

# THE FREE LANCE.

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## COLLEGE VERSE.

While it's yet in my mind, I've a question to ask,  
(Though indeed I'm not sure that I'd oughter.)  
Is a base ball field in a fresh spring rain  
A diamond of the first water?

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The average college man is oft  
A man of great resources,  
For when in lessons he is lame,  
He still can ride his horses.

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## THE DANGERS OF BOATING.

It was commencement week; and away from the revelry within Harold Trevelyn was seated on the veranda of his fraternity house enjoying a cigar. The week had been one of continued pleasure to him, and yet it was mixed with pain. His thoughts carried him back to his distant home, and as he forcibly recalled them they fastened themselves on her whose silvery laugh came through the open window.

Evelyn Kingsley was a tall and graceful girl of about twenty years, with deep blue eyes and wavy, yellow hair, and with lips of that kind that one always wants to kiss, but which, if one should try, would part with the merry, teasing sort of laugh that Harold now heard. His thoughts flew back to the picnics, the fishing expeditions and the long rambles he had enjoyed with this girl in their childhood, and he longed for the old days again. "But those days are gone forever and she has forgotten them. I am no longer 'Harold,' but 'Mr. Trevelyn'. Curse these formalities of society!" and with a long sigh he threw away his cigar and ran upstairs to get ready for the sail on the lake which he and Evelyn