

"O, that's only another article of furniture going down the well," replied the Editor.

"Yes, but every drop in the well produces a drop in the damage fund," growled the Critic.

Whether he meant drops of water, or drops of "what-not" it is hardly safe to conjecture; and the Editor did not have time to ask him, for he suddenly jumped up and exclaimed.

"Say, you! why don't you jump on everything! If I was editor, I would. Now there's those idiots who throw things down the well. As 'Prexy' says, 'they're nothing but a lot of fellows with several upper stories to let, who want to fill the empty space with noise.' And then there are those other putty-men with 'water on the brain' who think that the wells were made for the express purpose of ducking people. Why one of them even threw water intentionally on one of the ladies of the College. But say," and here he spoke confidentially to the Editor, "the other fellows know who he is, and think it was a contemptible trick, and they say that he had just better stop short, or State College will get along without him. Yes, he was a Freshman. And there are several more of them who need the 'green o' their youth' knocked out of them; and if it can't be done any other way, it will have to be done with paddles."

The Critic was now warming up to his work. In fact, was rather "hot" and was speaking just what came in his mind.

"O yes," he continued, there's another dirty trick that the same fellows did,—I mean that 'more lassies' in the Chapel affair. If the Freshmen and Sophomores want to have a cider scrap and a foot ball game and a banquet scrap and—a—a flag scrap, let them have it at the proper time and place. Even if there are a few dozen killed, there is no great loss. But when they bring class affairs into chapel, why, blame it all! they should be hung up by the thumbs.

Here he paused for breath again; walked around the room three times as if searching for a new subject; stopped suddenly in front of the Editors desk and began,