

it on the hook and uneasily pushed his eye-shade back into his hair. Presently he got up, crossed to the sporting editor's desk and leaned over anxiously.

"S'pose, Mac, you've noticed Jeff hasn't turned up yet? Wonder if anything's wrong—first time this has happened in ages. Call up the house, will you?"

Teddy Brae, the cub, bustled into the city-room with customary noise.

"I say, Mitch, have you seen Cherry to-night? Got a peach of a jag on. Gee; he's orieyed! Worst yet!"

"What's that?" Copley's sharp ears had caught a little of what was not intended to reach them at all. "What's that about Rutherford?"

"I just saw him down street, sir," said Brae.

"Drunk?"

"Well, he——"

"Was he drunk?"

"Yes, sir, he——"

Copley flung down his pencil, went into the managing-editor's office, and shut the door.

"Mrs. Jeffreys says Jeff left as usual three hours ago for the office," reported McGregor when Copley came out a moment later.

The anger in the night-editor's face altered swiftly.

"Mitchell, just chase over to the police station, will you, and see if any accidents have been reported."

The clump of Mitchell's boots had no more than died out on the stairs when a greater noise of stumbling feet came on the ascent and Mitchell burst in again. Behind him, prodding him excitedly in the back, was old Jeff himself.

The latter ran straight over to Copley's desk and clutched the editor's arm, while his voice shook as he poured out the tale of his great find. Copley stared. He did not wait to play with his surprise; he did not wait for Jeff to finish, but slapped him on the back.

"Good for you, Tom! Sit right

down and wade in!" he cried, and hurried again into the chief's office. The managing-editor responded as if a fire-alarm had been rung in upon him. He came out, eyes snapping, sharply quizzing.

"Good! Good! Write it, Jeffreys! Sling it hard! Fine business!" He rubbed his hands together, and the chief did that only when he was very pleased indeed. "Here, better come into the exchange-room where you won't be disturbed. Fine business, sir! Fine business!"

They swept the papers off the desk. They got him the best typewriter in the place; they got Mitchell, the fastest man on the staff, to pound it for him. Copley was already out in the composing-room, going over the forms with the foreman and clearing space; every man on the machines keyed himself for a race against time. And tingling with the excitement of the whole thing, eyes bright, head clear, old Jeff plunged into dictation.

Nervously energetic as he was, the staff had never known the chief to show the excitement he did that night. It was past his usual time for leaving the office; but he gave no hint of leaving. He kept bobbing in and out of the exchange-room every little while to see how things were progressing. He leaned over Mitchell's shoulder and read a few pages as they rolled steadily upward out of the machine. If he was a little anxious at first as to how the old man was handling the stuff, his misgivings were soon dispelled; for Jeff was in his old form that night. The managing-editor chuckled as he went out and closed the door.

Every little while the ink-bedaubed "devil" ran in with a shrill yell for "copy!" The assistant-foreman worked like a demon, throwing in leads here, picking them out there, revising whole pages, and rushing them away to the stereotypers. The galley-boy buckled in and pulled more proofs in faster time than he had