

THE FREE LANCE.

*Published Monthly during the College Year by the Students of
The Pennsylvania State College.*

Vol. X.

MAY, 1896.

No. 2.

OUR NAPOLEON.

He was a young man with the pleasant name of Smith. The only son of Deacon Peltiah Smith, our most inspiring deacon on communion Sundays from the very first it seemed natural to expect great things of him. Even from those early days when he lay in the cradle and cried and kicked his way to a leading place in the family history he was an object of general remark for the neighbors. Aunt Polly Ricker, our village oracle, came over in due season to give the final judgment upon the new Smith baby. And when on this momentous visit she carefully adjusted her specs, took a long look at his little red lump of at nose and at last gave it as her "idee" that "that ere baby was bound to cut a big figger in the world some day," the matter was at once considered as settled. There was nothing after this but to give him a name worthy of his brilliant future. After much family debate the name of Napoleon Bonaparte seemed amply fitted for the conditions, and so when he had grown to years of wisdom he came to be known familiarly as "Our Napoleon."

Yet, for one born to heroic deeds, we could none of us say that he was a very handsome young man. In spite of our belief in his coming fame we were forced to admit that his one eye—for by some mysterious providence he early took leave of the other—did not add to the symmetry of his features. Then, too, his mouth had a habit of falling apart in a manner that did not at once suggest a spirit of great boldness. Besides nature seemed to have been somewhat too generous in the matter of feet, which fact gave him as he walked a slightly shuffling gait and led certain of the youth to wonder if the Bonaparte in his name did not have reference to this part of his anatomy. But in spite of these trifling drawbacks