

LONDON'S HALFPENNY PAPERS.

BY FRED A. MCKENZIE.

Illustrated by W. H. BUNNETT ; and from Portraits.



THE London popular Press is yet in its infancy. Catering for a public of at least nine millions in the metropolitan newspaper radius, there are only seven halfpenny dailies, with a combined circulation on ordinary days of about nine hundred thousand copies. In America a single one-cent paper, in New York city, though having many rivals and appealing to a public less than one-third as numerous as here, claims a daily sale of seven hundred thousand copies. The largest London halfpenny journal gives eight pages ; a one-cent Chicago paper, the *Times-Herald*, often gives fourteen and sixteen big pages, equal in type and machining to the best London work.

THE "ECHO."

To the *Echo* belongs the honour of being the pioneer London halfpenny paper. It was started by Cassell & Co. in 1868, and was edited in its early stages by Sir Arthur Arnold, the present chairman of the London County Council. It was originally eight-paged, very similar in literary matter to the *Globe* of to-day ; and among its first leader-writers was Miss Harriet Martineau. When under the Cassells it did well, but after a time it was taken over by Baron Grant. Money was squandered with a free hand, until the financier got tired of his toy. Nothing can absorb so much money and show so little for

it as a newspaper, as the Baron found to his cost. He looked about for a purchaser, and in 1876 Mr. Passmore Edwards secured the property for a few thousand pounds. Under him the office was revolutionised, and the paper so increased in value that early in the eighties he sold a two-thirds share to the Storey-Carnegie syndicate for £50,000. This syndicate had been formed to control English opinion by having dailies all over the country which should speak with united voice on public affairs. But the scheme fell through. Mr. Edwards and his partners did not get on well together, and in a short time he was glad to buy back the syndicate's rights at the rate of £100,000 for the whole paper.

John Passmore Edwards is one of the most distinct individualities in English journalism. He is an entirely self-made man, and is proud of the fact. His father was a very poor Calvinistic Cornishman, and when the son was eighteen he came to London to make his fortune. He secured a subordinate post in a publishing house, attended classes at the Birkbeck Institute to improve his education, lived in the simplest possible style, and saved every penny he could. By the time he was twenty-eight he had got together a few score pounds, and decided to venture out on his own account as publisher. He brought out magazine after magazine—one devoted to the peace question, one containing nothing but poetry, one for children, and the like. His papers had a small sale, barely enough, even with the most rigid economy, to pay expenses. The young publisher was his own clerk, his own packer, his own office-boy. He did all his own work, and half starved himself to keep things going, getting credit from his paper merchant and printer, managing by endless contrivances to meet his bills as they fell due, and every month finding things growing harder.

At last matters began to show signs of improving, and just then the greatest misfortune of his life befel him. He broke down under the long-continued strain and for weeks lay at the point of death. His whole business at once came to a stop and his creditors stepped in, sold all he had, and

agreed to take a composition for their debts, at the same time passing a resolution that the failure was solely due to unavoidable misfortune.

Mr. Edwards slowly struggled back to

once more began the battle. He had now learned what the public wanted, and he ventured to produce a semi-scientific paper. This time success crowned his efforts. At the first opportunity he sent for his old

The Echo.

"BE JUST AND FEAR NOT."

(No. No. 2576.)

LONDON, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1896.

ONE HALF

NOVELS AND NOVELISTS

the veriest tyro in fiction, the most mechanical of melodramatists, can raise a smile by such miserably

Finally, in two Miss Correlli spits blases of society, lord of a theatrical idiosyncrasy, this time are treated to a imaginary literary t, is meant as a bit bors, or the Vaga- l three combined: a description of a noble function. So bers can get a good ven out of "The N. O. B.

G. STRIKE.

TOM MANN.

weeks there have in the air about a ke of workers en- grades. The recent delegates from the gatherings of countries, and the big London hook- to a real move- truth I want to t of the Dockers' information. or workers in the have formed an n," said Mr. Mann. a meeting of the solved to make an nions of sailors, similar trades y, and induce the riest to join with them.

Another meeting of delegates was held in Ander- ton's Hotel in June, and the "Inter- national Federation of Ship, Dock, and River Workers" was then formed. Our aim is to so organise the men throughout the world that they shall be strong enough to obtain from their employers sufficient wages to keep a roof over their heads, and have enough food for their wives and families."

"What increase of wages do you ask?"

"For the Port of London we ask that one rate should be established in place of the multitudinous prices now paid by different employers for the same work. We shall be hour for or over- some- th-

manner. "We not to brag or not going to accomplish left takes a month of what we want- may think that flash in the pan be their surpr comes."

"E"

No man what it is divided, the man over it b that the thousand existed.

Sir retired Justice count has t France the he gence, as that appar-

The Puiene in Engla leave, sta his offici most disti vice, and is be promote in the West stances the l a man of so of high cha his general dices has pr judicial Decar world.

Burns had his date found visitor still see Walter Scott in this well- room The Dean has for her but, a known one, Duke of Argyll, that for long ye should have foun Washells, whist Scottish letters, in European let coded there.

The celestiac Peter Falconer f



MR. PASSMORE EDWARDS.

[Elliott & Fry.]

"As like as Eggs— Women say so."—Walter's Tale.

BIRD'S CUSTARD

POWDER The unfailing resource of every Lady of the House and successful Housekeeper.

No Eggs! No Trouble! No Risk!

BIRD'S CUSTARD advantage takes the place of Cream with Fresh Stewed, or Tinned Fruit. So rich, yet will not discolour; enhances the flavour.

So Agreeable and Wholesome. BIRD'S CUSTARD is the ONE THING REQUIRED with all Stewed or Tinned Fruit.

THE HOLBORN SILK MARKET GREAT AUTUMN SALE ROW OF Most Wonderful Bargains in Every Department. The finest Stock of Silks, Satins, Silk Veils, Washes, Valenciennes, and Dress Materials in

MARVELLOUS BARGAIN Plain and Fancy SILKS in new Shades for Outdoor Wear, and Light for Evening Wear. 8/6d, 9/6d, 10/6d, 11/6d, 12/6d, 13/6d, 14/6d, 15/6d, and upwards per yard, in half their usual prices.

BLACK and WHITE STRIPED SILKS. Morning, 2/6d, a splendid line per yard, worth 2s. 6d.

CR. SILKS and SATINS, with 4-Worked, and Shot Brocade Figures, richest show of these goods, 21/6d, 22/6d, 23/6d, 24/6d, 25/6d, 26/6d, 27/6d, 28/6d, 29/6d, 30/6d, quite half their usual prices.

BROCHE and CHENIE SILKS, extra- rily cheap, from 1s. 6d. to 1s. 11d. per yard.

THE POPLIN SILKS, 20 shades, the best stock of these popular Silks in the kingdom, 12/6d, 13/6d, 14/6d, 15/6d, 16/6d, 17/6d, 18/6d, 19/6d, 20/6d, 21/6d, 22/6d, 23/6d, 24/6d, 25/6d, 26/6d, 27/6d, 28/6d, 29/6d, 30/6d, quite half price.

VELVETS, Prismatic Rain- coats, a large quantity for sale at 1/6d per yard, worth 2s. 6d.

12 new shades, 1s. 11/6d, 2s. 11/6d, 3s. 11/6d, 4s. 11/6d, 5s. 11/6d, 6s. 11/6d, 7s. 11/6d, 8s. 11/6d, 9s. 11/6d, 10s. 11/6d, 11s. 11/6d, 12s. 11/6d, 13s. 11/6d, 14s. 11/6d, 15s. 11/6d, 16s. 11/6d, 17s. 11/6d, 18s. 11/6d, 19s. 11/6d, 20s. 11/6d, 21s. 11/6d, 22s. 11/6d, 23s. 11/6d, 24s. 11/6d, 25s. 11/6d, 26s. 11/6d, 27s. 11/6d, 28s. 11/6d, 29s. 11/6d, 30s. 11/6d, quite half price.

THE DU NOIR SILK Washes, 22s. 11/6d, 24s. 11/6d, 26s. 11/6d, 28s. 11/6d, 30s. 11/6d, 32s. 11/6d, 34s. 11/6d, 36s. 11/6d, 38s. 11/6d, 40s. 11/6d, 42s. 11/6d, 44s. 11/6d, 46s. 11/6d, 48s. 11/6d, 50s. 11/6d, 52s. 11/6d, 54s. 11/6d, 56s. 11/6d, 58s. 11/6d, 60s. 11/6d, 62s. 11/6d, 64s. 11/6d, 66s. 11/6d, 68s. 11/6d, 70s. 11/6d, 72s. 11/6d, 74s. 11/6d, 76s. 11/6d, 78s. 11/6d, 80s. 11/6d, 82s. 11/6d, 84s. 11/6d, 86s. 11/6d, 88s. 11/6d, 90s. 11/6d, 92s. 11/6d, 94s. 11/6d, 96s. 11/6d, 98s. 11/6d, 100s. 11/6d, quite half price.

RICH SILK 7/6d per yard, 8/6d per yard, 9/6d per yard, 10/6d per yard, 11/6d per yard, 12/6d per yard, 13/6d per yard, 14/6d per yard, 15/6d per yard, 16/6d per yard, 17/6d per yard, 18/6d per yard, 19/6d per yard, 20/6d per yard, 21/6d per yard, 22/6d per yard, 23/6d per yard, 24/6d per yard, 25/6d per yard, 26/6d per yard, 27/6d per yard, 28/6d per yard, 29/6d per yard, 30/6d per yard, quite half price.

AT THE SIGN OF THE BIRD'S CUSTARD, 10, HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C. 1.

From a photo by

health, and for a time was ready to give up everything. He felt that life was a failure. His credit was gone; his old business belonged to another; he had no work and no hopes. But he soon plucked up heart, and

creditors and paid them every penny that was due. Some of them bluntly told him that he was a fool, that he could not be compelled to pay another penny, and would have done better to put the coin to his

banking account. The young publisher replied that he would not feel free and able to look the world in the face until he had paid all he owed. His creditors gave him a banquet and presented him with a gold watch as a memento.

With prosperity Mr. Passmore Edwards has not attempted to unlearn the frugal habits of his youth. It may be questioned if he spends as much on his personal wants as many having not a tenth part of his income. He is almost a teetotaler and a vegetarian, and though seventy-three years

many leaders himself. The *Echo* is pre-eminently a one-man paper, in the sense that everything which goes in it is made to express the views of the controlling mind.

For some time the *Echo* was strongly Gladstonian; it parted somewhat from Mr. Gladstone over the Egyptian war, and the final split came through the Home Rule Bill of 1885. Its politics now puzzle some; it is independent in a sense that no other London daily is; it praises and blames all parties with the utmost impartiality, and its editor seems utterly indifferent to considerations of circula-

tion in fixing his policy. For some time he has excluded sporting tips entirely from the paper, and for a halfpenny evening sheet this step involves a heavy pecuniary loss. He has never spent a penny on advertising the *Echo*, and declares he never will; and every pound made from it since he bought it has been devoted to public charities. It is partly from the revenues of the *Echo* that Mr. Edwards has built the innumerable free libraries, convalescent homes and the like that bear his name all over the land. Unfortunately for this article Mr. Edwards persistently refuses to be interviewed,

and declines to give any details about himself for publication.

The *Echo* is the most literary of the popular evening papers; it gives a very large amount of room to book reviews and dramatic criticism and special articles. In the battle of the cheap press it had the immense advantage of being first in the field, and consequently was able to build up a solid circulation. No doubt in the street sales its abolition of sporting tips caused it to suffer somewhat, but it is probably still as much read in the home as any other evening paper.



From a photo by

[W. H. Bunnett.]

THE "STAR" OFFICES IN STONECUTTER STREET.

old he works with a persistency that would wear out many men in their twenties. He hardly ever takes a holiday, save to go on a kind of triumphal procession through his native county opening public institutions he has provided. Every morning soon after half-past seven he is at his desk in Catherine Street, and there he stays till the afternoon, slaving at the routine work of a newspaper office—attending to correspondence, seeing visitors, and writing much himself. Every line of the literary matter that enters the *Echo* passes through his hands, and he writes

THE "STAR."

The *Star* owes its birth to the Home Rule controversy. In the great cleavage of the Liberal party in 1885 London Gladstonism was left almost unrepresented in the daily press, the *Daily News* and the *Pall Mall Gazette* being the only sheets that supported the new policy. The *Echo* being strongly Unionist, those who went with Mr. Gladstone determined to start a rival evening paper. Mr. T. P. O'Connor approached some Liberal capitalists, a private company was formed, and most elaborate preparations made to ensure the success of the new venture. The distributing department was arranged with a thoroughness till then almost unknown, and special agents were appointed everywhere within the newspaper radius of London. A number of old *Echo* men seceded to the new sheet, and on January 17, 1888, the *Star* began to twinkle. Its success was immediate and surprising, surpassing even the expectations of its founders; and on the first day 145,000 were sold. The "Confession of Faith," printed in the opening number, struck a key that vibrated in many hearts, and one passage of it has become almost a classic.

"The policy which annexes even an empire, wins an immortal battle, raises this man or that to the premiership, sweeps the board at a General Election, shall appear to us infamous, not glorious, evil, not good, a thing to weep over, not to acclaim, if it do nothing towards making the lives of the people brighter and happier. On the other hand the policy will appear to us worthy of ineffaceable glory that does no more than enable the charwoman to put two pieces of sugar in her tea in place of one, and that adds one farthing a day to the wage of the seamstress or the labourer."

At the head of the literary department, besides Mr. O'Connor, were three men who

have since won wide fame. Mr. O'Connor is not one who takes kindly to the unceasing drudgery of editorial routine, so a large amount of work fell on the shoulders of his assistant, a young Norwich man, Mr. H. W. Massingham. Mr. Massingham has since proved his mettle in other fields. Highly strung, impetuous, sensitive, a man of high ideals, of intense convictions, and a strenuous friend of labour, he found in his work a congenial sphere. Mr. George Bernard Shaw, then chiefly known as an eccentric young socialist who had written one or two extraordinary novels, was musical critic, and Mr.

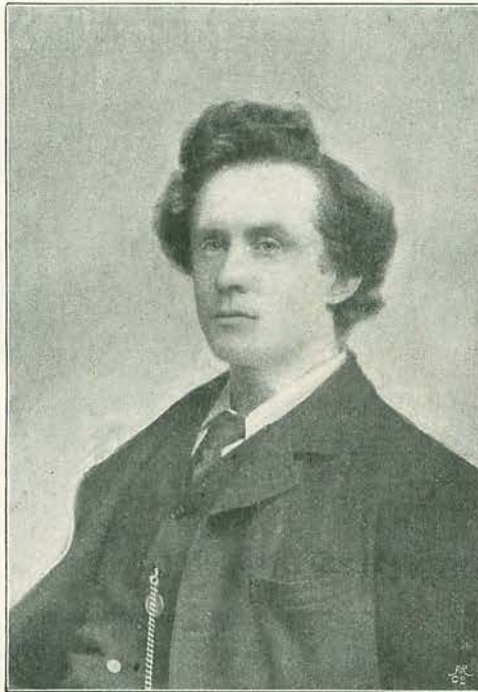
Clement Shorter, then in the Civil Service, won his spurs in a weekly literary column.

Mr. O'Connor reigned a little over two years, and the concluding months of his editorship were rather stormy. As he did not agree with some of the directors, Mr. O'Connor resigned. He felt himself very much injured—and even to-day nurses his grievance—at having to quit a paper that was the child of his own brain. But though he had a sentimental grievance he certainly had not a pecuniary one; he had secured a good agreement, and the directors were obliged to buy him out for £15,000 cash. Even in these days of princely salaries this

cannot be considered for two years' labour.

Mr. Massingham succeeded to the editorship, but did not hold it long. His socialism was too extreme for the directors and they called on him to moderate his tone; he refused, and after a reign of six months suddenly resigned. Since then there has been nominally no editor of the *Star*. But the editor *de facto* has been Mr. Ernest Parke, a young Stratford-on-Avon man, who first came to London as a sub-editor of the *Echo*, and was the first sub-editor of the *Star*.

Mr. Parke is an editor of the new school.



From a photo by

MR. ERNEST PARKE.

[Russell.]

He is not one of those who think they have done their duty when they superintend the purely literary matter and the leaders that go in the paper; he overlooks the news columns, he controls the management, and keeps in his hands all the strings. One of his friends tells me that not even a horse falls lame but he seems to know of it at once; and this, though perhaps a slight exaggeration, gives some idea of his activity. Under him the *Star* has gone on in a course of steady prosperity. To-day it has one of the best printing plants in London, capable of turning out 270,000 copies of the paper an hour, and now being increased to a capacity of 400,000 an hour. It can boast of having sold more copies of a single issue than any other evening journal, 362,000, and this one number consumed 150 miles of paper. Among its present staff are Mr. A. B. Walkley, dramatic critic; Mr. Willie Utley, musical critic; Mr. Joseph Pennell, "Artist Unknown"; Mr. Hugh S. Maclauchlan, and Mr. Richard le Gallienne.

The editorial policy of the *Star* has been and is frankly sensational. It was the first to popularise American headlines in England, and some of these have secured wide fame.

On the resignation of Lord Rosebery it gave at the head of its article a few bars, in musical notation, from the song, "Say au revoir, but not good-bye." When a baby was born in Buffalo Bill's camp, at the time of the Wild West Exhibition, it heralded the news with the announcement, "The Luck of Cody's Camp;" on the death of

the black Bishop Crowther it put above the intelligence, "Gone where the good niggers go." Many other instances might be quoted, but the best of all is the famous headline issued on the occasion of the Progressive victory at the second County Council election. This is reproduced here with and speaks for itself.

The *Star* also popularised the personal paragraph in England. Its front page column, "Mainly about People," with its chit-chat on all the prominent people of the day, was at

first regarded with horror by conservative journalists, but in a few months it was copied right and left by those who had abused it most. In politics the *Star* is still a firm advocate of what used once to be sneered at as "the policy of the parish pump." It devotes little attention to the minor details of foreign news, preferring to concentrate

1d
2 **STAR** **1d**
2

TA-RA-RA-BOOM-DE-AY

ANOTHER WIN!

ALL THE FUN OF THE FIGHT

A FAMOUS "STAR" POSTER.

itself on the varied aspects of London life.

THE "MORNING LEADER."

For long it was thought impossible that a halfpenny morning paper should succeed in London, but the *Star* directors determined that if there was to be such a paper it should be theirs. In the spring of 1892, when the *Star* directors heard that the halfpenny *Morning* would appear in a few days, they quickly decided to carry out their long-formed resolution; a staff was hurriedly got together, and there was a hot race between the *Morning Leader* and the *Morning* to see which would be issued first. The *Morning* changed its original date of publication and won by a day. Within ten days from the time the directors in Stonecutter Street decided to issue their new paper it was sprung on the world—a feat in daily newspaper production probably unequalled, and which would of course have been utterly impossible had there not been the *Star* staff, printing and distributing machinery to fall back on. Mr. Ernest Parke is chief of the *Morning Leader* as of the *Star*, and he says the staff of both papers is so good that he would "never be missed." The *Leader* in its policy and methods is less sensational than the *Star*, and caters especially for the home circle. It adopts the American plan of occasionally issuing greatly enlarged numbers, and one of these, on May 4 this year, ran to twenty-four pages, probably the cheapest ha'porth ever issued in London. 248,000 copies were printed, consuming over 311 miles of paper. The *Leader* has made a place for itself, and even the increased competition this year has not affected its circulation. Mr. Spencer Leigh Hughes is the principal leader-writer of this journal, and his initials foot the humorous and genial gossip under the heading "Sub-Rosa."

MR. HARMSWORTH'S JOURNALS.

When the writers of a classic "Anglican Nights" arise they will no longer make their hero jump from poverty to wealth by means of magic carpets, mystic rings, or lamps of Aladdin. More daring than Eastern fabulists, and yet more true, they will but have to say, "He started a successful penny paper and became a millionaire." If rash critics object, they need only point to the career of Mr. Alfred C. Harmsworth to justify themselves. Barely nine years ago Mr. Harmsworth was a struggling unattached

journalist. When but twenty-two years old he started a penny weekly that took the public taste, and to-day, at an age when many a future successful barrister still waits for briefs, he is the largest newspaper proprietor in the world and the chief owner of four London and provincial dailies and fourteen weeklies, circulating over a million daily and bringing in a profit of above £140,000 a year. His success has been scored by his own energy, pluck and enterprise, and he shows

THE STURDY BEGGAR OF HATFIELD.



A "STAR" CARTOON.

no signs of having reached the limits of his activities.

As a lad it was intended that Mr. Harmsworth should follow his father's profession, the law; but even when in knickers he was resolved to be a journalist. At school he started a paper for the delectation of his companions, and while preparing for Cambridge he began sending chance contributions to different journals. Some found favour, and soon Sir William Ingram offered the lad the assistant-editorship of *Youth* at 31s. 6d. a week, speedily increased to £200 per annum.

He accepted, and after much family opposition he abandoned all idea of going to Cambridge, for neither university nor Inns of Court had any attraction for him. So determined was he in his intention that he practically "ran away from home," just as many a boy "runs away to sea." He was then not seventeen years old. During the next four or five years he led the usual life of a free lance. His income only once exceeded £500 a year, and was usually very considerably less; though this was by no means a bad result for so young a writer.

All this time he was full of the ambition—

had plenty of ideas and was content to live simply, spend little on office expenses and put most of his profits in his paper; and he was a good advertiser. Nearly all the *Bits* and *Cuts* perished, but *Answers* was one of the two or three that lived and held the field.

Journals of this kind, once they turn the corner, bring in considerable profits. The costs of production are comparatively small; paper was never cheaper than now, and advertisements yield large revenues. It may be roughly estimated that the profit on a paper of the *Answers* type is about £1 a thousand



From a photo by]

MR. ALFRED HARMSWORTH IN HIS ROOM AT TUDOR STREET.

[W. H. Bunnett.

shared by most young journalists—to have a weekly of his own. The rage for papers of the *Tit-Bits* order was approaching its zenith, and hardly a week passed but some new *Bits* or *Cuts* was born, usually only to perish in a few months through lack of animation and feeble circulation. Mr. Harmsworth followed the fashion, though on different lines, and in 1888 *Answers to Correspondents* saw the light. Few experienced journalists would have said, from the first numbers, that the venture was likely to be very successful, but competition was by no means so keen as it is to-day; and though it is true that the new vaper had little capital behind it, the editor

for all copies above 100,000 sold in England, and slightly less for the large colonial market. So when the circulation of the yellow-coloured weekly mounted up to hundreds of thousands Mr. Harmsworth suddenly found himself a rich man. His brothers joined him one by one, and now five of them manage the journals.

This is not the place to fully describe the progress of the young editor, how he has added paper to paper, and covered the English-speaking world with his weeklies. But in 1894 he took advantage of his growing fortune to enter a more dangerous field—daily halfpenny journalism. He and his

brothers purchased the *Evening News*, which had up to then been the poorest and least influential of all London dailies. There could be no better illustration of the risks and uncertainty of this kind of work than the plain story of the *Evening News*. Started in 1881 as a Liberal organ, it was soon bought up by a Conservative corporation, and at the end of thirteen years its chief claim to fame was that, despite keen management, it had succeeded in absorbing over a fifth of a million sterling and was deeply in debt. Sir Coleridge Kennard alone invested in all £140,000 in the paper, prominent Conservative politicians doled out supplies, able journalists like Mr. Frank Harris and Mr. Charles Williams sat in the editorial chair, and loud boasts were made of the great circulation obtained. But *Evening News* shares could be had on the market in any number for threepence or fourpence each; the life of the manager was constantly enlivened by the receipt of judgment summonses and duns; angry creditors more than once threatened to foreclose and stop supplies; and many a morning there was anxious consultation about whether it would be possible to produce the paper that day or not. Yet its circulation was undoubtedly advancing, and it only needed capital and fresh blood to turn the corner. In 1894 the *Evening News* was about paying its way at favourable seasons, but it had no capital and it was £20,000 in debt. In August of that year it was necessary to sell the property, and several parties were approached with a view to purchase. The directors insisted that the political continuity of the paper should be maintained, thus excluding Liberal rivals. One of the shrewdest managers in London, the working head of an old evening paper, offered £16,500 for the whole concern, but that was not enough to pay the debts. Mr. Kennedy Jones, then on the staff of the *Sun*, made a careful inspection of the books and felt that there was money in the thing. He went to

Mr. Harmsworth. "I have a speculation that will bring you in £30,000 a year profit," he said.

The editor had often heard of such speculations and at first was somewhat sceptical. "You must be a remarkably clever man if you have," he replied. "What do you want out of it yourself?"

"I want a share in the proprietorship," came the quick response.

In a few hours the Harmsworths bought the paper for £25,000 and gave Mr. Jones a seventh share in it. Since then it has almost earned its purchase money twice over.

The *Evening News* soon acquired a fresh lease of life. It had always been famous for its sporting intelligence, and this department and every other was greatly strengthened. A Free Meal fund for the starving, started in the terrible winter 1894-95, brought it great popularity, and the distributing department—one of the most important features of such a paper—was carefully reorganised. Its politics were made more aggressive, and its unflinching Imperialism, called by its enemies Jingoism, helped it enormously. It made a new departure in devoting columns daily to ladies (edited, be it said, by a man with a feminine *nom*



From a photo by]

[The Parisian School.

MR. KENNEDY JONES.

de plume) and in issuing paper patterns to its readers. In many ways it so increased the public to which it appealed that the old-time failure was turned to a valuable property. Mr. Harmsworth believes it to be in its infancy.

There was however nothing in the *Evening News* to lead the public to anticipate what was coming when Messrs. Harmsworth announced in the spring of this year the appearance of a new halfpenny morning paper, the *Daily Mail*, for which they had been preparing for some years. We were promised a penny paper for a halfpenny, and the promise has been more than fulfilled. But the price is the least notable feature about this new venture, though there is hardly a manager in London who would not

have laughed incredulously a year ago at the idea of producing a paper that size, and with so expensive a news service, for the money. It is even now an open question if it will be found wise to keep the price so low, but whether sold for two farthings or four the *Daily Mail* has won for itself a sure place in the public favour. In the dullest month of the year, August, its daily sale averaged over 222,000 copies, and its news is so fresh and up to date that it has become indispensable to every publicist.

The paper is edited under Mr. Harmsworth by Mr. Kennedy Jones, who now does the double task of conducting a morning and an evening paper every day. For some months he started work at seven in the morning and ended at one or two next morning, six days a week, and he finished up by nearly breaking down altogether and having to go on a holiday to America to regain tone. There are an editorial and reporter staff of about forty, including several of the most promising of our younger literary men. Mr. Harmsworth and Mr. Jones have Mr. J. E. McManus at their right hands.

Perhaps the best feature of the *Daily Mail* is its excellent foreign and colonial intelligence. A decade back extra-English matters were treated in a most unsatisfactory way by nearly all papers. A journal would subscribe £1600 a year to Reuter and print the dry bones of the world's news supplied by it—dead matter interesting to none save those who had special knowledge. When Mr. Stead edited the *Pall Mall Gazette* he made a new departure which has since been largely followed, especially by the *Daily News* and the *Daily Chronicle* among London papers. The *Daily Mail* has carried this departure to its greatest length and has demonstrated beyond question that the average Englishman has a thought and care for the whole of the English-speaking world.

I had an interesting talk with Mr. Harmsworth in his private room in Tudor Street. The apartment proclaimed the man. There is little in it, save a small waste-paper basket, a few pencil sketches for reproduction and the pile of letters on the table awaiting attention, to tell that it is a business room. The ingle-nook at one end, the numerous engravings of Burne-Jones's maidens on the walls and the antique furniture would have delighted the heart of William Morris. A large portrait of Dr. Jameson occupies the place of honour, an Arctic map and the head of a walrus hang from the wall, some fishing tackle disputes the possession of a shelf with a pile of magazines, and a row of briar pipes stands within easy reach of the desk.

The first thing that struck me about the man himself was his surprising youthfulness. With his clean-shaven face and hair brushed down close on his forehead, he looks, as he sits toying with his cigarette, little more than a lad. But one cannot exchange many words with him without discovering that beneath the boyish exterior there lies a very strong individuality.

When I asked Mr. Harmsworth to what he attributed his remarkable success he modestly replied that the chief cause was his

being a practical journalist possessing the support of a splendidly enthusiastic staff. Most proprietors of dailies have come in from outside and often never really understand the limitations and trials that hamper the pressman in his work. "I have gone through the mill," he said. "In my time I have, I think, filled almost every position a journalist can. I have been reporter, police court reporter, interviewer, descriptive writer, sub-editor, reviewer, editor. Interviewing was my forte. I have based fully a thousand articles on interviews myself and am still fond of the work."

He thinks the average journalist does not travel enough. His knowledge of foreign



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[W. H. Bunnett.

THE "MORNING" OFFICES, ST. BRIDE'S STREET.

affairs is acquired by a short trip to Paris or Belgium; he is often hide-bound by traditions, and is content to go on the same conventional round year in and year out. The average man cannot treat the doings of the world properly because his view is limited by Fleet Street. Mr. Harmsworth's young men are obliged to travel. "We have always one crossing the Atlantic," he remarked. Mr. Harmsworth places emphasis on the facts that in his papers all work together and everyone has an interest in the pecuniary success of his sheet.

In his weekly papers the leading sub-editors receive no fixed salary, but so much on each thousand copies sold, and once a month Mr. Harmsworth spends a day with the head of each of these papers. In the work of the *Daily Mail* he takes an active part, constantly writing—and not always in the leading columns. Every man on the staff knows that the success of the paper means an increase in his income, for salaries go up as circulation rises. The staff constantly confer with each other on how they can improve the paper. They dine together and talk over things; every writer is filled with a strong *esprit de corps* that leads him to give the best that is in him for the work. In addition to his journalistic work Mr. Harmsworth has been a parliamentary candidate, and has fitted out the English Arctic expedition led by Mr. Jackson.

THE "MORNING."

In the summer of 1892 Mr. Chester Ives, an American journalist with considerable Parisian experience, conceived the idea of establishing an English *Petit Journal*, and the *Morning* was the outcome. It was soon found that it would not do to follow too closely the French model, as conditions differ widely in the two countries. The *Petit Journal* largely depends for its circulation on provincial readers, France having no extra-Paris papers worth mentioning; its great attraction is its continued stories; its politics are mainly hatred of England, and it has a carefully organised army of distributors, from the villages of Belgium to the Mediterranean coast. But in England the cream of the provincial circulation is taken by the great dailies of the North and West, and the organising of an army of retail agents who would exclusively serve one paper is impracticable.

The *Morning* tried having a continued story, and was at first neutral in politics.

But fiction did not prove popular and was abandoned, and the neutrality soon developed into Unionism. The new sheet became a paper *sui generis*, standing half-way between the unbending gravity of the old penny dailies and the sprightliness of its halfpenny evening contemporaries. It does not attempt to be over strenuous, but is eminently readable; its sporting and City news are especially full, and it led the way in giving some columns daily of special interest to women. Its signed articles by such writers as Andrew Lang, J. F. Nisbet, G. R. Sims, and Mrs. Lynn Linton have proved specially popular.

The *Morning*, though it has been in existence only a little over four years, has already had three editors. Mr. Ives found himself not in agreement with the proprietors, so he sold out his interest to them. He was succeeded by Mr. Rowe Bennett, whose reign was brief. The present editor is one of the busiest and most widely read of English journalists. He is a prominent dramatic critic, a leader in Sunday journalism, a constant contributor to the magazines, the author of some popular psychological books, and much more. How he finds time to accomplish all this and yet edit a daily, is a marvel which is not explained even by the fact that he dictates all his copy and saves himself all possible mechanical labour.

The *Morning* made a novel departure for a newspaper in having a Graphology column, but the success of this killed it. The letters for the column amounted to some hundreds daily, and to deal with them all would have meant occupying half the paper with this one subject. Many of the inquirers were men, and large numbers of letters were received from young people, enclosing portions of communications from their sweethearts and asking to have their characters delineated. Often two young people would each send the other's handwriting by the same post, unknown to one another.

THE "SUN."

When Mr. T. P. O'Connor left the *Star* in 1890 he was bound by agreement not to publish another evening paper in London for three years. He kept to his agreement, but the day it expired his new paper, the *Sun*, made its appearance. For weeks beforehand almost every hoarding in London and the home counties had displayed great advertisements, illustrated with the smiling face of the Anglo-Irish journalist, and proclaiming the glories of the coming paper. For the

first few months the *Sun* was undoubtedly a very bright sheet, containing large numbers of excellent special articles by leading writers, and making liberal provision for the needs of its readers. Then came a check in its

would laugh at it, for I know its money would be gone before it could make a place for itself." How much capital the *Sun* had I cannot tell; but after a time economy became the order of the day. At last fresh



MR. T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P., AT THE "SUN" OFFICE.

progress. It was an open secret in Fleet Street that funds ran very low, and the management did not clearly see their way ahead. "If I knew that a rival paper was about to be started, and had only £100,000 capital," the very shrewd manager of a London evening paper once told me, "I

capital was obtained, and a few months ago Mr. O'Connor was able to declare that his property had turned the corner and was more than paying its way. Few pressmen will not rejoice that the genial "Tay Pay" has steered his barque into safe quarters.



From a photo by]

THE "SUN" OFFICE.

[W. H. Bunnett.