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A STUDY IN HUMAN NATURE.

Theodore Sercombe prided himself on being a student of human nature. He had studied everything on the subject he could get his hands on, from Shakespeare's plays to "Skull's Treatise on Phrenology and the Science of Physiognomy," and yet he thirsted for more knowledge, which desire he usually sought to gratify by personal experience and observation.

It was the second week in September, and Sercombe was returning for his senior year in Stanmouth University. His summer, which he had spent mostly in traveling, had slipped away rapidly, and in an hour he would be at college, if the train didn't cease its creep and stop entirely. The journey had seemed long to him and he wished for some one to talk with; but his only fellow passengers were two women with babies, a gray-haired old man, and a conceited-looking youth, probably bound for Stanmouth, whose acquaintance he didn't care to make.

Having finished a soliloquy on the girls he had met this summer at the Springs, he was summarizing his list of promised correspondents and speculating on the contents of his next letter from Oconomowoc when the whistle blew.

That must be Madison. A few minutes later the porter brought in a dainty yellow grip, which he deposited in the seat directly in front of Sercombe. Quickly turning around to see who its possessor might be, his ideas got a shock that sent his circulation on the double quick.

"I didn't suppose there was such a pretty girl within a hundred miles of Stanmouth. What a face! Such dark brown eyes! She has a lively temper, but what's a woman without a temper? That straight nose indicates firm character. What a chin! She's just a little bit stubborn; but I wouldn't give a cent for a woman