

# THE FREE LANCE.

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## THE YEAR-TIDE.

The clanging bell  
Is tolling the knell  
Of the dear, dead, misspent year;  
And calling to life,  
Not trouble and strife,  
But the future in fancy so dear.

Does its melody tell  
Of duties done well,  
Of kindness sown far and near?  
Of triumph o'er ill  
By which we fulfill  
God's purpose in placing us here?

H. H. M.

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## A MIDWINTER NIGHT'S FORTUNE.

"Oh, I say, Theo, old man, wake up. What's the matter with you? You haven't spoken a word since you sat down."

Theodore Hammond, or, as more commonly called, Theo., first tenor of the Stanton College Glee Club, now making its fourth annual tour, turned lazily toward his questioner, Fred. Monkton, and replied,—

"Nothing's the matter with me, I never felt better in my life than I do just now. I was only thinking."

"Well," interrupted the irrepressible Fred., "if I were you I wouldn't do it. It's hard on the brain tissues, don't you know?"

And he walked away smiling to himself, while Theo. turned again to the car window and continued to gaze dreamily at the swiftly flying landscape.

Yes, he was thinking, and deeply, too. Twenty miles yet to Brighton, where the club should make its next,—and, it may be