

Sometimes it was tedious work, leafing through one volume after another of daily newspapers without finding a word pertaining to the subject. Then the page would turn, and an unsuspected fact, or a sentence which completed or changed a pattern would leap out, and the seeming endless scanning of pages would be rewarded.

Examination of the papers was interesting, too, in another way. For the newspaper, being ephemeral, and written only for the day on which it is published, is bound to express the spirit, the thought of that day in contemporary language, as no later composition will do. As a result, I feel that after so long a sojourn with newspapers of a century and a half ago, if I were given a chance to go back in time, like the Connecticut Yankee, I should be quite at home in the Baltimore of the seventeen-nineties in spite of the absence of the Baltimore Trust Company tower, the Transit Company vehicles, the long rows of white steps, and a few other familiar landmarks.

Margaret Leech, author of Reveille in Washington, has written an account of her research in "How Not to Write History" in Harper's Magazine of March 1942, and this is the tribute she pays to newspapers on page 383 of that article:

They gave me the flow of life, the shape of