

# THE FREE LANCE.

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

---

---

VOL. XVII.

JUNE, 1903.

No. 3.

---

---

## A FAILURE.

It was commencement week, and Collegetown had thrown aside its mantle of scholastic solemnity. "Old Grads" were renewing friendships broken off at graduation and recalling the old days when the world seemed to them a garden of roses. Undergraduates were strolling about the campus, some accompanied by laughing, joyous, clear-eyed girls, sweethearts, perhaps; while others were showing places of interest to the dearest, the best woman they would ever know, the woman who would believe in them and love them always, whether the years to come brought them honor or disgrace, the woman whom they called mother.

Down in front of the post office a group of students were talking, and one of them suddenly exclaimed:

"What's got into Bob Langdon? I saw him this morning and he looked as though his rich uncle had died and forgotten him in the will. I invited him to come and meet my sister, and he excused himself by saying that he had a previous date. Beastly in him, wasn't it? I would cut every date I had for the pleasure of meeting a pretty girl."

"I noticed him today, and thought he was blue over the 'exams,'" volunteered another. "You know he flunked elementary mechanics with an E. and chemistry with a D., and this was his second time with chemistry. What do you think, Reynolds? He's your room-mate, you should know."