

The new counting table :

10 censure marks = 1 skip.

10 skips (sk.) = 1 probation.

10 probations (pb.) = 1 special probation.

10 special probations (sp. pb.) = 1 extra special probation.

10 extra special probations (ex. sp. pb.) = 1 suspension (sn.).

The firm running the Janiata ranch, room No. 466, has dissolved partnership. Lloyd took up quarters with Herr leaving the entire ranch in the hands of Hamilton who afterwards traded it to Read and Linsz for the Schuylkill house, room No. 470, and on Saturday, January 18th, there was a general transfer of property which somewhat resembled a country "flitin." That night the proprietors of both houses had a house-warming (with steam-heat.)

The chemists of the Junior class are going to write a drama, entitled, "The Bursted Spigot or John to the Rescue."

SYNOPSIS.

Act I. The lady chemist goes to the loose spigot to turn on the water.

Act II. The spigot bursts, the water splashes all over her, "Help! Help!"

Act III. Yocum, a Tennessee lad, comes to the rescue and finally succeeds in stopping the flow of water, after being thoroughly drenched. He observes the rule "No swearing allowed here."

I am sitting mamma darling in my little prison here,
With the echo of your scolding still ringing in my ear,
Yet I couldn't help it mamma that the Sophs tore all my
clothes,

And I know it wasn't right when I hit them on the nose ;
Yet I can't stand like a coward, with my class-mates in
the fight,

Why, I hear "93!" "93!" mamma, I bet its a rush!
Good-night,

Well they won; I knew 'twas nonsense when I got hit in
the eye,

Little Moses went in rushes, mamma, pray! why should
not I?

Schaffer & Sons have enlarged their establishment by adding two rooms in which to do their work, thus making more room in the general department for the students to loaf.

A challenge to a pillow fight was sent by the 3d and 4th floor, "Terrors" of Prepdom up to the 5th floor, "Giants." The scene of battle to take place on 4th floor. In less time than it takes to tell it every prep on 5th floor had his pillow uncased and was on his way to the field of battle. One minute after the challenge had been read and accepted 4th floor swarmed with a mass of human preps. All appeared calm until one prep struck another with his pillow when every thing was changed into an uproar, nothing could be seen save an intermingling of arms while the air was filled with pillows and feathers. When everybody got tired the striking ceased, but just for a moment. When all thought the battle over, one little prep struck at another and instantly the pounding began again as vigorously as ever. At this time Professor Pyke appeared on the scene, but his appearance had no effect upon the combatants as he was caught up in the melée and might have received a hard pounding at the hands of the preps, who were unconscience of his presence, had he not cried out: "Stop Mr.—, it is I, it is I, Professor Pyke." The preps then scattered after giving each other a parting blow.

A HORRIBLE AFFAIR OR NIPPED IN THE BUD.—It was an afternoon in January. The low heavy leaden colored clouds hung over the earth like a pall. The snow-birds and sparrows instinctively sought shelter. Now and then the portentous shriek of some lone chanticleer fell upon the stillness. The interval of intense calmness was sometimes broken by the slow moaning of the wind about the eaves of the house. It was such a time in nature that rightly precedes the awful sublimity of contending elements. Such a time when every animate being