

## PERADVENTURE, A LANCELET.

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“With a click-ity-click and a snip,  
The college exchanges I rip  
As their treasures of verse I clip  
And their measures of —.”

“O rot! Shut up such nonsense!” exclaimed Pen as Shears began to sing an impromptu song. “Don’t you have any fellow-feeling for the rest of us?”

“O, I don’t know!” replied Shears. “But I saw a fellow feeling for you in the dark last night. And he said some bad words, too, when he could’nt find you. I guess it was the Critic.”

At this they all laughed, for having always lived with college exchanges, they had become used to laughing at stale jokes. But Pastepot was so dry that the laugh nearly cracked his throat, and the way he made wry faces and rolled around in agony set the rest of them nearly wild with merriment. Pen poked Inkbottle in the neck, and Inkbottle in return ducked Pen in the ink. Paperweight in trying to make Shears shut up, took him down and sat on him. While Paperlance and Waterbottle went to the aid of Pastepot and soon relieved him of his distress.

“Ah, hal my merry fellows, here we are again.” It was the voice of the Critic who had entered unobserved. “Yes it is time to get out another issue. So brace up now and get to work.”

“Caesar! but you are a sorry looking crowd. Poor fellows, you certainly do have a hard life. But remember that this is the last time I will ever bother you. So come to attention now and present arms while I march the exchanges by in review on their way to the general library.”