

STAR OF THE STAFF

By A. ELLIS HENEGER.

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. It is true that he was a little taken aback when, after a month of probation, he was placed on the "salary list" at ten dollars a week, but he had read somewhere that Dana was once a city editor at little more, and he took courage.

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.

It was a bleak day in January. A heavy snow had fallen, blockading 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 Sonnatin 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 opera-

tors 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 "slop," as he called it, right and left and piling up the spicy matter for the regular two o'clock edition. Morrison's Sonnatin 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 sent 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 on the News, for instance, but it won't go here. I had it rewritten. Here is the story as seen through Mr. Snead's eyes."

Morrison was deeply humiliated. He took the copy mechanically and returned to his desk. His glance fell on the manuscript. Interest, surprise, amazement, gave place to suppressed but unholy mirth. Snead's article read:

"Thank God!" cried Mrs. Edith M. Lindeman of 1125 Calvert street, "My children will live!"

In a home made desolate by the desertion of a husband, with gaunt hunger stalking at the door, with two tots weak from want of the bare necessities of life, a reporter for the World appeared this morning, and in the twinkling of an eye that dreary abode was changed into a haven of comfort.

It was a pathetic story that Mrs. Lindeman had to tell of a husband untrue to his vow to protect her, who had abandoned her in the heart of a cruel winter and left his family to its fate. Tears flowed down the woman's cheeks as she recited the story of his perjury.

"God knows," she told the reporter, "I was a good wife to him."

There was more—about half a column more—of harrowing details, but Morrison had had enough. His mind was firmly made up. Walking to Duffy's desk, he laid down the copy.

"Very good indeed, Mr. Duffy," he said quietly. "But if I could write like that I wouldn't be working for you at ten dollars a week."

Duffy grunted.

"For God's sake, Edith, what sort of a ghastly joke is this?"

Andrew K. Lindeman, broker and clubman, stood in the drawing-room of his former home in Calvert street.

He flourished a copy of the World excitedly.

The woman took it in silence. As she read the head-lines her face was a study.

"The idiots!" she cried.

Then the ridiculousness of the thing struck her, and she laughed outright.

"You didn't really think we were starving here, did you, Andrew?" she said, when she had recovered her breath. "And did you really care? Strange! I thought you had forgotten you had a wife or children," and her eyes regarded him sorrowfully.

"That's right," said the man bitterly. "Blame it all on me."

"It's the Sonnatinis, in the rear. A reporter came here this morning; but I saw him myself. I can't imagine how the mistake occurred."

"Well, I'll have something to say over there in the morning. Good-by. I'm going back to the hotel, Edith."

The woman looked at him wistfully, but said nothing. He had almost reached the door when there was a shout, and two white-gowned tots rushed through the hall and were caught in their father's arms.

"Daddy! Daddy!" they cried in delight.

"You's doin' to stay, daddy," cried one curly-head, "'cause mamma said you was when you came back."

"Does mamma want me to stay, do you think, Mildred?"

"Oh, yes, daddy. I heard mamma ask Dod to send you home to her."

An instant later daddy was holding a half-faint but happy woman in his arms.

Duffy was crushed; the business manager was wild; the entire town of Madison was in hysterics. Wilson, the business manager, had caught the edition, but only after some five thousand papers had reached the streets.

"Nobody but a — — — fool would have made such a bull," he stormed. "Lindeman, a well-known broker; wife lives in a palace; footman, coachman, automobiles, and all that sort of thing.

"Why, it'll cost us \$10,000 even to compromise it. Didn't anybody in this d—d office recognize the name? By Gad, I'll cripple the staff. I'll discharge every man—"

The telephone bell stopped him. Wilson was standing near by, and he jerked the receiver off the hook.

"Eh? Mr. Lindeman? What's that? Oh, yes, I'll send him over right away. Mr. Lindeman, this is Wilson, business manager. I'm going to see you—How? Never mind? I assure you, Mr.— All right, sir."

"Duffy, get hold of that young Morrison and send him to Lindeman's office at once. Tell him to explain the whole business. We've got to throw ourselves on his mercy.

"Give the story a two-column display—same place as the other—first edition. Gad, what a lot of fat-heads," and Wilson withered the staff with his glance as he strode toward the elevator.

An hour later, Morrison entered the office, smiling.

"It's all right, Mr. Duffy. Mr. Lindeman says for you people to rest easy. He won't sue. He's satisfied to let the matter drop.

"Oh, by the way, Mr. Duffy. I've got to quit you. Sorry, too, but Mr. Lindeman has offered me a job."

Just then the elevator stopped at the office floor. Morrison took it.

"D—n that cub!" murmured Duffy.

Heavy Cattle Mortality.

Nearly one-fourth of the stock bred on the open ranges of the West dies before reaching the market age, a fact which contributes in a great measure to the cost of living. Winter storms and summer droughts strew the ranges with the bones of cattle and sheep; predatory animals take a heavy toll; poisonous plants sometimes kill half the animals in a herd almost overnight. Cattle contract anthrax, blackleg, and other diseases, get stuck in bogholes, slip off icy hillsides; and sheep pile up and die of suffocation. Insects which madden and kill swell the total losses, as do a multitude of other minor causes of death and injury. It is said that this loss can be almost entirely prevented by the administration of the forestry supervision, and, in fact, it is said that the loss has been materially lessened by the work of the last few years.

Something Worth Bragging About.

One day I decided to visit one of my old friends and to take my little niece, five years old, with me. We were talking about dishes and my friend got one of her highly-prized hand-painted plates and was telling me how much she valued it, when the little girl broke in: "Oh, that's nuffin'. Why, we live in a hand-painted house."—Chicago Tribune.

Trying to Suit.

Old Gentleman—"Now, what are all you children fighting and making such a noise for?" Little Boy—"Please, sir, the landlord gave us a dime each to fight and make a noise. He has got one of his houses let and the people complained that the neighborhood was too quiet."—Stray Stories.

ASK BELGIAN SETTLERS

GOVERNOR FAVORS BRINGING THEM TO NEW MEXICO.

Executive, However, Believes All Inducements Must Be Free From Exaggeration.

Western Newspaper Union News Service.

Santa Fé.—Gov. McDonald placed himself on record as favoring an effort to bring Belgian settlers to New Mexico. He explained, however, that any movement having executive support must be absolutely conservative without the slightest exaggeration of the possibilities and opportunities of the state.

Governor McDonald expressed himself concerning Belgian settlers after receiving a letter from Thomas Lyons, president of the Gila Farm company of Gila, Grant county. Mr. Lyons wrote the governor as follows:

"Being interested in the outcome of the state from an agricultural point of view, I write to make the suggestion that we follow the example, or, rather, take the lead, with other states, in offering some inducements to the Belgian people, who are now fast reaching America, to locate in this state. Personally, I could care for 50 families, and there are many others who could contribute in the same manner. Their influence in a very short time would greatly enhance the commonwealth of the state."

In a reply to Mr. Lyons Governor McDonald said:

"Your letter in regard to offering inducements to the Belgian people to settle in this country has been received. I shall be glad to take the matter up in order to accomplish what may reasonably be expected for the benefit of this state."

Mines Pay \$2,500,000 in Wages.

Raton.—A fact not generally realized is that the coal mines of Colfax county pay out in wages monthly approximately \$200,000, or \$2,500,000 yearly. The majority of the men working in the Colfax county mines earn as high as \$125 a month, and there are some whose monthly wages frequently pass the \$200 mark. At the important Koehler camp 1,500 people depend on the coal industry for their livelihood.

Educational Association Elects Heads.

Albuquerque.—Frank Carroon, dean of the Las Vegas State Normal, was elected chairman of the council, the governing body of the New Mexico Educational Association, which met in twenty-ninth annual convention here. Miss M. A. Myers of Santa Fe was elected secretary. Resolutions proposing radical changes in New Mexico educational laws were discussed.

Three Cars of Wagons for Indians.

Farmington.—Three carloads of wagons arrived here for the Shiprock agency. These wagons are given to the Indians in exchange for labor performed for the government, and the thrift of the Navajo is attested by the fact that these shipments of wagons is by no means an uncommon occurrence.

Salazar Pursuit Fruitless.

Albuquerque.—Party after party of deputy sheriffs and deputies from the United States marshal's office returned after scouring the country in all directions in a fruitless search for Gen. Jose Ynez Salazar, the Federal prisoner who escaped from the Bernalillo county jail.

Artesia Bank Cashier Acquitted.

Albuquerque.—John B. Enfield, cashier of the closed State National Bank of Artesia, was acquitted in the Federal Court on a charge of making a false report to the comptroller of the currency.