THE THRASHING OF THE EDITOR

By HENRY SYDNOR HARRISON

When solution made his famous weight of course, only speaking by and the famous interest in cold truth, the contemporary was interested. The half-shekel Semitic monthlies and the royal library (I dare to say) as and the royal library (I dare to say) as and the royal library (I dare to say) as and the royal library (I dare to say) as and the royal library (I dare to say) as and the royal library (I dare to say) as and the royal library (I dare to say) as and the royal library (I dare to say) as and the royal library (I dare to say) as and the royal library (I dare to say) as and the royal library (I dare to say) as and the royal library (I dare to say) as and the royal library (I dare to say) as and the royal library (I dare to say) as and the royal library (I dare to say) as and the royal library (I dare to say) as and the royal library (I dare to say) as and the royal library (I dare to say) as an one to self-to the leading hotel, shall lose no time in searching you out and exacting suitable apologies for your humorous but improper menaces. NORMAN B. ADAMS. John Marshall received this message on Wednesday morning. As he read it, his face turned scarlet and then slowly whitened. He glanced hurriedly at his watch (worn by Grandfather Carmichael which is a horribly wrong, screetchingly on the glanced hurriedly at his watch (worn by Grandfather Carmichael which watch (worn by Grandfather Carmichael with guns they easily get the drop on the separation of long-suremen's unions; with guns they easily get the drop on the series of going into personal details. I can't fight you can't work. My rensona should be self-evident. Hut fight what's the use of going into personal details. I can't fight you can't health what's the use of going into personal details. I can't fight you washe the use of going into personal details. I can't fight you can't health you can't health you can't extend you washe he use of coing into.

Sir-I expect to be in your city some tink. My rensona should be self-evident. Hut if you make any more of

ety (whether in Indiana or not, as the ess may be) go down any street to a given point, turn twice to the left and more to the right, step into the house thus located, ascend to the third floor, and rap gently upon the door at the rear of the hall. A pale young man will open to you, and gladly will be read for your delectation the opening pages of his fourth-coming (fourth coming-back, that is to say) great novel. Heed not his sheedlings, but continue your researches to the top or skylight floor. And behold there his little sister, crying softly to perself as he puts the finishing touches upon a six-act tragedy.

John Marshall's compositions bore no resemblance to pugilists past their prime. They could always come back, and did. I am not now speaking of the well-known purist, but of his collateral descendant of the same name (through complicated inrmarriages among the Keiths, Carmichaels and Amblers) who occupied the very small office adjoining Judge White's and just across the hall from Major Col-

waitched, the glanced nurriedly at his watch (worn by Grandfather Carmichael at the battle of Shiloh), and found that it was 9:20 o'clock. The train from the North got in at 7:50. O heavens! The editor was in Berkeley now, at the Jackson Hotel, waiting, perhaps already think-

The young legal-author jumped for his old gray-felt hat, where it hung on the nail, and dashed madly out into Main

In John Marshall's veins palpitated the blood of men who, from Bacon's rebellion on down to the last race riot in Almee's cafe (Boston), had run to trouble as a bridegroom to the nuptial bower. It never palpitated more hotly than now, as the young man sped along to the Jackson Hotel. The thought that at last luck had brought him personal combat with an editor, and this particu-lar editor above all others who cursed the earth with their presence, drew him with a thrilling fascination. The code duello, it is only fair to say, he did not contemplate, having been born since 1870. No, horse-whipping was more in his mind, with plenty of gore, editorial gore, flying about the premises. Mayhem at the least he promised himself, homicide if possible— "Is Mr. Norman B. Adams, of New York here?" he inquired, in a calm,

fax's, in the Holston Real Estate Building steely voice, of the Jackson Hotel clerk.

window.

Now, of course, I know quite well that this is horribly wrong, screetchingly on "the wrong note." All the heroes I ever read about, catch them how you will, have been terribly efficient fighters. With fists they lick bargemen, stevedores and presidents of longsnoremen's unions; with guns they easily get the drop on Arizona bad men; with swords they pink the French count, with rapiers run through the villainous Italian. Nor does any man live who can best them at jiu-

through the villainous Italian. Nor does any man live who can best them at JiuJitsu, or back-alley savate, with machete or long-spear, with holero or boomerang.

But truth is inexorable. Your writing chap, masterful creator of uproarlous demigods, is himself a thin-chested fellow, with sedentary muscles and the hands of an anemic lady. In the editor's stunning physique, John Marshall could have found convincing roof of his own have found convincing proof of his own favorite thesis, viz: that editors know nothing whatever about writing. He himnothing whatever about writing. He himself, the writer, was the editor's longitudinal inferior by a cool foot. The himiliating confession can be deferred no longer. John Marshall, for all his valorous spirit, weighed but 107 pounds. He himself had forgotten this annihilating fact for a space. Now he was remembering it.

John Marshall was 21 years old, and this was his first affair of honor. It was

John Marshall was 21 years old, and this was his first affair of honor. It was not going by the books at all. It was not fear that chained him there, gazing blindly out of the window; you are not to think that. No 300-pound hero treads the pages of fiction readier to face death than Mr. Marshall was at that moment. What paralyed him was the address grisly paralyzed him was the editor's grisly threat. Death, curses on it, was denied to him. But he could not conceal from himself the knowledge that this editorial giant could turn him over his knee, and that he would so turn him, and release him a laughing stock for all men to his

Let the linotype gallop over this bitter moment. When John Marshall, wheeling, white to the eyes, suggested pistois, the editor took pains to answer soothingly He was, in fact, most anxious to avoid the shame of having to assault an op-ponent out of his class by 70 pounds. Nevertheless, his grievance remained; and out of it presently grew a suggestion—namely, that the writer should name somebody to represent him in the af-

'Come, Mr. Marshall," said the debonnair but determined young man. "I be-lieve in your pluck, but I can't fight you. That's flat. It's either somebody else or no fight at all. Now we both want some action for our money; and I for my part have taken a long Journey in order to leave some mark of my disapproval of the ways of you Southern fire-eaters. Come, be a sport. Isn't there somebody in the immediate family who would like to take up the quarrel? Say your grand-father? Or perhaps your tallest uncle?" John Marshall hardly heard the bit-ter Insuit. His gray eyes glittered over the sudden hot thought in his brain.

"Since you are afraid to fight me, sir"-he clung passionately to that way of put

ting it—"I have not doubt you would be glad to meet my older brother?"

"That's the talk," said the editor, in-terestedly. "I confess to being wild for a few passes at somebody bearing your honored name.'

So the brother was agreed upon. Concise talk followed. The retired spot on cise talk followed. The retired spot on the Marshall grounds was fixed as the place of "meeting"; 11:30 as the bour. John Marshall raised his ancient felt, bowing low. The editor hotsted his shin-ing Pariama, bowing even lower. "I have the honor, sir, to wish you a very good day."
"So long, Mr. Marshall," said the editor. At 11:20, resplandent Mr. Adams stood

At 11:20, resplendent Mr. Adams stood motionless and silent in the ancient loft of the Marshall barn, his featherweight

bag of business togs lying open but un-heeded at his feet. Mr. Adams stood glued to the window. (CONTINUED TOMORROW.)



SCRAPPLE





THE LOW-BROW SPECIAL CONSTABLE



Our own special—"If something don't turn up in a minit, I'll go back and have an argument wid Murphy. I've got to hit some wan."



had the mumps he teased to go out and give them to the other boys."

HAVE A

CIGAR

JERRY?

THE LADY WHO ZIGZAGS IN FRONT OF YOU. ACH

THE PADDED CELL

DID IT EVER HAPPEN TO YOU?



"Talk, sir, is the cheap recourse of men of peace. When we stand face to face, in a suitable spot-"

shall's sign (on which \$2.50 was still due to the painter) read Attorney and Counseler-at-Law, but it appeared to find few readers. Clients, at least, failed to surge.

So John Marshall, with the aid of his practically as good as new typewriter, addressed himself to finding that larger addressed himself to finding that larger. addressed himself to finding that larger perusing public which lay beyond the

Berkeley puritous. But alas for the feline habit of the product of all beginning auth rs! In six onths. Mr. Marshall's expanditure for long envelopes alone reached \$6.90, while his postage disbursements narrowly missed boosting the Berkeley postoffice into the second-class division. Such fatheaded withholding of recognition embitiers a man's soul. After running through his mail of a morning, John Marshall would pace his six-by-twelve office for an hour at a time, wildly longing that the editors of the nation might have one nose that he might pull it, one pair of donkey's cars that he might wing them, one eye that he might biff it with a biff that would ring round the world. Passionately he kicked out, in his Pacings, at seats which were not there. And then, after 10 months of this sort of thing, a manuscript which the Favorite Magazine had had in its keeping for seven weeks, and for which the deserved into the second-class division. weeks, and for which the deserved emolument had long since been cashed in fancy and expended in 20 glorious ways, turned up in the cold company of a printed rejection slip.

John Marshall blew up. His comments sere so ingenious and searching as to dict silent approbation in the respec-tive offices of Judge White and Major themselves trained commentators Consax themselves trained commentatives on the uses of adversity. The vocal explosion over, the young attorney sat palely to his typewriter, and gave his morning to the composition of the following.

in re Story, entitled, "A Maid o' Dixie." Editor The Favorite Magazine, New York, New York.

Sir-The unexpected return of my story, satisfied as above, without apology or explanation, betrays an even more serious deficiency on your part than the want of discernment, or even ordinary intelligence, which I have hither noted in you.

An editor who requires seven weeks to ascertain his alleged mind in regard to a 500-word story would appear to be stantly in need of guardianship. Such pitable irresolution, when displayed in handling the property of others, approaches perilously near to that grave moral delinquency prohibited slike by the examon law and the Eighth Commandment. Yourg, etc.,

JOHN MARSHALL. The editor of the Pavorite Magazine slee appeared to have a certain amount of pepper in his corpuscies. In two days his reply was at hand, and contents

bear sir-On behalf of the Favorite's reputation for sanity. I feel that an apology should be made to you for the leng delay in returning your story.

Through the carelessness of an assistant office boy, your manuscript was lest for more than six weeks. But for his unloward circumstance, I can assize you positively that "A blaid o' bitle" would have gone back to you by faura mail. Yours very cordially.

Editor, the Favorite Magazine.

Running through this little note, it occurred to John Marshall that the editor

ed to John Marshall that the editor got a shade the best of him in the lange of repartse, he eat to his stall. The scitor in New York to his again. The editor in New York a strain. The scittor in New York a strain of the science of the s

elving that he was growing restive the Hers an samples of phrase-donn Mars. In the next round, it issues more by the same piece

Standing by the window, looking idly out at what the Berkeley Mirror would have called the passing throng, stood one of the tallest young men he had ever seen. He stood six feet two, for a guess, this young man, and his figure was the figure of Apollo, when Apollo was young and venturous. He were a brownish-tinged Panama, with a gay folded band, a flannely kind of suit which, loose though it was, possessed a certain hang and lowcut tan shoes such as any purchaser may duplicate, at one particular custom shop in the metropolis, at \$14 a pair. He looked

be enjoying very excellent health.

To this stunning figure, John Marshall drew near with frigid courtesy and stately "I have the honor of addressing Mr.

young for an editor; and he seemed to

Adams, I believe?"
The young man wheeled and nodded pleasantly. At the sight of the good looks

pleasantly. At the signt of the good loose of his face, Mr. Marshall's hatred was fanned to a flercer flame.

"Permit me to introduce myself, sir," he said, icily lifting his felt hat. "Mr. John Marshall, at your service."

The editor's smile died away. He lifted his brilliant Panama, in imitation of Mr. Marshall, but mechanically and not at Marshall, but mechanically, and not at

all as if he really meant it.
"Talk, sir, I take it," resumed Mr.
Marshall, "is not required between us. I believe we understand each other per-fectly. There is," he continued, "a re-tired spot on the grounds of my family homestead which, in my opinion, offers an ideal place for us to bring our little dis-cussion to a finish. If, however, you ob-

The editor interrupted him, by waving his hand in a large vague gesture.
"Oh, drop it," he said absently. "Let me think." He continued to look intently at John

Marshall, and his pleasant face hardened with a faint frown.
"So you're the chap who's been firing
off all those bloody murder letters," said
he, thoughtfully. "You should feel rather

ashamed of yourself, I think. You really ought to have told me, you know, and saved me the trip down-"
"Told you what, sir?" demanded John
Marshall, belligerently.
The editor answered by a casual look,

and a smile that was more stinging than any speech. John Marshall's lips paled.
"Talk, sir, is the chesp recourse of
men of peace. When we stand face to
face, in a suitable spot..."
"That's just the trouble," said the edi-

tor, annoyed. "There can't be any stand-ing face to face."
"You won't fight me?"

"Can't. you mean."

The fiction writer stepped nearer, an error of judgment on his part.
"Because you're afraid." he hissed whitely. "I knew you were a coward.

The editor burst out laughing, gaily,

The editor burst out laughing, gany, carelessly.

"That's it. I'm afraid," said he. "The prejudice of juries against child-murder is indeed marked."

Despite his gentleman's dislike of a "pussonal difficulty" in a public place. John Marshall's hand uncontrollably flow up. Inslantly both his wrists were pinioned in a grip that was own son to a hydrau'ic preas. Moreover, the editor, by a quiet but lightning shift, stood in such a position that Mr. Marshall could not even operate his feet, as for kicking.

ing.

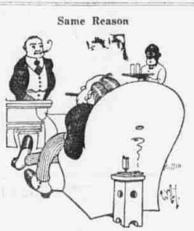
"Now try not to be a fool," said Mr.
Adams, in a low, kind voice. "You appear to be a game little piece of work.
If that will do your feelings any good, I may it gladly. But for heaven's aske drop this ante-bellum pantomime about pulling my cars and so on. For one thing, you



A Legitimate Query

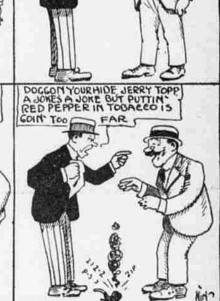
"Well, if that Watson Isn't the most conceited, self-satisfied, self—"
"Yes, I've heard you say something
of that kind before. What's started
you off this time?"
"He just sent a telegram of conrestrictions to his mother."

gratulations to his mother," "Today's his birthday." - Every-



Poole-Why doesn't Jaggins come to the club any more? Bohling-He's married, Poole-But what brings Sniffkins so I PLAYED THAT HAW, HAW, WISH JOKE ON OLD OT 3 HO CAH I GIVE DAN HINEY





Bohling-He's married. FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB

GOOD NIGHT TALKS Dear Children-I wish all of you would stand up straight. What would

you think of a building that was "all doubled up"? Underneath your shoulder blades is a set of muscles which holds you up and keeps you straight. This is so that the wonderful machinery in your stomach may do its work and also to take the weight off your spine. On the football field we see Johnnie Jones sent back to the bench because he "hasn't any backbone."

To have backbone, to have courage, you must stand up straight. Go over to the wall now, while you think of it, and stand up straight. Put your heels firmly on the floor and your back and head against the wall.

Keep that way-be straight, don't be crooked, don't be a crook. FARMER SMITH. Keep straight. The Children's Editor, the Evening Ledger.

FARMER SMITH, The Children's Editor, The Evening Ledger, Philadelphia, Pa.

I wish to become a member of your Rainbow Club and agree to DO A LITTLE KINDNESS EACH AND EVERY DAY. SPREAD A LITTLE SUNSHINE ALL ALONG THE WAY.

NAME Address Age School I attend

"Ahem!" went Mister Rooster one morning, but Mrs. Leghorn did not look at him. She went on by him into the hen house and laid an egg.

"I wonder," she said to herself, "how I will ever know which eggs are mine and which are not?" She looked at the egg and then scratched as he skeedaddled away. an "L" on it, and, after making a terrible noise with her cackling (hoping, of course, to attract Mister Rooster's attention), she flew out of the hen house.

"Ha! Ha!" thought Mister Rooster to himself when he saw her. "I guess I'll go in and set on Mrs. Leghorn's nest, and when Mrs. Plymouth Rock comes along I will make her believe that I have laid an egg."

Mister Rooster hopped up on the nest, all the while peeking out to see if any one was watching him. When he left the hen house he met Mrs. Leghorn.

"What's the matter? What's the matter?" asked Mrs. Leghorn, coming up to him.

"I have just laid an egg for you, my dear," said Mr. Rooster. "And you were kind enough to put

Great Doings in Henville | the "L" he was so surprised that he exclaimed, "How did you know I put an 'L' on the egg I laid for you."

"I didn't know it," answered Mrs. Leghorn. "I put that 'L' there myself."

"It doesn't pay to lay an egg and then lie about it," said Mr. Rooster,

Our Postoffice Box

Some good angel must have guided these two letters to our box. Read them-they will tell you more plainly than any words of your editor just how each one of you may help the

Dear Rainbow Santa Claus-My Sunday school teacher told me to write to you to see if you will come to our house Christmas Eve, as my papa is sick and is not able to work. I hope you won't forget us. Since our papa is sick, Christmas doesn't mean anything to us. Please do not forget RAYMOND KAFFER,

North Bodine street. four little brothers and sisters.

Dear Farmer Smith-I would like to

pack them up and as soon as you let me know where to send them I will do GERTRUDE B. KIERNAN, North 11th street.

There must be many little girls and boys who have toys that have ceased to be of much use to them. Think of the pleasure and joy they would bring to the little ones who have no hopes of a visit from Santa Claus! Perhaps you have only one thing to spare. Well, ONE thing is enough to make ONE child happy, and, oh! how happy you will be on Christmas morning to think that somewhere in the city a little heart is bright that, but for you, might have been sorrowful on this loveliest of days. WRITE TO FARMER SMITH AND TELL HIM JUST WHAT BOOKS AND TOYS YOU ARE WILLING TO GIVE.

Perhaps, like the little boy in the first letter, you want some. In that case, write to Farmer Smith and he will see that Santa Claus does not forget YOU.

Your Workroom

This corner belongs to you-you are to write the articles that fill its space. Doesn't that sound interesting? I know that every club member is anxious to know what the other members are doing-we all want to hear just what sort of Christmas presents the girls are making, we want to learn of the wonders the boys are accomplishing with their hammers and their hands. Let's tell each other all these clever secrets? Write briefly and describe as clear-

ly as possible the thing you made and the way you made it. Each night there will appear in this corner one of your own articles. Publication will depend on negtness and composition. Writers of articles appearing in this corner are entitled to 25 Rainbow Club credits each. Credits are valuable, you'll soon know why.

Do You Know This?

1. Who discovered electricity? (Two credits.) 2. What has a kite P. S .- I am 10 years old and have to do with this discovery? (Three credits.) 3. Why is it dangerous to take shelter near a tree during an electrical storm? (Five credits.) 4. an 'L' on it, were you not?" asked become a member of the Rainbow What name of a famous inventor can Mrs. Leghorn. Mr. Rooster hopped Club. I have many toys that I would be formed from this sentence, "HE IS back to the nest and when he saw gladly give to some children and I will NOT SO MAL".



"Bobby, are you sure that's a Sunday puzzle you are doing?" Bobby, "Well, you see, I can't tell until I've done it."

Logic Any cat has one tail more than no cat-No cat has two tails. Therefore: Any cat has three talls

Two Halves Smithson-My half-brother is gasted to my wife's half-sister.

Jitson-When will they be made one?

-AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME

