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Bates College

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Cast Care to the Winds, Ye Who Turn These Pages!

# The Bates Student.

VOL. XLIV. No. 20

LEWISTON, MAINE, THURSDAY, JUNE 16, 1921.

PRICE TEN CENTS

## TRACK ENTHUSIASTS HAVE MEET ALL THEIR OWN

Pandemonium Reigns on Campus During  
Midnight Hours—Prexie Acts  
as Starter

"We want a track meet! We want a track meet!" were the insistent calls heard at various points on the campus one late evening and early morning during the warm weather last week. The boys of Parker Hall, unable to sleep (as usual), had congregated to discuss ways and means of keeping cool until the wind changed. Since it was too warm to talk, relay races were instituted instead, the contestants running up stairs, and some of them unable to win in any other way, returning by the slide process. Then a piccolo made its appearance, and by some fiendish workings of the laws of suggestion a concert was agreed upon. The big Bates drum was dug out, and with a few tin pans for cymbals the orchestra was complete, ready to lead the way to Rand, where the sleeping co-eds suddenly found their ears assailed by notes ne'er yet recognized by the Muses. Prexie Gray, from his vantage point on his piazza, evidently thought it even better than Music Hall.

By the time the parade had returned to Parker another brilliant idea had reached someone's top for an airing. In accord with this the band resumed operations and hay-footed it to Roger Bill, there to invite the inhabitants of the sacred cloister to participate in a track meet. But no! the weary monks had evidently completed their penances earlier than usual; the lute-string was in, and the rumble of deep-throated snorings more than offset the pandemonium maintained by Mr. Parker's lads outside. Foiled here, the army set off for new fields to conquer, this time apparently desiring a dual meet between the inmates of Whittier and Miliken. Once more it had to be admitted that "this place ain't got no college spirit", and the lads went away without their track meet. After a time the most ardent became weary, the process



sion disbanded, and peace once more reigned on the campus.

Saturday morning Prexie announced that there would be a rehearsal for the midnight choir that afternoon in the lower portion of Roger Williams Hall. This did not take place according to schedule, but rumor has it that it was only postponed until Tuesday afternoon.

## WHAT COLLEGE WILL DO FOR A MAN

(By David Thompson '22)  
Time—10.30 A. M. Any June day.  
Place—P. H. steps.  
Characters—Two, hard-boiled.  
Rise of asbestos curtain discovers the two in vehement social discosis.  
One—An' he flunked me! Watcha know 'bout that!  
Two—Yeh! Flunked me, too! Said I owed five themes! Told him college duties prevented me from doin' 'em all. Hell of a prof!  
One—Oh, well! Look, quick! There comes J. Murray! Take this cig an' put



JUNIOR IVY DAY SPEAKERS

From left to right, Top Row: F. A. Buote, Gifts to Women; C. P. Rounds, Toastmaster; D. Davis, Prophecy; M. W. Moulton, Marshall; M. V. Mixer, Toast to Women Athletes; E. C. MacLean, Toast to Men Athletes; R. B. Baker, Chaplain.

Bottom Row: R. P. Taylor, Toast to Seniors; G. I. Dearing, Gifts to Men; H. C. McKenney, Class President; I. E. Lidstone, Toast to Faculty; R. B. Watts, Class Orator.

Through the absence of two of these speakers, substitutions have been made, Daniel Thompson acting as Chaplain, and J. W. Ashton delivering the Class Oration.

it behind yer back! He'll flunk me, too, if he sees me an' the vile weed woin't' each other!

(Slight interval of silence. Two with beatific smiles salute J. Murray as he ambles past.)

Two—Here, take it. Phew! Y'know, I think J. Murray's as smart as Birdie when it comes to debating.

One—Yeh, me too. Why, just the other day—

Two—Take a look! Girls! Hockey teams at it again! Ain't they a sketch?

One—Yeh! Rolled stockings! Womanly pride thrown to the winds!

Two—Yeh, you said it! By the way, have you seen my latest Gazette?

One—Nope; busy with the Decameron. Coming back next year!

Two—Yeh! Something about the place "gets" to a guy. Wish it was a man's college, tho.

One—You said it! Co-eds swing the elections, clutter up the campus, ruin class spirit, an—

Two—You're right, an' what's more—Gee, pipe this dame coming! Baby!

One—Yea bo! She's in my class! Smart as hell, too! Man-hater, too!

Two—Gwan! With that complexion?

One—Yeh! Huh! Take a look. Don't these campus couples get yer Billy Bates?

Two—I'll say! Always linked together like a coupla sausage!

One—Yeh sausage is good! I'm for a man's man all the time; no chimes and orange blossoms fer me!

Two—Huh, when you fall, it'll be so hard that Satan's yell in Hades will be a mere tenor solo compared to the noise you'll make.

One—Clever boy, eh what? That's good, that is!

Two—Weak comeback, bo! Your line's run out, I guess.

One—Huh! Been to Music Hall this week?

Two—Yeh! Ain't Constance Tamadge a doll?

One—Yeh! What'n'hell she want to get married to a dago for?

Two—Got me! Some girl, some girl!

One—Well, let's go down to the Quality.

Two—Nope! Gotter get this German! Sammy's an awful driver!

One—Ferget it! Come on!

Two—Well—I—

One—Coming?

Two—Yeh!

Slow asbestos curtain, as the two steer a straight course to the Quality.

It isn't so much what you give to charity that gets your name in the paper as what you wheedle out of somebody else.

## SPOFFORD CLUB

ENJOYS OUTING AT TRIPP LAKE

Two crowded truck loads of Spoffordites left Lewiston Saturday noon, bound for Tripp Lake, Poland, Maine. The complete membership of the club was present, with Mr. and Mrs. Sawyer as chaperones.

Arriving at Tripp Lake early in the afternoon, a part of the crowd went in bathing, the more adventurous ones experimenting with the diving floats and chutes, while the others were contented with the sandy beach. Other members of the club preferred to go boating rather than bathing, and made good use of the boats and canoes which were to be had.

Promptly at six o'clock, the cook rang the dinner bell, and everyone responded with a rousing appetite. A thunder-storm threatened to disturb the meal, so a move was made to a nearby cottage piazza, where shelter was found under which to finish the repast in peace.

While the rain which followed prevented the club from carrying out its original program of spending the evening on the water, yet no little obstacle such as the weather could prevent the Spoffordites from having a good time and games were played which made the time pass very quickly, until at length the trucks arrived to transport the members of the club home again.

The following officers of the club were elected for next year: President, David D. Thompson; vice president, Dorothea Davis; secretary-treasurer, Eleanor Bradford. The committee in charge of the outing were Dwight E. Libby, Constance Walker, and Harold J. Manter.

"Those Y. M. C. A. delegates got run out of town."

"What for?"

"The taxi broke down and they had to hoof it. Then they got the gate with the rest of the walking delegates."

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## GIRLS

The last issue of the "Tufts Weekly" contained a dissertation on "girls" (the writer must have been a would-be bachelor) which we are passing on for the benefit of those men of '21—and others present—who have so far managed to escape the traps of the little archer-god:



Girls

As the young college graduate is likely to run up against specimens of this queer animal after his graduation, it is well that he should be told something of its habits, in case he should chance to meet it singly or in droves. Until his graduation there has been, obviously, little opportunity for him to become acquainted with the genus.

Girls are divided into three classes—brunettes, blondes, and widows. The last class may, and should be, barred from our consideration of the subject. Blondes may be classed under two headings, ox-eyed and peroxide. The former is more dangerous. There is an albino form of the blonde, known as the Titian blonde. Always call it by its proper name, for, like the bull, it is enraged by the color red. Brunettes may be divided into several classes, and there will still be more than enough to go around.

These animals are not carnivorous, but may be easily tamed and fed from the hand. They are, however, extremely expensive pets to keep, and so their care should never be entrusted to the servants.

Their methods of attack are numerous and varied. Many, however, if foreseen, may be guarded against. It is, for instance, wise to leave the fraternity pin home on the bureau when invading the habitat of this dangerous creature. Stone walls, muddy corners, and all such natural obstacles should be avoided, for it is here that the animal can most easily force its victim into a cul-de-sac, which, you may be sure, is one of the most unpleasant kinds of sacks into which one can be forced. When the girl starts picking threads

## ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION ELECTION

—B—  
OFFICERS AND MANAGERS  
CHOSEN FOR COMING  
YEAR

At a meeting of the Athletic Association held Monday evening in Hathorn Hall, the following officers were elected for the coming year: President, Earle C. McLean, '22; vice president, James B. Hamlin, '23; secretary, Wilbur M. Batten, '24; treasurer, Prof. Jenkins; cheerleader, McLean.

Graduate members of the athletic council chosen were: Dr. L. P. Gerrish '96, Prof. L. E. Moulton '93, and Dr. H. S. Sleeper '86. Senior members are Elwood P. Ireland '22, and Leroy Luce '22. The Junior member is Raymond J. Batten '23.

The following managers and assistants were elected:

Baseball—Roland J. Carpenter '22; Robert G. Wade '23, and Capen C. Penslee, assistants.

Track—F. Albert Buote '22; Albert A. Dunlap '23 and Rolvin C. Greene '23, assistants.

Tennis—Rodolphe A. Gagnon '23; Paul O. Libby '24 and Philip Emery '24, assistants.

Hockey—W. Gurney Jenkins '22; Fred C. Noyes '23 and Burton K. Clifford '23, assistants.

Basketball—Harry C. McKenney '22; Fred A. Huntress '23 and William L. Tarr, assistants.

## IMPORTANT NOTICE

Through an error there was printed in the Student of last week an announcement that white flannels would be tabooed at the Ivy Hop. Such is not the case. The committee is especially anxious that none who are unable to obtain flannels shall stay away from the Hop on that account, but if you have them, wear them and keep cool.

## JUNIOR EXHIBITION

Junior Prize Speaking will be held in the chapel this evening at 7.45. As the initial entree on the commencement week program, a large attendance is expected at this excellent exhibition which has been carefully and efficiently arranged by Professor Robinson. The program is as follows:

Music	Miss Hayes
Prayer	Mr. Manter
Glimpses of the Saco River Valley	Miss Little
Fruits of Victory	Mr. Mansour
The Melody of Silence	Miss Ineson
The Peril of Intolerance	Mr. Daniel Thompson
The Frontier	Music
The Spiritual Inheritance of America	America's Need of Youth
	Miss Mixer
	Mr. David Thompson
	A Plea For Venezuelos
	Miss Bradford
	An Address at the Burial of a Recent
	War Hero
	Mr. McKenney
	Key to a Secret Garden
	Miss Davis
	Drifting
	Mr. Ashton

## HE NEEDED IT!

We were glancing o'er one of the prep school exchanges (ask Gladys Hall which one) the other day when we ran across a news item announcing the fact that Prexie Gray had lectured the school on the general subject of a college education. Half-way through the paragraph we discovered the line "Doctor Gray certainly showed the necessity of a college education."

off your coat, you are absolutely horse-de-brickbat. She is merely exercising her right of keeping her property neat and clean. But still, do not give up all hope. Remember those noble souls, King Solomon, Abdul Hamid, Brigham Young and Nat Goodwin.

# The Bates Student

PUBLISHED FRIDAYS DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR  
BY STUDENTS OF BATES COLLEGE

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All business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager, 21 Roger Williams Hall. All contributed articles of any sort should be addressed to the Editor, 21 Roger Williams Hall. The Columns of the "STUDENT" are at all times open to alumni, undergraduates, and others for the discussion of matters of interest to Bates.

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

### A STOCK-TAKING

At the outset of the present college year there was evident on every hand a determination to make this the best year in the history of the institution. That this ideal has been realized can hardly be doubted by even the most casual observer, whether he look through the eyes of the athlete, the scholar, or the ordinary—if we may be pardoned the expression—college man.

The organizations of the campus have manifested a very healthy life and growth. Phil-Hellenic, for instance, has been remarkable for the creation of a closer bond between the Greeks of Lewiston and the college. Even more outstanding was the exhibition staged by the Jordan Scientific Society. This caused favorable comment from many men and women of neighboring communities, showed the students in one part of the curriculum what the rest of the college was doing, and attracted a large group of the most promising secondary school men, who went away impressed with the work of the Scientific departments of Bates.

There is no need to call further attention to our phenomenal success in Debating. On this very evening the attention of a large part of the world is being focused upon the forensic contest between Oxford University and Bates, the latter representing the United States of America on a question of international importance.

Again, in athletics, Bates has had her best year. The cross-country team cleaned up the Maine Intercollegiate with a record score, and then placed second to M. I. T. in the New England Meet, landing Buker, meanwhile, as the individual champion. Our football team was defeated but unconquered, ending up the season with a hard fought victory at New York University. The first basket ball team seen at Bates in years scored an unqualified success, drawing with the University of Maine for state honors, and winning three out of four games on its Massachusetts trip,—losing only to Harvard. But it is of the Buker twins that Bates is proudest. Although the track team trailed at the Maine Intercollegiate, these brothers easily won their events at the New England Meet, winning with their ten points a tie for fifth place in the meet, as contrasted with the eleven points amassed by the three other Maine colleges combined. The crowning achievement of the year was at the first of the season, when Ray Buker, "uncalled, unheralded, yes, even as late as the last lap . . . unsuspected of any evil intent on a champion's crown" broke gloriously into print by capturing at the Penn Relays the title of international two-mile champion, lowering the college record for the distance to 9m. 25 2-5 s.

Yes, it has been a great year. But Bates has not yet reached the top of her stride. There are many kinks in her running gear which have yet to be smoothed out before she can assume the place which now seems inevitable; there are many things to be done to make the going a bit easier for her.

For instance, there is the need of a larger and even better entering class next fall. While you are at home this summer talk Bates up to those who give promise of being able boosters. If you know a good debating prospect, remind him of the adversaries Bates has downed. Should you run across a man who will make good as an athlete, point with just pride at our athletic record, and remind him that our prospects are much better next year. If you meet a man that is a live wire, who will take part in the campus life of the college, talk to him about the high standing of Bates, together with the good times you have had here. Every day of your vacation BOOST BATES FOR A BIGGER BETTER SEASON NEXT YEAR!

## FORTY-LOVE

### Deceiving Nature

Life surely is a cruel game,  
In terms of evolution—  
A game hard set with rigid rules—  
Selection, its key of solution.

The fit, you see, survive (it says),  
And the fit's the most efficient.  
Selected by stern Nature's hand  
The weak drop out—deficient!

Sometimes the choice is made by man,  
To his welfare beneficial;  
And such usurping Nature's power  
Is selection artificial.

Consider now this matter, love,  
That fires man's devotions.  
'Tis just a case of relative charms  
Affecting human emotions.

And now arises the problem deep  
That fills me with consternation!  
It has to do with a feminine way,  
Evolved as an adaptation.

For girls will never be content  
To rest in resignation;  
But resort to myriad camouflage  
And lovely imitation.

They paint their cheeks the bloom of  
a rose;  
They powder and puff and curl;  
And Oh, the smiles and the wiles of  
pretention  
In the synthetic product,—girl.

Oh Science! Tell me, if you can,  
In view of these charms artificial,  
When Man succeeds and selection's  
achieved,

Is is natural or artificial?

HAROLD J. MANTER '22.

Tell it to Einstein!

Dear Ed. of 40-0:

I have been thinking lately. The other day I thought about Mt. David, that little tee in back of Rand Hall. Sometimes I take my co-ed up there. (She doesn't know I call her mine, yet). We always sit facing the tennis courts or the campus. It seems so much more natural to sit that way. Besides, all the other couples sit the same way. Now I have been wondering why some one don't establish a precedent by sitting, facing the mountain. The scenery is just as beautiful. Anyhow, what does a man care about the scenery?

B. A. Degree.

### Our Farewell Address.

Just a word, Oh Seniors, before you depart. Four years or more ago you brought forth on this campus a new class, conceived in penury, and dedicated to the proposition that all men deserve a college education.

Let the sting of the paddle ever remind you when you were freshmen.

Let the paddle itself remind you of the day when you were sophomores.

"When did Caesar come to Britain" be your junior posterity.

If you take care of the other years the senior year will take care of itself. Your sheepskin will insure you against anything but Edison.

May glory and honor be tied to your shoestrings.

—Auf Wieder Sehen.

P. S.—Decollete bathing costumes are all right—as far as they go.

## STUDENT COUNCIL ELECTION

Elections for the Student Council of 1921-1922 was held Monday morning, with the following results. Senior members: President, Russell P. Taylor; vice president, Earle C. McLean; Raymond B. Buker, Roland J. Carpenter.

Junior members: Secretary, Raymond J. Batten, John Davis, James B. Hamlin.

Sophomore Members: Charles Kane, Jr.; Wesley D. Gilpatrick.

### The Lost and Found Bureau

will find what you lose  
and return what you find

A. A. DUNLAP, Chairman

## WE ARE HUMAN

—B—

I was a professional reformer, once. Millions of false ideals have I nurtured and fertilized, the lectures that I have made before Ladies' Clubs, Y. M. C. A.'s and College chapel audiences used up enough time in the aggregate to build ten pyramids, fourteen Woolworth Buildings, a hundred battleships, a million locomotives and a few thousand department stores. I blush to reflect how many men I have kept from useful employment for periods of from two to four hours.

Now it is all changed. I am a useful citizen.

When I landed in Pandoraville it was the beginning of the end for there had been a terrible fire which razed nearly the whole city to the ground. I don't like the unprosperous places, they do not yield me large enough rewards, but I had stayed because I saw a promising field of activity in the office.

Now it came to pass that a portion of my time was devoted to fighting the saloon, that hiding place of bums, reformers out of a job, and other human derelicts, as the movie sub titles so designate. I immediately forged rapidly toward a suspicious looking joint that had reared itself with remarkable swiftness over the ruins of the church. I spoke to the proprietor, but he disappointed me in my hour of need.

"It's all sold out, guv'nor," he whispered, but there was a lascivious and treacherous look in his eye, the gleam of a profiteer. "I'll get you some tho, by tomorrow," he ventured.

I waved my hand in scorn.  
"Man I am a reformer, and shall make a speech before the Freshmen of the local prison this evening," I said in great dignity. "Do you think I can properly wallop the booze business without a hooker or two to wet my whistle?"

I sought elsewhere for more immediate relief.

I was accosted by the prominent citizen who had arranged my lecture for me.

"Very sorry," said he, "there is not a cent of loose change in the town to be spent on incense. Later we may have time for luxuries. The people have all gone over to the next city to the movies anyway while they wait for the carpenters' strike to blow over."

"But my dear man, I expostulated with a few genuine tears in my eyes as I thot of the fee I was to lose. "I have a very important message for your people, that I want them to hear badly. I have devoted my life to the cause of humanity."

"Well," replied the P. C. "You can erect a stage on my front lawn and talk to the people from there, of course it will cost about two dollars and a half, and there will be no collection, but still you will get the personal satisfaction. We do not want to hold up your life work."

"Did you say two dollars and a half?"

"Yes. But what is that in comparison to your whole life?"

"My life is not worth that much. No reformer's is," I spoke the truth before I thot.

Still there was a lingering bit of delusion left. You see I had been selling my speeches so long that I had, sad to say, almost begun to believe them, myself. Here was the opportunity for self sacrifice. Should I grab it or pass it up. Some inane impulse prompted me to seize the chance. Thank Goodness I did not obey that impulse, for as I turned to speak anew to my friend I desiered in the near distance a woman coming to collect donations for relief work. With never a hesitation I shoved my hand into my pants pocket, clutched the roll of bills that reposed therein to make sure that I might not lose them and beat it for the car line just in time to avoid the solicitor. Thereupon I began to prepare my speech upon practical charity.

I fell asleep and dreamed horribly. It seemed that all the terrible work I had been doing had found receptive soil. My speeches had sunk into the minds of men. I had in fact persuaded my listeners of the evils of enjoying life. All the beaches were closed, and in their stead were dreary tabernacles where jaded individuals sung dirgical psalms and read hectic paragraphs from the backs of hymnals. There was no joy in life, only a self-holy spirit that depressed all. Men were licking their chops as they peered into the littered

ruins of bar rooms, soda dispensaries, and lemonade stands, little children were crying for ice cream cones, and babies howled dismally for the eternally denied lollypops. I saw grown up men fighting( thousands of them, for the possession of a mere cigar butt dropped from a foreign airplane. They struggled till there was one lone survivor, and as he stooped to pick up the prize a gust of wind blew it into the river. With a long scream of anguish the poor, suffering creature, looked in envy at the peacefully sleeping victims of his strength, then drowned himself. Oh the horrible sights that I saw in a vague impersonal way.

Instinctively I reached to the pocket where I was wont to keep my chewing tobacco. The savory plug was not there. Then I recollected that I had none, and worse still, no money to buy any more, furthermore, I had no employment. There was not left one solitary pleasure of mankind for me to overthrow. I had worked myself out of a job. With the hope of touching his heart I approached a tobaceonist.

"Are you a chronic tobacco chewer?" he inquired.

"I sure am."

"Well then, Nothing doing. We only sell tobacco to those who are made sick by it. They have to chew it as a penance. When they get to like it we take it away from them."

"Well," said I, "guess I'll go to the movies."

"All they run now is educational and religious pictures. Nobody goes except when they round them up with the patrol wagon twice a week."

"What's the use of living?"

"None. I'm going to hang myself right now, so long. After I'm dead you can use the same rope yourself if you'd like to, but don't take me down till I'm dead. I'm tired of this reform-persecuted world."

He took his life as I watched, anxiously waiting my own turn. Then I poked my head thru the noose and tried to tighten it. It grew tighter around my neck and at last I woke up to find the conductor yanking my collar and demanding my fare.

But the lesson stayed with me. I had learned the motto of the Golden Rule. I had found that I was engaged in the meanest occupation on earth and was taking away from others their heavenly pleasures, and if I continued to do so I should at last rob myself of that which was dear to me.

"Henceforth," vowed I, "Yours truly will keep his nose out of other people's business. I will live and let live. I only wish that all reformers could learn the same horrid lesson."

STIK NEE.



Brick—"They used to figure the length of a foot measure by averaging the lengths of the feet of the first ten men as they came out of church."

Stick—"That would never work in North Sebago."

B—"Why not?"

S—"The 'ain't that many men goes to church."

Surprised Senior (examining his check book balance)—"What! Only fifteen? I thought I had seventeen cents left!"

WHAT KIND OF A CONTEST IS THIS?

WIDOW COMPETITORS

TO MEET TOMORROW

—Cornell Daily Sun.

Evidently going to get together to reap the profits of previous experience. —Middlebury Campus.

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With a soiled collar will say:  
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cleaner  
So that in my daily business I'd be  
a winner."

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# BITS OF JOLLITY GARNERED FROM FAR AND NEAR, TO KEEP YOU MERRY

Commencement—and after That the  
Dark! We Start with the Following

**NOT SO EASY**

Officer (examining passports)—  
"Where are your proofs that she's  
your wife?"  
Henpeck—"I haven't any; but if you  
can prove she's not my wife you're a  
made man."—*Charleston News and  
Courier.*  
—*Charleston News and Courier.*

The hand that rocks the cradle,  
We've often heard it said,  
Is the hand that bounces rolling-pins  
From off of hubby's head.

Little Girl—"Papa what makes a  
man always give a woman a diamond  
engagement ring?"  
Her Father—"The woman."

If a man could make love to the girl  
he loves with the ease and fluency with  
which he makes love to the girl he  
doesn't love, all wooings would be suc-  
cessful.—*Exchange.*

"What progress are you making to-  
ward matrimony, Edith?"  
Well, Uncle, I'm on my fifth lap."  
—*Minnesota Foolscap.*  
—"Topics of the Day" Films.

Prof's wife—"Do you think married  
men live longer, John?"  
Absent-minded Prof—"Only seems  
longer, my dear."

**CAUSE AND EFFECT**

Magistrate—"Do you mean to say  
that such a physical wreck as your hus-  
band gave you that black eye?"  
Plaintiff—"Your Washup, 'e wasn't  
a physical wreck until 'e gave me the  
black eye."—*London Opinion.*

**FORCED COMPLIMENT**

"I must say those biscuits are fine,"  
exclaimed the young husband.  
"How could you say those were fine  
biscuits?" inquired his mother, when  
they were alone.  
"I didn't say they were fine, moth-  
er. I merely said I must say so."—*Boston Transcript.*

**Dr. Simon Louis Katsoff, A.M., M.D.,**  
Recently Said: "Osculation is the  
Greatest Disinfectant ever Discovered.  
Kisses are dangerous only when  
Cold." Here goes for Inspiration:

"May I steal a kiss—sub-rosa?"  
"Don't you think it would be better  
—sub-nosa?"

"What would you do if I kissed  
you?"  
"I'd call my brother."  
"How old is he?"  
"Two years."

"I wonder whether kissing is bad  
for one or not!"  
"Let's put our heads together and  
find out."

"What would you say if I kissed  
you?"  
"I wouldn't be in a position to  
speak."

**NO SUCH LUCK**

Young woman (entering music store)  
—"Have you 'Kissed Me in the Moon  
Light'?"  
Clerk—"I don't think so; I'm new  
here. Maybe it was the other man."  
—*Ft. William Times-Journal (Canada).*

**A SAD TALE OF A MR. AND A SR.**  
She frowned on him and called him Mr.  
Because in fun he merely kr.  
So just for spite,  
The following night,  
The naughty Mr. kr. sr.

**FROM BAD TO WORSE**

She—How dare you kiss me!  
He—I'm—I'm sorry.  
She—Sir!

"Her mind is never made up."  
"No?"  
"But the rest of her is."  
—*Industrial Collegian.*

**TELLING 'EM**

She: "I thought, from the way you  
puckered up your lips just then, that  
you were—that you were going to tell  
me you loved me!"

He: "Er—no. It was a piece of grit  
in my mouth."

She: "For Heaven's sake, swallow  
it. You need some."

**With the Camouflage Artists**

**TOO RISKY**

Twinkle, twinkle, Little Miss,  
How I'd like to steal a kiss,  
But the rouge upon your cheek  
Would be daubed upon my beak,  
And the powder from your nose  
Make a snowdrift on my clothes,  
Twinkle, twinkle, Little Miss,  
I'll forego that smeary bliss.

—*Reo Spirit.*

When a New York magistrate or-  
dered a truant schoolgirl to go home  
and wash the paint off her face and  
the dye from her hair—

He evidently didn't believe in the  
saying that the good dye young—  
*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

According to the Dean of Women at  
Northwestern University, rouge, the lip  
stick, plucked eyebrows, bobbed hair  
and such things are the result of war.  
Then Sherman was right!

—*Maine Campus.*

**MG CO3 LOOKEE GOOD—TASTEY  
ROTTON**

She: "Why don't you ever kiss a  
girl?"

He: "I would, if—"

She: "If what?"

He: "If all I would taste would be  
girl."

**At the Close of a Four Years' Course—**

Breathes there a man with soul so dead  
Who never to himself hath said  
"I'll win this pot with this good  
hand?"

Whose heart has ne'er within him  
burned

When, playing stud, an ace is turned?  
If such there be, go, mark him well.

If he don't swear, and cuss like—  
everything,

He ain't human. That's all!

—*D. H. S. Porpoise.*

"How many men are there in the  
freshman class this year?"

"About 20."

"Is that all?"

"Yes, but the rest will grow up  
eventually."

—*Hillsdale Collegian.*

**BOY, TURN OUT THE SUN**

Some wise fish said the other day  
that the "spring law" was now in full  
operation. Upon being further ques-  
tioned he said the law was: "Grades  
vary inversely with the temperature."  
—*The Lawrentian.*

Little bits of wisdom,  
Larger bits of bluff  
Make our profs all wonder  
Where we get that stuff.

**KEMICAL KHATTER**

"What is the formula for di-so-dide  
of barium?"

"I dunno."

"Sure you do. It occurs in fruit."

"What kind of fruit?"

"Fruit that monkeys eat."

"Well, what is the formula?"

"Ba-Na-Na."  
—*Cornell "Chemist".*

Clerk: "Hello, what can I do you  
for?"

"24. Gimme a nickel mousetrap  
quick, I wanta catch the 4.28 train."  
—*The New Hampshire.*

"They sure did use funny instru-  
ments in early engineering."

"Yeh."

"Here it says the foreman surveyed  
the ground with a grunt of dissatisfac-  
tion."

Miss —: "Locate Poe."  
Voice from the Class: "Six feet un-  
der the ground."

*D. H. S. Porpoise.*

We had a Greek exam last week and  
are confident that we knocked it cold.  
—Somewhere around zero, y'know.  
—*Middlebury Campus.*

**THE GOOD MAN**

The Good-Man  
When he fall-eth in  
Love, And Get-eth  
Snobbed,  
Break-eth forth into  
Tears.  
But the Un-Gawdly Care-eth Notta  
Damn!  
For Woman,  
She is but  
Vanity, Ay Verily  
And False Curly.  
And the wooing thereof  
Is Bitterness.  
For he Waste-eth  
His Substance Upon Her  
Taking her to Pic-nics and  
Balls—  
And She Dance-eth  
With some oth'er feller!  
—*R. I. Beacon.*

**And We Wind Up With a Conglomerate  
Formation**

**ESPECIALLY IN WINTER**

"This is a har-rd world," said Pat  
as he knocked off work for the day.  
"Yis," said Mike. "Oi do be think-  
in' that every toime I put me pickaxe  
into it."—*Boston Transcript.*

A minister in resigning his position  
as pastor in a church in a small country  
town took leave in the following man-  
ner:

"Ladies and gentlemen of the con-  
gregation: I have come to say good-  
bye. I don't think God loves this  
church because none of you ever die. I  
don't think you love each other because  
none of you ever get married, and I  
don't think you love me because you  
haven't paid my salary.

"Your donations are moldy food and  
wormy apples, and by their fruit ye  
shall know them.

"I am going to a better place. I  
have been called to act as Chaplain in  
the penitentiary. I go to prepare a place  
for you. May God have mercy on  
your souls. Good-bye."

"Doctor," called the small boy,  
"come up to our house quick."  
"Who is sick?" asked the doctor.  
"Everybody but me. I'd been bad,  
so they wouldn't give me any of the  
mushrooms Pa picked in the woods."

**YOU CAN'T BEAT 'EM**

An Irishman came into the office of  
the president of the Illinois Central  
Railroad and said:

"Me name's Casey. Oi worruk out  
in the yar-rds. Oi'd loik a pass to St.  
Louis."

"That is no way to ask for a pass,"  
said the president. "You should intro-  
duce yourself politely. Come back in an  
hour and try it again."

At the end of the day back came the  
Irishman. Doffing his hat, he inquired,  
"Are yez the man I saw before?"

"I am."

"Me name is Patrick Casey. Oi've  
been workin' out in the yar-rds."

"Glad to know you, Mr. Casey. What  
can I do for you?"

"Oi've got a job an' a pass to St.  
Louis on th' Wabash. Yez can go to  
hell."—*Case Eagle.*

**IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE**

A Western evangelist makes a prac-  
tice of painting religious lines on rocks  
and fences along public highways. One  
ran: "What will you do when you  
die?"

Came an advertising man and  
painted under it:

"Use Delta Oil. Good for burns."  
—*The American Legion Weekly.*

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AND YOU WON'T  
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ABOUT YOUR  
EXCUSE—



### DAD HAD A REASON

Young John was late in attending Sunday School that particular Sunday and the minister inquired the cause.

"I was going fishing, but my father wouldn't let me," announced the lad. "That's the right kind of a father to have. Did he tell you the reason why you should not go fishing on the Sabbath?"

"Yes, sir," replied John, "there wasn't bait enough for two."  
—Minneapolis Tribune.

### THE POWER OF THOUGHT

Ph.D.—"I got stuck on the river bank with my car; and there was no bridge. I wanted to get it across, so"

B. V. D.—"What did you do?"  
Ph.D.—"I sat down and thought it over."

### FATAL MISTAKE

(Situation: Burglar caught red-handed, arraigned in court)—

Woman: "The source of the feller! 'E pretended to be my 'usband and called out, 'It's all right, darlin'—it's only me.' It was the word 'darlin' ' wot give 'im away."—Punch, London.

The man in the rainbow stockings was trying to play golf. The difficulty was, of course, to hit the ball. It was so much easier to hit the ground. He hit that every time. The turf flew in all directions. Swish! Swosh! Pop! More excavations. Something was wrong somewhere. It couldn't be his stockings. It must be the links. He turned helplessly to his opponent.

"What do you think of these links?" he exclaimed.  
"What do I think of 'em?" gasped his opponent, wiping a bit of soil from his lips. "Pouf. Best I ever tasted."—The Argonaut (San Francisco).

WHEN YOU READ  
ABOUT THE OTHER  
FELLOW GOING  
—AHEAD SO FAST—  
DOES IT MAKE YOU  
WANT TO QUIT OR  
PLUG ALL THE HARDER?



Hoax—"Did your garden win any prizes last summer?"  
Coax—"Indirectly, yes. My neighbor's chickens took first prize at the poultry show."

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