

THE FREE LANCE.

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

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THE FRESHMAN.

He came, and fancied all the college world
With joyous anthems would him gladly greet,
And e'en old Glory, to the breeze unfurled
Would crouch and cower at his ruthless feet.

Alas! for Freshman's dearly cherished hope
Instead of setting all the world ablazing
When he of past achievements starts to boast,
He gets — a good and true old fashioned hazing.

F. E. R., '04.



THE CHEMIST'S GUESS.

IT was an excessively hot day, too hot, one might have said, for any sort of work, yet the yard of the Cole Blast Furnace was the scene of bustle and noisy activity. All about this place of many car tracks, massive coke piles and long stacks of pig iron, the air rang with a mingling of loud noises. The clinking of car-connections, the hissing and puffs of the shifting engine, the frequent shouts of brakemen, and the shriek of the little dinkey as it came rushing out from the casting house, each and all joined with the dull