By W. E. Hill

The little widow's late crop of wild oats, while not the wild-est, is the most expensive in the long run. Dancing partners have come high these days.

Collegiate wild oats were pretty wild in the good old days of 1906, just twenty years ago. "Tug" and "Huck," the College girls freshmen, are going back to their Alma Mater after a football game, and there being no upper classesmen around to dampen their revelry, they are doing their best to paint the town red. At each station they get out on the platform and give a long yell for the team. Later on they are planning to billet the hotelmen and the conductor into the Eater Sweater Pie society with appropriate hazing. Ask dad; he'll know!

Some boys like to press against their wild oats fat and wide. And very often they get wilder in the telling. Listen to Fred. "Boy," he's saying, "I was with a tough bunch last night. Any one of them would have killed a man for a nickel. And, say, maybe the liquor didn't flow!"

Boys would be boys, and girls would be girls twenty years ago just as they will today. And the petting party on the public highway wasn't so very different from the modern stuff when you come right down to brass tacks. The horse-down hobo hadn't the speed of the 1926 roisterer perhaps, but the same urge was the same.

It's the boy who never owned any wild oats who has to be watched. Many's the sleepless night his wife has to face, wondering when and how he'll break loose.

The simple country maid, has come down town for the winter. She's waiting on tables at the Commercial House and, oh, the hearts of the traveling salesman that are set partaking by Pansey's, w i n g s , w e n n s . It's this way. Pansey's folks live on a farm, way out of nowhere, so to speak. Even the hired man is over eighty and never heard of the Charleston, except in geography. It was very hard for Pansey, who likes to stay out now and then with a beau.

One little out girl in a white will do for boys. Take Cheapside for example. Every so often he will patronise a quick lunch and say, "Hey, my, won't be a devil with the waitresses looking right at him which is a terribly hard thing for a handsome man to get away with," and giggling at her till the poor girl doesn't know a twinkled apple from an order of milk you say. Then Cheapside will stick down a nickel tip with a sly wink and say, "Give that to your old man!" No wonder the waitress, who is very conventional, is, to use her own words, "all over perspiration from embarrassment."