

STAR OF THE STAFF.

Morrison was about as likely a cub as ever drifted into the office of the Madison World with lofty ideas of the "journalistic profession" and a firm resolve some day to set the nation aflame.

Duffy, the managing editor, told him he was to be congratulated on getting any salary at all in so short a time.

"Why, on the New York —," he told Morrison, "college students serve six months without pay, and are glad of the opportunity. Anyway, you haven't caught the World style. Watch Snead's articles and you'll get a line on what we want."

Snead was the star of the staff, and Morrison always regarded him enviously as he came in from an assignment and tore off reams of stuff that was practically railroaded to the composing-room with scarce a touch of the editor's pencil.

There was but one man in the World editorial rooms who did not share Duffy's opinion of his pupil—Snead himself had been a cub under Duffy. That was Billings, who handled the telegraph.

When in a good humor he had been known to chuckle over some of it. At other times he might have been heard to mutter, "Slush."

It was a bleak day in January. A heavy snow had fallen, blocking the car lines and putting business to the bad all over town. Snead tramped into the office with the police reports, which he threw in a heap on Duffy's desk for inspection, and settled himself to write an article on East Side distress.

Duffy glanced the reports through, and entered the various assignments on his book. This completed, the reporters came forward to receive instructions for the day.

"You, Morrison," he said, "look up this distress case. Take it down: Mrs. Edith M. Lindeman, 1125 Calvert street; two children; without food two days. Here's an order on the cashier. Buy her food and wood if she needs it; and write a half column, sure."

Morrison sallied forth that morning, armed with the office currency, and fought his way through the snowdrifts toward the East side. It was a peculiarity of the town that one might find wealth and squalor side by side even in what was known as the "exclusive section." But it must be confessed that Morrison was somewhat nonplused when he read the number 1125 on the door of a veritable mansion.

"Here's the devil to pay," thought the reporter as he consulted his notes again. But there were the figures staring him in the face.

A maid, neatly attired in cap and apron, answered his ring. Yes, Mrs. Lindeman lived there, and what was his business, please. He felt like a fool as he blurted it out.

"A mistake, of course," he finished, with a laugh.

"Quite a natural one, though," said a quiet voice behind the maid. A woman, evidently the mistress, came forward. She was a strikingly handsome young woman, but her eyes were very sad.

"Marie," she continued, "this gentleman no doubt is looking for that Italian family in the rear. I had no idea they were in such straits. It is the rear of 1125 you want. The maid will show you."

Guided by Marie, Morrison entered an alleyway which emerged on another running just behind the Lindeman house. Ascending a flight of rickety steps, he brought up at the door of a squalid tenement.

An hour later a groceryman and a wood-dealer had relieved the immediate wants of the Sonnatini family, and Morrison, with two receipts made out to the World, was hurrying to the office to write the story of his life.

Duffy was knee-deep in copy, but he liked that. He handled all the "local," and kept the linotype operators crying for quarter most of the time.

Morrison had finished his story and was off on another assignment. Snead was grinding out a suicide, with the usual tear trimmings. Duffy weeded out the copy rapidly, casting the "slap," as he called it, right and left and piling up the spicy matter for the regular two o'clock edition. Morrison's Sonnatini story came in for rapid perusal and immediate disfavor.

"D—n that cub!" muttered Duffy. "Come on, Snead," he called out. "Cut that story off. I've got a good one for you."

He caught up the assignment-book. "Take this down: Mrs. Edith M. Lindeman—got that? 1125 Calvert street—two children—husband missing—starving—World send supplies. Throw a good heart-throb into it."

"Hey, Jimmie," to the office-boy, "tell the foreman these receipts go on the first page with story; De Vinne caps, in box! Now hustle, Snead! Tear that off as quick as you can."

Morrison got it when he returned. "Now look here, my boy," said Duffy. "You've got to brace up. Get a little style into your stuff. That story of yours would be all very well

after all those years of living straight!" he muttered.

Two hours later Lanyon arrived in Jersey City with a good half-hour to spare before his train was due to start. He sat down in a corner of the waiting-room and pulled out his time-tables. But, instead of poring over them as he had intended, he gave himself up to his thoughts.

Somehow, he could not get his landlady's pretty daughter out of his mind. He had tried hard to forget her, but his thoughts always came around to her again before long, and every now and then he would ask himself how she would regard him after she had heard the news.

He glanced up at the line of people sitting facing him on the opposite benches, and over their heads to the big clock on the wall. It seemed to him that the minutes were dragging terribly. He was getting nervous.

He gave a startled look over his shoulder toward the entrance. He could feel his heart thumping against his ribs, and as he looked down again at the time-tables he saw that his hands were trembling.

And then a vision of the gray, bleak prison came before him. He heard the clanging of the great steel doors, the sharp orders of the keepers. He straightened up with a frightened gasp and looked about in alarm. It was reassuring to find that no one was watching him. But would his train never be called?

How he wished he was safe across the Honduran border! What a relief it would be to feel that he need have no fear of capture!

Again his eyes wandered about the room, keenly observant of the crowd this time. He glanced from one to another of the long row of travelers in front of him, slowly turned his gaze to the doors where the passengers were filing in from the ferries, and then—

"Dwyer!"

He choked back the cry that rose to his lips and sank back in his seat, white and trembling. Far down at the other end of the room was the man he had robbed.

For a moment Lanyon's nerve deserted him completely. He felt that he was lost, that Dwyer would surely search the room until he had discovered him, and that escape was impossible. Probably Dwyer had not come alone. At any rate, there were always policemen near at hand in such a place.

Dwyer came forward very leisurely. For a man on the trail of a thief who had relieved him of a fortune, he seemed to be singularly unperturbed. He even stopped to laugh at a crowing baby on one of the benches. Still, it was just like the old man never to betray his true feelings.

Never before had Lanyon been through such agonizing moments of suspense. He felt that the strain was more than he could bear, and he would cry out if he had to endure it much longer.

At last Dwyer saw him. "I've been looking for you, Lanyon," he called, as he stepped up to the bench.

The old man seated himself by Lanyon's side, and, lounging back, chewed thoughtfully at an unlighted cigar. Apparently, he was dividing his attention between the cigar and what was the clock on the wall, but Lanyon knew that the tail of his eye was upon him all the time. At last, he said slowly:

"I know all about that prison record, Lanyon. Your friend Berrian has just given me the whole story."

"Berrian! He told you!" cried Lanyon, and in that moment the remnants of his faith in human nature vanished.

"Yes, he told me," Dwyer continued. "And, I've come here to let you know I won't hold it up against you. You've done good, faithful work for me for ten years, and I believe I can trust you."

"You weren't much more than a boy when that happened. You've learned a good deal since then, I guess."

Lanyon felt as if he were in a dream—a dream that had brought one fleeting glimpse of hope, and then had plunged him in despair. A mist came into his eyes.

At last his hand went into his pocket, and he pulled out a roll of bills. "Mr. Dwyer," he said, "this money is yours. Even though I am a thief, I couldn't rob a man that's treated me as you have. But, you see, you made a mistake about wanting me back."

Without the least show of surprise, Dwyer took the bills and counted them very slowly. Then he put them carefully away in his pocket.

"I guess when a man goes wrong more than once there isn't one person in a hundred who'd be willing to trust him again," he said.

"I don't believe there is," Lanyon assented, leaning forward and covering his face with his hands.

"Unless it's somebody that's gone wrong himself and knows what it is to live it down," said Dwyer.

He laid a hand on Lanyon's shoulder. "I was in Truffilo myself thirty years ago. But they got me at last. I did my turn behind the bars. And if Berrian's father hadn't given me a chance, I'd have been behind 'em again before very long, like as not."

"Go up to Maine, my boy. That old mother of yours will want to see you. And then come back."

FINALLY LEARNED THE TRUTH

Queen of Roumania Had to Go in Cognito to Ascertain Real Worth of Her Voice.

In her youth, Queen Elizabeth of Roumania spent much time on the training of her voice, and, encouraged by flatterers, came to believe herself to be a singer of unusual talent. At length, says Bibliothek der Unterhaltung und des Wissens, she decided to have her voice tried by some great teacher. So she went one day, dressed very simply, and without the usual retinue of servants, to see Professor Dumanois of Bucharest, and urged him to give his frank opinion on the quality of her voice, and her future prospects. He tested her voice with great care, first with the simple scales, then with a song, and lastly with an operatic aria.

When the trial was over, the professor said: "I cannot say that you have a wonderful voice. You sing fairly well, and with not a little feeling. I might undertake to train you to sing in operetta; but to speak quite frankly, you haven't the looks for it."

Up to this time the teacher had not known that the rank of the aspirant was any higher than that of scores of other young ladies, equally ambitious, who constantly came to him. But his surprise was great when the lady handed him the visiting card of the queen, and he found that he had before him no less a personage than royalty itself. The queen thanked him heartily for the frank way in which he had judged her musical ability, and went home with her ambition in that direction decidedly diminished.

MUCH SOUND; LITTLE EFFECT

Protest of Champ Clark Reminded Alabama Statesman of Humorous Story.

The most dramatic day of the Sixty-third congress was when Champ Clark, the speaker of the house, took the floor for his famous speech explaining why he opposed President Wilson's policy of repealing the Panama canal tolls exemption law. Clark was on the losing side, and everybody knew that the vote would certainly uphold the president.

While the speaker was delivering his remarks in his vibrant, booming voice, Tom Hefflin of Alabama walked through the Democratic cloakroom. Even there the thunder of Clark's voice was audible.

Hefflin stopped, laughed and said: "That reminds me of an old colored man down in my state. He was working out in the middle of a field on a hot summer day. It was so hot that the heat seemed to be simmering visibly wherever you looked. After a while the midday train rushed by about half a mile away, whistling for a crossing and roaring and thundering as it went."

"The old man watched it go by, took hold of his hoe and stooped over his work once more. Then he said, talking to himself:

"'Boom! Bing! Bum! Hum! But I's gwine to ride you nex' Saddy night!'"—Popular Magazine.

Big Business Helps Missions.

It has often been said that business in foreign lands has owed much to Christian missions in opening up new territory to trade. It now develops that missions will owe something to big business. It has been the custom for the home offices of the foreign missionary societies to pay their representatives in the field by foreign drafts. The war has made this method impossible. The treasurers of the various missionary boards at a joint meeting voted to appeal to some American mercantile house doing business in every part of the world. They decided to ask the Standard Oil company to become the agent of the mission boards for the transmission of money to their stations in foreign fields, and through its treasurer the arrangement was speedily made. The readiness of the company in doing this without compensation is indicative of the spirit of co-operation for the common good which underlies our great corporations.—Leslie's Weekly.

Carrying the Polish Jewels.

If the archbishop of Cracow, in his flight from the threatened city, has really taken all the sacerdotal treasure with him his load must be a heavy one. For in the cathedral, ancient Poland's Westminster abbey, were gathered rich tributes in gold and jewels from generations of Polish lords and ladies. The kings of Poland—and many of her uncrowned kings—are buried in the cathedral. Here Kosciusko sleeps. Cracow in the days of its metropolitan glory sheltered 80 churches within its walls. A third of that number remain, more than enough for the present population.—London Chronicle.

School Children's Health.

Boston's health authorities have started another vigorous campaign against giving communicable diseases of children a foothold in that city. School physicians are urged to inquire at the homes of children the cause of their absence, and in an open letter to parents the authorities advise that physicians be consulted in every case where the child complains of throat affection.

Goatskins Scarce in Mexico.

There is to be a shortage of goatskins from central Mexico for at least two years to come, because of the fact that breeding stock and young goats have been taken for food.

A woman needs to give double care to the preservation of her health—once for her own happiness and once for the health and happiness of the children she may have. How often does she take this extra care of herself? Rarely, indeed, until she has entered upon a course of suffering, and has learned from experience the necessity of care. It ought to be a part of the mother's duty to instruct her daughter in the necessity of preserving her womanly health. The budding girl ought to be taught that the high office of motherhood has its weighty obligations and responsibilities, and that if there is peril in motherhood it is chiefly due to the neglect of the necessary laws of health. The best way for young women to protect and preserve their womanly health is to use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription on the first symptom of irregularity. Irregularity is the beginning, often of complicated and painful feminine disorders. "Favorite Prescription" regulates the periods, relieves inflammation, ulceration and female weakness, soothes and strengthens the nerves and enriches the entire body with vigor and vitality. It contains neither alcohol, nor narcotic.

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