Hot Off The Campus
By W. E. Hill

"That same year Tennyson wrote the immortal poem beginning 'Half a leg and a half.' The English instructor is lecturing on Victorian literature, trying mentally hard not to laugh into his nose; and in front row of on-lookers the attendant display of silk-clad knees, ankles and calves. Small wonder that he has ineptly quoted Mr. Tennyson's famous lines.

Harry draws for the college comic paper. He's hard at work this evening on a swell joke about a girl who walked home from a joy ride because her boy friend wouldn't neck.

Poor Evelyn, she didn't pass her chemistry and the whole class is depressed, for Evelyn is terribly popular. Evelyn hated her chemistry hour, particularly the lab work and the smells. Evelyn used to go up to the desk after class and ask the chemistry prof question after question, so he would see she was taking an interest, but it didn't get her a thing. He was even more pleased with her when she brought him two sticks some days, and then once Evelyn asked him ever so sweetly which was the dozen C²H₁₀ or C₂H₆OH, he told her to go look it up herself. Imagine!

Seymour is what is known in polite fraternity circles as a legacy. He has been bequeathed to Pi Psi Whopsepi by his papa, and the Pi Psi Whopsepi boys have parked Seymour up on the third floor of the fraternity house with a 1917 year book for company, while the heavy rushing goes on below stairs.

"C'mon, fellow's, let's give a long cheer and a whoop do do for the class of 1916." More collegians at the years roll ongroans the guy who finished out half way through his freshman year. He comes back to all the revisions and never fails to lead the cheering at get-together lunches.

Trying to sell the old frat to a reluctant freshman who thinks maybe he ought to sign with another crew on account of his father and his uncle belonging. Would they were here right now to help their boy, who is getting an earful from a couple of live babies on the Pi Psi Whopsepi rushing committee. They are handing out a swell line about friendship down the ages, college honors, big hearted boys and how the Pi Psi Whopsepi boys are the best there are this side of paradise. Far be it from the boys of Pi Psi Whopsepi to knock "but," says the brooch in the left, "if you make the mistake of going with a lousy bunch of boys like the M. Turtles just because your family wants you to, you'll regret it all your life. Remember, you're picking your companions for the next four years," etc., etc. This last usually tells the idea. The fraternity brother on the extreme right is on the football team and has been asked to stick around during rushing and dazzle the freshmen.

Prof. Delve of the geology department is out for a little field work with the class. They're hoping to come home with some nice fresh fossils and maybe a souvenir of the glacial period, when men were worms and ice wasn't artificial.

Harriet has a 9 o'clock class that she really ought not to cut, but this being Monday morning she's going to cut class anyhow, because she really must get her laundry off to the folks at home. Harriet is supposed to send it out every two weeks, but some weeks it doesn't get sent and then there's a dreadful accumulation.