

A Better
Slanderer
Every
Year

Now, Off, With Some "Pep"

Almost
Nobody's
Reading
It

STAR-TELEGRAM JR.

VOL. 2.

Fort Worth, January 5, 1914.

No. 2.

SOMEBODY'S LEAKED SURE; ENTERPRISE STAGGERS DINERS

In line with The Star-Telegram Jr.'s renowned enterprise, it has compiled a complete advance story on the annual Star-Telegram banquet, thus enabling guests to enjoy a complete description of scenes, complete report of all that is SAID in the speeches, and everything else worth while about the annual feed without having to wait impatiently to actually see and hear and eat all the stuff.

The Star-Telegram Jr. defies any reader (Fifty years paid in advance) to contradict this advance report after having suffered the banquet.

The toastmaster will talk and introduce somebody else who will talk. The banquet coming so soon after Saturday, the reporters will not eat as much as they would later in the week. The toastmaster will talk some more and then introduce one of the stockholders, who will SAY something nice about the loyalty and brilliance of the assemblage. The assemblage will chew fast and applaud with wild abandon.

"Great stuff!" those within earshot of the speaker will shout to one another. The toastmaster will talk some more and begin to call upon each individual reporter, business office authority, circulation inflater, artiste, linotype virtuoso, pressman, stereotyper, carrier and newsboy, each of whom will tell about what an unusual coincident it was that the next preceding speaker has expressed his very sentiments.

(But,—just among us members of the family, honestly, don't we have a helluva good time?)

RESIGNS JOB HERE TO BE MISSIONARY

B. C. Utecht is soon to give up newspaper work and lead a missionary expedition into Darkest Georgia in a desperate attempt to civilize the benighted natives, especially the savages of Columbus. An escaped inhabitant (meaning probably Pekor) recently caught in Fort Worth, but who now is semi-civilized, will act as interpreter.

(Editor's Note: This is correct, as Mr. Utecht himself wrote this.)

An Old, Familiar Scene



THE BOSS COLONEL

Every man on the paper thinks the world of the Editor in Chief—or pretends to, which is just the same for all practical purposes, and if any employe has failed to work him it is simply that employe's fault.

A stranger might take him for a very gruff man, but he is anything else in the world, and aside from making a demand upon him, it is doubtful if there is a point of attack that one can select without succeeding in landing on him for something.

Years ago he used to work, and when he occasionally throws a piece of copy into the waste basket it is because he happens to remember the fate of some of his early efforts, and even the best of men have something in them demanding measure for measure—whatever that means.

A careful study of him reveals the fact that he is easiest worked between the hours of 10 and 11 a. m. Every man is more or less "grouchy" when

he first comes down in the morning, but it is especially true of a man who is past forty—and he is—because after that age one begins to look forward to lunch as the greatest thing in life, and when the noon hour is approaching is the time to approach them. Copy that is reduced ninety per cent early in the day might pass untouched just before noon. It always pays to study a man's peculiarities.

Never take the last cigar out of his box—he is sure to notice it.

"MA" HOSMER

To the finicky contributors to the society column, Mrs. Lucy Hosmer is a very unaccommodating lady. Frequently she refuses to run advance announcements of tacky parties and poker meets more than four times.

But to the news room gang, she is just our dear, lovable "Ma" Hosmer. Some call her Mother when they are not in such a hurry that they must clip off syllables. We're for you strong, "Ma."

THE STAR-TELEGRAM JR.

Published by The Gang.

Claud Callan, Chas. F. Pekor, Jr., Gordon K. Shearer and A. L. Shuman, Copy Collaborators.

Louis J. Wortham and Among G. Carter, Innocent Bystanders.

NOTICE TO THE BUNCH.

Any erroneous reflection upon the character, standing or reputation of any Star-Telegram payroll beneficiary, which may appear in the columns of this what-not, will be gladly repeated in the next annual edition with the addition of whatever new the copy collaborators may get on you. Do not insist on seeing one of the collaborators personally. Mail your "beef."

MEMBER OF THE ASSISNINE PRESS.

Least Wire Service.

TOAST TO "THE KING."

LeRoy Shuman, "The King" of church editors, is too ill to attend the banquet. Here's a chorus of wishes, "Little Shu," that you'll be on the street before the doctors know it and that you'll be the headliner on next year's speaking schedule.

LECTURE COURSE.

The Star-Telegram Jr. announces a lecture course to be given by Sam Parke, who used to think nothing of touring Europe before he married and got on the Associated Press payroll. Free subscriptions for life will be given to all who stick out one complete lecture.

TO AWARD MEDALS.

The bunch watches with bated breath the astonishing run Harry Templeton, editorial office boy, and Leslie Carpenter, business office boy, are making. Office boys in the past amazed us by working a full month without letting mumblepeg or baseball lure them to resign. Rah for the stickers.

SUGGESTIONS TO BOSSES.

Each employe who has been with the paper longer than one day should be allowed an "entertainment account" of \$2.50 per day in the summer and \$5 per day in the winter. It costs almost double to entertain friends during cold weather.

Each employe should have an "understudy" to serve in his place in case he feels fatigued on the day following an entertainment of his friends, and in case the understudy is with him the work shall fall on whoever is in reach, but in no case should the faithful employe be reprimanded.

When copy is handed in that doesn't suit the Chief he should make it a point to compliment the work very highly and publish it in a conspicuous place, as if it were unusually good. This encourages young writers, and they may be depended upon for more poor copy.

Wages of all employes should be raised each week, even if it finally becomes necessary for the business manager to go out and borrow money on his own account to pay the salaries. This tends to promote harmony, and causes all to work together for the good of the paper.

Those in each department consider that department the most important, but perfect harmony prevails—especially at quitting time.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Editor Star-Telegram Jr.—No doubt you already had assigned your most trustworthy reporter to get a good, timely interview from me for your 1914 banquet edition, and this letter is in no sense a hint that I really desire publicity. In fact, modesty indirectly compels me to write this message, to request that you minimize the use of my name. However, if you must interview me or print my biography, you can find me in the booth next the free lunch counter any afternoon from 5 to 7 o'clock. Yours anxiously,
JOE FOX.

Editor Star-Telegram Jr.—If you intend to publish an auto page in your 1914 city edition, I shall be electrified to furnish you with magnificent photographs of myself, my car, myself in my car, my studio and a sample of my portrait work, all to be used in a layout, provided you give me the customary credit lines. Yours in good faith,
GEORGE M. BRYANT.

Editor Star-Telegram Jr.—Would you like a good personality story on me—one that throbs with the human interest of squeezing blood out of a turnip? Send me a "flash" by your office boy and I'll be right up. Yours for the coin,
EARL MAGILL.

NEAR-SANDWICH TALK.

(Editor's Note: The cant employed in this department is intended as an imitation of the style employed by The Fort Worth Sunday Sandwich, but is necessarily modified liberally in order that the reader may at least get a faint idea of what is really meant.)

Walt. Calkins izbin maid asst. advg. mgr. of The Star-Tel. Don't mind if we do, Mr. Calkins.

Ame Carter of here made a new record at our Gun Club's shute—low!

Miss Mary Lefler injoies the repitacion of writin more fotoploys then enybuddy else in Torrent kaounty. She kin show you most of them, jest as they wuz returned to her. Byron Carniverous Utecht also has many happy returns.

Mr. Gus Lundberg ain't what he used to be. A title like mechanical superintendent sure makes them ordinary employes hop around. Gus uster be a plain foreman.

G. E. Vance is acknowldgt some pote, but our printer got drunk on this year and we ain't got nobuddy to set up Bro. Vance's stuff till happynewyear1915.

"Jodie" Warren is goin to quit us and the police Jan. 17 and go to McMinnville, 10, to study how tew take picters at the So. Skule of Photography. Goodby, Joe, an take care o' yosef. We all love you, ole podner.

Everbuddy on The Star-Tel. payroll admits he (or she as the case might or might not be) does (his or her as the case might or might not be) work well, but they ain't none of em got nothing on Miss Lena Goerte, who keeps the MALE LIST.

Star-Telegram, Jr.

Three weddings affecting employes are scheduled to take place in the near future, but if any are contemplating divorce they have not handed in a report. Usually after a woman lives with a newspaper man for two years there is little danger of divorce, because the expense of the trial would deprive them of many luxuries pending the settlement of the suit.

EDITORIAL DICTIONARY

Beat—A reporter's refuge from the oppressive atmosphere of the news room and its scenes of activity.

"Crack"—A what-not.

Crowd—All country editors on friendly terms with a "cracksman."

City Brief—A "news" item contributed by the advertising department, usually with a suggestion for a top head and a first page position.

Dog Watch—Period from midnight to 3 a. m. Sunday when nothing short of a triple murder looks good to the reporter on duty at Central police station.

Must Stuff—Fillers shot into the forms at the last minute to take the place of hot stuff crowded out of the paper from one to four hours previously.

Round - About - Town — Something written by a reporter to accompany an inspired sketch by Plang.

Sidelight—The real feature of a big story usually slugged "sidelite" by the reporter, who has forgotten the real feature until too late to bother about pulling the lead back for rewrite.

Staff Photographer—A person who takes the blame in so-called "credit lines" for "news" photographs turned in with much ostentation soon enough to recall to the reading public's mind some big story of the past.

Star - Telegram Jr.—A publication that gives the reporter his only real chance of the year to express his sincere opinion of the desk.

Spizzierinktum—A Star - Telegram product found only in The Star-Telegram dictionary, though claimed by all departments.

MATRIMONIAL LEAGUE DOPE

- J. Garfield Crawford, Home Run.
- Kitty Barry, Doubled to Crawford.
- C. F. Pekor Jr., next at bat. Nothing but singles so far.
- James R. Record, struck out every time at bat, due for a homer.
- A. M. Keisker, doubled up at first by Memphis shortstop.
- Jim North, up for sixth time, fanned.
- Waine Archer, safe at home on error.
- Gus Lundberg, accepted every chance, two assists, two putouts.
- Heppner Blackman, nothing doing, except on high balls.
- Joe Schmidt, hard worker, lots expected of him.
- Leslie Robinson, weak at the bat, good bench warmer.
- Joe Warren, mighty willing, tries to gobble everything in sight.
- Bert Honea, shows up poorly in warm up; seems to have nothing.
- Jack Purcell, released after two years' tryout.
- W. H. Calkins, hits the ball but has "charley horse."
- Harold Hough, underweight, might improve with proper coaching.
- Frank Beneke, will be a regular on the team before season is over.
- Byron Utecht, a little slow, but is a comer.
- Joe Fox, long and rangy; good on inside plays.
- Tom Deray, recruit from the bush league; record unknown.
- A. L. Shuman, played out after 21 years' service.

'KICK NOT,' CRIES HONEA IN FORMING ANTI-TOUGH CLUB

The Star-Telegram Jr. announces the following plans for 1914:

Star-Telegram Jr. Free Milk and Dice Fund. A solid glass loving bottle of milk will be presented to the most proficient craps shooter on the payroll. Weekly shoots (Saturdays) to be held under the direction of Hep Blackman.

Star-Telegram Jr. Better Story Contest. Page one press agent stories to be awarded to reporters writing stories 40 per cent perfect, according to the standard of the desk judges. Lunch club assignments will be used as penalties.

Star-Telegram Jr. Good Fellows Club. Good Fellows will be gauged solely by their inactivity in asking for salary raises. Address: B. N. Honea, Chief Good Fellow, for particulars proving why you ought to be a Good Fellow. "Kick not."

Star-Telegram Jr. Tongue Twister Contest. "Bosses" not eligible. Applause will reward humble employees who say something coherent and without turning pale when they rise to pay respects to "bosses" at annual banquet.

UNPARDONABLE!

Miss Frances Brecher went to Galveston last summer. At least two laborers at the sign of the blinking red and green star report they failed to receive postcards from her.

Her defenders say, though, these men are married and it doesn't matter so much, but we think it must have been very humiliating to them to have been overlooked.

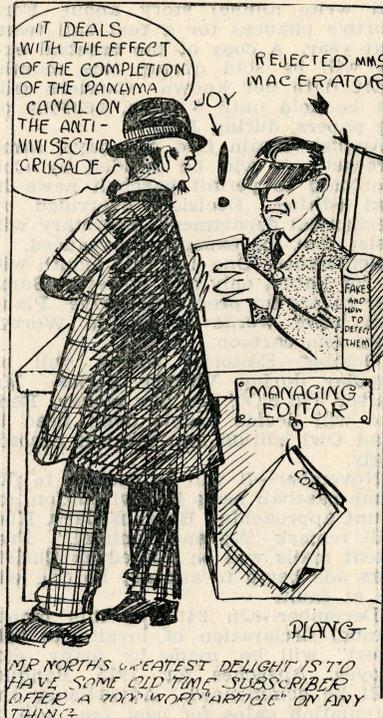
AMUSEMENTS

AMUSEMENTS.

At The By-Us-All indications point to a rush to the cashier's window Saturday to see Miss Edna Lefler in her new vehicle, "I-O-U." There is a dramatic mixture of pathos and fun in this great play. Miss Lefler's hobby off-stage is handling a bewildering multiplicity of funds all at once. Good Fellows, Flood Sufferers, Star-Telegram Panama Canal Books, Star-Telegram Dictionaries and classified ad money are a few of the funds she handles all together with never a nickel placed in the wrong fund. She is working on an invention that will make such work possible to anyone in 1,000 easy lessons.

At The Dyspeptic-Vaudeville goers are spoiled after being entertained once by the great Plang in his endless repertoire of droll stories. Plang's act is so head-liney, it would be offensive to mention other acts on the bill. Plang's good nature is proved countless times before every audience by his willingness to explain the point of any of his cunning little jokes that may go over the head of dolts. The great comedian is so in love with his work that he charges no admission. Consequently, the police are expecting a riot when the doors at the Dyspeptic open. Matinee daily at 2:30 a. m.

Turned Down! Just a Little Editorial Room Seniorio



IN THE COURTS

Last Disgusted Court.

HON. LOUIS J. WORTHAM, JUDGE. H. Blackman vs. B. N. Honea, touch; motion for new hearing, overruled.

W. H. Calkins vs. Miss Irene Jones, suit to obtain credit for advertisements telephoned in voluntarily; always on trial.

Harold Hough vs. The Public, injunction to prevent unreasonable rapid daily increase in circulation; judgment for defendant, plaintiff to pay costs.

Injustice Court, Sacred Precinct.

HON. JAMES M. NORTH JR., JUDGE. Y. Y. Murphy vs. Waine Archer, injunction to restrain widening of column in order to contain heads; granted.

A. M. Keisker vs. C. F. Pekor Jr., damages for mental anguish of afternoon assignments; dismissed in accordance with statute of limitations.

J. G. Crawford, Joe Fox, G. K. Shearer et al. vs. J. M. North Jr., J. R. Record, B. C. Utecht, Waine Archer, C. F. Pekor Jr., mandamus to compel publication of list of headwriters; dismissed on agreement to make heads say what the stories do.

Court of Domestic Relations.

HON. MRS. LUCY HOSMER, JUDGE. J. G. Crawford vs. Kitty Barry Crawford, divorce; suit withdrawn.

Good Fellows vs. B. C. Utecht, neglect of minor child; dismissed on defendant's promise to buy a button next Christmas.

Every newspaper man's wife tells him that the copy he furnishes is the best in the paper. It usually isn't.

CLASSIFIED ADS

WANTED—Suitable bachelor apartments. Reason for change of location, landlord threatens to tear down building at once. Will stand for anything but children or dogs. Letter preferred if necessary to have either. Address George Martin, care Star-Telegram Jr.

FOR SALE—Several remnants of automobiles. Very valuable for collectors of antiquities. Buyer can assemble various parts and have most complete composite gasoline car ever built. Will make either 2, 5 or 7-passenger capacity by using portions of various tonneaus. Will sell either by measure or weight, but purchaser must take all or none. Terms reasonable. Ask for Elder Shaw, Composing Room, Star-Telegram, Jr.

WANTED—Commissions in any kind of military, semi-military or quasi-military organizations. Highest cash prices paid. Will positively overbid all competitors. Don't go any further. See me. Claudius Canterbury, Lieut. Capt. Major Domo, 2d floor, 8th and Throckmorton Sts.

INFORMATION WANTED—Will pay well for information as to the best way to live through the Yuletide on less expense. 1913 nearly proved fatal and don't feel that I can survive another year like it. Real money paid for this information, but informant must be married and speak from experience. Double Jay Starr, this office.

HOW TO SET ADS WITHOUT ANY HELP, by O. H. Bereuffy. 399pp, beautifully bound in goatskin. Agents wanted for this popular book. No well regulated home should be without it. Liberal commissions. Author will give personal instruction to all buyers without extra charge. Demonstrations every day in Star-Telegram Building, 2d floor, east. Consultation free.

SEND 10c for valuable tract explaining technical points about expert time-keeping of fistic and other animal contests. This small sum will enable you to secure the advantage of many years of experience on the part of the author, who has kept time in every known variety of encounter and some kinds hitherto unknown (to him). Write, wire, phone or call, Foreman Stereotyping Dept., Star-Telegram, Jr.

MOVING PICTURE SCENARIOS written to order. Also teach the art to others so you can write them as well as I can. Guarantee proficiency in seven minutes' instruction. Prices reasonable. Will take pay in installments if desired. Newsboys not taken as pupils. For further information, address M. B. L., 30,000 Daily, Fort Worth.

SEE THE OLD STRAY-HAIRED SPECIALIST, Dr. W. H. Calkins, specializes on special pages. Dummies made to talk for me. Any old thing will do as an excuse for a special. Satisfaction guaranteed, but no money refunded. Ask for Calk, everybody knows him.

Marriage Licenses.

Joseph W. Warren and Miss Newspaper Photography.

J. R. Record and Miss Eternal Bachelorhood.

Tom DeRay and Miss Vaudeville Bug.

In the art department the fellow who is always ready to stop work and tell you a joke is Plangman. The man on your left, who is out, is the chief artist and editor of the Sunday Sandwich. He will be back in a few minutes. Sit down and wait for him.

Between Banquets

A second reading of the stars in the electric sign to find out what will happen between this Dinner and the one in 1915. NOT by a Hindu Seer.

January—Morning after Banquet many witty things will be recalled by liners which would have made a hit if included in speech of evening before. Gus will decide that Owl edition is useless nuisance.

February—Assistant Advertising Manager will blush modestly when speaking of new title, also explaining how honor was forced on him against his will. Front part of title will be worn away by the ceaseless grind of putting more advertising in the paper during this 28 days than ordinary 31.

March—Editorial department will decide to print some baseball news in Owl edition. Decision will be reversed by Supt. Circulation will be entirely too high.

April—Circulation department will almost get the hook for permitting circulation to slump twenty copies. "Hep" will not increase size of Sandwich nor place more than nine cartoons a week in the paper during April.

May—Five pay days in May, employees will not discount personal bills. Bert Honea will find it an impossibility to grant requests for electric fans. This will grieve Bert greatly, likewise requestee. Tom Deray will decide we don't need an Owl edition and act accordingly.

June—No girls in circulation will be married. Mr. Carter will return from

East in time to take leave for vacation in West.

July—Morning of the fifth "Kike" will write annual story about Fort Worth's chances for a real ball team next year. A copy of the baseball extra will be sold during this month, exact date not known. Carriers will not be held until 6 p. m. account of big papers, during July.

August—Again five pay days, same forecast. It will be decided by Col. Wortham to permit baseball news in Owl edition. Decision overruled by mechanical department. Secretary will insist that ice expense be reduced.

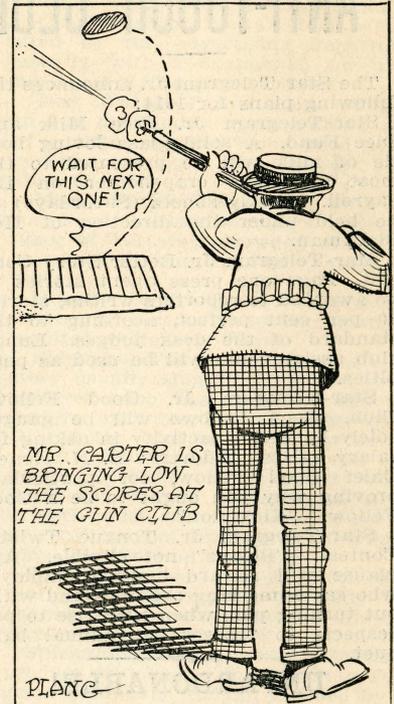
September—One day this month will be for Labor, only one, however. Summer rollers for press will arrive. Plang will leave words "I Should Worry" from one cartoon.

October—Editorial rooms will be popular during World's Series. Mr. Carter will NOT lose any money. Bencke will decide people don't need to read Owl edition and print it accordingly.

November—It will be decided to put some baseball news in Owl edition account approaching Bargain Days. Kike will remark "No such animal." Frequent mails will be missed as Christmas ads begin to appear; no one will be at fault.

December—On 24th of this month annual declaration of loyalty to "old sheet" will be made by many employees. Speeches for 1915 Banquet will be commenced. Advertising and circulation gains for past year will be biggest in history of Star-Telegram.

Our Clay Pigeon King, Ame Carter, in Natural Pose



AROUND THE CLOCK.

When Pekor is out of town:
 7 a. m.—Just Right Record arrives at Star-Telegram office.
 From 7 a. m. to 7:30 a. m.—Record reads Record.
 Reporters begin to arrive. Rewrite is handed out until 8 a. m. when Kitty Barry arrives.
 8:01—Record speaking, "Miss Barry, give me 150 words on Harmony Club recital."
 8:02—"Miss Barry, get me a story on blind girl."
 8:03—"Miss Barry, get up a feature story, 2,000 words, on woman suffrage."
 8:04—"Miss Barry, what are you doing?"
 8:05—"Miss Barry, see Judge Buck, Jude Swayne and Judge Brown on Turkish women's rights; also verify this Record story on Mitchell-Greer banquet. In the meantime report to my desk for assignments."
 (Repeated every five minutes in the hour, nine hours each day.)

Last year those whom the shoe pinched predicted there would be no Vol. 2, No. 2 of The Star-Telegram Jr. For the first time they had seen their black souls in all their unlabeled nakedness. A great journal had been born to tell the truth about The Star-Telegram bunch all the time.

Well, here we are again, still quivering with the thrill of our 1913 triumph and defying those whom the shoe pinches this time to stop honest shoemakers from plying their trade in the creation of a 1915 model.

There are a lot of weighty things, slopping over with sentiment, we might say in this lead editorial, but the speakers will furnish enough of that across the banquet board.

COMPARISONS ODIOUS TO THOSE WHO READ

Reporters Invited to Criticize This and Answer Next Year.

It is interesting to notice the different peculiarities of men in the same line of work and associated so closely together as are the three editors upstairs. James North, the Managing Editor, is high-tempered and inclined to be rather cross. Often a good subscriber will come up with a three or four-column article that he wishes published, and if it has no news or other value, this fellow will absolutely refuse to run it, whereas if he would be reasonable, the paper could be filled in this manner, saving reporters and editors much work and worry. He is very prompt in everything, and, although he has been with the paper several years, he never has failed to call for his pay check on time.

Jimmie Record, News Editor, is more mercenary, and has hoarded his money and invested it in town lots in various parts of the state. One down toward the Mexican border is an unright lot. It is located on a perpendicular hillside and can be seen for fifty miles before the settlement is reached. The

land surrounding the lot is worth a dollar an acre. Next year he is going to plant the lot in millet, sowing it with a blunderbuss, and when ripe he will harvest his crop by throwing boomerangs at it to flail the seed out. His wife—that he will soon have—can assist him by gathering the falling grain in her apron and dodging the falling chunks.

Charles Frankenstein Pekor, Junior, City Editor, is more romantic than either of the above. He reads poetry by the yard and memorizes it, too, using it to soothe the savage breasts of his reporters and to coax Kike into taking assignments in the off season. He's the dandy little fixer with the public and has never been known to run from an angry female. His hobby is telephoning; his favorite date in history, Feb. 10, and his recreation, purchasing, raising and owning bulldogs. In his time he has owned some great scroots, including "Mike," the West Fifth street terror, and the late lamented "Jack Sprat," the town loafer. The Ct. Ed. is just back from Georgia and enjoys the distinction of being the only editor who ever cut a vacation short. He still has three or four days coming to him. But how Charles does love Fort Worth!

FACTS WORTH KNOWING.

If the money of all the people in the news room was changed into one-dollar bills and placed end to end it would almost reach over what any one of them owes, and there probably would be enough left for car fare.

If the business office were discontinued entirely everything would go on just the same—until Saturday night.