

JUNE 25, 1892.

THE "DAILY CHRONICLE" UP TO DATE.

After the opera was over last night, writes a correspondent, the busiest street in London was Whitefriars-street, where the *Daily Chronicle* celebrated the complete installation of its new machinery and printing processes. From twelve to four o'clock A.M. the journalistic world of London gathered in response to the invitation of "Edward Lloyd (Limited)," to see the *Chronicle* and *Lloyd's Newspaper* set up, stereotyped, and printed at the rate of 24,000 copies of a ten-page paper an hour on the latest make of Hoe machines, of which there are eight. The *Chronicle* was the first paper in London some time ago to erect the double Hoe presses to print papers from duplicate plates, with an "inset"—that is, an extra page gummed in mechanically—whenever desired. For more than six months now this extra sheet has been incorporated into the regular paper, one page of it being devoted to literature, music, and the drama. The last wish expressed to an intimate lieutenant by the late Mr. Edward Lloyd, whose interest in the instruments of mechanical production was intense, took the form of a desire to see these machines at work. Could he have participated in this morning's reception, and witnessed the keen inquiry and examination of the great crowd of guests, and listened to their manifold expressions of amazement and satisfaction, he would probably have felt that the crown had been placed upon his remarkable career. When a further order for half-a-dozen more of these marvellous machines, given within the past few weeks, has been fulfilled, the *Daily Chronicle* will stand well-nigh at the top, if not indeed at the very top, of the tree in respect of means of mechanical production.

Last night for four hours journalists, newspaper proprietors, and the literary *monde* wandered round the different departments of a great newspaper, decorated for the occasion with flowers and palms and bunting and red carpet, and while the experts took advantage of an occasion when champagne took the place of cold tea and regalia lay around loose, the outsiders formed the (possibly erroneous) idea that journalism had attractions beyond their previous belief. The guests were received by Mr. Frank Lloyd, assisted by his brothers, Mr. Herbert Lloyd and Mr. Harry Lloyd, and by Mr. Fletcher, the editor, and Mr. Hance, the manager; and the leading members of the staff, including Mr. Wilson, Mr. Charlie Williams, the war correspondent, Mr. H. W. Massingham, Mr. Garrett, Mr. W. Clark, and Mr. Sharp, the chief of the news department, constituted an extremely hospitable corps of guides. Amongst those present were to be noted Mr. Dibbs, fresh from Australia, Sir A. Rollit, Mr. Causton, M.P., Sir J. Crichton Browne, Col. Hugh Douglas, Mr. Yates Thompson, Dr. Lennox Browne, Mr. Syme (editor of the *Melbourne Age*), Mr. Toole, Sir Augustus Harris, Sir Somers Vane, Colonel Byng, Mr. F. C. Gould, and Sir Frederick Abel. Of course, all Fleet-street, broadly speaking, was present—a veritable Institute of Journalists; and there the startling conjunction of Fleet-street, and Festivity will not quickly be forgotten. Naturally, the guests of the evening were full of inquiries as to the growth of the firm and the history of its founder. A biography of the late Mr. Lloyd will no doubt be forthcoming some day: his best monument, however, will ever be the office which was the scene of this morning's celebration and the enterprising paper which to-day is rapidly taking a front-rank place among the influential journals of the world.