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# COLLEGE CHAPS ~



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L. E. Moore.

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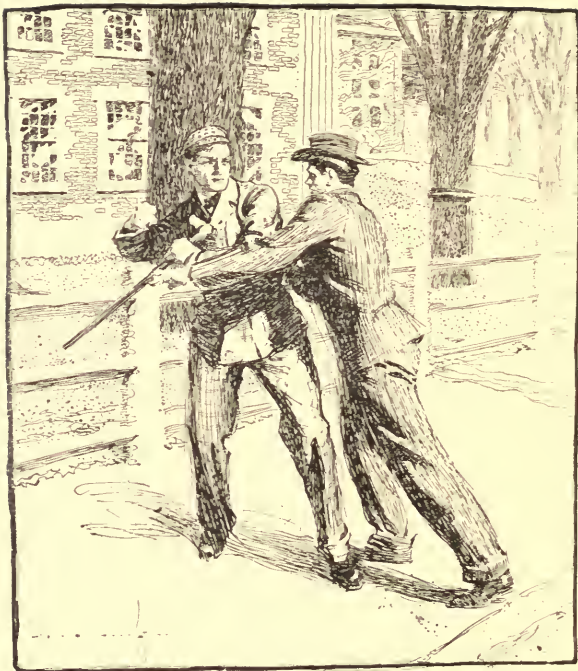


COLLEGE CHAPS.









DIKE PASTED THE SOPH IN THE JAW.

*Frontispiece*

# COLLEGE CHAPS

BY

NAT PRUNE

AUTHOR OF WEDDING BELLS, ETC.

*ILLUSTRATIONS BY*

*HAZELTON*

BOSTON

THE MUTUAL BOOK COMPANY

1902

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I desire to extend thanks to the Editors of the William and Mary College Monthly and the "Colonial Echo" for their courtesy in granting permission to reprint certain letters contained in this volume.

NAT PRUNE.

HAMPTON, VIRGINIA,  
*April 1, 1902.*

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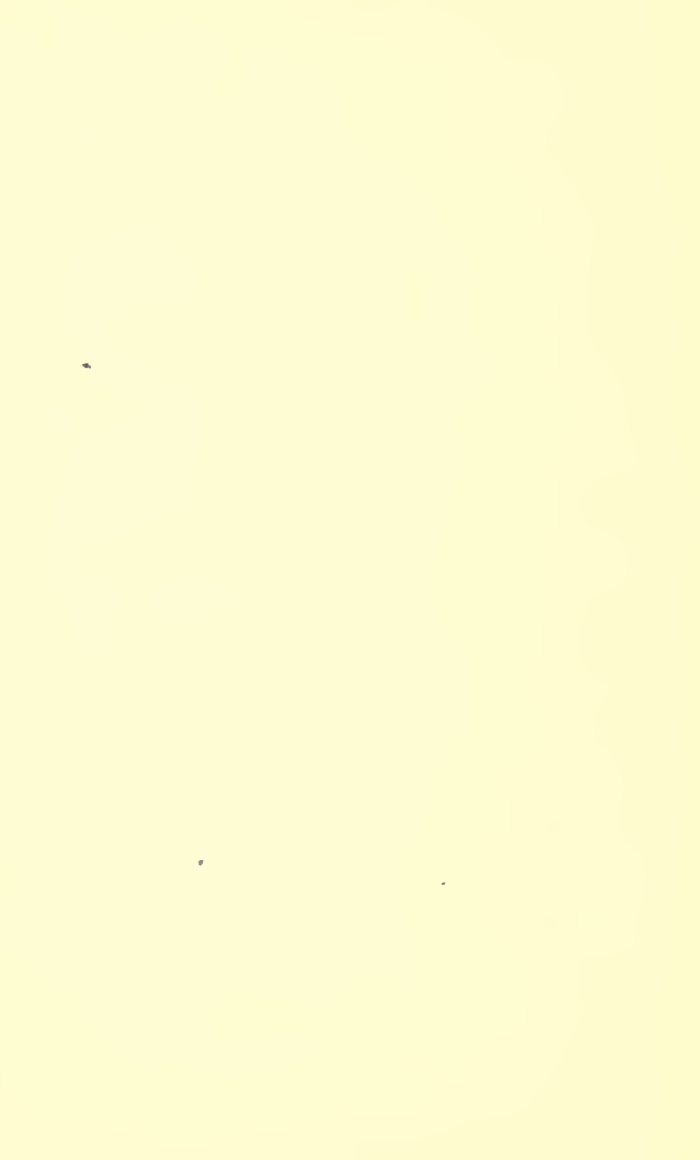
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A LETTER WRITTEN BY A YOUNG  
MAN TO HIS FATHER THREE  
MONTHS AFTER ENTERING  
UPON HIS FRESHMAN  
YEAR.



A LETTER WRITTEN BY A YOUNG  
MAN TO HIS FATHER THREE  
MONTHS AFTER ENTERING UPON  
HIS FRESHMAN YEAR.

*Dear Papa,* — I am here. This is indeed a great place. We have all sorts of fellows, and they are a fine set, — that is, the Freshmen are; I cannot say much for the others, for they seem to have the idea, the Sophs especially, that the Freshmen ought to be accompanied by trained nurses. But we have the largest class in the college, and if they attempt any monkey business we will show them what we are made of. We are just the cheese anyhow. I have joined the Philharmonic Literary Society; that is considered the best in college; and I am on for a declamation next Saturday night. I haven't paid my entrance fee yet; it is three dollars; please send the amount by the next mail. If it is not paid by the 10th, I cannot vote for the officers for the Fall term; and I am

## College Chaps.

anxious to be in that race, because I might have a chance to be elected censor of the society. That is a great honor for a Freshman.

I am rooming with Vance. Vance is from New Orleans, and he is considered the greatest sport in the Freshman Class. He has the finest pair of trousers stretchers I ever saw. I wish you would give me \$1.80 to buy a pair like them. I would use his; but he has so many trousers, that he keeps his stretchers in use all the time. He loaned me his tweed suit last Sunday, and I was mistaken for Jones, the great Sophomore sport, by several persons.

The Sophs gave us a pillow fight last Wednesday, and I am suffering with a black eye in consequence. Dike, a member of our class, started down town with a cane last week, and a Soph tried to stop him; but Dike patted the Soph in the jaw; and now we all carry canes, or bludgeons, or any old thing we wish to. The result was that Dike got a place as tackle on the foot-ball team, and his name up as a slugger. I know Dike very well; he came in my room and borrowed my

## College Chaps.

soap last Sunday morning. I may bring him home with me for the Christmas holidays.

We have gotten our class in shape, and are arranging for a big banquet at the finals. We have hat-bands. One night about a week ago we broke up a meeting of the "Eveites." This is some kind of an organization that considers itself something. They won't take in a Freshman; but we turned the garden hose through the window on their grand council in session. They cannot imagine who did it, and we are busily "winking the other eye." There is a fellow here from Texas, who wears a big hat, and carries a pistol. The other night he got squally, and chased half the Seniors out of their domitory. He is the wildest bird in the Freshman class. After he had done all of this, he ran into my room and hid until morning. The faculty had him up, and decided to ship him; but our whole class went in and put ourselves on a pledge for his good behavior; and he will be allowed to stay here until Christmas. If he goes home he is going to send me a Buffalo hide for a rug, — I hope he will go.

The other night we gave one of the Pro-

## College Chaps.

fessors a tin-pan serenade. While we were in front of his house another fellow called my name in a deep bass, and I was up before the faculty a few days after. They gave me a lecturette; but I did not scare worth a cent, — simply bluffed them a few stanzas, and they let me off. The next time I will go by the name of Casey, or else it will be Mud. I hid Professor M's glasses the other day, and the Freshmen told me I was a bird. We are going in a body to G——to witness the State Fair this month. Eight dollars will be needed for the trip; will you send it up by the next mail? The Freshmen want to go in a special car.

We hung a dog the other night belonging to the Professor of Chemistry. He, the dog, kept hanging around our quarters, so we hung him in a way that he will hang forever, if someone does not cut him down. The Prof. offers ten dollars reward, but the Freshmen are once more ahead. I am going to join the "Harkeyes" in January. The Club is made up of the pick of the Freshman class, and the members are at the bottom of all the mischief within the bounds of the college.

## College Chaps.

Dike is a "Harkeye." They are all fine people.

There are some mighty pretty girls up here; but the older classmen will not allow the Freshmen to visit. But the girls are crazy to have us come, and we expect to give them a hop in two weeks in spite of everything. I am just learning to dance; I have got the step very pat, and will come out at the hop. I am not able to two-step yet, but I have the glide down fine. Vance taught me all I know about it; Vance is a fine fellow; he can do almost anything; his father is a big sugar planter; he is the fellow who has the trousers stretchers; remember, they cost \$1.80. I have just purchased a rocking-chair and a pair of bedroom slippers. I look like a country gentleman after supper.

Wednesdays and Fridays are the nights for our larks. That's when we initiate Rome and she has to howl. To-morrow night we propose to place Prof. R.'s buggy on top of Dormitory X; think it will take the whole class to do it. There will be a crowd in my room to discuss it to-night. On next Friday night, we are undecided whether to duck the Sopho-

## College Chaps.

mores, bombard the Seniors, or lock the Juniors in. We carried a fellow's trunk down to his sweetheart's a few nights ago; he was a Junior. He had to have it hauled back the next day.

You may think that all this is taking time from my studies; but indeed it is not. We do these things and then do our studying; and very often they are all done before our lectures are prepared for the next day. I really forgot to tell you what my studies are: I am taking English, Latin, Mathematics, Chemistry, and History. They keep me right down to hard work most of the time, though I am getting along nicely with all of them. We play lots of pranks in the Chemistry Class when the room is darkened to try experiments. The Prof. came very near having his eye put out the day before yesterday with a bit of chalk which I fired at Ben Winch. Our Math. Prof. gives me a cold rush four times a week. The English Prof. says I am a bright boy; I haven't corked in his class this year.

I find my Latin a regular cinch of the lead-pipe kind, though, as a rule, only a third of the class make it.



## College Chaps.

I have not been to see your friend, Mrs. B., down town yet; but will try and get around before Christmas. I have been so busy. Haven't been homesick yet.

Give my best love to all at home, and to everybody in town. Don't forget about the \$1.80 for the trousers stretchers, and the money for the Society, and the trip to G——; and you might add \$5.00 for emergencies.

Your loving son,

FREDDIE.



A LETTER WRITTEN BY A YOUNG  
MAN TO HIS FATHER THREE  
MONTHS AFTER ENTERING  
UPON HIS SOPHOMORE  
YEAR.



A LETTER WRITTEN BY A YOUNG  
MAN TO HIS FATHER THREE  
MONTHS AFTER ENTERING UPON  
HIS SOPHOMORE YEAR.

*My dear Father,* — I am delighted to report that I am back again at my work, and have about gotten down to hard pan once more. The boys gave me quite an ovation when I alighted from the train; and in the rush to shake hands with me they crushed the case containing my new plug, made on the latest block. I already see that I am to be quite the thing up here this session. Ever since my arrival things have been gayer than before. My young lady friend told me only a few days ago that I was the sun in this universe. My new trousers took the place by storm; every fellow in college is dying to get a pair, but I don't want them to get too common. I used to think last year that the Freshman class was something; but it isn't in it with the Soph. The Soph is a corker, and

## College Chaps.

don't you forget it. I am the youngest member of the Soph class, and I have heard it said that I was also the best looking. We have organized the class. I have been elected Historian — a sort of modern Herodotus, so to speak. Our class colors are pea-green and maroon. I have a necktie made of that combination. I expect to wear it home when I come. All of us have blazers of the same colors, and when we blaze forth we are sights. Bill Sprigs from Washington has gone further, and has an umbrella.

The class yell is unique ; it is this :

Hooglum, Voogly, Brandy wine,  
Patsy-watsy, Baby-mine ;  
Hocus pocus, Ninety-nine,  
T-I-G-E-R.

Brock of Arizona is the designer. We just put the Tiger in for effect ; that gives the yell spring, so our wit says. We practice that three nights a week on the campus, so as to have it pat by Intermediate Celebration. The town people take these nights off and do not sleep. The Sophs run the town, and we do not care a rap who sleeps. We have not selected a class

## College Chaps.

motto yet, but we have a committee rummaging around through Xenophon and Horace and Virgil and the rest of them to get a suitable one. We want a dandy.

We had fun the other day after our organization ducking the Freshmen. We gave them a drubbing they will never forget. They are insignificant varmints, anyway, those Freshmen. I am glad I managed to get out of the class. If there is one creature on earth to be pitied and despised, it is a Freshman. I wouldn't be a Freshman for anything in reason. They have some kind of a mob they call a class, but they don't make noise enough to let the world know they are living. Enough of them, — I do not believe in running people down.

I am taking great interest in my English this year. That reminds me of the clubs we have organized in connection with this department. One is the Dickens Club. We read a work of Dickens's every week, and meet Saturday afternoon to discuss it. The other club is the "Querect." Every member who makes a mistake in English shall forfeit two cigarettes to the general fund, to be smoked by the

## College Chaps.

members who make no mistakes. I think both of them good plans.

Foot-ball season has just closed. We carried everything before us, — played two games and won one. I played tackle this year: only had two fingers broken in playing, — not much to be proud of, but I hope to do better next year. My room-mate had his shoulder smashed, and has just begun to run about a little. It's a jolly game; teaches a fellow grit and endurance.

I am the greatest tennis player in college. I am President of our Tennis Club; that reminds me that the Soph German Club will give a small affair in December. I am to lead with Miss Fluffy Bangs. Would you mind dropping around to Scissors', and asking him if he will have that dress suit ready by the 13th, so that I can shoot forth in Tux's?

I have just been taken into the "Hook and Eye" Society, — a swell Soph-Junior organization, — and we are to sit for our pictures on the 14th. I'll send you one of them. Our Lit. Society will have its Fall celebration on the 22d, and I am to deliver the Soph oration on "Monometalism or Protoplasm." I



## College Chaps.

have put time on this, and expect to carry my audience away. There are three Lit. Societies here, but ours is it. All the Profs advise the students to join.

I think I stand heavy for the Math. medal : I havn't been rammed at the board this year.

I attended a Pink Tea down town last night, given in honor of the "Eveites," of which club I am a member. It was swell in deed and in truth. Some of the Profs were there, but we were too fast for them, and chased them in by twelve. Then we took the town until about four A.M.

I put in a hard night's study last Wednesday ; was up until 1 A.M. in search of A. B. ; worked so hard that I had to be excused from lectures the next day.

I shall have to go to Baltimore next week in the interest of the Mag., of which I am B. M. I should have been Ed. in Chf., but he is always elected from the Senior Class. I will send you the Mags. as they come out. The articles signed "Eolus" are written by me ; that is my *nom de plume* for the year, and I am doing some very clever verse. I am writing this afternoon, because I have to attend a

## College Chaps.

meeting of the "Howlers" to-night. That reminds me: could you let me have twenty-five wheels by the 1st? In case R—— is elected the "Howlers" want to have the finest float in our college parade. Please send me up Vol. IV. of the Encyclopedia Britannica: I have an article to prepare on Epicurus, to be read at the next meeting of the "Eveites."

Give my love to the folks at home, and to all inquiring friends. Don't forget about the things I asked for.

Your loving son,

FRED SOMERVILLE MOORE.

P.S. If my next report is not as good as they have been, you need not be surprised, as my eyes have been giving me fits all the fall, and I am not at all well. F. S. M.

A LETTER WRITTEN BY A YOUNG  
MAN TO HIS FATHER THREE  
MONTHS AFTER ENTERING  
HIS JUNIOR YEAR.



A LETTER WRITTEN BY A YOUNG MAN  
TO HIS FATHER THREE MONTHS  
AFTER ENTERING HIS JUNIOR  
YEAR.

*Mon cher Père*, — Oh, the delights of being a Junior. It is prouder than being a Roman in the days of yore. The glories of Freshman and Sophomore life fade into insignificance when compared to the Junior. In the Junior Class we find no Freshman precocity, no Sophomore boot-licking, no Senior anxiety about degrees. It is the very *crème de la crème* of College life. We have sixty-two men in the Class. They are nearly all recognized society leaders, — all of them who care to be. More dignity is to be found in this Class than in all the others combined. The members of the Faculty say that we have the brightest crowd of men in the institution this year. Junior sets the pace; all others follow. I believe that if a Junior were to walk down town with a saucepan on his head, half of the

## College Chaps.

Sophs and Freshies would be following in two days, — provided they could get the pan, — so you can see what a hold we have on everything that pertains to style.

At our Fall banquet we had the finest spread that has been seen here since the flood. It taxed us ten simoleons per, and the whole layout had heavy heads in the morning. De Vere, who responded to the sentiment, "Old Times," is a room-mate of mine. His speech was pronounced worthy of Joe Choate. He reminds me of Joe in many ways. De Vere is a great fellow for having the ladies on the string. He is a perfect beau ideal of a chap. They do say (*on dit*) that he is engaged to thirty-two girls now. You ought to see our room. It is beautifully decorated with trophies of the chase. A regular bower of ringlets and capes and feathers and handkerchiefs and lace, and furbelows of all sorts. And there are photos of girls from Maine to Peru. I don't know how De Vere gets them. If he wasn't a Junior he couldn't be such a conqueror. By the way, De Vere has been a Junior two years; that accounts for his being such a heavy swell among the ladies, I guess,

## College Chaps.

— a sort of ground-swell, — as Professor Banks calls them. Lots of fellows remain Juniors two years just for that purpose. I have not yet decided whether I shall do it or not. It is considered quite a *coup de grâce*.

We Juniors pay more attention to French than anything else. We have more use for it in society, you know; and then some of the girls down town won't let a fellow talk sweet to them unless he does it in French. In order to become proficient in this line we have organized among the Juniors several little *je t'aime* clubs; and we are making rapid progress. You need not be surprised if you hear of my engagement before the year is out. There are many girls here, but I have not decided which to marry. A man is not considered a proficient Junior if he winds up the year without being engaged at least once. Harkley did it in '90, and he never came back for his Senior year. This may seem a queer go, but it is an unwritten law in the institution. I think I shall brace De Vere for one of his, — he has several to spare.

I have bolted that organization I joined when I was a Soph, the "Eveites," because I

## College Chaps.

find that it is composed of only rude Juniors and a few Sophs. All of the swell fellows bolt when they become Juniors. But instead I have been invited to join either of the two rival societies for Juniors.—the “B,” or the “G.”; and I shall probably hit the “G.” They have the finest set, and there’s nothing like having a seat in the Grandstand.

You ought to see my translation of a famous French poem in the Mag. last month. It was pronounced the best thing yet done by a Junior in French. I shall send it to the *Figaro*; that’s a French paper, you know. I have about decided that I shall go into literature when I graduate. I have a taste for that, and it is such an independent life. The Juniors do all the writing for the Mag. Now and then a Senior discourses on Greek Roots and Herbs, or something of the sort. Junior life is easy. There is so much *dolce fur niente* about it. We claim to have more real culture in our Class than there is in any other; the men do not go in for deep and thoughtful scholarship, or for the frivolities of the lower classmen; but we rather aim to conform to the true, the beautiful, and the good. We desire to decorate



## College Chaps.

ourselves with those things which go toward ornamenting life and making existence less monotonous. Like Plato, we wish a being all harmony. As Juniors we hold that it is more delightful to know how to propose to a girl decently than to know how to decline a Greek noun properly; it is more important to know how to hold a young lady in a waltz than to hold communion with Horace through the medium of the Fable of the City Mouse and the Country Mouse. That we are ardent and chivalrous in our conduct toward the ladies, — *cela va sans dire*. A boring Latin exercise is not in it with a catchy *billet-doux*.

I have become quite an expert at whist. We have our weekly meeting in Cranch's room, — Cranch is from Oregon, and is considered the finest French scholar and whist player in College. We also have another weekly meeting at the house of Col. X——, who happens to have five very attractive daughters. De Vere rushes one of them. We read two plays a week in the *Parlez-vous* Club, which is very exclusive. A movement is on foot to organize a new club in the Junior Literary Department, known as "The Singers of

## College Chaps.

the Twentieth Century," into which no one will be admitted who is not a poet of recognized ability. There will not be more than five in this at most, and I shall undoubtedly be the Alexander of the situation.

Below you will find a little poem that I scratched off one day last week in the Latin class to keep myself from going asleep, — the Prof. is so dull.

Fair, with locks of glistening gold,  
And teeth like pearl,  
This gem of a girl,  
Not half has e'er been told.

Sweet, the temper of a dove,  
In pensive mood,  
She coyly stood, —  
Could I but call her love.

Shy, she quickly glanced  
Upon poor me ;  
I dare not flee.  
Abashed, I stood entranced.

I only send this as a sample of what I can do. That, of course, is not my best. I

College Chaps.

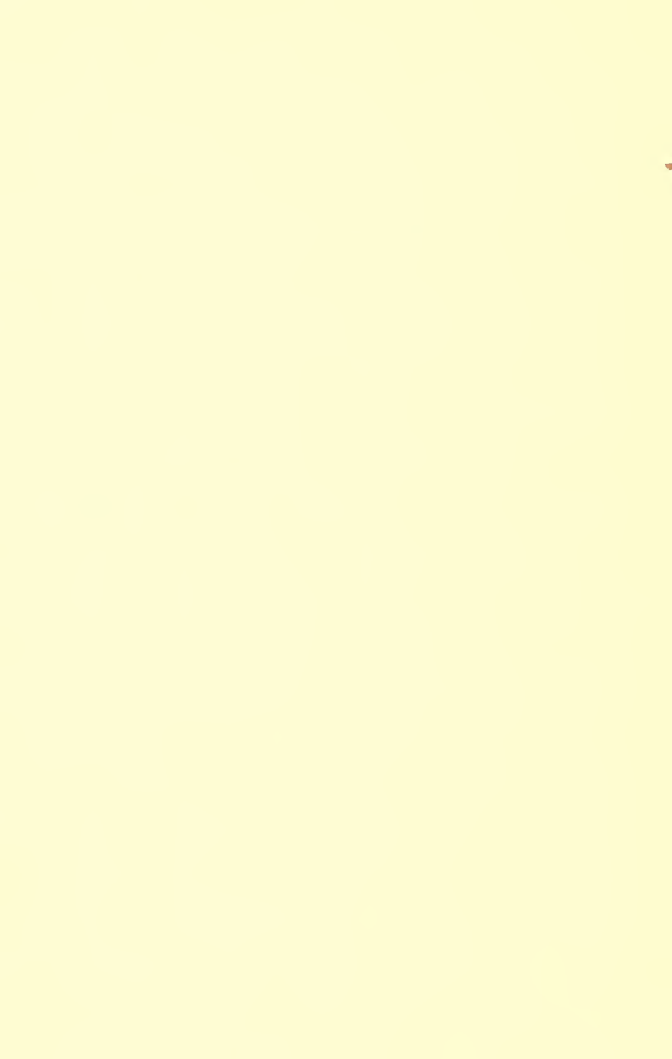
am studying hard, and expect to make all of my Intermediates.

Love to all. *Bon jour,*  
*Votre fils,*

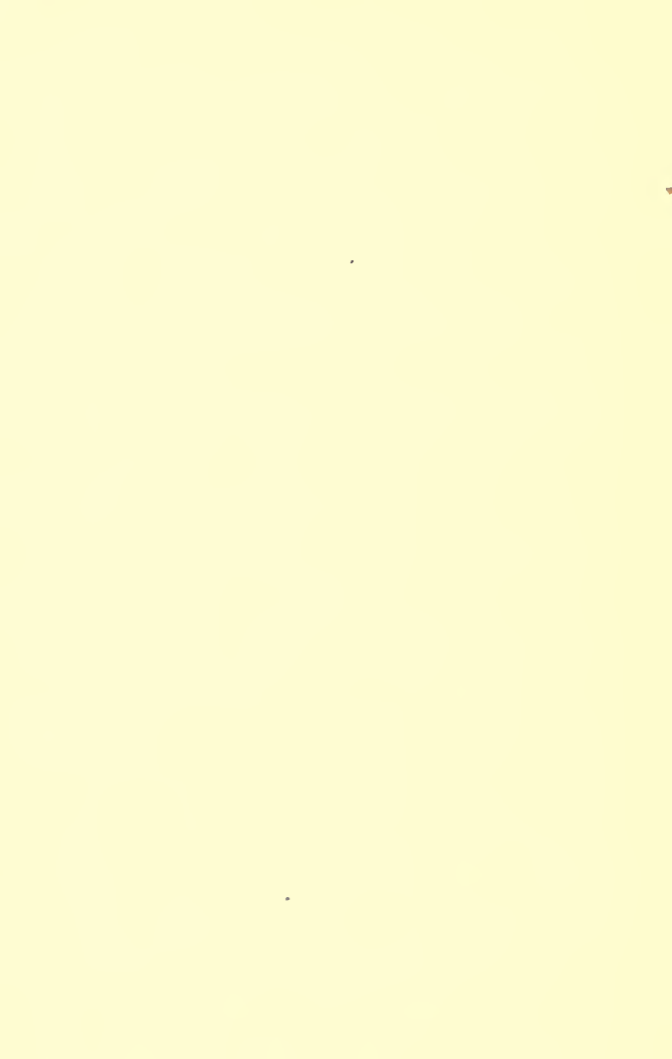
F. SOMERVILLE MOORE.

P. S. — Would your honor sight draft on Dec. 2d for thirty dollars? Answer.

F. S. M.



A LETTER FROM A YOUNG MAN TO  
HIS FATHER THREE MONTHS  
AFTER ENTERING UPON  
HIS SENIOR YEAR.



A LETTER FROM A YOUNG MAN TO  
HIS FATHER THREE MONTHS  
AFTER ENTERING UPON HIS  
SENIOR YEAR.

*Respected Sir,* — As Shakespere is wont to say, “a se’en-night hath elapsed since thy welcome note did come.” It found me well, yea, even robust. Three-fourths of the course have I traversed, and now the glory of the Senior hath burst upon me. Its effulgent rays blinded me at first; but realizing that I, too, was an asteroid in the firmament, I gazed without trepidation upon the matchless sights that I saw. This profundity of things appals me. I grow weary of life, but the music of the spheres doth cause my cares to flee like dew before the dawn.

I presume you saw my essay in the “Orient” on the “Oneness of the Twoness, or the Frozen Soul.” I do not believe in this thing that men call love. That may do for Freshmen, even for Juniors, — but for a philosopher, — well, *chacun à son goût.*

## College Chaps.

I have just finished reading a novel by Showells, who is considered a good writer by the *hoi polloi*; but I regard his effort as the merest bosh. Were I idle now to turn my attention to novel writing he fain would stop. Human tastes are now depraved; the world is out of joint. My views may seem pessimistic, but the circumstances bear me out.

No, I rarely see Miss Bangs now. She is entirely too frivolous and shallow-brained for me. As I grow older, I become less and less susceptible to the charms of woman. I fancy about one woman of every two hundred and forty that I meet; this is an extravagant proportion. Last Sunday I met a young lady who had graduated at Vassar, and afterward studied abroad seven years. She interested me for five minutes, though I was slightly bored at the fourth minute. We discussed Heredity in Red Ants, but she knew very little about the subject. I have yet to find one who can discourse successfully on the Cheek of the Gauls; they all get it mixed up with Samson and the Philistines and the Highwayman's Mule, and other subjects which are akin, but not identical.



## College Chaps

I am rooming with Norwalk of Kansas, a brainy fellow. His specialty is Chemistry. He is fitting himself to be a Professor of "16 to 1" in a Western University. His thesis for graduation will be, — "The Bearing of Herodotus on the Question of Ratio."

Yes, I occasionally write poetry now. Below you will find a bit of verse upon which I was at work three months —

Yes,  
No ;  
Pale azure sky :  
Death,  
Life,  
Why should I die ?  
It matters not,  
*God ana wot* —  
Chaos, despair, mystery, —  
Philadelphia,  
Be it so.

I would fain be remembered to the loved ones at home. Indite me thy thoughts when opportunity doth come to thee. Some day I shall rest among the stars.

With reluctance I say, *Vale*.

F. S. MOORE.



A LETTER FROM A FATHER TO  
HIS SON.



## A LETTER FROM A FATHER TO HIS SON.

*Dear Fred,*—I have y'rs of 5th. inst. You say you are taking Math. Lat. Chem. His. Bones, and Calico. Good, don't take anything worse. Your report is recd. It reminds me of the Weather Reports; when in doubt, predict Fair. My rheumatism is giving me the devil. Your mother is knitting you a chest protector. If you don't stop drawing on me every ten days my chest will need one. Why don't you do your respirating with your own chest? Enclosed find check for \$25. Try and make this last until to-morrow night. The weather is beastly. I suppose you will come down to see us Christmas. Bring some of your friends; from your glowing accounts I should like to have a look.

So you have joined the Pi Eta's? I am not up to that sort of snuff, but I guess it is on the order of the Odd Fellows; they have a goat, dues, etc. How much money do you want to keep that up?

## College Chaps.

Your handwriting is fierce. Don't they teach handwriting up there? They should if they don't. If you don't improve I shall have to send you a stenographer in self-defense.

We had a fire last night on 5th Street, next to Mr. Boggs'. Your Uncle Robert assisted the firemen nobly, as he usually does. He stood on the fire escape of the Opera House and shouted orders to the Chief until they turned the hose on him. The last I saw of him he was in charge of an officer going toward the station house. He doesn't deserve bail.

William has broken his arm in the same place that you broke yours, and up the same tree. Strange to say, he was disobeying the same orders. Inasmuch as I did this about thirty-five years ago, I guess there must be some sort of heredity about it. He is getting along very cheerfully under the circumstances, and is congratulating himself upon the fact that he won't have to attend school for six weeks.

I hope you can make an orator of yourself. It is a great thing nowadays to be able to touch the multitudes. I never was much of a

## College Chaps.

hand at it. Time was when I could roll off the "Wreck of the Hesperus," but I fully recovered.

Don't be too strong on dancing the German. That goes for a while ; but it is like olive oil, — a trifle over the required amount makes you sick. I believe in having a good time ; but all play and no work makes Jack unavailable in the business world, and earns him no salary.

Fondly,

YOUR FATHER.





A LETTER FROM A FATHER TO  
HIS SON UPON RECEIVING AN  
ITEMIZED BILL FOR THE  
CLOTHING OF THE  
LATTER.



A LETTER FROM A FATHER TO HIS  
SON UPON RECEIVING AN ITEM-  
IZED BILL FOR THE CLOTHING  
OF THE LATTER.

*Kensington, —, Jan, 8, 1901.*

*My dear Fred,* — The account of Stokes and Co. came to-day. As you say, it speaks for itself. Does every man have his own tailor, or do two or three of you club in and support one? If I was only a tailor at Knicks' College! Two hundred and eighty-three dollars in four months! why, that's almost as bad as your mother. A Tuxedo, forty dollars; that's funny. I thought a Tuxedo was a kind of dog, something like an Irish Setter. An overcoat, \$45.00; an overcoat, \$28.00; an overcoat, \$16.00. Now I see why I have to wear the one your Uncle George gave me last December, two years ago. A "sweater," \$8.00; yes, it makes a fellow sweat at long range. A silk hat, \$8.00! I imagine you purchased that

## College Chaps.

to take part in the theatricals; surely you don't intend to wear anything of the sort in public. A man has to be more than rash to wear one under his fortieth year. Your mother remarked that she presumes you have worn yours over two (y)ears. This sentiment is not mine; that sort of thing didn't run in my family.

Glancing down the line I see a golf suit, a riding suit, a yachting suit (in a town situated on the Dee Dee), a foot-ball suit, a running suit, a walking suit, a ping-pong suit, a smoking-jacket, a bath robe (so you bathe in a robe), a red waistcoat (God save the mark!), and a fez. Interpret the fez. I associate that with the Sultan of Morocco and such. Have you a studying suit? If so, where did you get it? Your tailor has omitted it; you had better call his attention to this. If this bill grows any, your respected cutter will have to resort to a lawsuit to get his money.

The spring is coming on now, and I presume you will have to stock up again. Let me anticipate. You will need an arbutus suit, a mosquito suit, a bathing suit, a rowing suit, a

climbing suit, an ice-cream suit, a lawn-party suit, a pale-ale suit, and many others. Give them all away before you reach home.

You modestly ask for fifty dollars,—for chocolate creams, I opine. I send a hundred,—buy some popcorn.

You are going to New York for your eyes. Then I guess you will naturally need an eye suit. Get it. Your mother is strong on your being up to date. In keeping you up to date I have to keep from thirty to sixty days from date. There is one thing to be thankful for, I see no mention of any Breach-of-Promise suits. How is this?

Elizabeth does not buy many suits at Vassar, but she makes frequent plunges at the cash box. I have an idea she throws her money into the Hudson. She is engaged to a young fellow from Chicago, so she writes us, and his name is Arthur. We naturally hear a good bit about Arthur. I hope he can trot at his advertised speed.

We are all very well. Your mother is out to-night attending a mothers' meeting. She is reading a paper on "Economy in the Family." I should like to hear it. I am going to ask

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her to get up one on "How to Cut a Tailor's Bill in Two."

Work hard and make a man of yourself; don't trust the tailors: it takes nine of them to make a man.

Fondly yours,

YOUR FATHER.

A LETTER FROM A FATHER TO HIS  
SON WHO HAS BEEN ELECTED  
PRESIDENT OF THE FINAL  
BALL AT COLLEGE.





A LETTER FROM A FATHER TO HIS  
SON WHO HAS BEEN ELECTED  
PRESIDENT OF THE FINAL BALL  
AT COLLEGE.

*Kensington, Jan. 22, 1901.*

*Dear Fred,* — We received the news by wire last Tuesday. It is needless to say that we are in the wildest sort of delirium over the result of the contest. This is the greatest thing that has ever happened to any of the Barkers. At first I did not understand what it was all about; but since your mother explained it to me, and your sister Lucy added running commentaries thereto, I think I have caught on, and I am proud of you.

To think that *my* son — Sam Barker's boy — should lead the terpischorian hosts to victory or death on a merry evening in June, with the thermometer at 102 in the dark, to the inspiring strains of "Ev'ry Nigger Had a Raglan On"; to imagine my whileom tow-headed, freckle-faced, stone-bruiser in the

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shining shoes, the claw-hammer coat, and the abbreviated waistcoat, gliding down the polished floor, while the chaperones sit on the sidelines and poke fun at his partner's aigret.

You mentioned the fact that it will be a *bal poudre*. I attended a *bal poudre* at Gettysburg once, and we had plenty of both there. We did not use the same sort of *bal*; and there was a slight difference in the quality of the *poudre*. But we capered.

I presume you will use your logic and your calculus in these manœuvres. Are the professors supposed to take part in the festivities?

I note you are going to attend with Miss Pepsie Beaman of Pittsburg, the daughter of the Iron King; and I also infer from your letter that you are very fond of her. Keep that up; it's the best thing you have done so far. I invested in iron once and lost. You must make good.

If you take my advice you will fight shy of chafing-dish parties. I used to go to them when I was a young man; and now the extent of my dissipation in the ruminating line is a few stale crackers soaked in a quart of warm milk, with a little oat gruel about every third

## College Chaps.

Tuesday. The sight of turkey drives me mad; and I have twice attempted suicide at a glimpse of corned beef and cabbage which I could not touch. Put this in your Solemn Column: When a man's appetite gives out before his money does, this world is no Paradise.

You seem to be in your proper sphere,—football, baseball, and finally the Final Ball. Cut out the high balls. The university should run smoothly; it seems to be ball-bearing throughout.

You ask how much money I can spare. That isn't the question. It's too late to begin that way now. I am not compromising myself. How much do you want? I know that Final Ball is going to roll them up; so don't be modest, but fire your eight-pounders. Your mother tells me that in order to relieve the strain on me she is going to send you some money shortly. She has not asked me for it as yet, so I can't say how much it will be.

Everybody is well except your sister Maude. She has the matinee fever; and she talks about Hackett in her sleep. We are not doing anything for it.

Fondly,

YOUR FATHER.



A LETTER FROM A YOUNG MAN TO  
HIS FATHER THREE MONTHS  
AFTER ASSUMING THE PRIN-  
CIPALSHIP OF THE RAIN-  
BURG HIGH SCHOOL.



A LETTER FROM A YOUNG MAN TO  
HIS FATHER THREE MONTHS  
AFTER ASSUMING THE PRINCIPALSHIP OF THE RAINBURG  
HIGH SCHOOL.

*Rainburg, —, Dec. 15, 1901.*

*My dear Father,*— If you will forgive all of the foolish things I have said and done I will tell you a secret. I have at last come to the conclusion that I do not know enough to boil an egg. Time was when the world was mine, but that same time is a “Great Healer.”

Six months ago I graduated with honors, A.B., B. Lit., acres of Sheepskin, etc., a happy boy. If there ever was a mortal on earth who knew more than I did, or quite as much, he had not at that time put in his appearance. The mysteries of Horace, of Euclid, of Pestalozzi, of the Cerebellum, and the neatly soldered Anglo-Saxon sentences were all familiar to me. I was able to say fluently, “Et, tu, Brute,” and “Der Wolf ist Tot,” and “Après

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vous, Monsieur," and "God ana wot," and "Pass the Growley," and with equal ease give all of the yells, including the weird peal of the "Populi Sumuses." With my intricate knowledge of Chemistry I was even able to analyze some of the queer dishes we used to be introduced to in the Mess Hall. The thought that I should ever strike a snag was beyond the stars. When I appeared it would be the old racket, "Veni, vidi, vici." But I believe not.

I began my work up here with a flourish. For the first three days my pupils wondered at my great knowledge of things in general, and then they spat on their hands and began asking me questions I had never heard of; and I have not caught up yet. The latest in the way of a poser is "Who Adam's Sons married?" If you can get hold of this information anywhere, please send it to me; for my professional reputation is at stake, or at the stake, whichever you prefer. I also have another which was handed me by a member of the School Board about six weeks ago, and I have been putting him off with headaches and Teachers' Meetings ever since. The ques-



tion is: "How much lard will a hog yield that measures eighty-two inches around the girth?" It was taken from the "Grangers' Primer." It is this way all the time. Some days I get only ten of these, and other days I get from sixty to eighty-five. And I have to address Temperance Meetings, and speak at Tournaments, and play Prince Charming in the Beauty and the Beast shows, and teach a class of young ladies in Sunday School, and make myself agreeable to the old maids, and attend sociables that are dryer than the month of September, and remember the names of all the young ones in school, and say nice things to their parents about them. It is wearing me down at the rate of a pound per day.

The besetting sin of a majority of my boys is reading "Huckleberry Finn." The one copy is in great demand. Next to "Huck" I should place the absorbing pastime of harnessing "jaeksnappers." Then when times are dull, and they cannot go out doors to play, the Committee on Bother teases Lillian Pokeberry; Lillian cries, and I have to pet her; this is pleasant (in the negative).

Possibly the most interesting features of the

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work are the bi-weekly visits of the Trustees. The average school Trustee is so "childlike and bland." He does not know an algebraic equation from a packsaddle; but he is a good judge of teachers. They come in, and wisely watch the class in Latin recite, and then go out and wonder what good it is going to do the young idea. (From my knowledge of a few of the young idea, I often wonder myself.)

Yet there is great consolation in looking wise, and having people ask your opinion about things, and being invited up on the stage at public gatherings, and being talked about (?). I sometimes feel that it would be the finest thing imaginable if I could get away, out in the field, several miles from anywhere, and yell two or three times, and kick up generally. This perpetual dignity wears one out.

Shall I teach next year? Well, hardly. Do I want to get home again? With a vengeance. I want some one to slap me on the back and call me "Fred." This persistent "Mr. Moore" or "Professor" is dreadful on the nerves.

With love to all, I am, your dutiful son,

FRED. SOMERVILLE MOORE.

A LETTER FROM A YOUNG MAN  
TO HIS FATHER, ANNOUNCING  
HIS ENGAGEMENT TO MISS  
MYRTLE FLIRT OF THE  
ORIENTAL OPERA  
COMPANY.



IN LOVE WITH THE DEAREST GIRL IN THE WHOLE  
WIDE WORLD.

A LETTER FROM A YOUNG MAN TO  
HIS FATHER, ANNOUNCING HIS  
ENGAGEMENT TO MISS MYRTLE  
FLIRT OF THE ORIENTAL OPERA  
COMPANY.

*Bailway, —, Feb. 15, 1902.*

*Dear Papa,* — I have a piece of news that I must tell you, although I know you will be surprised. For some time I have been deeply, yes, almost madly, in love with the dearest girl in the whole wide world. She is the toe dancer in the Oriental Opera Company, but the most perfect lady I have ever known. Her face is the rarest I have ever set eyes upon, and she dances divinely.

I hear that Professor Bangs has written of her in disparaging terms, and Doctor Acorn has advised you to call me home; but I desire to say that I will not be coerced in this affair. It is true I am not quite of age; but I have a mind of my own, and I had rather live on a crust with Myrtle than live without her.

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She is my guiding star; my queen of women; my wife to-be.

The first time she saw me, she almost disdained to look at me; then I sought an introduction. She refused at first, but finally consented. The Manager, Mr. Coppercrown, kindly presented me. I fell at the first fire. I persevered. She has consented to be my wife. We desire to be married in October. It is foolish to think of my coming back for my Junior Year. I could not study. There would be hauntings; there would be dreams; there would be madness. Tell mother she must become reconciled to it.

Mytle's Company is now at Jersey City, where they will remain two weeks. Then they go to Emporia, Kansas. I expect to follow her as far as Wheeling, W. Va. After the season is over I shall visit her at her home in Sandusky, Ohio.

I have obeyed you thus far in everything. Do not raise any objection to this, or place any obstacle in my way. Consider your only son's happiness. If you could but see her I know you, too, would fall in love with her at once.

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I have drawn on you for \$100. I am in urgent need of money. Myrtle dares to send love. I have had to drop my Mathematics on account of my eyes. I leave to-night for Jersey City.

Write at once; and withhold not your approval. It is life or death to me. Affectionately yours,

Your son,

AUGUSTUS S. PAINE.





A REPLY TO THE LETTER OF AUGUS-  
TUS INFORMING HIS FATHER OF  
HIS ENGAGEMENT TO MISS  
MYRTLE FLIRT OF THE  
ORIENTAL OPERA  
COMPANY.



A REPLY TO THE LETTER OF AUGUSTUS INFORMING HIS FATHER OF HIS ENGAGEMENT TO MISS MYRTLE FLIRT OF THE ORIENTAL OPERA COMPANY.

*Washington, D.C., Feb. 17, 1902.*

*Dear Gus,* — Your interesting piece of news is with us. For some time I have slowly, but surely, suspected that you were troubled in this way. I suffered in the same way when I was at College; and my father knew just how to treat it. I am sure the object of your affections is a dream. My experience with Toe Dancers has been confined to viewing them from C Row B 105, but I am for them every time. I hear they draw about three hundred dollars per week. I have been thinking about an advantageous match of this sort for you for some time. Marry her by all means. While she dances on her toes you can rest on your heels.

I have been asking about her; and I find

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that Tom Collins knows her. He says she was born near his town in 1862. That isn't so bad if her toes show no signs of giving out. Did you know she was a widow? Her first husband fell off a scaffold, at Bangor, about twelve years ago. He was a bill-poster.

Trust me for the consent. You have it. I believe in allowing boys their own way in such matters. You can marry Myrtle: you may marry her. Pick out your little spot of crust and go to housekeeping. You will be nineteen in August, but you have my full permission to do everything but vote.

From your own description Myrtle angled for you with rare decision. I presume she knows that I am rated at six figures.

I hope you and Myrtle will be happy on your crust. Come around and see us when you are one. Have you asked Myrtle's papa for her? or will you be romantic and elope?

Tell Myrtle when you see her that I am anxious to see her in the family. I am going to divide the family funds between Maud and Lucy. You will have Myrtle.

Enclosed find check for \$100.00. Stop drawing. You already know enough mathe-

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matics to call for what you want. No calculus for that.

Business is very dull. I lost \$65,000 on corn last week. Tennessee Iron has put me in for it to the tune of \$40,000. I endorsed for your Uncle George, and had to make good to the extent of \$150,000. I have had to sell two horses. But enough of this. When you marry Myrtle she will take care of us.

Fondly yours,

YOUR FATHER.



A LETTER FROM MISS MYRTLE  
FLIRT TO MR. AUGUSTUS PAINE.





A LETTER FROM MISS MYRTLE  
FLIRT TO MR. AUGUSTUS PAINE.

*Sandusky, Ohio, April, 1902.*

*My dear Mr. Paine,*—I herewith return you your letters. I think it is best that the affair should end here. You were very, very sweet to me; and I shall never, never forget it, but I cannot marry you. It was never intended. Perhaps some day you will find another girl who will love you dearly and make you happy. As I regard you as one of my best friends, I must tell you of my engagement to Mr. Horace Hilterbocker of New York. He is from one of the old families; and his father has lately been very, very strong on wheat. He is a dear fellow. I shall be glad to see you at our home in New York.

Sincerely yours,

MYRTLE FLIRT.



THE DIARY OF A DISAPPOINTED  
YOUNG MAN WHO HAS FAILED  
ON HIS EXAMINATIONS  
DURING THE FOUR  
DAYS OF THE  
FINALS.



I WAS TOASTMASTER.

THE DIARY OF A DISAPPOINTED  
YOUNG MAN WHO HAS FAILED  
ON HIS EXAMINATIONS DURING  
THE FOUR DAYS OF THE  
FINALS.

*June 19th.* This morning the Senior Club held forth. Rot, pure, unadulterated rot. I stood it as long as my nerves would bear the strain, and then went out and dug artichokes. I did not apply for a degree this year, because I wanted to escape affiliating with that mob. That pudding-head Wolder tried to tell what he knew about the Philippine Question, and he really knew less about it than Billy Mason.

Then came the Class Poem, which I regard as base plagiarism of

“Eenie, meenie, minie, mo,  
Catch a nigger by his toe.”

Oh, there are some shining lights in that aggregation of wiseacres. The Faculty will graduate about twelve of them. Well, I am not a student; but if I could not reflect more

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credit on the institution than the whole shooting-match, I would eat hay.

*June 20th.* To-night the George Washington Literary Society held its annual murdering of the King's English. It is needless to say that the headsmen were out with their axes sharpened. There will not be enough decent English left to-morrow to write a composition on "Why I Came to College." Everything on the programme was boldly seized from an antediluvian volume entitled,—"Cast Iron Jokes by Tubal Cain." "Curfew" and "Lochinvar" also came in for equal honors. I waited patiently for the "Burial of Sir John Moore." After the butchery there was a shower of medals; and many of the audience had to actually raise their umbrellas to keep from getting their clothing full. Oh, it was fierce! One golden-haired youth caught a medal for improvement in debate. It must have been worth a dollar and a half in the upper gallery to see him when he began. But *ad nauseam*.

*June 21st.* To-night the "Cap and Bell" gave the greatest banquet and german of

modern times. More than fifty couples were out, and wine flowed like water. Swelldom was there *en masse*. I was toastmaster. All of the fellows in College worth knowing were to be seen around the festive board. We did not have the room full of young Bachelors of Old Arts, but chaps worth cultivating were there in abundance. The menu would have been a revelation to Belshazzar; and the speeches, — there was no “Over the Alps Lies Italy,” but genuine wit of the Chauncey brand. Some of the Professors were there by special invitation. That’s strange; they always run down the “Cap and Bell” all the session, but appear on deck at a spread. After hearing what they did last night they have every reason to believe that a man may have some sense, and still not be able to cross the *pons asinorum*. I retired at dawn with my head tipping the scales at four hundredweight.

*June 22d.* Oh, what a day this has been! The awarding of degrees; more medals, scholarships, certificates, diplomas, hot mush, and other faculty gifts, — all in the presence of the Board of Trustees. It is amusing to

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see them troop up for these baubles. I cared so little about the things that I did not even go up to get mine. I had the honor of being the only man in a class of eighty-nine to make Botany ; but I do not care for such things. Bailway took eight diplomas ; that is good ; with such number he may be able to hide his ignorance. After serving seven years for his Rachael, Hebers took his A.B. with a satisfied smile.

But the closing event, the capstone, was the final ball ; and how it rolled this year ! I danced every number ; and what is more, with just the girl for me. It was the crowning day of College life. How we did whoop things up !

To-morrow I leave for home. What kind of a bluff must I work on the old man ? Bad eyes, I guess, just as I did last year.





## LETTER FROM THE FOOT- BALL MAN.

*Dear Billie,*—  
The foot-ball sea-  
son is now on, and  
I am in it. Cæsar,  
Cicero, Pestalozzi,  
and other well-  
known fossils oc-  
cupy a back seat  
at present. The  
Binomial Theorem  
has to be dusted  
every time I use  
it, which is sel-  
dom, quite seldom.

The following is  
the day's pro-  
gramme: In the  
morning I get up  
at five and take a

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cold bath in oatmeal. Immediately afterwards I run four miles ; then comes a hearty breakfast of mushrooms and planked shad. At nine I go to the Chemistry Class and cork on every question. At ten we have a delightful luncheon of paper collars and garlic, washed down with a bucket of ale. Eleven o'clock is the hour for skipping Math., and skipping rope ten minutes. From twelve to one we hop around the campus on one foot ; from one to two we hop around on the other foot, and then we use both in rushing to dinner, which dinner, by way of review, consists of huckleberry quadrants and Saratoga chips. Our first afternoon lecture is German. Two days in the week I jump this altogether, the remaining one my toothache pulls me through. Four o'clock is the time set for afternoon practice. In order not to be late for this I have to skip Literature. Julius Cæsar is on the boards at present, but he isn't as lively as foot-ball. For supper we are allowed by our trainer a spoonful of beef tea and a couple of jinjer wafers. From seven until nine-thirty we study our signals, which are fine this year. I give you some of them :

2, 4, 6, 8, Boom, which being interpreted, means, "Right guard break through tackle and confiscate the eye teeth of the left half-back."

X-Y-Z, Turnips, "Center Rush but left guard in the pit of the stomach and dislocate quarter-back's jaw."

Unus, duo; tres, hit 'em, — "Kill the right end, and send for the undertaker."

And there are many others equally as good.

We haven't been beaten this year. We have our first game with B. & G. on Tuesday, at which date we are looking for something soft.

Miss Fluffy Bangs is working some exceedingly handsome colors for us. She is not handsome, but quite stylish.

My hair is eighteen inches long. "Bump" Thompkins, however, has the finest head on the team. He is the envy of the whole aggregation. His bangs are five feet long, and still growing. When the season is over he will donate the harvest to the faculty to make cushions for the Chapel chairs.

Good-by.

Yours all the time,

BOB.



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