

is not merely the result of a prompt capacity of delivering judgment, which is a legitimate result of individual thought and practice on the part of the journalist, but, depend upon it, it offers day by day, to the country which is provided with a satisfactory press, the very best available means for the creditable development of public opinion.

"These things being so, the honor of the press is not a matter for jokes or gibes or augurs' grimaces among ourselves. Still less is it a matter about which we should be indifferent when attempts, even if amusing, are made to run down the value of the services which it is our privilege to render society."

#### THE PUBLISHER AND EDITOR.

NEWSPAPER-MEN who have seen the letters of Col. Cockerill and Joseph Pulitzer, published by New York Truth, have recognized their value as illustrating the relations which may exist between a brilliant and popular editor and a talented, successful and not particularly popular proprietor. For the benefit of those readers of PRINTER AND PUBLISHER who have not seen the copy of Truth containing the correspondence, we quote the letter which Mr. Pulitzer, the proprietor of The New York World, wrote to the editor, Mr. John A. Cockerill, explaining the reasons why the latter had been sent to London from New York:

Strictly confidential.

The World, Editor's Room,  
New York, Dec. 21, '86.

MY DEAR COCKERILL:

I hope your voyage was not unpleasant and that you are comfortably settled by this time and enjoy your new surroundings.

When you left I fully meant what I said that you might return in about two months. But, as I have changed my mind, I hasten to tell you so. And, though it may not be necessary, and certainly is most unpleasant, I will frankly give you my reasons.

I presume you have seen the remarkable notices given you by your friends in the press. These efforts to belittle me (who appreciates you fully and is your best friend) I mean to stop. You might have stopped them in time yourself. I have waited for some time hoping that your own sense of right would have induced you to tell your friends what you, of all men, must know to be false. You know that my primary object and ambition in journalism was always intellectual and honorable—not for mere money-making. If fortune came with success, it came secondarily, and was less thought of and sought than reputation for honest public services and honor for real journalistic worth. I always was, and always shall be, editor first and proprietor only secondly. But, if what your friends say is true, you ought to own the paper and I ought to be in your employ. You know how fond I am of you. You know how much I appreciate your tact, talent and brightness—even if you do not seem to appreciate me. I never shall forget your faithful services or the terrible ordeal you once went through. I have always assumed that ours was a relation through life—even beyond that as far as I could foresee and provide. But I will not tolerate even by my silence for you what I know to be a gross injustice. I want you to know exactly how I feel in this matter. If I am not a self-made man you never knew one. If

I was not the real, actual head in building up my two newspapers nobody ever could be. You, better than anybody, must know that every cardinal constructive idea that created The World and The Post-Dispatch was mine and mine only. As my most trusted and most honored lieutenant you deserve the greatest possible credit. No one shall surpass me in this. But the line must be drawn at a reasonable point, and you, too, ought to know how preposterous the statement that I am only a publisher and had nothing to do with the editorial page or policy, when neither of my papers ever had a policy, a principle or a high purpose that they did not receive from me and me only. If I have not given The World its character and ideas, what in the world have I done all these days and nights? All this is unnecessary, unpleasant, unwise and perhaps unappreciated. The point is simply that I want you to know why I have changed my mind and now want you to settle down in London as the regular correspondent of The World. A prolonged stay abroad is the only way I can see for the correction of a gross injustice, but you may see another.

Of course, your salary and income from The Post Dispatch will go on, and you ought to be able to enjoy life on that as few people can. I meant to increase your salary again, but I am deprived of that pleasure now, as it would only seem to confirm the idea of those people that whatever I do is done from business necessity rather than from hearty friendship, and that you are not sufficiently appreciated by me now. The standard they set up deprives me even of the chance of voluntarily and openly adding to and leading in appreciation of your true value. It leaves me no room to say anything.

However, time corrects everything, and, I have no doubt, it will correct this too.

Of course, if you should not like to stay in London I will consider your wishes for some other arrangement.

With regards, I remain, as ever,

Yours faithfully,

JOS. PULITZER.

#### THE NEW EDITOR OF THE PROVINCE.

On Oct. 4 Mr. W. C. Nichol assumed the editorship of The Province, the able weekly journal at Victoria, B.C. Writing to a friend in Ontario, Mr. Nichol says: "I reached here safely a week ago, and I have already settled down comfortably into harness. This is an ideal place to work in. The editorial rooms are a dream of editorial luxury, with Turkish rugs on the floor, and everything as comfortable and convenient as can be. There is a splendid library and everything to facilitate work and stimulate thought."

Mr. Nichol was married at London on Sept. 21, and when he and his bride passed through Toronto on their way to the Coast a number of Toronto newspaper men, including Messrs. J. T. Clark, John Lewis, J. A. Cooper, W. F. Maclean, M.P., J. A. Ewan, Wallace Maclean, J. H. Woods, and several others, presented the new benedict with a set of the Oxford edition of Shakespeare, and Mrs. Nichol with a traveling cloak. Mr. Lewis made the presentation on behalf of the others. The proceedings were quite informal, but the hearty good wishes of his old Toronto confreres followed Mr. Nichol to the western province.