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"Overheard"

"Talking about college spirit," remarked an upper classman, "it seems to me that the smaller institutions are still able to give us a few pointers—at least in regard to supporting the debates. After a fellow has deprived himself of his sleep, skipped meals, and got all his profs down on him for missing classes, in order to get time to devote to his argument, how much is he appreciated? Only a handful of the faithful gather, and all his eloquence, finely drawn points, and carefully knit arguments are largely wasted on empty seats. But take it in one of these scrub colleges, when a debate is scheduled, the whole outfit from the head cheese down is set buzzing. In this debate out at Wesleyan Friday night, it was enough to make a fellow feel ashamed to see the kind of support the debaters out there got, in comparison with the kind our debaters receive here. Morn-over in Iowa with only 400 members, sent a delegation of fifty, headed by its president, to support its representatives. Those fifty rooters with their leather lungs and startling yell certainly made themselves heard. Such support as this counts amazingly, and nothing is more inspiring to a debater than to know that he has a strong body of supporters behind him who want him to win and will do all they can to help him do it. But whenever an interstate debate is held here, even the band can't drum up a crowd. We certainly ought to feel ashamed to allow the intellectual side of college life to be dwarfed by other interests. At all events we ought not to allow ourselves to be outdone in this respect by any minor college."

"I've always envied the 'frat' girls and boys their good fortune," recently mourned a young lady barb of acceptable looks and agreeable manners, "and I've always looked forward to the time when I might be allowed the privilege of attending one of their social gatherings and coming into profitable contact with their good breeding and ability. The opportunity was afforded me the other night, through the kindness of a sorority friend, and I'm still wondering whether it is my fault or theirs that I feel so disappointed. I was the odd one in a group of four girls, all of whom stand high in the Uni 400, and of course I knew nothing of the "inside dolings" of their organization. Now what do you suppose they did? Why, they 'talked shop' all evening—how this girl, that boy, this sorority event, and that frat entertainment had fallen heir to their good, bad, or indifferent opinions. I was so utterly a "rank outsider" that I had the hardest kind of time keeping my nerves from compelling me to snatch my wraps and run away. Do I impress you as being so utterly a nobody that I deserve being absolutely ignored? Or is it possible that sorority girls aren't all so much better bred than we poor barbs, in spite of our assumption to that effect? Anyhow, I've quit worshipping at the shrine of the fraternity and sorority folks since my experience of that evening. I don't believe they are so awfully much better than the rest of us, after all."

The janitor looked up in surprise as the freshman addressed him. "Please, sir," said the youth, "could you tell me something about how the campus looked twenty or twenty-five years ago? I'm hunting material for an English theme and I'd be much obliged

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to you if you'd help me out." The janitor thought. He hadn't been connected with the University quite that long and he about decided to send the boy on his way. But the innocence of the youth in thinking that he was one of the appurtenances that went with the University when it was built tickled him and he concluded to help him out. "Well," he said, "I havn't any distinct recollection of what the campus did look like in those days, except that it was covered with pumpkin vines. Yes, sir, pumpkin vines!" he exclaimed, noting the freshman's wild look of surprise. I never saw anything grow like those things did. I remember when I planted them. For a couple of weeks there were just a few dry-looking plants here and there, a strugglin' for existence against the drouth. Then one night there came a tremendous rain. Next mornin' I was awakened by a number of agonized squeals of some animal in mortal terror. I rushed out, and one of the most wonderful sights I ever saw met my gaze. There was the whole campus covered with a livin', movin' mass of green. Great long tendrils with leaves dodgin' up in their wake, like a row of foot-lights being lighted, were gliding about like green serpents and the vines were tumblin' around and jumpin' over each other like boys playin' leap-frog. Yes, sir, it was those blamed pumpkin vines a growin'. And the squealin'? Why, way off in an open space was a little shoat a runnin' for dear life, and those pesky pumpkin vines were a followin' right at his heels. Helpless to aid him, I just stood and watched, and you bet I felt sorry for the poor little cuss. He made a gallant run, but those pesky vines caught the little fellow by the heels, laid him low, and finally strangled him. Did they ever stop growin'? Yes, they they finally got to travelin' so fast that they pulled up their roots, and of course that did for them." The freshman was leaning up against the wall for support, and it was some time before he recovered sufficiently to move on.

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