



### MALE PSYCHOLOGY OR OUR IDEA OF A GOOD TIME

After missing the car, and walking up the College hill, we were tired. Our feet were tired. Our limbs were tired. In fact we were tired all over. But the minute we opened the door of the Club we were tired no longer—that is we no longer remembered that we were tired—and entered immediately into the overwhelming spirit of geniality.

"Hello Jack!" "Anything I can do to help out? Gad! There's a great crowd here to-night"—we realize that this means standing on our tired feet, but yet we smile benignly. "Gee! Look at all the new member cards." "Guess we'll have to build a new club house, Wallace."

After elbowing our way to a place to leave our coat, we hear someone asking us to make a fourth at Bridge. Probably it's the chap who took our girl to the movies last night, but the spirit of the evening prevails and we greet him as our most cherished friend.

When the table is arranged the feeling steals over us that someone is smoking. Of course we accepted the cigarette proffered us at the door, but took it as an honor of distinction. When we look around, everything seems veiled in blue, and every face lit up by the sparkle of a cigarette, or the glow of "The Old Friend" filled with Macdonald "chewing."

We commence to play, but our brains are dulled by the blue atmosphere. Our eyes smart, and our head goes round;

yet we persist in smoking violently, and smiling genially for we're having a good time.

Just in the middle of a ticklish hand, some one puts on the most "jazzy" Jazz Band record in the Victrola collection, and as a result we pull an awful bone. But such is the mind of man that we insist that we're having the time of our life.

After supper someone gets up and sings "Coon" songs, with a broad Scotch accent. We immediately call him a hero—which he really is, only not in the way we mean.

Finally the spirit moves us, and we rise to the occasion with a few classmates and sing several of the good old rafter-ringing ditties.

The first couple are not too bad as we leave them to those who can sing; but at length we burst out in all our glory. Our one ambition is volume; we rather pride ourselves on it. After all, someone has said that "Harmony is the blending of discord." So we set bravely out to prove it, but somehow we forget the blend.

Even the ones who can sing throw aside their training, and tear off into notes unheard of till now.

But the effect is wonderful. Soon everyone is joining in to his greatest ability. One insists on being a Banjo, another fancies a Ukelele, while a third does a clog dance.

Finally the crowd breaks up in the best of spirits, declaring it had a wonderful time. We agree with it heartily.