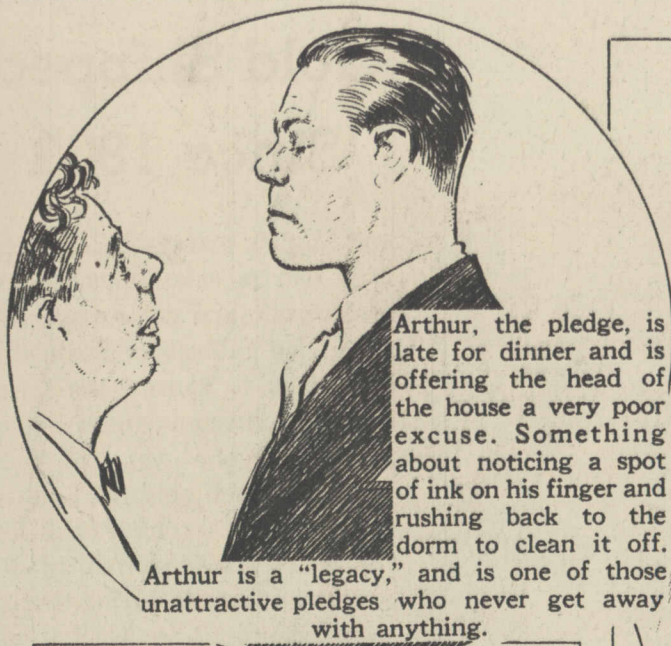


COLLEGE TABLE BOARD

By W. E. Hill

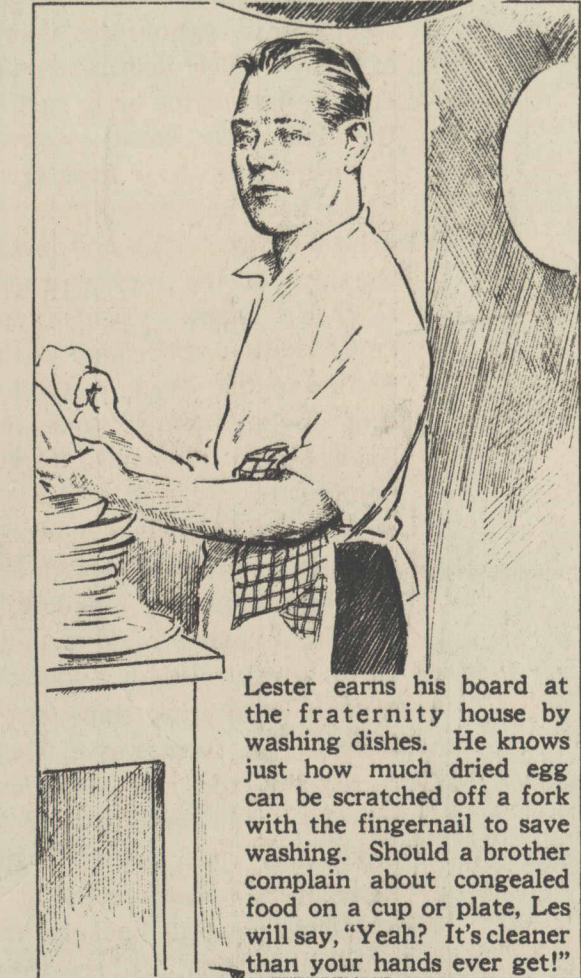
Copyright, 1938, by Chicago Tribune-N. Y. News Syndicate, Inc.



Arthur, the pledge, is late for dinner and is offering the head of the house a very poor excuse. Something about noticing a spot of ink on his finger and rushing back to the dorm to clean it off. Arthur is a "legacy," and is one of those unattractive pledges who never get away with anything.



Commons is crowded today and Frank will probably have to take the seat at the professor's table just vacated by the English instructor, right bang up next Professor Finberg of the romance languages department, worse luck. Frank and Finny had a slight argument last week and Frank told Finny he didn't know how to teach French, and there is a coolness.



Lester earns his board at the fraternity house by washing dishes. He knows just how much dried egg can be scratched off a fork with the fingernail to save washing. Should a brother complain about congealed food on a cup or plate, Les will say, "Yeah? It's cleaner than your hands ever get!"



Harry is the card of the freshman class, the practical joker and self panicker. At Commons he shakes with glee after putting salt in a friend's coffee. Goes wild with joy when the waiter slips on a pat of butter!

Sunday breakfast at the "House," showing the brother who is bright and cheery much too early in the day. Tells the two hangovers from Saturday night parties how he stayed home and got to bed early and feels just dandy. When some one grumbles because the eggs aren't on the table, he will say, "All things come to them that wait," and laughs happily. Very depressing.



Sunday night supper. The boys at the Iota Epsilon House get it themselves and, boy, it's just Heaven for the "make-your-own" amateur cooks. Three-decker sandwiches with everything and anything between layers.

Some of the boys prefer the college cafeteria at which Hazel, the beautiful cashier, works. Hazel dresses just like a co-ed, only much more so, and is so vivacious that

sleepy late risers can hardly bear it at breakfast time. Hazel is given to short-changing, but that's because she is in love with the man who runs the pants pressing parlor. That's what love does.



Fraternity alumnus who shows up around dinner time and has to be entertained. Likes to linger at table and reminisce about the time he and old Chuck Dowdy broke into chemistry lab and stole Doc Thorne's pants and left them on Mrs. Prexy's front stoop, etc., etc.



These brothers are huddled up at one end of the dinner table trying to decide whether to give Mrs. De Lousy, the house mother, a \$5, \$10 or \$20 birthday gift. Will her feelings be hurt at anything under \$20, etc., etc. Some say \$5 is too much and the discussion gets pretty heated. Ends in a loud uproar when a tactless freshman brother asks, "Why give the old bum anything?"

A Carnegie to Marry

Scotland, which produced Andrew Carnegie, has now produced a husband for one of his granddaughters—Louise Carnegie Miller, 19, at right, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roswell Miller of New York.

(Mrs. W. Burden Stage photo, from Associated Press.)



The late Andrew Carnegie, and, above, Mrs. Carnegie.



In this cottage in Dunfermline, Scotland, Andrew Carnegie was born Nov. 25, 1835. Today his granddaughter shares in the \$300,000,000 fortune he left. J. S. Gordon, who will marry Miss Miller, is an attorney from Edinburgh. Miss Miller is one of America's richest heiresses.

Does Cupid Haunt the Campus?



(Continued from page three.)

overnight from the campus only seven nights a semester (with the exception of the regular holiday seasons). She may go wherever she pleases, but not more than seven times.

"If they have to have more than seven nights out," calmly elucidated Dr. William Allan Neilson, the beloved, erudite little president of Smith, as he jerked up his knees and jutted out his white goatee, "we get rid of them. They can . . . umph"—with contempt—"go to Vassar!"

That may have much or little to do with the fact that few Smith girls marry while in college. Mrs. Scales cited four last winter, four during the summer. All withdrew. Four seniors now are married, two having married during the summer, one during her junior year, the fourth in her freshman year.

"We drop girls for getting married if they don't tell us," President Neilson said, "as you can easily see that secret marriages, with men hanging around, place the girls in an ambiguous position. "We insist, too, on knowing what the arrangements will be if they stay on here. They have to convince us it is a working arrangement, but"—gayly—"we don't lose our hair because a girl gets married."

The one stipulation, he said, is that

Smith college girls of an earlier day play tennis, but without the revealing clothes freedom of modern coeds.

the marriage have parental approval. The average Smith graduate, statistics show, marries at the age of 26 or 27, five years after graduation. Her husband is a business or professional man. She will have 2.6 children.

Not always has this been true. Fifty years ago only every other graduate married. But since the beginning of the century there apparently has been a marital swing toward the highly educated woman.

A few flat statistics show this: Of the class of 1890, 47.6 per cent were married during the 40 years following graduation.

Of the class of 1900, 58.91 per cent were married during the 30 years following graduation.

Of the class of 1910, 60.35 per cent were married during the 20 years subsequent to commencement.

Of the class of 1920, 73.2 per cent were married by 1930.

Of the class of 1927, 66.5 per cent now are married. (This was found in a scrutiny of class files; a scientific questionnaire, authorities say, would reveal a much higher percentage.)

Of the class of 1932 (using the same unscientific method), 56.5 per cent now are married, five years after graduation.

These facts, officials believe, forever refute the charge that women's colleges breed a race of vinegar-veined spinsters.

Many Smith girls (although probably not so many as coeds) are engaged before the end of their senior years, engaged to those same young gallants from Amherst, Yale, Dartmouth, and elsewhere, who have been courting them so assiduously across the hills and hollows of New England. But of the class of 1927 only 12 were married their first year out of college.

Smith college officials take little notice of either marriage or engagement. It doesn't even offer a course in domestic science for its future brides. All it brags about is that there are few dismissals for academic reasons—and Smith's standards are high. It smiles, too, at its low divorce rate. ("I hope," said Warden Scales, "it means that it is a group that is more intelligent in handling its life in general.") It gives proud confirmation to the fact that most of its girls wait until they have diplomas to marry their men.

"Well, of course, that's the way it is," came the pert, gay comment of Avis Bailey, a junior from Evanston, Ill., who has a beau in every nearby college. "If I wanted a husband, you know, I'd go to a state university."

"But me, I'm trying to get brains enough here to last both of us."