

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1891.

SIR EDWIN IN LONDON.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE WORK AND LIFE OF THE GREAT EDITOR.

In the Office of the London "Telegraph" - His Picturesque Home - Women in Journalism and the Newspaper of the Future - Illustrating in Its Infancy.

High noon in Fleet street. It is a crisp day. The sun comes down brightly on the thoroughfare where great Sam Johnson; foolish and lovable Goldsmith; that prince among truthful reporters, Boswell; inimitable Garrick; mighty Burke, and a host of others toiled their way in times long ago. Fleet street can never be anything but interesting.

Those of us who have read of its inns and coffee houses, where struggling literary men met in the long ago, or of the Fleet prison, or the Fleet marriages that Walter Besant has written so well about, or of a hundred and one things that have made the old thoroughfare can but feel that it is jostling dusty but interesting ghosts of the days that may never come again, as he makes his way along. But when I turned into Peterborough Court, it was no ghost that I came upon, but a very substantial affair of the present in the shape of a sign that told me that here were the offices of the London Daily Telegraph. I had received a kind note from Sir Edwin Arnold inviting me to call upon him for a chat. The note ran thus: "I have not much time to devote to in-



SIR EDWIN ARNOLD IN HIS STUDY.

terviews, but I can spare you at least a few minutes, although I am a very busy man." Sir Edwin Arnold, poet, scholar, diplomat and journalist, is the powerful chief of the Daily Telegraph, the most widely circulated newspaper in Great Britain.

A young man in the business offices of the great newspaper on the ground floor received me blandly and looked upon me somewhat pityingly when I told him who I wished to see. Still he took my card and disappeared. When he returned, he respectfully asked me to accompany him and I felt that I had grown several inches in his estimation. He showed me at once to the great editor's sanctum, or at least to a part of it.

"Sir Edwin was temporarily engaged," my guide explained. "Would I wait for a short time?" Of course I would, and did, and meanwhile examined my surroundings. A cheerful fire burned in the grate. There was a comfortable looking leather covered sofa on one side of the room and three or four chairs. Near one of the windows stood a table, and it is at this that the editor works.

It was rather disappointing, this simplicity, for report has had it that Sir Edwin has long been enamored of the glories of Indian palaces and the luxuries of far Japan. There was nothing here to suggest this. It is these signs went for anything, this office was the work room of a plain practical business man.

While I was thus inspecting the sanctum of the editor, a door opened and the man I sought was before me. Sir Edwin's features have been so often depicted, that it is unnecessary for me to describe them at this time. One would scarcely take him to be nearly sixty years of age, from his appearance, he carries his age so well. Evidently hard work has not injured him to any appreciable extent.



EDWIN ARNOLD'S HOUSE AT AZABU, TOKYO.

The manners of a man might be photographed as his face may be, I should hasten to give a reproduction of those of Sir Edwin Arnold.

Most men if they had written such poetry as this man has, if they were the head of one of the most powerful newspapers in the world, a favorite in the inner circles of the court of Great Britain, a friend of more kings and emperors than one has time to calculate, besides being a fellow of the Royal Geographical Society of London, of the Royal Asiatic Society, of the Royal Geographical Society of Marseilles, a knight commander of the Indian Empire, not to speak of the three or four decorations of the sultan, the order of the White Elephant from the king of Siam, the order of the Lion from the shah of Persia and the recipient of countless other honors—most men, I repeat, would be inclined to think a great deal of themselves and to show it very plainly. Sir Edwin Arnold probably knows his

own worth as well as any man, but there is nothing in his manner to show this. I had not been in his company ten seconds before I was firm in the belief that I had never before met a more pleasant yet more unaffected man. He stepped briskly forward and greeted me simply and affably. Then drawing a chair up near the table at which he works, he waved me into it.

"What in your opinion will the newspaper of the future be like? Will it differ much from that of the day?" I asked after he had talked pleasantly of other matters. "I don't think," said he seriously, "that the newspaper of today can be improved very much in point of composition and writing. I consider that our own paper and the Times are almost perfect monuments of composition, but I think that art as applied to newspaper illustrations will come into very general use. I don't know how it is to be done, but the pictures will have to be perfect. Illustrated journalism is in its infancy yet. The reporter of the future will have to draw of course."

Then he went on speaking of the requirement of the journalist of the future. "A man cannot be too well educated for the press; nobody can be good enough or too good. The more you have read the more you know; the more fit you are; but you never can be perfectly fit. It deserves the very best work."

"You are an enthusiast on the subject of the press?" "Yes I am," replied the great editor, "because it is such a mighty instrument for good. I am very proud to have served the press for thirty years, during which time I have written 8,000 leading articles besides my editorial work. I look back upon this labor with very great satisfaction."

Sir Edwin was then led to speak of woman in literature, her place and her prospects. Of course he talked entertainingly. "I think everything is possible to women," he said. "I do not believe in the inferiority of women. The minute you admit them to academical honors, what happens? Miss Fawcett becomes Senior Wrangler, and ladies take high degrees. There is no question whatever about their capacity."

Passing on, Sir Edwin spoke of the income earned by women in journalism or in literature generally.

"I am not good at the financial side of journalism," he said. "My impression is that no woman at present makes any large income, although there is no reason why they should not be as well paid as men."

The editor of the Telegraph was not disposed to talk upon personal matters but when I asked him if there was any truth in the reports of his intention of settling for life in Japan, he promptly replied: "Not the slightest. It was not worth contradicting, or I would have done so."

I asked him if it were true that he was going to give the reading public any new books on Japan.

"Well, yes in a sense," he replied. "My publishers have recently brought out a book revised from my letters from Japan. I have also one or two poems and legends on Japan coming out separately in different magazines."

By this time cards of visitors were brought in. It would be trespass of the worst kind to stay longer, and so I rose to go. Sir Edwin did not limit his kindness to granting me an interview. Despite the fact that he is a very busy man, he himself showed me through several of the departments of the Daily Telegraph. A wonderful machine it is, too. One of the attaches of the paper told me later that Sir Edwin Arnold was the editor of the paper in the most thorough sense of the time, advising and directing his subordinates, writing leaders himself and overlooking every department personally. The poet editor shook me kindly by the hand as I was leaving him.

The home life of Sir Edwin Arnold has already been unenthusiastic. Since the death of his wife, it has been even more quiet than before. Much of his vacation time he has latterly spent in Japan, but he is an Englishman to his finger tips, and what is more a lover of London.

As might be expected of a poet of such rich imagination and exquisite fancy his home is a most beautiful one. He has been a great traveller and in addition an industrious and intelligent collector of rare gems in the way of bric-a-brac. These are scattered all about the house. The rare taste of the poet and scholar are shown in these gems that he has picked up in various parts of the globe as thoroughly as anything could show it. But in addition to these are others that came to him as presents from the sultan, the shah, from kings and from Indian princes and rajahs. No one in England, outside of the court, has such a collection as that which adorns his home.

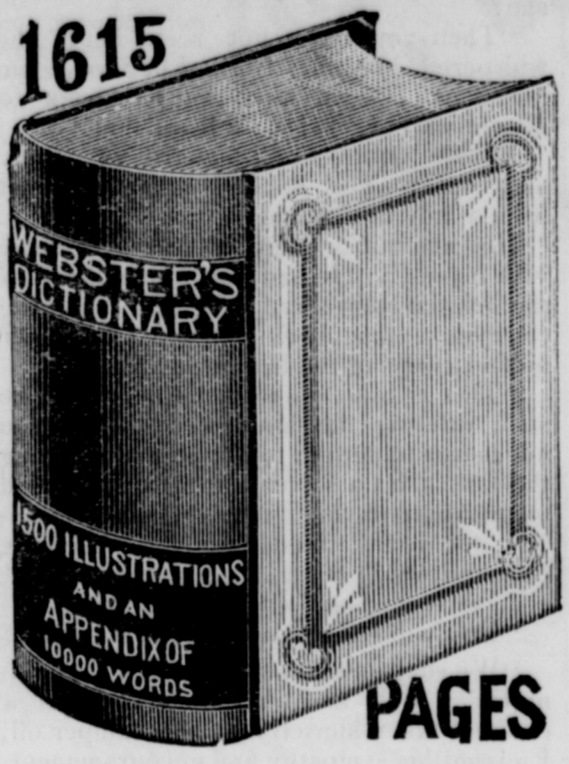
Pictures and books too are there, but not in great profusion. The poet does not believe in that sort of thing. But his pictures are masterpieces and his books are books written by men of genius like himself.

The closest companion of the poet now is his daughter. She shared his home in Japan when he was there and she is the mistress of his London home. She has inherited much of her father's genius and is a writer of much promise. The poet's son is also a literary turn of mind, and is an associate editor upon the Daily Telegraph, of which Sir Edwin is editor.

Although Sir Edwin lives quietly, he is by no means a hermit. You will find the foremost men of London at his house at times, men who stand in the front rank of art, music or literature, and very delightful meetings these are too. He is a member of most of the leading clubs and is a frequent visitor at their rooms. In addition he is a regular theatre-goer, and as a first-nighter ranks with Mr. Justin McCarthy and Labouchere. He figures some in society and is much run after by the

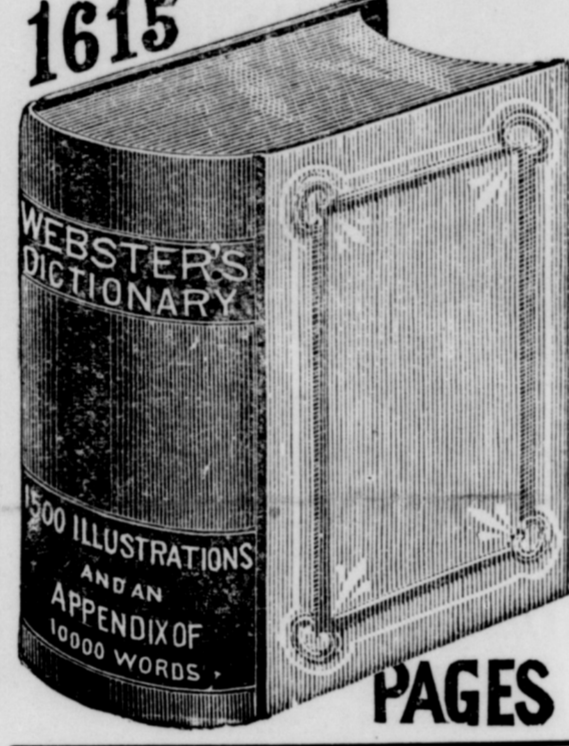
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good dames of the West End, who are always on the hunt for "lions" to set off their receptions and the like. He does not like to be lionized, but he is good natured, and the designing ones manage to capture him very frequently. Such is the life of the great poet and editor at work and in his home. He is one of England's really great men. His lines have now fallen in really pleasant places. He is rich and famous. But probably the most pleasant thing about this in the mind of the poet is that his success has been won honestly by his own genius and industry.

TUNEFUL DAVE BRAHAM.

The Man Who Composes the Pretty Airs Whistled on the Streets.

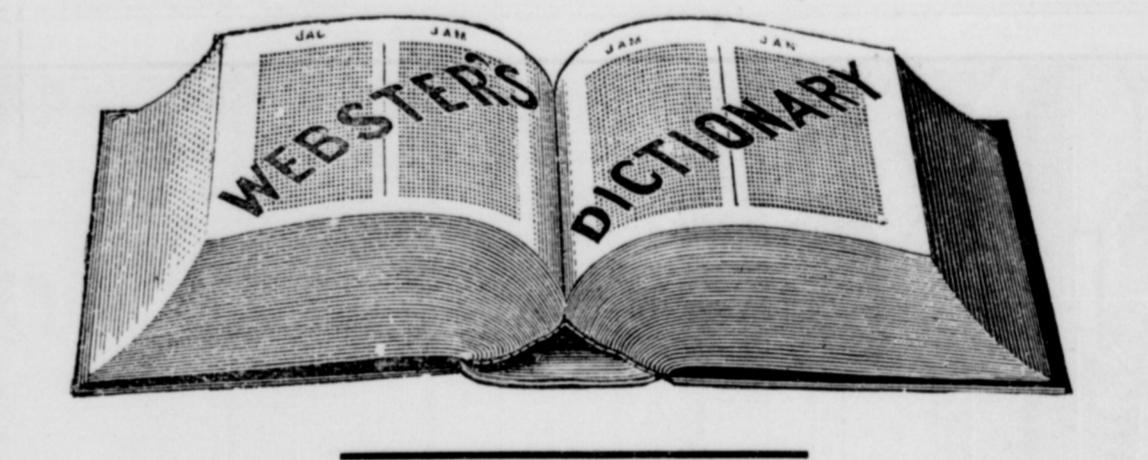
An interesting figure in New York is Dave Braham, whose inimitable songs have delighted and captured the hearts of hundreds of thousands of music lovers, and yet, perhaps, he is known to but few people. This fact occurred to me as I met him on Broadway not long ago. He is rather short and stout, his hair is about the same color as Anton Seidl's, iron gray, but much shorter, and he wears a mustache of the same color. In appearance he has changed but little since the old days of Harrington and Hart, at No. 511 Broadway, although he must be now well along in the fifties. True, his eyes do not sparkle as they used to, but this would have happened to any one who sat for so many years in the full glare of the foot-lights and wielded a leader's baton in an orchestra. He was quietly but neatly dressed, and walked along with a firm, springy step.

The name of Dave Braham has become inseparably connected with that of Ned Harrigan, whom some one has called the Dickens of America, by reason of the tuneful melodies to which he has set the words of Harrigan's songs. Ever since Harrigan has become at all successful Braham has written the music for his plays, and they have both won for him fame and fortune. It was a happy combination, this of Braham and Harrigan, almost as fortunate as that of Gilbert and Sullivan, although there is little in common between the authors of "The Gondoliers" and "Rilly and the Four Hundred."

Braham's light, catchy airs are a picturesque setting to the realistic scenes of life among the lowly in New York that Harrigan loves to draw so well. The characters are simple, so are the songs, so is the music. Braham himself avers that almost any of his songs can be learned in an hour or so by any one who has any ear for music at all. Any one who has ever attended an opening performance of one of Harrigan's plays, and heard the boys whistle and hum the airs of the songs on their way home after the play was over, will bear witness to this. Perhaps he may have unconsciously done the same thing himself. This, then, is the secret of Braham's suc-

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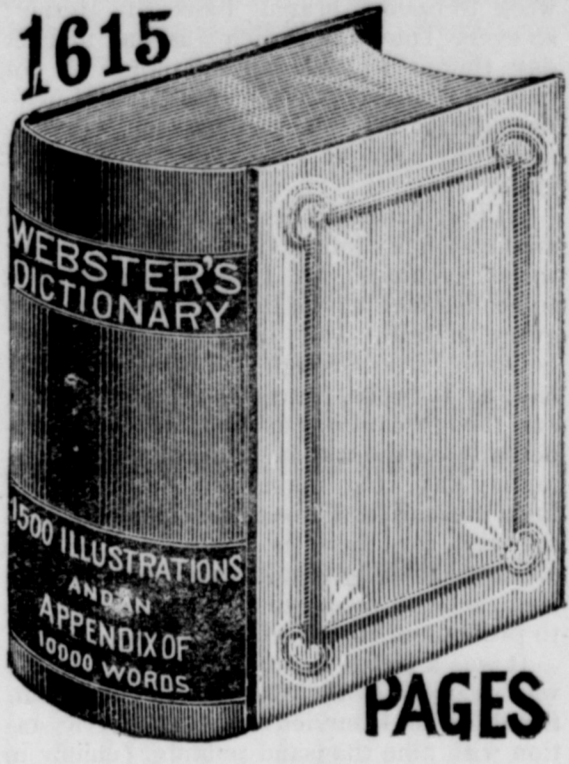
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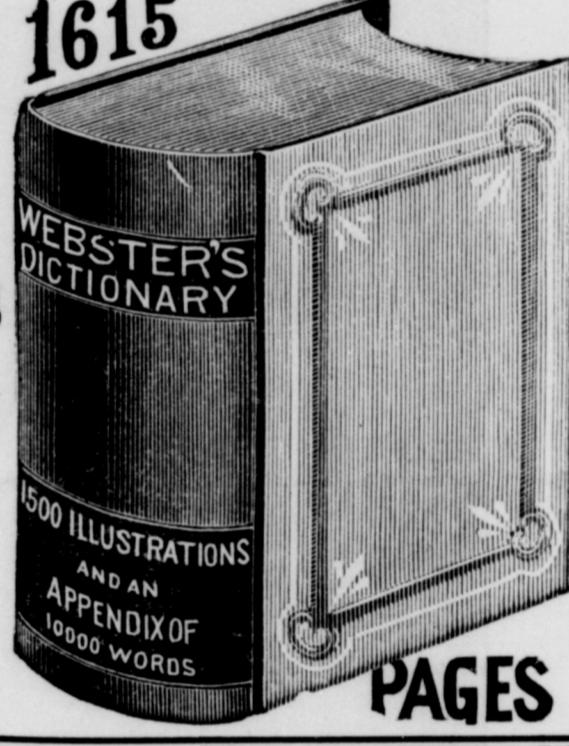
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pute as to property. On no occasion, as far as seen, nor did any Esquimaux lose his or her temper. The husband and wife seemed to have separate property. All was not owned by the man. Sometimes a wife went ashore to get fresh articles of trade belonging to her husband, but on her return she would never part with them, however tempting an offer was made, until she consulted him. Her own possessions, however, such as bone needles, thimbles, necklaces, etc., she sold without consulting him. The bargaining of the children for their toys was not interferred with in the least by the old people. Marriage here does not seem to have any high moral significance, although the couples are very fond of each other and are tremendously proud of their children.

A Carnivorous Plant.

In the last number of the English Review of Reviews there is a paper describing a strange plant lately found in Nicaragua which is said to have a fondness for flesh and blood. The discoverer of this plant is an English naturalist named Dunstan, who has just returned from a two years' examination of the flora and fauna of Central America. Dunstan says that while exploring the swamps in the neighborhood of Lake Nicaragua he one day suddenly heard his dog cry out as if in agony. On reaching the dog he found that a fine rope-like tissue of roots and fibres nearly covered the animal. The plant seemed to have made the dog a prisoner, with its interlacing stems, which were nearly black and exuded a thick, viscid gum. The naturalist drew his knife and with great effort managed to free the dog. He was then astonished to find the animal's body was blood-stained and the skin had a puckered appearance, as if it had been sucked. When he was released the dog staggered as if exhausted. While he was releasing the dog from his dilemma the twigs curled around Mr. Dunstan's hand, and he found that wherever he was thus touched his flesh was red and blistered. It is said that the natives regard this remarkable plant with superstitious horror, and the name they give it is the equivalent of devil's snare."

The Shower.

The landscape, like the awed face of a child, Grew curiously blurred; a hush of death Fell on the fields, and in the darkened wild The pebbles held its breath. No wavering glamour-work of light and shade Dappled the shivering surface of the brook; The frightened ripples, in their ambuscade Of willows, thrilled and shook. The sullen day grew darker, and anon Dim flashes of pent anger lit the sky; With rumbling wheels of wrath came rolling on The storm's artillery. The cloud above put on its blackest frown, And then, as with a vengeful cry of pain, The lightning snatched it, ripped and flung it down In raveled shreds of rain. While I, transfixed by some wondrous art, Bowed with the thirsty lilies to the sod, My empty soul brimmed o'er, and my heart Drenched with the love of God. -Mrs. Whitcomb Riley.

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