

I suppose you all saw the collection of weathers exhibited at Chicago Exposition? The exhibitor is a fast friend of mine, and always will be, for I made his fortune. He was going to travel all over the world and collect specimens for his collection. Meeting him, I said: "Don't you do it; come to State College;" then I told him what we could do in the way of variety and amount. Well, he came and made his collection in a week, and he confessed to me that he had got some styles of weather that he had never seen before and as to quantity—why after he threw out all the injured specimens he still had enough to sell, to spare and to give to the heathen.

Centre County weather is away out of proportions in respect to its home. Half the time when it is well packed, you can see the weather sticking out over the edges into the other counties.

You see the genial baritone in our brass band—our estimable Pennsylvania Dutch friend—hang out a white sheet over the cupola, and you fix up for a drought; you leave your umbrella up in your room, don your duck trousers, "sally out with a sprinkling pot," and ten to one you get drowned. The next day Johnny gets patriotic and flings the college colors to the breeze; you imagine an earthquake is due, you stand from under and grab hold of something to steady yourself, and the first thing you know you get sunstruck. These are great disappointments, but they can't be helped.

I could write volumes about the brutal contrariness of P. S. C. weather, but I will give you only one instance of it. I love to hear the rain-drops patter on the shingles on a Saturday morning when I am in bed, so I moved to the fifth floor with an eye to that enjoyment. Do you suppose it ever rains on the part of the roof over my bed? No, you can gamble on it, it doesn't. *It skips it every time.*

No language could do State College weather justice, so I have endeavored to do it honor. But after all, there are at least one or two things about that weather which we would not like to part with. If we had not our beautiful holidays, we should still have to credit the weather with one feature which compensates for all its terrible vagaries—its kindness to us during Commencement week.

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