

Making It a Union Office.

By S. A. W. Editor of the Daily Journal.

Neddie, the senior office boy of the Daily Journal, was leaning idly against the gate which bars off from the main thoroughfare of the office the passage way leading to the rooms of the editorial and special writers. The gate was hung to swing both ways, but a concealed catch checked its lavish hospitality and prevented it completing a round trip every time it was opened.

A great many persons may recall having wasted valuable time fumbling for the catch when the office boys were elsewhere—which they were a good part of the time. These boys had not been able to agree among themselves as to the precise moment when each should go to dinner, and they had settled the matter by all going at once.

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not long before "Dump" felt himself safe enough in his uselessness to volunteer this bit of information to his fellows: "As I size our new man up," said he, "he's as much of a 'one-ho' as Old Cole was."

As Mr. Kline stood there in the religious editor's doorway that irreverent remark of the miserable "Dump" came back to Neddie's mind, and came back to shame him. He felt now that he was not being looked at, but he was conscious of the new editor's stare, and from that instant was not a "one-ho," but a new force, a real power, in the office of the Daily Journal.

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"Yes, sir," "Well, do so, Edward, if you please," said Mr. Kline. "And now, he added, 'tell me what they do.'" "Two are on the reporters' floor, sir," Edward replied, "and one is on this floor with me."

"What do you mean by 'as much as possible'?" Mr. Kline inquired. "Well, you see, sir," Edward explained, "there are difficulties about it. If Dump goes up on Billy's floor, Billy and Mike don't like it."

"I see," said Mr. Kline. "And then the telephone gives us a great deal of trouble," Edward pursued, encouraged by Mr. Kline's quick perception of the perplexities of the situation.

"No?" said Mr. Kline, with assumed surprise. "Oh, no, sir," Edward went on. "I answered the phone myself then. First, somebody called us up and said the draw was left open and a train had gone through."

"I see," Mr. Kline again reflected. Then, turning sharply in his chair, the new editor said: "Edward, I want you to go to the business manager, the circulation manager, the city editor, the day editor, and the foreman of the composing room and tell each I wish to see him at once."

Edward wondered as he went whether that would be the last of the sponge incident. In a few minutes the gentlemen whom he had summoned were all in Mr. Kline's room. They seemed all at sea about it.

and Post—New, Telegram, or Herald, or Dispatch, would be much better and up to the times. If we could only change—

"Never mind that," Mr. Kline interrupted. "We will stick to the old name and give it a new significance, if need be. Just tell us, if you please, why we don't circulate."

"Everyone looked at the new editor in more or less surprise. 'Well,' said Mr. Chick, like one who was worried upon making known the worst, 'if the truth must out, it is simply this: We had our people upstairs of important features interesting to particular localities, and consequently never know until too late where an extra number of papers ought to be sent.'"

"It is very difficult," the day editor put in, "to know from hour to hour just what we shall print. We have more matter put in type than we can possibly use, and at the last moment something has to be thrown out. The city editor's men dump rags of copy upon us without any warning, and sometimes I go up to the composing room with a plan of the next issue all made, only to find the business department has sold the best place to advertisers."

"Mr. Grind, the foreman of the composing room, was an intensely practical man, who, after years of prominence in the Typographical Union, knew well the value of 'pulling together.'" "Mr. Kline," he said, "I may not be the swiftest compositor in the world, but we stand ready to do our full share toward putting this old paper back in the leading position."

"That's the word I have been waiting for. Gentlemen," he asked, looking from one to another of the department heads, "do you share that sentiment?" "One said, 'Of course,' and the others chimed in with 'Certainly.'" "Very good," said the new editor. "Now, then," he proceeded, "with great rapidity of speech, 'I have studied you all for two months, and I do not need to say what my verdict is. Each of you has held up the mirror, and you see for yourself the one great defect, gentlemen—Mr. Kline's face was now all animation—'what made this r. public? Just—good—plus? Thirteen separate states could never make a great nation. But union could and did. Here in this office we have strong departments and a weak paper. What's lacking? Give? We have got to get together, gentlemen, and stick together. I say, imperatively, we must get our common interest above all personal differences. If you will do that, I promise you that in one month the Daily Journal shall be back where it belongs—and you all know where that is.'"

Mr. Kline finished abruptly and rose from his seat, pushing it back from him as he did so. The department heads knew there was no room for argument, and that the interview was over, but they wanted to express their gratitude; for, strange to say, they were all delighted to have found out what was wrong with them. "O, Mr. Kline," he cried, "can't we be first this once? There is an awful fire at the South End. Box one thirty-eight is sounding a general alarm. Whole blocks of big stores are burning. You can see it from your window. Look!"

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sheets the boys supplied them from the busy reporters within the fire lines. Now and again the day editor's voice was heard calling for "more two-line head stuff," or a "revised scare" for the next edition. The pneumatic tubes shot the prepared stories into the composing room, where "Old Grind" and his men worked on and on with almost noiseless swiftness. The presses in the basement seemed to have agreed that they could stand it as long as the fire engines could; nor did they cease their peculiar whirr-r-r and muffled kettle-drumming until far into the evening. And those indefatigable little merchants in knickerbockers, the newsboys, reaped a harvest.

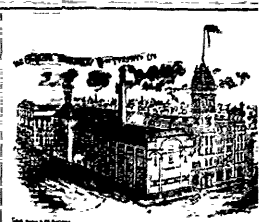
"When it was all done the Daily Journal's busy crew gathered in the big room of the copy readers and compared their paper with all the other papers, edition for edition. "No row" eat this trip, one reporter said, after a while, in a tone of rejoicing. "We've got em all at last!" exclaimed another. "Hurrah for the old Journal," cried a third.

Mr. Kline looked on with no less satisfaction. When the justification had become general, he said, with a twinkle in his eye: "Yes, gentlemen, you have made your strongest rival look like a scarred cuff under a wet sponge—and what I admire about it is you all squeezed the sponge at once!"

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