

Mr. Ray Kessler, of Brant, who was taken home on account of sickness, has recovered and returned to college. Glad to see you Ray, give us a shake!

Go to Henry Miles for information in regard to the gallant act of assisting a lady to alight gracefully from a carriage.

Dickinson foot-ball player with surprise, "Have you ladies here?" "Why yes, we could'nt do without them."

The trusses for the support of the roof on the new assembly and drill hall fell with a crash, doing considerable damage to the wall and the trusses themselves. This accident will necessitate a delay of the work for about a month.

The new college yell which is now given on trial is:

Yah! yah! yah! Yah! yah! yeh!
wish—whack! pink, black!
P! S! C!

If you want to light a match do not scratch it upon the wall, but go to "Woodchuck's" room and scratch it upon his hatchet. Office hours from 7 A. M., to 11 P. M.

"Buck" Reber is now boarding at the hotel "Sally de Long." He has only been there a few days, but he thinks the chances for "a lay out" are good. The hotel is run on the European plan.

The college parlor will hereafter be open to both sexes on Wednesday evenings from the closing of rhetoricals until 9 P. M., during which time the ladies without special permission can meet their friends. This move is in the right direction and is appreciated. It does away with the unnecessary inconvenience of spending valuable time in obtaining permission to say a word or two to a friend.

The ladies of class '91 may wonder why they were not included in the banquet given

at the Bush House. If so, let them recur to the memorable taffy party of last year, when no one except a dignified Junior or Senior could satisfy their "wildest hopes and fondest imagination" of what a taffy puller ought to be. Go bury thy sorrow.

As this is the month when the turkey is prepared for feasting, our boys are already looking forward to the time when this annual feast occurs; they think if they are away from home and can't go to "grandfather's house" as usual, they can get something good to eat at State College if "grandfather" is not present with his approving smile.

The hunting club which was organized last fall has been re-organized, and is doing effective work. It is composed of five members, the best nimrods in the college. Any parties contemplating a banquet in which it is desired that wild game shall be one of the treats on the bill of fare, can have their orders filled at rock bottom prices by leaving them with the manager of the club, Samuel Crawford,

Mr. Shimer, not heeding the advice given to the wise virgins, failed to have his lamp trimmed and burning the other night when the electric light went out, in order to be prepared to take his tri-annual bath. But rather than be defeated in the task he would borrow a lamp. After getting the lamp and groping his way back to his room, water sprang out as from the walls, doing more effective work than he could possibly have done himself. Mr. Shimer is in much doubt to know whether this was a miracle, or only a freak of nature. "Give him a pointer, "Patsy."

The ladies of the Sophomore class feel as if they had no say whatever in Sophomore affairs, and as if the class were divided against them. They have not been to one class meeting this year, did not know what their class colors were until indirectly informed after the banquet, were not consulted when the editor of their class was elected, and in fact, express them-