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THE PUVIAN



PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF
PORTLAND UNIVERSITY
NOVEMBER 1922

Benoit's

Clothing and Furnishings
STYLED FOR YOUNG MEN

SOUVENIRS

TELEPHONE 2406

BEFORE PURCHASING YOUR JEWELRY VISIT

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Plants and Flowers for all occasions

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**Basket Balls, Sweaters, Volley Balls, Sweat Shirts,
Boxing Gloves, Jerseys, Striking Bags, Bicycles**

WE EQUIPT PORTLAND UNIVERSITY

THE JAMES BAILEY COMPANY

264 Middle Street, Portland



EARLE H. CUNNINGHAM, C. P. A., DEAN OF PORTLAND UNIVERSITY

This issue is dedicated to our Dean, Mr. Earle Henry Cunningham. We consider it a privilege to be able to offer him this small tribute. In all our troubles he is right with us, he is always ready to offer advice, and is generous with both his congratulations and his sympathy. He is a personal friend of each and every member of the student body. Mr. Cunningham's experience leading up to the organizing of Portland University may be summed up as follows:

In 1912 Mr. Cunningham was elected Principal of the Commercial Department of Shaw's Business College in Bangor. He taught there with a marked degree of success until 1916. During this time Mr. Cunningham taught private classes in Accounting, and also practiced public accounting in and around Bangor.

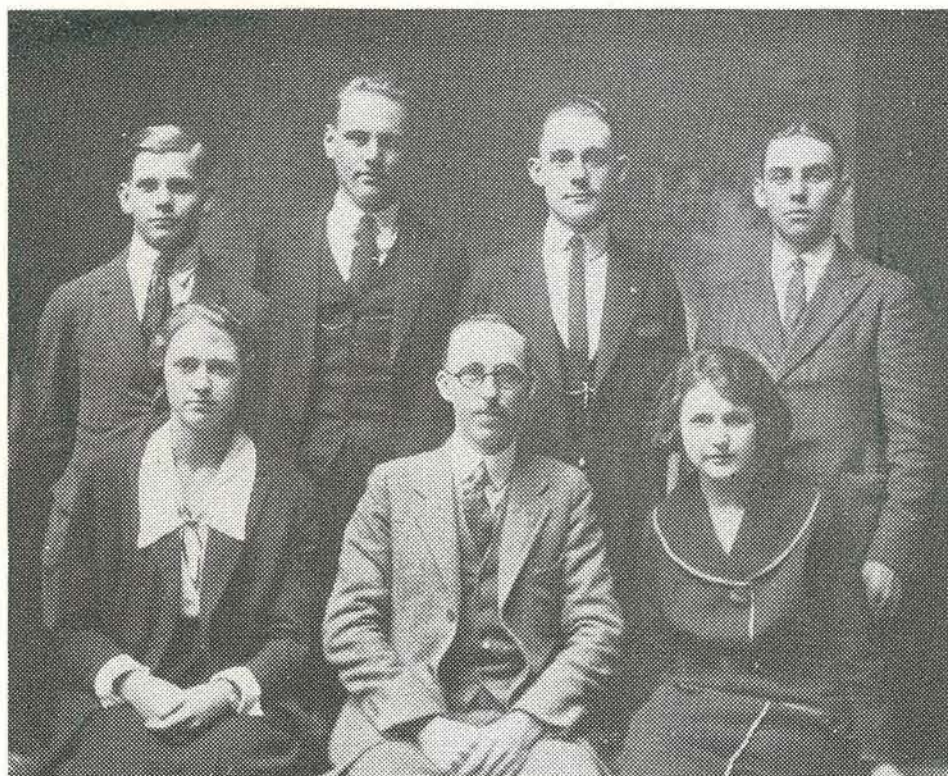
In June, 1916, Mr. Cunningham accepted a position as Head of the Educational Department in one of the local accounting schools. He acted as Dean of this School until January, 1921. During this time he studied and in March, 1917, received the degree of Certified Public Accountant. In connection with his duties as Dean of the Accounting School, Mr. Cunningham carried on very successfully, classes in Accounting and Business Law in rooms which he opened up in the Benoit Building, 270 Middle Street.

The demand for this sort of school increased, and gradually Mr. Cunningham's classes increased. As time went on Mr. Cunningham and his business associates took on additional space in the Benoit Building and carried on evening classes in Accounting and Business Law, and later on taught such subjects as Business English and Correspondence, Business Mathematics, Economics, etc.

Realizing the need for such a school in Maine, Mr. Cunningham decided to start day classes in these subjects. In August, 1921, Portland University was organized, and in that month Mr. Cunningham secured the right from the state to issue academic degrees to students satisfactorily completing courses prescribed by the University. Mr. Cunningham, himself, was appointed Dean and President of the University.

In September, 1921, Portland University began its first year as a regular University, offering courses of a college grade, and started off with a Freshman class of about thirty students. The evening school this year was also greatly increased over that of previous years. Courses were offered in First Year Accounting, Second Year Accounting, Business Law, Business English and Correspondence, Economics, Business Mathematics, Commerce, Spanish, French, Shorthand, Typewriting, and Business Spelling.

Mr. Cunningham is also President of a local firm of Public Accountants and Auditors, and carries this practice along on a small scale as well as attending to his duties at Portland University.



Members of the Editorial Board

Back row, (left to right), Philip B. Sharpe, '24, Editor-in-Chief, Ralph C. Robbins, Jr., '24, Athletic Editor, Arthur C. Sprague, '24, Business Manager, Frederick P. Wilson, '24, Exchange Editor.

Front row, (left to right), Miss Laurretta M. Nielson, '24, Activities Editor, Deane Earle H. Cunningham, Faculty Advisor, Miss Leona A. Thibodeau, '25, Assistant Editor-in-Chief.



Editorials



ARMISTICE DAY.

On Saturday, November 11th, we will celebrate Armistice Day. Does this mean anything to you? To the writer it means the close of a terrible war—a war which we did not win. With the armistice began another war—a commercial war in which Germany and a few other European nations have entered themselves as against the American market.

We may be doubted in this by some, but the majority will consider us correct when we say that the American markets are swamped with foreign "junk"—and that word is not used slangily, but literally. The writer has had occasion to look into this matter of foreign imitations of American products, and can liken them only to imitations—cheap imitations of good jewelry. The unsuspecting public get badly stung.

CO-OPERATION.

Co-operation—what does it mean? To us it means that we must work together. Teamwork is the name offered by other people, and it means considerable. Every athletic team insists on it. The editors are asking you for your assistance. This is not our personal proposition,—it belongs to the entire student body. We must have material for our paper,—there is where co-operation comes in. That we have a great deal of it is proved by the many activities which are getting under way in the school. It might be called school spirit, but school spirit is useless without co-operation. We shall have something to say

that no one else can offer, we believe, and that is that we are going to have one hundred percent of the student body subscribe to our paper, which will be a record to be proud of. Now it is up to us to keep the ball rolling. The hardest part, the energy necessary to start it, is now over. There will be five more issues and each one must be better than its preceding number. It is all up to you. Submit your material and show us that you believe that Portland University is as important as any other school in the country.

The matter is now in your hands, and you must uphold it. Let us see if you have the true spirit of co-operation in you. We offer you the immortal slogan of the A. E. F.,—"Let's Go!"

BACK THE ADVERTISERS.

It was brought to my attention the other day that it does not mean a great deal to the advertisers in any medium to advertise unless results are obtained by the advertising. In order to help our business manager some, the writer dropped in to see a friend who is interested in Portland University. When the subject of the visit was brought up, the prospective advertiser said, "Now look here, Phil, I will give you the ad you want, but I do not expect to get great results from it—in fact, I do not expect to obtain a single return. I have advertised in a great many papers, and I know from experience that many of them, especially school papers, bring absolutely no returns. I am giving you this tip: try to interest your subscribers in supporting your advertisers."

I have thought a great deal about this statement, and I am firmly of the opinion that he was absolutely correct. We do not support our advertisers as much as we should. They advertise to help us, perhaps, but the chief reason is because they want our business. Every advertiser in our paper is with us—why shouldn't we be with them? Play square. The editors will do their part, but the student body must co-operate with us. And when you buy anything from these advertisers, be sure to mention that you saw their ad in the *Portland University PUVIAN*; otherwise they will not know that their advertising in this medium is bringing results. We do not think that we are asking anything unreasonable when we make this request,—do you?

PHILIP B. SHARPE.

The Editors wish to express their sincere gratitude to Miss Doris Covey, Miss Katherine Kearney and Miss Annie Junkins for their assistance in bringing out this issue of *THE PUVIAN*.

The Staff of the *PUVIAN* wish to extend their thanks to the *Portland Evening Express* for their kindness in loaning us the cut of the Editorial Board which appears in another part of this issue.

Miss Muriel V. Kezar, who attended Portland University last year, claims the distinction of being the first subscriber to the *PUVIAN*. She asked to become a subscriber when the paper was in its imaginary stages, and the editors feel that the first copy of our paper to come from the press should be sent to her. Hence the very first copy is being reserved.

After you read this issue, do not be afraid to give friendly criticisms. Of course our faults do not look as large to us as they do to you, so if you will kindly help us out, the Editorial Board will appreciate it.

The following news item was taken from a southern newspaper:

"Yesterday the *Courier* was the first paper to report that Colonel John Hamilton was dead. Today we are the first to deny this report. The *Courier* always leads."

That we *have* artistic talent in Portland University is shown by the fact that our Exchange Editor, Frederick P. Wilson, is again playing as an actor with the stock company at the Jefferson Theatre.

Did our Editor take his position with our paper to heart? It would look that way, as he has recently secured his old position as a cub reporter for the *Express* and *Telegram*. Let us hope that he will at least learn something about the paper game.

HELPFUL THOUGHTS FROM MANY SOURCES.

1. The chains of habit are too small to be felt until they are too strong to be easily broken.—*Anon.*
2. A little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men.
3. There is no man but knows more evil of himself than he does of other people.—*Anon.*



Stories



A CUB'S NEW ADVENTURE—AND AN OLD REWARD.

By PHILIP B. SHARPE, '24.

Morgan was new at the game—there was no doubt about it,—he was new at the game. He had been with the *Daily Times* for two weeks, and all he had done was handle a few notes that were almost routine. Then it would be, "Morgan, go down to the Police Station and get the news,"—"Give the society editor a lift," and such things as that.

Harold Morgan was attending college and had secured the position of "cub" reporter for the *Times* during his summer vacation. And he was beginning to think that newspaper work was dead stuff. He was ambitious and was a lover of adventure. He was of the take-a-chance type of young man, and good luck usually favored him. Just now he was beginning to think it had deserted him.

While he was considering the situation, the gong rang for Number 13. As that was his number, he went to the in-phone. "The Editor-in-Chief wants you," was what he was told. Visions of a call-down for something or other surged through his mind. Perhaps he was even fired!

The chief was a man of few words, kind, yet gruff, and, to be truthful, Morgan was afraid of him. He entered the office with confidence in his face, even though he did not have it in his heart. "Sit down," said the chief, and without further preliminary he began:

"Morgan, you have been with us for two weeks. I have been watching you and believe that there is good material in you. I am going to find out. You have heard of the Haunted House at Winchester? No? Well, a very valuable estate there is owned by a rich New Yorker. His father had it built for him about 25 years ago and had all modern improvements installed in 1919. In 1920 he died of heart failure—no, a natural death—and the property passed to his son by his will.

"About six months after the death of the old man, queer things began to happen on that estate, and it worked up quite a flowery reputation. None of the villagers will go near the place after dark, and the property, although valuable, cannot be sold at any price. Now, I don't believe in spooks, do you? I thought not. Well, I am sure that there is a good reason for them and I think it will be a good story. You are going up there, your expenses will be paid, and you have ten days to clear it up. If you don't make it, don't come back. Write in for your check. You leave on the 9.12 train tomorrow morning. That's all."

Morgan did not know what to say, so he made a hasty exit after mumbling his thanks. He went back to his typewriter with his head in the clouds. Next morning he was fifteen minutes early for the 9.12.

Just before noon he stepped off the train into the little station of Winchester. He looked up a hotel, made arrangements for his room, and then decided to take a stroll before

lunch. He was wandering down Weston Street when whom should he spy but Clifford Hargraves, a classmate at college. Their greetings were noisy and good natured.

"What brings thou to our thriving metropolis?" questioned Hargraves. "Well, Cliff," was the reply, "the *Times* sent me up to cover the 'Haunted House' proposition. Tell me what you can about it."

"Well, I don't see as there is much to tell, Chick, but—say, you're coming you're coming over to the house for lunch—no, it's all settled—and we'll talk it over afterwards."

On the way over Hargraves told his story. Noises had been heard and a lot of regulation spook demonstrations were to be had. But although many people had tried to solve the mystery no one had met with success, moreover, although they had heard noises, no one had ever been seen there.

At lunch, Morgan met Cliff's mother and his sister, June. He became so interested in the latter that he almost forgot his mission. He was dragged away by Hargraves with the promise that he could come over every evening. "Let's go over to the house," said Cliff.

They gave the house and grounds a hasty examination before entering. Apparently all things within were in fine condition. The two chums seated themselves on a sofa and talked the matter over for almost two hours.

"All right, we sleep here tonight," they said as they went out. "It will be fun even though we don't come any nearer to the end of the mystery than before."

At 8.30 they were settled for a night of peace (?). At any rate, they were prepared for anything. Each young

man had a small but effective "blackjack" and a powerful flashlight. Besides, they had one small lantern and two blankets each. At last they were ready, let come what may. The lantern had been placed on a table in the living room and with its dim light things began to take on a weird, though not unpleasant look. They chatted about spooks, but soon their conversation wandered to various subjects, June, school, and coming football.

At a point where Breton was winning a hard-fought game with Cossol, the band began to play. "We win! We win!" shouted Cliff, but was interrupted by Morgan.

"Come down to earth! Do you hear music?"

The two were silent. Upstairs a band was faintly playing. Not a word passed between the two. Hargraves picked up his flashlight in his left hand and took the blackjack in his right. Morgan did likewise. Slowly they tiptoed up the steps. Morgan led and noticed that the seventh stair step was quite soft. He stopped and marked it and then went on. They had reached the top of the stairs when the music stopped in the middle of a bar. A thorough search disclosed nothing, so they returned. On the way down Harold stopped on the seventh stair and pulled off the carpet. Underneath was a thin flat board which was held up by springs. When it was stepped on, it closed a switch.

"Look here!" he whispered, pointing to a pair of wires leading through the main step. They cut both wires and went on down. In the living room again they talked the matter over.

"Somethings tells me that there is a radio set here, Cliff," was Morgan's

comment. "I think that the switch I stepped on told them that we were coming. If we do a little investigating we shall have a real surprise."

So the two young men again went upstairs. "I am sure I have at last got the dope," Morgan remarked. "Do as I tell you and you will see." The two went into a bedroom and crouched in the corner. At Morgan's suggestion not even a whisper passed between them. They had been there fifty minutes when the buzz of a radio set began. Cliff felt Morgan's hand tighten over his wrist and they both waited, nerves tense. They did not have to wait long. In a couple of minutes they heard a door open and someone entered the room. As soon as they were satisfied that the newcomer was alone they both switched on their lights and made a lunge at the startled man.

Before the stranger could make even the slightest noise he was knocked flat and a hand clamped over his mouth. He was bound and gagged and then they investigated the situation. The left half of the fireplace was open, showing where he had made his entrance. The whole fireplace was on a cleverly constructed turn-table and was operated by springs. They looked into the opening and were astounded at what they saw. A separate room, not accessible from any other place was upon the opposite side of the fireplace and it was equipped with a very powerful radio set. The entire works, even to the antenna, was all in the room, but what attracted their attention the most was the laboratory equipment in the room. There were shelves of many chemicals, test tubes, burners, and many kinds of instruments and par-

aphernalia which neither boy could define. "What the—," began Cliff, but hesitated; one look at Morgan settled the matter. The latter had a handful of twenty dollar bills,—but they were printed on one side only. Morgan was happy. He had at last found his share of adventure.

At Cliff's house the next forenoon the two had to tell the whole story over for the benefit of Cliff's mother and sister. They asked many questions and Harold let his chum answer most of them, but when they asked the reason for their going upstairs and waiting, Cliff turned to Harold and said, "I have been thinking about that myself. Just what gave you the tip?"

"There was one thing that struck me strange, and that was the idea of that step signal switch," he replied. "I also got thinking about that music and wondering just how it happened to come from upstairs. A radio set was the only answer, and I remembered that I noticed a small room under the secret room. As the house had no unsightly bulge on it, I assumed that there was another room on the second floor. So I guessed, and came out on the lucky end. I felt all the time that the 'ghost' reputation of the house was upheld to cover up some criminal action—just what I did not know at the time, but you see that luck was with us. We made a good haul. The money we make on this proposition will pay our expenses in college this year."

"I wish I had been there," June told Morgan. The latter said that he would have appreciated her presence.

After a few minutes of trying to get in a few words, Cliff was wise enough to withdraw. As he left the room he

remarked to himself, "Poor Harold, I was beginning to think he was real clever, and then he flops. Just look at them now! In a few minutes—oh, well! I am clever enough to know when to get out."

THE SCHOOL SEAL.

By PHILIP B. SHARPE, '24.

When Portland University began the school year in September, 1921, the school was without a seal. However, a few of the students considered that a seal was necessary to the welfare of Portland University, and discussed the matter with Dean Cunningham. His approval having been obtained, Philip B. Sharpe was appointed a committee of one to obtain such a seal.

After two months of correspondence with the artists and designers of The Metal Arts Company of Rochester, New York, an appropriate design was submitted. The Dean and the faculty approved this design and the matter was passed on to the student body who were also in favor of it. The date of acceptance was January 13th.

Have you ever stopped to consider just what the design on the seal signifies? The center contains a book, a quill, and a torch. The open book signifies Knowledge, and incidentally Power—for Knowledge is Power. The quill signifies the Bookkeeping, Accounting and Secretarial sciences, while the torch stands for Progress. Remember this and think of it the next time you see your seal. And when you receive your diploma bearing a gold sticker in the lower left-hand corner, let it mean more to you than just a fancy decoration—it is the emblem of your school!

SHE GOT IT ALL, THOUGH!

A poet dictated one of his poems to an inexperienced stenographer and this is what she handed him:

"In the church the bride was standing on her head. The orange blooms in her heart; and in her spirit were a dozen sweet perfumes. Down the aisle the groom came walking on his hand. There was a ring in his ear! The organ music made him think; his soul must sing through an alley. Sweet with flowers the band is on the march blowing bugles with their noses. They inhale the scent, the arch and the flagstones in the floor. Echo forth the happy day. Then the groom cuts off her head. One small tress to wear forever."

Can you correct her copy?

A school paper's a good invention,
The staff gets all the fame,
The printer all the money,
And the Editor all the blame.

EFFICIENCY.

Efficiency! What does it mean?

In these days of keen competition we hear everybody talking of efficiency but did you ever stop to think just what it means? Very briefly, it means doing the thing at hand in the best, the easiest, and the quickest way possible.

In every walk of life the person who is most efficient wins. The student who plans his work, lays it out ahead and lets nothing interfere with this program, is the one who is usually near the head of the class. The one who does his studying when he has nothing else to do, works harder and doesn't accomplish as much as the other.

Take the business man, where is he today without efficiency? His competitors slowly crowd him out of busi-

ness by their more up-to-date methods. Walk into a store, if there is no one right on the spot to wait on you, what do you do? Do you wait until someone shows up? Perhaps so, but more likely you walk out and go to another store to make your purchase. If the salesmen had been efficient in that store they would have been on the lookout for customers and would have been ready to serve you the moment you entered.

Take another branch of business, the accounting department. A few years ago the merchant had as little as possible to do with bookkeeping. He may have had a small memorandum book in which he jotted down what he could remember of the day's transactions. That method got by because his expenses were small and he could get enough for his merchandise to cover the transactions which he forgot. Today things have changed. The merchant must have accurate information concerning his sales, purchases, and expenses. He must know what each article costs him, and what he sells it for, in order to make it pay its proportionate share of the overhead or expenses. If one article is priced too low and is not making its share of the overhead, that is the article which will sell in preference to the one which is perhaps too high, and slowly the profits decrease. If allowed to continue the business is bankrupt.

These leaks must be corrected if the business is to be sound. In order to correct them an efficient system must be installed.

In case of sickness which doctor is called? The one whom we think is the most efficient. Again, I say, the man who is most efficient wins.

B. W. HUNT.

MISTAKES IN PUNCTUATION.

A tourist writing from Switzerland said: "The distance was too great for a donkey to travel therefore I did not attempt it."

A local newspaper contained this statement: "We have just built a schoolhouse for girls four stories high."

A woman wrote: "I wish to sell my piano for I am going to Europe in a rosewood case with carved legs."

A clergyman wrote: "A young woman died yesterday while I was preaching in the street in a state of beastly intoxication."

Another minister wrote: "I well remember when I was riding across the prairie with my beloved wife who has long since gone to heaven in a buggy."

A request was handed into the pulpit as follows: "A man going to sea his wife desires the prayers of the congregation for his safety."

JUST A POEM.

It was many years ago,
When the woods were dark and drear;
The men put powder in their guns,
And went to hunt the deer.

But now that things have changed about,
Upon a different plan,
The dears put powder on their face
And go to hunt the man.

THE KAISER.

Of all the faces we have seen in our newspapers and other current literature within the past few years, that of William Hohenzollern, the former Kaiser of Germany, is the most familiar. During the war the greater part of the pictures showed him in uniform, with his imperial moustache twisted on the ends and turned up at a very

forbidding angle. Gradually, however, his figure has lost its military bearing, and the moustache droops forlornly. Today, as one glances at the pictures of the world-famed leader who wrought such destruction but a short time ago, one does not see the harsh, impassive face of the man who, though somewhat like Napoleon, so far exceeded him in wanton cruelty and injustice that comparison goes no farther than a similarity of ambition: it is the face of a broken old man whose crafty eyes seem to be peering out from under his bushy eyebrows malevolently, both hating and fearing the powers that have brought him to such degradation.

"A pitiful picture!" some say. Pitiful! Does he deserve pity? Does he even realize the meaning of the word? Certainly he never indulged in that emotion himself. Did he give even a thought to the sorrow he was causing, except as it promoted his interests? One who committed so many crimes against humanity and the world does not deserve the pity of even the most humble.

HILDA DOW, '25.

If you have a bit of news
Send it in;
Or a joke that will amuse
Send it in;
A story that is true
A suggestion that's new—
We want to hear from you—
Send it in.
Never mind about the "style,"
If the news is worth the while
It may help or cause a smile
SEND IT IN.

EIGHT SUCCESSFUL SALESMEN.

Christopher Columbus sold wool in Genoa in 1439; the output of his father's weaving plant.

Napoleon Bonaparte was at one time a book salesman.

Ulysses S. Grant sold real estate before he went into the army.

Henry Clay sold corn and flour, and thus earned the sobriquet "The Mill-boy of the Slashes."

John Jacob Astor laid the foundation of his fortune by selling pianos and flutes.

Thomas A Edison began his career as a newsboy on the Grand Trunk Railway.

Jay Gould at the age of fifteen was a clerk in a tin shop.

Phil. D. Armour sold groceries on "commission" before he went into the meat packing business.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This load of books is as light as lead?
If such there lives, go, mark him good,
He might be worse,—of course he could!
But to us he only is a dude.

When after a day's work is o'er
And from the calendar he tore
A sheet; and to himself hath said:
"This is the life—it is NOT dead!
To me it is my life, my bread."
Of such a man we shall not speak
We're sure he'd never make a sheik—
So let us close.

PHILIP B. SHARPE, '24.

SUCCESS—A MATTER OF ABILITY, CONFIDENCE AND LOYALTY.

What is the real meaning of success? Most people would say that success is what you accomplish in your chosen line of work. But is that the very best definition? Is it what you have accomplished or the way in which you accomplished it?

Let us apply success to something we all are interested in—our school paper, for instance. We are about to issue

the first number of the "Puvian" and we all want to see this be a success. When a paper is issued for the first time everyone is ready to criticise. Of course we expect some criticism but we don't want too much, so it is up to the school to co-operate and make this paper be a success.

Co-operation is one of the leading steps to success. You all know the saying, "Two heads are better than one." In a way that is co-operation. In the business world co-operation means the getting together of certain people and the carrying on of an enterprise without any friction. This is what we are going to do to help bring about the success of the paper.

We have an Editorial Board, upon whom rests the largest responsibility, but it is not up to these people alone. Everyone must do his share. We do not doubt that the Board has the ability to work it out alone, if it must, but do you think it is fair to them or to the paper for us to "sit back and take it easy?" Of course it isn't.

We must help in all ways we can. We must co-operate with them. Give them suggestions, tell them how they can improve a certain article—they will thank you for it, although you may think, "What good are my ideas? They have a personality of their own, what would they want of mine?" Don't feel this way. Give them your personality. You have confidence in those people and you are loyal to them. I mean by "loyal" that you will back them up in everything they do.

But it takes more than ability, confidence, and loyalty. Co-operation, system, and efficiency, are also required in making a school paper a success. Of co-operation I have written, but what

of SYSTEM? Not a very large word, but has much to do with success. Where system is lacking there is no success—just failure can be the result.

So let us combine our efforts and co-operate and make our school paper one that will always be remembered as having been a great success.

Speaking about system reminds me of a story I read in the newspaper a short time ago. A superintendent of a certain coal mine in New Mexico couldn't keep his rent accounts straight because the employees moved from place to place without giving due notice to the company. Finally, as a last resort, he posted this notice:

July the 13

Notis to all them employed. Anney person or persons that moves into a House Without My Consent shall be put Out Without anney Cemmony.

Dam it i Must and Will have some sistom.

Signed.....Supt.

The above is a good example of one man's idea of system.

LAURETTA M. NIELSON, '24.

MICHAEL COLLINS.

Perhaps the greatest of Irish patriots was the late Michael Collins, who was born in Ireland in the year 1890. When Ireland's relations with England were severed in 1916, he returned to his native land from London, where he had been employed. Soon he became a trusted officer and was always a menace to the English forces.

Because he was such a danger to the British, a heavy price was offered for his capture. Dublin, his home, was in the hands of the British at that time, and it was an extremely dangerous place for him to be found. One night

he decided to go to his home, and no one could dissuade him. He went in disguise, and as he started to enter his house, an English soldier asked him what he was doing there. He looked up at the soldier and said very calmly, "Why, I'm Michael Collins, and I live here." The soldier walked off never even thinking that the Michael Collins there was the same Michael Collins for whom so great a reward would be paid. This shows how bravely and how calmly he could act under such conditions. Another time, as he was walking along a road, a party of hostile soldiers spied him and called upon him to surrender. Instead, he jumped over a stone fence alongside of the road and disappeared.

In 1921 England decided to make Ireland a free state. The Irish leader, De Valera, was against it, so he and Collins severed relations. Collins and Griffith were chosen to be at the head of the Irish Free State. Things did not run along smoothly in Ireland, but Collins tried his best to settle all difficulties. De Valera and his followers tried their best to win the Irish nation over to their cause; when it was found that this was impossible, a rebellion was started.

Collins then took his place at the head of the Free State army and prepared to settle all matters as soon as possible. Shortly after this Griffith died leaving Collins to do the work of both. It is probable that he would have succeeded but like our great patriot, Abraham Lincoln, his life was taken by some cowardly assassin in August, 1922, when it was most needed. His loss was mourned by all.

GLEASON P. QUIMBY, '25.

THE RECIPE.

By BERTON BRALEY.

It's doing your job the best you can,
And being just to your fellow man;
It's making money—but holding friends
And staying true to your aims and ends;
It's figuring how and learning why,
And looking forward and thinking high,
And dreaming a little and doing much;
It's keeping always in closest touch
With what is finest in word and deed;
It's being thorough, yet making speed;
It's daring blithely the field of chance
While making labor a brave romance;
It's going onward, despite defeat,
And fighting staunchly, but keeping sweet;
It's being clean and it's playing fair;
It's laughing lightly at Dame Despair;
It's looking up at the stars above,
And drinking deeply of life and love;
It's struggling on with the will to win,
But taking loss with a cheerful grin;
It's sharing sorrow and work and mirth,
And making better this good old earth;
It's serving, striving, through storm and stress,
It's doing your Noblest—that's Success!

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

At the present time nearly all the states in the United States enforce capital punishment for murder in the first degree.

In some states it takes the form of hanging, others the electric chair, while one state in the West, Nevada, has instituted a new form in the use of poisonous gases. The victim is placed in a cell and is told that sometime during the next week, probably when he is asleep, the gas, which is of such strength that it kills him instantly, will be turned on. A great many people think this form should be eliminated because they claim it leaves the victim in suspense for that length of time and is more cruel than the other forms.

Doubtless that is so. But why has one person the right to take another's

life merely because he is commissioned to do so by the government? Why isn't he a murderer as well as his victims? People say he is not, merely because the government gives its sanction: but why should the government have the right to order a person killed any more than one man has a right to order the killing of another man?

In olden times when one man could kill another for any minor thing that came up, they were governed by that old Mosaic law which said: "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth;" therefore they believed that if a man killed another man, he, too, should be killed.

In 1922, when we have all modern inventions, improvements, and everything conceivable, we are still clinging to that old law utterly disregarding all other laws and books. People contend that it costs too much to maintain state prisons for murderers, but why is that any argument for killing a man? Statistics show that in states where capital punishment is enforced, there are more murders committed than in states where a prison sentence is the penalty.

Why, then, should we argue that capital punishment reduces the number of murders?

There have been cases where a man has been convicted on circumstantial evidence, found guilty, and either hanged or electrocuted; and it was afterwards discovered that he really was innocent, and the guilty man is later found. The life of an innocent man has been taken, and the person guilty of the crime is free, for the constitutional laws will not permit the killing of two persons for the same crime. Is that fair to the people?

It would be much safer and better to eliminate capital punishment in all states and have instead life imprisonment for the penalty of a murder. This would insure the safety of all so that the stain of killing an innocent man for the crime someone else committed would forever be wiped off the records of our country.

VIOLET J. ROBERTS, '25.

SUCCESS.

Of all the words that govern the ambitions and desires of mankind, the most misused and least understood is "Success."

What constitutes success? Whether the individual finds himself a success as the best hod carrier in the city, the heaviest plunger in Wall Street, or the largest pillar of his church, depends upon the viewpoint of the judge and the education given him by his people or by life in general.

When a child, the young idea is taught to look up to some great person whose accomplishments have overshadowed his failings. This worship is transient and as the child grows older he finds new heights of success. Until he reaches majority his opinions and ambitions are, in most cases, guided and prompted by his parents and teachers. He learns to reason and think for himself but not in full power until he reaches his growth and completes his education. Up to this stage he is very impressionable, and lasting qualities may be planted in his mind by good teaching. But this works two ways, as a young mind absorbs one teaching as well as another.

At this time, parents and teachers should show to advantage the real value of the different qualities of man

and, above all, the idea that there is no such thing as something for nothing, should be planted firmly in his mind.

If, in time, the young idea becomes a millionaire but wanted instead to be a poor minister, or a college professor, barely making both ends meet, that man, from the lips of the world, may be called a howling success, but in his own mind he will know that he had lost out somewhere. If he has been educated to believe that money overshadows good qualities, or that a contented state of mind can be gained by whatever he accomplishes, he is, at least, a success in the way he was taught.

When a man is so educated that good qualities are helpful in obtaining success and are not submerged in the obtaining of it, when the world knows him as a success and acknowledges it, when the man believes himself a success and is contented, then he must have arrived!

CHRISTOPHER C. BOYLE, '24

ADDRESS GIVEN.

By WALTER S. HANNA.
U. S. Veterans' Bureau.

Go to the Ant, thou sluggard, wrote Solomon, consider her ways and be wise, which having no guide, overseer or ruler provideth her meat in the summer and gathereth her food in the harvest.

I believe in you men who are to be of the great to-morrow, that whatsoever you sow you shall reap. I believe in the efficiency of your training, in the dignity of teaching, and in the joy of serving others.

I believe in the wisdom in lessons taught in ability to work with your hands, as well as to think with the

minds. You should believe in the beauty of your school, your place of training, in your home, your boarding house. You should believe in the present and its opportunities, in the future and its progress and in the divine joy of living.

Education lays the foundation, self-education erects the building. Not one of you are so great in your training or skilled in your arts that you cannot afford to improve yourself.

Life is a battle, the victors are those who not only advance to meet every opportunity but daily add fresh practical knowledge, knowing that knowledge is not only power but prosperity.

One's education consists of two parts—what one learns by himself, and what one learns from others, both are valuable.

Remember this, study requires attention. Interest is the key of attention, understanding is necessary to interest.

Study to remember, study and pay attention to your training systematically, and lastly study to apply your knowledge. Education is a valuable asset and without it to-day you are like a ship on the high seas without a rudder, driven here and there by the winds and the tide and at last dashed upon a rocky shore.

Ever since there have been popular Governments in the world, citizens of such Governments have observed the custom of coming together in times of great emergency to confer, and we are here for such a purpose, people have met in the past throughout this broad land, to confer on the crisis which we have so recently passed through, to see that no harm came to the Republic in time of war.

The impulse of such a meeting was felt by millions of our boys on the battlefields of France, who went there to save the Nations and to save the world.

And because of the fact that you young men entered the great struggle, some of you on this side and others across the sea, we have this one result—there is no North, no South, East or West—we are just one Nation following the Flag that leads the way. And I pledge allegiance to the American flag, and to the Republic for which it stands, one Nation indivisible with liberty and justice for all. And we meet here to-day under the flag of our country which is flying over our public buildings that has led the brave on to victory and to glory.

Not because of the purity of its white, the valor of its red, or the justice of its blue, but because it symbolizes human progress, advancement, and the everlasting brotherhood of man, what nobler purpose can it answer?

And as we are all servants under this flag we must have our places of education, our training centers, our professions, whatever they may be, for many reasons.

We must not forget that the great question before us to-day is the earning of our bread, and this question we cannot evade. Therefore we must be educated, we must be skilled in order to be bread earners. This is a duty we all owe to ourselves, to our families, and to our country.

And the aim of the U. S. Veteran's Bureau and its officers is to instruct you men in education and trades, so as to fit you for the higher walks of life. To become better men, better husbands, better fathers, and useful and better citizens to the country that gave you birth.

We are living in an age to-day where without any question, practical problems are many and difficult. The problems of education and training are both psychological. Your training must be social, your school must be a social institution.

While in your classroom or at the bench, study and train to acquire knowledge. You are in training to learn; knowledge, however important it is, is but one of the desirable results of your training. It must be accompanied by other results—acuteness of perception, judgment, reasoning power, alertness, breadth, elevation of interests, are among the intellectual attainments which should accompany knowledge—grow out of it and make it practically available, and these should be secured through the occupations of your training life.

If the purpose of your training is worthy and high, the conduct that furthers it will make for good character. The life we live in, pursuing the common necessary ends, is both determined by, and determines our characters.

It is what we do daily and continually when pursuing our vocations, when not thinking of moral questions, that show what we are and crystalizes conduct into character.

What about our school buildings—Grade, High, Colleges and Universities? What about this building or institution? It is an educational monument in which men and women are taught at the expense of the Nation, receiving the knowledge that will enable you to build up, and defend, and carry on the Nation. This school building, like all public schools, is Democratic. It receives and treats all alike, wealth does not count, poverty does

not stand in the way, knowledge is here for all, and I have every reason to believe that Mr. Cunningham and his staff in the near future will establish a school here on this beautiful spot, an educational monument second to none of its kind in the State of Maine.

What are our schools and institutions for—they teach facts. Facts that all intelligent human beings accept.

In every school someone is at the Head, I mean at the Head of the class. The head of the class is for the man or woman that studies and the Bottom of the class for the student that does not study.

This school and all others educates us in citizenship, believing all men to be treated free and equal and wherever there is a Public School, whether it be a magnificent High School or University, or the little Red School House with the American flag flying above it, you will find the American spirit growing.

There is nothing more beautiful than a classroom full of men well taught, nothing more admirable than the career, the character, the devotion of an earnest instructor, imparting to men and women, boys and girls, the best of his knowledge and concentrated thought, for your good, that true Yankee American Spirit.

And in conclusion, what the Nation is, what its laws are to be, its future usefulness in the World, all depend on the school or institution in which you are being educated. Protect this monument, this University, protect all schools, help to build them higher, nobler, better, and you have provided for the future and the safety of America. And when you cross over the threshold of this school to take your

place in the world, you are leaving a part of a cradle of the Nation's future greatness.

America has more colleges, so-called, than all the other civilized nations combined. Many of them were founded and have been maintained by the people at large.

Years ago settlers in the wilderness held on to the idea of a liberal education, thanks to our forefathers, and that same spirit has been advancing ever since. The founders of our colleges and Universities were high-minded, self-sacrificing, devoted to a high ideal. Now let us take our old American colleges—they have been admirable places for the training of men. Let the roll of graduates of any leading institution be scrutinized, or even the record of a single class selected at random, and it will be seen that the number of life failures is very small and the number of useful, intelligent, high-minded and upright careers very large. If such is the case in regard to Universities years ago, what must we as citizens of the U. S. of A. expect of you young men coming fresh from modern up-to-date Universities?

The world is waiting for you, as clean, intelligent students; the door of opportunity is open, knock and enter in, it is up to you individually to make the grade. The child as it lives and grows day by day is becoming a man. You as students are becoming higher educated day by day.

I might term your education as a liberal education by putting your mind and thought on one objective, including a few studies. By so doing it will sharpen your observing powers, improve your judgment. When you are trained in this University we have a fitted to discuss living, political, finan-

right to expect that you will be better able to solve the practical problems of the world.

Stand upright and fearless, sturdy in your own strength, loving to your State, loyal to your Republic and loyal among your fellow-men.

Beyond the gloom of failure lies the glory to be won,
When the hard job is accomplished and the doubtful task is done
For it's manhood in the making, and it's courage put to test,
So buckle to the job, it's your chance to do your best.

"KEEP FISHIN'."

Hi Somers was the durndest cuss
Fer catchin' fish—he sure was great!
He never used to make no fuss
About the kind of pole er bait.
Er wether, neither; he'd jest say,
"I got to ketch a mess today."
An' toward the creek you'd see him slide
A-whistlin' soft an' walkin' wide.
I says one day to Hi, says I,
"How do you always ketch 'em, Hi?"
He gave his bait another switch in,
An' chucklin' says, "I jest keep fishin'."

He took to readin' law at night
An' pretty soon, the first we knowed,
He had a lawsuit, won his fight,
An' was a lawyer! I'll be blowed!
He knowed more law than squire McKnab!
An' though he had no "gift of gab"
To brag about, somehow he made
A sober sort of talk that played
The mischief with the other side.
One day, when someone asked if Hi'd
Explain how he got in condishin,
He laughed an' said, "I jest kept fishin'."

Well, Hi is Gov'ner Somers now;
A big man round the State, you bet—
To me the same old Hi, somehow;
The same old champeen fisher, yet,
It wan't so much the bait er pole,
It wan't so much the fishin' hole,
That won fer Hi his big success:
'Twas jest his fishin' on, I guess;
A cheerful, stiddy, hopeful kind
Of keep'n' at it—don't you mind?
And that is why I can't help wishin'
That more of us would jest keep fishin'.

—The Fellow Worker,
Jordan Marsh Company.

EXCERPTS FROM THE CLASS IN BUSINESS ORGANIZATION.

What every employer is after is a good day's work for a good day's pay, and the only way to accomplish these results is by having system.

HAROLD J. ASNAULT.

Efficiency is made up of three essentials: Discipline, Service and Co-operation.

CHARLES E. BELLIS.

Of all the words that govern the ambitions and desires of mankind, the most misused and least understood is "Success."

CHRISTOPHER C. BOYLE.

Labor-saving devices are not the only necessary requirements for a business of the highest efficiency, as these alone cannot accomplish the best results possible, but must be supervised by a competent and intelligent management.

RICHARD E. BRANN.

Organization has been carried along ever since the beginning of time; without it, society could not exist.

ROBERT J. CARLAN.

To have a successful organization the head of each department must have one thought—the welfare of the business as a whole.

JOHN C. CARY.

System is the regular manner in which all parts of a whole are made to function with co-ordination and regulation.

CLYDE L. COTTON.

Co-operation is the keynote to success.

HORACE B. CUNNINGHAM.

The success of a business depends upon co-operation.

WILLIAM DORSCHUCK.

Consistency and System go hand in hand: if you have one the other is near, and easily acquired.

HENRY F. DURANT.

The lack of system is the chief cause of nearly all failures.

CARLTON J. FINLEY.

Some of the greatest enterprises in this country owe their greatness to the true spirit of co-operation.

GEORGE J. FOLEY.

The person who is most efficient, wins.

BASIL W. HUNT.

Efficiency is the final result of some past effort. It is the way in which a thing may be done with the least effort.

LLEWELLYN A. JOHNSON.

Formerly a business vocation was considered beneath the dignity of a gentleman, but today a good business man is highly respected.

ROY K. LUCE.

Personality is a gift—being one's self is the first important thing.

HAROLD A. McALEER.

Statistics prove that over ninety per cent of all failures are due to lack of system.

JOHN L. MCCREADY.

It takes system to start a project.

CORNELIUS J. MCGARIGLE.

Personality is the keystone of a successful career, both in business and in private life.

ROBERT W. MORRISON.

Where system is lacking there is no success—just failure can be the result.

LAURETTA M. NIELSON.

Lack of friendship destroys co-operation, and lack of co-operation destroys business.

CARL M. PETTENGILL.

The main thought in business organization today, is to have some sort of system by which the business will be carried on at an advantage.

CECIL R. PREBLE.

Co-operation is one of the most important factors in the success of any enterprise.

ERVINE L. PRINCE.

Efficiency is the reducing of costs of the minimum, and getting full time work from all employees.

RALPH C. ROBBINS, Jr.

When we speak of red tape, we mean that a certain system in operation has several unnecessary steps in it.

PHILIP B. SHARPE.

System is one of the greatest necessities in any kind of life.

C. RICHARD SMALL.

Probably more failures have come to pass because of a lack of system than thru any other reason.

ELMER C. SMALL.

Without co-operation, the big things could not be.

ARTHUR C. SPRAGUE.

You will find that the failure of the majority of the business establishments is due to the lack of system.

RONALD E. WADSWORTH.

Employees are cogs in the machinery of system, which keep the wheels of progress in motion.

FREDERICK P. WILSON.



Sports



BASKETBALL.

All indications point to a successful season this year in basketball. Of course we lost a few men by their leaving school, but there seems to be a wealth of material in the Freshman Class. Also there are a few new members in the Junior Class who give promise of being a help to the team.

Manager Hunt is doing all that he can to produce a strong team. He is planning the erection of an outdoor court so that the team may start practice early this year. This will be much appreciated by the members of the team and should give them a good start before they begin indoor practice. It is very probable that the Portland Boys' Club "Gym" will be secured for indoor practice.

There are three regulars left from last year's team as follows: Hunt, Stuart and Robbins. Besides these, there are Dorschuck, Wilson, McGarigle, Asnault and Bellis. Without a doubt the Freshman Class has a star in Kenneth Prince. The University probably has other material that is not known.

Captain Asnault has made the statement that every man shall have a chance to show what he can do, whether he be a letter-man or not.

As this article goes to press, we are told by the manager that a playing schedule has been started. The team will play Gorham Normal School at Gorham, December 8. Also that he expects to be able to print the entire schedule in the next issue of this paper.

RALPH C. ROBBINS, JR., '24.

FOOTBALL.

It has been finally decided not to have a football team represent this

school on the gridiron this fall. It seems to us that this is perhaps for the best, as the initial expense of equipping a football team is quite large.

This did not worry the students much as a call was made for football candidates to turn out, but as there were only eight or nine men out, nothing could be done. The entire student-body seemed eager for a team, but for various reasons some of the students could not come out. The result was not enough men for a team.

By next fall we should have enough money in the hands of the Athletic Association so that there will be no worry over this matter. Also there will be a larger student-body from which to pick the material for a team.

It was claimed by some that we could get started and play one game. In this way, pay our expenses and then play a few more games before the season was over. While this might be all right, we have our doubts. Football is the most expensive game for a school to start. It is a good idea not to let one branch of sports get into debt. Each one should be made to pay for itself as in this way they are sure of money with which to start a season. It is very likely that a football team this fall would have gone in debt.

This state of affairs would have handicapped the basketball team and might have handicapped the starting of a baseball team. Why not start one branch of major sports each year? We had basketball last year, so why not baseball this year and football next? In this way we should have some money with which to start each new team.

RALPH C. ROBBINS, JR., '24.

Jokes and Grinds

OH, WHY!

Why is it that a certain Junior (a girl) is accused of robbing the cradle?

That Clyde Cotton looks so happy lately?

That Bill Dorschuck's hair is light in front?

That Ralph Robbins carries a perfumed kerchief (and it isn't his)? And Sharpe was seen with two one Monday morning.

Man (in drug store): "I want some consecrated lye."

Druggist: "You mean concentrated lye."

Man: "It does nutmeg any difference. That's what I camphor. What's it sulphur?"

Druggist: "Fifteen scents, I never cinnamon with so much wit."

Man: "Well, I should myrrh myrrh! Yet I ammonia a novice at it."

—Exchange.

"Colonel" Sharpe says he drank a pint of milk and half a dozen doughnuts for breakfast the other morning.

We are very pleased to see the interest of Mr. Smith, our French instructor, in the school. Mr. Smith is usually to be found in his office almost every week day, including holidays.

IN THE ART DEPARTMENT.

Customer: Please give me pattern 9864.

Miss Connor: Bust measure, please?

Customer: I didn't know you needed the bust measure for bloomers.

The "Colonel" is a strange salesman. The other day a salesman called him up on the phone to sell him some school materials, and the phone conversation closed with Sharpe's selling him a space in the school paper. Then a little later the "Colonel" almost goes to sleep in the salesmanship class.

SOMETIMES IT IS.

Two Florida darkies were watching a balloon ascension. The younger darky looked up at the big bag in amazement and then said:

"I wonder what keeps that ba-loon up in the air that-a-way?"

"Well," replied the older darky, "It is caused by various causes. Sometimes it is caused by one cause and then again it is caused by another cause."

THE BURDEN OF PROOF.

Advertisement in the "Idaho Falls Register":

Found: a lady's leather handbag left in my car while parked on Park Avenue two weeks ago. Owner can have same by calling at my office, proving the property and paying for this ad. If she will explain to my wife that I had nothing to do with its being there, I will pay for the ad.—*Clarion.*

We wonder who told Mr. Smith that McCready was a Prohibitionist.

Anonymous.

HEARD IN THE ENGLISH CLASS.

Cayouette: (finger pointed skyward): "The point is.....not so much!"

Quimby: "Good Morning Aloysius!"

WE WONDER WHAT BRADSTREET'S RATING WOULD GIVE HIM ON THIS.

A young negro came to our office a few days since to open a charge account.

He answered the usual questions necessary to establish his credit. On being asked if he could furnish a good business reference, he nervously replied that he never did anything like that before. Putting his hand in his pocket, he drew out an envelope and said, "Will that do?"

Upon examination, it was found to contain a marriage license which he had just procured from the city clerk.

—*The Family Circle.*

Rines Brothers Company.

A pretty young woman stepped into a music shop in the city the other day. She tripped up to the counter where a new clerk was assorting music, and in her sweetest tones asked, "Have you 'Kissed Me in the Moonlight'?"

The clerk turned, looked, and said, "It must have been the man at the other counter. I have only been here a week."

At the junior class meeting the class was discussing the matter of obtaining an orchestra for a dance.

Wilson: "I can get a good orchestra for \$8.00."

Sharpe: "What do you want to do, hire a victrola?"

At the same meeting, Wilson: "What is the matter with going out to Dunscoft?"

Durant: "I don't want to go out in those jungles."

A woman entered a department store recently and asked "Where is the lingerie?"

"Do you mean the rest room?" queried the salesgirl.

In French Class—Mr. Smith, explaining the translation of the neuter gender: "I have a grammar, She is difficult. Don't get that idea, *IT* is difficult."

It is rumored that Basil Hunt developed the "Hunt System" of type-writing. It is not known whether or not he discovered "hunting."

Deacon Robbins spilled a story the other day about his inexperience. He said, "Oh, we won't upset it."—Girls, ask him yourselves!!!

Asnault was trying to argufy with his auto some time ago. It got very hot, and a committee was appointed to settle the argument. After a heated argument with a barrel of mud, the committee won the point.

Want Ads.—For Exchange: \$85.00 diamond ring for a double-barrel shot gun.

For Sale: High grade cornet—also shot gun, both for \$50.00.

In Salesmanship Class—Teacher calling roll: "Boyle."

Two people answered: "Here."

Teacher: "Have we two boils here?"

IN ACCOUNTANCY.

Hinkley says: "All the debits are credit accounts and all Credit Accounts are Debits."

It all depends Hinkley, on which side of the Debit the Credit side is on.

Cayouette: Anything that cannot be moved is a "Fixed Asset."

We notice that Elmer Small, '24, is living up to the reputation acquired in high school—that is, wearing fancy hose.

Wouldn't it be a good idea to ask "Cutie Dorschuck the *why* of his light hair in front, and the rest of his head dark?

Teacher in Salesmanship Class: "Lincoln said, 'All men are created equal'."

Sharpe (from back of room): "But they don't stay that way."

Boyibus kissibus sweet gilorum,
Girlibus likibus wanti sumorum,
Kissibus loudibus, wake up poporum,
Kickibus boyibus out the front doorum,
Darkibus nightibus, no lightorum,
Climbibus picket fence, breechibus torum.

"Deceit is usually a lie-ability."

You can always tell a "Freshie" by his green looks and such. You can always tell a Junior, but you can't tell him much.

Politician: "What makes Congressmen and Senators famous?"

Soldier: "Death."

"Did you ever hear 'Colonel Sharpe' sing?"

"Yes, he should be with Wagner."

"Why, he's dead!"

"I know it."

Student: "Sir, I want permission to be away from school three days after the end of vacation."

Dean: "Ah, three more days of grace!"

Student: "No, sir, three more days of Gertrude."

Professor: "Why, you are so dumb, lazy and thick, that very few girls would ever marry you."

Student: "That's all right; very few would be enough."

He: "We are coming to a tunnel, are you afraid?"

She: "No, not if you take that pipe out of your mouth."

Sweet Young Thing: "I think the way college men discuss kissing is terrible."

Soph. (wishing to please): "So do I."

S. Y. T.: "It's unhygienic."

Soph: "It certainly is."

S. Y. T.: "And vulgar."

Soph.: "Absolutely."

S. Y. T. (after gazing at him expectantly for a few moments): "Well, we might as well go in and dance."

GENEROUS—WE TOO.

Copper: "A policeman died and I am taking up a collection to bury him. Will you give a dollar?"

Victim: "A Dollar to bury a policeman?"

Copper: "Yes."

Victim: "Here's ten dollars. Bury ten."

Irate Mother: "I'll teach you to kiss my daughter!"

Insolent Junior: "You're too late. I've learned already."

When Bellis was appointed manager of the lunch counter he volunteered this information: "One pound of coffee will make 175 cups of tea."

Mr. Shesong (in Economics): "When the rent comes due, we move."

USE A LIPSTICK WHOSE FLAVOR IS GOOD.

I've never kicked at the gowns you wear,
Your hats I most always enjoy,
You would look nice in almost anything
With the charms and grace you employ.
There's only one favor I ask of you
I'll state it so I'm understood,
Do as you please with anything—but—
Use a lipstick whose flavor is good.

The powder you use makes no difference to me,

Violet or some other name.

I have no particular choice of perfumes,

They seem to be nearly the same.

But there's one thing I insist on,

You'll do it?—I knew you would.

It surely will please me—I don't ask for much—

Use a lipstick whose flavor is good.

PENN. STATE FROTH.

Rastus: "What fo' you-all got yo' pants on wrong side out fo', nigger?"

Sambo: "'Cause Ah's goin' to de ball to-night and ah wants to git de bag outer de knees."

Wilson: "I used to work for Jones & Morgan."

Robbins: "Why did you leave?"

Wilson: "I couldn't stand them; they were always fighting."

Robbins: "Why, I thought that those partners were the best of friends! I did not know that they ever fought."

Wilson: "Well, they do. They fought all the time. First it was me and Jones and then me and Morgan. So I quit."

She: "Don't you think that talkative women are the most interesting?"

He: "What other kinds are there?"

We suggest that Miss Nielson stop holding hands in class with W.....

Mrs. Goodridge (in Salesmanship): "When you want a piece of pie and your mother leaves the room, what do you do?"

Finley: "Snatch it."

THE COLONEL SAYS:

A man who will carry a big hunting dog on his back over a mile in hard going in the winter over breaking crust, because of the dog's bleeding feet is my idea of a regular He-Man.

Don't worry about what men say of you; think what might happen if they were mind readers.

When you reach the mountain top, wig-wag courage to the fellow in the foothills.

All of us can help the business by helping to cut down wasteful expenses.

A winning team—purpose and perspiration.

A bore is a chap who talks about himself when you want to talk about *yourself*.

Winning teams are not captained by pessimists.

Don't expect applause—deserve it.

Turn out the lights, it will help save coal.

Hitching your wagon to a star doesn't mean a "movie" star.

Lots of people Crack Jokes, but did you ever hear of anyone breaking them?

Dad says that he is tired working his son's way through college.

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HARLAN P. HIGGINS

E. LINWOOD JORDAN

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