

Easter Eggs.

(A view contrary to "Hard Words From a Hard-Boiled Co-ed," which appears in The Skiff of T. C. U., March 25, 1925.)

Co-eds—blah! They think they are the end and aim of a college man's existence, his very reason for being where he is. They can't be expected to realize that they are a side issue in our lives—that would spoil their fun.

Love? There is no such word in a co-ed's serious vocabulary. Its flame was so weak that it burnt out in the first freshman affair. She thinks of nothing but eating and necking, and is not particular about what, when, who or where.

She expects us to eschew our "chewing" tobacco, against which her esthetic sense revolts, and to replenish her "jawing gum"; to forego our vile cigars, which impair her facile breathing, and to smoke her favorite cigarettes. She expects us to dance half the night with her, and to excel in our classes next day by means of those pretty evasions and diversions of which she is so thoroughly capable. She prefers that we be dumb in the classroom rather than that she be deaf to our discussion of those questions which are taboo in her lofty mind.

Can we respect a girl who monopolizes all our time on the campus, rides in our cars, specializes in the vocation of the "forty-niners", expects us to tag and carry for her and feel amply rewarded by a saccharine smile; who assumes the human touch of friendship while with us—then berates us to her acquaintances; who feeds our natural desires with her spicy repartee and "technique"—living on the thrill of uncertainty, yet balking at the greater thrill of certainty; and who, above all else, expects us to fawn at her feet in adoration.

To her the greatest joke is the lad who believes himself all-wise in the ways of women, yet she classifies all of us into a few distinct groups, of which only one class has possibilities—as entertainment, or as a test of her "technique." There is one exception. He is the helpless little fellow, sweet and innocent—a simp, she calls him. You have seen men string minnows on hooks in order to catch larger fish? The analogy is perfect.

Eve got the edge on Adam by eating of the apple first, and we give thanks every day that ours is not a co-educational college.

TRAGEDIES OF THE WEEK.

The inspecting officers were here.

It seems like Louis Dodson has waited mighty late in the year to win the favor of Sally Boyett but he's going fine and seems to be enjoying great success.

Dean Puryear chased "Sot" Fry away from the typewriter in his office three times last week.

John Dana didn't get to have a date with Sis Askin this last week-end.

All of Taylor enjoyed A. Ika Richardson's visit to Taylor last week.—Taylor Town Talk.

Sol Franck can't get a date for R. V. Don't forget the co-eds, Sol.

Visitors to Taylor last week, A. Ika Richardson.

Visitors to Taylor week before last A. Ika Richardson.

Visitors to Taylor the week before that, A. Ika Richardson.

Probable visitors to Taylor next week, A. Ika Richardson.

Apply to A. Ika Richardson for Sloan's Remedies.

Apply to Mr. Pailey, secretary to the President, for dancing lessons. Even tho he did fall at the dance the other night men, he is worth a trial.

To An Old Flame.

You say that I've forgotten,
That I no longer care?
That I am strangely distant
And smile at your despair?
You say our old affection
No longer leaves a scar?
Then, lady, let me tell you
How extremely right you are.
—R. E. Renaud.

"A good Arabian horse will canter in the desert for twenty-four hours in summer and forty-eight hours in winter without drinking."

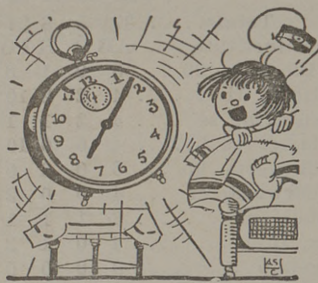
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