It was a day in march.

Never, never begin a story this way when you write one. No opening couild possibly be worse. It is unimaginaqtive, flat, dry, and likely to consist of mere wind. But, in this ibsyance it is allowable. For the fallowing parasgraph, which should have inaugurated the narrative, is too wildly extravagant and preposterous to be flauted in the face of the reader woithout preparation.

Search was crying over her bill of fate.

Think of a New York girl shedding tears on the nenue caed!

To account for this you will be to guess that the lobsters were