

The way it is done is like this. The average staff will consist of six men. The chief will prepare what is called a "scheme," something after this:

Smith.....	A 4	G 5.30	N 8	T 10.45
Brown.....	B 4.15	H 5.45	O 8.30	U 11
Jones.....	C 4.30	J 6	P 9	V 11.15
Robinson..	D 4.45	K 6.30	Q 9.30	W 11.30
Green.....	E 5	L 7	R 10	X 11.45
Black.....	F 5.15	M 7.30	S 10.30	

At a glance you will see how it works. Smith is in the box at four o'clock. If it is a big speech he will take a verbatim note. If the speaker is a second-rate man he watches carefully for points, writing them down in shorthand. If the talker is a third-rate man he just picks up a sentence that will shew the drift. If there is a "scene" he must, of course, get everything about it. Much is left to his discretion, with hints now and then from his chief, such as "Keep it down; there is a great pressure of other news in the office to-night."

Suppose, however, Mr. Chamberlain is speaking. Then Smith's pencil is kept busy. Exactly at a quarter past four he gets a tap on his shoulder. Out of his box he jumps, and into it jumps Brown. As all the representatives of the other papers are very likely doing the same thing, there is one moment of clatter, and apparently wild confusion. But it passes.

Brown is now taking notes. Smith goes off to the writing-room, and starts transcribing his notes. He writes them in long-hand, and he marks his slips A1, A2, A3, and so on, till he finishes, and then he writes: "B1 follows." By this time it is probably five o'clock, and Brown and Jones and Robinson have all had their turns, and are now busy transcribing also. Smith isn't due again till half-past five. So, after handing his "copy" to the messenger, he probably goes off to the tea-room. It doesn't matter to him what is happening in the House; he is not "on," and he is not responsible. But at half-past five he is back. He taps Black on the shoulder. Black hops out and Smith drops in. So it goes on.

The big speeches are likely to be over about six, and so between then and ten o'clock, say, when the big guns start firing again, the chief has marked "half-hour turns." This is generally convenient, for only a sentence or two is wanted of each speaker, and the reporter can generally write these before he leaves the box. Take the case of Jones. It is left to him to write "what it is worth." So he writes a dozen lines. At half-past six he goes away, and he needn't put in an appearance again till nine o'clock.

There is just a chance, however, of a big speech being sprung on him suddenly. If he is addicted to swearing, that makes him swear. Half-an-hour of Mr. Balfour or Sir William Harcourt means nearly two columns in an ordinary newspaper. There is no game of chess for him, or a snooze in the reading-room! Brown, probably, has cause to grin. He goes on at 8.30. That is the time when the Speaker usually slips away for half-an-hour to have a chop and some claret. During that half-hour the sitting is suspended. So Brown twiddles his thumbs, and at nine o'clock he writes "O1." Then, in his best hand, he writes very large "Nil." Maybe, in glee, he will wave that sheet marked "Nil" in the face of Jones, who has been working hard, has now to come on again, and maybe has not yet written up his other turn. He is a nice fellow, is Jones; but he doesn't like this crowing, and he probably tells Brown to go somewhere.

Still, the hardest-worked men are the descriptive writers. I naturally say that because I am a descriptive writer myself. The descriptive writer is supposed—I won't say he is—to be a man of more than average ability. The whole Parliament is his world. It is his duty to listen to everything, to pick out the incident of the night, to let nothing of moment slip him, to look after the House of Commons, to know by instinct when something interesting will happen in the House of Lords and be there to see it, to go into the Lobby, and glean all the gossip. Then he is expected to sit down and write a brilliant column, giving the readers of his paper a bird's-eye view, or a pen-picture, or whatever it is called, of the proceedings in Parliament that night.

over them (laughter), and there was never such a curse brought into the country (great laughter).

After further discussion, in which complaints were made of "playing to the gallery,"

Mr. Keane proposed, and Mr. Magner seconded, and it was passed unanimously:—"That we advertise for six months' contract for the roads now falling out, and if the County Surveyor see his way to work any of these roads, or all of them, by direct labour, that they be withdrawn from contract."

## FUNERAL OF MR. EDWARD M'INERNEY.

The death took place on the 18th inst., at his residence, 8 Charles-street, of Mr. E. McInerney, foreman shipwright and builder, who passed away at the ripe old age of 80 years. Deceased had been in failing health for some time past, and his demise was therefore not unexpected. A highly esteemed citizen, his name had for something like half a century been identified with harbour works in Limerick. When the shipwright trade in this city was in its prime, Mr. McInerney carried out very extensive contracts, either on his own account, or in conjunction with the late Mr. Waters, and others, for the repairing and general over-hauling of ships. He had also in his time some important Government contracts for the classing of gun-boats. Mr. M'Inerney was one of the few remaining links of a generation all but passed away, and by all who had the pleasure of knowing him he was greatly respected for his unswerving rectitude and his kindly and genial manner. The remains were removed at three o'clock on Sunday for interment at Mount St. Laurence Cemetery, and were followed to their last resting-place by a very large and representative concourse, including the section of the Confraternity, of which the deceased was a jubilant. The clergy present were—Father Lee, C.C., and Father O'Connor, C.C., St. Michael's.

The chief mourners were:—Messrs. John, Patrick, and Edward F. McInerney, sons; Edward McInerney, grandson; John, James, and Michael McInerney, Joseph Howard, James and Michael Kelly, nephews; Denis, and Denis W. McInerney, cousins; Michael McInerney, Joseph McInerney, M. McInerney, Fred Dilger, Mr. McCormack, M. McCormack, Michael Moloney, Thomas Waters, Matthew Hogan, Richard Gleason, Pat, Martin, Daniel, and James Fitzgerald, Thomas Lillis, John Anthony McDonnell, Wallis and Sons, Dublin; M. O'Halloran, M. D. Matthews, W. Hall, Tim Brinn, Thomas Brinn.

Amongst the general public were—Mr. A. Hall, J.P.; Mr. James Flynn, Mr. J. Boyd, Secretary Harbour Board; Mr. H. V. Moroney, B.E., Harbour Engineer; Mr. M. Fitzmaurice, Harbour Master; Mr. S. E. Lee, J.P.; Mr. R. J. Lee, Mr. J. Hayes, builder, Mr. Blake, Mr. Boyle, Mr. Williams, H. M. Customs; Captain Begg, Mr. P. Kavanagh, Mr. James Russell, Mount Kennett; Mr. John Byrne, Mr. W. Byrne, Mr. J. McNamara (Wallace and Sons), Mr. O'Neill, Mr. O'Sullivan, do; Alderman McNiece, Captain John Fitzmaurice, Mr. P. Dooley, B.C.; Mr. Joseph Eurlight, Mr. T. O'Mahony, Mr. C. Downey, Agent Limerick Steamship Company; Mr. P. Mulcahy, do; Mr. Hassett, do; Mr. John Sheehan, Lower Shannon Steamship Company; Mr. E. Kearney, do; Mr. M. Herriott (Mullock and Sons), Mr. W. Herriott, Mr. Fred. Herriott, Mr. W. Holliday, Mr. T. M'Swney, Mr. John M'Swney, Mr. A. King, Mr. P. Boland, Mr. P. Kennedy (Military Road), Mr. Patrick Flynn (Nash and Sons), Mr. M. Egan, Mr. Thos. Stafford (Waterford), Mr. John Winder, Mr. W. Dante, Capt. Charles Hanrahan, Capt. James Hanrahan, Mr. Henry Daly, Mr. Punch, Mr. John Browne, Mr. John McDonnell (Bannatyne and Sons), Mr. William Waldron, Capt. James Reynolds, Mr. John Hanrahan, Mr. James Hanrahan. The Harbour employees attended in full force. Several citizens sent carriages.

## ILLNESS OF SURGEON-CAPTAIN CREAN, V.C.

inhabitants), is altogether one. If we were tempted to it, that David in the last act—would write it in his note book to depreciate the actor's art and would disarm it. We see the actor's part, we see the finish the glamour of the stage upon see the painful path of duty mummings, the awful contrast what seems and what is. W the lives, circumstances, sur doubts, fears, personal man or woman, who on the s player," a stricken, sorrowf garret to-night, a king, a cong to-morrow. Not that the touches the present Compton but more or less in all the a much that the public never could see, would make them to blind, and to all virtues v "Garriek" is a play in which min round one sun, but there was p all the satellites had a lumi their own, which while not det of the sun, made up the harm will not particularise beyond natural ebullition of feelings (a of Mr. Compton were n dissimulation was powerful; t as Violet Gresham, acted as be naturally expected, to act circumstances. This means dictum be true—and who she acting is holding the mirror Spearing's acting was all that As, in the case of stars, there in the case of the satellites. sphere acted splendidly. How is a promise for nights to cor confidence, if merit is to recei ought not to be a vacant to-night or to-morrow—no, "shilling" gallery, a happy tor, and one that fills it wit ciation in place of oft regrette disorder. To-night "Edmund (first time in Limerick) "A R

## COUNTY COUNCIL

### LIVELY SCENE

On Sunday afternoon a " gates from various associatio at the Town Hall, under United Irish League to select Ennis Division at the forthco good deal of local interest was ings, as two prominent mer were, it was known, already i P. J. Linnane, J.P., C.U.C., Co. C. Both gentlemen a "National ticket," Mr. Linn and Mr. Moloney Hon. Sec., of the League. A large crow the Hall, and the Ennis life also present. The proceeding series of scenes of the liveliest but "unity" prevailed.

Mr. Rochford was elected t The delegates were, as fa tained from the cards, whi Chairman, as follows:—

Ennis U.I.L.—P. J. Linnane, P. Keane, P. E. Moloney, and G.A.A. Faugh-a-Ballagh H. nell, Michael Guerin, and Jol Amalgamated Trade anc (Tailors' Branch)—James Crotty, Thomas Troy.

G.A.A. Dalcassian F.C.—Moroney, James Coghlan. A.O.O. Foresters—Pat Caf Megunn.

There was a good deal of b nation all through the meetin a rush was made by the outsi citadel." At one point of t as though there would be a b Moloney declaring to Mr. Lin you outside in the hall. Linn