

THE FREE LANCE.

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

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THE PARTRIDGE.

Far in the depths of the hemlock forest ;
Deep where the purple orchid blooms ;
Guarding her nest is the cunning partridge,
Hid by the wood-fern's nodding plumes.
Patient she sits 'neath the tangled grasses ;
Fanned by the gentle winds of May,
While from his log her proud mate signals,
All through the balmy, gladsome day.
Bird of the wood, untamed, unhindered,
Wild as the winds that o'er thee blow ;
Happy thy lot in the hemlock forest,
Deep where the rarest orchids grow.

H., in *Granite Monthly*.



ROOM 370.

The isolation of the Pennsylvania State College is often a subject of complaint to both students and visitors. If there is reason for the complaint now there certainly was much more reason for it in the early times of the college. During the first twenty years or more of the existance of the institution there was no railroad nearer than Bellefonte, and anyone coming to the college had to travel the intervening distance in a coach. The college building itself was in a way