

THE FREE LANCE.

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

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HIS SISTER'S CHUM.

“Just my luck” growled Ralph Wayne as he walked slowly up and down the platform of the station behind the gates. “Here is my last day of vacation—everybody, including all the girls at the shore, and I must start in for another gear’s grind. Wish I had another week as ‘Sis’ has.”

It was a hot, sweltering day in the last week of August, and the crowd assembled was evidently trying to escape the heat of the city by a journey to the country over Sunday. Saturday is always a bad day for crowds and as the gates swung back Ralph struggled through with his dress-suit case, cane, and golf bag, and hurried down the platform in the race for seats. He found a place near the middle of the train and then gazed out into hot and smoky atmosphere of the shed.

“Good bye to good times” he moaned as the train quickly slipped out of the darkness into the hot sunlight. Ralph glanced around around the car with the hope of seeing some fellow student, but all the faces were strange and, although the car was comfortably filled, nobody with a college man’s look met his sight.

Meanwhile the train had rumbled out over the “elevated,” through the yards, and approached a pretty suburban