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Flamingo Vol. I N 1

Kilburn Holt

Denison University

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Authors

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FLAMMINGO

Published at Denison Univ.
Granville, Ohio.



FLAMMINGO
DENISON UNIVERSITY
GRANVILLE, OHIO

TO ALL DENISON STUDENTS---

As you are perhaps aware, I have taken over **THE GRANVILLE OPERA HOUSE**, and expect during my management to give the best that is possible in pictures.

You will see Paramount, Artercraft, First National, Select, Metro, Goldwyn features, the best comedies—the Mack Sennetts, Charlie Chaplin, Roscoe Arbuckle Comedies, Educational Comedies, etc.

During your summer vacation, I expect to make needed repairs and hope to make The Opera house a "meeting place" for you all. Hoping that you will give me your support, I remain.

Yours for Good Amusement,
GEO. M. FENBERG.

When in Newark, visit my Alhambra and Auditorium Theatres. The Alhambra devoted exclusively to pictures and The Auditorium during the season plays high class road shows, also pictures.

Coming soon are the following attractions:

March 1st—Gus Hill's Famous Minstrels.

March 3rd—I have the honor to offer

DAVID WARFIELD

in

"The Return of Peter Grimm"

Watch for the following attractions:

Charlotte Greenwood in "So Long Letty," "The Century Midnight Whirl," "Turn to the Right," "Adam and Eva," The Eight Victor Artists—Henry Burr, Billy Murray, Albert Campbell, John H. Myers, Frank Croxton, Monroe Silver, Fred Van Eps, Frank Banta, The Sterling Trio, The Peerless Quartette.

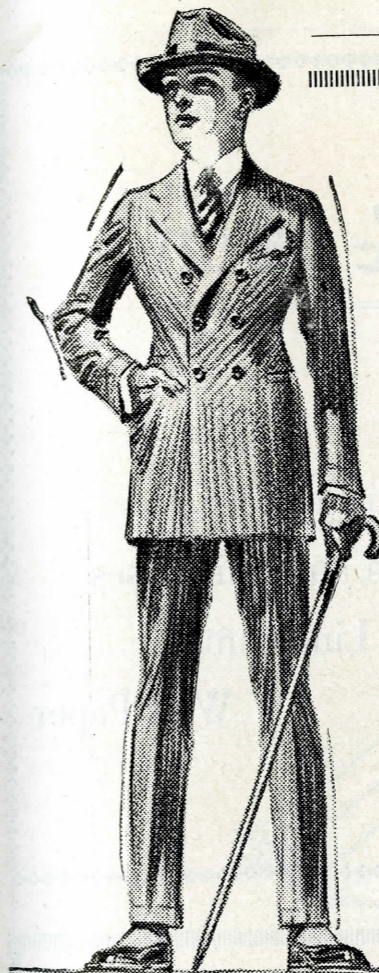
Should you desire seats for any of our shows, phone 2106 or write The Theatre and we will promise to take care of you nicely.

GRANVILLE

THEATRE

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J. W. RUTLEDGE



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"I can't stand kissing."
"Shall we find a seat?"—Orange Peel.

* * * * *

Deep Stuff

"Had a boring day."
"What did you do?"
"Oh—drilled."—Widow.

* * * * *

Customer (in lunch room)—"Do you serve crabs?"

Waitress—"Yes, we treat all customers alike."—Sun Dial.

* * * * *

Frosh—"I went twenty miles on a gallon yesterday."

Soph—"That's nothing, I went two months on a quart."—Burr.

* * * * *

"I don't see how a man can put a nasty old pipe in his mouth," exclaimed the sweet young girl—and then she stooped over and kissed her bull-dog.—Orange Peel.

H. E. Lamson

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J.K.F.

I dreamed. The future, lit by hope's bright ray,
 Revealed, upon the dear familiar hill,
 New gates, and walks, and halls, and spires, until
 I thrilled with pride. The vision would not stay.
 But while I gazed, there thronged in bright array
 The memories of founders whose good will,
 And toil, and sacrifice, and living still,
 Embodied in our college of today.
 Not marble walls, nor towers, but purpose high
 And ceaseless labor of those pioneers
 Have made her what she is. Shall you and I
 Sit by and wait? We then will wait for years;
 For buildings gained alone were little won.
 'Tis men must make our Greater Denison.

—Kilburn Holt, '24.



FLAMINGO

A Humorous and Literary Magazine of Denison
 University, Granville, Ohio.

Vol. I

MARCH, 1921

No. 1

An Ancient Reporter.

There is, in a little town I know of, at the present time, and has been from the early memory of the longer established residents, an old man, of venerable aspect and solemn mien, whom any chance observer would at once reckon to be a pious and learned divine, grown gray in the service of God and of his fellow men. Such, indeed, is the dignity and sombreness of his bearing, that one might think he had been invested with the exalted rank of an archbishop.

He is rather short in stature, and just a small bit thickish about the middle, though not enough inclined towards corpulence to add any great weightiness of that sort to his bearing. His body, stiff from age, moves jerkily, yet with force and precision, indicative of a powerful and persistent will. His head is rough and shaggy, crudely vigorous with the same look of power and energy of intellect that stamped the features of Carlyle. He resembles nothing in the world so much as an old grizzly bear; whenever I look at him, I am reminded of the word "Bruin."

His hair is gray, his brow furrowed and wrinkled, his eyelashes short and stubby, his nose high and bony, his cheeks full, and his mouth large and well turned. His ordinary demeanour is that of exceeding melancholy; but when he laughs, his face relaxes to such a degree that it almost seems as though it

would actually disintegrate into its component features. His mouth opens wide, displaying two well-nigh toothless gums, and emitting a shrill cackle of mirth. This phenomenon occurs, however, very rarely, and then only upon the relation of a joke or witticism of his own invention, no matter how it may be received by the rest of the company. At all other times, he is as silent and unutterably dignified as an old dog stalking amongst a litter of small puppies; and he puts one in mind, at such times, of the grizzled characters in some of Dickens' novels.

When we inquire somewhat into this gentleman's business and habits of daily life, we find him, instead of the venerable minister of the gospel which he appears, to be in reality a reporter; not in the sense of a young fellow serving his apprenticeship in the journalistic world; but in the sense of gathering local news items, such as the births and deaths, the story of automobile accidents or record wheat yields, of the new Ford that the mail-carrier on Rural Route No. 3 has purchased, or of the big reunion held by the Jones family on the Fourth of July at the old homestead. These items he collects daily, and sends to the nearby metropolitan paper, in which they compose a column of small town news.

Please understand me: I do not mean to say that he wins his daily bread in this fashion. On the contrary, he works all day long in the city, calling on impecunious or delinquent debtors of his paper, and collecting uncollectible debts. But each evening, after his day's grind is done, and he has eaten his supper, he goes out on the street to get the local news; and his love of this small news-gathering function is far more expressive of his real character than the long irksome labor of his daily routine. Just so, a man of merit in one field, who has, by the perversity of Fate, or the untowardness of circumstance, been constrained to earn an humble living by occupying himself in work for which he has neither talent nor inclination, will, often, make of the labor he loves a hobby; and in such cases, a discerning Spectator may understand and sympathize.

And so this aged reporter follows his hobby, and in it, every night, finds the joy and fullness of achievement that is denied him throughout the day. Having lived long in the town, he knows everyone. When he goes out on the street, he does not waste time with the ignorant country louts and indolent loafers that sit on cracker boxes before the grocery stores. He converses with the men of note and influence in the community, such as the editor of the village weekly, the undertaker, the postmaster, the apothecary, and the members of the Council. They know all the news, and they give it all to him. From their wives, he gets the reports of the social happenings and the activities of the women's clubs. He visits the Mayor's office, and is treated as an honored guest rather than as a cub nosing out news. He talks with everyone; everywhere he is to be seen, symbolic of the never-dying instinct for journalism that was born with him, and though always smothered, still flickers within, and urges him on to "Get the news! Get the news!"

A fine old gentleman he is, and a lovable one; yet withal, a rather mournful figure, and therefore, too, all the more lovable.

The Neophyte's Prayer

I'd like to be a Senior,
And with the Seniors stand,
A prep before me bending low,
A paddle in my hand.

I would not be an angel,
For angels have to sing.
I'd rather be a Senior,
And have that awful swing.



R.
D.
B.

GONE—BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

I do love the Deshler,
Its high polished floors,
The free stationery
And brass cuspidors,
The racy young bell hops,
The door half ajar,
I do love the Deshler,
But, Lord, where's the bar?

I love every nook
Of the gay mezzanine,
The passionate music,
So clear, yet unseen.
Great travelers come
To its doors from afar.
I do love the Deshler,
But, Lord, where's the bar?
—Apologies to the Yale Record.

"Hello, Bill, where you workin'?"
"Oh, I'm workin' at Armour's, kneading
the dough for the sweetbreads. What you
doin'?"
"Me? I'm at Swift's, scraping the hair
off the formaldehyde."

Thrice Weekly.

Scene: Recitation Room No. 1, Talbot Hall.
Time: 9:30 A. M., Mondays, Tuesdays, and
Thursdays.

Unmarried professor emerges from behind a case of old, dust-covered, moth-eaten volumes, prominently displayed to create an atmosphere of erudition. The professor is screened by a pair of spectacles with heavy tortoise-shell rims. A long 14-karat gold chain dangling down his vest, one of those egregious Delt pins, and a Christmas tie, serve further to enhance his natural beauty. Note the rose-bloom in his cheeks. After a merry chuckle, and an explanation that he has not as yet breakfasted, he subjects his risible muscles to control and proceeds as follows, first noticing that he has jumped the gun.

"This morning I'm passing around yellow sheets which are to be used as score cards. I rather fancy that you people think I'm trying to put the screws on you—but that's neither here nor there. I have a boomerang of an application question which I'm going to let you shoot at. This question calls for rapid fire thinking, and I want you to hit the bull's eye with a rifle shot. A shotgun won't avail much on this range. And again, save all your popgun shots for another time. We noticed the other day that an interesting aspect of the market in production and distribution, to speak in the economic lingo, is the law of supply and demand. The physicist tells us about the law of relativity. I'm not a physicist, so I don't know anything about that, but I do know that the law of relativity holds in the realm of the social sciences. Now the question is just like this:

"If whisky sells for \$50 a quart, and if all the members of this class were intoxicated, what implications are there that Ohio is dry? How does this relate to 'The Wealth of Nations' by Adam Smith, published in 1776? Also, give concrete and generic illustrations of the Malthusian theory as you would do if you had studied at a graduate school."

(Two minutes interim, in which the students toil not, neither do they spin, but pass up their papers. Then Edison record 132648.)

"Now a professor who has to teach economics, law, political science, et al, can't keep posted on any subject particularly, but let's look the problem squarely in the face." (Goes to board, draws a crude representation of a square and the rough outlines of a face.) "Here's an interesting angle of one of the variables." (Draws an angle.) "Obtusely stated—" (draws obtuse angle), "the situa-

tion in the stock market today is quite acute." (This time an acute angle.) "Let me see, that's right, I believe." (Now transforms previous figure to angle of 90°.)

"Mr. Earl Adams, what do you understand by the marginal explanation of value?"
Adams: "As I—"

Professor interrupts: "That's an angle I hadn't seen before." (Now a profuse illustration of a maze from which the speaker has much trouble extricating himself.)

"Mr. Ehrle, what do you understand by the generic term 'elasticity of demand'?"

Our beloved John: "Why, Professor—"

"Yes, I rather fancy you're quite correct. In other words, there are six in one hand and half a dozen in the other, or to speak in poker phraseology, that was a sort of joker you trumped on me, not meaning to run out a new pony from the stable.

"On the other hand, I fancy there are just two lines of reasoning in support of the statement," (draws two parallel lines), "but don't misunderstand me as believing that it has anything to do with fee simple or the right of eminent domain, although I confess I am an ardent lover of Cox."

By this time the student has entrusted himself to the care of Morpheus. He is dreaming—maybe of you, gentle reader—and is quite oblivious to what is being said. Deep snoring in many keys.

"I see we still have two seconds left, but I'll give them to you today."

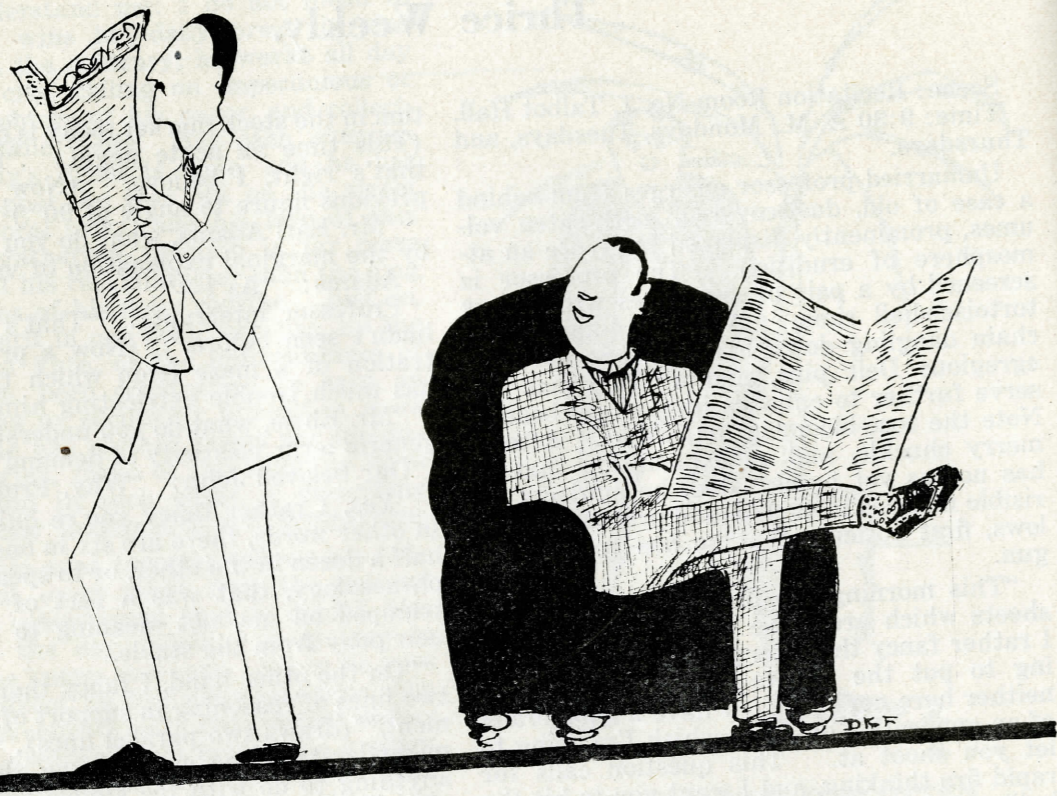
The student awakens at the tintinnabulation of the bell. The ordeal past, the end at last, he hurries fast to depart, while the prof. with the same rose-bloom in his cheeks, chuckles to himself and hums, "One More Day's Work for Prexy."

YUS!

A teacher asked a boy his name,
Which quite accords with rule.
He answered, and he bid for fame,
Replying, "My name's Jule."

The teacher gasped, then drew a hand
Across her brow; in accents furious
She issued loud this bold command,
"Henceforth, my boy, your name is Julius."

She asked another lad his name.
He swallowed: "Since you called him Julius,
I guess I'd better do the same,
And make my name from now on, Bilius."



'S Truth!

As the Chronic Schemer remarked, "The man who wrote, 'You Can't Get Lovin' Where There Ain't Any Love,' didn't know my friends."

* * * * *

TICK-TOCK
A Calamietta

Author Sloan Eezy
Stage Manager O. B. Dunnigan
Costumes By Lady Duffer-Gonkem
Electrician Eigotta Shock
Characters He, She, It; It being the clock
in the Senior Parlor.

The curtain rises on the Senior Parlor, disclosing two-thirds of the davenport vacant, but alas! the two-thirds is in the middle. It is callously parked in the corner.

He: Where was thou yestere'en, when I availed myself of the calling privileges?

She: I were at sallying forth with the most attractive of the Sem fledglings, as behooves all good Kappa Chi Sigmas.

It: Tick-tock! (Reprovingly.)

He: Is it then that you are regarding that simple Delta Spade prep, Neaubodie Holm, as a future sorority sister? For I didst hearken as thou and he didst inhale many and costly Baby's Delights at Casey's.

It: Tick-tock! (Sympathetically.)

She: Oh, how could you be so horrid! You know I didn't want a date with that dumb-boy.

He: (Tearfully.) If I only could believe it.
It: Tick-tock! (Encouragingly and emphatically.)

(West third of the davenport now empty.)

She: (Insistently.) But he has such a nice sister that we want.

(West two-thirds of the davenport now vacated.)

It: (Triumphantly.) Tick-tock! (Calmly strikes nine-thirty.)

He: The clock tolls, and we must needs part. May I not see thee on the morrow?

She: (Departing.) O, I shall be delighted! (Exit.)

He: (Disgusted.) I may be a good track man, but it took me all evening to cover four feet on the davenport.

It: (Reproachfully.) Tick-tock!

Curtain.

SPRING
(à la Carl Sandburg)

A green caterpillar—
A solemn, fuzzy caterpillar
Floating down Eternity on a clamshell.
There is a bargain sale in heaven
And the stars
Have bought gingham dresses
Marked down from four dollars
To three ninety-eight.
A green caterpillar
Solemn
And fuzzy
On a clamshell. —Kilburn Holt, '24.

"How much is them plums?"
"Dollar and a half a peck."
"Phwat do yez think I am, a bird?"

WHICH BEST APPLIES

I

There was a young lady named Jeau,
Who went for a walk with her beau.

When he tried to kiss her,
She blushed and said, "This, sir,
Is just why I like you, you kneau."

II

They stood there, clasped in close embrace.
She pressed her lips up to his face;
Then started back, as if to flee—
"O. Dad, your mustache tickles me!"

III

He kissed her with heart palpitating
With joy—which began to diffuse,
For that young limb of Satan, her brother,
Had put some quinine in her rouge.



The Circular Hunt of
1823

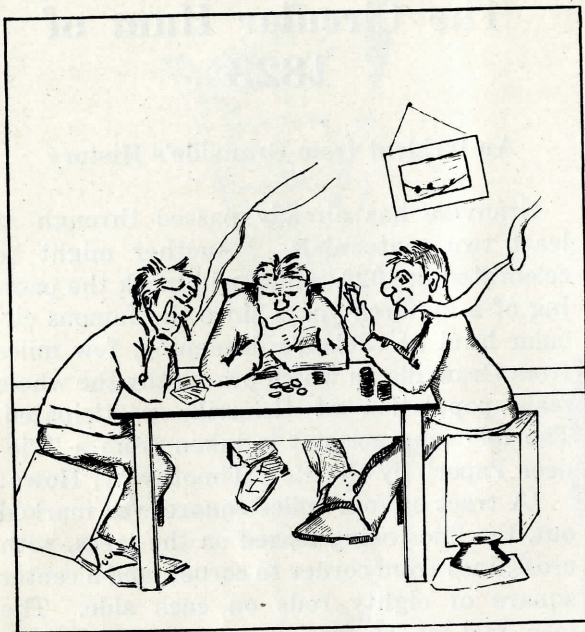
An Incident from Granville's History

Granville has already passed through at least two centennials. Another might be celebrated in 1923, which will mark the passing of a hundred years since the famous circular hunt at Gibbon's deadening, few miles from Granville, in which practically the whole male population of Granville participated. The following account is taken from a "Pioneer Paper" by the Rev. Timothy W. Howe:

"A tract of four miles square was marked out, the lines being blazed on the trees, with cross lines from corner to corner, and a center square of eighty rods on each side. The men met at sunrise, lines were arranged, signals appointed, and orders understood. Hornsmen were placed at equal intervals all around the lines. No whisky was allowed on the ground. The first signal indicated that the lines were in readiness; the second commanded a simultaneous advance.

"Turkeys soon began to fly over the lines in flocks, and the rifle brought many of them down. Deer, being startled from their lairs, would fly to the opposite side of the square until checked again. Three wolves were roused. As the lines drew together, the game would be seen running parallel with them, seeking exit from the cordon that was closing in on them. This drew shots from every side, and kept a continuous rattling of musketry. A huge black bear waked up. As he made his way toward the lines on a gallop, when within twenty or thirty yards of them, fifteen or twenty guns were simultaneously fired at him, and he fell dead. When the lines reached the inner square, the men stood almost touching one another, and the lines were too near to permit promiscuous firing. A half dozen of the best marksmen were sent in, among whom were Leveret Butler and Captain Timothy Spelman, to finish the work of destruction.

"One bear, three wolves, forty-nine deer, sixty or seventy turkeys, and one owl, was the list of the game taken. There being much more MAN than GAME, the bear and deer, being skinned, were divided into pieces of four pounds each, and about one-third of the company, by lot, drew a portion. General A. Munson, whose lot drew the bear skin, made a closing speech with his trophy wrapped about him."



SAD—BUT TRUE

I

The dean entered into the dormitoree
To seek an opponent—a chess fan was he.

II

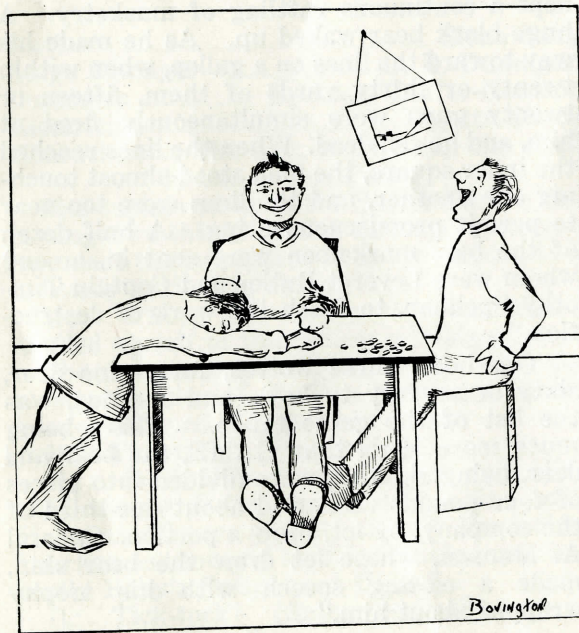
While up in a room on which no one could spy,
The chips and the limit ran up to the sky.

III

But warned by a friend of the approach of
the dean.
They cleared off the board and put on holy
mien.

IV

The dean entered into the room with a stare,
And the boys asked the Doctor to lead them
in prayer.



V

O loud, long, and fervent was the prayer he
made,
While the boys were all thinking of that
flush in spade.

VI

And when it was over and he'd left the room—
Loud chortles of glee—and their game did
resume.

Borington

Going to the Farm.

Until about eight years ago, my father owned a half-interest with my uncle in the farm on which they were reared, out in the Welsh Hills northeast of Granville. Every summer, as soon as school was out, our whole family used to go down to the farm to spend the months of vacation.

It was a ten hour trip, and we always came through in the daytime. Most people hate riding on trains, but we loved it, and I, at least, still do. It was probably not so pleasant for my mother, who had to keep her flock of healthy youngsters always under her watchful eye. We took the train about ten in the morning from the big noisy B. & O. terminal at Chicago. After the first preliminary flurry of getting seats, we settled down to look for the things that interest children on a journey.

The phenomenon that first demanded our attention was the Chicago River, whose narrow muddy waters we crossed soon after pulling out of the station. I have never been able to explain the fascination that this held for us, even until we were well into our teens. We craned our necks out the windows to see who should catch the first glimpse of it, and who could keep it longest in sight. After it was passed, there was nothing of absorbing interest until we came within a few blocks of our suburban home on the outskirts of the city. Sometimes we could recognize familiar faces on the streets, and waved frantic good-byes. Then for about an hour the train rumbled slowly through the extensive manufacturing district along the lake shore. I remember the immense steel mills at South Chicago and Gary, the Standard Oil plant at Whiting with its hundreds of huge oil tanks, and the big Portland Cement works nearby, where the fine cement dust in the air had withered all the grass and foliage within half a mile.

We had our second big thrill when Lake Michigan came in sight. At first we caught only fleeting glimpses between the sand dunes; and how those of us who happened to be on the west side of the car would tumble across the aisle to hang our heads out the east windows as soon as the cry of "There's the lake!" was set up! A few minutes later the train ran for some distance on a trestle over the water, and the first of us to see a ship on the lake was greatly envied.

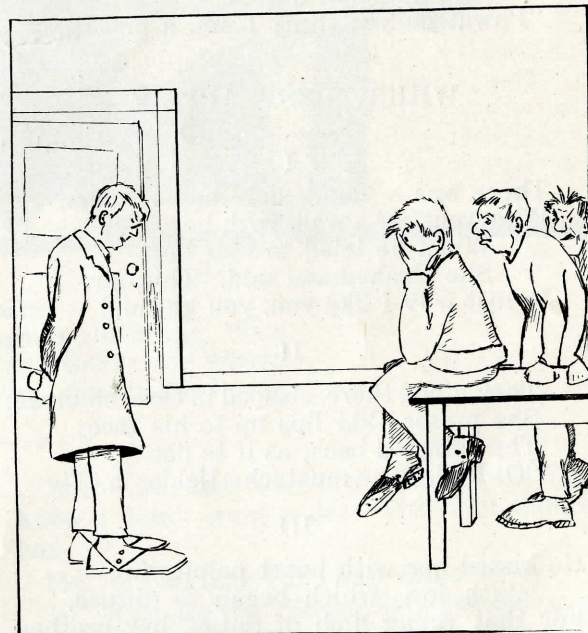
The scenery in Indiana is rather dull, and bored us. However, lunch-time came before long, and we forgot the dullness in the joy of munching chicken sandwiches, potato salad, cookies, bananas, and all the other good things that were handed round. And after-

wards, whenever we wearied of looking out the window, we found variety in begging for something more to eat.

Ohio has the best rural scenery I have ever seen. Almost all the country is very hilly, and every farm has a woodlot on it. At that time of the year, about the first of July, the different kinds of grain in the fields contrasted sharply in color, making in many places a sort of patchwork of vivid yellows and varying greens. We crossed countless small streams, close by every one of which a herd of cattle or sheep grazed in the shade of the willows or smaller trees that lined its banks. As the afternoon wore along and it began to grow dark, we watched for the first fireflies. They were to us the symbol of "down on the farm," because while they abound in this region, they are never seen in Chicago. When the conductor called out "Ankenytown," just after dusk, we were sure to see them, for something in the egregious quality of that name seemed to attract them in great swarms.

Soon we were hungry again, and got down the lunch boxes, which we emptied to the last crumb. How welcome the names of the last few stations were to us as we approached Newark! Shelby Junction! Mansfield! Mt. Vernon! Utica! Vanatta's! They certainly sounded good to us, and even now their mere naming over brings back the old thrill.

At last, at about eight o'clock, which was our usual bedtime, and so seemed very late, we pulled into Newark and piled off the train. After greeting the two or three uncles who always met us at the station, we walked through dark alleys and over the old canal to the waiting surrey. All we kiddies would sit on the grown folks' laps, while our older brothers rode on the spring wagon, driven by the hired man and carrying our trunks. We would stay awake while old Queenie jogged sedately along Hudson Avenue, past the handsome residences which are the pride of Newark, and out into the open country. Then when the ancient horse settled down to a plodding through the deep sand of the country road, the slow rhythmic swing of the carriage and the subdued murmur of our uncles' voices as they talked about the peach and apple crops lulled us off to sleep. Sometimes we woke when our dear old grandma kissed us goodnight after we reached the farmhouse; but oftener we slept until five the next morning, when we all jumped out of bed together and skipped outdoors to slosh our bare feet about in the wet grass, and perhaps go wading in the run before breakfast.





Mary had a little horse,
Bound in leather cover.
She got it for her Latin class,
Alas! the classic lover!

It went with her to class one day,
And now I hear report
That Mary will be brought tonight
Before the Honor Court.

'Twas Ever Thus

I had never seen Mary (that is, this particular Mary), but I was very anxious to make her acquaintance. My grandpa had communicated the information to me some months before that Mary was staying with him for a while, and that I must come and visit him as soon as possible, for I should most certainly like her. She was so fair and docile and agreeable, he said, that even an angry bull would be pleased with her.

Having a free week end, I decided just to step on the gas and run down to the farm, for the express purpose of meeting this touted beauty. I lit an Havana (my favorite brand of candy), gave her the spark, and soon was speeding through the muddy roads in my 2-ton Rolls-Royce truck.

I reached the farm at dusk, just as the clock was striking five minutes after the hour—the hour when all lovers love to go tripping with their loves, hand in hand, as loving lovers should.

I did not even stop to say hello to my good grandpapa or to kiss my venerable grand-

mamma. Who knows but what I was saving that kiss for a more worthy purpose?

Rushing up to John, the hired man, I interrogated: "Where is Mary?" Responda-t-il: "How's that? Kindly repeat your query?" At which I gave vent to a burst of ardent eloquence: "For Blank's sake, John, where is Mary?" (Blank is a particular friend of mine.)

"Oh, her-she. I reckon as she is loitering in the neighborhood of the spring house."

But no, there she stood, at the gate of the barnyard. What a lovely creature! Her every movement was grace, though her maiden name was Mary. Not a word spoke she, for in the lexicon of love, silence is golden. But oh what thoughts she must have had, as she looked out into infinity (straight at me) with those soft, luscious, brown-grey orbs, and her aquiline nose. Goodness knows, 'twas heaven to behold.

I stroked her flaxen hair, patted her, caressed her—but my first attempt to milk her was an udder failure.

TWO TRIOLETS

I

Why should I sing?
Why should I weep?
What does it bring?
Why should I sing?
My diamond ring
She will not keep.
Why should I sing?
Why should I weep?

II

Spoon?
Sure!
Soon
Spoon?
Moon,
Lure.
Spoon?
Sure!

—A. F. T., '22

A CHAUCER ROUNDEL

Lent has come with love to town;
Weeping weather, laughing weather,
Rush of rain and bluebird's feather.

Lovers lead your ladies down,
Follow in their train together—
Lent has come with love to town;
Weeping weather, laughing weather,
Rush of rain and bluebird's feather.

April leaves the lover's crown;
She who holds your heart in tether,
Let her sing above the heather.
Lent has come with love to town;
Weeping weather, laughing weather,
Rush of rain and bluebird's feather.

—C. H. D.

Santa Claus Opens a Factory in Granville.

Do you like dolls?

Do you like clownish costumes?

If you do, call on "The Clown-Doll Lady," Mrs. August Odebrecht, who has the record, to date, of having made fifty-three clown dolls. These roguish fellows have found homes in various parts of the country, from Connecticut and Canada to Chicago and Mis-

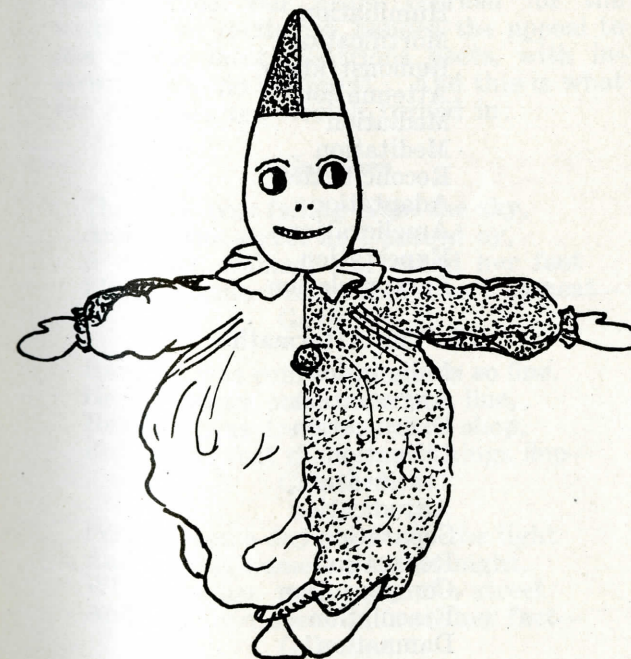
souri. Their fame has spread so rapidly that during the Christmas season, when she really began making them in earnest, Mrs. Odebrecht was overwhelmed with requests for the dolls. In two weeks, she had made fourteen and sold them at a dollar and a quarter apiece. Immediately after Christmas, letters began coming to Mrs. Odebrecht telling of this or that little chap who had been made happy by a Christmas gift of one of these mirth-provoking dolls.

And indeed the little fellows were winning the hearts of their owners. When one little boy had to be taken to a hospital to undergo an operation, he insisted that his "funny sing" go with him, and the painted glee of the bizarre imp did much in bringing about his early convalescence.

The following verse came to Mrs. Odebrecht last month, expressing the feeling of one little chap over his Christmas gift:

"The dolly clown, he is so dear,
I love him most to death, I fear;
He goes to bed with me at night,
I hug him up so good and tight."

Mrs. Odebrecht is particularly interested in the names the children give the dolls. When their genealogy is written, early in the list of names will be found: "Willy Winkum," "Peter," "Joe," "Peterkin," "Jack the Dandy" and "Buster." When she achieves her ambition of making one that will be her very own, she is going to christen him "Pinocchio."



THE SEQUENCE OF LOVE



He—"Tell me honestly, is there any chance of your marrying me?"

She—"Well, there's never been any insanity in our family so far."

* * * * *

Prof—"When did the revival of learning take place?"

Student—"Just before exams."

SO WOULD WE

He oped his mouth, and from it
Came tones so loud and long
The chandeliers began to shake
And tremble at his song.

Then turned he to the leader,
And said, in accents proud—
"How is my execution?
Do I sing sufficient loud?"

"As for your execution,"
And the leader smiled a bit;
"As for your execution,
Sir, I greatly favor it."

I. The Wooing

- Co-education
- Admiration
- Flirtation
- Visitation
- Familiarization
- Adoration
- Interrogation
- Palpitation
- Negation
- Consternation
- Reiteration
- Supplication
- Oration
- Perspiration
- Consideration
- Revelation
- Affirmation
- Exultation
- Osculation

II. Marriage

- Congregation
- Invocation
- Solemnization
- Conglutination
- Lamentation
- Felicitation
- Congratulation
- Ovation
- Peregrination

III. Wedded Life

- Inauguration
- Domination
- Humiliation
- Mortification
- Remonstratation
- Attenuation
- Mediation
- Meditation
- Reconciliation
- Adaptation
- Amelioration
- Expectation
- Perambulation

IV. The Aftermath

- Indignation
- Aggravation
- Excruciation
- Litigation
- Testification
- Adjudication
- Separation
- Reparation
- Compensation
- Ejaculation
- Damnation!

A LETTER FROM THE SEM—AND A HEARTLESS REPLY

Dear Editor:

When the illustrious poets of the FLAMINGO staff are inspired to immortal verse (or jazz poetry), why don't they write about some of the more common, necessary things of life, which are so important, yet which receive no praise either from tongue or pen. We suggest "The Humble Galosh" as a subject for poetic efforts. It isn't a thing of beauty, we admit, but have you men ever stopped to think just how great a part the galosh plays in snowy, rainy, every-day life? Just imagine each man a Sir Walter Raleigh, chivalrously laying down his coat every time he spies a fair Semite attempting to cross a mud puddle! Not only does the galosh help to keep down the high cost of living (a saving in coats, you see), but it is also economizing in doctors' bills, for unless each man carried a few extra coats along with him, severe colds would probably be contracted as a result of dispensing with his one and only. Yes, we sing the praises of

"The warm, homely galosh,
The flip-flopping galosh,

The comfy old galosh that served us so well."

SEMITE.

Editor's Note:—When the above epistle was received, our heart yearned for the writer. We forthwith handed the appeal to one of our most illustrious poets, with instructions to do his worst. And this is what the hard-hearted wretch turned in:

Galoshes

The snow was falling from the sky,
And on the street as I passed by,
A maiden walked, and round her feet
Flopped some things that aren't so neat—
Galoshes.

Her hair was combed in waves so fine,
Her eyebrows pulled out to a line,
Her coat was from a stylish shop,
But on her feet the darned things flop—
Galoshes.

Perhaps some day she'll see the light
And stay at home except at night,
When she can walk upon the street
And none can see what's on her feet—
Galoshes.

"I want a pair of pants for my sick husband."

"What size, please?"

"I don't know, but he wears a 14½ collar."

* * * * *

What is the difference between a son of a gun and the pop of a pistol?

* * * * *

Prof—"That 2:30 class of mine is the dumbest I ever had!"

Wife—"How's that?"

Prof—"Why, I've taught them everything I know, and they're still ignorant fools."

* * * * *

"I want a loaf of bread."

"White or graham?"

"Doesn't matter. It's for a blind lady."

* * * * *

"Whaddya got in the shape of automobile tires?"

"Funeral wreaths, life preservers, invalid cushions, and doughnuts."

* * * * *

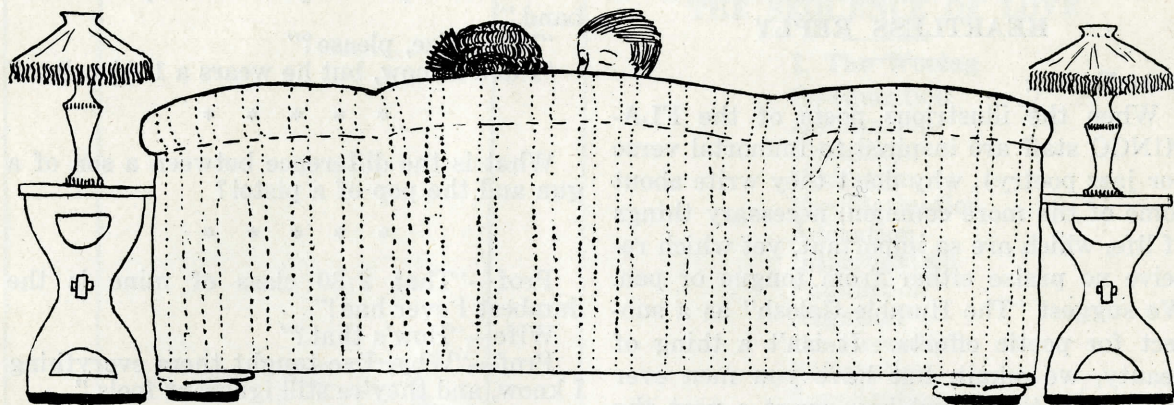
I wish I were a Phi Bet,
And with the Phi Bets stood.
A key upon my watch chain
I'd be wearing if I could.

* * * * *

"Is this the weather bureau? How about a shower tonight?"

Weather Man—"Don't ask me. If you need one, go take it."





THE FLAMINGO STAFF

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 C. NORMAN DOLD, '21—DOROTHY FUNK, '21 ART EDITORS
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THE FLAMINGO is published eight times during the college year by students of Denison University, Granville, Ohio.

The Mystic Bird makes his initial bow. He has come to please, entertain, instruct, delight, and inform—tra la. Furthermore, he hopes to stay, if you'll let him.

The Chair of Phoolosophy, to which the Bird has been elected by a unanimously negative vote of all concerned, is one of peerless importance. Ever since the mortal illness and timely demise of Sister Campus Comment, the department has had no instructor, and the very art which it taught has almost vanished from the face of the Hill. While such a condition continued, Denison deserved not the name of University, for of the three most important phases of university life—to wit, humor, cramming for exams, and fussing—the chiefest and most indispensable was cruelly neglected. Who could hope for a Greater Denison as long as this intolerable state of affairs existed? Who could, huh?

Well, well. Be that however as it might, let it pass. Inasmuch as to how the Bird hath came, all is well yet once again. For know, all ye empty-headed, here is a Wise and Fearless Fowl; one who, while naught daunts him, yet shall prove himself not hare-brained,

neither addle-pated. His thoughts are serious thoughts, and—hist! This is a secret: His bee-utiful, bright red, Bullshevik plumage is only skin deep. The Mystic Bird is a Denison lover. And though a person high in authority termed him a "red-hot stork," he isn't going to set any fires around Denison. Nay, nay. Tra la!

The wholesale slaughter of Glee Club tenors makes us wonder whether the next penalty to be imposed for failure to meet scholastic requirements will be disqualifications with pink scallops at the neck.

"Oh, those Beta jerseys look just like camisoles!" was the mysterious co-ed cry behind us at the basketball game. We couldn't agree, for Weber neglected to equip his proteges with pink scallops at the neck.

The lamentable condition of Minnie's Bill—a threshing machine in the barn and nothing in the head—can hardly obtain in the case of the Phi Gams. Their only claim to farm machinery is a decrepit lawn mower. Perhaps the Lambda Chis have arranged for a more intensive cultivation of their estate.

The Mystic Bird wants to know something—two somethings, in fact, and he asks you. What is culture? Do college men and women attain it, in college?

As to the first query, the Bird doesn't know. As to the second, the Bird doubts it. In the last two months, while prowling about Granville-town, preparatory to making his first revelations, the Bird has been vexed in his mighty intellect by these problems.

He peeped into fraternity houses. He saw Seniors reading the Police Gazette and Snappy Stories. He saw Juniors perfuming themselves for dates via the car line. He saw Sophomores wasting hours on the silliest of all silly card games. He saw Freshmen playing a dozen different "Blues" records on the Victrola. And the conversations he heard were as vulgar, ignorant, and inane as those of a section gang.

Being a he, the Bird dared not venture too near the Sem. But on listening to the girls' conversations on the Hill and in Casey's, he found only a trifle less vulgarity, equal ignorance, and even greater inanity.

Why, he asks, is it thus? Why does not the inspiration and mental stimulation which can be derived from study of the classic literatures, and the history of great races, and

the magic of the sciences, imbue us with a broad humanity, and a thoughtfulness, and a kindness, such as we observe in our mentors on the faculty? How long does it take to outgrow childishness? Must we wait until we have taken graduate work and a Master's degree, and have settled down to the business of our life, before we attain a matured cultivation of mind and spirit?

"Eventually, why not now?"
 The Bird wonders.

It is rumored that measurements for next year's R. O. T. C. enrolment are to be taken from the shoulders to the soles of the feet; implying, we infer, that the anatomy above is of no consequence for the purposes of military science.

A little of the "ornery" system might prove a profitable supplement to the Honor System. Mrs. Alec must have wielded a nasty scissors-and-bowl on the luckless domes of the Phi Delt neophytes.

We suggest that the Joint Commission on Social Life include within its purview the Virginia Reel debauches periodically indulged in by our professors.

Add Horrors of War

Walking down the village street,
 Army shoes upon my feet,
 Hear the fellows shout with joy,
 "Shoes, where you going with that boy?"



Bits of Old Denison Verse.

THE SONG OF THE SPRING

Osman C. Hooper, '79

Hear the merry water dropping
To the basin of the spring,
From the noisy rocks o'ertopping!
Thus it seems to me to sing,
Tink-a-link, tink-a-link,
Come and drink!

On the grasses see it glisten;
Noiselessly it glides along;
Then a bubble forms, but listen—
You may hear the merry song,
Tink-a-link, tink-a-link,
Come and drink!

See the water's kindly greeting
To the bubble as it falls!
Leaping with the joy of meeting,
How it musically calls,
Tink-a-link, tink-a-link,
Come and drink!

Thus today, but on themorrow,
If you seek the spring again,
You may find that wasting sorrow
Has destroyed the merry strain,
Tink-a-link, tink-a-link,
Come and drink!

Slow will be the water's flowing,
As to rocks and grasses bound;
Slow will be the bubble's growing,
And you'll hear a dirge-like sound,
Tink-link, tink-link,
Come, drink!

THE DAILY STRUGGLE

Walter L. Flory, '03

It makes me so discouraged
And leaves ambition dead—
The awful struggle each day brings
Of getting out of bed.

BEHIND THE GYM

Fred S. LaRue, '03

All the world has a golden hue,
Over the hill behind the gym.
The squirrel chatters to me and to you
From a safe retreat on a beech's limb.
The autumn trees, like sunshine bright,
Flash golden leaves in the golden light;
And all the world has a golden hue
Over the hill behind the gym.

All the world has a hazy hue,
Over the hill behind the gym.
The way is dark and the prospect blue,
Over the hill behind the gym.
For there, when I said that I loved you,
You told me there that I wouldn't do,
And over my hopes stands a tomb-stone grim,
Over the hill behind the gym.

ON SUGAR LOAF

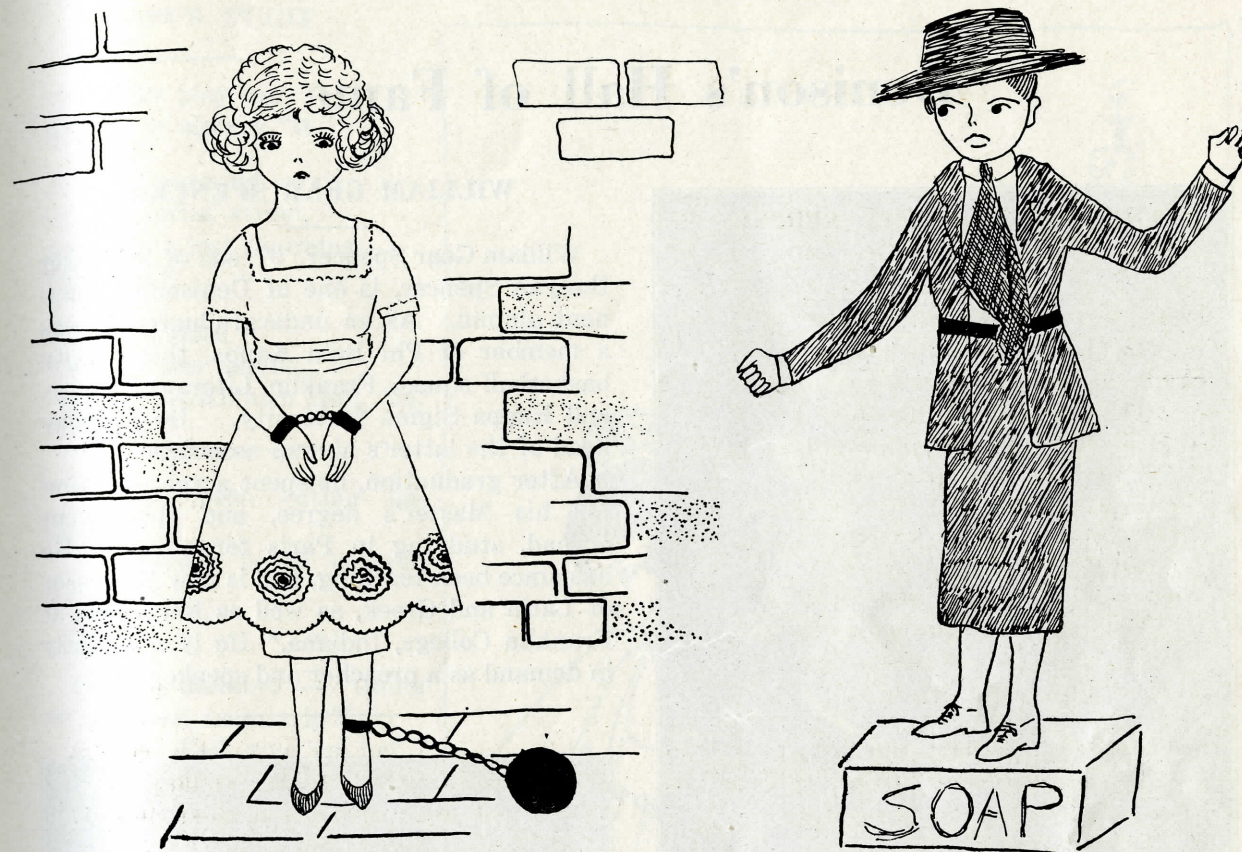
Julia Hall MacCune, '04

The calm, the mist, the moon-lit air,
The farm light on the distant hill:
Save for the rippling of the stream
And night birds' voices, all is still.
The majesty of countless stars
Calls to the soul—with answering cry
It merges into spaceless love
And there is lost the finite I.

EXASPERATION

Walter L. Flory, '03

I sometimes feel so out of sorts
I'd like to cuss it out,
But when in doubt I'd cuss the more—
Of what to cuss about.



THE RED RAG DOLL

I once had a sweet little doll, boys,
The prettiest doll in the world.
Her cheeks were so red and so white, boys,
And her hair was so charmingly curled.

But I lost my poor little doll, boys,
When I went to the Sem one night.
She was campused for several weeks, boys,
They caught her—and locked her up tight.

YOU SAY IT IS!

Why pay profs, when frosh record on their
exam papers such marvellous discoveries as
these:

Living cells have about the same makeup as
those cells which comprise the human body.

Sciences related to biology include embry-
ology, which is the science of the circulation
of the blood.

Moths, bacteria, and other insects do not
need oxygen in aeration; moths use fur.

I found my poor little doll, boys,
As I went to the Sem one day.
Folks said she was terribly changed, boys,
Rouge and powder were all washed away.

She wears only feminist clothes, boys,
And her hair's not the least bit curled.
The six weeks campus has made her, boys,
The worst Bolsheviek in the world.

Digestion is the second step in the process
of taking food into the body; the first step is
indigestion, which is taking the food into the
mouth.

Example of temporary hardness of water—
ice.

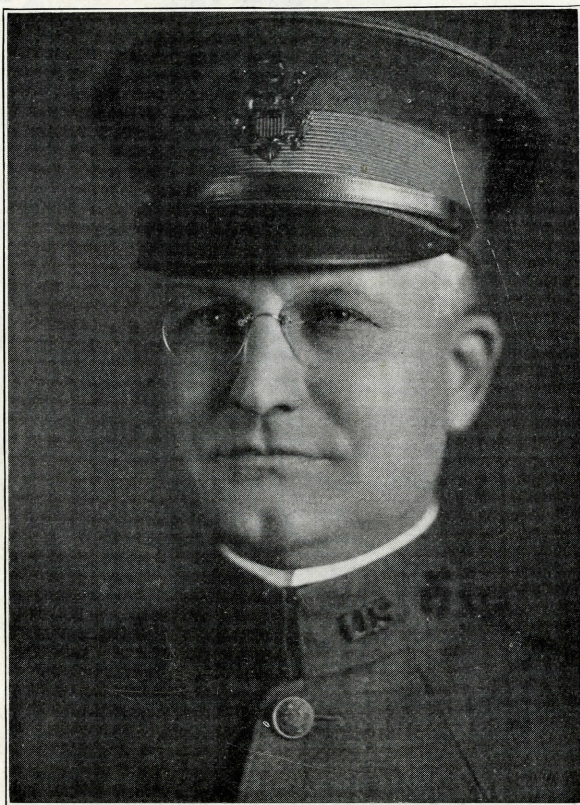
A bright little maid of St. Thomas
One day found a suit of pajamas;
Said the maiden, "Well, well,
What these are I can't tell,
But I'm certain the garments ain't mamma's."

Denison's Hall of Fame

WILLIAM GEAR SPENCER

William Gear Spencer, '07, son of Professor Bunyan Spencer, is one of Denison's prominent alumni. As an undergraduate, he was a member of Phi Beta Kappa, the Varsity basketball squad, Franklin Literary Society, and Kappa Sigma fraternity. He is today head of the latter's alumni association.

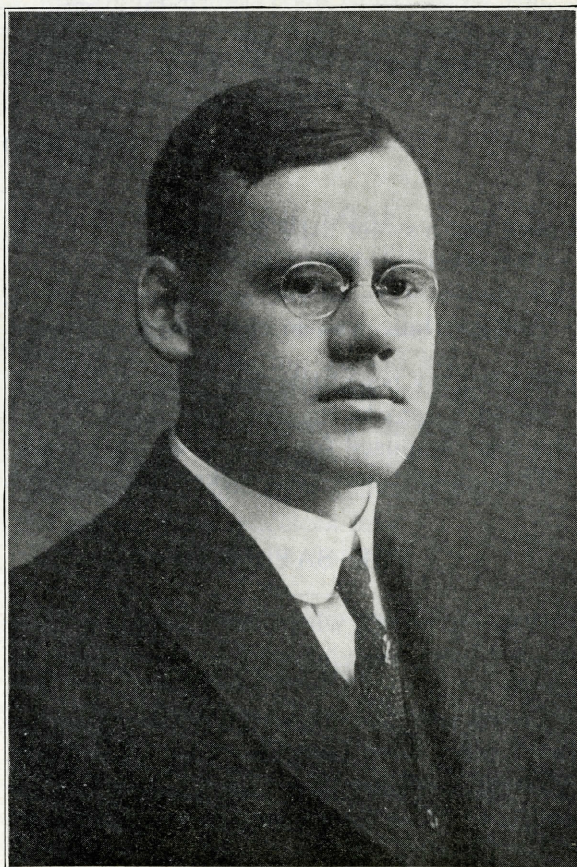
After graduation, he spent a year working for his Master's degree, and then went abroad, studying in Paris for a year. He has since been teaching, and is now Professor of Latin and Greek, as well as Registrar, at Franklin College, Indiana. He is constantly in demand as a preacher and speaker.



COL. E. A. DEEDS

Colonel Edward A. Deeds, '97, needs no introduction to Denison students and alumni, for he has done, and will do, much in the up-building and extension of the University. While an undergraduate, he was president of his class for two consecutive years, a member of the football team for three years, president of the Athletic Association, and Commencement Orator.

He was made a colonel in the Air Service during the war, and was placed at the head of aircraft production. His home is in Dayton, where he is president of the Delco Light Company. He is also a member or head of a large number of Dayton business and welfare organizations.



TEMPUS FUGIT

The years play tag
And I am always "it."

A horse, running away
On a deserted street,
And I have lost the reins—
Stop him!

Joshua is dead
And the sun laughs.
—Kilburn Holt, '24.

"You've been eating bananas."
"Your face is all covered with skin."

* * * * *

Cabinet Member — "Going on a gospel team trip?"
C. M.—"Well, give 'em hell."

* * * * *

Indignation is just another word for the thrill a girl feels when she is kissed against her will.

* * * * *

Coonie—"What is velocity?"
Frosh—"Velocity is what a fellow lets go of a wasp with."

* * * * *

Laddie's master, at hardware store—"I want a dog collar, please."
Lamson—"What size shirt does he wear?"

* * * * *

There was an old foggy named Lamb,
Who breakfasted always on hamb.
He wrote a dissertation
That enhanced his reputation,
But he didn't give a continental damb.

There was a professor named Ward,
By the men and the women adard,
Whose bald little head
By the students is said
Amusement in gobs to afford.



He—"May I kiss you?"
She—"Isn't that just like a man! Trying to put all the responsibility on me!"

* * * * *

Blest be the tie that binds
My collar to my shirt,
For underneath that silken band
Lies half an inch of dirt.
—Awgwan.

* * * * *

The War Game

One—"They aren't shooting pool in Ireland any more."
Two—"How so?"
One—"Too much English on the balls."
—Widow.

Appropriate Appropriations.

Ah! Cribbing!

It used to be, when'er men called,
That Mother watched o'er me.
But times have changed, and now she tries
The honor system—see?
—Widow.

* * * * *

Chambermaid—"I found seventy-five cents
in your bed this morning, sir."
Professional—"Ah; my sleeping quarters,
no doubt."—Punch Bowl.

* * * * *

"Have you noticed how all lawyers seem
worried?"
"Yes, it's usually the case."—Widow.

Dick—"Ma, what part of the family tree
am I?"
Mother—"I guess you're one of the limbs,
Dick."
Dick—"I s'pose that's what dad meant this
morning when he said I needed a trimming."
—Awgwan.

* * * * *

Love is like an onion;
We taste it with delight.
But when it's gone, we wonder
What ever made us bite.

* * * * *

He loves her—for all he's worth.
She loves him—for all he's worth.
—Purple Cow.



"Marie's dancing is certainly the poetry of
motion."

"Then Bill's is free verse."—Widow.

* * * * *

Imposition

Mack—"That prof is a shyster."

Alpine—"Why?"

Mack—"He even wants to tax your
memory."—Widow.

* * * * *

Yes, Ezekiel, a blush always creeps up a
girl's cheek, for if it ran, it would kick up too
much dust.—Orange Peel.

* * * * *

"I'll marry you on one condition."

"That's all right; I entered college on
four."—Record.

Prince—"Did you know that Cornie is pos-
ing for an artist?"

Jack—"That ruins her."

Prince—"Why?"

Jack—"She will lead a model life now."
—Record

* * * * *

Alice—"What a well-shaped mouth you
have—it ought to be on a girl's face."

Van—"I seldom miss an opportunity."
—Widow.

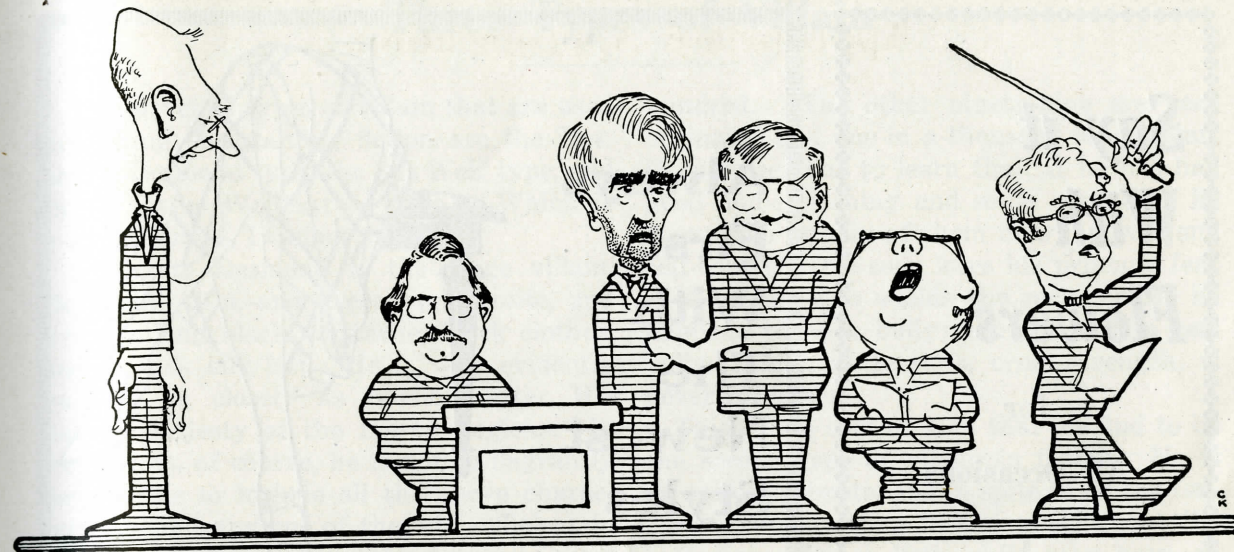
* * * * *

Prof.—"How was iron first discovered?"

Frosh—"I'm a little rusty on that, but I
think they smelt it."—Widow.

Coonie—"What is velocity?"
* * * * *

Frosh—"Velocity is what a fellow lets go
of a wasp with."



CHAPEL SINGING SCHOOL

Prexy stands there, smiling gently;
Now he looks down at his book;
Now he opes his mouth a little,
Now around he takes a look.

Tanner sings, or maybe doesn't,
He's too busy watching us;
Little things draw his attention,
He's efficient—maybe plus.

Stickney like the bird is singing,
Head uplifted, joyous, gay,
Chest expanded, mouth wide open
In a slightly twisted way.

Boughton wields a wicked basso,
Hits the notes with strength and vim;
Nothing can his worship hinder,
Nothing can his ardor dim.

Johnston swings his arm quite reckless,
Yanks his notes from out the chest;
He dislikes to sing the whole note—
It's the last part he likes best.

Who is Trig? And what is she,
That all our profs commend her?
A holy fright—I'll say she be.
To - - - I'd like to send her!
That destroyed she might be,
That destroyed she might be.

Is she boresome as she's deep?
Yes, view her with abhorrence.
Her logs and I late vigils keep
To banish my ignorance.
For grades come hard tho time is cheap,
For grades come hard tho time is cheap.



So to Trig then let us sing
That Trig is all-excelling.
In dumbness she excels each thing
Upon this dull earth dwelling.
Then at her curses let us fling,
Then at her curses let us fling.

Washington threw a dollar across the Del-
aware, but a dollar went farther in those
days than it does now.

Say it With Flowers

for
All Occasions



OUR SPECIALTY

Dinner Party
Corsages

Original and Colonial
Corsages

at your
Command

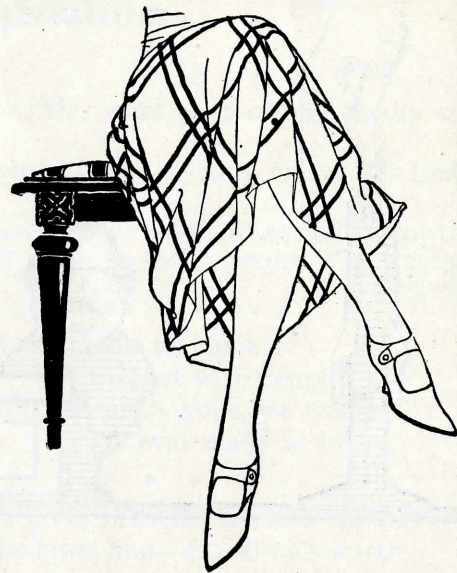
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Whether it is a high heel for dress or a low heel for walking, you'll find it here in the newest shape and leather.. See our window for Walk-over Shoes and Phoenix Hosiery.

MANNING and WOODWARDS
WALK-OVER SHOE STORE
NEWARK, OHIO

Ted—"My dog is a regular blacksmith."

Coonie—"How's that?"

Ted—"Why, I kicked him the other day, and he made a bolt for the door."

* * * * *

"How would you like to take a nice long walk?"

"Why, I'd just love to."

"Well, don't let me detain you."

* * * * *

Heard in the Newark-Granville bus:

He—"Do you think we can squeeze in here?"

She—"Maybe, if we can get clear back in the corner."

* * * * *

Mother—"Did that student kiss you last night?"

Newark girl—"Mother! Do you suppose he came all the way over here just to hear me sing?"

* * * * *

First Roommate—"I say, Walt, would you lend me your green necktie this evening?"

Second Roommate—"Why certainly, Ed, but why all this formality?"

First—"I can't find it."—Awwwan.

* * * * *

"My grandfather has reached the age of ninety-six. Isn't it wonderful?"

"Wonderful nothing! Look how long it's taken him to do it."—Awwwan.

Three Types of Villain

The principal types of villain that are used in making entertaining fiction are the Desperate Desmond type, the Sea Wolf type, and the J. Rufus Wallingford type. Which is most villainous, I cannot say.

Desperate Desmond is the stage villain. He is tall, thin, and exceedingly polite, and wears a long black mustache, black clothes, and a black silk hat. He is very evidently modeled as closely as possible after His Satanic Majesty of the Lower Regions. In most cases, of course, he is not so flagrantly depicted as to include all the above characteristics, but any one of them is sufficient to identify him. Perhaps the fictitious character who most closely resembles the conventional Prince of Darkness is Blacky Daw, the partner of J. Rufus Wallingford.

Desperate Desmond is the least interesting of villains. As a matter of fact, he is not a villain of fiction at all, but rather the villain of the comic cartoon. He used to sneak around the darkened stage, hissing his "Curses! Foiled again!" at every step; and in the early days of the motion picture, we found him resurrected for a short while. But today he is in bad taste even in the movie slapstick comedy. His day is long past.

The Sea Wolf is the ruffianly villain. He includes all pirates and robbers, tramps and second-story men, village bullies, gunmen, and prize fighters. In the particular instance of Jack London's story, he had a masterful brain as well as a masterful will and hand, but intellect is not necessary to the type. He is atavistic in his instincts, and reverts to the primitive in his emotions. His heart is usually touched by the sight of a little child and he turns from Sinner to Saint at the end of the story.

To a child, all laboring men seem like ruffians. If a man works on the street, digging ditches with a gang of negroes, Italians, and Irishmen, smoking short black clay pipes, he is thought, by the child, to be tough. I don't understand exactly how the idea is implanted in his mind, but I know that it is always there, until it is driven out by actual experience. When he learns, somewhere between the ages of ten and thirty (if ever) that a common laborer may be a Christian gentleman, if his disposition and the circumstances of his training so mold him, it is a very great surprise. If one works with such men, he will find one or two characters like this in a

hundred. The other ninety-nine are very ordinary; and one in a thousand is a ruffian. It surprises one to learn that, if he has had good home training and some education, he is superior to any of them in will-power and self-control. One soon loses his primary fear of the man who wields the pick, unless he happens to be a bully; contact with a real bully, a man of fearless, cruel strength, is never forgotten.

This is the sort of man that we find to be the second type of villain in fiction. He is an animal, a brute, and in spite of all the tender sentimentalizing in the world about the softening effect a little child may have on him, I like him not, and never can.

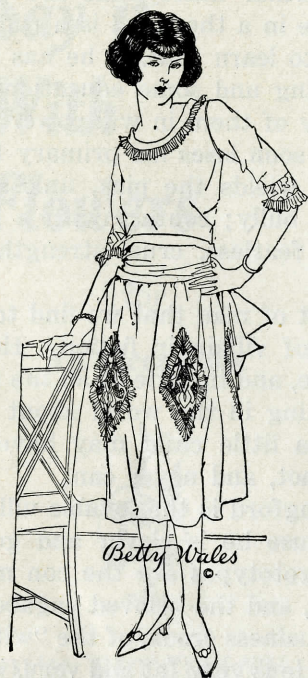
J. Rufus Wallingford is the lovable villain. He is loved because he is clever and good-humored. His prototypes are the con man, the society crook, and the beloved vagabond. He is himself a business crook, of the "within the law" class. He is very fat and very, very good-humored, and abounds with practical get-rich-quick ideas. His morality, of course, is nil, and even his partner, Blacky Daw, who has the instincts of a con man, considers J. Rufus' methods of legal highway robbery too low for a respectable gold-brick merchant to make use of. He robs widows and orphans as freely as the idle rich, though in this respect he is unlike most of his kind.

The original benevolent crook was Robin Hood, the merry outlaw, who took his living from fat friars and saucy sheriffs. Peregrine Pickle was another rover, whose scrapes and knavish tricks endear him to the reader. The best tales of the con man and his untutored ways are those written by O'Henry. The society crook broke into fiction not more than twenty years ago, but has had a great popularity during his short life.

Now even the beloved scoundrel is on the wane. One wonders who will be the most popular villain in fiction in the next ten years. The fat, sly Chinaman and the political boss are having some vogue, but they are after all only variations from their predecessors. Perhaps the boche will last us for a while longer. Then who?

The fusser owns the grateful sense
Of fragrance near, he knows not whence,
And pausing does direction change,
To flee beyond the pole cat's range.

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ARCADE ANNEX

ZANESVILLE
ELK'S BUILDING

To a Pencil

I know not where
Thou art;
I only know
That thou wert on my
Desk,
Peaceful and content,
A moment back;
And as I turned my
Head
To catch a breath,
Some heartless wretch
Went south with thee.
I know not who
It was,
Nor shall I
Investigate;
Perchance
It were
The guy I stole thee from.
—Orange Peel.

* * * * *

What Men Like in Women

1. Looks
2. Brains
3. Looks
4. Money
5. Looks
6. Flattery
7. Looks
8. Responsiveness
9. Looks —Jester.

Mary—"I suppose your father will be all unstrung when he hears about your exams."

Jack—"No, I wired him last night."

—Jester.

* * * * *

Sweet nectar from her lips he sipped
As under the moon they sat,
And wondered if ever a man before
Had drunk from a mug like that.

—Burr.

* * * * *

Ike—"Wad's de madder, Abe?"

Abe—"Oi, oi, oi, my clodingstore."

Ike—"I didn't know you had a cloding store."

Abe—"Na, na—you don't understand. I fell down. My cloding's tore."—Wampus.

* * * * *

"Gee, paw, but these old pioneers used to be hard!"

"How's that, my son?"

"Well, it says here that they put the iron spit in the fire."



Thelma—"Is my hat on straight?"

Velma—"No, one eye shows."

* * * * *

Spare Her Blushes

"Why does that pretty boarder flush every time she sees you?"

"I got her laundry last week by mistake."
—Judge

* * * * *

The devil sends the blessed winds
That blow the skirts knee-high;
But the Lord is just and sends the dust
That blinds the wicked eye.

—Awgwan.

* * * * *

Lovers in the hall-way,
Papa on the stair,
Bull-dog on the front porch—
Trouble in the air.

—Tiger.

* * * * *

I know where the lights go when they go out,
But one thing I cannot get right.
When all of the heat trickles out of the pipes,
Just where does it spend the night?

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

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

* * * * *

Philosopher 1—"Have you an elementary knowledge of scientific terms? Then I shall explain why there can be no Hell."

Philosopher 2—"Go to it, old man; I'll try to follow you."—Widow.

* * * * *

Low Cut

Paul—"At the party I thought your costume was ripping."

Pauline—"Well, if you were a gentleman, you would have told me so!"—Widow.

* * * * *

Ella—"I'm so mad at Jack."
Bella—"So soon? What's wrong?"

Ella—"He knows so many naughty songs."

Bella—"Does he sing them to you?"

Ella—"No, the mean thing, he just whistles the tunes."
—Orange Peel.

* * * * *

Fine! Fine!

"If I should kiss you, would it be petty larceny?"

"No, it would be grand!"—Jester.

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Mixie—"A friend of mine fell asleep in the bathtub with the water running."
 Trixie—"Did the tub overflow?"
 Mixie—"Nope; luckily he sleeps with his mouth open."—Chaparal.

* * * * *

All in the Type

Pat—"Kinda - chilly - out - here, - don't you - think?"
 Patricia—"Ye-e-s - it - is."
 Pat—"Nowhow'sthat?"—Sun Dodger.

"That Jazz orchestra is certainly a murderous outfit."
 "Continue, Marie."
 "They're working the life out of poor Irene'."—Orange Peel.

* * * * *

"My brother takes up Spanish, French, Italian, Hebrew, German and Scotch."
 "Goodness! Where does he study?"
 "Study! He don't study. He runs an elevator."—Voo-Doo.


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Hot Stuff

Percival—"My heart is on fire with love for you."

Gertrude (just a bit bored)—"Papa will put you out."—Jester.

* * * * *

Paul—"Let's inject a little life in this party."

Pauline—"Sorry, dear, but father took the key with him."—Orange Peel.

* * * * *

Luke—"He kissed her where she stood."
McLuke—"Huh, must have been a soul kiss."—Virginia Reel.

* * * * *

"Papa, the preacher was here for lunch today."

"You don't mean it?"
"Yes; and he swore about mother's cooking the same way as you do, only he put his hands over his eyes."—Burr.

* * * * *

They sat beneath the apple blossoms. The moon shone softly. Suddenly he broke the silence: "What's to prevent my kissing you?"
"Why, my goodness!" she exclaimed.
But it didn't.—Tiger.

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