

Spindle spent his vacation at Lock Haven with his friend, Mr. Krupe, and came back looking happy, and reports having a good time.

"Aunt Minnie, here's one of them boys put the egg in my pocket"; then Sam says, "Oh, it was-was somebody else, and-and he thinks 'tis me."

Lieutenant S. S. Pague, Commander of this Post, will be relieved, on the 1st of July, by Silas A. Wolf, of the Fourth Infantry, United States Army.

The Seniors have almost completed arrangements for their Class-day during the coming commencement week. Their programme will soon be published.

Our friend Mock has always been called by the ladies of P. S. C., an irresistible masher, but the Altoona girls think him an Angelic Creature. Poor soul, uncover your wings.

Symptoms of last Spring's epidemic have been noticed in several of the young men. It would be well for the Doctor to take these cases in hand at once, so as to prevent contagion.

Ellenberger has a much better control of the ball this year than last, and with good support at the bat and in the field, State College has nothing to fear in any of the coming games with neighboring teams.

Who ever asked a Junior to do anything he did not like to do without receiving an answer something like this: "Indeed, I'm sorry, but I must work on my Thesis, you know I am awfully behind with it already."

Mr. "Sam" Weller remained at the College for the ostensible purpose of doing some work in surveying. Of course, he had—we wouldn't mind having the same kind of practicum ourselves.

AT THE DEL—"Here you, Sam, chase the cow up this way! I'll take the grease over

here when you are through with it! Have some "spuds!" Throw a piece of leather on that plate, I am hungry!"

The first regular sermon in the new Chapel was delivered by the Rev. Dr. White, of Milroy, on the 24th of March, 1889. It was one of the most able sermons that it has been the privilege of the students to listen to for a long time.

Ben—"I don't care! it was real mean. I just hung the pipe out of the window to air it, and I never dreamed rude hands would so quickly seize it and hurl it to the rocks below, there *to be shattered* to a thousand pieces. There now!"

The Committee on a new College Yell, composed of R. P. Swank, A. A. Patterson, and H. V. Holmes, reported at the last meeting of the Athletic Association, and the following yell was adopted: P. S. C.—Yo-he-hep-rah-ra-boom-rah!

Freshman—"Hello! Sp—t—s, how did you get up from Lemont this afternoon?"

Sp—t—s—"That's all right. But the Freshman Class will have to pay my fare up if I have any influence with the Faculty."

Freshman—"Ah, g-e-t out!"

We always considered "Fatty" a champion of Prohibition until the night he went to Bellefonte to attend the concert given by the Glee Club. The fact of him losing his hat and getting tangled up in the wheels two or three times, somewhat staggers our faith in his sobriety.

The last party given by the Young Ladies of the village, March 23rd, 1889, was given at the home of Miss Blanche Patterson. It was for ladies only, with the exception of a quartette of young gentlemen, who were invited to sing during the evening. We understand it was a very pleasant affair for all who were present.