THE THRASHING OF THE EDITOR

By HENRY SYDNOR HARRISON

THE first view of the Marshall place whose old-timely windows he sternly whisked by young Mr. If he had succumbed without a The house was ramshackle, it of repair, it wanted paint, its entiawn needed the ministrata berbivorous tonsorial artist.

To was about it a kind of wistful mallow and lovely charm, such there was about it a kind of wishful for a mellow and lovely charm, such the editor had never seen matched on ide of the big sea water. Now, from the view, he stood gazing out over most and shrubbery and flowered treineds and shrubbery and flowered treined tall boxhedges and exquisite old sardens and ancient outhouses in the land red; all blended by time into most charming harmonies of tone and

By George!" breathed Mr. Adams, bis of John Marshail and brother from his heart. "No wonder these fought like devils for such great

fores as this!"

dressed blithely, donning white
trousers, a white soft-collared
to pongee, and white kid shoes with
tol pongee, and white kid shoes with of pongee, and white kid shoes with rubber soles. After which he downstairs, hoping for the to explore a little; and found John walked a hundred steps side by in perfect silence, and then the firew open a lattice door. From will be good enough to wait a moment, sir, I shall bring my ber and your second, Mr. Colfax, at

editor made no reply. He ps editor made no reply. He was assignabout him with charmed eyes, stood in a little round garden-close, after of which was close-clipped turf, and fine as an English bowling. The inclosure was of lattice and the many blooming flowers of garden hugged close to the lattices it was round, leaving the green clear, was end rose a giant magnolia tree, was end rose a giant magnolia tree. tarden augged close to the fattless to each round, leaving the green clear, to each rose a giant magnolia tree, spanied by a splendid group of tail, the hydrangeas. And (to tell the chief or last), the whole round of the latter was thick with pink rambler roses, which ran and climbed royally wrighter, and which, at the narrower is of the close, fairly crossed and met on, smbraced and kissed.

"Friect!—all perfect!" breathed Mr. sams, earaptured by the glorious bower. Hay I wish I could buy this place—or rails—or marry it—But I'd go out and at that grass at the side the first thing." At his word, the pink rosedoor, at the riber end of the close, nearest the suddenly swung open. A girl as singing through the wall of flowing a stooped dead just inside.

an singing through the wall of flow-need stopped dead just inside. The girl stood staring at the editor, if the editor stood staring at the girl. without, she was wondering (though a rader must regard this information a strictly confidential) what Greek god a strayed down from Olympus to irra-als the morning of Berkeley town, and though he was wondering by what mode the was wondering by what make the fairest of Diana's nymphs of ceme at this moment to impart the al touch, the last wonderful stroke, to consummate scene around him.

The girl recovered first. It has been rue that they always do. She made lills movement, like one brushing a

The your pardon." she said dreamily:
If her voice was the voice of a brook
name over clean, white stones. "I did
to how that my brother had brought
fried home with him."

re eyes that have looked upon a

Reeditor ventured a step forward, be-wred by the mad gymnastics going on member inside of him. The confusion his manner would have been rather a sulfying sight to Mr. John Marshall. In afraid I-I can't claim to be extic a friend of his," he stammered utruly, "That is—as yet. But I-if I may so, I hope to be seen—ah, very so. I hope to be soon-ah, very

She looked at him with faint inquiry in her eyes, which seemed to necessitate his taking three more steps toward her. "I—in fact, I only came down to see your brother on—on business."

And then he remembered what this business was—nothing less than battering this nymph's big brother to pulp, if you please—and his pleasant face flamed.

But John Marshall's sister was not disconceried by this display, having witnessed it before upon the faces of young men.

men.

"I suppose you are a client of his, then?" she continued sweetly (though there was a door immediately behind her, and she could cortainly have gone away if she had had a mind to).

"Well, no-not-just that," the editor confessed miserably. "Not just-just at this moment. Later on, I-I-"

"Perhaps, it needn't matter, need it?"

—so she came to his rescue. "Anyway you are his guest-aren't you?—and therefore—ours."

"That's-that's fine of you," remarked the editor, betraying a rare gift for re-

partee.

He was quite close to her now, looking He was quite close to her now, looking down. She was rather a little girl, and fair, though her hair was dark and rough. There was no denying the spectacular character of her sea-blue eyes, which had clearly been made for a person many sizes larger and come to her by some mistake. Farticularly was the editor intrigued by the phenomenon of her lashes, which were so long that it looked, the way they started out, that collision with the slightly tilted little tip of her nose was inevitable. The delightof her nose was inevitable. The delightful thing about it was that they cun-ningly saw what was coming, and curled up just in time.

"And what are you and John going to

do in the tea garden?" asked she. Is he giving you a little party, with lemonade and cake?" "Oh-do you have tea here-in this beautiful place?" asked the editor wit-

tily. "Yes, on fine evenings we do. But it



A girl came singing through the wall of flowers.

isn't even afternoon yet, you know, I really can't think why John should have abandoned you here at 11 o'clock in the morning, particularly as you have busi-ness to do."

Why, oh, why, did she harp upon the question of the business?
"Why-ah-doubtless it will seem some-

what odd to you," faltered the editor, "but-but the fact is that-er-manly sports were proposed for this morning. You know how men are-mad on sports.

You know how men are—mad on sports.

It—it grew out of a little talk down at the hotel—ah—just a small talk."

"You will find John very brave and clever," said his slater, "only, of course, he is not so tall as—some men are."

She reached over her head and plucked a pink rose, and held it daintily to her the convergable convergence. The memorable conversation pro-

ceeded:
"Shall you be in Berkeley long? Of course you will at least stay for the ball tonight?" or tonight?" echoed Mr. Adams, delighted but mystified. "Oh, yes, of course I shall stay for the ball."

"I am sure John will think it a pleasure to get you a card to the floor."
"Oh, yes: Old John will certainly do

"It is our annual Horse Show ball, you know, and we consider it very splendid."
"I can think of nothing," observed the editor, "that would induce me to miss it.

Silence in the tea garden. Stence in the tea garden.

"Could I," said the editor—"might I dare to trespass so far as to—to beg that you will dance with me?"

She looked up, and for the first time smiled. Though the editor had seen many in his day, it had never before occurred to him that a smile could be so gioriously decorative.

"And yet we say," mused she, "that you Northern men more slowly—Well! Do you think it would be just the thing—

you think it would be just the thing-tell me-when I don't even knew-

She turned, checked by a noise. The resedoor behind her opened, and the key young face of the fiction writer appeared there for a trice. It instantly dodged back, apparently to issue warnings to somebody behind him, but in a breath it reappeared, bringing along the remainder of the start course ware presentable. reappeared, bringing along the remainder of the stern young man's personality.

"Will you be good enough to excuse us for a few moments, Diana?" he said frostily. "I have some particular business with this gentleman."

"Of course," said she.
And turning a look upon the editor, she was gone in a flash.

Mr. Adams strolled away, and his eyes went off through the loose roof of roses, and lost themselves in the asure round. "Diana! Diana!" he cried to Glory hallelutab, her name's Diana!

But his raptures were summarily out short by the entrance of the fighting party. The editor recalled himself, turned, looked, and his heart bounded. For a minute and a half, young Mr. Adams had been much worried by his necessity of pummeling Miss Diana Marshall's brother. Now he saw, with sincere relief, that unless he looked alive such pummeling as took place that day bade fair to be indulged in on the other side of the fence. Behind John Marshall advanced one of the biggest men ever seen, a great black-haired Hercules, in sleeveless jersey and running trousers, who, without an ounce of fat, must have weighted close to 220 nounds. The face of who, without an ounce of fat, must have weighed close to 230 pounds. The face of this man was not delicately patrician like his literary brother's; but here, plainly, had gone all that overplus of Marshall bone and muscle which ruthiess nature had withheld from John. He had a chest like a hogshead, and the hands that hung down his sides reminded you on the spot of a couple of shoulders of mutton.

of a couple of shoulders of mutton.

Businesslike were the introductions:
Mr. Frederick Marshall, Mr. Adams; Mr.
Landsdowne Colfax, Mr. Adams. The
brother grinned faintly and ducked his
huse dark head. Mr. Colfax (Mr. Adams'
second) advanced and resolutely clasped
the editorial hand. It was a heroic thing,
that handclasp, a Spartan sacrifice the
second was making on behalf of the
gentlemanly amenities that summer morning. For tall, thin Mr. Colfax was a
poet; and (to be brief) his collection of
rejection slips was already one of the rejection slips was already one of the largest in America. The editor strolled about the garden-

The editor strolled about the gardenclose, leaving professional details to the
seconds, drinking in the beauties of the
secone. His wandering eye noted one
window in the house, high up in the
time-softened tower, which fairly commanded the secluded scene of the fray.
He wondered if haply a goddess face
might lurk there behind the swaying
curtain, and decided in the negative.
Thus he unwittingly confirmed another
favorite hypothesis of John Marshall's,
viz: that editors are very poor deciders.
At the call of Mr. Colfax, the tail poet,
Mr. Adams came to attention. In view
of the mutual desire for prompt and decisive results, it was agreed that all
rounds and intermissions should be dispensed with, and that the ring should

rounds and intermissions should be dis-pensed with, and that the ring should be the whole tea garden. Otherwise, the regulations laid down by the late famous Marquis should be adhered to.

The particular business of the day was thereupon proceeded with. The two strong young men went willingly to work to determine, by the ordeal of Homeric battle and for all time, whether or no a New York editor could keep a Berkeley manuscript geven weeks and then reject it with a printed slip.

it with a printed slip. CONTINUED TOMORROW FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB

GOOD NIGHT TALKS

Dear Everybody-What do you want for Christmas? Now, what do you die I want for Christmas? I want 1000 members of The Rainbow Club. every one who is a member now will send in 10 new names, we shall have 0 members by Christmas. Won't it be beautiful when you wake up on Christmas morning to jump

of bed and say: "Hurrah! I am one of a thousand children who are happy today because we done a kindness to some one every day and spread a little sunshine

along the way." It's great to belong to a club. Let us hope on Christmas Day you will 4 999 happy thoughts sent to you, just as YOU send 999 happy thoughts

If you wish, I will send you a printed pledge, so you can get your schoolto join with you and get 1000 members before Christmas. You can do it! One thousand members by Christmas!" Say this to yourself and then FARMER SMITH.

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 Age

School I attend.....

DOINGS IN TOYLAND

hat morning.

the wonderful things for Santa same, only it won't be a doll."

and by Presto came and Santa said to him:

want you and Spark Plug to me a machine that will read my for me. I get 500,000 letters and 320,709 are from Philadel-

to disappeared and, after gethis magic wand, retired to his toy factory.

me see! Let me see!" ex- By and by he came down with a Santa Claus, as he stopped box on his arm. "Here!" he cried to the 367,892d letter he had Santa Claus, "poke your letters in this

end and they come out answered at must get me a machine to read the other. If a little girl wants a atters for me," he began again. doll, you poke her letter in and the g to the tiny telephone, he ask- word 'doll' with her name and ad-Miss Wirey, the operator, to con- dress comes out the other end. If it him with Presto, who always is a boy, the answer comes just the

> Santa Claus took a letter and did as he was told and what DO you think?

At the other end of the box came out sawdust, a few rags, some hair. "Here! here!" cried Santa Claus,

'your machine is no good." "Yes it is!" replied Presto, "that was a letter from a little girl on on the 72d floor of Santa Spruce street, in Philadelphia, and she wanted a doll."

MEMORY TEST

SEE IF YOU CAN REMEMBER THIS NUMBER TOMORROW

123,453

FARMER SMITH, Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER.

"Oh!" exclaimed Santa Claus, "she shall have it! Give me her address, but fix your machine."

Do You Know This?

1. Name two uses for electricity. (Five credits.) 2. What kind of light is made from

the water power of Niagara Falls? (Five credits.) 3. What is a telegram? (Two

credits.) 4. In 1682 a certain man signed a

treaty with the Indians under a big elm tree. Can you form his name with the letters of this sentence, "I WILL NAP, MEN"? (Five credits.)

Our Postoffice Box

Some more good angels have been hovering over our box.

Dear Farmer Smith-Just a few lines to let you know about our family. We have seven children, the youngest is 9 months old; I am the oldest, I am 14. I go to school and when I am not in school I help my mother as much as I can. I cook and sweep and mind the baby and the younger children. We do not expect to see Santa Claus this Christmas unless, perhaps, the Rainbow Club might send him to us. My father has not been working steadily and we are in need of help. MARY LAWLESS,

Montrose street.

South street.

Dear Farmer Smith-As I was looking over the EVENING LEDGER I saw the coupon about the club and I was very glad and thought I would like to join it as I have so much time. I thought by joining this club I could use my spare time by doing good. Hoping that you will tell me what to do to help some one, I am your little LOUISA CAPAZZI,

Just at this time, little Louisa, I think a splendid way for you to use that spare time would be to enroll

yourself as a Rainbow Santa Claus agent. Collect the names of the little girls and boys who are willing to give up old toys or books to the children who are asking for them. . Send in the list of names to Farmer Smith and you will be doing a great amount of good. Are there any more little girls who would like to be Rainbow Santa Chaus agents?





Recruiting Sergeant: "Why haven't you joined?" Weedy Pearson: "Cause I'm on War Service." R. S.: "What are you doin'y"

The Conscript

"Lor', how I wish I'd come when I was called!"

Oh, My!

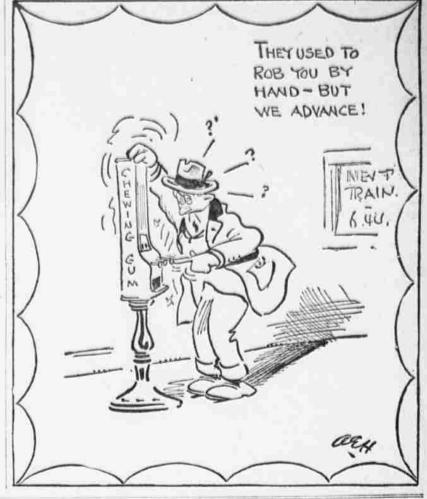
Wastage

How Much Longer Can It Last?

W. P.: "Making gramophone needles for use at the front."

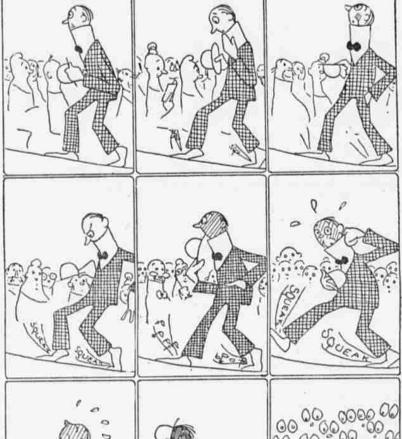


Mistress - 1 shall be very lonely, Bridget, if you leave me

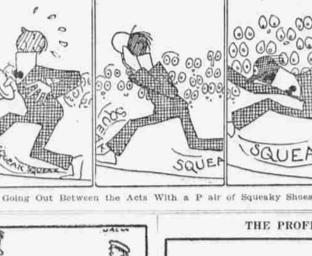


THE PADDED CELL

SONGS WITHOUT WORDS



He-You once told me that nothing could persuade you to marry. Yet I persuaded you to marry me. She-Well, I said "Nothing" could,



Magistrate—So your husband has been deceiving you, sh? Mrs. Henpeck—Yes, the wretch! I used to give him 10 cents for his fare every day and I found out he's been walking to work and spending the QUEAT

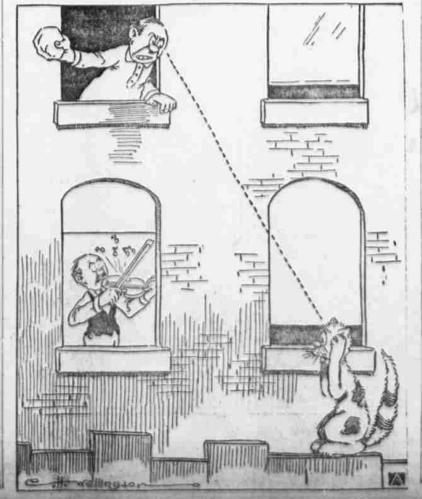


A Gay Deceiver

A Hand-Painted Lamp.



-AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME



THE PROFESSIONAL INSTINCT AGAIN



Private Smith, the company bomber, formerly "Shinto," a popular just gler), frequently causes considerable anxiety to his plateon

Prosperity has rained many a

Pirst Sandwirh Mun-Do they pay