

TO-MORROW.

Loud, chilling winds may hoarsely blow
From off the distant mountain,
And winter, on his wings of snow,
May hush the crystal fountain,
Sere, withered leaves on every hand,
May tell of earth in sorrow,
Again will spring-time warm the land
And bring a glad to-morrow.

The storm may gather loud and fast,
Sweeping o'er the angry sky;
Rough winds may rock the stubborn mast,
And waves pile mountains high;
Darkness may deepen in her gloom,
Nor stars relieve her sorrow,
Light will come trembling from her tomb,
In golden-haired to-morrow.

The sun may chase the far-off cloud,
And leave the world in sadness,
Still will her smile break through the shroud
And fill the air with gladness;
The day may lose her golden light,
Her tears the night may borrow,
Yet with her parting, last good-night,
She brings us fair to-morrow.

The hills, once green with verdure clad,
May sing their plaintive story,
Full-robed again, in echoes glad,
Will boast their former glory;
The rose may linger on the stem,
Its fragrance breathes of sorrow,
'Twill yield to earth its vital gem
And bloom again to-morrow.

Broad arches span the brow of heaven,
And shimmer in their brightness,
Like diadems of glory riven,
Lost in a sea of whiteness,
Their lustre glimmering on the sight
Like banners draped in sorrow,
Tells of joy, of peace, of light,
Where beams a bright to-morrow.

The thoughts that burn like altar-fires,
With incense pure and holy,
Whose flames reach high in proud desires,
The riches of the lowly,
May lose the fervor of their glow,
Nor pleasure longer borrow,
Their music may forget to flow,
'Twill swell again to-morrow.

The hopes, the loves of days gone by,
May fade in joyous seeming,
The light that filled the radiant eye
May lose its early beaming,
Care's silver thread may gather o'er
The brow oppressed by sorrow,
Still brighter joys seem yet in store,
And promise much to-morrow.

The victory that we win in life
May waver at its dawning,
Love may be wounded in the strife,
And tears may cloud our morning,
But, with each fresh returning day,
Hope wings away our sorrow,
Sheds o'er the heart her blissful ray
And whispers of to-morrow.

THE INNER LIFE OF A NEWSPAPER OFFICE.

BY W. H. S. AUBREY.

What an expenditure of time, and money, and labor, and judgment is required in the production of a newspaper! Many a critical hearer, when listening to a sermon, imagines that he could preach a better one; and many a reader of newspapers thinks their preparation an ordinary and simple task. Let both try, and they would speedily be undeceived. The critical faculty is always more easy and more pleasant to exercise than the productive faculty. Take an ordinary daily paper. To start one involves an outlay of a hundred thousand pounds, and even then success is not ensured. In these days of a cheap press, it is not the mere sale of a penny newspaper, however great that may be, which constitutes the chief source of revenue. This is to be looked for in the advertisements, which are not easily secured for a new journal, but meanwhile, the working expenses proceed at the rate of at least a hundred pounds a day. Unless an enormous sale can be secured, contemporaneously with a steady income from advertisements, the outgoings of one month would dissipate a respectable fortune. Very few readers have an idea of the trouble and cost of producing the closely-printed sheet which lies upon their breakfast-table every weekday morning.

By day and night hundreds of persons are watching for facts and events which they may report. All over the metropolis and throughout the length and breadth of the land there are observant newspaper correspondents, whom nothing escapes. Every noteworthy occurrence is duly reported, and anything special is transmitted by telegraph. How soon does the public mind become used to marvels!

A year or two ago it was deemed extraordinary that a speech delivered at night in Birmingham, Manchester, Edinburgh, or Dublin, should be verbally reported and commented upon in the chief London papers on the following morning; but now this is looked for as a matter of course, and when any celebrated personage is announced to speak in the country at a semi-political or social gathering, special arrangements are made to furnish a verbatim report to the press, so that the earlier portion of the speech is often set up in type before the latter part is delivered. The leading provincial journals are supplied in the same way, so that newspapers published every morning in Bristol, Liverpool, Leeds, Newcastle, Edinburgh, and

elsewhere, contain exactly the same information from all parts of the globe.

Swiftly but silently during the hours of the night the telegraph operators are busily engaged in transmitting general and local intelligence; and some provincial journals pay as much as five hundred pounds per annum for the privilege of what is known as a "special wire," of which they have exclusive or prior use from seven or eight o'clock at night until three in the morning. The London correspondent avails himself of this to send a digest of the evening papers, with Parliamentary and legal items of local interest, and any general news arriving in the metropolis during the night.

Streams, and rills, and drops of information are perpetually coming in through the editorial box of a daily newspaper. Letters without num-

speech which is being delivered two hundred or five hundred miles away, and will immediately produce an article dealing with all the salient points. Or something occurs to direct attention to a distant part of the world of which very little is known by ordinary readers, and forthwith gazetteers and books of travel must be looked up, and the necessary information given in a presentable form. This was the case with the Andaman Islands, when the late Governor-General of India, Earl Mayo, met with a lamented death by the hands of an assassin. Very few persons were acquainted with the physical peculiarities or even with the position of those islands, but within a few hours endless particulars had been disentombed and published in the newspapers from India Office reports and from other available sources. So, when a cele-



A LITTLE POORLY.

ber, on all kinds of subjects, and written in varying degrees of badness, have to be opened, glanced through, rapidly judged and disposed of. Nine-tenths of them instantly go into the waste-paper basket. The penny-a-liners sent in a flood of what is known as "filmy," from its being written in manifold and sent to all the newspapers. The bulk of this is summarily rejected, and even when used, the experienced sub-editors ruthlessly cut out the mere verbiage, and while reducing the copy to one-half or even one-fourth of the original length, contrive to retain all the facts.

Reporters on the staff, and others specially engaged, bring in scores of pages of manuscript relating to Parliament, public meetings, banquets, scientific gatherings, vestries, law, and police; all of which have to be dealt with according to the night's space. A pressure of advertisements, a critical debate, an extraordinary trial, a lengthy speech by some renowned orator, will cause everything else to be compressed.

Even after the bulk of the matter has been set up, the arrival of country parcels by the midnight trains, or, still more, of a lengthy and urgent telegraphic despatch, will involve a rearrangement, with perhaps the standing over or cancelling of several columns. Thus the great fire at Chicago was reported in all the English papers on the following morning, and when the detailed intelligence arrived by steamer at Queenstown a fortnight later, it was instantly telegraphed to London between eleven and twelve o'clock at night, and was in type within an hour. In such a case, everything else is put aside, and nearly all the fifty or sixty compositors are put upon the work. In like manner, a leading article is often set up in type within ten minutes, so that the editor may see a proof before the inner pages go to press.

A clever writer will attend a debate in Parliament, or will read a lengthy and intricate

person dies, a detailed biography and minute criticism appear on the next morning.

This, however, is not the hurried work of a night. The biographies of all our leading politicians and of men and women eminent in the walks of literature, science, and art, as well as of foreign monarchs, statesmen, and public characters, are all prepared and kept in readiness, additional facts being appended from time to time; so that at last, when tidings of death arrive, all that has to be done is to give the final particulars.

When the country was so terribly agitated in December, 1871, by the sudden and critical illness of the Prince of Wales, some of the leading journals were unprepared with memoirs, and these had to be written in hot haste. In several cases they were actually set up and kept in readiness for instant use during those dreadful days and nights when the royal sufferer was momentarily expected to breathe his last, and when, indeed, it was scarcely known whether life was extinct. Those who are engaged in journalistic work will never forget the tension of that awful period.

It would be a curious study if some of our prominent men could penetrate into the editorial arcana and peruse the critiques upon themselves and their career with which survivors will be regaled within twenty-four hours of their decease. The story is told that the late Lord Brougham once had a false rumor of his death circulated, in order to gratify himself by reading what the newspapers said of him, but that a contradiction got abroad in those pre-telegraph days before the memoirs could be completed and issued, so that the morbid desire was only gratified in a few cases, and these were not, on the whole, complimentary.

The obituaries of the *Times* have long been renowned for their completeness, their accuracy, their fairness, and their general literary style. A high-class journal spares no expense

or trouble to obtain intelligence, to present it in a readable form, and to secure a thoroughly efficient staff of writers. The whole machinery is very complex, but it works smoothly, owing to the perfect division of labor and to a thorough system.

The editor of a newspaper is supreme and absolute. From his decision there is no thought of appeal. He marks out the general line of policy, to which all the writers adhere. He must know exactly the public requirements. He must be acute, observant, prompt, energetic, yet judicial. Especially must he have discernment of character and of aptitude, so as to allot to his staff their respective work. One man succeeds in a special line who would miserably fail if set to another kind of newspaper work. Even talented writers are sometimes erratic, and need to be watched, and the entire economy over which an editor rules requires incessant vigilance.

The law of libel is still swift and sharp, and an unguarded statement may entail trouble and pecuniary loss. Typographical and literary blunders are sure to be visited with caustic criticism by brother journalists, while readers hold it an unpardonable offence in a newspaper to be twenty-four hours behind its contemporaries in giving important intelligence.

What to omit is far more frequently a matter of grave perplexity to a sub-editor than what to insert. Usually he has a vast surplussage of material, and the subordinate portion is left entirely in his hands. He has also to search through the columns of the home and foreign exchanges, of which a hundred or two arrive every day, and to cut out any provincial or foreign items that may interest his own readers. It sometimes happens that all this winnowing yields very little wheat; but the process must nevertheless be gone through, lest anything of value should escape. He must also be clever and quick at making abstracts and in translating into plain English the bungling, clumsy, and ungrammatical productions which come before him.

Of course, he has assistants, or the work would never be got through; and indeed every department of the paper is under special charge. The telegrams, the City Article, the markets, the state of trade, shipping, manufactures, meteorological intelligence, legal matters, the parliamentary and general summaries, literature and reviews, places of amusement, sporting, university items, the Corporation of London, the Metropolitan Board of Works, the School Board, the Court Circular, banking, railways, foreign intelligence, and a variety of other matters, have to be attended to, either separately by responsible persons for each newspaper, or in some cases for several conjointly. There is not, however, so much of the latter as is sometimes supposed, owing to peculiarities of circulation, and still more to technical and mechanical difficulties.

Thus it will be seen that an enormous amount and variety of work has to be performed ere the daily newspaper can be produced. The *Times* usually fills sixteen pages daily, and sometimes, owing to the extraordinary number of advertisements, four additional pages have to be issued. The *Daily Telegraph* is of the normal size of eight pages, but two or three times a week two, and sometimes four, extra pages are given. The sixteen pages of the *Times* contain very nearly a quarter of a million of words, or five hundred pages of matter of the size and type of the *Quarterly Review*, the greater portion of which has to be newly set up each night and distributed on the following day.

The advertisements are set up as fast as they arrive, and are duly arranged according to subject; and as much of the newspaper proper as can be prepared is also got forward; but the bulk of it has to be done between seven in the evening and one in the morning, so as to allow time for the impression to be worked off for the early morning mails. To secure this prompt transmission of intelligence, busy brains, nimble fingers, untiring feet, and complex machinery are busy night and day.

To reduce to order the crude elements out of which a newspaper is produced, and to render the many statements intelligible, is no easy task, but it is always done, though under pressure, for the paper must appear at the set time. Facts have to be corroborated, names and dates have to be verified, harmony and consistency must be secured, able comments must be promptly written; if one man fails, another must take his place; and all this has to be done while the bulk of the readers are calmly sleeping, so that the latest news may await their uprising. The marvel remains, though familiarity has blunted the edge of surprise.

One point must, in justice, be added. The English press, taken as a whole, is conducted most creditably. Personalities are now but rarely indulged in, and the virulent spirit of party has largely disappeared. Perhaps it is not too much to say that no respectable journal could be induced for any money consideration to become the advocate either of persons or of opinions. In some respects there is room for improvement, as in the paucity of which is sometimes exhibited to low, morbid, and brutal tastes, and in detailed reports of sickly and sensational crimes; but, speaking in general terms, there is much in consonance with our daily press for which we have reason to be proud and thankful. It is not behind the American press in bold adventure and skillful outlay, as was amply proved during the Franco-German war, but happily it is far before a large section of that press in its general tone and spirit. Rightly and wisely conducted, the Fourth Estate is a palladium of public rights and liberties.—*People's Magazine*.