

## THE EDITOR AND THE CRITIC.

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Another month had passed. And the Editor, who had fallen asleep over the last page of manuscript of the last issue, was still soundly sleeping. Nothing could awaken him. To be sure he had been partly aroused once or twice by some great noise, like the report of a cannon, or of an idle tongue. But he only half open one eye, took half a look, and then rolled over and went to sleep again. He was tired—and—sleepy—and—well, he didn't care a fig whether school kept or not.

But the Critic, who had ceased talking only because he had no one to whom he could talk, had been very much alive all this time. Nothing could escape him. He had kept his eyes and ears wide open. But he had kept his mouth closed. And so when he realized that the LANCE would be out, he began to rush around to find the Editor. He was afraid that he would not have a chance to open his mouth at all, and that would be something terrible.



But he could not find the Editor. Nobody had seen him, or even heard of him. Where could he be? The more he looked around to find him, the more excited he became. At last on the appointed day for the appearance of the paper, he rushed into the Sanctum, and there—well, of course he found the Editor asleep and not the least sign of any paper.

"Thunderation!" yelled the Critic like a wild indian. "Wake up and get to work! Don't you know the FREE LANCE is due?"

"Eh," drawled the Editor still half asleep. "What—d'you—say? — FREE LANCE? — O blame the — —"