

“And then there is that crowd of fellows who go out around the town and campus ‘swiping stuff’ as they call it. They’re a thoughtless lot of fellows who mean no harm. But are they after all so harmless? What do you think of a fellow who will go to a—a—reception, say, one week; and the next week go and steal all the refreshments which these same people have prepared for the entertainment of some of the other students. O they say it is just a joke on these fellows. But it is ’nt. It is an insult to the host and hostess. Yes sir, an inexcusable insult. If they do it because they are hungry, they had better change their boarding house; if because they like the excitement and satisfaction of stealing, there is another state institution where they belong; and if they do it because they think it is funny, then their sense of humor is sadly deranged,”

The Critic paused again. Someone out in the hall was singing,—“there’s a hole in the bottom of the well;” but the Critic evidently did not hear, for he went over to the window and stood looking out into the darkness. The Editor was just beginning to think that the subject was exhausted, when the Critic suddenly turned around and began again.



“O yes.” he said, “we must not forget our friends, the artistic sign painters. Say, I wonder if their sense of humor is not out of joint too. But I hear they didn’t think it was so funny when they were caught, for I guess they expected to be reported to ‘Prexy.’ By Georget if I had caught them, I would have reported them. But the fellow who did, said he was not out trying to do it, and would not have done it if they had not tried to ‘get funny with the old man.’ But he said he didn’t exactly like their fun, so he thought he would have a little of his own. No, he didn’t report them. He said if, the thing itself didn’t make them ashamed, they were indeed a hopeless case; and he didn’t propose to be a