

the Philharmonic Trio. The entertainment consisted of the latest sparkling college songs interspersed with selections on the banjo and guitar. The Philharmonic Trio, composed of Messrs. Atherton, violinist; Spanutius, pianoist, and Struble, cornetist, rendered the finest selections from the latest operas. It is a treat to hear this troupe, as their music is composed of the finest selections and is well rendered.

The Junior Mechanical Engineering students of the college, eight in number, under charge of Professor Jackson, went to Bellefonte, Feb. 15, to observe in detail the method of iron manufacture. They left here on the eight o'clock train. Arriving in Bellefonte the party proceeded to the Centre Iron Co's. works. They were very kindly received by Messrs. Hart and Bell, the managers, who escorted them at once to the furnace to observe a cast which had been delayed some ten or twenty minutes on their account. After being shown the make-up of the charge, the filling in, the kinds of ores used, the qualities of the iron produced and the various other items of interest about the plant, they did justice to a first-class meal at the Bush House. They employed the afternoon in looking at the various works of interest to their line of study, such as machine shops, nail and glass works, and some others of minor importance. Everywhere they went they were shown in detail the various processes of manufacture in a very obliging and gentlemanly manner, and came back feeling greatly benefited by the trip.

Excited Freshman at Bellefonte telephone at midnight 'phoning to Prof. McKee:

Fresh—"Professor we are here.

Prof.—"Well, y-e-s."

F.—"We would like to have some paternal advice."

P.—"Y-e-s."

F.—"The Sophs have stolen the tongue of the "Echo," and we can't find it."

P.—"Have courage my children."

F.—"We are in a 'box.'"

P.—"Well, y-e-s."

F.—"The college has brought us down here and won't take us back."

P.—"Can you think of no way out of your present difficulty?"

F.—"No, we're tired, we're sleepy, we want to come home—" and the rest was lost 'mid the wailing of the Freshmen.

P.—"Do what is best, but the college will not be responsible for your return. If you can prove that the Sophomores are the cause of it they shall pay for your return."

Two hours later, the same parties at the 'phone.

F.—"We have found a tongue, but it is too big, what shall we do with it?"

P.—"Well, cut it down."

F.—"And charge it to the Sophs?"

P.—"If you have the proof."

Ah! there's the rub! twist your curls, Freshies.

Willie (after receiving a severe reprimand from his father)—"Pa, I wish I was Adam.

Mr. B.—"And why do you wish that, my son?"

Willie.—"Cause he had no daddy ter lick him.—*N. Y. World.*

Prof.—"Give derivation of pantaloons?"

Student.—"From Saint Panta Leon."

P.—"Why?"

S.—"A-a-because he wore 'em."

---

#### THE FRESHMAN BANQUET.

---

On the evening of the 15th of February the peaceful and slumbering streets of Bellefonte were made hilarious by what the few pedestrians termed an unusual noise. But the appearance of a coach and six from which there issued in rapid succession an animated chorus of Wah-hoo's and Hella-ba-loo's, forcibly reminded them that it was the initiatory