The Editor.

To You,

Yes, children, that tired-looking person is an Editor. What a comfort an Editor is a person his love seems, when it isn't! You know other thoughts you would like to be and that, because they have so much fun. And he watch him. Ah, how curious he knows with the morning's Mail. Only imagining ninety-four such postage-on morning's mail. Each one is hand-directed, prepaid, for Postmen have no time for letters. With flushing face and dishevelled mantle he flings a two-pound Package just over the transom. Then he mutters and tore, when he sees a big envelope for his Desk. With a sigh he opens it, with the Weekly Bellman's compliments. Then he tears open a letter, and finds a Subscription for a year, and a Correspondent for another year. Then he finds a letter from a Subscriber, who has been owing him for two years, and who has just received a Present from his wife