." "Oh, it was? Do they carry blokes around on the street cars here to imperil the lives of passengers?" "Dey does, ma'am. Dey calls 'em conductors, but dey is blokes and won't give a kid a show for his trade. Some fellers is blokes and some hain't, but de fellers who is blokes is more dan de fellers who hain't blokes. See?" "And this blo—bloke threw you off?" she queried, while a puzzled look spread over her face. "He did, ma'am, but in de first place he pulled my laig." "Pulled your leg?" "Yes, ma'am. Dat is, he stood me off." "Off where?" "Why, he tried to dump me. Dere was a big crowd on dis car, and he was sayin' 'em up fur his cousin. Dat's why he pulled my leg, but I kicked. Savey?" "He ought to have been ashamed of himself to pull you around by the leg!" heartily exclaimed the woman. "Wasn't no one man enough to interfere?" "No, ma'am. When he found he couldn't give me de cross he took me by de neck and 'trowed me off." "And you fell under the wheels?" "Yes, ma'am. One of de hind wheels took dat laig off, and de bloke went into court and swore dat I tried to commit suicide because me leg went back on me. See?" "What a monster! And didn't you get damages?" "Not a penny, ma'am. De jury believed de bloke and wouldn't give me no show. In odder words, de judge pulled my odder laig and infloorenced the jury." "Land's sakes! And they allow such carryings on here in Detroit, do they? It's no wonder I've been nervous ever since I've been here! Here's a dime for you, and I hope you'll be able to get out where folks are civilized. It's a burning shame the way you've been used." "Thank you, ma'am. I'm ready to tumble to de fust racket dat cum along. I'm nursin' my ear now fur a place wid a news company up town." "And do you see any blo—blokes around here now?" she asked, as she glanced up and down. "No, ma'am, but dey is alius lyin' low, and you'd better keep your peepers open." "I certainly shall, and if any of them come hangin' about me they get their walking papers pretty quick. The idea of a bloke pitchin' onto a boy like you! Why don't the police arrest 'em and put 'em where they ought to be?" "De police won't even pull deir laigs, ma'am." "They won't, eh? Well, I will if they come foolin' around me, and I'll pull their hair, too!" And she went back to her seat, gathered up all her parcels and sat up very stiff and erect and kept a sharp lookout on every side of her for blokes until called to take her train.—Detroit Free Press.

A JOURNALISTIC NOVELTY.

Enterprise Proposing to Run a Telephonic Newspaper in Hungary. Buda-Pesth, the Hungarian capital, may boast the greatest journalistic novelty of modern times—a telephonic newspaper. The Oriental Review of that city gives an account of the enterprise that purports to supply a city of half a million of people with important news delivered by word of mouth. The apparatus in each house occupies a space of about five inches square and has two tubes, so that two members of the family can get the news at once. The whole cost of putting it in is six dollars, and each subscriber pays a rate of sixty cents a month for the special newspaper service. The news collector does his work in the streets, as elsewhere, and at nine a. m. he takes his post in the central station and begins to tell his story "in a telegraphic style, summary and precise, avoiding everything superfluous." At the end of five minutes, fearing lest some of his subscribers may not have heard everything, he repeats his budget of news, word for word—mostly concerning home events and news of Hungary. At ten o'clock he issues another oral edition, this time of foreign news. At eleven o'clock he lets us know that the Hungarian parliament is in session, and may mention what is being debated. But word may also come of a riot, and by noon the alarmed subscriber may hear that the populace has attacked the police and given his broker an order to buy. At two o'clock the central editor rings furiously and reports a violent debate in parliament, which leads to a change of the ministry. At three o'clock there is a fire in a building of which the subscriber is part owner—and so it goes on. At six o'clock, according to the interesting raconteur of the journal quoted: "Madame, the subscriber's wife, comes forward to hear the report of a lecture at the academy; perhaps the repetition with all due emphasis, of a new poem. At seven o'clock the young ladies listen to a concert through the Telephonic Gazette; they can distinguish wonderfully well the touching pathos of the violinello, the pearly staccatos of the flute and the enchanting voice of the prima donna."—Illustrated American.

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