

THE FLAG SCRAP.

Freshmen Surprise Their Sophomore Guardians Early on Friday Morning.

Somewhere in the neighborhood of four o'clock Friday morning, the college was aroused from slumber by the tolling of the bell in the tower of Old Main and for the following hour pandemonium reigned in nearly every corner of the campus. Just prior to the signal sounded by the bell, another factor was busily engaged in arousing the underclass tenants of Main building and McAllister Hall. The Juniors, having been informed the night before that the 1913 flag was to be raised in the morning, were very much on the alert waking freshmen and sending them to the scene of action.

On Thursday evening about eleven o'clock, a handful of freshmen set out to arrange the preliminaries for the next morning's battle and their work was so thoroughly concealed that no encounter with the sophomore guards occurred until nearly daylight. The little band of freshmen had brought out their pole, carefully treated and well sand papered to suit conditions, from a nearby barn and were rapidly approaching a site in the rear of the Agricultural building which they had chosen as the most advantageous point from which to defend their colors, when without warning two of 1912's alert guardsmen stepped in their path. One was quickly captured and made a fast prisoner, but the other, believing discretion to be the better part of valor, rapidly took to his heels and made good his escape and spread the alarm to the sophomore ranks in a flash.

In those minutes, the pole was firmly planted into the ground, just as the bell pealed forth in tones loud

and clear, announcing the scrap to the whole college.

Freshmen responded to the call in force and a sturdy body of men were huddled about the pole before five o'clock. Then a wild yell and the oncoming host of sophomores were seen making their way through the little strip of woods beside the Agricultural building.

Swift as the swoop of a hawk came

the attack of the enemy and a great volley of graphite, pepper and flour was hurled into the freshman ranks.

Battered, fatigued but undaunted, the courageous wearers of the green successfully repelled the onset of their opponents for two long hours; then as the seventh clang of the bell above the old Main clock, fell distinctly on the morning air, three hundred pairs of eyes were turned

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