

here you were working eighteen hours out of every twenty-four for two weeks on account of that issue. And not merely working long hours; but working under high pressure with the safety-valve tied down. And then what do you get for it? Not a blamed thing—except criticism devoid of ‘personal feeling!’ Why, if you don’t loosen that safety valve and blow about something like I do, you’ll blow up some day, see if you don’t!”



The Critic had become so excited that he was pacing the floor. Still the Editor ventured to finish his interrupted remarks.

“As I was saying” he began “the criticism is truly meant for our own good, and I am very glad to receive such criticisms. It shows that one Alumnus took enough interest to read the paper carefully and then spend his time to write us his opinion of it. If a few more of the Alumni would do the same it would be a good thing. Yes sir! A good thing, and I should only be too happy—”

“Yes I guess you would be too happy!” exclaimed the Critic. “It looked like it a minute ago didn’t it? You were happy then! O yes, most confounded happy! Why, I believe you were thinking about committing ‘susanside’. If you had, I would send that Alumnus a challenge this minute. I’d fight him a duel, I’d throw ink-bottles, paste-pots, paper weights, and-and everything at his head. I’d jab his eyes out with a pen, and cut him up with the shears, and-I’d,-why, I’d kill the fellow, and-and-then dance on his grave!”

The poor Critic was hopping madly about on one foot in his excitement, kicking at everything within reach; while the Editor had hidden beneath his desk to escape flying missiles.



At last the tempest was over. The Critic began to