Making It a Union Office.

Neadhe, the senior of olice boy of the Daily Journal, was leaning inerry against the gate which bars of from the main thoroughfare of the office the passage way leading to the rooms of the oditorial and special wri.ers. The gate was hung to swing both ways, but a concealed catch checked its lavish hospitality and prevented it was opened. A great many persons may recell having wasted valuable time fumbling for the catch when the office 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. Then, as there had been differences among them should be a shore had been differences among them should be the matter by all going at once. Then, as their noon hour had come to be a scheen hour had come to be a such of and the boys went all over town with the other. Neddle was nominally in charge of his fellows, three in number. His duties were not exactly definable, but he felt it to be his right to issue commands and back them up with such display of ferce as necessity and a somewhat capricious fancy suggested. He was not, in truth, a boy any longer, but this had escaped his, notice. Being larger than they he could make the other boys wince whenever he wished; and they "got even," as opportunity offered, by strategy, culming and gainst the oditor's gate one of these changes presented itself to "Dump." an office buy who made up for the smallness of his stature by the largeness of his mischief. Sliding noiselessly toward the gate, behind his senior, "Dump bouched the conocealed spring, releasing the gate so that Neddie's weight wung it quickly inward Neddie staggered across the passageway and fell heavily against the door of the sink room, where he gathered up in both hands a large, coarse sponge, nearly the sink room," which too obligingly swung inward, also, and in an instant heavily against the door of the sink room, where he gathered up in both hands a large, coarse sponge, nearly the sink room, the super heavily and win

slowly open, revealed the bespatered face of the managing editor, Mr. Kline.

Turning toward Neddie, Mr. Kline oyed him ocidly, without any show of emotion, and seemingly more from curiosity than anger. It was, indeed, the first time Neddie had arrested the managing editor's attention, for be tween dining out at much length every day and being conveniently in accessible when in, he had succeeded in avoiding the occasional summoness of theeddior's sail bells since Mr. Kline had taken charge of the office only two months before. The former editor, known to the staff as "Old Cole," hadn't bothered much about these bells. When they were not answered, he took it for granted the electric batteries were "run out," and after a while he forgot all about them. What little he had for boys to do he preferred doing himself, because it was at once the less troublecome and the more reliable method. When Mr. Kline appeared in the editor's room the office boys decided it would be imprudent in them to pay much attention to his wants, for if they began doing it there was no telling where it would end. The new editor didn't seem to notice their indifference, and it was

not long before "Dump" felt himself sale 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 dinch' as Old Cole was." In which opinion all concurred with great self satisfaction. As Mr. Kline stood there in the religious editor's doorway that irreverent receast 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 locked through; and from that in stant he was conscious the new editor was not a "circh," but a new force, a real power, in the office of the Daily Journal. Neddie shrank from Mr. Kinne's study gaze and it came to him like an inspiration that he had not for a long timp been doing justice to the office and to himself. He even wondered what had become of all his carlier fine ambitions. Mr. Kine, having completed his survey, said to him. " You may wait where you are. Then, turning te the religious editor, he resumed the conversation that the wet sponge had soused in upon.

"Mr. Timmins," Noddie heraf him say, "the Daily Journal, in its treat ment of the whole subject of religious thought, should deal with it in the scarcely our province to charge anyone with hereey or backeliding. Let the synods, the conferences, the church councils, the standing committees, or whatever they may be, take care of disagreeable matters of that kind. It isn't simply that we don't want needlesely to give offence; it is much more than that, for when we stir up strife in one sect or between sects, we offend sgainst the grand central principle of Christianity itself. Our article this morning was hurtful, because it sounded the stallfowness of a particular sect of Christians and made no note of the fact that Christianity itself.

Christianity itself cannot be sounded because its depth is unfathomable."
Neddie listened with amazement. Without thinking it out in detail, he was conscious that his unpardonable rudeness had not in the smallest degree lessened the earnestness of Mr. Kiine, which vastly increased his respect for him. And this was a new kind of talk in the office of the Daily Journal, which in the matters of politice and religion, had been a sort of oven, where leading citizens were regularly "roasted," to the supposed intense amusement of many readors. Neddie had heard Mr. Huckins, the political writer, say to Mr. Timmins: "That was a grand old roast you gave the Hard Shell Baptiets this morning;" and then Mr. Timmins had said to Mr. Huckins: "But my victims weren't singed compared with the way you browned the Republicans to-day. My, but you did em to a crisp on the currency question!" From which remark, and more of the same kind, Neddie had been led to believe that newspaper writers were licensed destroyers, who could roast, fry, broil, stew and at last make soup of any-body they didn't happen to like. But Mr. Kline evidently thought other people had rights which even their enemies were bound to respect; and this was a doctrine opposed to all the traditions of the office. Neddle no died, too, that whith Mr. Kline duiliked the religious editor's article in the morning paper, he did not refuse to take his share of the responsibility. ticed, too, that white Mr. Attine disliked the religious editor's article in the morning paper, he did not refuse to take his share of the responsibility as editor of the paper. "Our article." he called it. This was not Old Cole's way at all. Old Cole used to say: "Your article, Mr. Timmins," just as though he himself was in no way personally interested in anything anybody choose to write for the paper of which Old Cole was editor.

Turning from Mr. Timmins's door, Mr. Kline said to Neddie: "You may come to my room." It was a relief to the young fellow to move. He seemed to himself to be very small, indeed, like a telescope that had been suddenly hit on both sides at once and shut up, pocket size. Mr. Kline pointed to a chair, and Neddie slid into it.

sked.
"Neddie."
"What does Meddie stand for?"
"Edward."

"Edward."
"Do you designate by Roman capitals: for instance, Edward I., or Edward V.?
Elward blushed as he answered, with some spirit: "My name, sir, is Edward Attarood"

with some spirit: "My name, sir, is Edward Attwood."
"You are twenty?"
"Almost, sir."
"Do you permit everyone in thees tablishment to dubb you 'Neddie,"
Mr. Kline inquired.

Mr. Kline inquired.

Neddie heeitsted. His pride was touched again. "I think I have no cholee," he auswered; "it has always been the custom of the office to call nearly everyone by his first name, or a little piece of it."

"Just what are your duties here?"

Mr. Kline pirsued.

"I have charge of the office boys, sir."

"Ah, another chief of staff! How many have you on the regular line?" "There are three boys here," Ed-ward replied.
"Who are the ""

"There are three boys here, Indward replied.
"Who are thy?"
"One is Billy, one is Mike and the worst is Dump."
"Would is not be possible for you to trace their identity any further than that?"

"Yes, sir."
"Well, do so, Elward, if you please," said Mr. Kinne. "And now, he added, 'tell me what they do."
"Two are on the reporters' floor, sir," Edward ropited, 'and one is on this floor with me. We take turns answering the telephone, when we are in, and we get the papers and distribute them among the reporters and editors. As much as possible we carry 'copy' from the writers to the copy readers' room to be edited." What do you meen by 'as much as possible ?' Mr. Khen inquired.
"Well, you see, sir, Elward explained, apologetically, "there are difficulties about it. If Dump goes up on Billy's floor. Billy and Mike don't like it. If they both see him they classe him down, but if only one catches him he won't run, and then there is a 'scrap' Mr. Huckins sent. Dump' up with an article on "Democratic Harmony the other day, and before the day editor could pull Mike off him the copy was all in ribbons."
"I see, 'said Mr. Kline.

and before the day editor could pull like off him the copy was all in ribbons."

"I see, said Mr. Kline.
"And then the telephone gives us a great deal of trouble," Edward pursued, encouraged by Mr. Klines quick perception of the perplexities of the situation. The boys often forget whose turn it is to answer it when it rings, and each says it sun't his. As nobody likes to give in, they settle it by just letting her ring! That's how we got left on the big robber, of the Sampson Bank day before yesterday. The reporter at police headquarters couldn't 'raise' the 'office on the 'phone, and he hadn't time to got down here before the last evening edition was sent to the stereotype room. He was mad because Mr. Cramp, the day editor, would not put out an extra; but Mr. Cramp said the Dally Journal-didn't care for orime, anyhow—if was against our traditions."

"Isse," said Mr. Kline, meditatively." But it was unto our fault that we were beaten on the accident at the Southern railroad drawbridge, "Edward hastened to add, by way of justification."

"No?" said Mr. Kline, with assum."

suncation. "No?" said Mr. Kline, with assum

ward hastened to add, by way of justification.

"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. Four persons were drowned. Mr. Ourtin, the city editor, sent a reporter down to see about it. After a while that the railroad reporter and the marine reporter were both there and would bring in the story. Mr. Oramp and Mr. Ourtin waited until the last edition vent down, but nobody 'showed up.' I was just like this: The railroad man said it wan't his affair because the draw had been opened to let a coal steamer through. That made it marine news, especially as the victims were in the water. But the marine reporter said the accident happened after the coal steamer though the draw, and his responsibility onded when she cleared the pier. Besides, he had to go up to the Chamber of Commerce to get the coastwies arrivals for the next morning's port summary."

"I see," Mr. Kline again reflected. Then, turning sharply in his obsir, the new editor said: "Edward, I want you to go to the business 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

of the composing room and tell each livils 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 ill at ease, as shough they didn't half like the idea of the new editor taking such a liberty with them. They bowed stiffly to each other, appearing more like unmindful strangers than office associates.

"Mr. Nabertson," the new editor began, addressing the business manager, "I want you to tell these gentlemen the exact condition of business in the front office."

"It is bad," Mr. Robertson replied, almost sullenly.

"Do you know why?" Mr. Kline asked.

almost sullenly.

"Do you know why?" Mr. Kline asked.

"There are several reasons," Mr. Robertson answered. "In the first place, the paper is not as popular as it was. It is out of humor with the mass of the people, and some think it has no enterprise. The circulation isn't pushed, and the big advertisers all know it. Merchants say we help to make times hard by croaking about the searcity of money. They call us ("Old Stringency." We, down stairs, are hustling, but we have no help from the editorial and reportical fleors. Why, sir, don't we, the money getters of the concern, pay the salaries of the establishmunt? Yet there is hardly a salaried man in the office who does not look upon us with contempt."

"That's all nonsense," the city editor put in, with some temper; "I am sick and stred of hearing about the business office paying our salaries, when everyone knows it is not the advertising that sells the Daily Jour nal. Business may place their 'add' here because we get out a good, clean paper, that everybody ought to read if it mit circulated, that is not our fault."

At this, the circulation manager,

fault."
At this, the circulation manager,
Mr. Chick, spoke up. "Upon my
word." said he, with a show of much
wisdom," "I believe the main thing
against us is the name. 'Journal' is
too slow, like Traveler and Messenger

and Post N.w. Telegram, or Herald, or Despatch would be mach 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 more or less surprise. "Well." Everyone looked at the new edutor in more or leas aurprise. "Well," said Mr. Chick, like one who was resolved upon making known the worst, "if the truth must out, it is simply this "We fail utterly in getting any 'tip' from the people upstaire of important features interesting to particular localities, and consequently never know until too late where an extra number of papers ought to be sent".

extra number of papers ought to be sent."

"It is very difficult, the day clicor put in, "to know from hour to hour put in, "to know from hour to hour put in, "to know from hour to hour put in, "to know from hour 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 rafts of cpy 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. Then, the composing room is slow. Often we can't get late news set in time for publication."

Mr. Grind, the foreman of the own

news set in time for publication."

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 to gether." It was his turn to speak. "Mr. Kline," he said, turning respectfully to the new editor, "we may not be the swiftest compositors in the world, but we stand ready to do our full share toward putting this old paper back in the leading position: a used to hold when I came to work here."

"Good! explaimed Mr. Kline

hold when I came to work here.

"Good! exclaimed Mr. Kline.
"That's the word I have been waiting for. Gentlemen," he asked, looking from one to another of the department. 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 c. 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 rypublic? Just—good—glue? Thirteeu 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? Glue? We have got to get together, gentlemen, and stick together. I say, imperatively—we must put 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." where it belongs—and you all know where that is."

Mer. Klime 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—what?—a leader! But before they could speak, Edward burst into the room. "O, Mr. Kline," he cried, "oan's 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!"

The heads of departments turned that way involuntarily, and one glance was sufficient. Without a word each went to his place. The city editor found that his assistant had already dispatched two reporters to the seens. In twenty minutes a score were there, and, what was much more, they had a: "plan of campaign" to work upon Mr. Kline, cool, quick and decisive, made himself felt everywhere, and no employe, from cellar to roof, even the easy going bulletin board man, es caped the infectious enthusiasm of this master. The fire was that mem orable one of Easter Monday. Raging for seven lurid hours, it laid waste the accumulation of more than seven years of toil. Business oessed and the remotest corner of the great city seemed to pulsate with the quick throbbings of the fire engines. Main thoroughfares were cut off by fire lines, which were guarded closely by battalions of police. It fell to Edward's lot to keep up a line of communication through these between the reporters and the office of their paper. Driven from place to place by the encreachment of the flames, the reporters and the office of their paper. Driven from place to place by the encreachment of the flames, the reporters and the office of their paper. Driven from place to place by the encreachment of the flames, the reporters and the office of their paper. Driven from place to place by the encreachment of the flames, the reporters and the office of their paper. Driven from place

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- AT-ALL GROCERS

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 twe-line head suff," or a "revised scare" for the next edition. The Teamatic tubes shot the prepared stories into the composing room, where "Odd the next edition. The Theomatic tubes shot the prepared stories into the composing room, where "Old Grind and his men worked on and on with silmost noiseless swifuness. The presses in the basement seemed to have sgreed that they could stand it as long as the fire engines could; nor did they coase their peculiar whirr and muffled kettle drumming until far into the evening. And those indefatigable little merchants in knickerbockers, the newsoots, 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 crow to east this trip," one reproter said, after a while, in a tone of rejoiding.

"We've got em all at last!" exclaimed another.

"Hurrah for the old Journal," cried

ciaimed another.
"Hurrah for the old Journal," cried
a third.

a third.

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

Humble Friends are Aye the Best.

Wouldst thou find the pearl of friend-

ship,
Fairest jewel of the heart!
Wouldst thou know the joy and sv

ness
That affection can impart?
Thou shalt seek the wide world over,
North and south, east and west,
And at last this truth discover, and at last this truth discover, Humble friends are aye the best.

Call thy dog to sit beside thee, Look into his loving eyes; His the friendship thou mayst value. His the love that thou shouldst prize

Though upon the barren highway

Cold and houseless thou shoulds

roam. Still his faithful feet would follow: Where thou art for him is home.

Where thou art for him is home.
Only while thy days are brightest,
And thy morning star doth shine.
While fair Fortune smiles upon thee,
And her feeting gifts are thine.
Caust thou hope that hall and palace
Still will hold a welcome free,
Or the false esteem of worldlings
Take true friendship's place with thee.

But when clouds of sorrow darken All the brightness of thy life. And thy heart must bravely battle With adversity's hard strife; Like a beacon in the darkness Still this truth will stand confest, Humble friends are aye the best. Humble friends are aye the best.

Some people are constantly troubled with pimples and boils, especially about the face and neck. The best remedy is a thorough course of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which expels all humors through the proper channels, and so makes the skin become soft, healthy and fair.

The very sound of the name of Mary forever thrills our hearts with the sweeteest truth in all creation—God has a Mother. Out of this little sent ence floats, murmured forever, in every crimson ripple of the saving stream of the Predous Blood, the beautiful truth—God's Mother is ours.

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Let us fall to, then, with a determination to get the good of life as we go along—to take vacation from care and trouble every day, to live on the aumy side of every event, to have the fresh air of a happy temper and the bright outlook of a good conscience, and so really live white we live.

Money Saven and pain relieved by he leading household remedy, Dr. AUDET DATED and pain relieved by the leading household remedy. Dr. Thoran' "Generate Ott.—a small quan-tity of which usually suffices to cure a cough, heal a sore, cut, bruise or sprain, relieve lumbago, rhoumatism, nouraigia, exocriated nipples, or inflaued breast.



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Toronto, Nov. 19, 1985.

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(Signed) THOM AS HEYS, Consulting Chemiet.

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