

London Papers Are Fast Changing

THEIR UPS-AND-DOWNS AND ORGANIZATION COMMENTED UPON BY A "CHIEF REPORTER" FROM THE ENGLISH METROPOLIS—NO MORE SWEET REPOSE.

[New York Post.]

One is constantly being told that the English newspapers are becoming more and more "Americanized." As a matter of fact, a remarkable change is taking place in the English journals. The English newspaper press is in an intermediate stage of development. It has been forced to abandon its ancient style, and does not quite know what new style to adopt.

This condition of uncertainty is due to two notable circumstances. During the past few years, consequent upon the great influx of population from the countryside into the towns, there has been a remarkable awakening among the English lower middle and working classes, hitherto intellectually lethargic. A vast and entirely new field of newspaper readers has, therefore, arisen. It is the people—the readers—who have changed, and the change being now forced upon the newspapers is not really an Americanization, but a natural step in their evolution.

Ten or fifteen years ago the great organ of the English middle classes, the Daily Telegraph, a two-cent paper, owned by the Lawsons, a wealthy family, at the head of which is Lord Burnham, was proudly boastful of a circulation of a quarter of a million daily. But at that time if the Telegraph wished to display an important piece of news by means of a number of lines in the heading to it, every line, even though they were a dozen of them, would be in exactly the same sized type; and the paper was written in a flowery style of language all its own. When the Daily Mail, a one-cent paper, owned by the Harmsworths, a family of brothers, the elder of whom is Lord Northcliffe, was founded, the revolution set in. Everything was to be written as if one would tell a story over the breakfast table, and, in consequence, the paper was soon able to declare its circulation to be five times that of the Telegraph. Then the revolution set in earnest. More recently, another Harmsworth paper, the Daily Mirror, a one-cent paper devoted chiefly to snapshots of the events of the day, boomed to a daily circulation of close upon a million copies. That started every paper giving pictures, and set up in England a new occupation.

Some of the papers have struggled hard against the change. The Telegraph is trying to win by adding page after page to its size, while the others are strictly forbidden to write in "Telegraphic" style. Even the Times, though it continues its price at six cents a copy, has been compelled to resort to extraneous inducements, such as special supplements, and a free circulating library, with all the up-to-date literature on loan, and much on sale at greatly reduced prices.

HARD YEAR FOR PAPERS.

Within the past year three old-established London papers, the Sun, the Echo, and the St. James's Gazette, have ceased to be. Some, while a couple of two-cent papers, with long and honorable records, the Daily News and the Daily Chronicle, were obliged to reduce their price to one cent. The Tribune, upon which over \$1,250,000 was spent during the years of its existence, failed utterly, because it was a reversion to the old form. The Standard, the great Conservative two-cent daily, previously one of the strongest of properties, came into the market. The Times was recently all but sold to Cyril Arthur Pearson, and any day official word may come that it has been really sold to the Harmsworths.

In the brightening of their style, and in the organization of their news departments, an approximation to American methods is certainly taking place, but the approach is still very slight. Naturally enough, in the turmoil which the changes have caused, the sweet repose of former times has gone. In the old days, the editor-in-chief turned in leisurely at nine in the evening, and never saw the office until the "turn" was done. As a rule in those days, nothing was "covered" which was not known of the night before. No attempt was made to discover "copy" by searching

for suggestions, nor to make it by way of the "interview."

DECADENCE OF THE "LEADER."

Each paper then had a large staff of its own reporting the doings of Parliament, and the chiefs of those staffs were men whose friendship and assistance were sought as well by the assistance of a newly elected M.P., anxious to see their speeches reported at length. In those days, too, the "leader-writers" were men of high literary distinction. No part of the change that is coming over the English press is more remarkable than the decadence of the "leading article." Nor is any part of the Americanization more developed, though it is at least recognized, that the method of influencing public opinion, not by the editorial, but by the news columns, by giving news which will sow prejudice or prepossession, according to which is desired.

A dozen years ago, the office of city editor, as understood in America, was practically unknown in the London papers. The "chief reporter" or the editor's secretary, made up the diary of the known events of the following day, from invitations received, and submitted it at night to the editor, who assigned the "turn" to the staff. Then the office slept peacefully till the next evening—only the advertisement department was awake. Now every paper has a "news editor." In London the Stock Exchange being in that part of the metropolis known as the city, the "financial editor" has always been called the "city editor." Each paper has a separate city office and staff near the Exchange, covering its money news.

AS IT IS DONE NOW.

The "news editor" starts work now as early as ten o'clock in the morning, and usually he has only a youth or a girl typewriter to assist him. He rarely gets away until 7 p.m., and sometimes not until eight or nine o'clock, and his pay varies from \$50 to \$100 per week, according to the paper. Yet in hardly any case has he more than eight or ten reporters on his staff; but each reporter now has to cover two or three "turns" during the day, to be in the office on time, and remain in a given hour. Much of the work done is somewhat novel. Very little of it touches the mere news of the day, except the events of great importance.

London now every news event, great or small, is covered by one or other of the news bureaus, most of which work upon an annual subscription. The papers could get along without reporters at all—and some do. Indeed, a day does happen when the entire staff of reporters does not produce a single line of "copy." Everything comes in on the "tickers"—police courts, law courts, coroners' courts, Parliament, sporting news, foreign news, general news; nothing is missed. Telegraph operators sitting beside their "Sounders" working typewriters are unknown. Two or three offices have special wires, and Government posts go in to work them. But most of the instruments used print upon a tape, as does the ticker.

PENNY-A-LINERS' GONE.

A few years ago as much as \$500 a day in the aggregate used to be spent by the London papers on "line-ages" among "liners," a bureau, a line, and scores of broken-down journalists, and drink-ridden members of other professions, too, were able to pick up a precarious living in that way in Fleet street. But now even that work is done by a bureau. The consequence is that the "news editor" has to find "specials" for his staff to cover, and often, when he is hard pushed, some of them are of a somewhat freaky character.

In addition to the "news editor," who controls all the provincial correspondents as well as the reporters, most of the papers now have a "foreign editor," who cables instructions to foreign correspondents, and whose pay ranges up from \$75 a week. Another comfortable and well-paid post is that of literary editor, whose task consists largely in distributing the books among old university chums for review. Unfortunates on the London press, except as assistant editors and literary editors. A year or two ago a B.A. of Oxford on one of the papers described a number of lions as being brought over from Africa in "hermetically sealed cages." He went back to Oxford and became a university coach.

STEADY POSTS.

Each paper has, of course, its special sports staff, the chief of whom is usually the racing "tipster." Only the paper, the Daily News, does not tout horse racing, for the paper belongs to a Quaker millionaire. Each also has its special theatrical critic;

and most of them have experts for motor racing, for cycling, for fashions—even for "Fashions for Men," one of the most recent introductions—and for the games of chess and draughts. Society news is mostly done by women more or less in society; but each paper has also its expert who writes "Personal" paragraphs. Some offices also have a special "correspondence" editor, and the Daily News at least has a clergyman who is religious editor. Few now, except the Times, keep a staff at Parliament. The common course is to have merely a descriptive man there, and to supplement his account from one of the bureau reports.

Hardly any of the offices have a pneumatic service, but still use boys; and so permanent are the berths that in one case at any rate the "boy" who was a boy 50 years ago, is still "boy," though he now a grandfather—and he has been "boy" all the while. Even the editor-in-chief has now to work fairly hard compared with former days. He usually holds a consultation with the "news editor" over the telephone every morning about noon, comes in and goes through the schedule of ordered copy about five o'clock, and returns after dinner to instruct "leader-writers." The assistant editors have now to read every line in proof before it is allowed to be locked up in forms, and they also assist in the "make-up."

FATE OF TYPEWRITERS.

The use of schedules is an introduction from America, but little else has been directly adopted from this side. During the past few years, Lord Northcliffe saw all the reporters using typewriters. On his return home, he ordered machines for every man on his staff, but within six weeks they were all out of use. Another editor sent over his chief engineer to pick up useful notions. After spending several weeks here, the engineer returned and as the sole result of his visit installed a new "cease-work" signal!

Most of the offices have a collection of books, and that is all that is known as the library, except at one or two places. But apart from one or two vain trysts, none keeps "clippings" as here. Instead, they keep the obituaries of well-known persons ready written. The Daily News has a file of obituaries written by Harriet Martineau, historian and economist, forty-five years ago. The person is still living. Miss Martineau has been dead a generation.

Probably few papers make greater efforts to be correct than the Daily Mail. Yet no paper makes greater blunders. Its last big one, a question of short-weight soap, cost it over \$1,000. Five assistant editors read every proof every night, and one of them is a barrister, an expert on libel law. The Mail has also a critic on its own grammar and style. For a long while the late Admiral Sir William Laird Clowes, author of the Naval Pocketbook, filled the post. Every day he marked in red ink the mistakes and "vulgarsisms." The paper was then handed round and the writers had to initial in blue ink the corrections in their matter. The result is that no Daily Mail is permitted to mount a transcriber; it must be a way car. And if he is aboard a vessel, he must say "in" a ship, and not "on" a ship.

In more ways London is ahead of New York. Much more is now being done there with the photograph, and events as distinct from persons than here. The bicycle newsboy is one of the features of London. Crowds gallop to watch them. Some of them now use motor cycles. In the streets there seems more newspaper life than on this side. London has no stalls like those at street corners, and under the station stairs here; but there are none boys selling, and each has a "Contents Bill," and each has a bulletin, and there is much more shouting all day than even in Park Row.

After all, it is rather out of London, in towns like Manchester or Birmingham, that one sees the best organization of an English newspaper.—E. T. Tandy.

IMPROVED GLASS.

An improved ornamental glass—more transparent than the old and designed to reflect and transmit light of substantially the same color—has been developed by Fritz Puhl and August Wagner, of Berlin. The gold or silver panes in mosaic work have been made by pouring melted glass upon a film and then causing a thin sheet of glass to adhere to the film by heat. The product being a glass reflecting gold or silver light, but almost opaque, the feeble light, but almost being of a dirty yellow or green color. In the new process the metal is made to thoroughly coalesce with the glass. The film is applied to the first layer of glass mechanically or by chemical or electrolytic method, and the melted glass is then poured on to form the second layer, giving perfect union and great transparency. The panes have a beautiful golden or silvery luster by reflected light, while the transmitted rays are more or less colored and give a pleasing antique effect. Mosaics may be made up with both the new glass and the old, and the new material is adapted not only for windows but for lanterns, lamp chimneys and other uses.—Science Monthly.

A REALISTIC PAINTER.

The late John Lambert, the Philadelphia artist who painted the "Spanish summer," caused his death through grief, was a portrait painter of rare talent.

"Lambert," said a member of the Philadelphia Club the other day, "was a realist. His portraits were true and unflattering. It annoyed him tremendously to be asked to make an ugly woman beautiful—it was the thing he used to say, as being asked to lie."

"A Spruce street matron sat to Lambert once. At the end of the third sitting she professed to be quite satisfied with the progress of the work. 'All but the mouth,' she said. 'Please make it smile and curved. I know it is a straight, long mouth, really, just as you have drawn it, but in the portrait I want you, if you will, to make it very tiny. Will you?'"

"Certainly, madam," said Lambert. "I'll leave it out altogether if you wish."—Exchange.

KING EDWARD'S COSTLY COACH

RIDES IN A CARRIAGE WORTH \$36,000.

King Edward rode in a carriage worth \$36,000 when he went to the opening of Parliament on the last occasion.

The vehicle is one of the most costly and splendid in the world. It was built in 1761, at a cost of \$36,000 on the occasion of the marriage of George III, and has ever since carried the English Kings and Queens on all high state occasions. Sir William Chambers designed the vehicle, which weighs four tons.

Despite its 147 years' service its great wheels, gear and body are said to be as sound as when built, and it looks as if it would go on forever. Steel springs were unknown when the coach was built, and its ponderous yet daintily luxurious body is suspended on leather braces, not unlike those of the old Concord stage coaches of America. Its body is so perfect that a touch of the finger is enough to set the body swinging on the big creaking straps which brace the carved and gilded tritons supporting the driver's seat, which is 14 ft. 6 in. high. The length of the vehicle is 24 feet and it is 12 feet high.

The elaborate carvings cost more than the carriage proper, the coachman's bill having been less than \$3,000, which that of the carver was more than \$10,000. Something of the character of the ornamentation may be guessed from the fact that the artist Ciprari received \$1,500 for painting the panels, and that the lacemaker's charge was about \$4,000, the crimson satin interior of the carriage being most elaborately upholstered. The preparation of the royal equipage for a great event is a real sight. Six pairs of milk white horses from the royal stud are always used, and all wear false tails. The coachman, in powder and curls, mounts his seat with the aid of a ladder, but does not really drive, postillions on the horses and state grooms who walk beside them being in command of the team.

LIVING IN HIGH ALTITUDE

GREATEST HEIGHTS TO WHICH ONE MAY RISE WITHOUT DYING.

How high in the air can a man rise without dying? Twenty years ago it was thought that it would be impossible to breathe at an atmospheric pressure exceeding 8,000 meters (25,000 feet). It was then thought that a man would lose consciousness at 6,000 meters.

But Messrs. Behring and Suhling, of Metz, were up in a balloon to a height of 10,000 meters (32,000 feet), the greatest height ever attained; but they were forced to inhale oxygen.

Strange to say, Professor Mosso, of Italy, experimented on theory that man must respire oxygen with a strong proportion of carbonic acid if he would successfully fight the dangers of the rarefaction of air. It is said that the theory was correct. A pupil of his repeated the experiment, not by going up in a balloon, but by shutting himself up in a bell, where, by means of a pump, a graduated scale of rarefaction of air reached a point at which the experimenter began to collapse, a specially devised arrangement sent into the bell a mixture of carbonic acid and oxygen, which immediately relieved him. In the experiment the exhausted subject attained a height of 50,000 feet (15,240 meters). The experimenter said: "I could have remained even greater rarefaction, for my memory was clear and my movements were normal."

ODD SOUTH AMERICAN ANIMALS.

Many curious animals haunt the marshy parts of South America north of the pampas. Frogs big and ferocious (the ceratophrys) given to making vicious springs when closely approached; the capybara, a shy "coney" like creature, like a ship; the huge capybara rat and the swartly pig-like tapir are frequently seen. Along the forest margins troops of peccaries are often met with, occasionally the jaguar, sometimes the puma, like the cat, the curiousity of the great ant bear, long in claw, long nose and remarkably long tongue. Very plentiful, too, are those "little knighs in scaly armor," the scute, waddling armadillos; long-tongued sloths pace about upon the floating leaves.

A familiar object is the great jabiru, a stork with a preference for the desolate lagoons, where it may often be viewed statuesque on one leg and wrapped in retrospection.—The Scotsman.

ONLY ONE CURE FOR CATARRH.

Royan, Que. "I have tried a great many remedies for catarrh, but none of them ever helped me. In my opinion Catarrh is the only real cure for catarrh."—F. G. Padden. Minden, Ont. "I am delighted with the results from the use of Catarrh-ozone. I think it is the best remedy in the world for catarrh."—Thos. Cox. Brief extracts only, but convincing. Not claims, but proofs. That's what the people want before spending their money. We can supply over two thousand similar testimonials, and you may take back if you are not benefited. Catarrh-ozone is sold by all dealers; three sizes, 25c, 50c, \$1, the latter being guaranteed.

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AN AGE OF LITTLE MEN

ARTHUR C. BENSON DISCOURSES ON MODERN DISCOURAGEMENT.

It is often mournfully reiterated that the present age is not an age of great men, and I have sometimes wondered if it is true. In the first place, I do not feel sure that an age is the best judge of its own greatness; a great age is generally more interested in doing the things which afterwards cause it to be considered great, than in wondering whether it is great. Perhaps the fact that we are on the lookout for great men, and complaining because we cannot find them, is the best proof of our second-rateness; I do not imagine that the Elizabethan writers were much concerned with the question of whether they were great or not; they were merely concerned with having a splendid time, and in saying as eagerly as they could all the delightful thoughts which came crowding to the utterance, than in pondering whether they were worthy of admiration.

In the annals of the Renaissance one gets almost weary of the records of brilliant persons, like Leo Battista Alberti and Leonardo da Vinci, who were architects, sculptors, painters, musicians, athletes and writers all in one; who could make crowds weep by twanging a lute, ride the most vicious horses, stand standing jumps over the heads of tall men, and who were, moreover, so impressionable that books were to them as jewels and flowers, and who "grew faint at the sight of sunsets and stately persons." Such as these, we may depend upon it, had little time to give to considering their own effect upon posterity. When the sun rules the day, there is no question about his supremacy; it is when we are concerned with scanning the sky for lesser lights to rule the night that we are wasting time.—A. C. Benson in Putnam's Monthly.

REMARKABLE CASE OF CLAIRVOYANCE

NEW HAMPSHIRE WOMAN LOCATED DEAD BODY THROUGH A DREAM.

A remarkable story of clairvoyance, vouchered for by Professor William James, who is perhaps America's leading mental philosopher today, and a member of the Society of Psychical Research, has recently been printed in the "New York Argosy" of Demarara. It is as follows:

On Monday, Oct. 21, Miss Bertha Huse left her home at Enfield, New Hampshire, at 6 a.m., before the rest of the family had risen. She took her way down the street toward the so-called Shaker Bridge. Her family learning of her absence, instituted a search for her, and during the greater part of the day 150 men hunted the woods and lake shore in the vicinity. This search proved of no avail, and Mr. Whitney, a mill owner of Enfield, sent to Boston for divers. A diver named Sullivan worked the better part of all Tuesday, but without success.

On Tuesday evening, Nov. 2, Mrs. Titus, of Lebanon, a village, about four and one-half miles from Enfield, while dozing after supper, aroused the attention of her husband, who was near her, by her noises and extremely horrified countenance. When he spoke to her she failed to answer; and it was necessary for him to shake her before arousing her to consciousness. When she was conscious the first thing she said was, "Why did you disturb me? In a moment I should have found that body." After this she told her husband, "If I behave very peculiarly tonight, or cry out, or seem greatly disturbed, do not on any account awaken me, but leave me to myself."

At some time during the night Mr. Titus was aroused by the screams of his wife. He got up, lit a lamp, and waited, obeying his wife's instructions. She, during a following interval, though not awake, spoke in substantial terms.

"She followed the road down to the bridge, and on getting part way across it stepped out on to that jutting beam which was covered with white frost. There she stood undecided whether to go into the water there or go up over the hill to the pond. While so standing she slipped on the log, fell backward, and slid underneath the timber work of the bridge. You will find her head in, and you will kindly be able to see one of her rubbers projecting from the timber work."

Early in the morning, at her earnest solicitation, her husband went to Mr. Ayer, an employee of the Mascota Lumber Company at Lebanon, and asked him for leave to absent himself from the mill that morning. In order to go with his wife to the Shaker Bridge at Enfield. He then told Mr. Ayer the story substantially as above. Mr. Titus also told the story to Mr. W. R. Sunderlin, as well as to certain other persons, all in Lebanon, before he went with his wife to Enfield, where he told other parties of this her husband, or cry out, or seem greatly disturbed, do not on any account awaken me, but leave me to myself.

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