THE THRASHING OF THE EDITOR

By HENRY SYDNOR HARRISON

rott shall read to details here of Jabs, hooks and swings, of sidesteps, feints, plexuses and swats. If your fancy e such grisly synopsis, consult the ing page of your morning newspaen any fine July 5. For seven min-(by Mr. Colfax's stopwatch) the two en any fine July

s Of Mr. Colfax's stopwatch) the two
operated diligently without let or
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operated with a long so the stop operated to
operate want. It popped out suddenly
operated want. It popped out suddenly
operated with the distor, having skilfully
steadled. The editor, having skilfully
operated with his left arm, was starting
operated with his left arm, was starting
operated with the speed of

and then, by some strange angle of coffion the editor became aware in a make that the tower window did, after all beld a goddess face, and his arm all beld a goddess face, and his arm are paralyzed. Petrifyingly it rushed over him that this man whom he was about to obliterate from the upstanding enverse was nothing less than the big broker of a goddess. For a hundredth yar of a second he hesitated, turned to slose. And in that flying instant he saw the burly face of the brother break into a rectorious arin, was aware of a tiny, dail, remote shock, and felt himself rocking downward into a deep and dreamless gives.

You feel better now, sir?"

Now the editor gave a little laught where st that terrible brother of yours?"

"He has gone—with Mr. Colfax, and by its consent. It was understood among in that the fight was over. Of course, powerer, if you—"

only wanted to shake him by the hand," said the editor, "and tell him that he's a better man than I am."
He came to his feet by stages, expertly sting himself for damages. Upon his deneut young face there was no mark

"Why. I'm sound as a trivet!" said he elightedly, treading about the tea gards and kicking out with his feet. "Got as on the law, I suppose?"

The fiction writer watched his man-cases darkly. And presently the editor tood by him, his bright hair shining steed by him, his brunder the morning sun.

John Marshall rose. He did not look as happy as a writer ought to look who has just (through his agent) licked a shameless rejector of manuscripts. He gased down at the editor's hand, gazed up at the editor's eye, and paled.

"It is impossible." said he.
The editor's hand lowered, and the
happy ook died in his eyes
"Don't you think I got pounded hard
enough to-to wipe out our little diftrence of opinion."

"Ordinarily speaking—possibly so."
"I don't understand your code, of course," resumed the editor almost pleadingly. "But I thought that the pleadingly. But I thought that the fifth ended the trouble between us. I I hoped that perhaps we might be

"It is not possible."
"Then I-I suppose I must go."
John Marshall made no reply.
Mr. Adams put up a long, strong arm and bent down a spray of pink rambler rose. It was a pretty gesture that he had learned from a lady.
"Tour sister," he said, much embarrassed, "was so very good as to mention to me the—the Horse Show ball tonight. I thought that perhaps—when when had hearmared our billtranear away.

tmight I thought that perhaps—when we had hammered our bitterness away— I-I-might be permitted to stay for it." "It is out of the question," said John Marshall, through clenched teeth. "Then I-I must go," replied the edi-

It was pitiably evident that he did not sant to go. He wandered sadiy about the charming tea garden, palpably put-ting off the moment of departure. Of a poer of fiction.

me, or in a big bank downtown?

savings bank because it is working for you.

Can't you earn 25 cents a week?

Great Doings in Henville

"Have you bought your Christmas

bresents yet?" asked Mr. Rooster of Mrs. Leghorn, one morning.

"Ahem! Ahem!" went Mr. Rooster.

How good of you! How thoughtful!

"I couldn't tell you, for if I do, it

ildn't be a surprise and a Christ-

tut!" replied Mr. Rooster. you wouldn't mind telling

"Are you going

"Surely, surey," said Mr.

"What I am go-

ing to give you

will not fit in

your stocking."

to hang up your

stocking?"

Rooster.

about the wagon? I will

up the wagon. Will my present

might," answered Mrs. Leg-

"but you would have to tie it

here do you keep this big pres-tor me?" asked Mr. Rooster.

present is not a Christmas presal without a surprise," replied Mrs.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Leghorn.

ught yours first of all."

Now, isn't that funny?

bank earns INTEREST.

"You must tell me what it is."

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

The fiction writer stared at him, "It is my favorite exercise," added

"It is my favorite exercise," added the editor, lying hastily, "I-at home,

"If you are serious in your extraor-dinary request, sir," said John Marshall in a hard voice, "I-must decline to grant it."

The editor made a little gesture of resignation and despair.

"I-hoped that you might find it possible—for just half an hour * * * Then, goodby. I—can find my way perfectly." He turned and left the garden beautiful, with bowed head wended his way to the ancient barn. Propped against the barndoor, blistering in the sun full under his eye, stood a large, new, red lawn mower. The address that the sun full under his eye, stood a large, new, red lawn mower. The editor stared at it, fascinated.

There, not 20 yards away, stretched the tangled and neglected side lawn—the one blot on the perfect place. Here, in his very hand, was the ingenious instrument which could erase that blot in almost the winking of an eye. And not a soul was in sight, anywhereeditor, an Olympian in white,

seized the lawn mower, and pushed it cautiously over the luxuriant green, looking about him furtively as he did cautiously over the luxuriant green, looking about him furtively as he did so. The mower squeaked, but he pushed on, cutting with degred file on v. sien the his sense of guilt, beneath his deep gloom, he drew happiness from the small service of love. He must soon depart forever from the lovely old Marshall home, but at least he would leave behind him a subtle and sweet reminder of his brief visit to Elysium. There was one who would look from her window in the days would look from her window in the days to come upon the new-mown lawn, and perhaps she would think—

Feet trod upon the awninged side porch of the house, now close by, and John Marshall advanced over the grass. And the editor saw that his face was not menacing (as he had feared) but was white as

"Mr. Adams, do you care to kick me,

The editor leaned his white pongee arms upon the handle of the lawn mower. Tenderness came into his voice as he ad-dressed Miss Diana Marshall's brother, "There's not a man in this world," said he slowly, "that I hadn't rather kick than you."

"Here in my own home, in sight of a public street, here where my own servants can see it-come," said Mr. Marshall, "kick me!"

"May the Lord strike my foot off be-fore I do any such thing," said Adams. Why, what on earth's stinging you, old -I mean, what is the source of your wor-riment, Mr. Marshall?"

"I'm a par and a cad," said the fic-tion writer, bravely looking the editor in the eyes. "That was not my brother you fought with in the garden, Mr. Adams."

Mr. Adams, started, bewildered. "Why, what do you mean?"
"When you-when you laid your hands on me there in the hotel," said John Marshall, through white lips, "I seemed to go crazy. We are like that. If I had been born 20 yours earlier, I would have that you down the start they have shot you down then and there. As it was—I did want to kill you. I—must have lost my head entirely. I named my brother to represent me. I have no brother. I—"

"But-who was that splendid fellow, then?"
"Red Costigan, the heavyweight champlon of the Southern States," said Mr. Marshall wildly. "Borkeley's his home. Now do you see why I couldn't shake hands with you. Now will you kick me? Come, kick me! I insist upon it,

With the face of death, he folded his arms and stood in the approved position. But instead of obeying that desperate mandate, Mr. Adams collapsed upon the

grass.

What do you know about a bank? Have you any money in your bank at

What is the difference between your bank at home and a savings bank?

Money which is not earning interest is "lazy money." It stays around

If you deposit one dollar (100 pennies) in the bank every month for a

ear you will have \$12.20 at the end of the year, and if you keep on putting in

per month, at the end of 10 years you will have \$139.96. All at the rate of

If one year from now Farmer Smith's Rainbow Club has been the means

This is the Christmas season. Enough money is spent foolishly to feed

When you go to buy a Christmas gift ask yourself if the person who gets

postcard:

Leghorn.

ha hungry of Philadelphia for a year. What is the rule about spending your

Econey? Simply this: When you go to buy something, a stick of candy or an

making one (only one) member save a dollar a month for 12 months I shall

every happy, and I am sure the member will be happy, too.

MEEDS IT. I am going to talk to you lots about MONEY.

sirship, simply ask yourself, "DO I NEED IT?"

until you spend it-perhaps foolishly. You do not like to take money from the

the charming tea garden, palpably putling off the moment of departure. Of a
minimum of the moment of departure. Of a
minimum of the moment of departure. Of a
minimum of the writer of fiction slowly turned.
Mr. Adams was rolling about the lawn,
the victim of a mysterious paroxysm,
kicking this way and that with his
white-shod feet. An astonishing exhibition he made of himself, prone and
pawing the fragrant earth; yet there
was something so artless and unaffected
was something so artless and unaffected all-don't you think perhaps you could in his abandon that you could not have to me one little favor before I go?" said the effect was wholly displeasing.

FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB

for answer, money at home earns nothing, while the money in the savings ners not in the city at all.

FARMER SMITH, The Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER.

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To join The Rainbow Club, copy

following in your letter or on a

Children's Editor, Evening

Ledger, Philadelphia, Pa.,

Please enroll me as a member of

Sign your name and address.

Give your age and tell what school you attend. Send no money or

your club and send me a Rainbow

Do a little kindness
Each and every day,
Spread a little sunshine
All along the way.

SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB

HOW TO BECOME A

FARMER SMITH,

button. I promise to

stamps. Write plainly.

Dear Everybody-I know a little boy who calls a bank a "Money Store." there are in the world, if you only

John Marshall stood and stared down at him. He did not smile. But the mer-ciful color came trickling back into his face, and the agonized lines about his mouth slowly relaxed.

At last Norman B, Adams could rise and speak. And as he spoke, his good-looking face sobered; for what the end of the matter would be now he could no guess.

Forgive my asininity, Mr. Marshall, "Forgive my asininity, Mr. Marshall. You've simply beaten us at our own game. You see the editor of the Favorite is a little lame man, aged 52. I should put his weight at 98 pounds. He's a mighty good fellow, Walter Ewell Bryce is, but—Mr. Marshall," continued Adams earnestly, "If I may say so, you're an awfully neat letter writer. Of course we pictured you as a man seven feet tall, with a felt h—I mean a big black felt hat, and a couple of howe knives stuck hat, and a couple of bowle knives stuck into your top boots. I happened to be going to Richmond anyway, on business, so we persuaded old Bryce--"But who are you, sir?"

"Oh, I'm Adams—really—a great friend of his son's, Tommy Bryce. I—I've done a little amateur boxing at the New York Athletic Club," he added diffidently. And then he came to a sudden nervous stop, awaiting the first words of the fiction writer with unconcealable anxiety. John Marshall stared intently at the

top of a tall cleander bush.

"The affair of honor becomes somewhat confused," said he slowly, biting his lip. "Let me see, If a heavyweight champion licks the friend of an editor's son, exactly where do I get off?"

"It's equivalent to your licking the edi-or," said Adams eagerly, "Ask anybody any court of honor, and they'll tell you -any court of honor, and they'll tell you the same. Why, you could make a monkey of Bryce, Mr. Marshall. And oh, by the way," he ran on hurriselly, "he let out some mighty decent things to me about your stuff, Bryce did. He said that story of yours, "Made in Dixle"—"

"'A Maid o' Dixle," corrected John Marshall. Marshall.

"I mean 'A Maid o' Dixle'-would have been acceptable but for some little tri-ling fault of construction. It's all a trick, you know—they have no end of little

He broke off dead-stood rooted in his tracks. A girl all in white appeared sud-denly on the little awninged porch, and her voice was the voice of a brook dancing over clear, white stones.

"I won't intrude and be rebuffed again," d she. "But-of course, you have made Adams promise to stay for dinner,

The fiction writer looked into the mutely beseeching eyes of the ex-editor; then looked off toward his sister. "Well, of course, Diana," he replied without a quiver. "I am now asking him to show cause why he shouldn't spend a week with us."

with one flying giance the vision on the purch seconded the invitation, and was gone. Into Mr. Adams' cheek streamed the revivitying pink.

streamed the revivifying pink.

"I say, old chap," he stammered huskily, "this is awfully-awfully decent of you, I can't tell you how I—"

"It's a regular part of the code," said John Marshall dreamily. * * "Do you know, I'm sort of sorry I pumped it into Bryce so hard. He sounds like a pretty good fellow to me."

"Walt," said Adams, taking his hand in a large firm grasp, "till you see the bully letter he writes you when I go back and tell him-well, what an old brick you are—"

brick you are—"
"Meantime," said Marshall, bethinking himself of the duties of host, "as the hour is approaching dinner time, I propose that we clude the ladies, and mosey around in the direction of the dining room, there to conclude the ceremonies of honor. I hope I may say to you, Adams, without seeming to brag, that our old man Mose puts over the finest thing in the nature of a mint julep that ever a thirsty eye rested upon." THE END.

"THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER" By Rupert Hughes, begins in tomorrow's **EVENING LEDGER**

take the trouble to find them! The

Rainbow Club has taken that trouble and is finding them in about every

corner of the city and in a lot of cor-

Little Martha Atkinson, of Colwyn,

Pa., writes that she is forming a

Rainbow Club in Delaware County.

Myrtle Depputy, of Wilmington, Del.,

sends us notice that she and her young

friends of that city are busy directing

little folks "down Rainbow way." No

wonder that our Rainbow is growing

Catherine Thomas, Mifflin street,

wants to know what she can do to

help the club. Just now, we think it

would be splendid if she and the other

children who are asking the same

question would hunt up some old

story books to fill the Christmas

stockings of the little readers who

are not looking for Santa Claus this

bigger and brighter every day!

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?



Weary-Always a grumbling! Why can't yer be contented wiv yer lot? Walker-'Cos I ain't got a lot!



Harvest Moon



other's house, and yet I can't smoke my own. Wife-Yes; but we weren't so sure



-Yes-I got hit in that little affair you wrote so eloquently about.

Journalist-Let me see-I don't quite
recall-

Hero—You know, you described it in your paper as "an undying story of deathless fame that would ring through all the ages as a never-to-be-forgotten record of superhuman bravery, etc.,

Take 'im to the Coop, Officer



THE LAST FLY

THE PADDED CELL

DID IT EVER HAPPEN TO YOU?



Dog and Cat Life



Yes; and, strange to say, it comes

MAN'S EFFECT ON WOMAN'S FASHIONS







-Daily Sketch.





-AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME



Draka by James Duley, S. Resewood street. Do You Know This?

(1) What is the difference between a new penny and an old dime? (Three credits.) (2) What is there that belongs to you and yet is used more by others than by yourself? (Five credits.) (3) Who wears the largest What a lot of willing little people hat in the world? (Three credits)

Your Workroom A little artist has been working with his tools.

"That's a secret," answered Mrs "Then, all I've gotten for Christmas

so far, is a surprise and a secret?" "That's all," replied Mrs. Leghorn, as she left Mr. Rooster thinking very, FARMER SMITH, very hard.

Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER.

Our Postoffice Box