

## SOCIAL

Creed of a College Man.

Live a fast life, die young, and have a good looking corpse.

First Father—My boy sure is getting educated at college. Why, his letters send me to the dictionary.

Second Father—Why, my boy's always sending me to the bank.

And Their Brains—?

Delt—Why do these Phi Kaps wear those loud socks?

T. X.—So their feet at least won't go to sleep.

A Matter of Dates.

A Frosh makes his dates for seven-fifteen so that he can reach a show in time.

A Soph makes them at six-thirty so that he can ring in a free meal.

A Junior makes them at eight-thirty and comes late so there won't be any place to go to, except the parlor.

A Senior will go at any time as long as the girl has got the tickets.

Psych. A—What's the most nervous thing next to a woman.

Phil. C—Me—next to a woman.

She—Oh, George, do you know Mary's back?

He—I'll say. Many's the time I've danced with her.

Help.

"Why did they arrest the blind man?"

"The cop saw him blush when a co-ed went past."

A Gay Life.

Alice—Can a girl live on love?

Vie—Yes, if she stays single.

Any school will go to the dogs if it has too many social and tea hounds.

No matter how many hard berries you earn  
To take you to college, to study and learn;  
No matter how many you've got in the fall,  
The dear little woman will go through it all.

She—Don't you just love nights like these?

He—No, sometimes I study.

He—I think there is something dovelike about you.

She—Not really!

He—Sure. You're pigeon-toed.

When you watch twice a day for the post-man,

And read every letter three or four times,  
And study the geometric exactness of the penmanship,

And translate each sentence into its several meanings—

THEN you have fallen, boy, you have fallen.

Orchestrations.

He—When I left last night after having kissed you, I composed a beautiful little ballad.

She—(several hours later)—Well, darling, tomorrow you will be able to compose a symphony, won't you?

Some Party.

Hubbell—What was the most memorable date in history?

Owens—Anthony's with Cleopatra.

All Arranged.

She—Oh, I wish the Lord had made me a man.

He (bashfully)—He did. I'm the man.

Marie—Are you good at lip reading?

Virgil—Only by the touch method.

Modern Version.

English Prof.: "What was the occasion for the quotation, 'Why don't you speak for yourself, John?'"

Sophomore: "John Alden was trying to fix up a blind date for his roommate, Miles Standish."

Familiar Campus Figure No. 1—The "dude" who waits until the girl has paid for her drink and then goes over and talks to her.

Cat.

You all make fun of our bobbed hair,

Let's hear you laugh old dears,

But funnier still is the female male

Who wears sideburns below his ears.

Light Conversation.

"Your school is not a hall of learning. It's a match factory," said the smart young engineering student of a non-coeducational school to the girl of a coeducational institution.

"You're right," said the girl. "We furnish the heads and get the wooden sticks from the men's colleges."

*Two Hundred Forty-five*