

and yet he was silent for some minutes. . . But hearing a great deal of noise in the direction of the Armory, he suddenly faced about and exclaimed.

“O, I’ll tell you what to do. Write something about the basket-ball team. Go for them like the Dickens. Of course we have a good team, plenty of new material, they’re practicing hard, have defeated one team, are liable to make a good record, and all that sort of stuff. But how about the foot ball team last term. Same prospects, and you went and wrote an enthusiastic editorial about it. What did it amount to? Why at the end of the term, people thought you didn’t know what you were talking about. Yes sir! the only wise thing you did was to refrain from saying anything about them at the end of the term. ‘We journeyed abroad and were whipped’ is the plain truth of the matter; and although there were undoubtedly many reasonable excuses, ‘yet defeat though it gives us a pain, it can be swallowed down with a curse; but for gad man! don’t try to explain it’. No Sir! don’t you ever again praise the best of athletic teams until the end of the season.

The Critic paused again and turning to the Editor asked, “Well what do you think about it?” But what the Editor thought about it will probably never be known for the last page of manuscript was finished, and he had fallen fast asleep to rest for another month.

