

The Senior Class is bound to succeed. After laboring almost an entire evening at a party, to get the "Pigs in clover," they gave it up, and went and got a number of pigs and put them in the fourth and fifth-floor halls of the College.

PROF.—Mr. A., define a limit and a variable.

PREP.—A limit is an incomprehensible something that has a vague relation with an indefinite thing called a variable.

That ever popular resort, "Deer Park" has been thrown open to the students for the season of '89. Long live the "Deers!"

Never ask a Freshman at P. S. C., how many fish he has caught. It is a painful question. Always ask him if he caught any at all. It saves an amount of explanation, and is so much easier answered.

Did you ask if we ever had any Arbutus Parties at P. S. C.? Why certainly, every four years.

Spring is here, and so is the Spring Fever. Hawk says, "these warm days make him feel as if he would like to tie himself in a knot and go into hibernation until Winter.

(One maid to another, while watching a game of base-ball, between the Little Potatoes, Hard to Beat, and the Pride of Prepdom.) Ghost as pitcher for the L. P. H. P.: "I just wonder if it is true the Freshmen use Mr. Loyd for a sponge staff?"

The game of base-ball which took place on the 20th of April between the Freshmen and Preps ended with the score of 26 to 7 in favor of the Freshmen. This score was no surprise to the Freshmen; but to the Preps, who were vain enough to expect a victory, it was quite a damper upon their enthusiasm for base-ball. We would say, don't be discouraged boys, you can play the Sophs or Seniors the next time, and thereby regain confidence in yourself.

The Tennis Association has had three new courts laid out for the use of its members. This will be gratifying to the lovers of tennis who so long have felt the lack of space for indulging in this delightful sport.

The Photographer, Le Rue Lemer, of Harrisburg, was at the College on the 17th of April. The Sophomores, Freshman, and "A" and "B," preparatory classes had pictures taken; the different clubs and organizations about the College also took advantages of this opportunity.

The W. L. S., on Friday evening, April 12th, varied their regular programme by giving a mock meeting of the Board of Trustees of P. S. C. After various reports from different committees, a petition from students of the College, asking the privilege of dancing in the new Armory was laid before the Board. The discussion upon the petition was quite interesting; and had any of the real Trustees been present, they could have heard much by which they could profit. When the vote was called for the petition, each member voting by aye or nay, it was found that the petition was lost by just *one* vote. Strange isn't it?

This was after the party. The Seniors, instead of going home and going to bed as their position and dignity required, ran around like a lot of giddy Preps, making the night hideous by the sound of their voices, or, in other words, serenading. At the last place they stopped, they perched themselves high on top of a board pile, almost opposite the home of the fair being whom they were going to serenade. They had been singing but a short time. The most soul-entrancing notes were flowing forth. Toot's voice had almost ran up to Q, and Baldy's voice was sliding along in that semi-quaver or half tremulous sort of a way—like an express wagon over cobble stones, and Duke, with a deep bare-a-tone sort of a voice was