

THE FREE LANCE.

VOL. XII.

JANUARY, 1899.

No. 7.

WILLIAM L. AFFELDER, '99, *Editor-in-Chief.*

Editors.

N. W. MCCALLUM, '99.

B. C. BRADY, '00.

H. P. WOOD, '99.

F. T. COLE, '00.

W. H. THOMSON, '99.

G. C. SHAAD, '00.

S. H. KUHN, '01.

C. T. WADE, '01.

D. E. WENTZEL, '00, *Business Manager.*

C. E. DENNEY, '00, *Assistant.*

HIS RIVAL.

THE tables were well filled; the room echoed with shouts of laughter; an occasional song added to the general merriment, for Carter's Restaurant was a favorite retreat with the fellows, who found it convenient to drop in for a little fun and a light lunch before retiring.

One group in particular was unusually jolly that evening, their songs and jokes had been the life of the entire crowd, but gradually they had withdrawn from the general conversation and were discussing with lively interest the coming event of the season, the Junior Hop. They were evidently Juniors, and if their word was good, all previous hops would be forgotten ever more, would fade into a sickly glimmer before the dazzling glare of this swell function.

To be sure the girls were coming, who ever heard of such an affair without the girls? "My Emma" would be there with that friend of hers, Miss Randabush. "Remember her, Joe?"

"Do I? The one we met at Elmsmere? Dark brown eyes that flashed all sorts of messages from under their long lashes, that bewitching smile, and waltz—say wasn't she a stunner? And she is to be here? By Jove who says I'm not in luck?"