

## Fable of the Busy Editor

Once upon a Time there Flashed across the Horizon of a Magnificent technical school an Editor who was the Real Thing. He admitted it Himself, not having the Heart to deny it, and besides it was Palpable when one gazed into his Thoughtful Eyes or caught the Coruscating Glimmer of his Golden Thatch.

The Organ for which he wrote the Leaders and the heavy double-leaded Display Stunts was wont to appear once a year, unless the Printer tied it up. This year there was great Difficulty in finding the Proper Man, the Boston Wonder having given over his Attempts to pronounce the lettah "ah," but finally they Discovered this Bonanza. He was a Hustler, right at the Start. He had George William Curtis, Victor Clifton Alderson, and Walter Pater faded for Style, and when it came to getting Busy—well, Tag, he was It! There was also an Efficient Assistant, who was just as Good, but no Better.

As the time for publication came Around, the B. M. (who had taken the job because everyone else had cold Feet) thought it would be Kind of nice to turn over a Bunch of copy to the Printer. The Editor toed the Scratch with a dedicatory address and a two-line Joke. Then he rested on his Laurels; his work was Done. Before the year was Out he added a list of Social Functions, and his Assistant wrote a Funny Article, to provoke mirth. The B. M. made a brave fight, but the odds were Agin him.

When he was through persevering, he let loose on the Editor his thoughts of a Light Blue Tint, with calcium accessories and a Bass Drum. The Editor smiled his calm, imperturbable smile, and suggested to the B. M. that it was a warm afternoon. But after all, he took a Kindly Interest in the Organ itself, and once he read proof, making a correction of three crosses, a scrawl and a Cap W, with a blue Pencil.

Moral: *If you want a thing done, get an assistant.*