

CLASS DAY PROGRAMME OF '89.

The class day exercises will begin on Tuesday, June 25th, at 3 o'clock P. M. The programme to be as follows:

IN THE CHAPEL.

Music by the Orchestra.

Opening Address by the Class President.....R. P. Swank.
Class History.....J. D. Hunter.
Class Oration.....J. P. Jackson.
Presentation Oration.....W. B. N. Hawk.

ON THE CAMPUS.

Class Poem.....H. C. Blair.
Ivy Oration.....J. M. Waldron.
Prophecy.....U. S. G. Keller.

A magic lantern entertainment of Pilgrim's Progress was given in the Presbyterian chapel on Saturday evening, May 25th, by Professor I. Thornton Osmond, for the benefit of the church. Prof. Osmond was ably assisted by Prof. Geo. McKee, who manipulated the sliding scenes with great ability. As a whole, the entertainment was quite interesting and instructive, and, we believe, highly remunerative.

We are in receipt of a communication which we take to be a report of "The Young Ladies' S. B. G. Society. This society is founded on the principle of mutual advancement and protection and should be encouraged and fostered by the older societies of the College. As the communication was written in cipher we are as yet unable to publish it, not having received any word from Ignatius Donnelly to whom we sent it to have it translated.

Mock's Soliloquy.—"Hang it all! what shall I do? Is it better for me to grind and rack my brain over these abstract mathematical possibilities, which the iron hand of an inexorable Prof. has forced upon me, than to be tempted by the enchantments of some entrancing maids? Is it just that I should sit here in this close, smothering room of study, at the risk of suffocation, straining my eyes unto blindness after old musty princi-

ples, when the cool and ineffably sweet breeze of the evening calls me to seek the quiet repose of a hammock; or, better still, when to my ear comes floating like a zephyr, the bewitching voice of Terpsichore stealing my senses and charming my desires to that realm of gliding delight? Emphatically no! I'll none of it. Brew, if anybody calls for me tell them I have gone over "home."

From our Co-Ed. Correspondent.—Dear Mr. Editor:—I feel awfully honored by your request, asking me to write a letter for the FREE LANCE. Since I have commenced, though, I scarce know what to write about. Of course, I might tell you about Miss S——'s disappointment the other evening, but then you have heard all about it by this time. You know Miss S—— I suppose? Well, I think she is an awful nice girl; so does Mr. N——. Mr. N——, you know, sent word by Miss L—— to Miss S——, but Miss L—— met Mr. G—— and forgot all about the message. Mr. G—— wanted to play tennis over on Prof. McK——'s Court. You know Prof. Mc——, he's Vice-President of the College. He has an exquisite tennis court. I played over there one day, myself. I had a delightful time. To be sure I did not win many games, because Mr. G—— is such an excellent player. He won two or three tournaments last summer, while playing against the very best players. He says he is going to enter the tournament this month and win another prize. You know the prize is to be real nice. Really, I don't want to tire you with so much news, so I will close for this time.

May 25th, a very interesting game of ball was played on our grounds, between Phillipsburg and State College, in which we were victorious. State College batted hard, and the fielding on both sides was splendid. The score: