

Mr. A.—Why they took as a tribute the children of their conquered foes and raised them in *arms* from *infantry* and thus made a well disciplined body of soldiers.

Professor (In English).—"Who is absent?"

1st Freshman.—"McFarren."

2d Freshman.—"McGinty."

1st Freshman.—"Where's the difference?"

The Electrotechnical students have finished their tangent galvanometers and are now prepared to measure any electrical current in existence.

Professor (dictating French).—"Slave, where is thy pony?"

Startled Sophomore (waking up).—"It is in my vest pocket, sir; I wasn't using it."

1st Professor.—"Why are those girls playing that piano in the Ladies' parlor?"

2d Professor.—"They are sending notes up to the boys."

St. Peter.—"Halt!"

New Spirit.—"May I not come in?"

St. Peter.—"No, you're a State college prep."

Professor Jackson has resumed his duties, after having been confined to his house for several weeks with a severe attack of the Grip.

It is no longer a mystery why Camp always waits until Saturday night to buy provisions for the Delmonico boarding club at a certain farm in the rear of the college.

Gibbony to Motz.—"Willie; show the gentleman your new tooth."

Bohn.—"Wait Willie until you get a few more teeth, then you can sit in the ladies' parlor like Gibbony."

The Mechanical Engineering students of the Senior class are constructing a small "Ide" engine. The castings are furnished by the "Ide" engine manufacturers of Harrisburg, Pa.

At the meeting of the Athletic Association, January 15th, the following officers were elected. J. C. Mock, President; Chas. E. Aull, Vice-President; C. C. H. Hildebrand, Secretary; C. H. Hile, Treasurer; and F. N. Weidner, Marshal.

A STREET SCENE AT P. S. C.—(Stranger to citizen). What is that man doing with a wagon box in the middle of the street? and why is he yelling at the top of his voice and cracking a whip as if he was driving a team?

Unconcerned citizen.—Why stranger, that is Dick Creamer and he is driving a team; but he has just *struck one of the mud-holes in the street.*

The old patriarch who sang, "I stood on the bridge in the moon-light" and "The Bayonet on Bunker Hill" at the farmers' convention held at this place, had an unusually strong voice for a man of his years. He sang very well.

As three of State College's well-known young ladies were driving past the building one Sunday afternoon in a dilapidated carriage drawn by a gray horse, one of them glanced up at one of the upper story windows and exclaimed: "Why up there's Sam."

The civil engineering students are at present debating the destination of their proposed spring trip. "Col." steadily persists in preferring New York city where it is rumored Bowery beer has fallen in price one cent a glass.

There has been such a rush for notices of entertainments and society events this number that we are forced to crowd a great many out. We trust our subscribers will be patient and in due time an elaborate account of each affair will be given.

Those who were so fortunate as to have their fall term of chemistry extended into the Winter Session have been taking a special course in what they call "Tuttleing." Any