

# THE FREE LANCE.

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## A FANCY.

Know I her for a fairy?  
Ah! indeed I know it well!  
For she charmed me with her airy  
Laughter, and from her eyes there fell  
A beam of light so tender  
That she wrapped me in her spell.  
Could she do this, being mortal?  
Ah! my friend you will agree,  
That any who have crossed the portal  
Twixt her world and this we see,  
Must have walked in nature's footsteps  
Follows as necessity.  
Therefore more than mortal's glances  
Was it pierced me with that beam;  
Stifling all my idle fancies,  
Roused from slumber by this flame,  
As a sunbeam tipped with morning  
Tingles yet with Aurora's gleam.

J.

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## A TRIP TO EUROPE.

What a goddess of beauty! Gad! that's Jack Crawford. He's the luckiest man in creation.

It was Commencement week and Jack Crawford's chum, Victor Lee, stood in the wide, low window of his room and watched his chum do the honors of his Alma Mater, accompanied by the prettiest girl he had ever seen. "H'm," he said to himself, "Jack's going to stop here in front of this window to show her off." I don't wonder all the fellows have raved over that girl. She doesn't look silly like most of 'em. I'm glad I've taken three dances, I'll be on time at the 'tea' to make her acquaintance before the other fellows get there."