

### HOW "THE LONDON DAILY TELEGRAPH" WAS STARTED

THE following history of the inception of the great London daily was told to the writer over twenty years ago by one who vouched for its truth:—

Years ago an educated but rather fast young Englishman, having run through all his ready capital by a long course of fashionable dissipation in the principal cities of the continent, found himself, one day, in Paris, with his means of livelihood nearly exhausted and credit at a very low ebb. This state of things—almost on the verge of want—set him to thinking seriously, for the first time in many years. "Something must be done," mused he, "and that right quickly, too. Bread and butter must be had, and there is no money in my trousers wherewith to get it; or, at best, only enough to last, with close economy, a few days longer, and, then what?" Naturally of a shrewd and inventive turn of mind and a ready writer, he quickly formed the determination of turning his qualifications to immediate action. "Necessity knows no law," and is "the mother of invention" as well. His resolution to strike out in his new course was no sooner taken than he proceeded to put it into execution.

First taking an account of stock our impecunious friend finds that he has just sufficient funds in hand to settle up with his landlady, take him over the channel to London, and insert an advertisement he had studied up and prepared, three times in two daily papers of the city. "And what was this curious advertisement?" very naturally asks the reader. It simply called for five hundred newsboys to sell a new daily paper about to start. As their commission for doing this they were to receive an extra percentage, but as a guarantee (and here comes in the joke) each boy to be employed must leave with his employer just one pound sterling. This condition was peremptorily insisted on in every case. But the extra inducement had the desired effect—in fact it took admirably, for in less than a week the five hundred boys, or their friends for them, had applied, registered their names, and £500 sterling were duly deposited.

Mr. Smithson, our embryo journalist, now set himself to work night and day to get up a daily paper. Aside from a few paying advertisements and some shilling notices, he himself wrote up the entire contents of the little sheet, and on the day the boys were told to come for their papers the first number was ready. The paper was no longer a myth, but a living reality. Little did these ragged urchins or their friends suspect, however, that the whole thing was got up on their money. The venture proved a great success; but on the other hand, had it been a

failure, then what? Ah! in that case our friend would suddenly have found it necessary to resume his travels again, otherwise he would have found himself behind prison bars ticketed for at least ten years.

From the first number of the paper the enterprise rapidly grew and flourished; the shoeless little fellows, who so unwittingly furnished the capital to set up a newspaper, soon had their money returned, and none were the wiser, none the worse, for the clever ruse that had been played.

Thus was ushered into the world that powerful institution known to-day all over the two hemispheres as the *London Daily Telegraph*, with correspondents in every part of the globe, employing a corps of writers, and wielding an influence second only to the "Thunderer" itself.

Mr. S., the projector, died many years ago, wealthy from the proceeds of an enterprise begotten of sheer desperation, and, though rash in its inception, yet highly successful in its results.—*American Art Printer*.

### NOTHING IN JOURNALISM

HENRY Watterson, whose reputation as a journalist is second to none on this continent, thus expresses himself regarding journalism as a profession. If his opinion is to be believed, and certainly no one should better know what he is talking about than Mr. Watterson, journalism, as a stepping-stone to fame, is, to use an expressive, but somewhat slangy phrase, "not what it's cracked up to be."

"It is a wearing, tearing business. You get nothing out of a newspaper excepting what you take from it. I am bent on it that neither of my sons shall go into journalism. The eldest is practising medicine and the other two are still boys. There is nothing in it for a man in comparison with almost any other profession. Take Mr. Dana, for instance. Think of his vast accomplishments. There is no other man to my knowledge that equals him in brilliancy and variety of attainments, and I've known a great many brilliant and versatile men. He is a fine writer and a clever editor, and have you heard him speak? He's a splendid speaker.

"Now, such a man leaves no posthumous fame, only a tradition. A great journalist is like a great actor; he leaves no coffin. When he dies, all his brilliant writing is stored away in newspaper files that nobody ever looks up. During his life, his influence is only indirect. Doesn't get credit for what he does. Compare Horace Greeley and Secretary Seward. Greeley was a far more potent factor in the Free-Soil agitation in the way of real, back-breaking work, than Seward. You look into any history and you'll find whole chapters about Seward and only here and there a reference to Greeley."