



HUMOR

THE COLLEGE BOY

(As the Movies and Popular Fiction Writers Would Have Him)

The college boy is usually awakened in the morning by having his roommate Dick Hartford jump up and down on his bed. Dick is the personification of pep. "Hit the maple, old horse," the witty Dick says. "All right now, four rahs for Alma Mater. After rahing four times they are both ready for their shower.

The shower is a continuous laughing scrap, between the two happy (?) lads. Then college togs are donned. White trousers, oxfords, loud sox, sport shirts, and red neckties. Fully dressed, with rakish hats on their heads, and books under their arms, the boys lock-step from their room singing "Solomon Levi."

Nothing is ever said in popular literature about a college boy studying. Somewhere in the vast interim between his athletic events, devilish pranks, and fussing he is supposed to study but it doesn't get much space in print or many feet of film. So we shall pass over this odious part of the day.

On the campus the boys meet the Tennessee Trout devil-may-care, happy-go-lucky, college boy, dear to the heart of the fiction writer.

"Say, fellows," the genial Tennessee proposes, "what do you say to a wild party tonight?"

Agreed. Where? When?"

"Tonight—Seven-thirty—Tony's Doughnut Foundry."

Seven-thirty finds the three restless youths assembled at Tony's doughnut emporium. With savage joy they each wash down a dozen doughnuts. Abandoning all restraint, they leave the place in a hurricane of mirth, after each has thrown his plate at the picture of three wild horses in the rear of the room. Feeling the need of more stimulation, they turn down an alley, knock three times at the sixth door on the right and exchange legal tender for White Mule.

Their money gone, they decide to go to a movie. By drawing straws, Dick is decided the goat. So the other two file into the show and leave him to explain to the ticket taker where the tickets are. Dick, with alcoholic bravery, tells him that Tennessee had the tickets, pushes the offending matron aside and enters the theater.

Finding a small boy in the seat he wishes to occupy, he grabs him by the seat of the trousers and nape of the neck and deposits him in the orchestra-pit. Loud applause from the other collegians present. Then pipes are lit, and comments on the film are freely made in loud voices.

When the hero appears on the screen on a white horse, Tennessee starts singing, "The Old Gray Mare Went," etc., etc., to the uproarious delight of the townspeople present. The show over, the young bloods, still having energy to burn, roam the streets singing college songs, and find their beds early in the morning.

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Verily it is a gay life. Would that the authors had to live it as they write it.

Juggs—Don't you think Jones a fool
for committing suicide?

Muggs—Yes, it's about the last thing
I'd ever do.

—Brown Jug.

Love and porous plaster, son,

Are very much alike;

It's simple getting into one,

But getting out—Good-night.

—Punch Bowl.

