

The coldness of mid-winter days
 You still would keep around you
 Although fair spring's life-giving rays
 A handsomer co-ed hath found you.

Indeed I fear it is too late,
 For me to seek another,
 Since ever-changing, fickle fate
 Hath cast me for thy brother.

And all ye co-eds that read these lines,
 Just think you're the cause of this writing.
 And that this in the place of better rhymes
 Might be the cause of your slighting.

For verily, verily, its plain to me,
 And needs no proof of Roentgen's art.
 Nor aught of shadow-graph to see
 You've given to me the marble heart.—/.

STATE COLLEGE WEATHER.

(With apologies to "Mark Twain.")

One of the shining features in State College weather is the blinding uncertainty of it. You are always sure there will be plenty of it,—a perfect dress parade, but you can never tell which company is to move first.

I cannot tell who manufactures State College weather, but I imagine it is some of those long-haired, raw-boned apprentices up at the Experiment Station, who experiment on us and learn how, at P. S. C., for board and tobacco and butter-milk, and then are promoted to make weather for places that require a good article in that line, and who will take their custom to a rival weather shop if they don't get it.

"Old Probabilities" has a great reputation for hitting the weather mark, and he deserves it. In the papers you can see how confidently he shoots off what to-day's weather will be in every place but State; but when he comes to State he's stuck. After chewing his pen awhile, he jots down: "Probable areas of rain, snow, hail and drought; probable northeast to southeast winds veering to the southward and eastward and northward and westward and points between. High and low barometer, succeeded or preceded by earthquakes, with thunder and lightning." Then to cover accidents this P. S. is added: "This programme may possibly be changed."