

Who Was Right



It was a typical college room. There were the four walls covered with pictures of victorious teams, pennants, cigarette-box covers, trophies taken in under-class scraps, pictures of prize-fighters, pictures of brother and sister, father and mother, and of the girl; there was the dresser whose top was a veritable puzzle which only its owner could solve; there was the table littered with books, papers, magazines, cigar stumps, cigarettes and pipe tobacco; there were the inmates, sitting or standing in all conceivable attitudes: The Senior, gravely smoking his pipe as he wrote: The Junior, smoking his cigarette as he lazily thrummed his guitar: The Sophomore, feverishly sucking at his pet pipe: The Freshman, lazily stretched on the floor and utterly unconscious of everything and everyone since she had promised to go to the Junior hop with him; surely, it was a typical college room.

Everything was quiet for a time, till the sophomore, seeing the freshman's contented attitude, heaved a pillow at him, and the freshman, suddenly aroused from his dream, answered in kind. The battle waxed fierce as there was unlimited ammunition to supply the contestants, while the junior and senior laid aside their work and watched the contest with pitying superiority. When both combatants had wasted their strength and now lay on the floor glowering at each other, as only freshmen and sophomores can, the junior took advantage of the lull in the storm to say:

"It's all tommy-rot. A man gets just as much out of college life as he puts into it."

The senior nodded gravely but answered nothing, while the freshman and sophomore laid aside, for a time, their feud, to listen to the discussion.

"I tell you," continued the junior, "it makes me sick to hear some of these guys croak about how different bunches run things. What if they do? It is only because no one else tries to do anything; and then because a bunch or bunches run things to suit themselves, they raise an everlasting howl."