

then.' Next week comes. What do they get? Another promise. 'Why I forgot all about it; but I will have it tomorrow!' Tomorrow comes. What then? An exclamation. 'O! I have been too busy to think about it! Wait till next month!' And next month—the same is repeated. Not time to think! Shucks! Do they ever think? No, it is too hard on the brain! They are regular phonographs. You come to a certain lesson in their particular branch, put on the proper cylinder, wind them up, press the button and they are off. Away they go, rattle-t-bang! Keep up with them if you can; if you can't, cut across lots. But take them outside of their specialty, and ask them a question. It is just like placing a blank cylinder on the phonograph,—squeak-squeak,—squeak, scratch! It is worse than a stack of cats that have the fits. O you can shake your head all you please, but it's true just the same."



"Or why don't you write another editorial about delinquent subscribers?" persisted the Critic. "Keep at them. What if, as some of the students say, the *Lance* is not worth a dollar; the effort to make it such is surely worth a dollar's encouragement. Some of them seem to have the idea that because it is a *Free Lance*, it is given to them. And you, Mr. Editor, should dispel such illusions from their minds most awful sudden. O, I see that you seem to think they'll pay some day. Perhaps they will; but hurry them up about it. Why, they are slower about paying, than the campus men are about working, and I swear that the latter are the slowest mortals on earth.



The Critic paused to rest for a moment, went to the window and opened it to get a breath of fresh air. He was evidently trying to think of something more to say. Could it be that he had exhausted himself. It did not seem possible,