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A Fraternity Rush.



ALMOST everywhere the system of "spiking" indulged in by the Greek-letter societies in our colleges and universities has, like the practice of hazing, fallen into what we might term (if we use the words of our late president, whose pedantic verbosity was only exceeded by his gigantic obesity) a state of obnoxious desuetude. Not so at the University of Georgia. To the inexperienced student this custom of "rushing," or "spiking" a man for a fraternity is a novel and distinct feature of his college career.

As the train rolls lazily into the Classic City, the unwary student collects his baggage, and as he gazes out through the car-window, many questions propose themselves to him. He wonders if the town proper is far from the depot; if he will be able to secure a hack; or if some kind friend will be awaiting his arrival. Suddenly, before the train has come to a standstill, the car-door is thrown open and he is besieged by friends who become acquainted on sight—"Why, howdy do, Mr. Wilson—here, let me have your baggage—no, no, it's no trouble whatever—come on, sir, here's your carriage—say, don't pay any attention to that fellow, I've a telegram here from your friend Mr. D——, telling me to meet you—oh, excuse me, Johnson's my name." Then another pulls the unwary youth to one side, introduces himself and several friends, and in undertones: "Now, look here, old man, you don't want to get in with that crowd—we're the people here—your cousin, Charley Hall, told me to meet you—can't go up with us? Oh, say, that's too bad—give us an engagement for ten in the morning. Thanks, don't do anything until you see us."

After many such conferences, he is accompanied to a carriage by half a dozen confidential friends, who make no end of inquiries as to his health—whether he has had supper (for the shortest route to a man's heart is through his stomach)—if the trunk has been attended to, etc., etc. Then he is placed in the carriage, where he is given a seat by himself, while eight or ten of his new-found friends pile in like sardines on the other seat. On stepping from the carriage he is again besieged—this time by some who were "late for the train." They drag him caressingly about from place to place, making engagements with him for drives and the theater, and for every form of amusement which the place affords.

It takes a smart and experienced frat-man to properly conduct a "rush"—so, also, it takes an equally smart, though not necessarily experienced man to properly receive one. Each

has his object—the object of the former being to make his man decide as quickly as possible—of the latter, to consume as much time as he consistently can in making his choice, and thus to be the recipient of as many favors as possible.

For a frat-man to allow his visitor, during this season, to sit on anything but the most comfortable rocker in the room would be a grave breach of “spiking etiquette,” while it is but proper to lift him bodily when he desires to ascend the stairs. And at this particular time what a wag he is. Every word which he utters, calculated to be the least bit humorous, is received with hearty applause and rounds of laughter; while every freakish trait which he possesses finds ready favor with every one present, until at length he arrives at the conclusion that there never was a crowd that suited him better, or with whom he could be more congenial. This same characteristic of congeniality he does not find lacking when he is at length reluctantly “turned over” to another crowd.

In most confidential tones he is addressed somewhat after this manner: “Now, see here, old fellow, here’s just how the matter stands: You say yourself that you are not considering the Zeta Taus nor the Gammas—the Sigma Phis, to tell you the truth about the thing and not to munch words, are not worth considering—and there you are. Can’t see what you are waiting on—you’re going to join us I know. You mustn’t keep the goat in suspense too long for he’s getting vicious. There really ain’t but one frat here—the others are second-class—not worth considering.”

The object of attention ventures to remark at this juncture that the other frats have advised him likewise, and that, therefore, by a majority vote, they are all second-class.

This fact being evident, the only way to escape the issue is by considering the remark an excellent bit of waggery, and after a half-hour’s laughing, to blunder on to the next argument.

“But you all don’t stand very well in athletics, do you?”

“Could if we wanted to—bet the Zeta Taus told you that—they’ve got so many big countrymen in their crowd it’s no wonder that they get men on the football team.”

After many such convincingly consistent arguments it is no small wonder that the newcomer finds himself, ere long, in a perplexed state of mental perturbation as to which one of the brotherhoods is really the best.

He is kept continually on the go, hearing nothing except frat, frat, frat, until he decides to join a certain fraternity—nor, often, is this choice easily made; for after accepting the hospitality of all, the duty devolving upon him to show favoritism to one is by no means a pleasant one.

And now, when for the first time in many days he has been able to spend time in undisturbed thought and reflection, he comes to the conclusion that, looking at the affair from an unprejudiced standpoint, one fraternity is, after all, about on an equal with another, and though naturally enough he has close companions in his own, yet does he find friends in them all.

