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Flamingo Vol. I N 3

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Flamingo Vol. I N 3

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FLAMINGO



Mother's Day Issue

DENISON UNIVERSITY STUDENTS

The Opera House during the next few weeks will offer the following good **Photoplays**:

- | | |
|------------------------------|-----------------------|
| "Something Different" | "The Fear Market" |
| "The Yellow Typhoon" | "Dangerous to Men" |
| "Cheaters" | "The Family Honor" |
| "Polly of the Storm Country" | "Her Beloved Villain" |
| "Search of a Sinner" | |

At the Auditorium and Alhambra at Newark

- | | |
|-----------------------|--------------------|
| "Hush" | "Yes or No" |
| "Heliotrope" | "Dinty" |
| "Midsummer's Madness" | "The Restless Sex" |
| "The Round Up" | "Forbidden Fruit" |
| "Copper Head" | "Civilian Clothes" |

If it's real amusement—then it must be either

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Remember Your Mother---

Say it with flowers



C. F. DUERR

1840 Phones 8218

The gift that has personality---your portrait

THE M.H. Mueller Studio
35 ARCADE
Newark
O.

The Girl—"You make me think of Venus de Milo."

The Man—"But I have arms."

The Girl—"Oh, have you?"—VooDoo.

* * * * *

A—"Did the doctor treat you yesterday?"

B—"No, he charged me five dollars."
—Widow.

* * * * *

Bill—"I had my nose broken in three places last summer."

Bull—"But why do you persist in going to those places?"—Tiger.

* * * * *

"My cousin can sure tickle the ivories."

"Is he a professional piano player?"

"No, he's a dentist."—Purple Cow.

* * * * *

Dear Mlle. Flapjax: I am a brunette, and have lately been becoming more and more so. Please prescribe something for my face.

Answer: Try soap.

* * * * *

Judge—"I sentence you to be hanged."
Optimistic Murderer—"I love to be kept in suspense."—Widow.

H. E. Lamson HARDWARE

For

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THE BEST

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ATHLETIC GOODS

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NEWARK, OHIO

"What are you studying now?"
"Molecules, mother."
"I hope you will be very attentive and practice constantly. I tried to get father to wear one, but he couldn't keep it in his eye."—Life.

* * * * *

"I guess I'll take a day off," remarked the student, as he tore a sheet from the calendar.
—Yale Record.

* * * * *

"If Ivanhoe sells for a quarter, what is Kenilworth?"

"Great Scott, what a novel question!"
—VooDoo.

* * * * *

Frosh—"Surveying a little?"
Engineer—"No, surveying a lot."
—Sour Owl.

* * * * *

This famous painter met his death
Because he couldn't draw his breath.
—Puppet.

* * * * *

She—"I wish you'd look the other way."
Young Brother—"He can't help the way he looks."—Sun Dial.

* * * * *

Ikey and Izzy were separating after an evening together, when Ikey said, "Au revoir."

"Vat's dot?" asked Izzy.
"Dot's 'good-bye' in French."
"Vell," said Izzy, "Carbolic acid!"
"Vat's dot?"
"Dot's 'goodbye' in any language."

* * * * *

"Why did you tell him you had to go to the dressing room for some cold cream?" asked the chaperone.

"I had to do something to get the chap off my hands."

* * * * *

"And how is your poor husband, Mrs. Jones?"

"He suffers most awful with his foot, sir, and I know how it feels because I've had it in my eyes."

* * * * *

She—"Have you made up your mind to stay in?"

Her—"No, I've made up my face to go out."

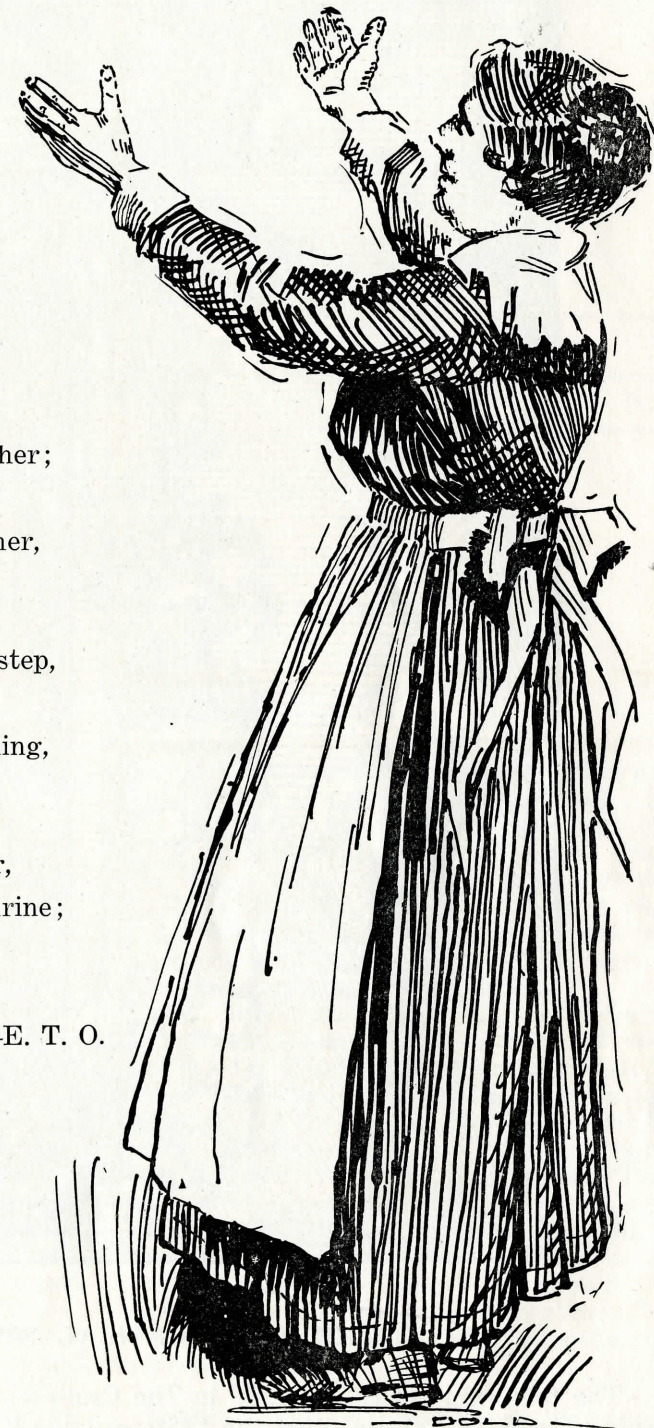
MOTHER.

There's a word ranked by no other;
None can ever take its place.
It's a word you know—it's Mother,
Loved by all the human race.

She who guards your every footstep,
Watches you with tender care,
Courage gives when you are failing,
Tries your every load to share.

Give her then your love forever,
Place her in your heart's own shrine;
Give her every noble honor;
Worship her, for she's divine.

—E. T. O.



DENISON CUSTOMS WE DON'T WANT REVIVED



THE HYPOTHETICAL STONE WALL

The following notice appeared in The Cross and Journal of September 5, 1834, concerning Granville College, then the "Literary and Theological Institution," and Shepardson College, then the "Granville Female Seminary:"

"There is one good advantage attending this seminary, not common to the West, that is, the female department is entirely separated from the male one. They have no rude boys to corrupt the minds and manners of the young people."

Flamingo

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

Vol. I

MAY, 1921

No. 3

TEDDY

By Ruth Nottingham, '24

(Editor's Note—Miss Nottingham's story won half of the ten dollar prize offered by the Flamingo Club.)

"One for you, and one for me, and one for you, and one for me. And there's one left. Oh, it's a lemon one," chirped little Teddy.

"You can have ut, I don't want ut," said the still smaller child Judd.

Now Teddy was a little fellow of six years. Chubby, round faced, with big brown eyes that just snapped and danced when you looked at him. The one thing that his mother and aunts regretted, about the child, was that from mere babyhood he would never be cuddled. The whole family, that is the women folks, had looked forward to bonnets and dresses with lace and ribbon ruffles and rosettes, but alas, as soon as his baby fingers were strong enough, he dispensed with such useless articles. Of course, it is needless to say that proud papa and Uncle Harold were delighted when he wouldn't be babied, and declared him to be a real man. Mother just loved to pick him up and kiss the bumped forehead, put a cold knife on it, and kiss it again. But Daddy Dick thought that was a foolish way to treat a big man. He would slap him gently on the back and say, "Well, old man, did that hurt much? I guess not enough to be a baby and cry." Little Teddy would try to draw a deep breath, blink frantically, and then smile. And that was his trump card. The entire family, and indeed

most of his acquaintance were won by that smile.

Teddy had a cousin who was his sole playmate and companion. He preferred her company to that of any boy on the street. She was two years younger, and thought that anything Teddy did was exactly right. Juddy was one of these meek little creatures with lots of light curly hair, and innocent violet eyes. Her skin was a pretty baby pink with the exception of her cheeks, which were always of a rosy hue.

Now, Teddy and Juddy had succeeded by some method known only to themselves in taking a jar of mixed hard candies from the corner drug store. It had been successfully smuggled, by the use of Teddy's wagon and Judd's doll clothes, to their little play house. Here it lasted for only a short time. There were now only five pieces left. As ever, Juddy was willing for her idolized Teddy to have the last piece. After some discussion, it was decided that Teddy's dog should have the candy. While the children watched Trix devour the lemon drop, Teddy's mother discovered the theft.

II

It was useless for in spite of all the begging mother could do, and she even shed a few tears, Daddy Dick was determined that his plan should be carried out. It had been his idea, all the arrangements were completed,

and it would do both children good. It would teach them a lesson, if nothing else. Teddy was a man, he wanted to be called a big man—consequently he should be treated as one.

Teddy heard his father and mother talking of court at eight-forty-five and Probate Officer Smith, but it meant little or nothing to him. They often talked about things he didn't understand. But why was his mother crying? He had never seen her cry before. That evening as his mother undressed him, or rather superintended the undressing, for he was a big man and could undress alone, he noticed she did not smile at him. She even lingered over the goodnight kiss. He thought, although it seemed foolish, that a big tear had dropped on his warm little cheek, as she tucked him in for the night.

Again, in the morning, he thought her face looked queer. He told his Daddy Dick on the sly that mother's eyes looked just like Trix's. did when he spilled the pepper on the floor and then tried to lick it up so that mother wouldn't see.

Daddy Dick took mother, Aunt May, Judd's mother, Juddy, and Teddy to town in the car. They went into a big stone building that was all white and slippery inside. Teddy thought it was lots of fun to slide along the marble floor holding mother's and daddy's hands. And then they went into a room that was quite full of people. Teddy sighed—it reminded him of church. Yes, it must be, for there was the man, in the middle of the front, with the robe on. And there at one side were the men that sang. He hoped they would sing lots, for time passed much faster than when the man in the robe spoke. And then—what?—his name was being called.

"Master Theodore Watson and Miss Geraldine Gray," called one of the men in the front. This was church; but why? And then a thought struck him, but how foolish—he wasn't going to marry Juddy. The child had heard his mother and father talking about his uncle's and aunt's name being called out in church before they were married. Just then his father nudged him to go up front to the man. Juddy followed. All the way down the aisle, and it seemed awfully long, Teddy thought queer thoughts. Yes, hadn't his Uncle Harold and his Aunt Ruth walked down the aisle when they were married? He was sure they had; and hadn't his grandmother cried when she kissed Aunt Ruth before they left for the church? It was settled; he was about to marry Juddy. At second thought, it wasn't so bad. They had always played together that Juddy was his little wife when he was engineer on the "Big Four." This explains why when they

reached the front he took Judd's hand, then looked at the big man in the robe and smiled.

Prosecutor Smith looked soberly at the pair. They were about the smallest little folks he had had anything to do with. The big man said something and Juddy cried. Teddy did not know what he said, for his thoughts were two weeks distant at the wedding of his Aunt. He remembered his daddy had told his uncle that it was not necessary to listen to all that the minister said, but just to say "yes" when asked a question.

"Are you guilty?" asked the judge.

"Yes," answered Teddy, not understanding. Then he heard Juddy crying. Aunt Ruth hadn't cried.

"You didn't, Teddy, I did," sobbed Judd. What was she talking about, and what had the minister said and meant?

"Now see here, little folks, this won't do," said Mr. Smith. Which one of you did it? Did you, Theodore?" This time Teddy heard the question, but didn't understand, consequently said, "Yes."

"Did you, Geraldine?" continued Mr. Smith.

"Yes," sobbed Judd.

Now he knew he was right. Hadn't he seen his Uncle Harold nod and then his Aunt nod, and then his uncle and then his aunt?

The big man said something about children lying. Teddy didn't understand, so just did not listen. The man talked for a long time, then Teddy heard something about a promise. He remembered his father and uncle talking about that terrible binding promise.

When the minister asked, "Now will you both promise?", they both answered, "Yes."

"Then go back to your folks, little ones," said the Prosecutor, as he bowed them away.

And then—Teddy kissed Judd. He had never done that before, but he was sure he should, as his uncle had kissed Aunt Ruth. Then, they walked back down the aisle.

Teddy smiled all the way back, and when he reached his mother she was crying quite hard. It hurt the little fellow to see her cry so; he said, "I will come home with you mother. I'm not going away."

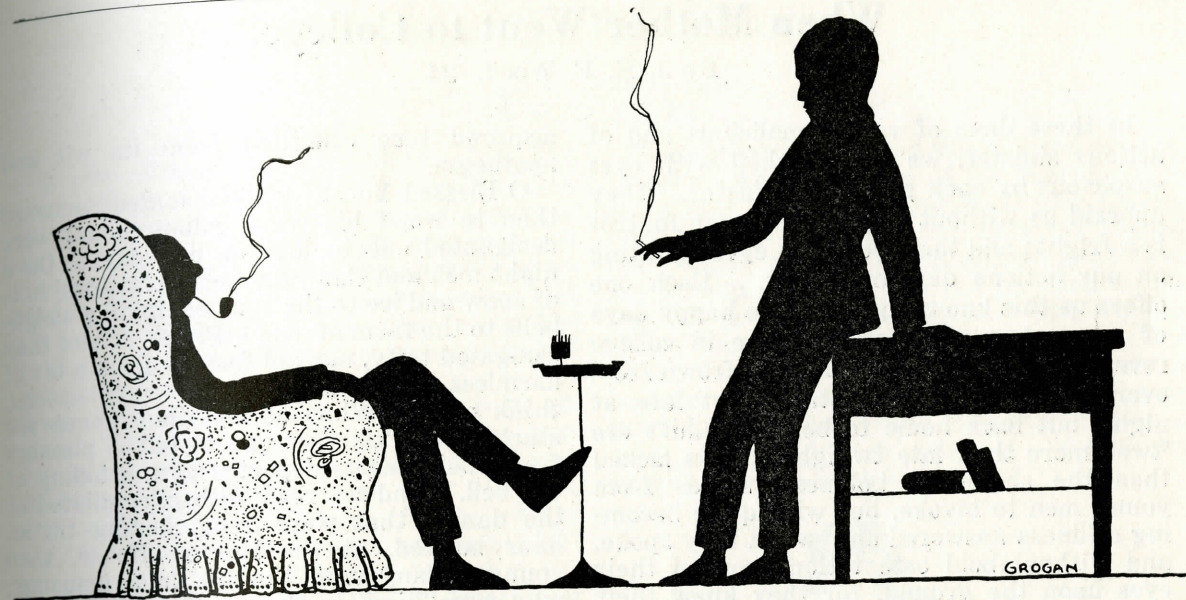
Mother cried all the harder. They left the church at once. In the machine Teddy said to Judd, "Isn't it fun, Juddy?"

All eyes turned to Teddy. "Why, what do you mean, soony?" asked his mother.

"Why, me and Juddy getting married."

Daddy Dick pushed hard on the accelerator, the machine shot forward, but Daddy Dick looked straight ahead. Mother just picked Teddy up and kissed him, saying "Dick, I knew he was too little to understand."

(Cont. on page 31.)



"My girl lives out on Petticoat Avenue."

"Where's that?"

"Just inside the outskirts."

THE SCHEMER'S LAMENT

A week ago, on such a night as this,
While white stars slumbered in a sable sky,
You whispered tender nothingness, and I
Upturned my lips to your warm, eager kiss.
We knew the flaming splendor of love's bliss
As aeons and eternities swept by.
But some stern prof with omnivident eye
Marked our return to the metropolis.

I little dreamed you could so soon forget,
Yet, though I'm campused now, you scarcely
miss

Me. To another girl you sweetly lie.
With ample time my folly to regret,
I'm left alone, on such a night as this,
While white stars slumber in a sable sky.
—K. K. H., '24.

AN EASY ONE

Bashful Customer—"I—um—ah—er. He! He!"
Jeweler (to assistant)—"Bring the tray of engagement rings, Henry."

* * * * *

HOW TERRIBLE!

Club Secretary—"One of our members lost his reason last night."
Gullible Member—"Dreadful! How did it happen?"
Club Secretary—"Why, he had one when he left the club, but he forgot it before he reached home."

"Is this the hosiery department?" said a voice over the phone.

"Yes," replied the weary saleslady.

"Have you any flesh colored stockings?" asked the voice.

"Yes," replied the weary saleslady.
"Whaddya want—pink, yellow, or black?"

* * * * *

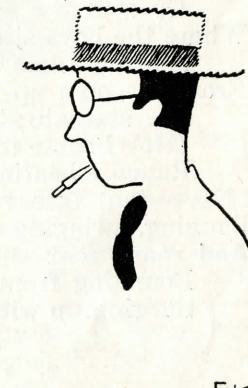
"Mary, Mary, slightly airy,
How do the fashions go?"

"Piled up hair and shoulders bare
And vertebrae all in a row."

* * * * *

Letts—"So you are going to send your wife away to the country for a rest."

See—"Yes. I need it badly."



"Have you a cigarette?"
"Yes, plenty, thank you."

F.H.G.

When Mother Went to College.

By J. E. F. Wood, '24

In these days of vamps malicious and of actions sinister, we are watched with eyes suspicious by each prof and minister. They upbraid us without stinting, say our foxtrot is a fright; and they look with eyes aglinting on our actions day and night. Each one offers us this knowledge: In the happy days of yore when our mothers were in college revelry and terpsichore brought a frown from every adult. No girl stayed out late at night, but back home to bed skedaddl't ere 'twas more than late twilight. Girls lacked then the shameless boldness, smiles from young men to invoke, but with quite becoming coldness answered only when they spoke, and without bold ostentation dropped their eyes upon the ground, for they knew their humble station. (That's a lie, though, I'll be bound. How could they be so angelic?) Pardon us if we appear too impert'nently smart-aleck talking so of mother dear; but we can substantiate with passages indited from the Denison Collegiate that years ago delighted some men who gleaned from its edition news of happenings at the Sem, and

acquired true erudition from its wit and apothegm.

O Blessed Youth! who emanated Semward then to wend his way—calling hours were designated one to four on any day. On a night men and their gay belles traversed hills of snow and ice to the tune of tinkling sleigh-bells to the farm of one I. Price. There they elongated taffy, nor did fear to drink a bit of harmless extra-special cider—extra-special, think of it! When at last they homeward started—ah, 'tis very sad to tell—, pleasure from their hearts departed at the tolling of the bell. And we read with eyes dilated of the dances that were flung, lasting till an hour belated, at the Buxton House, then young. Slang used then is quite amusing; why was "kiss" to them a "buss?" Sure I am we'd be confusing "blunder-buss" with "omni-bus." Prexy bawled them out for vamping, though he didn't use that phrase; said they'd homeward be a-tramping if they didn't mend their ways.

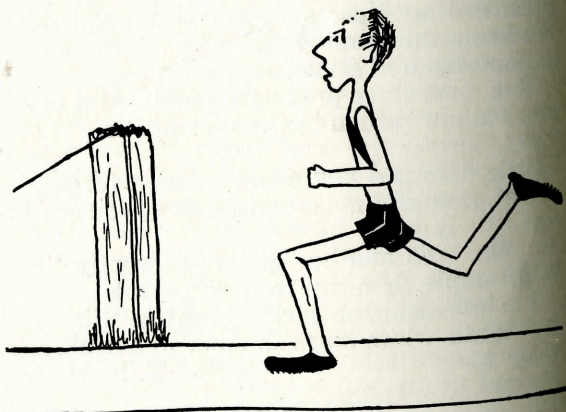
Comforting is all this knowledge—all these doings at the Sem—to the students now in college. Maybe there is hope for them!

CHICAGO CORN EXCHANGE

Dust—roaring—dust;—
 Roaring—howling—roaring;—
 Hot press of hoarse men with fingers biting
 the air;
 Money-god spirit galvanized on faces;
 Men—dust—men;
 High, hoarse cries of men;
 Bids high—higher;
 Shrill falsetto bids;
 Rustle—snap—in the dock halfway to the
 ceiling
 Up over the seething
 Where the boys sits grabbing sheets
 As they come over
 From the man up there who shouts a gruff
 staccato;—
 (He's hoarse too)
 Raucous beating cries;
 Nerve-taut faces;
 Banging, swinging doors;
 And roar—roar—human mammon—roar
 Bounding from the dull roof,
 Surging up with choking mammon-dust.
 —E. D. T.

* * * * *

"Here's where I catch the devil," said the motorcycle cop as he put TNT in his gasoline.



The miler runs around the track
 In little running pants;
 He runs about a mile or so,
 And pants, and pants, and pants.

* * * * *

ALL BUT

Bill—"Thinks he's the whole thing, does he?"
 Phil—"Well, I'd hardly go so far as to say that; but he certainly considers himself a quorum."

* * * * *

"Have you done any outside reading yet?"
 "No, it's been too cold."

Roscoe to the Rescue

A Tale of College Life
By R. D. B., '22

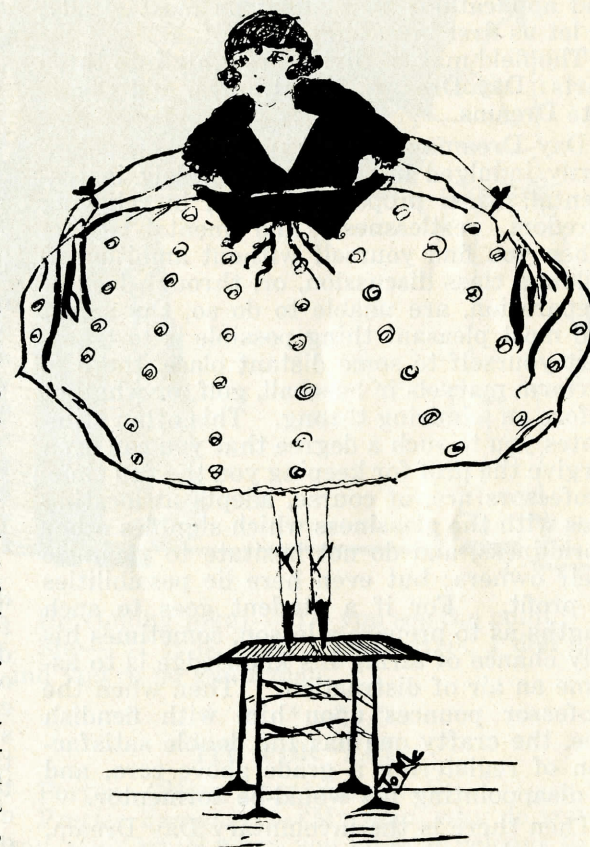
Roscoe Fitzgerald, the shimmying 314 pound Varsity athlete, was busily engaged in his pink and blue boudoir, arraying himself for the afternoon's fierce encounter on the croquet field. What a wonderfully symmetrical build he had! He was just five feet six inches in height and six feet five inches in girth. His lean frame was encased in 314 pounds of solid muscle, hard as an oyster from daily training. He could not help admiring himself as he paused before the mirror to brilliantine his hair, pull the guaranteed-never-slip marcelle from over his eyes, and bandoline it into place. He pulled the big "Q" sweater over his head, put on his "Q" croquet pants, stuck a "Q" beauty spot on the end of his nose, and then had to do his hair all over again.

It would be a big day for Roscoe. For the last time he would appear to represent his beloved college on the athletic field; for the last time the cheer leader would yell, "Three times three for Roscoe! Girls, he's playing a better game than you give him credit for!"

And then there would be the peerless Suzanne watching him from the grandstand, straining her bright little eyes through her smoked spectacles as she watched her hero perform. What an inspiration he would receive from the rat-tat-tat of her knock-knees and the clash of her false teeth when she joined in the cheers! Suzanne's father was a little, absent-minded professor,—in fact, he had to be to make this story logical, for little, absent-minded professors always have beautiful, sweet, innocent little daughters with baby eyes and knock-knees.

But I feel we are wandering far from our story. Roscoe had just adjusted the "Q" beauty spot, taken a final sip from the whisky flask in his hip pocket, and placed a scented cigarette in his Cupid's-bow mouth, when he heard a piercing shriek—the shriek of a perfect lady, very probably in distress. Big, blundering, good-natured soul that he was, Roscoe's heart always registered 220° Fahrenheit; and now the fierce courage learned on the croquet field stood him in good stead. What red-blooded man can hear a lady shrieking in distress and do nothing? After five minutes of ponderous thought, Roscoe reached a decision. He really ought to aid the lady in question. Like a flash he became suddenly active—three unsuccessful attempts and he was through the door, three minutes more and he stood puffing outside the main entrance. No one was in sight.

The screams still filled the air, and seemed to come from the home of his peerless Suzanne, just across the campus. It took Roscoe only two minutes to decide that his "Sweet 'um peach" was in danger, and he must take any risk to save her. Swiftly he loped across the soft lawn, disregarding all "Keep Off the Grass" signs (for he was desperate by this time.) Dashing through the open front door, he entered the living room, and found a beautiful girl with baby blue eyes standing on a table, holding her dresses at a dangerous height above her shoe tops.



"O Roscoe," the distressed one cried, "save me! I think he's hiding under the bed. He crept in on me from the library just as I was leaving for the game."

Roscoe had never been so confused in all his twenty-seven years of well-rounded existence. His face reddened at the sight of the pretty ankles, and he hung his head bashfully. This wasn't Suzanne, he thought. It couldn't be. The dress was hers (how would she get along without it?); the voice was

(Cont. on page 29.)

On the Efficacy of Dreams

By L. D. Leet, '23

Dreams may be viewed in several ways:—as doorways for psycho-analysis; as subjects for breakfast-table speculations; as things to be laughed at, to be worried about, or to be put to practical use—all depending on the viewer. This discussion aims not to deal with psycho-analysis, for we, personally, dislike to admit that our dreams are but symbols of our suppressed desires; the implications are too disconcerting. Nor are we disposed to touch on the conversational, humorous, or superstitious phases, for such things are, for the most part, out of our line. In the final analysis it is the everyday results and applications that affect us most vitally, so let us first investigate them.

The field may be divided roughly into three parts: Day Dreams, Nightmares, and Cigarette Dreams.

Day Dreams are most useful when voluntarily indulged in. They are widely instrumental, when properly applied, in relieving boredom, restlessness, and mental strain. When you find yourself without ambition to follow a class discussion, or, through lack of preparation, are unable to do so, the safest and most pleasant thing possible is to transport yourself to some distant place, there to perform marvels in baseball, golf, or whatnot before an admiring throng. This often stimulates you to such a degree that you can even forgive the prof for keeping you the full time. Professors are, of course, adepts at locating eyes with the glassiness which signifies otherworldliness, and do not hesitate to vicimize their owners; but even here lie possibilities of profit. For if a student goes to such lengths as to prepare a lesson, sometimes his only chance of airing his knowledge is to assume an air of distraction. Then when the professor pounces upon him with fiendish glee, the crafty one has the double satisfaction of registering a grade above zero, and of disappointing his would-be tormentor.

Then there is the involuntary Day Dream, more technically known as the fog, haze, or gale, and forming one of the negative values of dreams. Its sources are sometimes hidden, but are probably chiefly love, walking dates, and lack of sleep; while the manifestations are so numerous as to defy classification. Love is undoubtedly the chief offender, though more commonly through variations and modifications than otherwise. The few cases where it is definitely the cause are so apparent as to be easily recognized. But in many instances the distinction is not so simple.

Authorities claim that numberless blushes and heart palpitations, which might be carelessly attributed to embarrassment or some such fiction, are in reality indications of love. Undoubtedly only a small proportion of the languishing glances seen in the post office during the day are caused by a mere promiscuous desire for mail or grossly material waiting for a check. The effect of walking dates, both future and past, is perhaps a further modified form of the same instinct. But this is often blended with attempts to map out conversations and itineraries, as well as painful recollections of social errors and drawings-up of financial statements, any one of which may produce the results frequently witnessed.

The haggard eye and vacant stare of sleeplessness are noticeable particularly in freshmen because more of the causes operate on them, and they are, anyway, less able to stand the strain than others of more years and experience. This phase of the well-known fog fever first appears during the opening weeks of the fall term, when homesickness and confusion attend innocents who are receiving the first buffets of a cruel new world; and it is common to both sexes. The second epidemic usually visits the male order soon after mid-year exams, with an accompaniment of physical harrassings which has been known to cause victims in more advanced stages to wander pathetically about the campus at four o'clock in the morning.

The Nightmare is also a negative aspect of dreams, but should be mentioned in passing for the sake of completeness. It has been defined by Webster as a sensation of weight on the chest, or other nervous condition, caused by digestive disorders, and involving struggles and tremors. So it can be seen that the problem is more abstruse than the matters already discussed, and must necessarily offer but few symptoms to the ordinary run of daylight observers. One of the most common examples of a victim who answers Webster's requirements, exclusive of the dietary clause, is the wrestler. But most people have also had experience with cases less violent and perhaps less perceptible in the form of the individual with a desire to get something "off his chest." The persons most susceptible to attack are patrons of Casey's and the Little Gem, and if audible signs are any indication, the chief habitat of victims is the Conservatory.

(Cont. on page 24.)

NEW FABLES IN SLANG

By Orange Ade

The Fable of the Coffin Nailer

This is the tale of a Razzberry. He was the Ripest Berry that has appeared upon the scene. He used the Vile Weed; he was wedded closely to Lady Nicotine. And that ain't All. He did his Inhaling on the Q. T. instead of coming forth like a Movie Hero to Puff Valiantly upon the Avenues of the Fair City in which this Institution for the Prevention of Learning is situated. He stuck close to his Smoke Laden Hangout, never trotting forth until the Lights had been Doused and all Good People had hit the hay.

One day he felt so Full of Grit (the dust had been blowing in from the Raccoon) that he Jazzed up the Highway with a Pill in his Face while the sun yet glimmered on the landscape. While Hauling up the Main Drag, drawing deeply upon the Hump, he espied in the Near Distance one of the Profs of the Institootion. Not being Willing to Waste a valuable bit of the Lucky, the Dumb-boy inhaled deeply, and Hurlled the Filthy Weed from him.

But ere he could Devise Ways and Means for Exiting the smoke from his Inhalers, the Highbrow approached. The Feeble-mind began to resemble the Lowly Beet in Complexion. He looked like a Calsomined Newark Beauty. And lo! when he oped his mouth to say Howdy, a Wisp of Smoke curled from his Trap. He was Fussed to Tears, to say nothing of being Razzed by the August Personage.

Moral: If you smoke on the Streets of Granville, don't Inhale.

—E. T. O.

TIME WASTED

Prof—"And now, gentlemen, we get $x=0$."
Sleepy voice from rear of room—"Gee, all that work for nothing."

* * * * *

THE AMERICANIZED BOY

Teacher—"Who was the first man?"
Bright Boy—"George Washington—first in peace, first in war, first—"
Teacher—"No, no. Adam was the first man."

Bright Boy (disgustedly)—"Oh, if you're talking about foreigners—"

* * * * *

ANYTHING TO OBLIGE

Old Lady (to Newsboy)—"You don't chew tobacco, do you, little boy?"
Newsie—"No, mum, but I kin give yer a cigarette if you want one."



He (telling joke)—"Do you see the point?"
She—"If it is what I think it is, I don't, and you're no gentleman."

* * * * *

TIT FOR TAT

Porter—"Miss, your train is—"
Precise Passenger—"My man, why do you say 'your train' when you know it belongs to the railroad company?"

Porter—"Dunno, Miss. Why do you say 'my man' when you know I belong to my old woman?"

* * * * *

GOOD ALIBI

Irate Chess Fan—"What do you mean by telling Garbet that a nine-year-old child could beat me at chess?"

Friend—"Why - er - I meant Samuel Rzeschewski."

On the Absurdity of Catching Fish When A-Fishing

By R. G. Lusk

Gentle Reader, imagine this setting: A lazy Saturday in September, late afternoon, when the shadows cast by the sinking sun melt into one another; a by-street in a little Iowa town where everyone knows everyone else, and it is quite proper to call across the street to a friend.

Now there enter upon this stage a couple of young fellows, still short of twenty, carrying homeward fishing tackle, but no fish. They are dressed as anglers usually dress, and it would be by no means unreasonable to assume that they have been fishing. Then, strolling on the other side of the street, a middle-aged gentleman appears, who, upon noting the nature of the expedition from which the boys are returning, and their apparent lack of success, cries out with great humor and remarkable perspicacity, "I see you've been a-fishing. Where are all the fish?" We (for that experience determined the writing of this essay) looked at each other in a surprised way, and then stared at him. He seemed to think that the reason one went fishing was to catch fish! We made some trivial answer, and passed on.

Since then I have found that his misconception is shared by many who are not disciples of the famous Izaak. I feel that these misguided ones should be set right. My battling average when a-fishing is considerably less than that of the poorest player in the bush leagues, yet I count myself a highly successful fisherman. I have fished for hours without even getting my hook in an old shoe or a rusty tin can. This I hold to be the criterion of success.

Let us consider the advantages of fishless fishing. First, one does not need the amount of bait which is normally required, for, having no intention of catching fish, the success of the expedition does not depend upon carrying home a huge string to attest ones prowess. Thus labor in the hard soil in the garden can be reduced to a minimum. Really, it is advisable to purchase a rubber worm or two. They are decidedly less messy to impale, and their wearing qualities are far superior to those of the common backyard variety. The difficulty with rubber worms is that the subterfuge is likely to be exposed when some uneducated pot-angler runs out of bait and seeks to replenish his store by borrowing. I have sometimes used soaked spaghetti dipped in red paint, but this proved

to be entirely too attractive a bait, and I no longer use it.

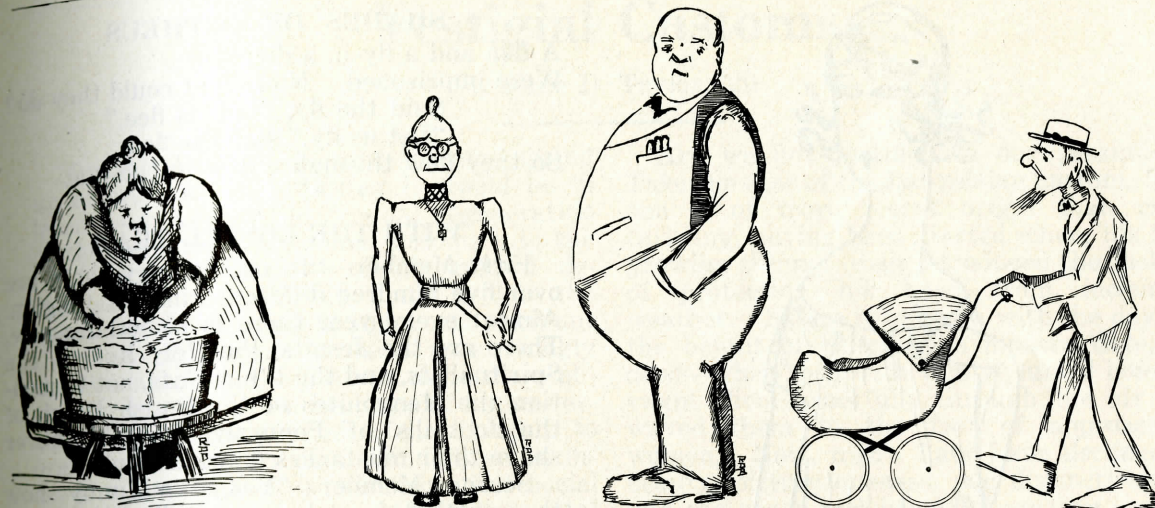
May I mention, by the way, that the pot-angler is likely to be more or less a bore; for, not understanding the real joys of fishing, he is apt to be very superior and act in a patronizing way. This attitude would be wrath-provoking were it not so pitiable, as he frequently offers, nay, insists that he be allowed to show you how to catch 'em. I shall treat of this obnoxious party in a later essay, and seek to give some good advice as to the best way to dispose of him without provoking the extreme displeasure of the law.

The matter of the rod is not so important. People of fastidious taste prefer the finest obtainable, simply from the desire to have the best there is. Personally, I feel the same way about it. I keep my rod well polished, my lines well dried and cleaned, and have all the labor-saving devices that the market affords, besides a few that I have invented myself. Among the aids that I employ are:— a knotting machine which will tie the hook on the line in the approved style; a bait impaler and cleaner for the hook; an attachment that will connect with a pocket electric motor for winding up the reel; a brace that will hold the rod at the proper angle, whether in the boat or on the bank; and a little instrument which I prize very highly, my own invention, which will remove the fish from the hook. I have, since I sold the patent, improved upon this invention, and can now loose the fish without drawing in the line. This saves a great deal of effort, and, incidentally, makes fishing much more enjoyable to the fish.

Freedom from care, relief from all responsibility, and happy employment at non-employment are the chief delights of a fishing excursion. Other joys are the snuggling down in Nature's lap, indulgence in the pleasure of boating, the inveigling of the One away from normal environments where you do not appear in the best light, and the opportunity to talk aimlessly, without saying anything or being expected to say anything. Fishing may also be used as a means of escape from agents and bill-collectors.

What a nuisance it is, to be sure, when in the midst of an interesting though meaningless conversation, to be interrupted by a mere carp who, in spite of all ordinary adequate

(Cont. on page 26.)



CO-EDS AND PLAIN EDS IN 1950

LETTERS OF A JAPANESE SANDMAN

By W. M. Potter, '23

Dearie Kyoto Kimono:—

I have just vibrated over here on car from Newark. I greet Hon. Transportation Excutor with sang-froid and fifteen cents.

"Nix," he cough, seeming distressly in toe. "Thee shalt extricate ten more units of coinage which thou shalt receive later with interest at 1% per annual upon—" but he gasp and flood street with tears.

I raise him by left hand toe and glib oraculately into face. "Huccome?" I cheep.

"I but weep for thee in frenzical finance of Granville," he gawk, assuming melodrama.

"I bury 2 bits?" I grief with spontaneous combustion, as I nag him with fluctuating eyebrows.

"Yes," he spoof.

"I will not ride," I intolerate tigerly, but chariot waits on new girl, so I martyr.

Presently I triumph crookedly on Broadway. Yo, my dearie Osage orange, station spills Willie Kamura, who greet me with gingerly.

"Umari," he enthuse, "you inhale chow eveningly with us," and add funnily, "our hut is full of freshmen who will articulate our Jap-letter fraternity. Our opium room," he orate judiciously, "are scientifically and dreamily equipped."

At door of Hon. Jap frat house he introduce Hon. Tu Stude, mandarin of frat, and we greet with condolences. Once in, I decapitate cap and slide greasily in direction of opium room, where crowd is industriously complicated with pipes. I gaze with excitation at Jap banner and smoking sets. "Love-

ly!" I attempt, and grin Tannerly.

At dinner I pledge dumly over rice. I now adhere to biggest Jap letter frat. Pledge pin are crossed chop sticks with hon. self-adjusting tips.

Greeting thee disrespectively,
I despond,

Umari Mee.

EX FACULTATE

A faculty man, commenting on the recent production of "Orpheus in the Underworld," said: "The first night was an egg shampoo, the second night a singe, and both nights a close shave."

* * * * *

"Why do you insist on calling me your little cold cream?"

"Because you're so nice to a chap."

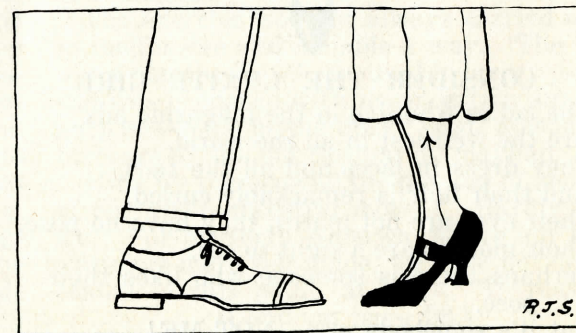
* * * * *

Stude—"May I raise my hand?"

Prof—"What for?"

Stude—"I want to ask a question."

AN UPLIFTING INFLUENCE



R.T.S.



CONSIDER THE LUXITE GIRL

The ladies who live in the magazine ads
Are the weirdest in all the world.
They dress in laces and all the fads,
And their hair is remarkably curled.
Their eyes are not mates, they have no nose,
Their mouths are a sight to see.
Perhaps there is someone who likes their
pose,
But it's somebody else—NOT ME!

SHADES OF ORPHEUS

A flea and a fly in a flue
Were imprisoned. Now what could they do?
Said the fly, "Let us flee,"
"Let us fly," said the flea.
So they flew through a flaw in the flue.

* * * * *

WITH THE GOSPEL TEAM

First Member—"In our country there are over five hundred different kinds of religion. Almost every year there is something new. There are the Jesuits, the Holy Rollers, the Spiritualists, and the What-Nots, not to mention the Mennonites or the Omish Dutch of the foothills of Pennsylvania, who never shave their mustaches or whiskers."

Second Member—"Yes, it's funny how those little things do crop out."

(Note: This incident, although not obscene, must not be told in church, the classroom, the W. B., or the Granville Opera House without the express permission of the Humor Editor, and when told must receive the unanimous applause of the auditors. This rule will be strictly enforced, and any infraction will be considered an infringement, and any infringement an infraction. A word to the wise is insufficient.)

* * * * *

There, little doggie,
Don't you cry.
You can come to chapel
By and by.

* * * * *

Harry—"My girl is sure clever with the footwork."

Larry—"Classy dancer, eh?"

Harry—"Naw!—She runs a sewing machine."

* * * * *

A DIRTY TRICK

Puff—"And when I had finished my speech, someone threw a base, cowardly egg at me."

Ruff—"A base, cowardly egg?"

Puff—"Yes, the kind that hits you and then runs."

* * * * *

Farmer—"Well, sir, how many would you guess there was in that herd of cattle there?"

City Cousin—"Oh, about five hundred."

Farmer—"Goshalmighty! You guessed exactly right. How did you do it?"

City Cousin—"Why, that's easy. I just counted their legs and divided by four."

* * * * *

"Here's my Finnish," said the man, as he slapped his Scandinavian cook on the shoulder.

Vestigial Customs.

By Elsie D. Taylor, '20

Should a Darwin of social customs spring up among us, how edifying it would be to learn from him of the gradual degeneration of the cave-man's vigorous customs into the feeble conventionalities of his refined descendants! Our Darwin would deplore the passing of the old usages, and would point out the present vestigial remains so strikingly that we should feel ourselves to be more absurd creatures in the heritage of these vestiges than in the bearing of relationship to orangoutans and gorillas. And there is, indeed, a true pathos in the fact that social evolutionary advance has made a once vital part of social life a mere symbol of former energy.

Take the custom of carrying a cane. Has man always promenaded in topper, pumps, and spats, with a shiny smooth stick hung from the crook of his left elbow? Former ages would not tell us so. The cave-man carried a stick, but it was not smoothly veneered, metal pointed, and specially fitted to the human frame. It was a big gnarled tree-bough, with all the bark and knobs on it, and he carried it in his right hand. It was a thing of action. As he loped along through the wilds, he swished savagely at the underbrush and whacked it down for a highway. And when he met his forty-second cousins in the forest, swinging lithely by their tails from the oaks, he raised his stick and fetched them a blow, if perchance they became unduly intimate with him. That stick was versatile. The cave-man used it also as an instrument of discipline, both with other cave-men who disagreed with his viewpoint on matters of policy, and with his obstreperous cave-children. The sad difference is that whereas then the stick took care of the cave-man, now the modern man takes care of the stick.

When we consider these facts, we feel strongly impelled to weep with the grand old Roman, "O Tempora! O Mores!" We picture dolefully the probable future of the noble old activity—the wearing of a tiny toy cane in the coat lapel, as symbol of the present-day custom. Why should we not expect this? In the good old days of waits and wandering minstrels, the musical instruments were slung across the left shoulder, thus held in position either for carrying or for playing. Today, glee clubs wear a ribbon slanting diagonally down from the left shoulder, across the shirt front, and losing itself at both ends under the coat!

Are we not justified in our pessimism? Take the case of the hat-raising custom. This one is of more recent origin than cane-carrying, having been started when, his hair growing thinner, man introduced the fashion of protecting his head from inclement weather. Suffice it to begin with the days of the height of chivalry—a modern date, indeed—when men with richly-plumed bonnets swept them gracefully through the air and waved them to the feet of approaching women. Now, men's hats have declined in beauty, picturesqueness, and distinctiveness, and the suave and beautiful gesture has declined with the hat. Until very recent years, men were accustomed to remove the hat enough to uncover the head in recognition of women's company. The practice, like the wings of some species of fruit flies, has become faintly vestigial; a hand goes up to touch the hat, and sometimes scarcely goes that far. In a few years the custom will fade away into a motion of even greater convenience. All that men will need to do will be to raise one hand in a gesture up as high as the stick-pin; later, to the waist-line; then the evolution will make the motion a mere upward flutter of the hand or of one finger, as an indication of acknowledgment.

Another vital part of human energy gone into the vestigial state!

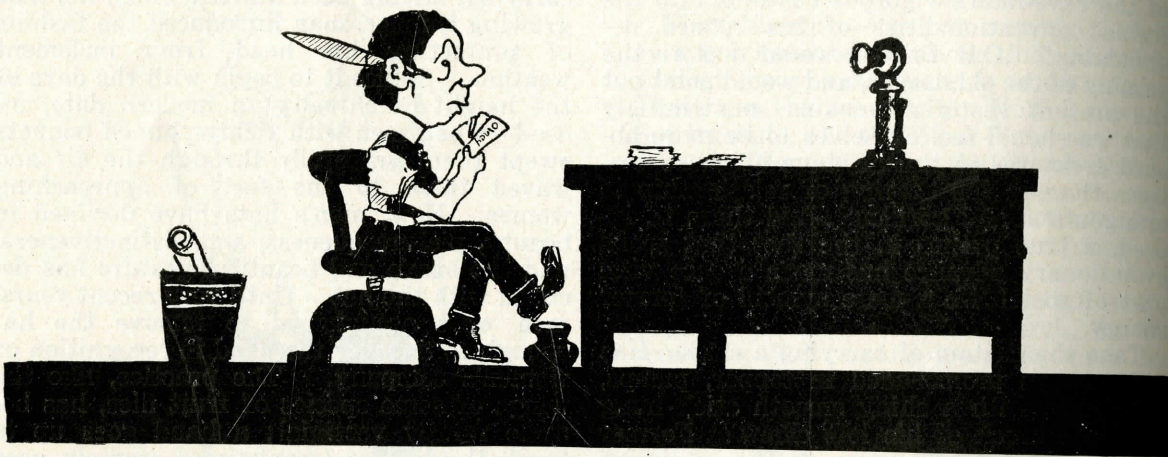
But the picture has, after all, a brighter side. Not all customs have degenerated from their pristine barbarism to a mild polished conventionality. We learn that in certain highly cultured circles of South America, people enjoy the very diverting social sport of throwing pellets of bread at each other across the banquet-table. If we look upon the history of South America and consider the ancient Spanish civilization which has been grafted upon the crude native life, we can account for this custom, which is very evidently a refinement of many generations of evolution.

The exercise was not always carried on in so inoffensive and amiable a way. The time was when the bread was used in larger pieces, and was propelled with no uncertain aim and purpose—back in the dusky past, among the forbears of the old Spaniards, mayhap.

Must we then bewail the passing of another of our virile ancestral mores? Hardly need we. For in North America, where our civilization is more self-made, we have not degenerated in this point, at least. To reassure

(Cont. on page 28.)

FLAMINGO



Volume I

MAY, 1921

Number 3

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verses on spring in number. As a rule they are more sincere, yet we feel that this space can be used to better advantage. A mother doesn't have to be told that her boy or girl loves her. She knows it—how could he help doing so?

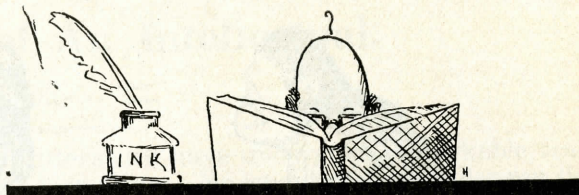
You mothers—our mothers—will be kept pretty busy during your stay here. The Glee Club concert, the Shepardson Carnival, and the other events arranged for your entertainment will keep you on the jump. But sometime when you have half an hour to spare, please just sit down alone in your son's or your daughter's room, and think of what goes on there.

"Hello, Ma! (Smack!) How's Pa?" will be Denison's slogan on Friday the 13th (oh, lucky day!) The Bird adds his welcome to all the rest, and only regrets that his bill wasn't built for kissing.

Panegyrics to mother are second only to

Every evening, after attending classes all day, he sits down at that table and studies for two or three or four or more hours. When the next day's schedule is light, perhaps he reads from those books on the shelf; perhaps he plays the mandolin in the corner; more likely he goes to the movie! But playtime or worktime, that's his sanctum, and the atmosphere of it is the product of his personality, combined with that of his roommate. If you can sense that atmosphere, you'll know and understand your son better.

The room looks clean, doesn't it? That alone shows how much he loves you!



It is with no misgivings that we hand over to Clarke Olney, of East Orange, New Jersey, the care of the Mystic Bird for the coming year. Due to his work as an associate editor of the Denisonian, Olney has been unable to contribute to the Flamingo until this issue; but his strong interest in the magazine and his proven ability along editorial lines insure a successful year for the Bird.

Quite as important as the editorship is the post of business manager. Sometimes, despite our vanity, we think it is more important and harder work as well. Willis Spencer, of New Straitsville, Ohio, will have a big job on his hands to handle at the same time the business end of the Flamingo and the football managership; but to judge from his remarkable work securing ads for the first three issues, he can and will do both jobs well.

Olney and Spencer, with a staff to be announced soon, will commence their work with the June issue.



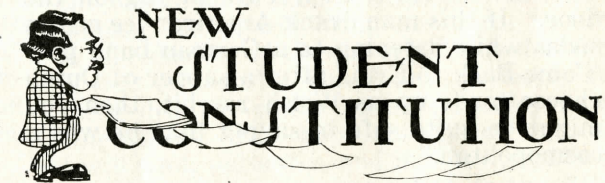
He pursues the unbroken tenor of his way, unimpressed by any of the movements that are literally tearing the existing order of society into atoms, that are trying to bring an orderly adjustment out of a world suspicious and exhausted. But they do not affect him, for he is the pet of society, tolerated by a usually demanding world.

What is this that has a right to intrude upon the orderly round of recitations, dinner parties, walking dates? Nothing but the challenge of new aspirations, new ambitions now animating groups of human beings who in the past have been dumb with ignorance or stupefied by oppression.

Socialism to this poor sequestered soul is the wholly preposterous ideal cherished only by the long-haired "radicals" whom he has never seen. Communism is the "Red terror" to be mentioned only in awed whispers. The Labor Movement is insolent opportunism. All this is predicated on the assumption that he has even these crude conceptions.

The rest of the world is going by, and the college student is going to be left far in the rear of world progress unless he begins to show an eagerness to learn what other people are doing and thinking, and what he can do to help make the path toward world democracy less torturous.

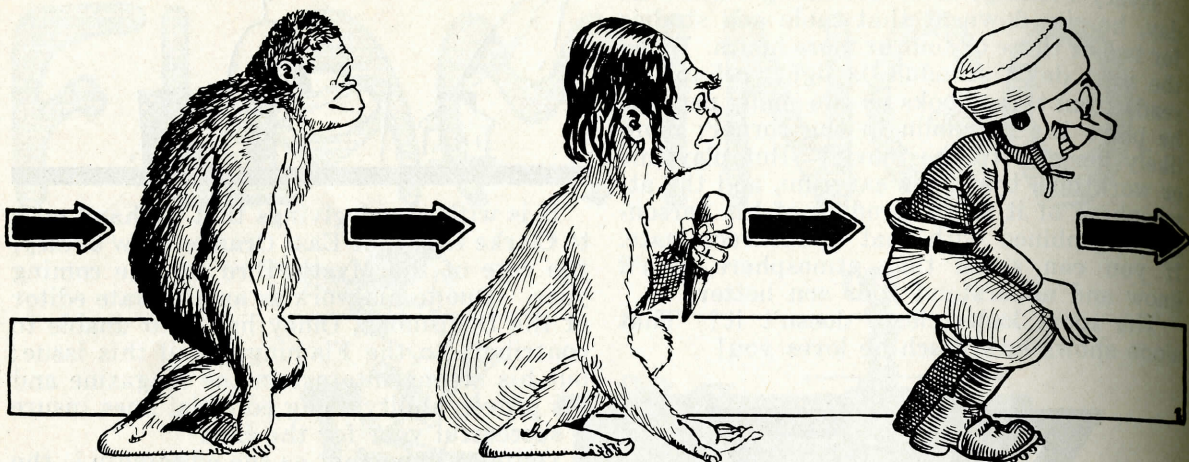
This is not a plea for radicalism, but an appeal for a passion for facts and willingness to face them.



The Mystic Bird roosts contentedly on his perch, and with no little satisfaction extends his congratulations to the men's student body. At last they have effected an understanding with the Faculty whereby they may conduct student affairs.

The new charter grants to the men all the powers that could be expected, if not all that could be desired. The constitution is strong, with several innovations in organization. But most important is the fact that responsibility has been definitely placed on the men. It is now on their shoulders, and must be assumed without quibbling.

The Bird looks with favor upon the new officers and council members. He urges upon them, however, a full realization of the responsibility entailed, for on them depends the success or failure of the venture. Best wishes to them.



A NEW VERSION OF ANTHROPOLOGY

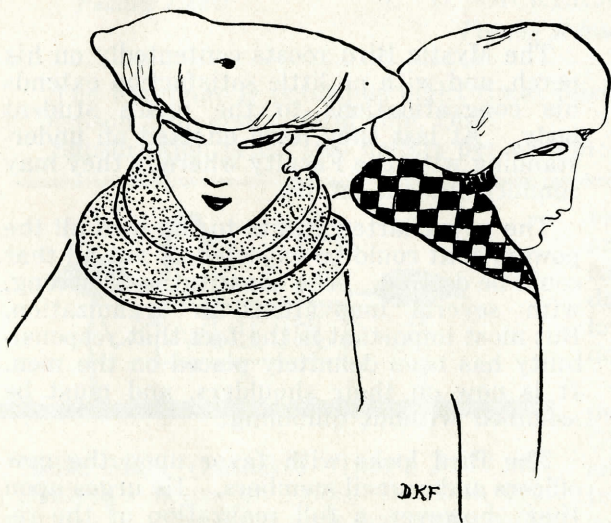
In a recent examination, a Freshman girl traced the development of Homo Sapiens as follows:

The Chimpanzee (*Troglodyte niger*); the Java Man (*Pithecanthropus erectus*); and the Wittenberg Man!

She meant Heidelberg, of course, but let it stand. Shall we add—Hombrinus footballius?

Prof—"What is a cosmopolitan?"

Stude—"Suppose there were a Russian Jew living in England with an Italian wife, smoking Egyptian cigarettes near a French window, in a room with a Turkish rug on the floor. If this man drank American ice cream sodas while listening to a German band play 'Come Back to Erin,' after a supper of Dutch cheese made up as Welsh rarebit, then you might be quite safe in saying that he was a cosmopolitan."



Kitty—"Days on which I have a date I eat scarcely a thing."

Katty—"How well you're looking!"

A DEEP ONE

"What is that on which we lie, on which we sit, and with which we brush our teeth?"

"I'll bite."

"A bed, a chair, and a tooth brush."

* * * * *

TAKE HIS NAME

Last summer a Denison book agent became infatuated with a certain young lyric soprano of ———, Pa. So effective were the darts of the waspish-headed son of Venus, rumor has it, that the Denison book agent—much to the credit of his sex—frequently went out to see the demi-goddess. They would beguile the time in music and dancing. Especially did he love to hear her sing, "The Magic of Your Eyes."

Then one evening, a memorable September evening, perhaps the last time they would ever meet on this mundane sphere, she sang for him that touching melody entitled, "Kiss Me Again."

Embarrassed, bewildered, scarcely knowing what to say and yet feeling that he must say something, the tender young book agent finally blurted out, "But I haven't kissed you at all, yet."

* * * * *

Rob—"Her skirt was the height of fashion."

Roy—"How high is that, please?"

The Evolution of An Intellectual.

By Clarke Olney, '22

What a struggle it has been! Four years of wearisome and thankless effort—by Gad, tho, it has been worth it!

A full fledged Intellectual at last, and a self-made one to boot. From a modest beginning with the elimination of "he don't" to the reading of "Main Street" (the Crowning Achievement or Last Straw), my rise has been slow but consistent.

By the end of the second year of my evolution into the category of the Intellectual I was able to state "It is I" without any perceptible hesitation. This accomplishment alone furnished sufficient impetus to carry me thru the last two years of my toilsome tribulation. At the end of year number three, when asked to criticize an amateur's literary attempt, I was able to opine, without even a quiver of nervousness (altho I must admit that there was a brief inward qualm) that it was "rather quaint." The delighted astonishment of my interlocutor more than repaid me for my unceasing self-discipline.

More noticeable and gratifying have been the improvements effected during the last year. False modesty (a most annoying trait, I assure you) has been suppressed, and I now find little or no difficulty in using expressions hitherto banned. "Stink," "Rotten," "Leg," and other frank words now find important place in my writing and conversation, and I get the true aesthetic kick from their use.

There are other changes more subtle (subtle) but hardly less important. My tastes in

literature have undergone remarkable transformation. No longer do I squander my time in the study of the stuck-in-the-mud classics of the Civil War period. New thots, new books, new poetry, new impressions, new systems of political or social economy; in fact all the up-to-the-minute products of the up-'till-midnight writers are my especial delight. The careful, sense-impressionless stuff of ten years ago—I find myself aghast at the thot of wading thru it all again. I crave larger and larger doses of modernism—verse, the freer the better, and expression the same.

But a vague uneasiness grips me. What shall be the end of us—the world's superfed-up? Are we on the peak of the cycle? How can we keep up the pace? There must be a limit to the production of prose—and verse-libre. Already the polish of its newness is being dimmed by the breath of time. Even sensuous adjectives are less appealing than at first. Wherein lies the solution?

I doubt, I tremble mentally (and all that sort of thing)—but my heart springs anew—over the crest of the hill of boredom comes an ever-growing army, the Intellectuals of the future, and on the banner which snaps in the breeze from their head is emblazoned the emblem which will bring new light to those in the shadow of the towering hillside. What is that emblem? Alas, I am too deeply submerged in the chilly fog of the valley to distinguish it. But hope springs eternal, and I will wait, patiently, and in a few months, it may be, renew my subscription to the Atlantic Monthly.

We understand that some of the brilliant young ladies of our fair institution think that "The Tempest," which is to be given on the Plaza, is another Greek play. We thought everyone knew that it was written by Ben Jonson.

* * * * *

"I know a man that has been married thirty years, and spends all his evenings at home."

"That's what I call true love."

"Oh, no, it's paralysis."

* * * * *

"How would you like a jam sandwich?" "Fine," said the doughboy, loosening his belt in anticipation.

"Well, here's two good slices of bread. Jam 'em together."

The head of the house was entertaining his son with stories of the Boer War.

"See this scar on my head?" said he. "That is where a bullet grazed me at the siege of Ladysmith."

The son took a long look at the glistening dome which his father bent down for inspection.

"There isn't much grazing there now, is there, pa?"

* * * * *

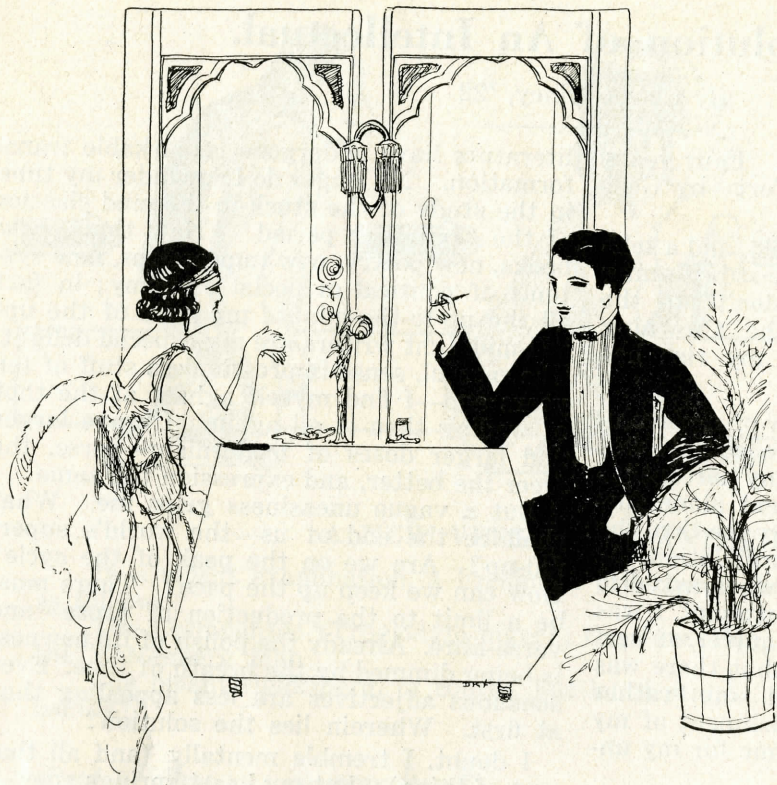
"What's the matter with you?"

"I swallowed a dime. Do you notice any change in me?"

* * * * *

Adelbert (jauntily)—"Would you like a nice partner for the next dance?"

Jane (innocently)—"Why, yes. Bring him up."



"O John, you are so tender tonight!"
 "Well, I ought to be. I've been in hot water all week at school."

ON GETTING UP FOR BREAKFAST

W. A. W., '24

Suppose you are up late at night, after having a good time during the evening. You start to prepare the next day's studies, but find it impossible to concentrate. You are tired, you are thinking of the evening's entertainment, and anyhow you don't feel like studying.

The thought occurs to you—"I'll go to bed now, set the alarm for five o'clock, and then get up and study." If you are a new hand at the game, you will be serious in the attempt. Those who have tried to do it will laugh at your earnestness.

Well, you set the alarm, crawl in between a couple of nice cold sheets, and in a short time are oblivious to the cares of a cruel world. About two minutes later you are awakened by a gentle purring in your ear. You reach over, still asleep, and turn off the alarm. Ages later you suddenly awake, rub your eyes, and look at the clock.

"My gosh! Is it that late? I never even heard the alarm. Gee, and I wanted to get that theme written, too."

You go on like this for some time, debating whether to get up or not. It's too late to get your studies out, and the bed never felt so good before in all your life. Indeed, it is a pleasure just to lie there and enjoy the luxury of complete laziness. You look at the clock again. It is six-twenty. Breakfast is served at six-thirty.

Then you debated in your mind whether or not to get up for breakfast. The bed feels mighty good. You are not particularly hungry, but you think of what they might have that morning for breakfast. Yesterday it was toast; the day before, pancakes; the day before that, waffles. What will they have this morning? Perhaps eggs—perhaps toast again. You wonder whether or not it will be worth getting up for.

It's all a gamble. If you do get up, they will have toast. If you lie in bed, they will have eggs. You say to yourself that you will lie in bed, which means that they will have eggs. Then you say, "Now as long as they're going to have eggs, I'll get up and get mine." So you jump up, hunt around the room and under the chairs for your clothes, slip rapidly into them, and dash down the hill to breakfast—to find that they're serving toast.

"Oh, well," you say, "this getting up early surely gives one an appetite." So you make the most of the frugal repast, never giving a thought to how badly you will be "smeared" during the day.

A real bull fight, featuring a genuine Andalusian bull and a Spanish toreador, will be staged during the Spring Carnival at Stanford University. The animal will be fed on raw meat for three days prior to the combat, while Senor T'Alert, the bull fighter, eats garlic and gunpowder.—Exchange.

Pshaw! Old stuff. Bull-throwing has been the favorite sport of certain Denisonians for the past ten years.

THE JUDGE DISAGREED

Prosecutor (hotly, after long debate)—
 "And I still maintain that the defendant is the biggest liar in the room!"

Judge (rapping for silence)—"Gentlemen! Gentlemen! You forget that I am here."



Frosh—"I want my hair cut."
 Enoch—"Any particular way?"
 Frosh—"Off."

He was a nincompoop from way out West where the hoptoads wink, and she, a virtuous maiden of sixteen summers, having spent her winters in Florida. They met by chance at college, and he escorted to an ice-cream parlor; but he didn't know how much of Casey's best to order. Finally he remembered his mathematics, and called for four quarts (4 qts.=1 gal.)

S. S. S.

"Now, Willie, what can you tell me about Ruth?" said the teacher encouragingly.
 "He cleaned up fifty-four home runs last season," piped Willie.

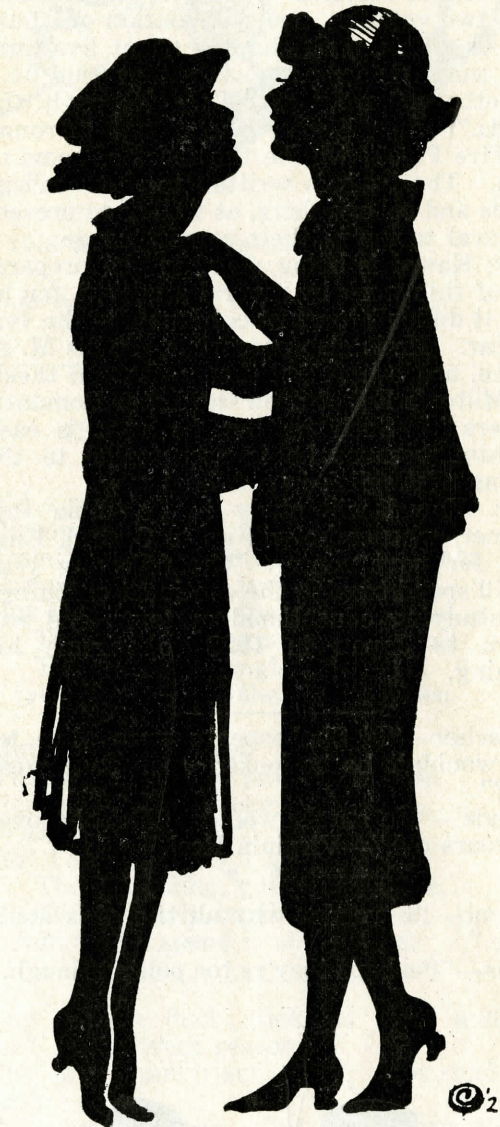
* * * * *

Boy—"She threw herself into the river. Her husband rushed to the bank."
 Teacher—"What did he rush to the bank for?"

Boy—"To get the insurance money."

* * * * *

"Was Harry in the opera?"
 "Yes, he had a leading part."
 "Oh! What did he do?"
 "He was an usher."



THE MODERN WOMAN

Two pretty girls met in the street and kissed each other rapturously. Two young men watched the meeting.

"There's another example," said one young man.

"Example of what?" asked the other.
 He pointed to the scene: "Women doing men's work."

DENISON SLANG IN JAPAN

Mr. Itsuji Kawai, a Japanese student who is taking post-graduate work in English, is preparing a book which he calls "American College Life." This book will contain samples of the conversation of students under various circumstances, and is an attempt to give Japan a comprehensive view of American college life and customs. The book will probably be in two volumes, and will contain one hundred chapters, each chapter about five hundred words in length. "Conversation at a Basketball Game," "A Walk Through the Woods," "In a Barber Shop," and "Around the Fire Place" will be the titles of some of them. The book is written to show college idioms and college slang, as well as to present technical terms in their correct usage.

Mr. Kawai is being aided in the preparation of this work by several students, for he finds it difficult to express himself in the vernacular. He is also preparing, for his M. A. degree, a one hundred thousand word thesis on "Milton's Effect upon the Later Romantic Writers." Such writing, he says, is easy for him, because he is accustomed to the writing of English in a formal way.

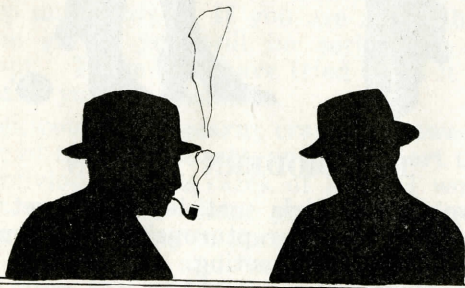
Mr. Kawai will study in Columbia this summer, whence he will go to Oxford, England, for next winter. The following year he will spend touring the continent of Europe and studying educational systems, and will return to Japan in 1923 to resume his teaching.

Teacher—"If Shakespeare were alive today, wouldn't he be looked upon as a great man?"

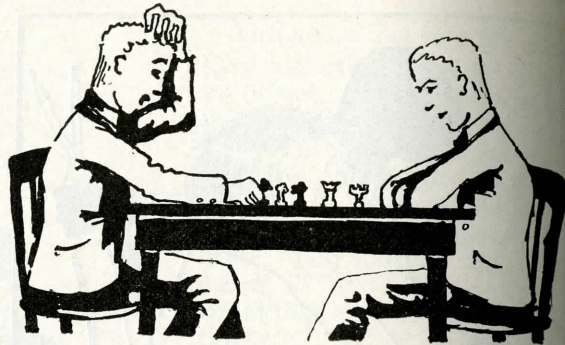
Stude—"He surely would. He'd be over 300 years old."—Virginia Reel.

Dumb—"I wonder why all the girls smile at me."

Ape—"Perhaps they're too polite to laugh."



"Is pants singular or plural?"
"If a man wears them, it's plural."
"And if he doesn't—?"
"It's singular."



CHESS NUTS

* * * * *

Upon the beach she held my hand;
I let my soul-felt pleadings flow;
I coaxed, I begged, I swore, but yet—
That doggone crab would not let go.

* * * * *

BEING SPECIFIC

Pompous Senator—"I have been told that I have a great deal of poise."

Erring Son—"Sure you have, dad. Avoirdupois."

* * * * *

THEN THE FUN BEGAN

Prof—"Give me a descriptive sentence containing the word 'senior'."

Bright Pupil—"Well, I seen your homely wife yesterday."

* * * * *

Jerry—"I hear that Ruth Newlywed worships her husband."

Jim—"Yes, she places burnt offering before him three times a day."

* * * * *

"I think I'll call you Miss Revenge, Its aptness can't be beat."
"Why call me that?" she frowned. Quoth he, "Because 'revenge is sweet'."

* * * * *

First—"He put his arm around me five times last night."

Second—"Some arm!"

* * * * *

"Do you know Max?"

"Max who?"

"Max no difference."

* * * * *

"Why does Helen wear that riding costume so much?"

"I suppose it's because it's a habit."

Bored—"Are you a mind reader?"
Bore—"Yes."
Bored—"Can you read my mind?"
Bore—"Yes."
Bored—"Then why don't you go there?"

TAKE THIS TO HEART

Instructor—"Young man, you're the first one that ever went to sleep in my lectures."

Frosh—"Well, you gave me the dope, didn't you?"

Teacher—"If Shakespeare were alive today, wouldn't he be looked upon as a great man?"

Stude—"He surely would. He'd be over 300 years old."

* * * * *

Soph—"Where have you been?"

Frosh—"To the cemetery."

Soph—"Anyone dead?"

Frosh—"All of them."



"Why is it that a man always has to wait for a woman?"

"Didn't Adam have to wait until Eve was made up?"

TO LALAGE

(Best Regards to Horace)

If I a poet were
Or could sing with poet's praise,
I would not spend my days and nights
Composing foolish lays;
But I would spend them all on thee,
Thou bubbling, gurgling Lalage,
Thou sweetly laughing Lalage,
I fain would spend them all on thee.

But I am not a poet
That can sing thy praise in verse,
For I am but a lovelorn youth
With meager, scanty purse.
But I would spend it all on thee,
Thou bubbling, gurgling Lalage,
Thou sweetly laughing Lalage,
I fain would spend it all on thee.

Why does a duck stick its head under water? For divers reasons.

Why does it pull it out again? For sundry reasons.

Those are old gags. But if you were taking a course in Money and Banking, you would say that a duck sticks his head under water to liquidate its bill, and draws it out again to make a run on the bank.

* * * * *

"My wife would make a good congressman."

"How come?"

"She's always introducing bills into the house."



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(Cont. from page 10.)

In this age of progress it is no more than natural that dreams should keep pace with colleges, street cars, and dogs in changing their standards and applications. So it is not surprising to note that the once famous pipe dream is rapidly giving way to the more modern and effective Cigarette Dream. Recent investigations, conducted in Kansas under strictly prohibition conditions with Home Run cigarettes (adv.), have proved beyond doubt the efficacy of the cigarette dream. A smoker, upon inhaling the narcotic fumes of a cigarette, first experiences an unsightly efflorescence of the gills, but soon after lapses into a rosy state of mind in which he conceives of all his lessons as fully prepared. Thus it is coming to be said that a cigarette smoked is worth two lessons studied.

The value of this new species of dream can readily be appreciated by permanent fussers, movie fiends, and slaves of Newark's seductive call; and it is even rumored that its use has not stopped here, unless a substitute has been discovered. For a new odor has been said to be succeeding that of midnight oil in Sem rooms whose occupants come forth with that optimistic attitude so symbolic of prepared work. Domestic Science artists claim it to be the odor of burning toast; but per-

haps it is instinctive in them to talk in terms of the kitchen—and there are other things than bread that lay claim to being toasted. It is hinted that someone has been lucky enough to strike a solution of the preparedness problem.

Thus we find dreams woven throughout the fabric of our existence. Day Dreams, Nightmares, and Cigarette Dreams, with their pleasures and their pitfalls, encounter us on every hand, offering those who recognize their nature and habits ample opportunities for profit.

TO —

Were I a poet known to fame
I swear, my love, I'd make thy name
To rank with that of fair Lenore,
Immortalized by Poe of yore.

And though thy name may ne'er go down
In history, or gain renown,
I'll breath it with my parting breath,
Then close my eyes and smile at death.
—E. T. O.

The fellow who plays poker
Should take this fact to heart:
His ante and his uncle
Will not be far apart.

Description of the Day.

When the dark shadows of the night diffuse
And the last twinkling star has guttered out,
The soft cool gray of early morning breaks,
And streaks of silver light gleam in the sky
To crown the hazy crest of eastern hills.
The morning thus announced, the radiant sun
In all his amber glory rises up
To light the world and call the birds to song;
Like diamonds scattered on the sloping green
And clinging to the foliage of the trees
The dew, in myriads of changing hues,
Now bathes the waking face of mother earth.

Phoebus drives his chariot through the sky
And makes the day. But oh, what sights
must meet

His wandering eye, his spacious gaze, as on
This panoramic journey, traveling o'er
His solitary way, he goes from east
To west through silver clouds and canopy!
Here mountains lift their peaks to rarer space
And, snow-clad, catch his all-absorbing light
In dazzling glory, earth's celestial brow
To crown with wreaths of pearl and lonely
white.

There virgin forests cling to rolling hills,
The home of ranging beasts and singing
birds,
Where towering trees lift high their boughs
to his

Invigorating warmth; or storming seas
Beat wrathfully against the shoals and crags,
Or reach away to other distant lands,
Embracing all the length and breadth of
space.

Vast deserts stretch in yellow waves of sand,
A barren, lifeless world which throbs with
heat,

From his enflamed chariot above.
Here quiet streams meander through the
plains
And nourish valley lands, or tumble through

Daughter—"Well, anyway, Daddy, my
mind is made up."
Father—"Good heavens, Dorothy! Is that
artificial too?"

* * * * *

One of the political science professors, in
commenting on "Who Am I and What?,"
which appeared in the last issue of the M. B.,
said that it resembled a large hoofed and
horned herbivorous quadruped of about
twelve hundred pounds' weight.

The hills to turn the many mills for man.

Nor is this all that Phoebus sees as he,
With ceaseless pace, keeps moving on his
way;

But Man himself, the creature of the earth,
Is seen in every seething state of life,—
Raping these high mountain walls for gold,
And hewing down these mighty forest trees
To build his home and shelter him from
storm;

Or setting ships a-sail upon the seas
To mould the east and west and north and
south

And bring the world together all at once;
Here crossing deserts wide on iron ways,
There herding flocks in valleys and on plains,
And building cities on the edge of streams.
He sees the rich man gloat in luxury,
The begging pauper at a neighbor's door;
He sees the poor man rise to wealth and fame,
And kings by rebels hurled from off their
thrones;

He sees injustice wrought on every hand,
And acts of mercy, though they pass
unknown.

Yes, every force of nature, everything
That man has done, all in one day he sees.

Then Phoebus' journey ends, as flaming
bright

He sets the western sky aglow, and sinks
Behind the hills in a melange of rose,
Purple and gold—a momentary spell
Of glory all untold, which, e'er a bird
Can sing his evening chant, fades fast away.
And then amid the gathering shadows, dusk,
The tender arm of night, resumes his sway,
And vanquishes the last surviving light;
And high up in the darkest pool of space
A star, the last to linger in the dawn,
Is first to hail the coming of the night.

"Yessir," howled the prizefighter, "he tried
to tickle me in that last clinch. Lemme at
'im; I got a good notion to poke 'im one."

* * * * *

Stranger—"Baby see bowwow?"
Boston Baby—"My visual powers are centered
upon the canine, but I fail to observe
anything unusual."

* * * * *

She—"I object to hearing girls called
'skirts'."

He—"O, there's not much to that."

(Cont. from page 12.)

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discouragements, has swallowed an unpalatable worm, and then, instead of lying quietly until the conversation is terminated, makes a conspicuous bolt for liberty. How annoying it was before my last invention was perfected, while reclining completely at ease on cushions carefully placed, to be compelled to pull in a four-ounce sucker, restore him to his element, and place upon the hook a fresh worm. Perhaps the worm did not appreciate the exigencies of the occasion, and insisted upon wriggling so that the only way to get him on the hook was repeatedly to pierce his body, instead of sliding him over the barb as a stocking is drawn on. The sight of the resulting loops marred my sense of the fitness of things. Also, I am sure that the loop method is always more disagreeable to the worm.

If, goaded to desperation by the gibes and taunts of unsympathetic persons, I rashly bring home half a dozen little pike, purchased from a boy friend of mine, I am in sore difficulties. Unfortunately fish, like many vegetables, have to be cleaned before they can be cooked. More than anything else in the whole world, with the possible exception of returning a call, I dislike to clean fish. Invariably I cut my hands and stick my fingers on the bones; moreover, when the job is completed, I have something less than a pound of meat out of about four pounds of fish, at an expense of hours of disagreeable toil.

Why, then, should one have the ever-so-littlest desire to catch fish when a-fishing? How absurd!

GOOD BIZZINESS

"I wish I was as religious as Abie."
"And vy?"

"He clasps his hands so tight in prayer, he can't get them open ven der collection box comes aroundt."—Voo Doo.

* * * * *

Judge—"Who brought you here?"

Drunk—"Two policemen."

Judge—"Drunk, I suppose?"

Drunk—"Yes, sir, both of them."
—Virginia Reel.

* * * * *

FORE!

Mother—"Johnny, if you eat any more you'll burst."

Kid—"All right; pass the cake and get out of the way."—Chaparral.

* * * * *

Frater—"Did you see 'The Return of Peter Grimm'?"

Pledge—"No. I didn't even know he went out."

Souveniring

By Ernest C. Brelsford, '24

Of all the customs and fads which are typically American, none stands out more prominently than that of souvenir collecting. The American souvenir hunter is to be found in every corner of the world, and at any time from January through June and July to December. When the weather gets uncomfortable in northern Canada, where he is increasing his collection with small bits of the fur of the "most unusual fox" trapped during the "coldest winter for the last ten years," he migrates south to Palm Beach, where he pesters millionaires for their autographs or combs the beach in the hope of finding an unusual shell. He is always present at an auto wreck, shoving through the crowd to grab a small piece of a spoke or a headlight "for his memory book," as he explains to the bystanders; and a fire would not seem complete if he were not there looking for something to "remember it by."

If we attempt to visualize our souvenir hunter, we immediately plunge into serious difficulties, for so many are the types and so varied their appearance that a characterization of any one would be inadequate as a representation of the entire species.

A chance to see "really the best collection you've ever run across" is seldom lacking, for our friend is always willing and eager to display his spoils. And they are indeed as unusual as they are varied, and no two collections ever resemble each other.

We may imagine our globe trotter having in a few friends for the evening. With a patronizing smile, which seems to imply that he realizes that everyones fortune cannot equal his, he starts passing around his wonders.

"That little piece of china, which a friend in Japan gave me, came from a cup in a set given by the King of France in 1534 to his daughter-in-law's cousin in Spain. The small splinters of wood with the letters in black ink were initialed for me by the winner of a royal boat race in England, who split his oar to provide souvenirs for myself and a number of other curio seekers who were present. O yes! I got that picture from a dealer in Vienna. It formerly graced the walls of a prison during the French Revolution, and scores of condemned men gazed upon it as they went to their death."

But the professional globe trotter is not the only person who has the collecting mania. Anyone who has eaten in a college fraternity house has been impressed, if not awed, by

the cosmopolitanism of the silverware. A heavy solid silver knife from the Hotel Statler at Buffalo rests beside a weary looking fork from the Southern Hotel in Kansas City. Nearby, two spoons marked "L. & N. Railway" and "Clyde S. S. Lines" lie side by side in perfect amity. Indeed, if the traveling brothers have been even moderately successful, a few unusually fine salt shakers or even a sugar bowl may glisten in splendor from the center of the table.

Souvenir hunting, or, to coin a word, "souveniring," has been a characteristic of the American people too long to die out quickly. It has been one of their traits in all places
(Cont. on page 28.)

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DRUGS and
BOOKS

(Cont. from page 27.)

and at all times, and is no respecter of persons. We are told that an American soldier, at the funeral of a Chinese official, cut a piece from the coffin while the eyes of the mourners were closed in prayer—"just to show the folks at home," as he said later.

Since the War, it has frequently been remarked that the French and the other Allies went into the thick of the battle to fight for their respective countries, and the American to gather souvenirs. And indeed, although the American was the sturdiest of fighters, he had always one eye on the lookout for new articles to add to his collection of curios.

When we see the newly arrived foreigner, with his own practices and ideas; when he observes customs that are strange or annoying to us; when we curse the stupidity of other nations—let us try to remember the patience which the other peoples of the world have shown to the international souvenir hunter—the American.

No, Maria, an apiary is not a monkey-house.

(Cont. from page 15.)

ourselves of the flourishing state of the custom of bread-throwing, we need only visit certain lodges where it is the order of the evening (nay, the necessity of the times) to duck adroitly after committing a pun at the table. Or we need only visit some college boarding-places, or go on class stunts, to note the observance of the custom in all its blithe and primitive vigor; when members of the party, either for want of exercise or from earnest disagreement in views, fling the bread with all the abandon of our Neanderthal fathers.

We are forced to believe, then—and indeed we think it most gratefully—that not all the treasures of the ages have been reduced to insignificant, stupid symbols. Hat-raising and cane-carrying may be examples of decline of racial vigor; but while bread-throwing lasts in its North American form, we may still feel that civilization is safe, and not in danger of becoming too effete.

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(Cont. from page 9.)

hers; but the eyes—oh! such eyes, like glimpses of Paradise! No, it couldn't be Suzanne; she always wore smoked glasses.

Nevertheless, it was a lady in distress; and Roscoe shook off these reflections with a mighty shimmy. But when, a moment later, the trembling figure collapsed of a sudden into a pathetic little heap on the table, Roscoe's embarrassment and perplexity knew no bounds. Here was a distressed lady who had fainted and needed attention, and at the same time there lurked somewhere in the room a vicious villain who must be captured and brought to justice. What should he do? Ten minutes of careful deliberation brought the answer. The lady needed immediate attention, so he would care for her now, and punish the villain later. But with wise foresight he first called up the chief of police and asked him to detail a dozen men for the emergency. Then, grabbing the lady by the hair, he tucked her under his arm, trotted out to the front yard, and dropped her under a tree.

How to bring her to was his next problem. As never before, he regretted not having been a Boy Scout. But Roscoe was ingenious. He ran thrice around the tree, stood on his head, and recited love sonnets—all to no avail. Meanwhile the police had arrived, and were searching the house—overturning beds, looking under carpets, and shaking out the bed clothes. No villain could they find, and at last they abandoned the search as useless.

"He has vanished into thin air," reported the chief to Roscoe and the lady, who, upon a few swallows from Roscoe's flask, had regained consciousness, and was now finishing the contents of the bottle.

"Oh, I'm so glad," she cried. "I wouldn't want you to hurt him; he didn't mean it."

What a noble and generous spirit to display, thought Roscoe, gazing fondly on his peerless Suzanne—for in her slightly intoxicated condition he recognized her without effort. And he edged up a little closer to her—and a little closer.

Suzanne will never wear smoked glasses again. The "Q" Varsity was defeated without Roscoe—but what a lot of happiness he would have missed had he never seen Suzanne's naked eyes!

Of course, Dear Reader, you guessed long ago that the terrible villain was—a mouse!

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Florence—"Drink to me only with thine eyes."

Florenz—"I'm sorry, dear, but I left my glasses at home."

Hi—"You see, we built the pig-sty near our house."

Dr.—"But don't you know that that is decidedly unhealthy."

Hi—"Oh that's all right, the pigs ain't been sick yet."—Medley.

SWEET DREAMS

Sambo—"Say, Rastus, somethin' funny happened to me las' night."

Rastus—"Dat so?"

Sambo—"Yas, las' night I dreamed I was eatin' shredded wheat an' when I woke up half my mattress was gone."—Burr.

* * * * *

"Just think, old top, in Japan you can get a wife for fifty cents."

Well, a good wife's worth it."—Jester.

* * * * *

Sentinel—"Halt! Who goes there?"

Voice—"Private Smith."

Sentinel—"You can't get away with that because I am Private Smith."—Judge.

* * * * *

Scene—Lecture Room.

Time—11:58.

(Shuffling of feet, rattle of coppers, audible sighs of "Let's go.")

Professor (wearily)—"Just a moment, gentlemen, I have yet a few pearls to cast."

—Goblin.



NOT A DRY PAGE IN IT!

(Cont. from page 6.)

Teddy looked up at his mother and smiled; she cuddled him closer and said, "You're still my own little baby, Teddy dear, and I'm so happy."

This was too much for Teddy.

"I'm not your baby, I'm my Daddy Dick's big man, aren't I, Daddy?"

"Yes, Sonny," said his father; and the machine made another dive.



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SANITATION

Willie pushed his sister Nell
 In the family drinking well.
 Mother couldn't find her daughter,
 Now we sterilize our water.—Cracker.

* * * * *

A lady who suffered from phthisis,
 When asked by her lover for khthisis,
 Said, "I've such a cough
 You had better go ough
 And be courting some healthier mhthisis.
 —Jester.

* * * * *

Gov't School Inspector—"Is there any
 playground here?"
 Rural Teacher—"Nothing except a few
 cases of smallpox."—Goblin.

* * * * *

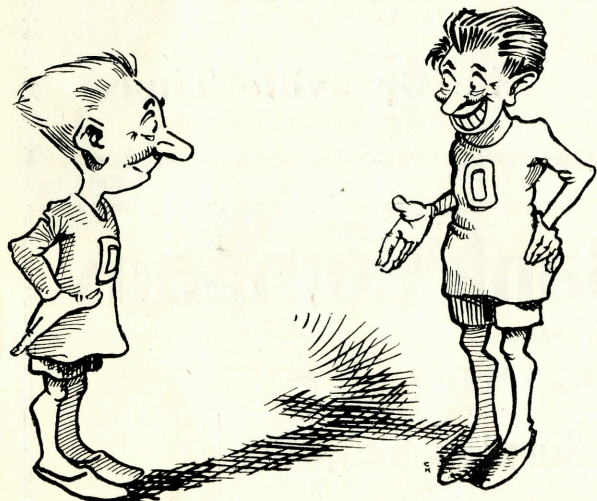
Jean—"You look all run down."
 Jenny—"Yes, the dressmaker was here all
 day, and I had one fit after another."

* * * * *

Harvard—"Oh, deah me, his tautology is
 so odious!"
 Princeton—"He talks like a fish!"
 Yale—"What a hell of a line!"—Record.

* * * * *

The bishop remarked that some one had a
 blank, expressionless face.
 The inspired printer rendered it, "a
 expressionless face."—Linotype.



Denison—"Well, Ott, you gave us a good
 run for our money."
 Otterbein—"Yes, we were s(Peden) right
 along for a while, weren't we?"

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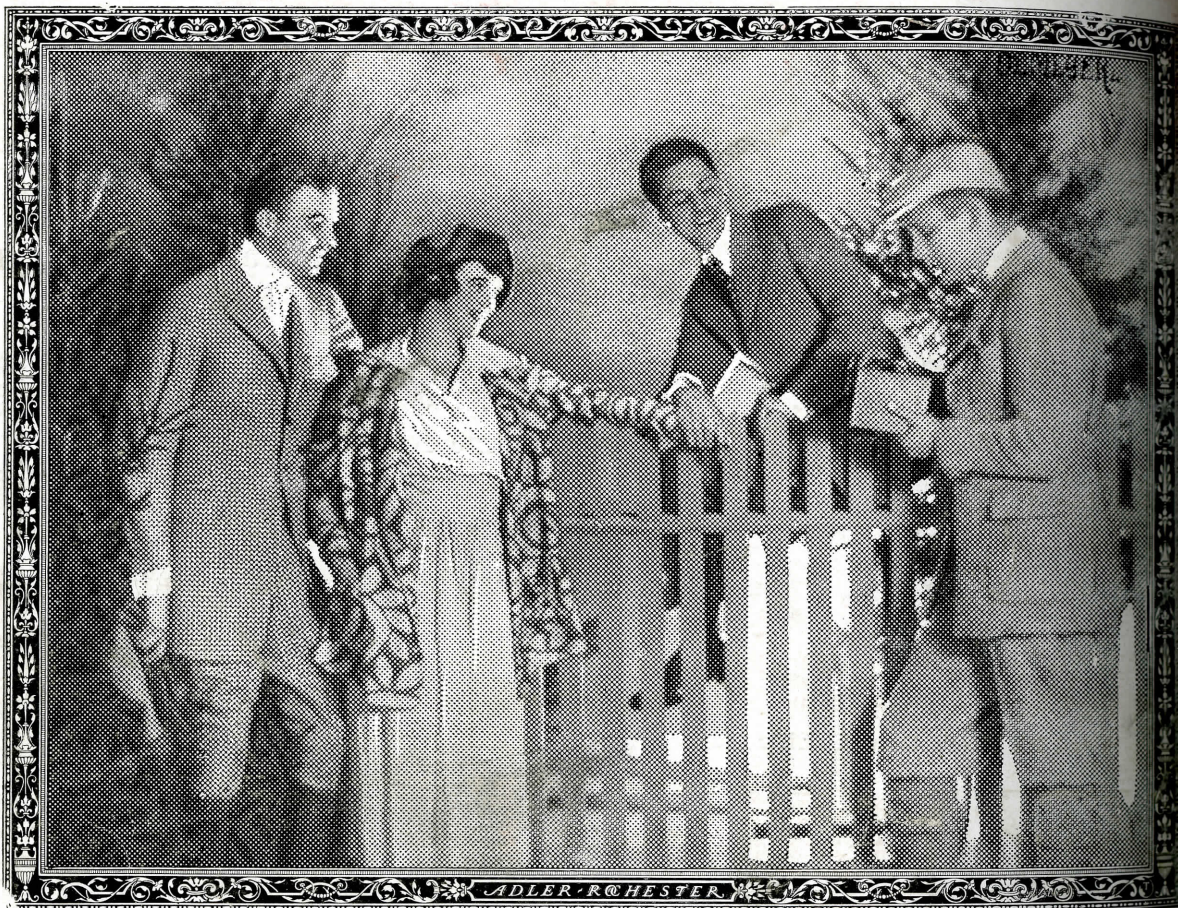
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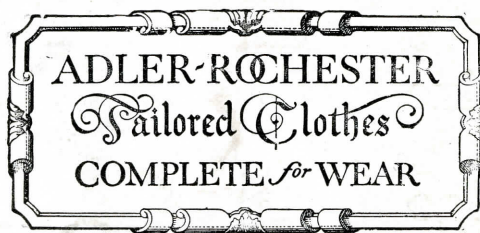
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