Night in The World Office One of Most Interesting Scenes in City

Scenes in Editorial Rooms During Busy Night Hours

'Mid Ra le of Typewriers, Telegraph Insrumens and Phones Morning Paper is Produced.

Night, in the accepted sense of a period of rest and quiet, is an unknown quantity in a morning newspaper office. There the game begins about the time that you are going back from lunch to clean up the afternoon's work and get home for dinner; as you are sitting down to that meal, the newspapermen are closing up the first round-up of the day's news. When you are setting out for the theatre, the dance or whatever form of entertainment you have chosen for the evening, the newspaper bunch are just gathering for the big battle of the day, which is waged at night. When you are going to bed the battle is still at its height, and long after that the game goes on until, just as the day is breaking, the last of the news gleaners is striking for home and sleep. One of his chiefest comforts in life is to meet the early worker trudging thru the streets on his way to toil when he, the slave of the lamp, is on his path to rest.

In the Editorial Rooms.

Think of a long rangy room with desks scattered about (such as that on the second floor of the new World building). Over these appear splashes of light that drop directly over the typewriter, which has almost entirely replaced the more silent and romantic pen. The floor is more than likely a litter of paper, and, generally, the scene is one of chaotic confusion, out of which the orderly columns of news which you will pursue at the breakfast table must be brought, heaven alone knows how.

One thing is certain. Those orderly columns will appear at thousands upon thousands of breakfast tables every day. Your own particular paper may be missing, but for the great bulk of the thousands of readers who get that sheet every morning, either delivered at their places or purchased at the corner from the newsy, shivering in winter or sweating in summer, it is going to be there. To accomplish this, reporter and editor, printer and stereotyper pressman and mailer, must make schedule, not "once in a while" nor, "as a usual thing" or even "with rare exceptions," but always, forever and ever. Amen.

See, then, this long room with its splashes of light over the scattered desks, its litter of papers and the air hazy with smoke from cigar, pipe and cigaret. The architecture and decoration are simple, even to severity. Elegance is the last consideration, and utility the first. It is a workshop in which men work to the limit or loaf in comfort of body, perhaps, but always under a heavy mental tension until the last page is "gone" and the hum of the presses gives assurance that only the biggest of big "stories" can call for further labors.

Noises Are Part of the Game.

This is the look of the room, and, as for its sounds, they are many. First, there is the rattle of a score of typewriters; to these add the heavier and more constant chatter of the telegraph instrument. These are constant and form what might be called the phonetic background for the "occasional" noises of the place. Now a ticker buzzes as the result of a ball game or some other interesting event comes in on the ribbon. Again there is heard the sharp call of a telephone bell from any one of a dozen telephone instruments scattered about the room. Men are hurrying or strolling hither and thither about the room, as the occasion calls for haste or permits of leisure. The continual buzz and hum of a dozen conversations is heard from groups gathered about the desks. These groups may be of any size, but couples predominate, for it is one of the strange things of newspaperdom that even the man who comes into the office for the purpose of seeing that certain information is spread broadcast before the public prefers to communicate that information to a single man in private.

This, then, is the setting of the struggle that goes on daily or nightly, to keep the diary of the world posted to date. From this centre the gleaners go forth into every corner of the city wherever the finger of incident points, and to it they return to beat out the "stories" that you read in ease and comfort at your breakfast table. Into the buzzing hive come yet other stories over the telephone and telegraph wires, or are brought by those who are interested one way or another in gaining the public ear thru the public eye.

This is the very soul of the game, for were it not for this, there is enough of labor and of sorrow in the newspaper game to break the stoutest heart.

When at Its Busiest Hour.

Somewhere about eleven o'clock at night, the newspaper office is at its busiest. Then all the features noted are present to a greater extent than at any other time. At this time nearly every man on the staff is in the office, and the movement and din are at their height. This lasts perhaps an hour, and then the crowd begins to thin. The pace slackens. By midnight the groups of loungers engaged in general conversation outnumber the workers who are still pounding out "copy" upon the clicking typewriters.

But it takes only a moment to drive the whole tribe back to activity. The report of a big fire or a sensational crime or accident coming in over one little telephone wire will clear the office and send the gleaners scurrying to the scene. It may drive them to the phones to wake up possible sources of information from their slumbers, and suave voices will be heard using up precious minutes in smoothing out the ruffled tempers of the rudely awakened who cannot quickly rub the sleep from their eyes or the sense of personal injury from their minds when suddenly called from bed to answer what may seem to them a trivial question. But if the report is not secured, it will be missed from the story of the day by thousands of eager readers, and the reporters must glean the facts from whatever source they may.

And this is one of the great points in the game—time. The story which may be worth a column at 8 o'clock or even at midnight may have to be disposed of with a bare ten lines at two in the morning.

Minutes, Minutes, Haunt You.

For this reason the reporter is the slave of the clock. Ever and anon he casts his eyes at the ancient enemy that governs his labors and his destiny, the clock that hangs aloft and impersonally ticks off the seconds and the minutes which are the life of the potential stories which may break out at any moment, and will require time in the making. That clock will mark off those minutes just as relentlessly when the hastily gathered facts of a murder are being rushed together, at the last moment, as when the gleaner of news sits leisurely at the 'phone and hears of the exciting account of a Sunday school re-union. It will tick with the same ticks and the identical tocks when a man argues quietly and with apparent nonchalance, but with inward desperation, to draw a reluctant statement from an evasive official, as it does when he takes down the willing statement of a limelight politician.

Always there is the timepiece and always the newspaper man is the slave of the clock. It governs his goings and his comings, is his nemesis and goad. The clock has worn out the nerves of more newspapermen than ever have been broken by late hours, hard work, association with sorrow or any other sinister force by the side of which he is called upon to labor. It is freedom from this that he is always craving, but which seems always the unattainable boon.

It is a curious crowd that daily and nightly drift into a newspaper office, and they come upon curious errands. The task of sorting the wheat from the chaff requires a deal of labor, a deal of insight and an almost inexhaustible fund of patience and good humor.

There will always be the clever individual who is going to load up the newspaper man with a bit of special pleading more or less cleverly disguised as a "story" of actual news value. Of this class the professional "press agent" is the most astute, but it easily detected, as he must of necessity disclose his identity and the scribe is on his guard, but it is not this intentional lobbyist of the printed page that is the most terrible with whom the unfortunate editor and reporter have to deal.

The Most Terrible of All.

There is a man beside whom these are personified peace. The most terrible of all is the well-intentioned friend who comes in honestly believing that he is handing you an item of surpassing interest. He really believes that he is giving you the story of your life and making your reputation for all time. This is, alas, too often because he has mistaken his own personal interest for that of the general public. He forgets that while the fact that his neighbor is securing his kindling supply from the boards of his back fence is of interest to him, surpassing the extinction of a thousand souls by a tidal wave in remote Japan, this can hardly have a tremendous import to the public at large.

Still you do not want to hurt this man's feelings, for he may be a good fellow with sensibilities to be hurt even tho he has little sense with which to discern the value of news, or he may be so placed as to frequently be in possession of news so valuable that it pays to please him by the occasional printing of items of little or no public interest. The newspaperman hunts news as the politician hunts votes and thru pretty much the same channels of personal friendships.

Then every newspaper office and indeed every individual newspaperman has a particular flotilla of derelicts that make port with greater or less regularity. They drift in, sit about and talk—usually of past achievements—to the man who above all others is concerned with present and future events. Nevertheless, these have their interest. They are perhaps the most interesting human documents that can be perused, and are well worth the small expense of trifling gifts, graced by the name of loans, which it takes to keep the library in circulation.

But if those who visit a newspaper office are queer fish, those whom they find within are in many ways queerer. The men engaged in this profession or trade, or calling, or vocation (no one has yet decided exactly what to call it) are recruited from every walk of life and drift into it in a multiplicity of ways.

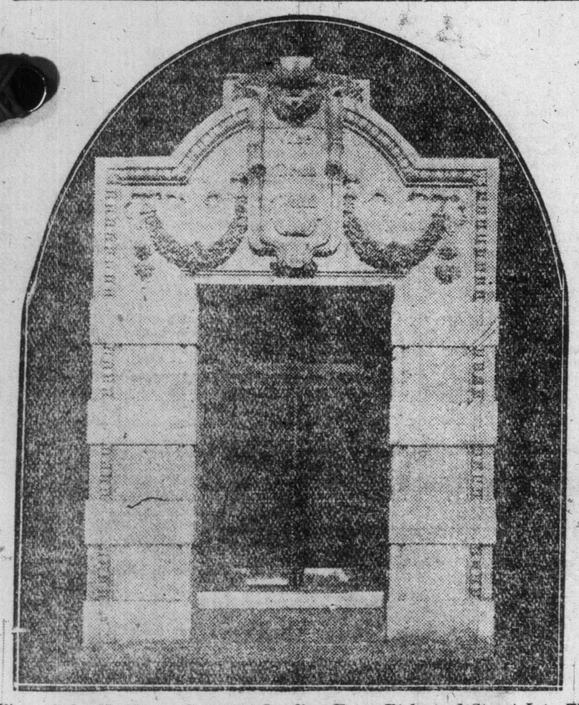
Full of Large Responsibilities.

Newspaper work has large responsibilities and requires much special knowledge and still it has not, as has the law, medicine or the church, any well defined method of approach. All manner of men come within the gates and only one thing is demanded of each—that he "make good," that he diligently and consistently "deliver the goods."

Even when he is admitted to the fraternity, he does not do the ordinary or expected thing. I venture to say that no one could walk into a newspaper office where the staff had been lined up away from any position which would indicate the individual function of each and then make anything like an accurate placing of the men in their respective positions. He would be more than a little apt to mistake the city editor for the janitor or the Czar of Russia, according to the office in which he made his attempt, and, still dependent upon the office in which his effort was made, he might easily mix up the sporting and society editors. The police and political and religious reporters could easily be confused, while the financial, educational and railroad men would in all probability be hopelessly mixed and mingled.

That is what is the matter with the game and that is its lure; nothing follows logically, but everything happens accurately. There is not any rule that would be recognized as such in any other walk of life, but results are produced that could be produced in no other from the given material. You will see boys doing the work of old men and old men gleefully doing the work of boys, and all working and playing together in a way that casts ordinary standards to the winds, and still out of this seeming hopeless confusion comes the most nicely timed and tuned order, and over and under and around it all is the great goading and guiding "spirit of the game," that none can resist, that supports and carries all, and which every man of them will, grumbling or grinning, serve to the uttermost that is in him. He will give gladly for little return, asking only for work, big work and plenty of it—J. P. H.

View of The World's New Home As It Is At Present. Four More Storeys Are To Be Added, Which Will Make the Building as it Appears on the Front Page. The World Square is on the Right Looking North to Queen Street.



View of the Handsome Doorway Leading From Richmond Street Into The World's Business Office.

Features That Spell Success

In Twenty-Nine Years the World Has Risen to a Leading Place Despite Influences of Corporations to Silence It.

Features of The World's new home are many, the chief, of course, being the new home itself. The World has now a place wherein to hang its hat and do generally as it pleases. It has had the reputation for some time of doing generally as it pleased—and it pretty nearly did; but, in a new, ideally located, perfectly equipped and well-organized home, what may not be expected of it for the future?

The World is only 28 years old. Its path has not been a rose-strewn glade. It has had an up-hill climb, because of the influences of corporations against it, but with "excelsior" always the motto. It has gained a reputation for boldness, fearlessness and honesty of purpose, has attained a high eminence in national journalism, and on this eminence has started a new era of life at maturity—perfectly established and physically sound.

New and modern is The World's new home, and consistently new and modern is the furniture and equipment. Speed! All speed! has been the general theme. The fastest press that could be secured has been set up and is capable of running off fifty thousand 18-page papers an hour, nearly a whole edition. The same press will print a 36-page or a 72-page issue, and will print in four colors besides black which, with the various systems of blending or mounting one color upon another, will give almost any tint required in modern lithography.

All new machinery has been installed for bringing the pages from the "raw type" stages down to the press—FAST. The moulding plant will form matrices from type every six minutes. These are shot down a tube to be moulded into circular plates by the latest type of auto-plate at the rate of four a minute. Promptly as they issue hot from this contrivance, they are hustled into an auto-cooler and slapped onto the press. The whole process is the matter of a few seconds. In less than 15 minutes from the time a story leaves the reporter, it can be read on the street. "Specials" and "extras" can, when the occasion warrants, be heralded by "newsies" on all the down-town streets before the paint on the bulletins is dry. The new World building is a cheerful and, at the same time, imposing example of architectural design. It is not a slavish copy of any particular type of architecture, and might be styled a free treatment of the modern renaissance, modified to suit conditions and adapted to general utility. It is constructed of structural steel, pressed brick, with cut-stone trimmings, terra cotta floors and partitions, has metal doors, window frames and sash. No wood being used, except for the hardwood floors, the building is absolutely fireproof.

Model of Taste and Convenience.

The main entrance is in the centre of the Richmond-street front on the ground floor, and is reached by three easy steps leading to a revolving door, which ushers the visitor into a spacious hallway, with mosaic floor and marble counters on each side. This is the general business office, which is amply lighted by five immense plate-glass windows by day and five electroliers, suspended from a 17-foot ceiling, by night. At the end and to the left of the entrance corridor is the main stairway and elevator. To the rear of the business office proper, and separated by a fireproof partition, is the press-room and mailing department. The basement, which covers, approximately, an area of 7000 feet, is utilized as a stock room, lavatories for the mechanical and business staffs, vaults and stores, etc.

The editorial and reportorial department is on the first floor. The general reporters' room is encountered upon stepping from the elevator and passing thru a comfortably furnished lobby. To the right and facing Richmond-street are the private offices of the executive staff; the managing editor, news editor and city editor, and to the left of this room are the offices of the telegraph, sporting, commercial, financial and other editors. Sunday World editors are located to the north end of this floor, along with the editorial writers, while a large compartment at the northwest corner has been especially fitted up as a library and reference room.

Ascending the stairs to the second floor where the composing room, proofreading, stereotyping and engraving departments are located, you pass thru a door into the foreman's office and from that into the general composing room. The battery of linotype machines is on the north side of the James-street front, while the southeast corner is occupied by the type cases and the hand-setting section.

To the southwest is the engraving department. The stereotypers and proofreaders occupy the northwest section of this floor.

The freight elevator and second stairway at the northeast corner of the building are totally enclosed from basement to roof by brick partitions and protected by metal doors. The elevator is entirely of steel, together with the stairways, so that in the event of a possible fire starting from whatever cause, there is absolutely nothing to burn should it reach the hoist shaft or stairway.

The interior finish thruout from basement to top floor is stucco plaster.

The gas and electric wiring are contained in metal conduits, concealed in the terra cotta flooring, and are so arranged that the electric and gas lighting, or both, can be utilized from all outlets.

Row of Sixteen Trucks Lined Up In The World's Composing Room in Preparation For a Morning Edition.

Handling Despatches From All Parts of the Earth

How News is Ga hered and Sifed to Make The World Brigh and Newsy.

By the News Editor.

Every time a party of visitors is shown thru a newspaper office, the man in charge of the editorial department expects to be asked: "Say, tell me, where do you get all the news, anyway, to fill your paper every day?" The desired information is vouchsafed with the same wearied smile of cheerful indulgence that rewards the kind offers of the volunteer correspondent who appends to his contribution, "This will help to fill your paper."

Fill up! When the hardest job the news editor has is to prevent sending to the composing room two or three times more than can be crowded in. The real task is sifting out from the news matter that comes along what is best suited for the floor.

Few persons who pick up their morning paper pause to consider what labor, time and talent has been required for its production. He finds local, Canadian, American and world-wide news of interest in the various pages, and yet gives never a thought to the manner in which all has been assembled, unless it is to render an opinion as to carelessness if he finds an occasional typographical error.

Thru Many Hands.

Take, for instance, the coming back to civilization of Dr. Fred Cook. He lands at one of the most remote spots on the globe that is reached by cable, Lerwick, in the Shetlands. A cable operator handles his story, which is relayed thru perhaps half a dozen others until it reaches New York. Then another set of operators put it on the wire for Buffalo, where it is again edited and transmitted to Toronto. The operator at this end makes half a dozen copies, and two or three men handle them until delivery at the newspaper office. There the despatch reaches the telegraph editor, it goes to the foreman of the composing room, to the linotype operator, then, as a story in type, to the "devil," who pulls proofs, to the proofreader, to the man on the "bank," who sees that any typographical errors are corrected, to the make-up man, who places it in the forms, than to the stereotyping plant as part of the contents of a page of matter, and put on to the pressroom as a metal plate.

Soon the press is running, and after passing thru from three to six other hands the paper and the story of Cook's arrival and his message are before you. And the whole operation has been possible in two or three hours, or less, for no time is lost if it can be helped. Print the news and print it first, is the motto of every editor, and news is news only when it is fresh. After twenty-four hours, it is more or less tradition.

The local papers have the following distinct sources for collecting news:

A local staff of reporters.

A staff of correspondents in various outside cities and towns.

The Associated Press service.

The Easson or G. N. W. Tel Co. service.

The Marshall or C. P. R. Tel. Co. service.

The Canadian Associated Press.

The Western Associated Press.

Specially arranged services from United States newspapers or press bureaus.

The Associated Press.

The service that is supplied the Canadian newspapers by the Associated Press is a branch of the biggest news gathering agency in the world. It is primarily a United States association of newspapers that, years ago, pooled their newsgathering interests and facilities for common benefit. By exchanging news, all the papers in the association were enabled to get the cream of the news from the various territories covered, and in this way the United States was beneath their eyes. By means of correspondents located in other parts of the universe, as well as by a special staff of writers to attend and cover big events, the "A. P." as it is popularly called, is able to chronicle and to give more or less satisfactory reports of events of general interest the world over.

For instance, most of the news of such big events as the war between Russia and Japan, the South African war, the Frisco, Jamaican and Italian earthquakes, the Russian atrocities of several years ago, the Turkish upheaval of not so long ago, and the present North Pole discovery, had found its way to the reader via the Associated Press.

The Canadian newspapers do not get the extensive service given to the association subscribers across the line, where the A. P. franchise in a city is a very coveted and valuable possession. Even Wm. Randolph Hearst couldn't get the "A. P." for his N. Y. American (then The Journal)" until he was able to purchase the plant of a rundown rival in New York that happened to have a membership.

The World is its Parish.

Of the Ontario papers, only the Toronto, Hamilton, Ottawa and London dailies get the A. P. This consists of a night and a day service, with ten to twelve thousand words of matter in each. It covers the U. S. stock and other markets, the baseball and other U. S. sporting events, a variety of American happenings and, as stated before, general news of importance the world over.

It comes on typewritten sheets of tissue paper, styled "flimsy" by those who have the handling of them. The chief fault of the news supplied is that it preponderates on stories of American interest and is sometimes tinged with spreadeagle sentiment.

How a Story Comes to Hand.

The stories do not come along just as they appear in print. The telegraph editor is sometimes given a very hard job before he gets things to his satisfaction. But let it be said to the credit of the A. P., that the men behind it try to give as early and complete a service of any big happening as is possible. Take for instance, the death of E. H. Harriman recently. The first notification to the Toronto papers came over the A. P., late in the afternoon, when, toward the bottom of a sheet of flimsy in which the story being given broke off short, came the ominous tidings:

"Flash—Harriman dead."

This was enough for the news editor to work on, to get cuts and obituary matter ready. "Flash" is the "C. Q. D." of the editorial room.

In a few minutes came a "bulletin" dated from Arden, N. Y., announcing the death and the time. Later came an "add bulletin," giving a few additional particulars of illness and career. Early in the night came a "note to editors," giving an outline of the Harriman story to come, and the various phases to be treated, together with an estimate of the extent—2500 words. The story itself came along at intervals from about 7.30 p. m., until "30"—the end—of the service at 3 o'clock next morning.

The Mission of the C.A.P.

The Canadian Associated Press provides a cable service from London, England, the cost of which is defrayed by the papers receiving it and by a yearly grant from the Canadian government. It has been in operation only a few years and owes its origin chiefly to the earnest support and efforts of John Ross Robertson of The Toronto Telegram. It aims to give a short British and foreign news service on matters of special interest to Canadians. Its only weakness is its present inability, due to the high cable rates, to send more extended reports. The service is culled principally from the London dailies and the difference in time of five hours gives Canadians the opportunity of reading excepts from The London Times' thunderous editorials on the same morning of publication.

The proceedings of the recent imperial press and defence conferences, and the Bisley shooting would have been meagrely reported had it not been for the C.A.P. In other ways, too, is its usefulness apparent to the loyal Canadian newspaper reader.

Local Telegraph Service.

The G.N.W. Telegraph news service gives an indifferent survey of Ontario and Quebec occurrences only, while the C.P.R. service is devoted to the western provinces. Neither pretends to be in any sense complete, due principally to the fact that the larger dailies have their own correspondents thruout Canada. It does seem strange tho, and even a pity, that a thoroly organized Canadian associated press service is impossible, when there are press associations and other important bodies in all the provinces that ought to be depended on to take the matter up. As it is now, it is easier and cheaper to get the report of European, Asiatic and South American happenings of note, than from some places in "civilized" Canada.

The western newspapers have led the way in this regard, tho to a limited extent, and the Western Associated Press is the result. Leading papers from Winnipeg to the Pacific coast have joined together a la the A.P., with headquarters in Winnipeg, to supply their own needs and to provide a service for some of the eastern Canadian papers.

"Our Own Correspondent."

But whatever the newspapers owe to the press services above enumerated, these must take a second place to the out-of-town correspondent. He is of two classes, the man on salary, who is sometimes regarded as a staff man, and the man on "space," or who gets paid so much a column for all the matter that he sends in that is used. The Toronto papers have correspondents in most cities of Canada, and most of the towns of any importance in Ontario. Correspondents in such places as Halifax, St. John, N. B., Quebec and Montreal, Winnipeg and the other western capitals are expected to cover the general run of news in their respective provinces. This they do thru their connection with one of the leading dailies of their locality, having the privileges of "scalping" the proofs of the stories that have come along from the city reporters and the provincial correspondents.

It will be seen, then, that the despatch service of the Canadian correspondent is somewhat on the basis of an endless chain, the numerous correspondents, say, of Nova Scotia centering their material in such a way that it is boiled down and transmitted to a western paper, which, in some cases, has a man on its staff who is expected to relay the information to clients still further toward the Pacific.

The chief standbys among the correspondents are of course those located in Ottawa, Hamilton, Montreal and Winnipeg. When parliament is in session at Ottawa, however, one, two or even more staff reporters are sent to the capital to report the proceedings alone.

"Our Man on the Spot."

While the correspondent is trusted and his judgment and writing respected in ordinary events, the outbreak of something big—a crime or a disaster—is followed by the prompt despatching of one or more trained men from the local staff as fast as train connections can be made. If a reporter on special service arrives at his destination at night, his first duty is to hunt up the telegraph office to make sure of having a wire and an operator in readiness to take his copy as soon as he has gathered his facts. Many a box of candy or a handful of cigars have been the bribes that have kept operators working far into the night for the accommodation of some busy scribe.

Of late years, the long distance telephone has become a valuable assistant to the newsgatherer, especially at night. Many a story has been obtained by calling up parties who it has been surmised are wholly or partly acquainted with the facts that are wanted. The phone has many advantages over the telegraph, in that interviews are almost as satisfactorily obtained as tho the reporter was on the spot. The telephone offices in the larger towns, too, are open all night where the telegraph offices close any time after nine o'clock.