

in my old "home" that I could not face a parting of the ways.

OFFERED A FORTUNE.—In contradistinction to this, I am often amused at the recollection of another offer which was made to me at a very early stage in my career. It was no less than a prospect of eventually becoming a millionaire! My benefactor-to-be was a gentleman who had an office in Fleet Street, and the great scheme he unfolded to me was to associate myself with him in a venture which, according to him, would obviate the necessity of all newspapers except two, which we were to publish. My part was to organise and control the business departments, while he would supervise the editorial side. Like all other great undertakings it had the supreme advantage of simplicity. The revolution was to be accomplished by the simple process of publishing a morning paper called *Sunrise* and a companion evening paper called *Sunset*, these titles being sufficient, apparently, to wipe out all competition automatically.

Although he anticipated that our efforts would realise a modest profit of £200,000 for us to divide, natural caution rather than reluctance to show enterprise prompted me to decline the offer. The two papers never saw the light of day, but whether that was because of my declining to take part in the venture or because no one else would do so, I am unable to say. These offers were, of course, most gratifying, but were less alluring than they might have been because of the steady progress which I was already making.

Professor James Stuart was chairman of the directors of the *Star Newspaper Company* when I joined the *Morning Leader*. He was one of those men who at all times are greater than their work, and thus make their work great. He had long resigned his Professorship of Mechanism and Applied Mechanics at Cambridge in order to devote himself to political work. In 1898 he became a