

the thrifty graduate managers who in so many stadia in America have made seats for three spectators appear where space for only one exists. They evidently have measured the thinnest spectator, clad in a bathing suit, rather than the average overweight customer in a fur coat lined with quart pockets.

It is somewhat strange that the phenomenon of offensive drinking is really peculiar to football games, not being so evident at big league baseball games, prize fights, and other athletic exhibitions. Strange, because a larger proportion of those at the football game than at other contests have had the benefit of college training. Such training is supposed to have some beneficial effect upon a person's manners, self-control and sportsmanship. Some of those who defend stadium drinking say that much of it is due to frigid weather conditions. But those who regularly attend great skiing meets, toboggan races, and other winter sports, assure me that the spectators there, as a whole, are a sober lot.

Perhaps the real difference between college football games and other largely attended athletic contests is that the former are looked upon by the average person as gala occasions to which social and holiday attitudes contribute as well as the contest. I dare say that there is a much larger proportion of baseball fans who attend their favorite sport for the game's sake and who understand thoroughly the technique and fine points of the game they are watching. To many in the football stands, the organized cheering, the parade of the bands, the banter and betting of partisans furnishes as much amusement as does the game itself.

It is remarkable what alcohol combined with a love of Alma Mater can do for a person. More than one man, who would contemplate divorce if his wife asked him to go down to the cellar and break up a little kindling for the fireplace, goes out on the field and tears the goal posts to pieces with the greatest joy. The tearing down of goal posts by the adherents of the victorious team seems to be one of the most senseless and infantile expressions of emotional instability. The true sportsman is never so cast down by defeat or elated by victory that he loses control of himself. It is not impossible that the uncontrollable desire to get possession of a splinter of goal posts is in the same emotional category as that of trying to secure a strand of lynching rope.