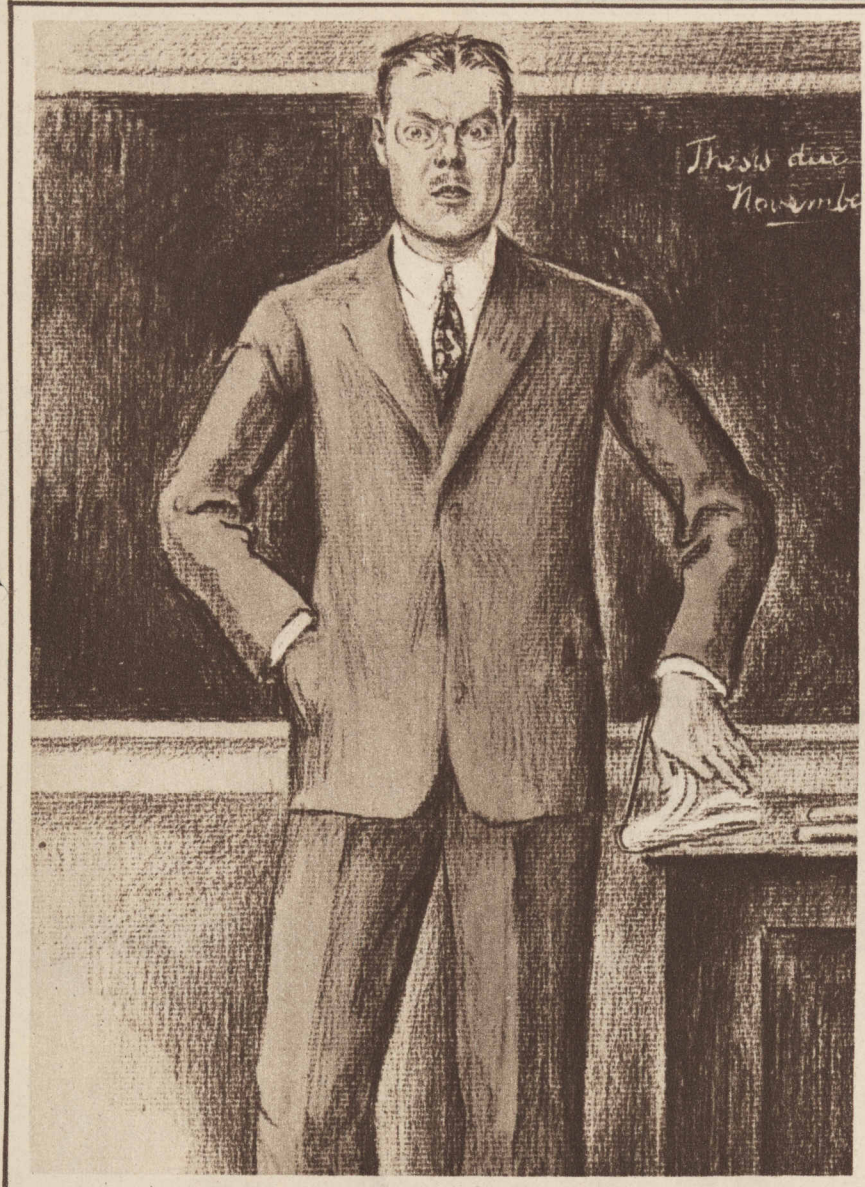


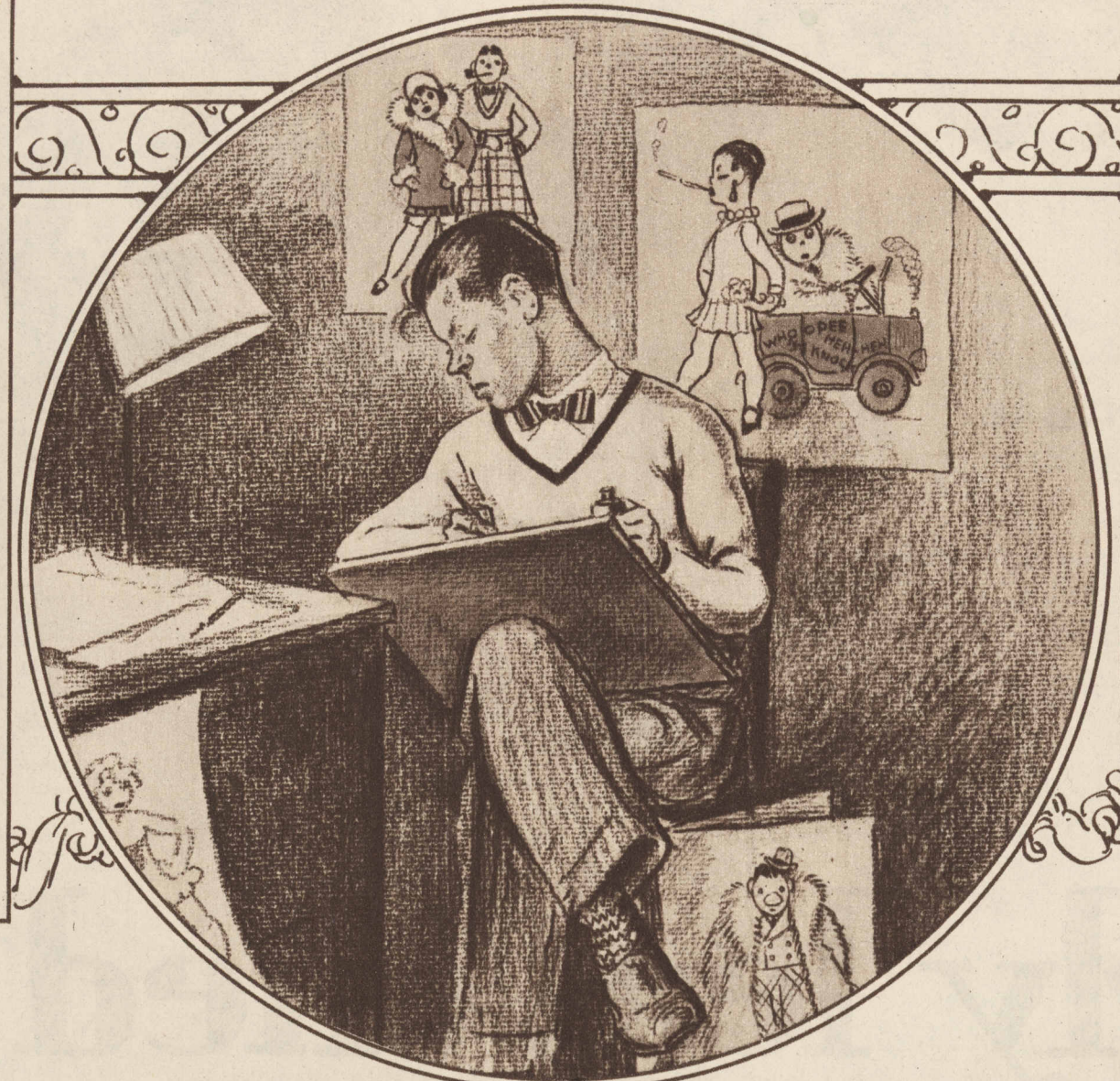
Hot Off The Campus

By W. E. Hill

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"That same year Tennyson wrote the immortal poem beginning 'Half a leg onward.'" The English instructor is lecturing on Victorian literature, trying awfully hard not to look too intently at the front row of co-eds with 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.



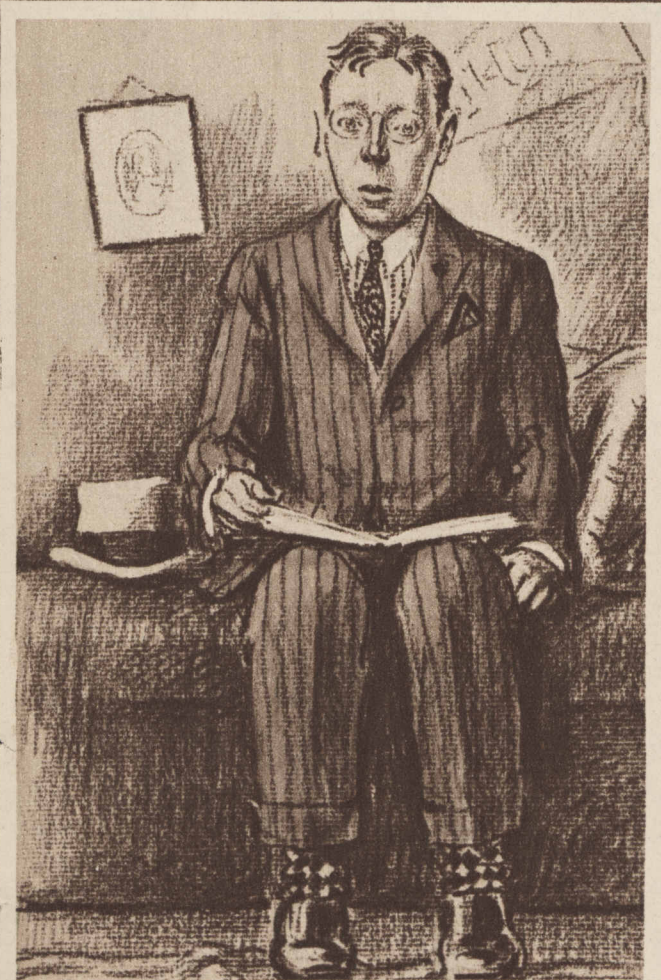
"What'd we do? O, my dear, you'd be surprised. We sat and talked about books and the plays we'd seen, and he told me the plot of a movie he'd been to, and then about 11 he said he'd better go, because he had letters to write, so he went. Really, it was terrible; just like having my brother call on me!"



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 crosser than two sticks some days, and when once Evelyn asked him ever so sweetly which was the nicest, $\text{C}^2\text{H}^5\text{OH}$ or CH^3OH , he told her to go look it up herself. Imagine!



Mrs. Bertine Belittle lives right across from the Cro Magnon Epsilon frat house and, O, my land, what goings on she does see from her hall window! Mrs. B. is very near-sighted, even with her bi-focals in place, which, of course, is a slight handicap. Only last week, when Hank Modesty's colored laundress delivered Hank's wash at the Cro Magnon Epsilon house, Mrs. B. naturally mistook her for Mrs. Prexy, and before night the rumor was abroad that Mrs. Prexy did all the Cro Magnon Epsilon laundry.



Seymour is what is known in polite fraternity circles as a legacy. He has been bequeathed to Pi Psi Whoopsie by his papa, and the Pi Psi Whoopsie 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, fellas, let's give a long cheer and a whoop de do for the class of 1916." More collegiate as the years roll on grows the guy who flunked out half way through his freshman year. He comes back to all the reunions and never fails to lead the cheering at get-together luncheons.

Trying to sell the old frat to a reluctant freshman who thinks maybe he ought to sign with another crowd 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 Whoopsie rushing committee. They are handing out a swell line, all about friendship down the ages, college honors, big hearted boys and how the Pi Psi Whoopsie boys are the best there are this side of paradise. Far be it from a member of Psi Whoopsie to knock, "but," says the boy on the left, "if you make the mistake of going with a lousy bunch of bums like the Mu Tootsies just because your family were members, you'll regret it all your life. Remember, you're picking your companions for the next four years," etc., etc. This last usually sells 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 men 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.