

THE FREE LANCE.

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

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A DIPLOMATIC FARMER.

"No use working any longer, fellows. We can't move bolts like these without a wrench. There is no dog over at this house or he would have barked before this. Let's go and get one. You and Mac come along."

Tedder, the speaker, Jackson and MacCormick went off in the shadows toward a nearby farm house, and left the crowd to await their return. The circumstances were these. Fifteen or eighteen students had come from the college late Friday night to get an engine from the old ore washer. It was a moonlit April night, and the spirit had moved them to do something unusual. They had, therefore, gotten a heavy wagon and had come for this engine, and expected before morning to have it set up in some conspicuous place on the campus. While waiting for the wrench most of them came out of the dark shed. Nearly all had old clothes on. Loose, obsolete sweaters of strange colors were particularly common. These with the old hats on their heads made them look more like anarchists than students. The inevitable pipes and cigarettes were lighted. Some backed the wagon into the shed to the engine. Others explored the old washer. One got up on the roof and twisted off the small brass whistle for a relic. A few scanned the moon-lighted landscape and sleeping country into which they had ventured.

The committee of three returned with the wrench rather sooner