

THE FREE LANCE.

*"His good blade carves the casques of men, for the Free Lance
thrusteth sure."*

Vol. XIII.

MARCH, 1900.

No. 9.

TO THE VICTOR!

The contest o'er, the victory gained,
The world crowds round to praise and blame.
Its praises like a laurel crown
The victor's head adorns.
Its blames are for the fallen one,
A plaited crown of thorns.

However valiant he may fight,
Yet when he once shall fall,
The world forgets all victories gained—
Defeat outweighs them all.

But tho' the proud world shall forget,
Yet here is to his name,
Who while defeat is on him still,
Yet rises with a master will
To battle once again.



DICKINSON—STATE DEBATE.

ON the evening of the ninth of March, State's debating team met defeat at the hands, or rather the tongues, of the Dickinson team. It was not an ignoble defeat, but a defeat from which a great deal of credit and honor is reflected upon those who so well fought on the side of State. The