

Any parties contemplating a banquet in which it is desired that wild game be one of the treats on the bill of fare would do well to communicate "mit Velly Pohn."

The Marshals elected by the different classes, and who now have charge of the gymnasium are: '91—Camp, Suloff, Yocum. '92—C. E. Aull, Bohn, Crawford. '93—Fay, H. W. Mattern, Rothrock. '94—Edwards, Dowler, Knittle. Prep.—Blair, Cartwright, Redford.

The early frosts this year have been doing their work and as a result, many chestnuting parties may be seen strolling away to the mountains on Saturday mornings. As the yield is large this year, no better opportunity presents itself for pleasure and exercise, than the forming of these parties.

Wanted—A room mate; must be of good morals, perfectly quiet, must always keep his feet on the floor and not sit on the bed; must have sound teeth and be an inveterate smoker. If good credentials are furnished, a person will be taken on trial for a week. No others need apply. Address: Care of Hogan—room 430.

The building "boom" at the village still goes on. During the summer several new houses were completed and at present quite a number are in process of erection. The growth of the village, in late years, has been marvelous, and its progress is a source of wonder to old students when they return to P. S. C.

On Saturday, Sept. 27th, the P. S. C. foot-ball team went to Lewisburg to play a game with the team of Bucknell University. When the college team appeared on the field, the Bucknell management made objection to the college playing McLean, Foster, and Graham. After a time all objections to McLean and Foster were removed, but Bucknell would not consent to Graham being played. The college would not break their team, as every man on it was a student, and consequently the game was off. On this account the chances for a game with Bucknell this year are very slim.

Crawford—writing to Washingtonville—"Now Pood, watch me fool my girl"—writes— Dear Miss S—, you asked in your last letter for a lock of my hair. I will send you something better. Enclosed are three hairs from my side whiskers. That is all I can spare—Pulls three hairs from his head and ties them up with a yellow cigar wrapper.

A long felt want in this college has been a larger corps of instructors in mathematics. The large Freshman class, which we now have, not only made it necessary, but demanded it at once. Mr. J. H. Root, a graduate of Cornell University, has been chosen to fill the position of assistant to Prof. Jackson, and accordingly the Sophomore and Freshman classes have been divided.

The shades of night were falling fast,  
As through the college halls there passed  
A Freshman.

His clothes were wet, his feet were damp,  
As on he rushed, with clumpy, clump;  
Till exhausted in his room he sank,  
This Freshman.

In hot pursuit, another came  
With bristling hair and eyes aflame,  
A Sophomore.

In his hand he held a can,  
With which he ducked the little Freshman;  
And to punch his head was now his plan,  
Tough Sophomore,

But when he reached the Freshman's door,  
Which was fastened by two locks or more,  
He turned away and badly swore,  
Bad Sophomore.

I'll catch him yet, the little sneak,  
And if he says again, "Your whiskers leak!"  
I'll bet on it—no more he'll speak,  
Bold Freshman.

The reading room of the library is now open from 7 to 10 p. m., thus giving students the opportunity of spending much more time there than heretofore. The privileges of the reading room should not be overlooked by the students. By spending some time there daily, if it be but little, one may obtain a good knowledge of passing events, which can be found in such periodicals as we are fortunate to possess.