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**\* The \*  
Mozio Boy**

He is a Source of Good Luck to His Benefactors

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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It was my partner, Rogers, who had the interview with the janitor of our office building, and in that way we first learned that little Leonardo Mozio had disappeared from his accustomed haunts in the Italian district, and his mother was frantic with fright and grief.

Rogers and I were interested in the case at once, for Mrs. Mozio was the woman who cleaned our office and also washed our clothes at her home—we never dared to think where it might be. Mrs. Mozio needed the work, and we had recklessly torn it from the grasp of a mechanical laundry and carried it down to our office, where little Leonardo Mozio trudged after it every Monday morning and brought it back in a more or less indifferent state of purity on Friday evening.

"Suppose we go down there and find out about it. Perhaps we can help the poor soul," suggested Rogers.

"I presume there is nothing pressing to keep us here," I said rather apologetically.

Jack glanced quizzically at the morning newspaper which I held in my hand and then at the elaborate disarray of legal papers on my desk.

"A casual observer might think you were head over ears in work," he grinned.

"Some one has got to keep up the reputation of the firm," I said weakly.

"Never mind, old fellow," encouraged my optimistic partner as we sprinted for a descending elevator and lost it, "never mind, some day they'll be waiting our pleasure. There'll be so many clients we'll have to have an extra large waiting room and take a few more partners into the firm to handle the business."

"What did you learn about the Mozio boy's disappearance?" I asked, changing the subject.

"The janitor says he heard the boy carried some laundry home Monday night to his mother. He went out to play in the street after supper and hasn't been seen since. Of course the newspapers suggest Black Hand, but that is absurd, as there's nothing to gain by stealing a penniless Italian lad. His mother believes that he went down to one of the piers to have a swim and was drowned."

"That sounds most likely. Let me see, he must be about seven years old, eh?"

"So they say. Here we are, Harley—lord love you, what an excitement!"

A babbling, chattering crowd of Italian women and children, with here and there a man, idly curious, gathered about the dirty doorway of the tenement house where the Mozios lived. Inside the narrow hallway was Mrs. Mozio, pale and distraught, her black hair streaming down her thin cheeks, her work worn hands gesticulating despairingly.

When she saw us coming through the crowd her voice lifted in a thin wail of grief:

"No gotta da clothes done, signor. Leonardo he nevva com-a back no more!"

"Take us upstairs, please," I said to the distracted woman. "Mr. Rogers and I have come to help you if we can."

Breathing broken thanks, Mrs. Mozio led the way up the rickety stairs to the single room where she and her boy had lived contentedly together.

"His-a father he die quick, and now my leetle Leonardo is gone!" She threw her apron over her head and wept noisily.

"See here, Mrs. Mozio," said my partner briskly; "we have come to help you find Leonardo. You will have to help too."

She looked up and shrugged her shoulders. "He in da river," she said sullenly.

"How do you know?"

"Where else Whatta any one wanta poor little Italian boy?"

"That's what we're going to find out," soothed Rogers. "The police have been on the lookout, and there isn't the least reason for your thinking your boy is drowned. Very likely he has run away."

She listened eagerly and drank in every word, weighing it carefully to let its foreign meaning sink into her understanding.

"Whatta you think?" she asked when he had finished.

"We will come tomorrow and tell you unless— Here is car fare, Mrs. Mozio; you come to our office and we will have some news for you. You say he has been away since Monday night?"

"Ah, yes! He bringa da signor's linen for da wash, and he eatta supper, and he go-and nevraire come-a back no more!" She wept again.

"What did he wear?" asked Rogers,

pulling out a notebook. But details of the poor little tragedy were very meager, and Rogers made most of them, asking questions about trivial matters just to encourage the poor soul who had no relatives in this country and who was widowed shortly after her arrival.

We discovered that little Leonardo Mozio wore a pair of corduroy knickerbockers and a pink calico shirt; also that he needed a hair cut badly, and we did not doubt that a bath would not have come amiss. We found that he had eaten heartily of black bread and strong cheese and that he had also partaken of garlic.

"Might trace him by the garlic if it wasn't that the atmosphere is overcharged with it now," remarked Rogers disgustedly as we got down into the street.

We did not speak again until we had emerged into a clearer atmosphere, and as we rode uptown Rogers turned to me.

"Well, Harley, what do you make of it? They say that not even his playmates remember seeing him after supper that night. Queer, isn't it?"

"Yes," I replied slowly, "but I've been turning something over in my mind, Jack. It's a question the woman put up to you, and it's a stickier too."

"Out with it."

"What does any one want with a poor little Italian boy? There isn't any money in it. Find a motive and you'll discover what has become of the child."

"Got any ideas?"

"Yes. You can help me search through back files of some of the newspapers to see if you can find where there has been a death in the family of a well to do Italian family—say the death of a boy about Leonardo's age."

"Batty! Yes, you are all of that, Harley."

"Why? Ask yourself the question, 'What would any one want with a poor little Italian boy?' And the only answer I can find is that he might take the place of a child who had passed away."

"Loony as can be!" murmured Jack as we alighted and went to look up the newspaper files.

The joke was that Rogers found the only notice of the sort we were looking for.

"I find that Lorenzo Orsati and Rosa, his wife, lost their six-year-old son on the 15th of July," said Rogers sheepishly.

We looked up the record of the Orsatis and found that they were a wealthy Italian family, the father engaged in the importing of olives. They lived in a fashionable apartment house uptown.

The next morning we made our way uptown to the apartment house where the Orsatis lived. As usual, Rogers took the initiative, and when we reached the vestibule he suddenly ordered me about face and said he had an idea.

"Come to the park first, and if you see any dago looking children say so."

"There's the genuine article, Jack," I whispered. "Hear 'em rattle off the Italian!"

"Sure enough!" And with the fascinating smile which has brought him no little success when he aims to win confidence Jack approached the olive skinned nursemaid who was chattering to the dark eyed children about her.

"Mr. Orsati's little boy is not here today?" he inquired graciously.

She shook her head, displaying magnificent teeth. Then she sighed. "So sad, signor. The little one is dead!"

Rogers started. "No, no," he said quickly. "I mean the new boy—the one they have taken to fill his place."

She shook her head with a puzzled glance, but one of the children who had been listening eagerly evidently understood enough English to grasp the trend of questioning and spoke to her in fluent Italian. Her pretty face showed surprise, incredulity and then pleasure.

"Little Nina says it is true—the poor parents have adopted a little boy to fill the place of their beloved one. It is said that the boy cries all day long. It is so sad!"

Rogers pressed thanks upon them and dragged me away. "Harley, old man, please be careful not to lose your head. It's invaluable to the firm of Harley & Rogers."

"I always said so," I admitted modestly.

At the Orsati apartment we found it difficult to gain admittance. At last Rogers went out and telephoned to them that he had come after the boy, Leonardo Mozio, and they must be prepared to give him up at once to his proper guardians.

Well, the upshot of it was that we did gain possession of little Leonardo Mozio, who was tearfully resplendent in a sort of Lord Fauntleroy suit of black velvet, in which he looked more like a brigand than anything else. He was weeping noisily when we rescued him after promising Mrs. Orsati that we would try and find her a boy after this pattern whom they could legally adopt.

It is needless to describe the joyous scene when Leonardo was restored to his happy mother. He was her only child, and she was a widow. Leonardo was the center of an excited audience when he told of how he had wandered uptown after supper that Monday night and how a beautiful automobile had

stopped and a lady and gentleman had questioned him if he would like to live with them and be their little boy.

Leonardo had said he would, and they took him at his word. Afterward he repented bitterly, although they treated him royally.

The upshot of this matter was we did find a child for the Orsatis, and the check that we received for our services was as an oasis in a trackless desert. Moreover, the Orsatis took an interest in the Mozios, and Mrs. Orsati found work of a better sort for Mrs. Mozio, who was discovered to be a maker of exquisite lace. Then in time they moved into better quarters, and Leonardo Mozio has the promise of a job in the Orsati offices when he grows big enough.

And the funny part of the whole business is that they all look upon Rogers and myself as benefactors.

**BAD CHECK ARTIST CATCHES HOTEL CLERK**

Walla Walla Wash, Jan 30.—James R. Cummings, night clerk in the Central lodging house, indorsed a check for Walter O. Inman, an agreeable stranger who stopped at the house and now the officers are hunting for Inman. The guest ran short of money and Cummings went with him to the bank. A \$150.00 check on a Boise bank was produced and Cummings stood sponsor for Inman. The bank advanced the sum of \$50 and accepted the rest as a deposit. Inman disappeared and the Boise bank reported the check as worthless.

**FACTS ABOUT REGISTRATIONS IN 1912.**

- General election will be held on November 5.
- Primary election will be held on April 19.
- At the general election will be elected president, vice president, one United States senator, congressman for new Eastern Oregon district, secretary of state, sheriff, clerk, assessor, treasurer, coroner, surveyor, commissioner, justices of the peace and constables, recorder, superintendent of schools, dairy and food commissioner, railroad commissioner (2nd district) state representative, Union and Wallawa counties senator from Union and Wallawa counties, representative from Union County, joint senator including Union, Malheur and Morrow counties.
- At the primary election parties will nominate for same offices and in addition will express their choice for president and vice president and will elect delegates to their national conventions.
- Registration closes on April 5.
- Last day for candidates to file nominating petitions, April 4.
- Registration reopens April 29.
- Closes for last time May 15.

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