

THE FREE LANCE.

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

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A SIMPLE "HUMAN INTEREST" STORY

FIRST PRIZE.

Howards and I had gone down to Jack's room. Who was Jack, did you say? Why Jack was simply Jack. No one of us boys ever thought of calling the big, wholesouled fellow any other name, except perhaps on special occasions. And Jack's room, that was an unpretentious little affair in one of the modest corners of the quadrangle.

We three were alone in the room. I might have said in the dormitory, and have struck it pretty nearly right. The rest of the fellows were over on the "bonfire" campus making jolly over the day's victory.

At this particular time Howards was doing the talking. But now that I think of it he had been doing so ever since we went in. Jack was unusually grave that night. But I thought I knew the reason. I knew that he was soon to leave. He had finished the extra work he had undertaken at his graduation. And then that day's foot ball game had been his last. That might have had something to do with it also.

Howards was talking. "Jack, old fellow," he said, "why aren't you out with the crowd? As I started across the commons this evening I heard them cheering you and calling you out, and I wondered why you weren't with the rest of the team. They're all over there, down to the very last sub, all except you, who are