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a Leader

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to way endeavored to for those government roused the keenest op- in his election address ared himself ready to "in its integrity." "We y the liquor trade," he mization is so perfect, mizable, that any gov- their privileges and en to the ground. That want to find out now," opportunity "of dealing" challenges so cheaply ut- months by politicians ir last defeat." He has xcuse in the conduct of ent, or its results at

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The object, most apparently to give the en were in the right; sides being rather ab- to Lord Roberts, who for the strategy of me semi-reticence has ne come to the spe- rt's main army. The erts is secure. To n the greatness of his Africa all will heartily s to be no purpose in y, to admit his limita- ighly debatable and s military system and le to understand many od without the know- nization was very im- of allowing burghers to ets and retire in peace und, and—in marked ing, if ever to be per- e been confined with- its.

edvers Buller's opera- the ablest and most e book, suffers from excellence of much of y at the Biggarsberg, Lydenburg, is well omings, equally patent e, are lost under a veil n, or fatalism, is the able result is a quite to others, not only to ase of the operations . The whole story is warn admirer of Bul- in that), but it should e dispassionate editor, also have exercised his are carefully on many or example, to devote to the interesting but action of Rhenoster as compared with six n for Diamond Hill, is

A TALE OF THREE "SCOOPS"

By D. W. Higgins, author of "The Mystic Spring," etc.

The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. But time and chance happeneth to them all.—Ecclesiastes, ix., 11.



MEMBERS of the press of the present day can have little conception of the hardships and difficulties that attended the gathering of news and placing it in an acceptable form before readers forty and fifty years ago. Newspaper work in those days was not divided into departments. Not more than two men performed all the work in and about the editorial room. They wrote leaders, scanned exchanges, reported court proceedings, picked up local items and made jokes, and not infrequently, if they had the misfortune to know how, to handle type, took off their coats and set up their own articles. City editors, managing editors, political editors, exchange editors and literary editors were unknown except as they were embodied in one person who answered for all departments. The offices, too, were wretched little shacks, cold and wet in winter and hot in summer. The work, as may well be imagined, was arduous and never-ending, and when anything unusual occurred there was neither telegraph nor telephone to call into action and save the publishing Pooh Bah of the day many a long and weary tramp after an item.

From the fall of 1862 to the summer of 1866, a period of three years and a-half, there were printed at Victoria two morning newspapers—the Colonist and the Chronicle. The field was limited and the competition for the little business was keen. Victoria, at that time, had a population of some 4,500 souls, including Chinese and Indians, and the circulation of both papers was limited. The Colonist, being the oldest established had the largest circulation, and when in 1864, the founder, Mr. De Cosmos, disposed of his interest to Harries & Co., it was believed that the publishers had secured the establishment at a bargain. Harries & Co. were a syndicate of young men with much ability and little money. But they were energetic, pushing fellows and very popular, and for some time the Colonist, under the influence of the new blood forged steadily ahead.

The subscription price of the two little four-page papers which, when compared with the large dailies of this day, seem like a Chinook canoe riding beside an ironclad, was 25c each week. The weekly editions were \$4 a year, postage added. There were no telegrams to be paid for in those days and there were, as has been said, no expensive staffs of editors and reporters to maintain. Two men on each journal contributed all the written stuff. The political editor was news editor and reporter and marine editor, as occasion required. The business manager was bookkeeper, solicitor and collector, and not infrequently handed in an item or "did" the law courts. There were occasions when the whole work of getting out the paper depended on one man, and often after the few hands had been paid on Saturday night there was not left in the treasury a two-bit piece for the proprietors. The competition, as I have said, was fierce, and when the mines failed, and times grew harder and business fell away the anxiety to head one another off became more eager.

At that time the war between the North and South was raging and the greatest possible interest was felt in its progress. The news was often brought here by steamers and sailing ships, for the telegraph line only extended to Portland, Oregon, at that time. Once-a-week dispatches were brought from Portland, via Olympia (then the largest town on Puget Sound) by the steamer Eliza Anderson. The war news that appeared in the Portland papers was printed in the form of extracts by the two Victoria papers. At first ten cents (the smallest coin then in circulation) was charged for an extra, but as the opposition grew the ships were given away to all who might apply for them. After a while the Victoria newspapers chartered a special steamer to bring one day's late news to the town of Monticello on the Columbia river, whence it was carried by pony express to Olympia and placed aboard the Eliza Anderson for Victoria. The cost of the steamer was \$50 weekly and the Chronicle paid for its rider and horse \$100 a month. How in the world these additional expenses were met I am scarcely able to explain, but I do know that the greatest economy was practiced in the offices and that the staffs worked like niggers to pull expenses down so that in news at least they might keep ahead of their opponents.

At the same time that the Portland and Olympia expenditure was going on, a watch was kept for incoming sailing vessels from San Francisco. They frequently made quick passages and brought later news dispatches than that by way of Portland. A boy was stationed on the highest rock on the Songhish reserve and directed to keep his eyes turned toward Race Rock and report any incoming vessel that might be sighted.

One afternoon this boy came breathlessly into the Chronicle office and reported a ship coming up from the rock under a full press of canvas, with a fair wind. He added that a row-boat, believed to be the Colonist's, was already on the way to intercept the craft. Now, it happened that at the time a change of governors was about to occur. Sir James Douglas had resigned and was to be succeeded by Capt. A. E. Kennedy, who was known to be on his way from England to assume office, but when he left or when he

would arrive was unknown to any person here.

The evening of the day on which the boy sighted the vessel coming up from the Race had been fixed upon for a popular banquet to the retiring governor, and the little town was astir with interest. The Theatre Royal was then the largest hall in the city and by planking off the auditorium to a level with the stage and removing the scenery room was obtained for the purposes of the banquet. The attendance was very large and the speeches were generally excellent. The mayor presented His Excellency with a valuable casket which conveyed the freedom of the city to Sir James. When the time for retiring came the participants crowded about Sir James and took an affectionate farewell.

But I anticipate. When the intelligence of the approaching vessel came to the Chronicle office, the political and news editor, reporter and manager, all rolled in one, hastened to the wharf, at the foot of Yates street. He saw the row-boat referred to by the boy disappearing around Shoal Point on its way out of the harbor. At the wharf lay the pilot's row-boat with Capt. Pike and a crew of six Indians ready to start for the vessel.

"Captain," asked the Chronicle man, "will you give me a lift out?"

"All right," responded Capt. Pike, "jump in."

So into the boat the multifarious editor tumbled and the party were soon on their way to the outer harbor. Three or four miles away a boat was discerned with two men rowing energetically towards the vessel, which was rapidly approaching with the afternoon breeze behind her. They were evidently putting forth every effort to reach the barque in advance of the pilot boat, which was coming on with a swift stroke, obtained by a tip of 50 cents to each siwash.

Presently the barque was reached and the Chronicle man, as fresh as a daisy (not having rowed a stroke) leaped into the main chains, clambered up the side and vaulted on to the deck. There he saw standing an old Yale acquaintance—John Lovell, now a resident of Victoria. In his hand Mr. Lovell held a bunch of San Francisco newspapers, which he handed to the Chronicle representative. Having secured this bunch, he passed on to the Captain, who gave him another bunch, and so on until he had secured every newspaper on board and stowed them away in his pockets, as the Colonist man, exhausted, and as limp as a wet rag, appeared on the deck and pantingly asked for the newspapers which were in the possession of his opponent.

In one of the newspapers, which so happily fell to the lot of the Chronicle, appeared the announcement of the arrival at San Francisco of Governor Kennedy, wife, two daughters and staff en route for Victoria. This was just what was wanted.

Side by side with the report of the banquet the readers of the Chronicle were informed the

following day that Governor Kennedy would come on the next mail steamer. There was not the slightest information as to the new governor's arrival or movements in the Colonist.

Fortune seemed to favor the Chronicle people. Of course, there were occasions when they were beaten (scooped) by their competitors, but in almost every instance where news of great interest was concerned, it seemed to drop into their hands like over-ripe fruit from a tree with scarcely an effort on their part.

One morning, quite early, a brig known as the Architect was reported ashore on Shoal Point, at the entrance of the harbor. Hastening to the waterfront the Chronicle man saw two burly young fellows engaged in repairing a sloop. Nearby rode a rowboat which, because of its huge size and weight did not look very inviting. But time pressed and there was no other boat to be had.

"What will you want to put me on board the brig?" was asked.

"Five dollars," was the reply.

"Jump in, then," the reporter exclaimed, "and the money is yours."

The men lost a little time in getting the oars, but they were soon under way. Just as they left the slip a light rowboat with two men at the oars and Mr. W. L. Mitchell, reporter of the Colonist, in the stern sheets, passed rapidly and crossing to the south side of the harbor to escape the sweep of the fresh breeze which came up from the west, rowed gallantly on to capture the prize. The Chronicle boat took the north side of the harbor. At times the heavy boat seemed scarcely to move, exposed as she was to the full force of the wind, while the other boat skipped gaily along and rapidly gained on its adversary.

"I'll give you ten dollars each, to put me on board that brig before the man in the other boat gets there!" shouted the Chronicle man, who was almost beside himself at the prospect of being beaten.

The men bent to their work. They were strong and young, and although the wind howled and the waves buffeted the craft the promise of more money nerved them to greater exertions and brought every muscle into activity. There was a slight advantage in their favor. The contending boats required to cross the harbor again before gaining the Architect, while the heavier craft had a straight course for the vessel. So it turned out that the time consumed by the Chronicle boat in crossing was occupied by the Chronicle boat in pressing straight for the goal.

Both boats reached the brig almost at the same instant, the Colonist boat slightly in the lead. The Colonist man clambered up the vessel's side followed closely by the Chronicle's man. The former reached the deck first. Now, as luck would have it, the ship's cook, in carrying a pot of soup along the deck had spilled some of it, and had not had time to swab it up. When the excited Colonist man

set his foot in the mess he slipped and fell. His competitor leaped lightly over the prostrate man and Capt. Hoag, of the brig, laughing heartily, handed him the prized papers with the remark, "I always give the papers to the man who comes first!"

At this lapse of time I cannot recall the nature of the news that was obtained on that occasion—whether it was the surrender of the Southern army to Grant, the capture of Jeff Davis or the assassination of Lincoln, but I do know that it was very important, and that the Chronicle had it exclusively. The Chronicle was not circulated until six o'clock the next morning, lest the opposing sheet should copy it in its regular edition, and so in a measure neutralized the effect of the beating.

In 1859 there arrived in these waters a pretty little steamer called the Labouchere. She was owned by the Hudson's Bay Co., was about the size of the Whatcom, and was assigned the duty of visiting the company's stations on the northwest coast and on Queen Charlotte Islands, and trading with the Indians for furs. In 1866 the government of British Columbia subsidized the Labouchere to run between Victoria and San Francisco, carrying the mails and passengers. Dr. Tolmie, the company factor resident here, went to San Francisco and superintended the refitting of the vessel for her new duties. The work required about two months to complete, and the progress was watched with the greatest solicitude by all who had an interest in the colony, confined as they were to a trip every three weeks by the boats of the regular line.

The telegraph wire by this time had been strung as far north as Seattle and was heading for Victoria. On the 13th of April, 1866, a telegram was received by H. B. Co. that the Labouchere was ready for sea and would leave the following day for Victoria.

The papers announced the fact in big type and wrote felicitous articles on the advantages direct steamer communication by the Labouchere would afford.

About two o'clock on the morning of the 16th of April, the political, marine and managing editor, reporter and all-round man of the Chronicle sought his couch. He was thoroughly exhausted and had settled down for a long sleep, when he was aroused by the sound of heavy footsteps hurriedly crossing the veranda, followed by a violent ringing of his door bell.

Springing from his bed, the representative of many departments raised the window and demanded, "Who's there?" The voice that responded was that of H. E. Levy, who is happily still alive and is well known to old as well as new residents.

"The Eliza Anderson has arrived, and the Captain informs me that just before the boat left Seattle he heard that a private telegram had been received from San Francisco, announcing the wreck of the Labouchere. You had better come down to the office."

English Criticism of American Children



HAD I been asked, three years ago, to give, offhand, an example of an "imp," I should have replied hesitatingly.

"An American child, aged between two years and sixteen."

Now, I would modify my definition and example, and I am thoroughly convinced that the original "little girl who had a curl right down the middle of her forehead" was an American, though I cannot but admit that England, too, is not without her share of little girls who are patterned somewhat after the order of the small heroine of that moving rhyme.

No English visitor to the United States ever yet returned home without bringing certain thrilling tales of the infant terrible of this large country. It was Max O'Rell, I believe, who wondered how it was that such little demons as the American children became finally such passable men and women. I wonder at it myself, even now, and because they do turn out so well I have all the greater respect and admiration for the American children. They are wonderful little individuals, are sensible to a degree, and very often they become really charming men and women in spite of the disadvantages of their bringing up.

For they have disadvantages, grave ones, too, from the English point of view. They have the disadvantage of being altogether too much with their elders, and having no rooms, either day or night nurseries, that they can call their own—unless they belong to very wealthy families or have parents with English rather than American views concerning the upbringing of children. Their poor little stomachs are overloaded at night with late dinners of hot soups, highly seasoned meats and vegetables, and rich pies and puddings. If they finally make too much noise or become too boisterous for endurance in the house (they roam the whole house at will), they are turned out on the pavement to play with all sorts of companions, and perhaps be kidnapped and held for ransom. For be it understood that child kidnapping is yearly increasing in this country. Yet children of well-to-do parents, children whose mothers are American gentlewomen and whose fathers are prosperous business and professional men, are allowed in the city streets unattended, and in the village play all alone for hours in "front

yards" which are as public as possible, without a vestige of a hedge or a fence.

Yet the majority of such children turn out well. The majority are not kidnapped or molested; the majority do not end in prison. They grow up to be reputable citizens, marry, and have children of their own, whom they will doubtless bring up as they themselves have been brought up.

One finds such children frightfully inconvenient at the dinner table; one almost stands in awe of their wonderful intelligence and lack of backwardness in letting their light shine in the drawing-room, in the dining-room, in the tramway-cars, in the shops—wherever one goes. I was at a small dinner party one night where most of the guests were relatives of my hostess, whose thirteen-year-old son sat opposite to me. He broke a short silence by nodding at me in a very friendly way and asking:

"How is it that, being from England, you don't drop your aitches?"

The whole company laughed. I will admit that I joined in the laughter, for the situation was certainly absurd; but I know many a dignified Englishwoman and Englishman who would have had a shock at seeing the child at the table, and would have collapsed entirely at the question put by this awful American child.

Now, that boy has become one of my greatest friends. During our delightful walks in Central Park, our long "trolley-rides" miles and miles into the country (all for twopence-halfpenny), I have explained to him just why it is that I do not drop my "aitches," and I have taught him something he never seemed to have learned at school or home—to raise his cap always to a lady, to his little sister, and to other little girls, and to his elders in general. I have explained to him that all the nice little English boys I know do this; and though at first he exclaims, "Gee whiz! but how can they remember?" he is remembering very well indeed.

But I am not always the teacher. A loving student of Nature myself, this boy has a certain lore concerning the birds, the bees, the ants, the grass, the flowers, and the trees that I had not supposed could be imported in so entertaining a manner as he gives it to me. He tells me he has learned it all from certain children's books at the public library, books written by American naturalists especially

for children, and worthy of the attention of all grown-ups. One day accidentally he trod on an ant-hill which was one of a large collection of sand towers and turrets. "Sorry," he said, dolefully; then, brightening up, "but I'm glad it wasn't my father's foot 'stead of mine. That would have been an earthquake to that ant city, just like it was at San Francisco—giant foot crushes the ant town out of existence, you know."

Despite the fact that the American children are so much with their elders, they have a wonderful amount of individuality. It seems to be that they crave privacy to cultivate this individuality, and are often denied it. But one little New York friend of mine, who is with her parents and their visitors all the time, rebels at night time when she is being put to bed, always insisting on saying her prayers quite alone. I have often wished that child during the day were in a nursery with a good nurse, instead of listening to all the conversation between her mother and myself! I fancy she would prefer it.

I have spoken of the neglect of the American boys to raise their caps as the English boys are accustomed to do. I think, however, that in other ways they are more attentive to their little sisters and to other little girls than are English boys. The American boys are very apt to "give in" to their little sisters. Often I think they are tyrannized over by these selfish little maids. "Oh, well, take it!" they will say when applied to for a beloved colored marble or automatic toy. "I s'pose you've got to have the best of everything 'cause you're the lady!" The parents encourage this attitude, in the belief that it makes for gallantry and courtesy to women. Myself, I see in it the beginnings of the so-called "slavery" of the American man to the American woman.

Two years ago, when what are known as the "Teddy" or "Roosevelt" bears first became fashionable as toys for children, every little boy was supplied with one, just as every little girl had a doll. The bears are delightfully fascinating little toys, with their changeable costumes, and the little girls discovered this fact, threw down their dolls, and grabbed their brothers' fuzzy bears with their jointed legs and arms and began dressing them up for dolls.—Mary Mortimer Maxwell, in the London Mail.

The Chronicle man hurried into his clothes and found that his paper had not yet gone to press, said press being worked by hand and capable of turning out 500 copies an hour.

After a long search a passenger was found at one of the hotels. He had read the dispatch, which stated that the steamer had run ashore on Point Reyes, some 27 miles north of San Francisco, and that all but two of the passengers were saved.

The doors of the publication office were double locked and no man was allowed to pass in or out except a young son of Dr. Tolmie, who happened to be in town and who was handed the first copy of the paper containing the information under a solemn promise to deliver it only to his father at Cloverdale and on no account to impart to any one whom he might meet the information.

Scouts were sent out, who reported that the Colonist had been printed and the office was closed and dark. But it was not until seven o'clock that the ban was removed and the exclusive news of the loss of their special steamer was handed out to Victorians who, in their despair, declared that the country was hoodooed and ruined. Mr. Frank Sylvester and Mr. E. Dickenson were passengers on the Labouchere when she grounded and became a total loss.

On a certain Saturday noon, some weeks after the Labouchere "scoop," Mr. Long, the bookkeeper, collector and business manager of the Chronicle, came to the writer with a doleful face. "This town," he said, "is burst. There's no money left in it." He produced a handful of unpaid bills.

"I took all these out," he said, "and all I've got is ten dollars and a-half. We owe a week's wages and a telegraph bill, and are overdrawn at the bank. I feel like chucking the whole thing to the devil."

"Nonsense!" I returned. "Remember what Crip used to tell Barnaby Rudge, 'Never say die.' Things look desperate, I admit, but you must remember that where we have one dollar's expense our opponents have three."

"But," he said, "they've good backing."

"Well, I don't go a cent on good backing in these perilous times. It's every man for himself, you'll find."

Long was not reassured and I passed out into the street to think over the crisis. My feeling was far from comfortable and I was in a state of what a soldier describes as a blue funk when he goes into his first battle. I kept up a bold front, but I was greatly worried and could see no way out of the situation.

As I left the office, which was then situated in the building where Hall & Walker now carry on their business, almost the first man whom I encountered was W. A. Harries, the head of the Colonist syndicate. He was a pleasant, affable gentleman and despite the vigorous competition of the two establishments we were always on friendly terms.

After the usual salutations and a word or two about the weather he remarked that times were awfully dull.

I replied that in some lines business was good, and the newspapers appeared to be doing very well.

How I managed to look that good man in the face and keep my feelings from bubbling up I could never explain. But if there was ever a miserable, heartbroken individual in Victoria I was, for I saw before me a complete wreck of all my hopes in return for years of hard work. I was absolutely hopeless.

"It's a pity," said Harries, "that the town is not larger. It has been demonstrated that it will not support two morning newspapers."

"Why, then," said I, feeling my way slyly, "don't you turn your paper into an evening one?"

"Oh!" he replied, "that would never do. One of the two should sell out to the other. What will you take for yours?"

"Mine isn't on sale," I replied, "but what will you take for yours?"

"I'll hand it over to you with the exception of the book debts for \$5,000."

"I'll give you \$4,000, payable \$1,000 down and balance in two years."

A preliminary bargain was struck, then and there and confirmed by the mortgagee. It was agreed that, pending the payment of the full amount of \$4,000 the newspapers should be merged as the British Colonist and Victoria Chronicle.

Within a year the obligation was discharged and I was at liberty to maintain or reject the title of British Colonist. I cut off the word British as too cumbersome, and the title has since appeared as at present, "The Daily Colonist."

I was told long afterward that the Labouchere "scoop" brought things to a head, and that that was the direct cause of the holder of the Colonist mortgage demanding his money. But I have often wondered how at the very moment the gentleman who was associated with me was "chucking the office to the devil," I ran across Mr. Harries, who was ready and anxious to get rid of his own office. It was a singular coincidence, the existence of which I have never been able to understand or explain.