

BUT WE ARE HAPPY ABOUT THE WHOLE THING

Strange as the college customs or traditions are, they vary with geographical section. May I enlighten you with some of the shortcomings and the vernacular of "Joe College"? Here goes!

Although we don't have fraternities or sororities here, other colleges have the said organizations imbedded in their social order. The amorous gentlemen are generally known as "infantrymen" and "swains" while the freshmen are known as "drips" (drips of the first water). The ability to "jelly" (visit the local "drag," soda parlor or candy store) imbibe a soda and make it last as long as possible is the sign of the experienced campaigner. Rather thrifty, don't you think? (Take note, fellows.)

Some fellows' ambition is to wear a pair of corduroys throughout the whole four years and never have them cleaned. The average male may dispense with a tie, live week in and out in a pair of strangely ripened slacks and a sweatshirt. (But we couldn't have that here. Most decidedly NOT!)

In a majority of the sorority houses it is a "crime" for another girl to say "good evening" to a "swain" waiting on one of the fortunate sorors to go and "pitch and fling woo" (go out to have a good time). The girl who always wants flowers to wear when going out in the evening is known as a "jeep"; the unattractive girl is often called a "goon" or "she-ogre."

Many "frat" houses boast of their collections of towels from all over the country, not to say anything about the choice of silver. A student had been sent to confiscate a sugar bowl—he succeeded in getting it—but as he reached the door it slipped and clattered to the floor. Having a trigger brain, he turned around to the entire assemblage and shouted: "Who threw that?"

Expressions as "necking," "petting" are obsolete and have been replaced by such expressions as "smooch" and "perch."

Too bad we don't have enough rah rah spirit here, but we are happy about the whole thing.

I TOIL STILL

It was silent—the stealthy silence
That accompanies approaching death;
No rasping sound was heard in the
throat

As she drew in her last breath;
But her hands—so icy, stiff, dank.
I touched once more those lovely
cheeks

Hot with fever of agonizing pain.

If only she had spoken—

Spoken just once again,

But, her eyelids closed

And hope within me sank.

Desperately—passionately,

I crushed her lips with mine

For just one more rapturous kiss,

'Twas a kiss divine.

Now 'tis Him I have to thank,

For my loved one rests on Jordan's
bank.

MY PITY, LAD

Sometimes when I see
A young boy, fair and straight
In lovely ignorance
Of all he has to learn,
I pity his envy
Of an idol, learned and strong.
In the heart of him
He worships, there is not
Room for growing growth.
The youth can hope and fail,
See beauty in a tree.
His idol, shorn of ignorance,—
Is too fatally familiar
With great thoughts and with life,
And he can only poison youth
With knowledge, and with truth.

—W. ROBERTS.