

THE FREE LANCE.

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THE PASSING OF THE YEAR

From out the lofty spires, far and near,
Ring loud the bells with solemn funeral knell,
And echoes wild reverberate "Farewell!"
At parting with the old, dead, misspent year.



THE NEWSPAPER MAN

A LITTLE over five years ago, as a student of State College, I was counting the days until I was to be released from what I deemed the drudgery of college life and was to begin the career which I then called "journalism." To-night, as an humble "newspaper man," whose daily life seems a jumble of murder cases, suicides, lawsuits, railroad disasters, wars, and rumors of wars, I take it upon myself to set forth a few facts which I trust may be of some use to those men of my Alma Mater who contemplate wielding their pens as a means of livelihood.

Few vocations, if any, are likely to prove such a constant strain upon a man's mental and physical resources as that of work on a great daily. The man who is about to fill one of the humbler places on a metropolitan paper must be prepared to rise early and to retire late, and often not to retire at all; to face the elements in their bitterest moods; to fraternize with the rag-tag and bob-tail of humanity; to endure affronts with a smiling face, and at times to make himself obnoxious. It is a hard school but a good one. Many enter it and few get their diplomas. But any man