

THE FREE LANCE.

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

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DEPARTED CLASSMATES.

Walking alone where we walked together
Last June so breezy and blue,
I mourn thro' this dull Autumnal weather
The loss of the friends I knew.

For as wild winds now scatter and sever
Dead leaves from the parent stem,
So from our Alma Mater forever
We've been whirled away like them.

C., '00.



TIME HAS ITS REWARD.

THE future of George Winters lay before him like a vast panorama, and he seemed to see what was expected of him. It was this, coupled with a tinge of ambition that made him pay so much attention to his school-work. In short he wished to go to college, and his last year in the high school would have seemed an age to him, had it not been for another person who was looking forward to such a course herself. Indeed, Mary Phelps was as ambitious as George. In their work they, naturally, were together a great deal, for