

waited, but still there was no movement. He then noticed how despondent the Editor really appeared, and as it was the first time that his remarks had ever failed to arouse the Editor, he began to feel alarmed.

"Come Old Boy! What is the matter? Are you sick? Or-or-what's the trouble anyway?"

The Editor took a couple of letters from his pocket, handed them to the Critic, and resumed his position.

"Ah, ha! Letters from Alumni I'll bet!" exclaimed the latter as he picked them up and began reading. "Yes, just so! But;" as he finished reading one of them, "I don't see anything wrong with this. It is a little hard on the printer to be sure; but quite complimentary to the Editor. Yes, quite complimentary!" He continued, picking up the other letter. "But let me see what this says." Begins reading. "Ah!" Begins second page. "Oh!" Turns to third. "Um!" Concludes reading. "Hity, Tity! Holy Gee! Great Scott!" He ejaculated. "Well, if that is'nt a scathing criticism never show me one! Listen to them!" Runs hastily through it again. "...Disappointed,' 'miserable,' 'not half bad,' 'no point to it,' 'not worth the space,' 'treated wrong,' 'good enough for 'Puck,'" 'painful', 'countless number of glaring errors.' Why, he almost says there is not one good thing in the whole issue!"



The Critic was getting excited and the Editor was now the one to become alarmed.

"O hold on old man!" exclaimed the latter, throwing off his despondency. "You put a wrong meaning to it. Don't you see, he says. 'What I have said is in the interest of the LANCE, and embodies no personal feeling.' Surely it—"

"Embodies no personal feeling!" Yes, that's it! that's exactly it!" interrupted the Critic. "'No personal feeling!' No, consideration! No sympathy! No nothing! Why, man,