

Editor's desk with such tremendous force and vengeance, that the paste-pot and ink-bottle began to dance a lively jig. But the poor fellow was out of breath again, and the sardonic grin on the Editor's face was too much for him, so he sank wearily into a chair.



"I wished I could ever get something into your idiotic brain," he continued, looking helplessly at the Editor.

"I wished you could," replied the Editor, "but the case is hopeless so you had better give it up."

The Critic evidently thought so too, for he closed his eyes and said nothing.

The Editor drummed a lively tattoo on his desk for a moment, picked up his pen and thrust it deep in the ink-well, scratched his head, and began looking at the ceiling as if counting the innumerable cobwebs resting there. Minutes passed, and silence reigned supreme. The Editor's gaze had by this time passed several miles beyond the cobwebs. He was searching through infinite space to find an infinitesimal idea. But it was like looking for a needle in a haystack,—it could not be found. Finally becoming weary of the chase, he brought himself back to earth and, looking at the dejected attitude of his friend, exclaimed,—

"Come Critic, old fellow, don't take it so hard. We won't have anything this month but my remarks, and those you know, 'don't amount to anything anyway.'"

But the effect of these remarks were lost on the Critic, for he was fast asleep. So the Editor picked up his pen again, and began to write.



When the present Board of Editors took charge of the *FREE LANCE* last April, it was but with the hope and desire of maintaining the standard which they had set, and follow-