

# THE FREE LANCE.

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

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VOL. XVI.

OCTOBER, 1902.

No. 4.

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## A TALE OF VACATION.

"'Sh-h-h!" was the greeting I received on entering the room of my generally termed "eccentric" friend of "State" during the fall of 18—.

Henry Groetly was of German descent, born among the superstitious wilds of Berks county; his parents could barely make the algebraic symbol "unknown," termed their mark. They believed in witches, ghosts, satyrs, poly-wogs, pow-wowing, etc., everything, in fact, the ignorant of old ever did and ever will. Strictly orthodox in religion, with all that it ever implied, including the supreme distrust in a Supreme Being. Happily for this only son, Henry, they were rich old folks and took particular pride in their boy; but it was with many misgivings and fear for his boy soul that the father allowed the son to gratify his ambition for a college education.

Henry had been in "State" seven years when I arrived; he had walked off with first honors in a course in Chemistry, and bid fair to do the same in Biology. At the time of this tale he was domiciled in room No. 484. He had for his motto, which was hung between the two windows at the foot of his bed in large German characters, "Was dein Hand zu thun findet, das thue mit diner Macht." On his right hand, when in bed, on the wall, was a picture of the Nazerene; on his left, a large representation of an Egyptian scene, pyramids, sphinx, the Nile, dahabreahs and the