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Ogden College

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THE CARDINAL

Spring Fever Number

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No. 10

SPRING FEVER

One Spring morning a crowd of college men were in the office discussing the outlook for the baseball teams when a forlorn looking Prep stuck his head in the door. His hair, which was usually combed so much that it looked like a plate-glass mirror, was all mussed up, in fact there was one spot where a lock had disappeared altogether. Seeing that no one was looking, he stealthily advanced farther into the room. One trousers leg was torn almost off but remedied partially by the use of a "safety first," a baseball glove hung at his belt, and a protruding knot at his pocket showed that a baseball was there. Tip-toeing softly across the room he peeped in the inner office to see if Dr. Whittle was engaged, he saw that that official was not, but so gruff and stern were his looks that the Prep's bravado disappeared as if by magic. He swiftly ducked his head and headed for the door, but alas, 'twas too late. The doctor's deep voice boomed out, "Come in." The Prep checked in his flight, slowly turned and retraced his steps, he at last found himself before the "throne of justice," with the judge peering down at him over a pair of shell-rimmed spectacles.

"Young man, what are you doing, coming here at this time of the morning, don't you know that it's nearly nine o'clock?" said the Doctor, contracting his sparse eyebrows to look as fierce as possible.

The poor Prep could only stand terrorized nodding his head "Yes" or "No" to the Doctor's queries, which flew thick and fast.

At last, the Doctor, seeing that he had the enemy completely demoralized, removed his huge shell-rimmed spectacles and prepared to give the sentence.

"Ahem! I see you are proved to be afflicted with the Spring Fever. Is that not so?" The Prep wildly nodded to the affirmative.

"Well! I suspect that I will have to———" Here the Prep shuddered and grew faint as he pictured what the following words were to be. The Doctor continued, "——— tell you that from now on you will have to get to school on time or bring an excuse. Then the Doctor turned, picked up his pad of entrance slips and wrote a name upon one of them and gave it to the belated student, who, joyfully walked out of the office.

The college men, who, all this time were listening to the conversation that was going on in the inner office; now completely forgot what they were previously talking about and the talk ran to the subject of Spring Fever and its cures.

Claude Kinslow, the ladies' man, who is always first in everything, began to express his views on the subject:

"When the symptoms of Spring Fever come upon one, he begins to have a dizzy headache, he feels that he doesn't care what happens or how it comes about.

This is a disease that has been puzzling the Doctors for centuries. No one has ever been able to find a remedy for this dreadful disease. The antidote that I discovered by accident is as follows:
R/ Wine aplenty.....One quart
WomenThe Right Type
AutomobilesAny Kind
Directions — Take regularly until the symptoms disappear."

Then Guy Howerton, who must have been raised on goat milk because he is always butting into someone else's business, interposed with this suggestion:

"Spring Fever is a malady that sweeps the country in early Spring. It is especially contagi-

ous to the young of both sections of the human race. Its symptoms are: yawning, stretching and a general indifference to anything that pertains to work, both mental and physical. In short, Spring Fever is laziness, and must be treated as such. There are several stimulants such as baseball and other forms of amusement that require exercise, yet do not seem as much like manual labor as hoeing the garden or raking the yard. Another good tonic is to jump in the river three or four times a day. About the best cure is a vigorous application of horse liniment twice a day until the patient shows improvement.

The liniment will make the patient forget all about Spring Fever."

Sanders, who is a close relative of Ring Lardner, gives this cure for Spring Fever:

"It is understood that the best way to cure Spring Fever is to keep from catching it. However, as the patient already has it I must prescribe a cure.

Spring Fever, if defined, is a control of the subconscious acts which makes extreme conscious acts, or will-power, necessary. As the subconscious mind is about one-half of the motive power required to do work, it is necessary to either force the subconscious mind along the right path or to develop the somewhat dull will-power into a great positive force. My plan accomplishes both.

The patient is to be placed in very close contact with a dear female friend (preferably one of peachy looks and goodly disposition) for about eight nights and every afternoon in the week. In about one-seventh of a week the patient will be so full of enthusiasm and vim that he can eat nails and pull ten autos by his hair. All by his own will, subconscious and conscious, he will make ten pounds of sawdust out of four pounds of angle irons

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every morning for exercise.

Caution! do not proceed with the cure too far; it is very dangerous if taken in too large doses."

Ross Coleman, the linguist artist, could not miss this occasion to display his art. He said:

"The Spring Fever is a deadly and serious disease. Its time of visiting the patients is in the Spring of the year when the sun has begun to make its appearance regularly after having hid its face during the several winter months. The disease affects people in different ways. Some people have an incurable case of this disease and it stays on with them for several years in every season, while with some the time is limited to the Spring of the year. The first symptoms of the disease are noticeable when it can plainly be seen that the patient is inclined to sit down or lay down all of the time. The victims of this disease are numerous and the way in which it works to demoralize a school is astounding. All over the ground and perched in trees, autos and seats the victims are lounging like buzzards after a carrion. The disease is something on the order of the sleeping sickness but is much more deadly in its effects and its victims are much more numerous."

Sledge, seated on the librarian's table, arched his beautiful eyebrows and began this yarn:

"It was a bright, sunshiny day and all the world seemed happy and cheerful. I had breakfast and gathered up my books to go to school. I looked at them distastefully. It looked like too pretty a day to be carrying books to school so I put them back on the table. Satterfield and I started out. When we got to the "Y" Satterfield stopped. "Let's

not go to school," he said. I hesitated, thinking of how many classes I would miss. "Let's go out and practice baseball," he said. "All Right," I responded, and we were gone for our balls and gloves.

We picked up another boy on the way to the field, who seemed to be in the clutches of Spring Fever like ourselves. After we had practiced for half an hour, bunting, catching flies, etc., we noticed it turning rather dark. Before we could get under the grandstand the rain began to pour down. Under the grandstand, it was very little better than outside. So, we started walking, and arrived at home cured of our Spring Fever for that day at least.

At this juncture, Doc. Whittle sailed out of the office, boiling over with wrath and indignation, demanding why they were congregated in the lobby. They all fled.

Then the top of the building blew off and the rain soaked us good. I woke up and rubbed the contents of a dipper of water out of my eyes, and found that it was all a dream.

SCHOOL NEWS

Now, that it's Springtime again, don't you think that it is time to let those Freshmen know that they don't own the whole school? "Pete" Calhoun, Woodford Hardcastle and a few others haven't been taken down to "the horse lot" yet.

"Pap" Mansfield sure made a hit with the "weaker sex" the other night during the debate, by his masterful speaking. A score or more of girls have asked me the name of "that big long drink of water" I first wondered what made them crazy about "Pap" but I have since learned that the Oakland boys are second to Rudolph Valentino when it comes to love affairs. Go ahead "Pap" they will get you sooner or later.

Our stellar foot-ball player, Jack Smith has literally "gone to the dogs." He has started to smoking cigars and going with the girls; and the girls, like they always do, have driven him to drinking chocolate milks. It is to be hoped that he will reform and by the next foot-ball season be the same old Jack.

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Professors Whittle and Hilary are spending the week-end with their parents in Rich Pond. They will be back Monday full of hay seed and determination to renew their work.

We greatly appreciated having two distinguished visitors at chapel the other morning. "Brains" Taylor and Louis Satterfield just dropped in to see if we were still having school. We are always glad to have our former students with us and we hope that they will return when they find it convenient.

Willie the Wop has accepted a position with the Goldberg Tailors. He says that his reasons for doing so is that he likes his Kinsmen, the Jews so well that he cannot bear to be separated from them any longer.

A GOOD BRAY

The more than usual lack of intelligence among the students that morning had got under Prof. Palmer's skin.

"Class is dismissed," he said disgustedly. "Please don't flap your ears as you pass out."

Chandler — Have you any thumb tacks?

Huffman—No, but I have finger nails.

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COMMENTS ON THE EXCHANGE

The Triangle, Hanover College at Hanover, Indiana, is a well-arranged and well-written paper. "My Ideal Man," an article in the paper is both clever and interesting. Their faculty notes and Y. M. C. A. notes show that the paper is a real live wire and one to be proud of.

The X-Ray of Sacramento High School, at Sacramento, Cal. is a paper of which the staff and in truth the whole school, should be proud. The "Jokes" are both clever and original. Not only this but the sport page shows that this paper is in direct touch with the school teams.

The Owl, of Boulder, Colorado, is a well-written paper and the articles show that the town and school are in direct touch with each other, which is a good thing for the paper and the school as a whole. The chief objection to be found with this paper in our estimation is that too much room is taken up for advertisements.

The Red and Black, of Salt Lake High School, at Salt Lake City, is a good paper and its articles give us a good idea of their school, but it too is using too much room for advertisements and hasn't enough essays and articles of this kind which would prove interesting to the readers.

The Peabody Volunteer, of Nashville, Tenn., is always interesting and the March 6 edition has several articles which show us the activities of the school clubs, societies, etc., and the sport page shows the progress that is being made and has been made in athletics of all kinds.

The Nautilus of Eureka High School at Eureka, Illinois, is a model of what a school paper should be. Its articles and news columns show that this paper has a staff that is wide awake and willing to work hard for the success of their paper. In all we think it would be well for some of these poorer school papers to copy after The Nautilus.

BASEBALL

Baseball at Ogden has a bright future and barring injuries, one of the greatest teams in the history of the institution should be put in the field. The first call for practice was issued Monday, and gratifying were the results, for no less than forty answered the first call. All of last year's letter men are back with a good many likely looking recruits.

Too much stress can not be laid on the importance of a good coach and in Mr. Corn we have one of the best in the State. He received his training at Kentucky State where he was one of their most successful flingers and will, no doubt, with all of his knowledge and cunning develop a dependable staff. He will have as a nucleus to work with the whole Prep team of last year who now seem ripe to graduate into college baseball. There seems to be an abundance of fielders with such veterans as Taylor, Winkenhoefer, and Satterfield in the fold, while the twirling men will be taken care of by Fant, Evans and Amos.

Practice for the past few days has been strictly confined to batting practice and lobbing the ball over, but coach Corn is ready to put the boys through the first actual competitive workout in the near future when mixed teams of the regulars and recruits will play an exhibition game. From all present indications some of the veterans will have to step lively to hold on as the recruits are pushing them at a fast rate.

The season formally opens up on March 23rd, when the Preps cross bats with the Bowling Green High School and the fans and supporters of Ogden may rest assured that when Ogden steps on the field they will see a smoothly working combination that will make it interesting for any first-class team.—John Rose.

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JOKES AND POEMS FOR

CARDINAL

FOUND IN A SENIOR'S
NOTEBOOK

How many dances to keep:
Mere friend—5.
Nice girl—7.
Loveable girl—10.
A knockout—12.
The one you're going with—
all.
Sister—first and last.

Of all the pests that walk the
streets,
I'd like to land a blow
Upon the silly goof that says,
"Hello, Bill, Whaddya know."

THE ETERNAL FEMININE

Kenslow—"Oh, boy, McGinley
is at bat. He looks like he has
a run up his sleeve.

S. H.—"Oh, I always have
mine in my stocking."

Prof. Palmer—"Whose paper
is this?"

Covington—"Mine sir, See the
name written at the top."

Prof. Palmer—"That's what
aroused my curiosity."

John Welles—"May I have the
next dance?"

Margaret H.—"Yes, if you can
find yourself a partner."

First Postal Clerk—"Ah! back
from your vacation, eh?"

Second P. C.—"Yep, back to
the old stamping ground."

Prof. Palmer—"What is the
period between two reigns
called?"

Sleepy Frosh—"Drought!"

Mr. Lee—"Why is it that light-
ning never strikes twice in the
same place?"

Anderson—"Gosh, it don't need
to."

Mr. Lee—"What do you con-
sider an infallible sign of death?"

Haines—"Crepe on the door."

NO LUCK

Coleman—"I'm very despond-
ent over my literary outlook."

Forsting—"Wassamatt?"

Coleman—"I sent my best
poem, "Why Do I Live?" to the
editor of the Cardinal. He wrote
back, "Because you didn't bring
this in person."

IN THE SPRING

When that lazy, drowsy feeling
Through your veins comes softly
stealing,

And it starts your head to reeling
In the Spring.

There your lessons are so boring
While your thoughts are far-off
soaring,

And you try to keep from snor-
ing,

In the Spring.

Then your fancy turns to ditch-
ing,

While the whole out-doors be-
witching,

Sets your hands and feet to itch-
ing,

In the Spring.

But that awful threat "expell-
ing,"

Quickly stops you from rebelling
So you turn to math and spelling

In the Spring.

WISE SAYINGS OF A
FOURTH YEAR
SENIOR

One swallow may not make
a summer, but a grasshopper
makes several springs.

No, Genista, the monkey-house
at the zoo is not an apiary.

A singer's voice may have a
good range, and yet be unable
to warm his voice.

The ad that says "I'd walk a
mile for a Camel—" is not the
definition of the Camel-walk. Al.

'Twas the night before payday,
And all through my jeans,
I was searching in vain for the
price of some beans

But nothing was doing,
The milled edge had quit.
Not a penny was stirring,
Not even a jit.

Backward, turn backward,
O time in thy flight,

And make it tomorrow just for
tonight.

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