

THE EDITOR AND THE CRITIC.

The Editor was pacing back and forth through the long halls of Old Main in a desultory and absent minded sort of way. His personal appearance pointed to the fact that another issue of the College monthly was due,—his clothes were dusty, his shoes muddy, collar soiled, necktie askew, and hair all on end. As he passed the door of the Sanctum in his march, he paused, hesitated, and then as if from force of habit, entered and threw himself dejectedly into his chair.

But his entrance had been anticipated, for the Critic was there, lying in wait for him like some beast of the jungle, ready to pounce upon his victim at the first opportunity.



"Well, you are a nice looking Editor!" he began before the door had scarcely closed. "And say, why in the deuce did you go and put everything that I said to you last month in the paper? Can't a man say anything without your repeating it? It is a blamed good thing that nobody knows who I am, or I should have to order my coffin immediately! Why, you might just as well 'throw physic to the dev—er—er, the dogs' as to think of improving matters by criticising College affairs! If you uphold the Faculty, the students jump on you; and if you don't, the Professors do it!"



He paused in his assault as if to give his victim a chance to defend himself. But the Editor never moved a muscle, only sat with eyes cast down as if in despair. The Critic