

# THE FREE LANCE.

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

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Vol. XV.

December, 1901.

No. 6.

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## OLD JOHN.

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THE stage from Bellefonte drew up and stopped before the front entrance to the Main Building. On the seat by the short stocky driver sat a lad of about seventeen years. He had been gazing steadily up at the great gray building for some moments, and as the stage stopped he still looked, an expression of mingled wonder and surprise on his face.

"Well, what do you think?" asked the driver, who was Ben Beaver; our faithful Ben, who less than a year ago left us for the happier home. For a moment the youth said nothing; then with a frown and a look of displeasure he exclaimed, "This aint a college, it's a penitentiary!" The driver laughed and sprang down from the high seat to the ground. "Well," said he, "mebbe it is!" and he laughed again; "anyways you'll find out when you experiences yourself with the authorities!"

The lad climbed slowly down, looking the picture of dejection. Meanwhile there emerged from the interior of the stage several young men who by their manner at once showed themselves to be familiar with the place and surroundings. They regarded the unhappy newcomer with amused smiles, yet did not try to conceal the fact that they