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

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 hers toiled their way in times long

ary 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 he is jostling musty but interesting ghosts he makes his way along. But when I very best work." 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 cir-culated 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

"Sir Edwin was temporarily engaged," my guide exclaimed. "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 feather 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

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. If 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, TOKIO.

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 ful meetings these are too. He is a memkings 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

SIR EDWIN IN LONDON. own worth as well as any man, but their is nothing in his manner to show this. I something about the work and 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 monuinteresting.

Those of us who have read of its inns and coffee houses, where struggling literis 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

"You are an enthusiast on the subject of

"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 entertain-

ingly.
"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 degrss. There is no question whatever about their capacity."

Passing on, Sir Edwin spoke of the in-come 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 it it were true that he was going to give the reading public any new

"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

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 leav-

The home life of Sir Edwin Arnold has always been unostentatious. Since the death of his wife, it has been even more quiet than before. Much of his vacation The Man Who Composes the Pretty Airs 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 these are others that came to him as presents from the sultan, the shah, from kings and from Indian princes and rajahs. No such a collection as that which adorns his

Pictures and books too are there, but believe in that sort of thing. But his pic-tures are masterpieces and his books are books written by men of genius like him-

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 in-herited much of her father's genius and is a writer of much promise. The poet's son is also of 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 in art, music or literature, and very delightber 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 Mc-Carthy and Labouchere. He figures some in society and is much run after by the

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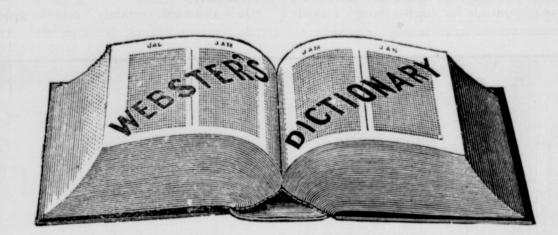
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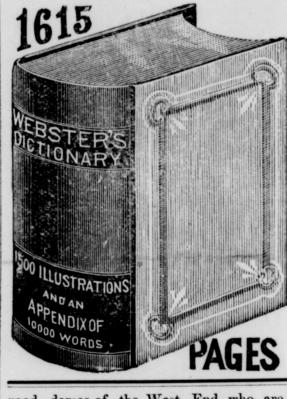
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good dames of the West End, who are cess, at least he thinks so himself. His always on the hunt for "lions" to set off songs are light and catchy, sand are easily their receptions and the like. He does learned. Only a few months ago the not like to be lionized, but he is good whole country was singing "Maggie Murnatured, and the designing ones manage to phy's Home," and a not inconsiderable 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 in-TUNEFUL DAVE BRAHAM.

Whistled on the Streets.

A interesting figure in New York is Dave Braham, whose inimitable songs have delighted rnd captured the hearts of hundreds of thousands of music lovers, and yet, his son-in-law, more than once. He (Braperhaps, 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 In fact, it may be said of Braham's orchesparts of the globe as thoroughly as any-thing could show it. But in addition to changed but little since the old days of tra, as of Harrigan's company of players, thing could show it. But in addition to Harrington and Hart, at No. 511 Broad- "Few die and none resign."—Mail and way, although he must be now well along | Express. in the fifties. True, his eyes do not sparkle as they used to, but this would one in England, outside of the court, has 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 not in great profusion. The poet does not 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 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 Bra-ham and Harrigan, almost as fortunate as that of Gilbert and Sullivan, although there is little in common between the authors of "The Gondoliers" and "Reilly and the

Four Hundred." Braham's light, catchy airs are a picturesque setting to the realistic scenes of lite 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-

portion of it is doing so yet, especially on the east side of New York city, where every family with any musical pretensions at all has a copy of Dave Braham's songs in the house. A couple of years ago "Paddy Duffy's Cart" had the call, and it

may be said that this scene from "Squatter Sovereignty" has been acted in the streets of lower New York, irate owner of the wagon and all, more faithfully than ever it was on any stage. Dave Braham's whole soul is centered in his family and his music. His children are all musical, his eldest son, George, playing first violin in his father's orchestra. Braham is in comfortable circumstances, and it is no secret that he has come to the fin-

ancial assistance of Ned Harrigan, who is ham) has a cozy home in Harlem. There he spends most of the time with his family, writing music. He works systematically, and is a ready composer. All the members of his orchestra have been with him for years, and are in full sympathy with him.

" Barkis Was Not Willin'."

An amusing story is told of Senator Vedder's first experience in teaching school. Among his pupils was a young girl nearly his own age. She was of a very mirthful disposition, and her outbursts of humor often gave very much annoyance to the "master." It was very near the close of the day, when the weary teacher's patience had been sorely tried, that he determined to give the girl a little squelcher in the way Dickens of America, by reason of the tune-ful melodies to which he has set the words of Harrigan's songs. Ever since Harrigan were always inflicted on the hand with a strap or ferule in the presence of all the pupils. So, thus approaching her, ferule in hand, he addressed her thus:

"Miss —, give me your hand." She dropped her head and blushed. Again he your hand.

Now, slowly raising her eyes, she remarked: "Mr. Vedder, this is embarrassing for me. You should not make such proposals in public. However, you must ask my papa first."

It was said that the roar of laughter from the pupils must have discouraged the senator, for it was never ascertained that he asked her papa.

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HOW THE ESQUIMAUX LIVE.

They are Uncivilized, But in Behaviour they

Can Give Points to Many a Civilian. A very pleasant and open-hearted people are the Cape York Esquimaux. One would expect to find them gloomy and unhappy, like the icy fastness of their native Greenland. Their frame of mind, on the contrary, is very different. When they first sighted the Kite from the hillside tents they gave her a joyous greeting. 'Kymo! kymo!" or something resembling that word, they shouted in hearty tones. They seemed to have no fear that the visit of strangers boded them ill.

All the time aboard the ship they were smiling and laughing. These people have never had any christian teachings, and almost the only white men they ever see are the whalers. Yet they are scrupulously honest. In trading with them members of the expedition passed around the needles, knives and many articles as precious to them as diamonds to an American. Everything was returned.

All the men aboard the ship who had been whaling declared that no Yak had ever been known to take anything that was not his. The whole forty-eight people swarmed over the vessel for two days and not a single article was missed.

It was very different in the Danish settlement, where they have ministers, bibles and schools. There everything was tied up or stowed below as soon as any Esquimau came abroad.

There was only one thing that could have been construed into theft at Cape York. A Yak walked into the cook's gallery and grabbed a piece of bacon from the pan and devoured it. In their settlements, however, the food appeared to be common property—a rule which may prevail during prosperity. It was noticed that they brought aboard birds and blubber for sustenance while they remained on the ship, but it did not seem to be the exclusive property of any one. Whoever was hungry helped himself.

Looking at these Esquimaux, who are entirely beyond the influence of civilization, who live, as one might say, "on their said, sternly: "Miss —, I say, give me the Danish rule is such a beneficent thing equivalent of devil's snare." for the Greenlanders further south. There does not seem to be so much happiness in the latter quarter. The only advantage possessed by the Danish Esquimau is that he has a better market for his goods. A few hundred years of civilization have not done much else for him, except to give him a liberal strain of European blood.

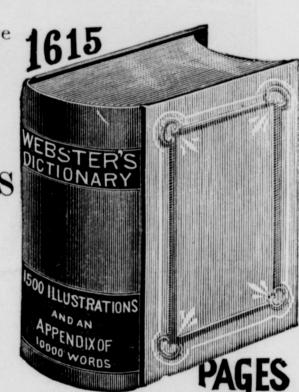
What these Cape York Esquimaux need in a material way is wood, and perhaps guns and powder. Civilization can do little else for them. No signs of a rebellion could be seen, but they evidently have traditions, superstitions and perhaps a god, for all their affairs are well regulated.

In the mob of forty-eight people, all bargaining, there was no instance of an Esquimau coveting any article secured by one of his fellows, nor was there a single dis-



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pute as to property. On no occasion, as far as seen, nor did any Esquimaullose 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 interlered with in the least by the old

Marriage here does not seem to have any high moral significance, although the couples are very tond 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 it 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 own hook," one is tempted to ask whether horror, and the name they give it is the

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 zephyr 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, transfigured 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.
—Jas. Whitcomb Riley.