

THE FREE LANCE.

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FLOOD TIDE.

There comes a day,
The flood tide of the year,
A perfect day it is from sun to sun;
It comes perchance in May, in joyous June,
In Summer's prime, in Autumn's golden dream,
But every year has one sweet, perfect day.

There comes a year,
The flood year of our life,
A golden year whose every day is bright;
In childhood it may come, with youth and love,
Or yet amid the golden dreams of age,
But every life has one sweet, perfect year.

O happy one
Who in this golden year
Has reached the morn of this one golden day,
For when its night has come life's joys are full,
The tide has turned, the ebb sets out to sea;
The rest is but the waking from a dream.

—*Fred. Lewis Pattee.*

A FOOTBALL VICTORY.

“Well, here I am, after all, getting ready for that horrid old dance! I wonder why I consented to go. I do think dancing is such a bore, and people at one of these swell functions always make themselves ridiculous.”

The speaker gave her shapely head such a toss that the maid who was fixing her hair gave a cry of dismay.

“Oh, Miss Elizabeth, I was almost through, and now I have to do it all over again.”

“Forgive me, Anne,” said her mistress, penitently, “I forgot myself, I’ll sit quiet now until you are through.”