

# THE FREE LANCE.

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## AUTUMN.

Summer hath folded her wings with care  
And fled with the last September glare,  
And God, with His Almighty hand,  
Hath touched each leaf o'er all the land,  
And lo! in dazzling rainbow flare,  
Of richest color deep and rare,  
The hillsides blossom forth and stand.

—H. M. A.

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## IF I WERE, ETC.

“The pine-tree dreameth of the palm,  
The palm-tree of the pine.”

“When to-morrow is behind” and the quondam Senior reviews his course in college, he thinks of many innovations for another career, so fugitive in its character. When one has left the walls and the associations of dear old Alma Mater and has been swallowed in the maw of Universal Existence, one is indeed in sore straits if he has no other than a mind's eye view to aid him in perpetuating his memory of the *memorabilia* in his life at college.

That it is seasonable to offer suggestions to Freshmen, and that they “short exhortations need,” goes without saying, and so the query “What would you do if you were, etc.?” leads me to make the following jottings:

*A Diary.*—Inasmuch as a diary is of prime importance to every man of technical calibre, it is well for the embryonic collegiate to make this “diary keeping” a part of his early training. If one adds to a daily register of the state of the weather, the foot ball score and other things too numerous to mention, a weekly “story” of events, he will have in the end a grand summary of, perhaps,