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"On With The Dance; Let Joy Be Unconfined!"

The Bates Student.

VOL. XLIX. No. 5

LEWISTON, MAINE, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1921

PRICE TEN CENTS

DOWN WITH THE MID-YEAR BLUES

Freedom at Last---Bates Stude Proclaims Joy the New Ruler--- Offenders of Dictum to Receive Awful Punishment

A PROCLAMATION

Whereas, the learned Faculty of this knowledge factory, bound by the dictates of a relentless educational system, are now inflicting upon a defenceless rabble that exquisite form of torture known as mid-year examinations, and

Whereas, there is apparent upon every hand a hopelessness and utter dependency in the ranks of the seekers after knowledge, and

Whereas, our campus has fallen into a funereal apathy like unto a classic boneyard, and

Whereas, such things cannot was, Now, therefore, I, The Bates Stude, by virtue of the monumental power of the press, do on this fateful day of fish, in accordance with my purpose so to do publicly proclaim that Gloom be banished from these cloistered precincts for a period of 7.324,936 $\frac{3}{4}$ eons

And by virtue of the power and for the purpose aforesaid, I do order and declare JOY to be installed, together with Bill Bates, as supreme gavel-pounder of this campus.

And I further declare and make known that each and every offender against this our proclamation shall be condemned to memorize and recite in chapel the jokes hereinafter appended.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my handle, and caused the seal of coeducation to be affixed.

Done in the editorial sanctum of the Bingville French Horn, this day of glorious freedom.

The Bates Stude.

POOR LITTLE ESKIMO!

One time there lived an Eskimo!
Up in the frozen North.
His shoes were made of deer skin hide,
His clothes of woolen cloth.

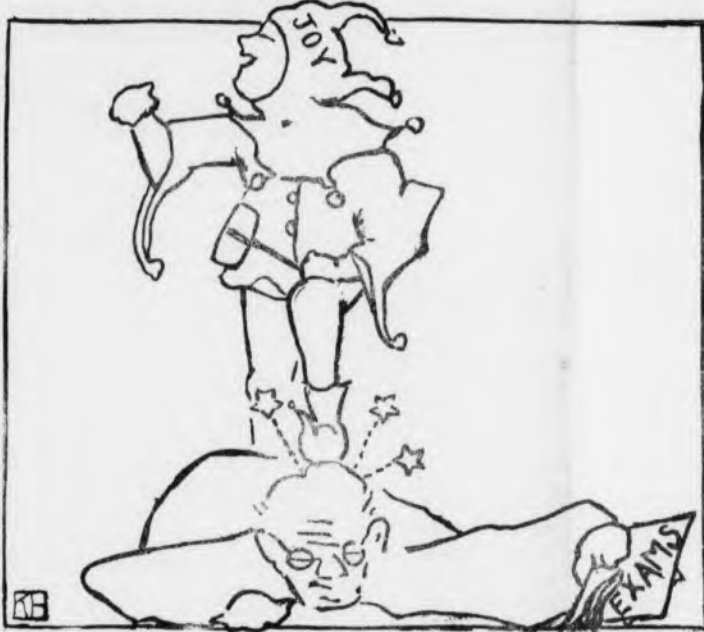
One day he set out for a hunt
To spear the crafty seal.
He hoped thereby to gain a skin
As well as a good square meal.

He walked and walked for many a mile
And came to Hudson Bay,
And there he sat and watched for seal
Until the first of May.

But when at last he tried to rise
He knew not what to do.
His pants were frozen to the ice
As tight as hardened glue.

Oh, must I leave him there, my friends?
Ah, me, to think such woe!
Yet these few lines are more than
enough.

Ah, poor little Eskimo!
H. W. M. '22.



STANTON CLUB HOLDS ANNUAL MEETING

Chase Hall, fittingly bedecked, gave a hearty welcome to the Twenty-first Annual Meeting of the Stanton Club, Friday evening, February 4th. An informal reception preceded the banquet which came at seven o'clock. As regards the banquet—quality, quantity—everything that could be desired for such an occasion was supplied—with no alibis on account of the war.

After dinner addresses were given by Clifton D. Grav, Ph. D.; Hon. Alton C. Wheeler '99, Hon. Carl E. Milliken '97, and Hon. A. M. Spear '75. Major-General Hersey and Hon. C. L. Beedy were to have spoken, but unexpectedly found it impossible to attend the meeting.

During the evening, music was offered by an instrumental trio, consisting of Marguerite Burke Girouard '16, Mrs. E. M. Small, and Kenneth B. Steady, '21. A college quartet also gave selections. In addition to the musical program, the first showing in Lewiston was made of the pictures of the Bates Commencement. Films depicting General Pershing's tour through the state were also put on the screen.

The officers of the Club for this year are as follows: President, Hon. O. B. Clason, '77, Gardiner; Vice president, E. K. Jordan, '01, Alfred, Maine; secretary and treasurer, Harry W. Rowe, '12; chairman of executive committee, Wm. H. Sawyer, Jr., '13.

Names Twin Sons Warren and Woodrow

Ass. Press Dispatch.
Clarksburg, W. Va., Feb. 9—
Sheriff O. P. White, of Lewis County, W. Va., and Mrs. White, parents of two boys recently born, have decided to name them Warren and Woodrow, after the incoming and outgoing Presidents of the United States. The sheriff says the political division resulted from the fact that he is a democrat, while his wife is a republican.

Marriage is a lottery in which the bachelors and spinsters draw the lucky numbers.—Tiger.

NOT A SMELL AT THE B. A. A.

At the B. A. A. games at Boston last Saturday, Bates was unable to carry away any honors. Neither Wiggin nor Farley qualified for the fifty yard dash in which they were entered.

In the triangular relay dual, Maine and Bates defeated their mutual rival, Tufts. The Garnet took second place in this event.

Why the Editor Left Town!

Somebody sent the editor of the Picketown Gazette a few bottles of home brew. The same day he received for publication a wedding announcement, and a notice of an auction sale. Here are the results:

"William Smith and Miss Lucy Anderson were disposed of at public auction at my farm one mile east of a beautiful cluster of roses on her breast and two white calves, before a background of farm implements too numerous to mention in the presence of about seventy guests, including two mile cows, six mules, and one bob sled. Rev. Jackson tied the nuptial knot with 200 feet of hay rope and the bridal chain left on one good John Deere gang plow for an extended trip with terms to suit purchasers. They will be at home to their friends with a few kitchen utensils after 10 months from date of sale to responsible parties and some 50 chickens.—Exchange.

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FACULTY FRAUDS FABRICATED

Large Crowd Turns Out To Hear Scandal

Solved at last! No more need we ponder long and anxiously over the meaning of those long extra-session faculty meetings and the burning of the mid-night oil in the executive chambers! A veritable Sherlock Holmes has disclosed all. Those who attended the movies at Chase Hall last Saturday evening will derive more coherence and meaning from these various expressions than those who were so unfortunate as to be absent. If it be true that the dictaphone tells no lies, then.....? What more need be said? Have we not the evidence?

Lest some few ignorant persons wonder at the hidden meaning of this its course, may we refer them to the remarkable and unchangeable testimony borne to the world by the long horned Edison dicta-phonograph at Chase Hall during the movie program last Saturday evening. We fear Bursar Rowe's dictaphone was kidnapped for the occasion.

To be more specific, the novelty consisted of a record supposedly inscribed at a faculty meeting. The voices of various members of the faculty were heard, excitedly discussing the merits and demerits of their respective hands as they engaged in a "quiet little game," after the business session.

Correct Weight—One Cent

Harry—My, how you did get fat this summer!

Harriet—I weigh exactly 125 stripped.

Harry—You can't tell exactly, those drug-store scales are liable to be wrong.—Gargoyle.

One a Plenty.

Walker—Have an accident?
Rider—No thanks, just had one.—Puppet.

A Flee-ting Thought.

"There's millions in it," said the inventor as he scratched his head.—Puppet.

That's the guy I'm laying for," muttered the Hen as the Farmer crossed the yard.

WHAT IS WHEN

- Friday, Feb. 11
Round Table at Chase Hall.
- Saturday, Feb. 12
Hockey, Bowdoin, on the rink at 3.30 (Exams Saturday afternoon 1.00-3:00)
- Basketball, N. H. State at City Hall
- Monday, Feb. 14
Registration
- Tuesday, Feb. 15
Registration
Phil-Hellenic Reception to Locar Greeks
- Wednesday, Feb. 16
Basketball, Harvard at Cambridge
- Thursday, Feb. 17
Second Semester begins
Basketball, Northeastern at Boston
- Friday, Feb. 18
Basketball, M. I. T. at Cambridge
George Colby Chase Lecturer, Dr. Roselli
- Saturday, Feb. 19
Hockey, Portland C. C., here
Basketball, Lowell Textile at Lowell
Macfarlane Club concert
- Monday, Feb. 21
Movies Chase Hall
- Tuesday, Feb. 22
WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY
Enkuklios Reception
- Saturday, Feb. 26
Outing Club Masquerade Carnival
March 23, 4.30 p.m. to April 7, 7.40 a. m., Easter Recess

BATES FADES BEFORE BERLIN STARS

FIEURY SHOOTS PUCK IN OVERTIME PERIOD

In a game that was full of interest and display of wonderful skill, the fast Berlin, N. H. Hockey team defeated the Bates aggregation last Friday afternoon. An overtime period was necessary to break the 1 to 1 tie at the end of the third regular 15 minute period. It was a great game and both teams played with a vim and dash throughout. The visitors were sensational skaters and many times bewildered the Garnet boys by their cleverness. No cleaner, better-natured, gentlemanly bunch of men has ever competed with Bates than these New Hampshire invaders. Their leading men were: Fleury, Desaulnier, and Laing, the first of whom drove the puck home for the winning tally.

For Bates, Wiggin, Cutler and Smith starred.

A Toss-up.

"My heart is with the ocean!" cried the poet rapturously.

"You've gone me one better," said his sea-sick friend, as he took a firmer grip on the rail.

A Few From the Jack-O-Lantern

"New England is a well bounded section, n'est-ce pas?"

"Are you referring to the Empire State?"

"No, to the rock bound coast and the hide bound inhabitants."

Bertie—"Towath have thuch thugethive nameth. That naughty looking girl cometh from Wilder."

Bernice—"Where do you come from, Middlesex?"

Have You One Too?

That chap is going abroad to study the trombone.

Who staked him?
Everybody in the dorm chipped in.

Absent-minded Prof. (meeting his son) "Hello, George, How's your father?"—Lampoon.

Bobbed hair is not, after all, a shortcut to beauty.—Tiger.



HOW COME?

Tobacco is a filthy weed—
I like it;
It satisfies no normal need—
I like it.
It makes you thin;
It makes you lean;
It takes the hair right off your bean;
It's the—est stuff I've ever seen—
I like it!

—Anon

STUDENT GOVERNMENT AT LAST

Last Tuesday morning Miss Laura Herrick presented the report of the Student Government committee to the girls. The report consisted of a constitution for the organization of the government. The vote taken after the reading proved to be unanimous for its adoption.

A nominating committee was then appointed to present names of officers to the girls. It is expected that election will take place soon after examinations.

A further account of Student Government will be printed in the STUDENT next week.

The Bates Student

PUBLISHED FRIDAYS DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR
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The Editor-in-Chief is always responsible for the editorial column and the general policy of the paper, and the Managing Editor for the matter which appears in the news columns. The Business Manager has complete charge of the finances of the paper.

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EDITORIALS

GRIN, PARD, GRIN

With this issue, the Student presents a collection of humor, both local and from afar. The one great purpose of the editors has been to make a laugh take the place of the "Mid-Year Blues", and if among all our foolishness you find that which will make you grin, our hopes will have been realized.

There is a great doctrine, a great teaching, which is based upon the power of a hearty laugh to carry one through hard and disagreeable tasks. We commend to you this practice—grin, pard, grin, and exams will never catch you napping.

IL EST ABSOLUTEMENT DEFENDU—

We read in a paper of recent date the following meager account of a matter of great import:

Philadelphia, Jan. 10.

Immediately following their success in achieving National Prohibition, reform leaders announce their intention to wage relentless warfare on the manufacture and sale of smoking materials.

Morning Courier-Tribune

There are those who point with pride to this latest advance in the movement for human reform. We must confess, however, that we view with alarm this startling declaration, coming as it does as a final straw to a long-suffering proletariat.

Already the rollicking songs of our forefathers, recounting the joys of the flowing bowl, have passed into the discard as useless reminders of a dead past. Collegiate revellers and industrial buccanniers no longer quaff deep of the milk of human kindness—bottled in Milwaukee—all these things are of the heroic days of yore.

Humanity has retired in consternation to the solace of the blue-wreathed smoke, and now even that refuge is threatened. We grieve, we see another great institution totter. The curved pipe of the traditional collegian, the hugh stogy of the politician, the daintily-tinted cigarette of the blushing debutante,—all must forever depart if this latest thrust succeeds.

But even this is not all, the elimination of smoking as a national recreation would do more than destroy tender sentiment—it would paralyze the very basic operations of society. With the passing of cigars the criminal offense, there would be no more weddings. Shame to the individual who would even consider matrimony without the traditional "treats" to the guests! Likewise, all lodge meetings would be forced out of existence, for who would attend such a smokeless gathering? The League of Nations would crumble and fall, and peace would depart from the earth, for even the Pipe of Peace would be taboo.

But still the catastrophes multiply. Consider the wrecking of associated industries. Clove groves would sprout in vain, and the gigantic industry of match-making would be dealt a death blow. Picture the terrible upheaval of national finance, caused by the utter loss in value of all smoking cars now in operation. Finally, think of the millions of cuspidors which would be cast on the market at a total loss.

Truly, the abolition of the art of smoking has consequences before which we tremble. Where those consequences would end, no man knoweth, but we do know that the little god "Niccy" is indeed strongly entrenched.

FORTY-LOVE

THE YOUNG LADY across the campus says:

"I sure do love these mid-year examinations, it is such a comfort to know that they are over."

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE FACULTY.

DEAR PROFS.

WE PUT IT up to you.

TO TURN the clouds around.

SO WE CAN see the silver lining.

AND WE ASK you to be good.

TO US these dreary days.

WHEN WE do not have to go to chapel.

EVERY MORNING.

AND WE DO not go to sleep at night.

BECAUSE WE do not like to go to bed.

AND DREAM about next summer.

ON THE ice.

WHEN WE may be all in.

FROM TRYING so darned hard.

TO ANSWER all your foolish questions.

WHICH ARE so funny.

THAT WE do not see the joke.

AND ARE so crazy.

THAT WE do not understand them.

AND SO long.

THAT WE don't have time.

TO TELL you all we know.

ABOUT THEM.

AND WE ASK you.

TO BE good to us.

"PA" GOULD.

AND DO NOT ask us to write all we can.

ABOUT WHAT happened yesterday.

BECAUSE WE can not think of all.

THAT WILLIAM conquered.

OR ALL the lies.

THAT WASHINGTON told.

AND PROFESSOR Baird.

WHEN YOU make out your sillygism.

REMEMBER THAT our hands get tired.

AFTER WE have answered.

PART OF your questions.

AND PLEASE do not expect us.

TO WRITE another book.

LIKE FOSTER.

AND MONIE Hartshorn.

WE KNOW when Britain came to Caesar.

AND HOW Sir Philip died.

AND WHAT a happy married life.

JOHN MILTON led.

AND WHO the ignatz was.

THAT WAS so careless.

ABOUT HIS suit of clothes.

AND ALL about the pound of flesh.

THAT SHYLOCK wanted to extract.

FROM HAMLET.

SO WE THINK that we'd enjoy it better.

IF YOU TOLD us that story

ABOUT THE awful cold spell.

YOU TOLD Spofford Club one time.

AND LET us go.

AND PROFESSOR Knapp.

"IN SCHOLAR reed."

WE HAVEN'T kept our notebooks up.

LIKE PLINY did.

WHEN HE went hunting.

AND THEREFORE.

WE DO not want you.

TO TAKE everything for granted.

THAT WE quote.

FROM THAT man.

CICERO.

AND DR. Britan

WHEN YOU ask us all about our brains.

THIS YEAR.

PLEASE CONSIDER the fact.

THAT SOME of us.

HAVEN'T much to write about.

ONCE PROF. "Mac."

AND UPON a time.

YOU TOLD us.

THAT FINAL examinations.

DID NOT amount to much.

AND WE expect you to remember this.

WHEN YOU ask us.

TO TELL you all we know.

ABOUT Emile's Rousseau.

WE HAVEN'T room enough.

TO TALK to all you men.

AND TELL you what we'd like to.

ABOUT MAKING out our catechisms.

BUT WE like your faces.

AND WE KNOW you're a pretty good bunch.

EVEN THO you do play poker.

ONCE IN a while.

AND WE want you to be good.

TO YOURSELVES.

AND NOT work too hard.

BECAUSE WE are afraid.

YOU MIGHT get tired.

AND SICK.

AND HAVE to cut some classes.

NEXT SEMESTER.—Del.

P. S.—"Any cheap skate can get by."—Dr. Foster.

Lulu Is Happy, Too.

Dear Del: Pahoohee! Aa! Alohe oe! Rejoice and be exceeding glad! The defective member of my quartet of devotees has returned to the fold and is once more under my little thumb! Isn't that glorious, Mr. Del? Can you imagine anything more delightful, Till "Prexy" ceases to give chapel talks. Happiest, LULU.

BATTLING GOOSIE KNOCKS OUT YOUNG HIGGINS

Championship Bout Has Dramatic Climax

Ringside, Havanother, Cuba.

Before a crowd which taxed the capacity of the Arena, under a broiling sun, the world's paper weight title changed hands today when Battling Goosie knocked out Young Higgins in the fourth round of a scheduled twelve round bout.

Young Higgins' bathrobe was embroidered in dusky brown silk with the sign H2S, supposedly a symbol of some secret organization.

The battle by rounds:

Round One. The Battler rocked the champion with a right to the floating rib, and followed with his famous Roman uppercut. Young Higgins clinched frequently, appearing decidedly nervous. Battling Goosie's round.

Round Two. The champion rushed the challenger, and with a powerful right lifted him off his feet and out onto the press table. Dazed by this onslaught, the Battler crawled back into the ring, murmuring, "Very good, very good, but not quite good enough to pass." A clinch saved the Battler for the remaining few seconds. Young Higgin's round.

Round Three. Higgins led off with challenger. At this point, the Battler's partisans united in a mighty shout of "Orestes!" Hearing this battle cry, Goosie lowered his head and came back with a smash, pounding the champion all over the ring, while the stands rocked with acclaim. Higgins took the count for seven, the round ending as he was rising. The Battler's round.

Round Four. The Battler used his wicked Greek left, rushing his opponent fairly off his feet, Higgins showing signs of being overtrained and hence unable to stand the pace. Battling Goosie followed up his advantage and Young Higgins stepped on a banana skin which had been thrown into the ring. The champion executed a perfect parabola, and took the count, thus making a new title holder.

Interviewed later, Higgins declared that he was the victim of a yellow skin game; while the Battler said, "Take a look at a real champ. I won, an' de diamond studded belt will stick with this bold for a long time, bucko!"

MOST EMBARRASSING MOMENT

Knowing that misery loves company, and also that everyone loves to laugh at the temporary misfortunes of everybody else, I am about to display, for the enjoyment and satisfaction of my fellow students my collection of miserable moments and embarrassing experiences, that is, a few of them. There are some still too dreadful to bring to the light of common day.

This happened to me in my Freshman year. I had always a reasonably good opinion of my own elocutionary ability (and why not, for if I did not, who should?) Returning from a weekend at my home in Oxford County, I was told by some of my friends (?) that to me had fallen the great opportunity of speaking in the prize declamations and that I had better make haste to get an appointment for a rehearsal with Prof. Rob. My declamation was that well known classic, Curfew shall not ring tonight, and at the time I thought I had done better than any other member of the class. So I hastened, beaming, to the Professor, only to be told that my name was not on the list of those put over to speak.

Again, in my Freshman year I just was one fellow that I admired, oh just tremendously, for he was quite good looking and had just the manner and

(Continued on Page Three)



RANKS?

A Word to the Wise.

A horse is a vain thing for safety.—
Is. 33:17

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A BIT OF MID-YEAR RELISH

As Snapped by the Student Scissors Snippers

Cheer Up, Ye Flunkers.

Prof. Hazeltine—A geometrical point cannot be seen, so if any of you don't see the point in geometry, don't be afraid."

The marks of a student taking a physics test varies inversely as the square of the distance between him and his nearest neighbor.—Ex.



"A hedgehog on the ground is a sign of a late winter."

"Yes, and a banana peel is the sign of an early fall."

The Proper Application.

Sarah—"I feel like the devil this morning."

Pat. S.—"Miserable, eh?"

Sarah—"Gosh no, delighted! Everything seems to be coming my way."

Fruitful Discourse.

Ag—Wasn't that a fine lecture by Professor Dinglesnick on "The Culture of Prunes?"

Wag—Splendid! He was so full of his subject.—Octopus.

JIM AND I WERE FRIENDS.

I USED to do his
 THEMES IN Rhetoric 11, 12
 WHILE HE never failed to
 KEEP ME up in Math. 23, 24.
 WHILE HE SLEPT in Psychology 7, 8 I
 WOULD TAKE notes, and
 VICE VERSA.
 I WORE HIS ties and
 MY SUITS fitted him
 EXACTLY. Yes, we were
 FRIENDS.
 THEN WE BOTH MET
 HELEN.

—Ex.

There was an epidemic of chicken pox in town but fortunately little Freshy had kept from it. One morning, however, he came rushing downstairs excitedly, "Oh! daddy," he shouted, "I'm sure I've got the chicken pox. I've just found a feather in the bed."

He Wore B. V. D's.

She—"I saw Celeste getting into her Chalmers today."

He—"What are Chalmers?"

—Harvard Lampoon.

If a fellow tries to kiss a woman and gets away with it, he's a man; if he tries and doesn't get away with it, he's a brute; if he doesn't try to kiss her but would get away with it if he tried, he's a coward; and if he doesn't try to kiss her and wouldn't get away with it if he did, he's a wise man.—Selected.

This Way Out.

Lady—"Conductor which end of the car shall I get out?"

Conductor—"Either end, Ma'am, both ends stop."

Young lady (who had just been operated on for appendicitis): "Oh, doctor! Do you think the scar will show?"

Doctor: "It ought not to."

—The Lyre.

Sea captain (to one of many leaning over ship rail): "Weak stomach, my lad?"

Boy (nervously): "Why, ain't I putting it as far as the rest of them?"

—Octopus.

The Arrow Collar people, having successfully put the Argonne on the market, we would suggest that they name the next brand "Belleau Wood," as apropos of its position.

Would Be Represented.

A couple of old codgers got into a quarrel and landed before the local magistrate. The loser, turning to his opponent in a combative frame of mind cried: "I'll law you to the Circuit Court."

"I'm willin'," said the other.

"An I'll law you to the Supreme Court."

"I'll be thar."

"An' I'll law to 'ell!"

"My attorney'll be there," was the calm reply.—Boston Transcript.

Much smoking kills live men and cures dead swine.

Absent.

"Ernest," said the teacher, "tell what you know about the Mongolian race."

"I wasn't there," explained Ernest hastily, "I went to the Harvard-Brown game."—Mass. Technology Voo Doo.

For Girls Only.

(Read backwards)—Didn't you if girl a be wouldn't you, it read would you knew we.

That Faculty Record!

Last night I held a wondrous hand
 And of it, today I sing,
 For there's no fairer hand in all the
 land,
 Than four aces and a king.

Solicitous.

The chauffeur was speeding the car along at a great rate. And He and She were nestled cozily in the back seat. After a long silence he said:

"Are you quite comfortable, dear?"

"Yes, love."

"The cushions are cozy and soft?"

"Yes, darling."

"You don't feel any jolts?"

"No, sweetest one."

"And there is no draught on your back?"

"No, my ownest own."

"Then change seats with me."—Tiger.



The Eleventh Commandment.

"Is your husband a good provider, Deah?"

"Yessum, he's a good providah alright, but I's allus skeered he's gwine ter get caught at it"—Ex.

The Only Way.

Pa—"Son, can't you cut down on your college expenses?"

Son—"I might do without books."—Ex.

A girl can tell pretty well when a fellow is going to propose by the rate at which his Adam's apple bobs up and down.

Herbert Leinbaeh—"Isn't the floor wonderful?"

Bernice Rentz—"Not particularly; that is my foot you are dancing on."

"I say, Pat, that's the worst looking horse I ever saw. Why don't you fatten him up?"

"Fatten him up, is it? Sure the poor baste can hardly carry the little mate that's on him now."

No More.

Prof.—"Now suppose that the moon is full."

Voice (from rear)—"How can the moon be full?"

Prof.—"It's out all night, isn't it?"

Voice—"Yes, but is intoxication possible on four quarters a month?"

What?

Bell—"I have a great deal on my hands now."

Prof.—"Why don't you try soap and water?"—Ex.

Ain't It the Truth?

MY girl got a flunk
 IN English
 SO she went home
 And put on some
 WONDERFUL shaped eyebrows
 AND nice long eyelashes
 THEN she put on
 SOME complexion
 AND borrowed her roommate's
 BEST glad rags.
 SHE went up to see the prof.
 SHE looked wonderful
 SHE talked confidential
 AND used her womanly wiles.
 NOW she's got a B+ in English.
 CAN professors be vamped?
 WE say
 YES!

CHEER UP IF
 ALL YOUR STEAM
 ESCAPES IN
 PERSPIRATION YOU
 CAN RUN ON YOUR
 OWN WATER
 POWER



The Stude's Prayer.

Gods of the Greek roots,
 Hear thou my prayer.
 Grant me now courage,
 My burdens to bear,
 Mid-years are with me,
 Tough luck, I declare,
 Gods of the Greek roots,
 Hear thou my prayer.

Lord of Psychology,
 Be thou near by;
 Prompt my weak memory;
 More wisdom supply.
 Give me the knowledge
 To somehow squeeze by.
 Lord of Psychology,
 Be thou near by.

Shades of Old Horace,
 And Cicero, too,
 Help me, I pray thee,
 To somehow get through.
 Lend me thy presence
 An hour or two,
 Shades of Old Horace,
 And Cicero, too.

Gods of all studies
 In which I must pass,
 Thou knowest my knowledge
 Is lacking, alas.
 For weeks I've been flunking
 Each day in my class.
 Ye gods of all studies,
 O, help me to pass.

ANON.

(Variations by The Stude)

Go Ahead.

Pretty Thing—"How dare you swear before me!"

Bad Thing—"How did I know you wanted to swear first?"

Drawing Teacher—"Paul, will you kindly give me an example of reproductive art?"

Paul Kolb—"A hair restorer."—

Tall—George seems to have recovered from the jilting his old girl gave him

Short—Yes, he's been revamped.

—Pitt Panther.

Helen (wistfully)—I won't see you again for three months.

Herman (sadly)—That's a long time.

Both (silently)—Thank God!!

—Jack-O-Lantern.

Extract from a secretary's report.
 "Miss A. gave an interesting talk 'on cats.' There were 23 present."

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MOST EMBARRASSING MOMENT

(Continued from Page 2)

everything that pleased me. The telephone rang at Milliken, for me, and when I answered, he asked me if I would not go with him to see a splendid play, Merchant of Venice, that was coming to Lewiston the next night. Oh, I was pleased, and the next night I wore my prettiest hat and my roommate's prettiest coat, and was all ready in the reception room, for half an hour, an hour,—but he did not come at all. (You see, a boy that didn't like me made the invitation and everything, and the boy that I admired didn't even know about it.)

Once more, in my Freshman year! The Latin class was drawing to a close, only a few minutes left, and I had not been called on. You know, I usually had my lesson, but that day I hadn't read the very last of the translation, and I didn't want to be called on. But, "Miss Brown, please," and I was on my feet about to say, "I haven't read any further," when the bell rang, fully three minutes ahead of time. I shall give the bell ringer a box of my patent fudge sometime.

Then, one night as dusk was falling I returned to Milliken House, rather the worse for wear, as I had been working in one of the college gardens, spraying the bushes against potato bugs, pulling weeds and in general getting acquainted with the soil. I had stayed during the summer school session, to earn a little money by waiting on tables. As I entered Miss Binks, a summer school student, said, "Oh, Mr. Flint called to see you, Miss Brown."

I, disheveled and unlike my usual neat and prim self, shrank from the thought of a caller under those circumstances. "Oh, horrors, did you tell him that I was at home?" Exit Miss Binks, choking with laughter and consternation, for oh, Mr. Flint was in the reception room close by, and I had to go in, and it took my most charming manner and my most intellectual conversation (he was an embryo school superintendent) to make him forgive me. In fact, I have reason to know that he has never forgiven me, and I cannot blame him, although I have not too many friends to spare.

It was a winter night, clear, starlight, wonderfully beautiful. My dearest friend and I had returned at a leisurely pace from the lecture by Mr. _____, with two delightful young men. We lingered on the doorstep, finally said good night, and went in. What was our amazement (as we peeped out of the window) to see those same two young men leap from the piazza to the street, at one bound—the janitor had neglected to put sand on the icy steps and they were as good as a toboggan slide.

One night our English professor had entertained a few of us, as was his custom, with reading from Browning's poems and light refreshments and we were gathering our wraps, preparatory to going home. One of my classmates said, "Miss Brown, may I speak to you a moment?" "At last," I thought, "he wishes to walk home with me!" Alas, no, it was a question about the Greek construction in the morning's lesson, and a moment later I saw him escorting away my dearest friend

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THREE MINUTES FROM THE CAMPUS

WAR, RIOT, AND REVOLUTION

Read this Condemnation of Society as It Totters from the Brain of "The Baby of The Faculty"

After the utmost efforts on the part of the STUDENT, the world is about to receive the solemn truths concerning the Faculty. To be sure, this expose is from the Corona of the latest addition to that body, a spirit which has been a real instructor for a whole year, but this only adds zest to the probings of Faculty hilariously. But read for yourselves, O wretches, and learn thy perfdy.

Dear Editor:

The faculty has always been a source of much amusement for the students of this college. It may not be generally known that the converse of this proposition is equally true. It is only by the exercise of heroic selfcontrol that we are able to refrain from expiring in paroxysms of hysterical laughter whenever we are confronted with your deer selfs. It is a glorious truth that our undergraduates present the most complect and varied collection of enchantingly ludicrous freaks that one could find in a day's journey.

Take yourself for exampl, my deer editur. You have no idea how amusing it is to study the dramatic manner of your coming and going, and the religious care with which you keep your coat unbuttoned for the more effective display of that gold key (my Key is bigger than yours, anyway.)

No mere faculty game of poker could be half so mirth provokinG as the thoroughly grownupair with which your managing editor struggles with a full blown briar pipe and a pack of cards He takes himself to seriously.

I find your roommate most laughable two. The Holstein daintiness with which he waddles about the campus! The grace with which he poses on Milliken House steps.

Personally, I do not see anything inherently funny about a bald head? but a few days ago in the emistry laboratory I saw a hair cut that made the other jokes of the season seem appallingly inane by comparison. And there are so many other funny things about the assistants in that department that I can not see how anyone can accomplish any serious work while they are in sight. If I had to supervise the work of those assistance all day, I know that I should laugh and grow fat.

We are vastly pleased with our stooudent body, deer Editur—with this ludicrous heterogeneity of golf stockings, no stockings, and split infinitives and bobbed hare and flapping overshoes and carefully consealed ears and poorly consealed bluff and uncles ymea puttees, and stubborn resistance to ideas. Have you ever wondered why WE COLLEGE PROFESSORS are content to be so poorly paid? It is simply becaws they are so wellamused.

Yours Truly,

QUICK, ALEX, THE SHEARS!

Oh Kate had eyes of wondrous blue
Her cheeks were pink and fair
And tho' I loved her as she was
My co-ed bobbed her hair.

And so I sought another girl
Said I, "She's not a nut"
But when I called to see her
I found she had hers cut!

And then I followed Alice Brown,
"Of her I won't be robbed."
But later when I saw the girl
I found she'd had hers bobbed.

"At last I've found a girl," I cried
When Bertha I beheld
But soon my hopes were crushed anew
A switch her tresses held.

And so I turned to Kate again
The maid with cheek so fair
I find that I admire her still
Although she's bobbed her hair.
G. I. D. '22.

WHAT'S THE USE?

Loaf and your called a numbskull
Study and you're a grind
Cut class and you're called a quitter
Don't cut and you've lost your mind.
Cram and you're called crazy
Don't cram and they'll treat you rough
And if you act as tho you knew
Some one will call you bluff.
G. I. D. '22.

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