

THE THRASHING OF THE EDITOR

By HENRY SYDNOR HARRISON

You shall read no details here of jobs, books and swings, of sidesteps, feints, glances and sways. If your fancy...

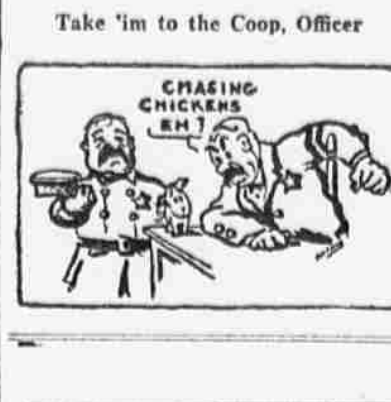
"You must tell me what it is," "Couldn't you just let me take your lawn mower," begged the editor, "and run it a few times over that beautiful side lawn of yours?"

In time, he struggled to a sitting position, looked wildly at John Marshall, and shout out "I'm not the editor, either!" and once more collapsed.

SCRAPPLE



Instructing Officer (after particularly "gory" lesson on bayonet work)—And now, has any one any questions? Recently Joined Subaltern—Yes, sir. How does one transfer to the Army Service Corps?



FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB

Dear Everybody—I know a little boy who calls a bank a "Money Store." Now, isn't that funny? What do you know about a bank? Have you any money in your bank at home, or in a big bank downtown?

Great Doings in Henville "Have you bought your Christmas presents yet?" asked Mr. Rooster of Mrs. Leghorn, one morning. "Yes," replied Mrs. Leghorn. "I bought yours first of all."

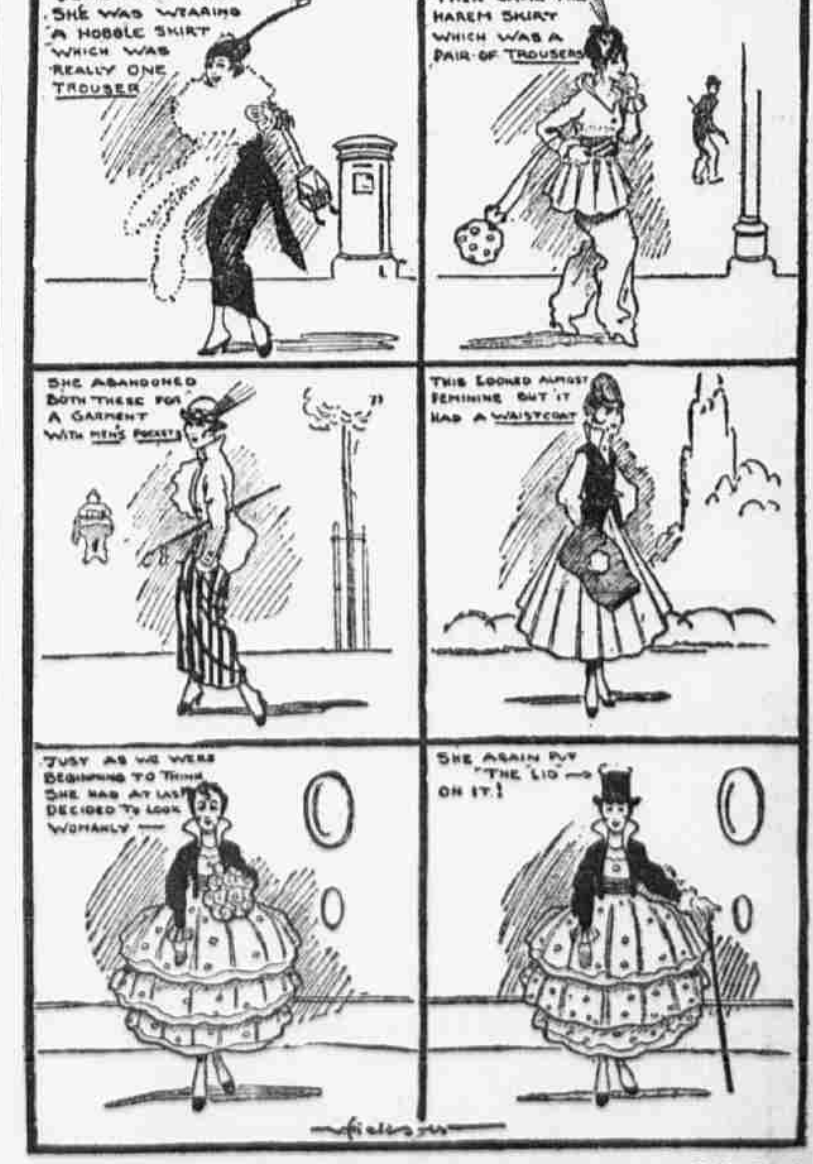
THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

By Rupert Hughes, begins in tomorrow's EVENING LEDGER. "I mean a bar and a cad," said the fiction writer, bravely looking the editor in the eyes.

Your Workroom

A little artist has been working with his tools. Nail—not in the act. Do You Know This? (1) What is the difference between a new penny and an old dime? (Three credits.)

MAN'S EFFECT ON WOMAN'S FASHIONS



Quite True

