

energy almost above everything else.

Copley knew what was coming then; he had staved the thing off before. He thoughtfully tapped the desk with the paper-knife.

"You mean——?" he ventured slowly.

"Exactly. You know whom. This is the age of young men, Mr. Copley, and the best interests of the paper demand that we infuse into its pages young blood—ginger! life! snap! I'm here to build up *The Recorder*, and you know as well as I do that we have one very weak spot in our night-staff—a back number, in fact, and——"

"Twenty years of faithful service should surely bear some weight, sir," interposed the night-editor boldly. "I have always found Mr. Jeffreys faithful and willing; I always know where to find him, and he has a great deal of experience which younger heads——"

The managing-editor waved his hand impatiently.

"I'm afraid, Mr. Copley, you are allowing your sympathies to stand in the way of your better judgment in this matter. Sentiment, sir, is all right in its place—essential in its place; but out of its place is nothing but bosh, sir! In this instance, I'm afraid it is sorely out of place, if you'll permit me to say so. A newspaper is run to make money, not to support employees who have outlived their usefulness; whether they have been employees for ten, twenty, or fifty years makes no difference. Facts are facts and business is business and sentiment belongs exactly where it belongs, which is not inside a newspaper-office. Who else is there?" demanded the managing-editor sharply.

"Well——" Copley hesitated. "By order of precedence—there's—I was going to say Rutherford——"

"Rutherford! Best man on your staff! What's the matter with Rutherford? You surely weren't going to suggest——"

"No—— that is, I—he certainly is a good man."

"Sober and always on the job?"

"Yes."

"Industrious?"

"Yes."

"Falls down on his assignments?"

"No, not once, I believe."

"Well then!" The managing-editor frowned.

"I guess if you say so, sir, it will have to be as you suggested," said Copley reluctantly. "But it seems to me——"

Cherry tip-toed quietly out of the exchange-room. He had not meant to overhear the conversation beyond the thin partition, but it had been unavoidable. He went about his work that night more quietly than usual. When he turned in his copy the night editor caught a whiff of liquor on his breath. But Copley was too much engrossed to take particular note of this, and the fact that it was the first time such a thing had occurred escaped him altogether.

A few nights later, however, he noticed that Cherry was behind time. He came in noisily about nine o'clock unmistakably intoxicated. Copley called to him sharply and he went over to his desk, leering insolently as he did so.

"I'm surprised at you, Rutherford," said the night-editor in a low voice. "Better go home for to-night and don't let this occur again. You know the rules of the office."

Cherry went promptly enough. It was two days before he showed up again at the office. It was pay-day, and old Jeff collared him in the mailing-room and took him over to tea at his little home in the suburbs. Whether the advice the old man gave him took effect or whether the kindly benevolence of old Jeff's "missus" had something to do with it nobody could say; at any rate, Cherry was on hand Sunday night sober and clothed in his right mind, and more like his former self than he had been for days.

Yet there was a difference, too,