

when I disposed of a stamp album which must have been worth at least £80, for 2d., a piece of chocolate cream, and a penknife. From that unpromising beginning until to-day, my memories range over such experiences of change and progress that I think they will be found interesting to most readers who themselves have witnessed many of the developments that have taken place, although in many cases from different standpoints.

Whereas (notice the legal beginning) my personal leanings were towards the Law, family responsibilities compelled me to change my plans. Being always fond of stringing words together and trying to make sense of them, journalism naturally attracted me. I taught myself shorthand, and practised it at night time until I was able to report. I then obtained a small position with a publication called *Latest Bits*, where I graduated in the approved style by combining all sorts of functions, and gained my first experience in journalistic methods. The first number was cleverly advertised by means of a contents bill containing a picture by Dudley Hardy, showing a beautiful nurse carrying a baby which she was showing to the delighted father. Underneath appeared the words, "The Latest Arrival." I also recall a bright scheme by which readers of that paper were invited to send in their photographs, which were used as illustrations by altering the faces. For instances, a clean-shaven man would be given a moustache, a bald man a fine head of hair, and so on. In this way I had the gratification of discovering myself, with certain improvements, figuring in an illustration as the hero of a great naval story.

CHANGES IN NEWSPAPERS.—Life in Fleet Street was as exacting in most newspaper departments then as it is to-day, though it was very different. We had our ½d. daily papers in the *Morning Leader*, the *Morning*, and, a little later, the *Morning Herald*. The latter two did not long survive, but the *Morning Leader* always prospered.