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Flamingo Vol. II N 2

Clyde Keeler
Denison University

Charles L. Williams
Denison University

Paul Verlaine
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George Wayland Bennett
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Flamingo Vol. II N 2

Authors

Clyde Keeler, Charles L. Williams, Paul Verlaine, George Wayland Bennett, Dorothy McCutcheon, Grace Williams, and William G. Mather

FLAMINGO
NOV. 1921



DAD'S
DAY

CLYDE

Your Search for Perfect Ice Cream Ends at the Store Where

MOORES & ROSS

The Cream of Creams

IS SOLD.

When you try it, your standard for Ice Cream
is forever established.

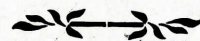
THE DEALER WHO SELLS

MOORES & ROSS
The Cream of All Creams

IN GRANVILLE IS

P. J. Cordon

The place of Quality and Service.



TREAT DAD

— T O —

Patsy's Special Chicken Dinner and Mrs. Mitchel's Famous Pie.

Sunday Chicken Dinner at 12 o'clock.

Lunch delivered to the Sem. at any time—just call 8620.

Patsy's "Famous" Hot Cakes every morning 6:00 — 9:30 A. M.

To Denison Students--



I thank you for your liberal patronage during the past few weeks and wish to further state, I have some excellent pictures booked at **THE OPERA HOUSE** for the coming days. At anytime you can visit this theatre and be assured good entertainment.

At my Newark theatres, **THE ALHAMBRA** always plays good photoplays and at **THE AUDITORIUM** some of the Road shows booked include

"KISSING TIME" — Saturday, Nov. 19th

"THE GREENWICH VILLAGE FOLLIES" — Nov. 21st

Florence Reed in "THE MARAGE" — Nov. 26th

The Sensational New York Success "THE BAT" for two days Dec. 5th and 6th. Al G. Field's Minstrels and others.

Again thanking you, I am

Yours for Clean Amusement,

GEO. M. FENBERG.

First—"I sure felt tickled today."

Second—"How's that?"

First—"Mother just sent me my woolen underwear."—Puppet.

Mother—"Whoever taught you to use those dreadful words?"

Tommy—"Santa Claus, mamma."

Mother—"Santa Claus?"

Tommy—"Yes, mamma. When he fell over a chair in my room on Christmas Eve."

—Crescent.

THE FLAMINGO

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Vol. II NOVEMBER, 1921 No. 2

H. E. Lamson

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**Drugs and
Books**



Denison Customs We Don't Want Revived



The team appearing on the field in any such togs as Livy wore back in '07 when he captained the Big Red Varsity.

Flamingo

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

As To Reading Biography

By Dr. Charles L. Williams

It is as natural for us to believe in great men as it is for us to breathe. It is as healthful for us to be interested in them as it is for rose-bushes to be interested in sunlight. There is nothing we know so well as we do our own experience of life and there is nothing we are more eager to learn from others than their own experience of life.

The noblest object we can have in studying literature is to extend our knowledge of human nature with its actions, its reactions, its hates, its loves, its fears, its hopes and there is no form of literature that contributes to this high end in a more interesting and fascinating way than do biographies if they are written as they ought to be, if they are truthful as to content and in a style that is attractive. They are the literature of individual human life. In them real persons are made to live again for us by the magic touch of the skilled biographer.

No class of great men are more worthy of being made the subject of biography than those in whom the finest qualities of human life are found happily balanced. They are the broadly human men. They appeal to all classes. They have the note of universality. To read the lives of such men is richly rewarding. A biography of this type is Rothschild's "Lincoln, Master of Men," in which the author with painstaking accuracy and unflinching clearness shows how Mr. Lincoln by his breadth, tact, and strength overcame the principal men he was brought into conflict or competition with during his public life.

A young man desiring to become a minister of the Gospel may learn from lectures or books on homiletics and pastoral theology what is involved in being a successful minister but he will be able to gain a more vivid and stimulating idea of what belongs to his chosen profession if he reads such a work as Allen's "Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks." He will be made to realize that it pays for even geniuses, with the ministry in view, to secure the very best intellectual equipment they can for their future work. If he has sense enough to be a minister, he will be made to realize also that it is simply impertinent folly for a preacher to address himself to cultivated brains in the pew when he has only uncultivated brains in his head and that piety, whether sappy or seasoned, cannot be made a substitute for trained intellect in these days.

The inner meaning, the animating spirit, of a great historical event is best revealed in the wisely written life of the most influential man connected with that event. Such a man became powerful by his part in making the event powerful. Carlyle's "Oliver Cromwell" gives us the clearest insight we can gain into the very soul of the great Puritan Revolution in England. All that was distinctively characteristic of that epochal event, with its noble passion for liberty, as well as its ignorable intolerance, has been focussed for us in Cromwell, England's uncrowned king. He was "Puritanism armed and in power."

Those biographies that describe in detail and with monotonous praise only the virtues of a great man are as unwholesome as those Sunday School novels of the past picturing the lives of little boys who were so good they were unnatural. The angels in the Bible are the least interesting persons there. They have no individuality. We do not know a great man if we do not know his faults as well as his virtues. We cannot have a just conception of a poet if we are familiar with his masterpieces only. No shrewd man in the real estate business would buy a dwelling house if he saw only the side facing the street. We feel all the more our kinship with a great man when we know the mistakes he has made as well as the excellence he has achieved.

We have a good example of this in McGiffert's "Martin Luther—the Man and His Work." With an understanding and courageous pen the author pictures the egregious blunders of this dynamic Saxon but with equal truthfulness he shows that the good which Luther did, both in quantity and quality, far exceeded the evil he did. Martin Luther did not want to be idealized into an immaculate saint for he knew that could not be done without lying about him. He was honest and brave enough to be willing that the world should know the whole truth in regard to him. The same has been true of every other man great enough to be a world-hero.

There is a large class of excellent biographies having special interest for college students. One of the best among these is "Life and Letters of Benjamin Jowett" by Abbott and Campbell. Jowett was the famous Master of Balliol College in Oxford University. Although John Bright described Oxford as "the home of the dead languages and of undying prejudice," Jowett was very much alive and so progressive that he won the honor of being regarded as a dangerous heretic in ultra-conservative Oxford. He was a creative personality. For nearly half a century no other man in all the twenty-one colleges of the University equalled him in his quickening influence on the undergraduate mind. He had just enough of amiable and unconscious eccentricities to make him an interesting and refreshing character. He was a Humanist who was also very human. For a gifted and receptive student to be in personal contact with the Master of Balliol three or four years was in itself the best part of his university education, and those who read this biography of Jowett are delighted as they are able to trace the reasons for this on the illuminating pages of such a work.

KYRIE ELEISON

By Paul Verlaine

(Translated from the French by G. W. B.)

Have pity on us, Savior,
Christ have pity on us.

Give us the honor and the victory
O'er the Enemy of all,
Have pity on us Savior.

Make us more sweet, increase our faith in
Thee,
And free us from sin's beckoning call.
Christ have pity on us.

And sift us Harvester, so carefully,
Lest one of us perchance, you miss,
Have pity on us Savior.

For this we supplicate on bended knee—
Reveal to us thru Faith, thy bliss,
Christ have pity on us.

Oh Lord, thru Love, reveal to us thy face,
With lowly heart to Thee we pray,
Have pity on us Savior.

Thru Hope, our Master, bless us with thy
grace,
Guide us into the heavenly way,
Christ have pity on us.

Have pity on us Savior!

MYSTERY

O Mystery! by thee alone
And with thy solitary tone
Are we bound to this world.

The sunset glow, crowning the crest
Of westward hills, putting to rest
The wakeful world of life.

O Nature, thou art Mystery
And ev'ry bird and ev'ry tree
And Man is Myst'ry too.

What Power is behind thy sway
In every night and ev'ry day
That keeps thee moving on?

Art thou, O Nature, ruled by God;
Or what else canst thou be but God—
We wonder, but who knows?

SAVORY

If you don't use our Soaps for Heaven's
Sake use our Perfumes.

TO YOU

From the window of my room
I may see so many things;—
Living trees and gilded rain
Jewelled ferns—or dreams of kings.

Mothers, heartaches, broken smiles,
One white, fluttering autumn leaf,
Life and laughter, golden hours,
Fragrant, keen-eyed, poignant grief.

From the window of my room
All unmoved these things I view
But my heart leaps, wildly glad
At a fleeting sight of you. —R.

THE PASSION FLOWER

On tops of hills and in the rocky clefts,
There grows the mountain pink, a lovely
flower
Of gorgeous hue, among the rocks bereft
Of other brave companions, where they
tower
Towards the azure sky.

That brilliant flower is like a mottled rug
That's sprinkled o'er with dust of crimson
stars;
Like rubies, lighted from within, and dug
From out the self-same rocks, they grow
like bars
Of red-hot hammered iron.

With sturdy scarlet color, like a flame,
It stands an emblem of its constancy.
And I would have as token to proclaim
To you, my love shall likewise constant be,
The crimson passion flower. —Q.

NOVEMBER

Pensive month, November—thoughtful now
When every painted leaf has fled the bough.
When olive-drab is fading gray on hill,
And thru the valley vistas while they fill
With ample drifts of leather colored leaves,
A penny for the thoughts November weaves.

I wonder if she dreads the snow-white frock
That Winter soon will spin from out her stock
Of tenuous lacy things, or may it be
The Indian summer charms enticingly
With gaudy colors to remember,
Making pensive drab November?
—G. W. B.

STORM

A grey and sullen sky whose copper clouds
Stain'd at the rim a low'ring, eerie blue
Swirl hurriedly alone in mad array
Like frenzied, fleeing gnomes from unknown
climes

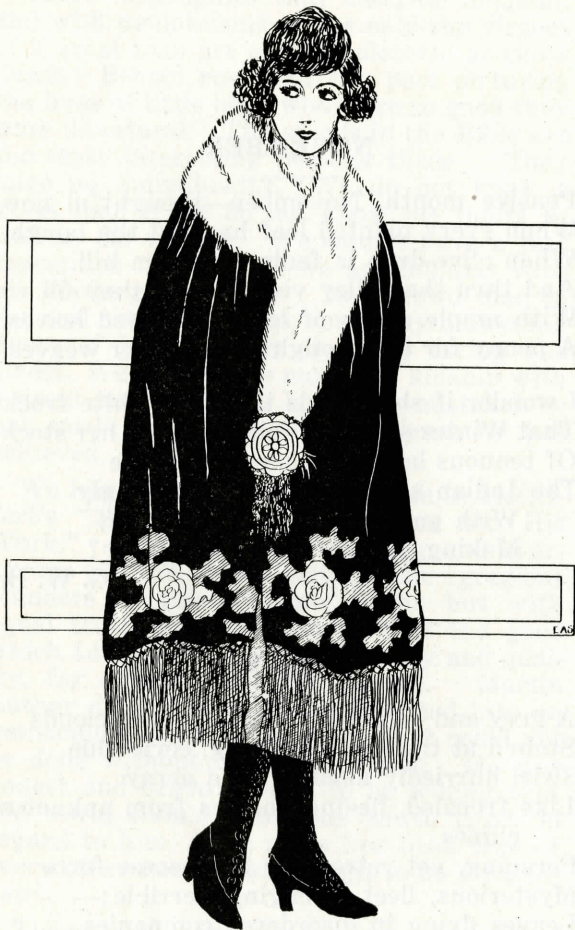
Persuing, yet retreating from some force
Mysterious, fleet, avenging, terrible;—
Leaves flying in disordered companies
Across the stricken, purple-leadened plain,
As if the spirits in them sought to be
Loosed from the withered bonds that
tethered them;—

A great and solitary forest oak
Which, through the centuries has bravely
stood

Contending valiantly with time and storm
Now tossed, his mighty coronet bows low
Before the mightier sceptre of the winds.
The tempest, loud exulting its domain
Holds all in thrall. And in the rise and swell
Of its triumphant singing melody
The melody of all things may be heard.
Oh winds! The man-made mists, bewildering,
black

That close beset my fearful, beating heart
Take thou from me. Renew my fainting
soul—

Make me aware of that great symphony. —R.



"What do you think of that? Now that I have bought a car I can't find a good driver."
 "It's tough luck to spend three thousand dollars and have nothing to chauffeur it."

There are two classes of students: those who sit and think, and those who sit.

A freshman, having completed his first year in college, and thus thinking he had accomplished the greatest feat of his life, paused one day before a certain stone slab on the Denison campus, and with contempt regarded this well known inscription:

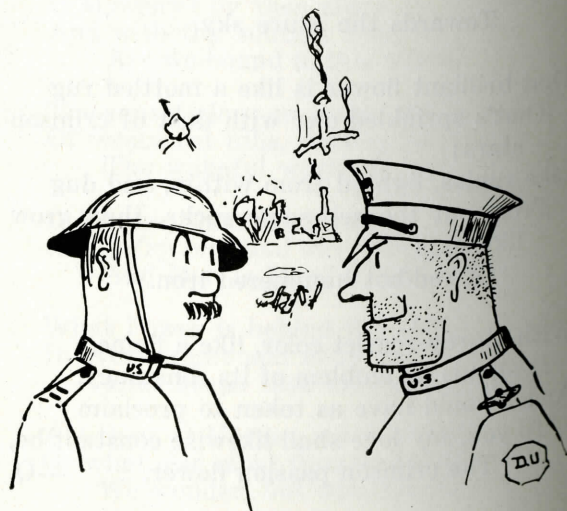
"Languages are the keys to science; he who hates one despises the other."

With deep sincerity, he thought to himself: "Ah, how much truth there is in this."

Father Time says that the English language is called the Mother Tongue because father never gets a chance to use it.

NO DOUBT!

The other day
 When I happened to be
 Nosing about in Denison's
 Justly famed library
 I noticed a fellow
 Sitting at one of
 The conveniently
 Located tables whose
 Quiet action and dignified
 Expression
 Made me think that he
 Was some distinguished
 Senior with whom I
 Had failed to get
 Acquainted.
 The sweater covering
 The broad expanse of
 His manly bosom
 Was unadorned by any
 High School letter and
 This served to heighten the
 Impression.
 But when he finally
 Picked up the book
 He had been reading
 And filled out the
 Card in the
 Little pocket in back
 Of the book and left
 It at the desk on
 The way out I realized
 That he was just
 Another Freshman after
 All.



Col. Knut—"Now, Captain, the enemy are as thick as peas. What are you going to do?"
 Blooming Capt.—"Shell 'em, Colonel, shell 'em."

Ready-Made Reputations

By D. M.

Lucky is he who can blaze the way through college for his brothers. He has his own record to make, his own standards to set up, and he is not subject to the inevitable application of that old law of comparison and contrast.

But many are the trials of the afflicted person who comes to college with a ready-made reputation to sustain. That is, of course, if he belongs to the great mass who experience difficulty in keeping up a fair average of attainment.

Woe unto him who is preceded by brother John, who won a Phi Beta Kappa key in his Junior year, and was quarter-back on the famous team of 1914, or by Sister Susie, who wore corsages to church every Sunday.

John and Susie left home loaded with farewell presents and escorted by an admiring throng to the train, but going to college is an old story by the time you are ready, and you are bundled off with only this parting injunction:

"Remember the Smith reputation! You must do as well as John and Susie did, or we'll be so disappointed!"

Then when you get to college you are not allowed for one instant to stand on your own merits, but you hear this remark on all sides:

"Oh, have you seen Susie's sister? You remember Sue, don't you? She was so pretty and popular!"

And perhaps a member of the faculty says: "Why you're John Smith's sister aren't you? He was one of my best students."

So you see you are thought of merely in terms of John and Susie.

If Susie happens to have been a shark in English, your Prof calls upon you in the classroom to expound at length upon the early Latin poems of Milton, he expects you to hand in remarkable themes, the editor of the

college paper asks you to contribute, at twenty-four hours notice, a witty little informal essay.

Of course, if you are skilled in the accomplishments of sister Susie, if you take delight in writing themes and newspaper articles, you are fortunate indeed. But much to be pitied is he to whom the joyful deeds of his predecessors appear particularly odious.

If one is an adept in the art of dissembling, it is easy to cloak one's own lack of brilliance in the glories of the family reputation. But in a year or two the borrowed finery becomes a trifle threadbare, and it requires all one's ingenuity to cover up the deficiencies which have heretofore been so carefully concealed.

Why cannot one be judged according to his own merit, whether or not he is a success along the lines of his brothers? As no two people have the same degree of intelligence, it is hardly reasonable to expect one to rise to the heights of clever members of the family who were particularly gifted. Nor is it fair to make one person suffer from the comparison because he was not endowed with as much brilliance or popularity as another.

Of course, it may be offered as a consolation that a ready-made reputation should be an inspiration to the student to gain for himself a great name in scholarship, athletics, or society. But how desperate is the situation when one has such laudable ambitions, but not the brains or ability to attain those starry heights.

Far be it from me to wish all the older brothers and sisters out in the cold world without the benefits of a college education, but it is hard indeed for those who follow to vainly try to fill their shoes for four years and still retain some vestige of family affection.

Have you a man in your seven-thirty that would in all probability be late to his own funeral? We have.

"Hello, Bill. Where you workin'?"
 "I gotta swell job in a bolt factory."
 "Watcha doin' there?"
 "Oh, nuttin'."

Some go to church to meet their lover,

Others go their faults to cover.

Some go there to blink and nod,

But how many go to worship God?

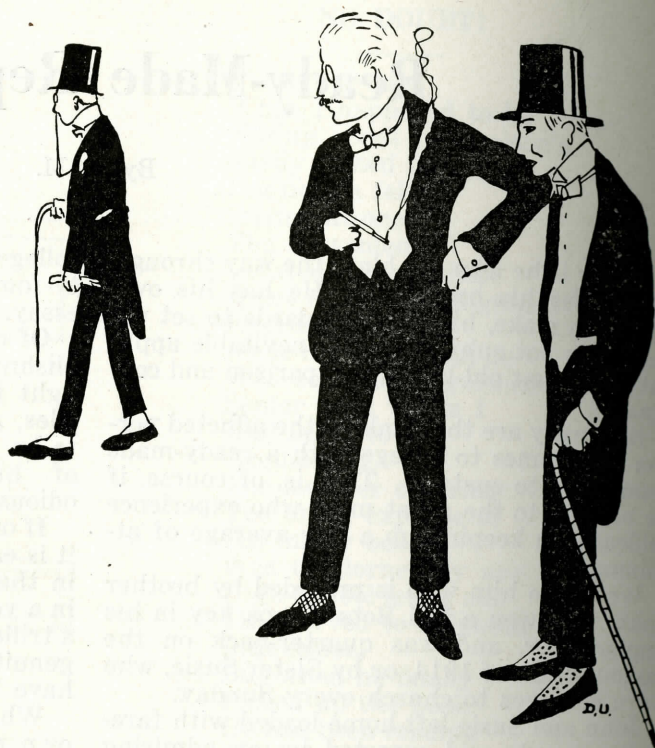
Little drops of water,

That we used to think

Were simply made for chasers,

Are now the whole darn drink.

This year I have
The misfortune to
Room with a chap
Who is one of the
Most contrary mortals
I know of.
Our "social groups"
Are hardly friendly
And although he does
Approve mightily of the
Brand of cigarettes I
Smoke and the postage
Stamps and neckties
And socks and collars
And handkerchiefs I buy,
I really wouldn't
Part with him for all the
World.
You see, his Tuxedo
Is
Just my size.



"Say, I had a funny dream last night."
"Yeah? What was it?"
"I dreamt that my watch was gone."
"Well, was it?"
"No, but it was going."

"There goes Smith, just back from Boston where he lost an eye."
"Poor chap! Home-brew explosion, I suppose?"
"Heavens, no! While there he changed his name to Smyth."

Statistics From The Football Centers

By our Sports Ed.

Dinna, Ken.—Coach Gump of Whoozis College reports his team now ready for its big games. The schedule ended last Saturday.

Noahs, Ark.—Siwash University hopes to place some men on the All-American team this fall. Walter Camp has subscribed to the local paper.

Oula, La.—Two tackles were killed in secret practice to-day. Their names will not be divulged until after the game with Wheelaw next Saturday.

Cherri, O.—On account of a lack of victories, four Dinkus cheerleaders were laid off this morning.

Iron, Ore.—Butch Mugg, star halfback of

the Bingo eleven, uses Vitamine before every game. (Adv.)

State, Penn.—Gyp Gonk, the ex-heavy-weight champion, has been signed to teach strategy to the Whizbang football team.

Proand, Conn.—The Wim vs. Wigor game scheduled for to-day has been cancelled on account of the non-arrival of brass knuckles.

Early, Mass.—Holy Smoke college has purchased a new set of uniforms from the Carnegie Steel Corporation.

Youno, Me.—The Hoopla varsity team walked out to-day for more pay.

Rushthe, Kan.—Will Sockem, star tackle of the local eleven, has hit for .378 so far this season. Will does his best hitting when no one is looking.

Our Own Hand Book

Being a supplement to and not a substitute for the original, it deals with the more subtle concepts which one of undeveloped imagination and experience might fail to derive from the prosaic statements of fact in the ditto.

Dates to Remember

Some dark night (secrecy stuff)—Junior Stag-ger Party.

Jan. 30, 9:30 P. M. (Monday)—Study for exams begins.

Jan. 31, 2:00 A. M. (Tuesday)—Study for exams ends.

Feb. 20, (Monday)—Start airing dress suits for W. B.

Feb. 29, (Tentative)—First number of 1922 Pasquine appears.

March 2, (Thursday)—Chapter meetings.

Denison Data

The average size of the graduating class for the past decade was 5 ft. 6 inches.

The first number of the Denisonian was "one."

The 1908 Adytum was got out by the Class of 1909.

Publications

The Adytum is published yearly by the Junior Class and is noted principally for that fact. The platform of this year's staff is "She sobbed because her picture was left out."

The Denisonian, by arrangement of the Treasurer, is subscribed to by all students. Its weakly appearance is the fault of the faculty rather than the staff. It is especially valuable to football fans as they are enabled to get an accurate report of the score of the preceeding Saturday's game every Monday afternoon.

The Flamingo offers any student whose line fails to get by around his own particular group an opportunity to spread it broadcast. Anyone who can draw anything from a check to a cork is welcomed into the art staff, and the literary editor is constantly demanding Freshman themes which earned (or got) a C or better. Vast sums of money are made yearly by members of the staff and as a means of putting talented students through college it is fast supplanting student aid in popularity.

With Regard to Study

Don't do it—handshaking is much more effective.—An Old Graduate.

College Activities

Student Association. The Student Council, under its new charter, has now absolute power to resign at any time it desires a Monday evening off—subject only to prompt stoppage of Student Aid pay-checks due for services rendered. It is rumored that a bonus will be offered for every semester averaging less than three resignations and two threats of the same.

Washington Banquet. An official function often held sometime during February. Owing to the symbolic nature of this affair, the menu used is an exact reproduction of a Sunday Night Supper at Valley Forge.

College Organizations

Masquers. A group comprising all students who have failed English 5 and 6. The purpose of this club is to encourage its members. Membership is secured by competitive tryouts and a drag.

Musical Organizations. Any man owning a dress suit is eligible for the Glee Club providing he is Phi Beta Kappa material.

Miscellaneous

The rules governing the absence system are published in book form every six months. 15 mo. 475 pages, cloth or full leather.

Wise Saws for the Memorandum Section. Whoever is worth doing is worth doing well.—The Book Ex. (Adv.)

Do not ask questions about secret societies. The members will tell you all they know about them before you've been around long.

There is always someone trying to follow in our footsteps. When scheming keep an eye peeled to the rear.

A good reputation and money are hard to win and easy to lose. Stake yours on the Big Red.

REAL REELS

Heeza Lyre, the great Arabian astrologer now in this country, has consented to act in the marvelous fishing story by Wunthis Longe, called "The Biggest One."

Maksu Suore, the premier Nipponese "heavy" of the Pacific provinces, tried to "obey that impulse" yesterday by dropping a mother and child into a deep, deep well. His freedom of movement has since been greatly limited. We understand that the well was unhurt.

Zucha Formme, the sweet sensational Swedish swimmer, is working at the Detroit River on "Still Waters," adapted from the popular bootlegging drama, as the name indicates.

Poli Gammey, the Portuguese emotionalist, working on the Selzbad release, David's Harem, a Turkish quadrilateral romance, recently received some of the new fur-lined safety pins from a rural fan. In return she sent a pink and blue quartz auto-hitching post by wireless.

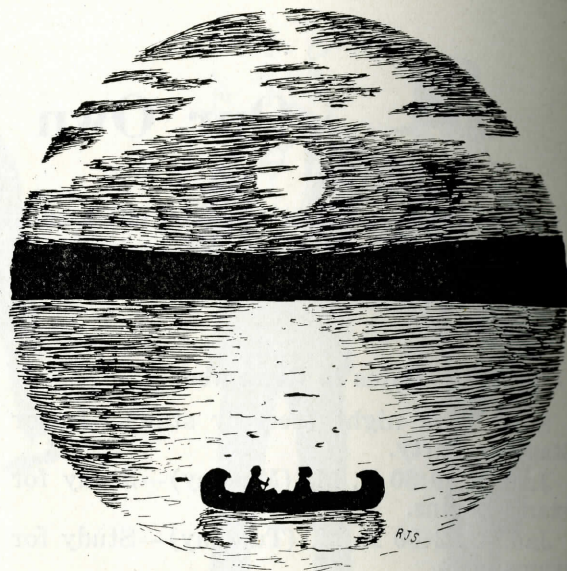
A. Waykall Knight, confirmed cabaret hero, actor, and bright lights hound, will supply, as his first screen effort, atmosphere and action for the great moral reform feature, "Why Change Your Life?" We might add that this ten-reeler is principally atmosphere—of the warm variety.

The fast friends of H. E. Luvzer, the fifth-rate vaudeville comedian, will weep to know he has given up tragedy (to the audience) and will pursue a more or less honest career with the Porch-Swing Comedies Co. He is not expected to catch it.

Friends of the silver screen industry are much wrought up over the wrought-iron nerve of the only Jap camera man still extant, Takure Picchure, in accepting a job snapping African bathing beauties for the Doehead Co.

The snappiest feature release of the decade will be "Lemon with Meringue," of the Cuisine Comedies Corp. Its lead is played by Custar de Pyse, the eminent pastry marksman and slapstick artist of the Comedie Francaise.

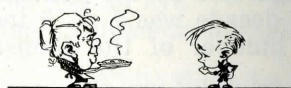
One of the most extensive sensations of the late week was the bold, bad invasion of the Beach-Artcraft Co. studio by G. Howwey Wraves, erstwhile anti-tobacconist and now member of the "Three Foot Kiss" League, in order to stop the inexpressibly long osculatory caresses there employed.



'23—"I practiced for my initiation all summer."

'24—"What did you do?"

'25—"I paddled a girl in a canoe every night."—Aggie Squib.



TIRE TROUBLE AT THE ROUND TABLE

Queen Guinevere—"One of my tire women ran away."

King Arthur—"When they bring her back put chains on her."

Yes, we did find some one who thought that "verbena" was a grammatical term.

A DITTY

(Apologies to Sir P. Sydney.)

My old prof hath my goat and I have his,
By just exchange one for the other given:
I hold his fast, and mine he cannot miss,
There never was a better bargain driven:
My old prof hath my goat, and I have his.

This goat exchange keeps him and me in one.
I got his by a lucky chance in class:
He liked his goat, but parted without moan,
And got mine next day in a quiz—alas!
My old prof hath my goat, but I have his.
—W. G. M.

VICE PRESIDENTS



KATHRINE HUNT



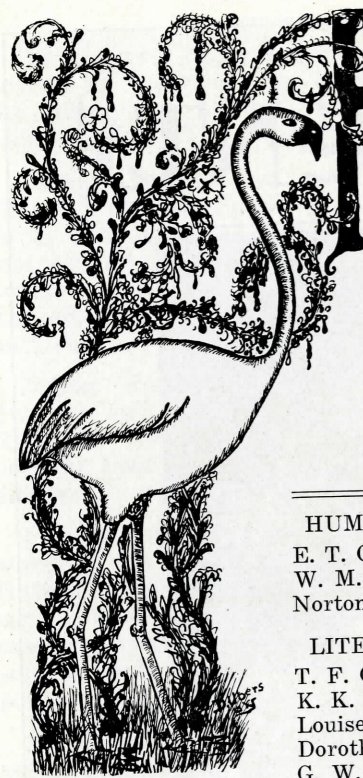
HELEN NEEL



LOIS LUSK



EDNA MORELAND



FLAMINGO

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Two Dollars the Year.

Twenty-five Cents the Copy.

Dad's Day (if all goes aright with the various agencies involved in getting out this issue) is now at hand and the Mystic Bird wishes to arise and remark a few on items relative to "the day we celebrate."

It is difficult to understand just why the custom of inviting you all to Granville did not originate long ago, but such being the case the Flamingo wishes to express his hearty approval of the year old custom and raises his only too feeble voice in a song of welcome.

After all is said and done Dads get little more than the dirty end of the deal. In the matter of handing out bouquets to the various members of the family it is too often the case that Ma and the kids get all the flowers, and Pa has to pay the florist's bill. No one doubts but that "the old man" is a necessary part of the family as a social group—least of all the college youth—but in many cases he is apt to be looked upon as a sort of necessary evil and tolerated only as such.

Of course Dad has to pay all the bills; of

course he has to work like the proverbial nailer all week; of course he has to sacrifice that new suit in order that sonny can get a "Charmed, I'm sure" outfit for the Glee Club—but after all why should we hold that against him?

The Flamingo holds these truths to be self evident—that while all men may be created free and equal, Dad, while he may not be as free as some of them, is just a little better than any other homo sapiens in the whole wide world.

The Big Red Fowl extends greetings to the Dads, present and otherwise, on this occasion and hopes that each and every one will drop in on us next year at this time.

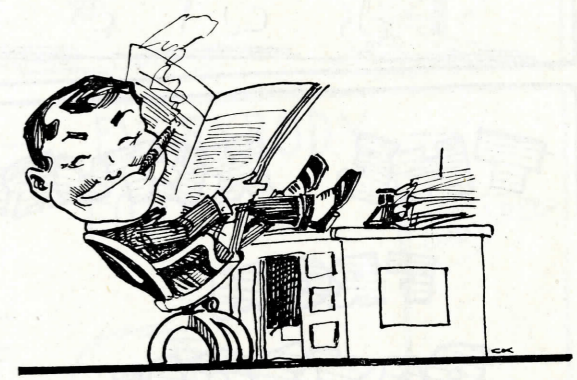
Pater Familiae—"What were you and Jack talking about, last night?"

Bonita Hija—"Oh, about our kith and kin."

L'Enfant Terrible—"Yeah! I heard him say, 'Can I have a kith,' and she said, 'Sure you kin.'"



The Flamingo has no exalted idea of his duty as a campus reformer. He merely wishes to plead for tolerance on the part of his readers, and a realization that whatever "knocking" is done in his columns is done, not with the purpose of creating hard feelings, but purely in a spirit of good fun.



"Knocking" is a practice which may easily be abused. The Flamingo maintains that unwarranted running-down, especially the kind which is done behind the back of the individual or organization under fire is one of the surest ways of damaging college spirit of the right sort.

The Denison student body has absolutely no use for the knocker—all of which has been forcibly brought home to us in song and editorial and story. But the Mystic Fowl wonders if knocking, in the true sense of the word, is not at times less black an offense than it is painted. Knocking, as the Bird understands the term, is adverse criticism of any sort directed against any person, society, campaign, or event having to do with college life.

It has long been a custom here never to criticize unfavorably (or "knock")—no matter how poor the "Artist's Concert," no matter how unfair or unwise any action of the Council or any other official body may be, the rule has always been "Hands off—whatever is, is right—don't knock, but praise, regardless of the merit of the thing." This may seem an exaggeration, but those versed in Denison lore will bear the Bird out in this statement of the facts.

The M. B. wishes to register his protest against such an attitude. He believes a little gentle knocking is really of benefit at times, for after all no institution is so perfect but what there is room for improvement.

Thanksgiving?—all right, so be it—but what in the world is there to be thankful for? Our financial director in a distant city informs us that "business is rotten"—a director of destinies not far from here informed us recently that "I fear that unless you give more attention to your work, etc."—and so on down the line. One sympathizes with that immortal individual who remarked "Merry Christmas, Bah!" or words to that effect.

But being of somewhat a jocose and optimistic disposition we have invoked the shades of the dear departed Pollyanna and thus set out to write in the real spirit of Turkey Day, as any sport writer would style it.

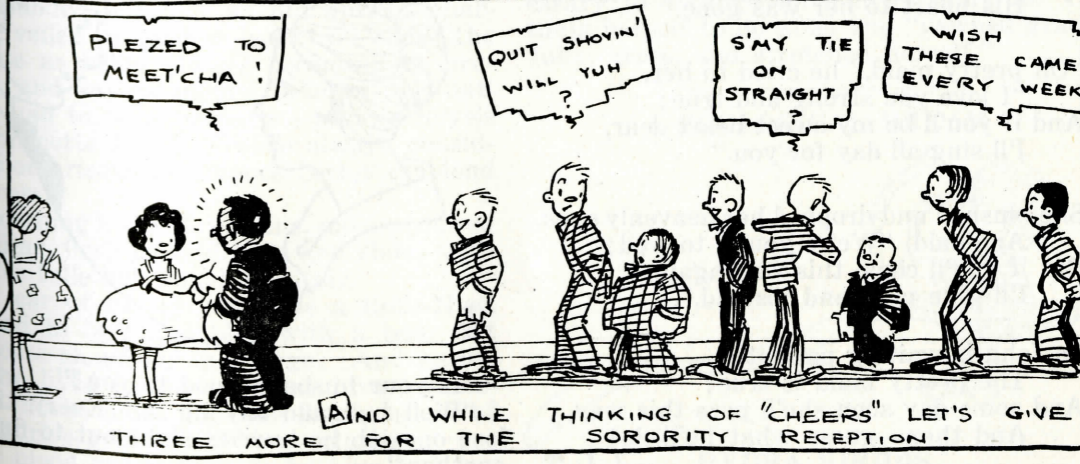
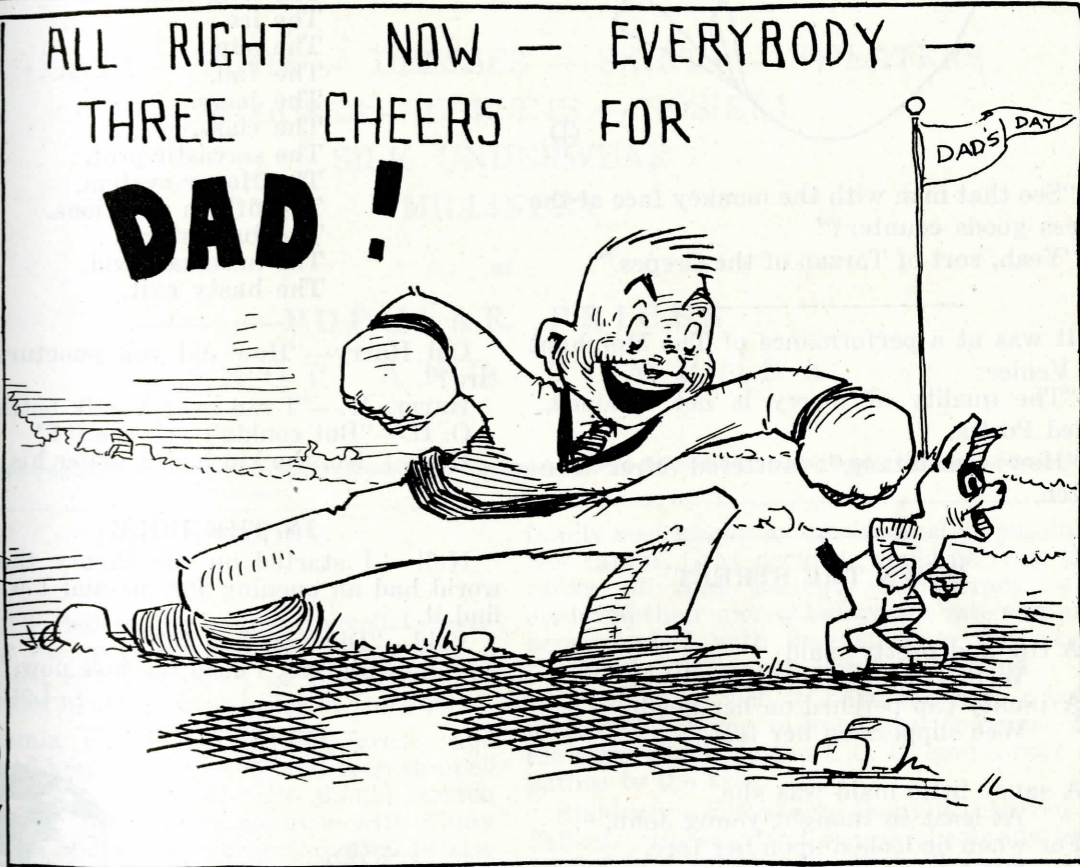
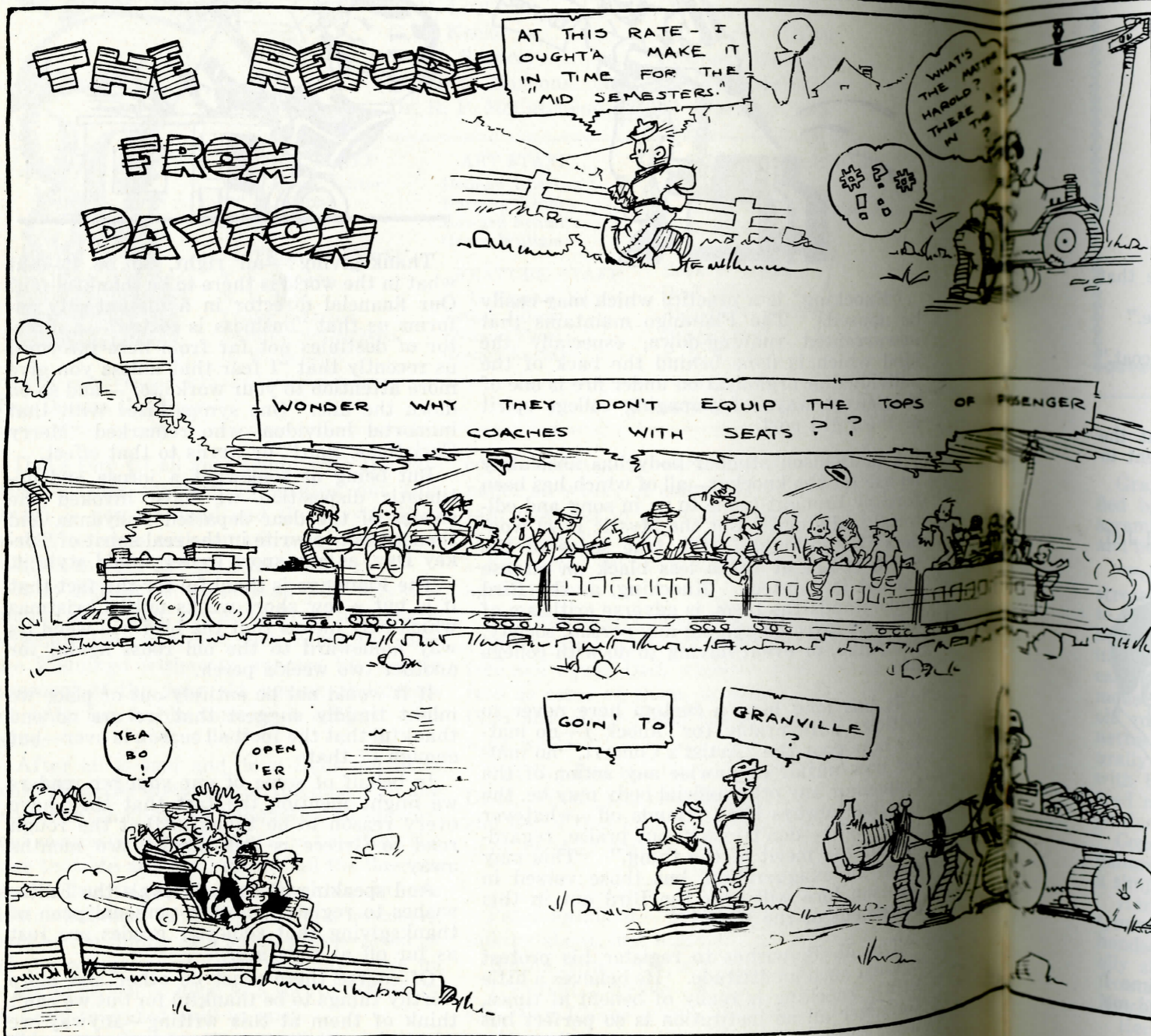
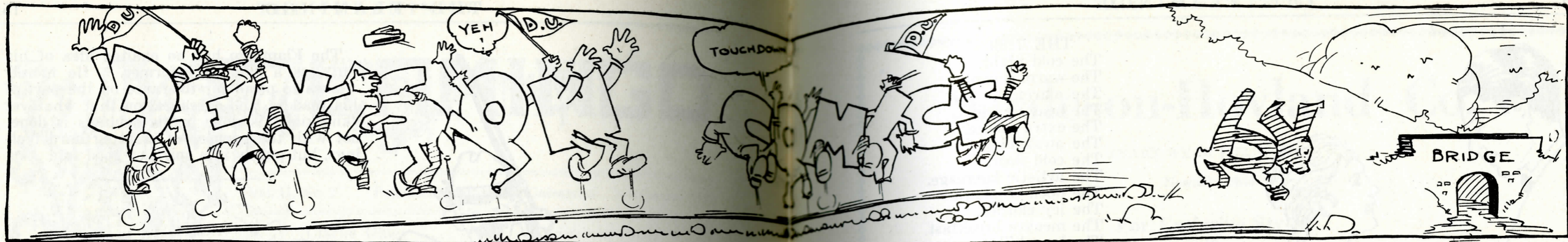
The Flamingo is thankful for the fact that it is but a few short weeks until Christmas which only means that the bird will wend its way homeward to the old roost again, for another two week's perch.

If it would not be entirely out of place we might timidly suggest that we are no end thankful that the football season is over—but enough of that.

In behalf of some of our younger readers we might mention the fact that they have every reason to be thankful that the rough road to Greece is still almost two months away.

And speaking of time intervals the Editor wishes to register his own personal pean of thanksgiving that semester grades are just as far off as they are.

Of course there must be other and more worthy things to be thankful for but we can't think of them at this writing—anyway we are.





Ⓟ

"See that man with the monkey face at the dress goods counter?"

"Yeah, sort of Tarzan of the Crepes."

It was at a performance of The Merchant of Venice:

"The quality of mercy is not strained," cried Portia.

"How unsanitary," muttered Mrs. Gnu-rytch.

DOWN THE STREET

A coy and pretty maid
Went tripping down the street;
A jaunty cap perched on her head,
Wee slippers on her feet.

A saucy little maid was she,
At least so thought young John,
For when he looked upon her face,
His heart to her was gone.

"Oh pretty maid," he cried to her,
"I love you strong and true;
And if you'll be my sweet heart dear,
I'll sing all day for you."

She blushed and dropped her heavenly eyes,
And said, "We're young to wed;
But if you'll come this way again,
I'll give my hand instead."

So John is waiting patiently,
The pretty maid is true;
And some day soon she'll pass this way,
And then—guess what he'll do!
—J. L. T.

THE 7:30

The cold night.
The warm covers.
The alarm.
The heavy eyelids.
The extra snooze.
The awakening.
The cold floor.
The artistic language.
The open windows.
The icy clothes.
The meagre breakfast.
The long hill.
The ice.
The slip.
The fall.
The jeers.
The class.
The sarcastic prof.
The Honor system.
The fifteen questions.
The brainstorm.
The uncertain end.
The hasty exit.

Old Harry—"How did you puncture that tire?"

Harry, Jr.—"I ran over a milk bottle."

O. H.—"But couldn't you see it?"

H. J.—"No, the kid had it under his coat."

IN THE HOLE

Null—"I started on the theory that the world had an opening for me and I went to find it.

Void—"Did you find it?"

Null—"Oh, yes, I'm in the hole now."
—Lord Jeff.



Ⓟ

"Is your husband good to you?"
"Well I should say he is. Every time I lose one job he hurries right out to find me another."

Sardeson-Hovland Co.

SMART WEAR FOR WOMEN

Newark, Ohio

For Exclusive Styles
in

COATS — SUITS — DRESSES — SKIRTS — SWEATERS
BLOUSES — CORSETS — HOSIERY
SILK UNDERWEAR
MILLINERY

at

POPULAR PRICES
SHOP AND COMPARE

HOW IT'S DONE

Gray T. Sellers, the eminent novelist, fortified by his morning cup of chicory and a scrambled egg, sat down at his typewriter and began his third best-seller of the year.

"Petunia yawned gracefully, arose, and stretched herself," he wrote and then stopped to decide what garments she should stretch herself in. An old rose negligee with Cluny insertions and boudoir trimmed with pousse cafe sounded alluring, as did apricot charmeuse veiled in shadow lace. He chose the old rose as being always becoming to brunettes, and anyone named Petunia just naturally had to be a brunette—besides novels with brunette heroines were always considered more risqué and hence better dividend producers.

Concerning a street costume, mouse-colored gabardine, flesh colored hose and shoes with a simple tulle hat would do nicely.

Her car of course would be a Rolls-Nice, trimmed in buff and blue with a poor but handsome chauffeur in charge. And naturally she lived in one of those brown-stone-fronts in a secluded nook not far from one of New York's great throbbing arteries.

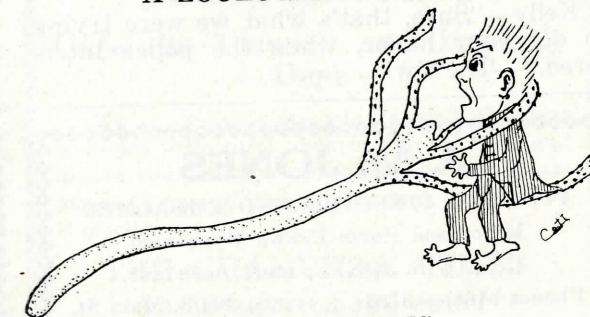
Her blood would have to be blue and her

family escutcheon as unsmirched as possible. Her father, Gray decided, would be from the ranks of that haughty aristocracy who achieved their money before the late war and hence looked with disgust upon the munition-made young men seeking her hand.

It might be well to have the hero a misunderstood young railroad president, and let his struggles with the I. C. C. lend a note of pathos to the tale.

Suddenly a distressing thought occurred to Sellers. He saw that it was absolutely necessary to arrange some little thing for Petunia herself to do after she "yawned gracefully, arose, and stretched herself."

A ZOOLOGICAL DREAM



HYDRA VIRIDIS



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Whatever your social, school or
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Beautiful velvet gowns — dainty
evening gowns in delicate colors — smart tailored gowns of wool
fabrics and stylish silk dresses for afternoon affairs.

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Newark,
Ohio

A SMOOTH LINE

A statistical engineer of Newark recently sought to prove that Newark has smooth streets by assuming the total number of bricks to be 9,787,651,237, of which only 3,293,601,631 were out of their ordained positions. He deduced this to mean that one-third of Newark's streets contained bumps, provided all the bumps were concentrated, and if the two-thirds were the most used that on a ride in Newark the probability of encountering what he naively called a perpendicular vibratory sensation caused by an inequality in the terrain would be zero. Marvelous!

Judge—"Can't this case be settled out of court?"

Kelly—"Sure, that's what we were trying to do, your honor, when the police interfered."—The Owl.

J. M. JONES

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Motor and Horse Drawn Equipment

LILLIE B. JONES, Lady Assistant

Phones 8168 — 8288

204 S. Main St.

Frosh—"Is there anything on the back of my neck?"

Soph—"Yeh!"

Frosh—"Where?????"

Soph—"On the back of your neck."



YOU'VE HEARD IT

"'Lo kid, whereya gowyn?"

"Upta class. Hey, therzold Bill! Wotzee downn here?"

"Hereta seize girl. Thasshard, aintit?"

"Well, gotta beatit! Gottan xam! I'll mismi class!"

"'Attaboy, Joe, you smeerim!"

Rufus Johnson

Cleaning — Pressing and Repairing
Shining Parlor

Old Clothes Made New

Phone 8141

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Sport Straps**



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Hosiery

For

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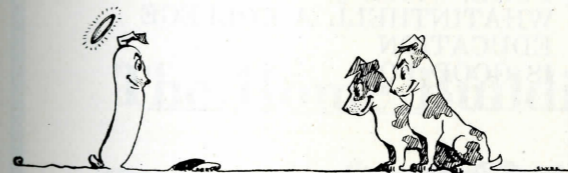
\$1.00 to \$4.00

Per Pair.

MANNING AND WOODWARD'S

Walk-Over Shoe Store

Newark, Ohio



DOG GONE!

Ah! Little sausage, who'd a thunk
That thou wouldst end in such a chunk,
When once thou roamed the alley free,
And made all cats take to a tree.
Now thou art done; thy course is run,
Cheer up, the wurst is yet to come!

He lay there in the dark a moment trying to decide where he was. Should he succumb to that awful and compelling craving which was making his life a torture? No, rather than that he would lie there and suffer. His anguish was horrible, he rolled and tossed from side to side and finally when he could stand it no longer—he got out of bed and quenched his thirst at the faucet.

This tablet marks the spot on which
They found poor Billie Burr,
Who tried to light a cigarette
While driving sixty per. —Cols. Dis.

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Full Dress Suits

EVERY DETAIL IS CORRECT

Newest models from the best manufacturers of

Men's Evening Clothes

Full Dress Accessories

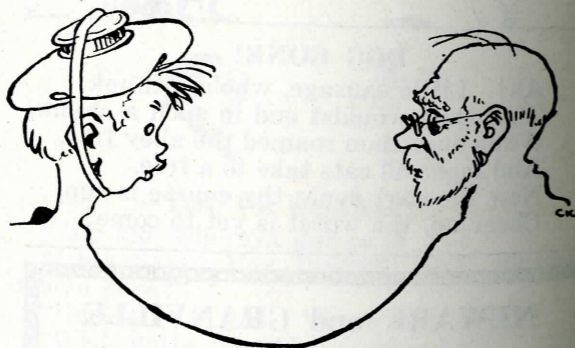
Roe Emerson

CLOTHES — HATS — FURNISHINGS

Cor. Third and Main

EDDIE TOR'S LAMENT

THEY TELL ME
That HENRY FORD
Has no idea who
XANTIPPE was,
And that he
Knows but little of
The HABITS of the lowly
AMOEBIA and that he
Has but little KNOWLEDGE
Of the position of
PERNAMBUCO. And yet
HENRY FORD has several
MILLIONS OF
\$\$\$\$\$
Now I
Know that XANTIPPE
Was the TERMAGANT WIFE OF
SOCRATES, the PHILOSOPHER.
And I am WELL AWARE THAT
The AMOEBIA IS one of the
SIMPLEST ANIMALS and has no
HABITS; and that
PERNAMBUCO IS A STATE in BRAZIL.
BUT
I DO NOT have the
SLIGHTEST IDEA what a
MILLION
\$\$\$\$\$
LOOKS LIKE.
I often wonder just
WHATINTHELL A COLLEGE
EDUCATION
IS GOOD FOR.



O. P. Umm—"Doctor, will you give me something for my head?"
Doctor—"I wouldn't take it for a gift."

THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT
"Ah! Life is too short," sighed the Optimist.
"Well, you'll find it shorter before long," growled the Pessimist.

Bus for Hire Phones 8852—8759

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Hourly Trips

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E. F. Reece

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Dress Suits for Rent

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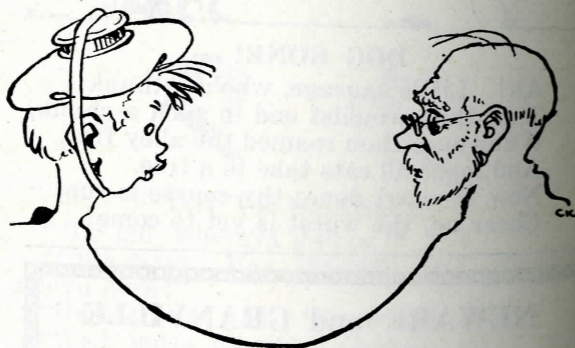
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Avoid Embarrassment

C. A. Stanforth

**FINAL EXAM. IN ZETETIC
JACTATION 613**
(You look it up.)

All will answer question one and any other three, unless over 10 years of age, when they will answer No. 1 and any ten others, unless they get tired. Don't kid us; we're too tired to laugh.

1. Explain and construct a still, leaving in operation.
2. Explain the phrase "hors de combat," and its applicability to the sale of Siberian cheese in 1633. Psychologists answer:
3. Cross out all b's in this or any other

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-- AT --
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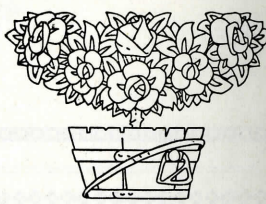
literature, divide by time, subtract percentage of mistakes, differentiate, subtract one, and leave result in dollars for term bill.

Answer No. 4 if you omitted No. 2 and vice versa unless you answered No. 3 when you will now answer No. 2.

4. Write short essays on:
Fatimas.
Chapel bucking system. (Not over 50,000 words.)
5. Who was Annie Laurie? And why?
6. Give complete biography of William the Conqueror's valet, and explain duties, if any. Then throw the whole works away.

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LOVE LETTERS OF A SCEPTIC
Written After a Long Silence

Dearest Hazel, thou little necessity of myself and light to my darkness:


It is with no small amount of trepidation that I address you. I suspect you must think I am nearly a minus quantity, at least a lost one—gone forever! Forgotten by you as you must think you are forgotten by me; slipped away, magically, mysteriously, unaccountably, past the bounds of limitation, beyond the fatal line of separation, beyond the reach of searching inquiry, away into subtle existence, if not out of existence altogether; nor all the atomism of Diogenes, nor the idealism of Plato, nor all thine own ingenious schemes, can discover a single inkling or drifting clue as to where I am. Perhaps I am gone, as Omar says, "into the nothingness all things end in;" in which case, were I even to be reclaimed, once I am found, nothing is had. My reflections, inasfar as you are involved, have reduced me to this opinion of my self. The only virtue I can claim is negligence—and this is the most base of all base sins.

But not so. E'er you can recall me in your consciousness, or would be fain to do so, I, like the rare flower which secretly blooms at night, do pop up before you when you least expect it.

But what means all this exposition! If you do not already think me a miscreant, at least a picaresque rogue, you must impatiently wish me to reveal my purpose. Purpose, aim, ambition—bah!—what words!—contrivances which we create to delude ourselves into believing there is a reason for living, base, false, farcical all. What is life but a different state of death? What amounts the soul to, when it can depart and make the weight of our clay no less? And if life is death, what need for "purpose," except to kill our dead selves and make us deader still?

What strange thinking this! you will say. But, I ask, why so strange? Why not think this as well as that, when in last analysis all thinking is but the manifestation of **thoughtlessness**—a happy way of passing over this time which has cast upon us the necessity to live and die? What an unjust world this is! We are made to live without even being consulted as to the desirability of life. We, ourselves nothing, are made to bear the burden of existence. O, what a weight on nothing! And the result: **us**, crushed creatures of circumstance unchosen. Is not this sufficient to make us angry with life? We have in us the emotion of anger, so why not give it vent!

And yet, they say, **good** men control their anger. But again, I propound, what is **good-**



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STETSON HATS
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25% lower
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It's a natural instinct of well-dressed college men everywhere to go straight to Stetson for a hat that adequately expresses the snap and vigor of student life. Mighty satisfying too, to know how unquestionably correct is Stetson style.

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JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

*Stetson Style
Stetson Quality
Stetson Money's Worth*
The same today as for
56 years assured
by the
*Stetson Quality Mark
in Every Hat*

The Burch Gift Shop

You will be surprised how many attractive gifts you can buy for 25c, 35c, 50c, and \$1.00. Let us help you with your Xmas shopping. Gifts for everyone from grandmother to baby. A wonderful line of Xmas cards to choose from. 3c to 75c each.

28 and 30 Arcade

When in Newark

STOP AT

The Sparta



Newark's Leading Confectionery

ness, who are they? Goodness, virtue—vague words by us created. The only pleasure I have is in laughing at them. Goodness!—that imaginary line which the devils in us have set up to keep us under it! Zounds! Would that the devils remain in their hades and the gods in their heaven, and leave us to writhe and wrangle as we will under the sun which has been rolled out to scorch us. I say are we not wretches enough, without these added torments! Some of us teach and some of us learn. And all for what, wherefore, why, I propound, lest it is to complete the follies (life)? The more we learn, the less we know; the more we take, the less we have; the more we are good, the less is our virtue. I say, 'tis better to possess good wickedness than to own unnecessary goodness. To be good is difficult, to be wicked is easy, and water takes the easiest course; so why should not we, who are mostly composed of water, be wicked? What flaw can the gods, which our imaginations have created to guide us, find in this sterile logic? If I can prey upon this man or that woman and gain from his weakness or her ruin, why should I not do this, when all the time I must needs be on the alert that he do not prey upon my weakness and she upon my ruin? Survival of the fittest it is in the long run, and since all are unfit why should any survive?

* * * * *

Now, my dear, I have told you how much I do love you. I implore you once again, will you not be mine and accompany me through this brilliant future, this happy and glorious life?

Your ever loving,
Pope of Fools.

"You say that every one on board was starving and yet you had an egg for breakfast. How do you account for that?"
"The ship lay to and I got one."

The Wyant Garage

EXPERT MECHANICS

OIL, GAS, ACCESSORIES
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Phones 8266—8545

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If Electrical and Good

WE SELL IT

Come in and
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line of student
lamps.

Delco Light Products Co.

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PHONE 1894

"Say It With Flowers"

What more graceful way of remembering friends on Thanksgiving than by sending Flowers? And should they live in distant cities or foreign countries, it makes no difference. Your Flowers can be delivered exactly when you wish.

HALBROOKS

12-14-16 E. Church St.

Cornell Clothes

The Young Fellows like these tweeds and checks we are showing in a large assortment.

\$25 TO \$45

SUITS and O'COATS

29 South Side Square Newark, Ohio

BUY

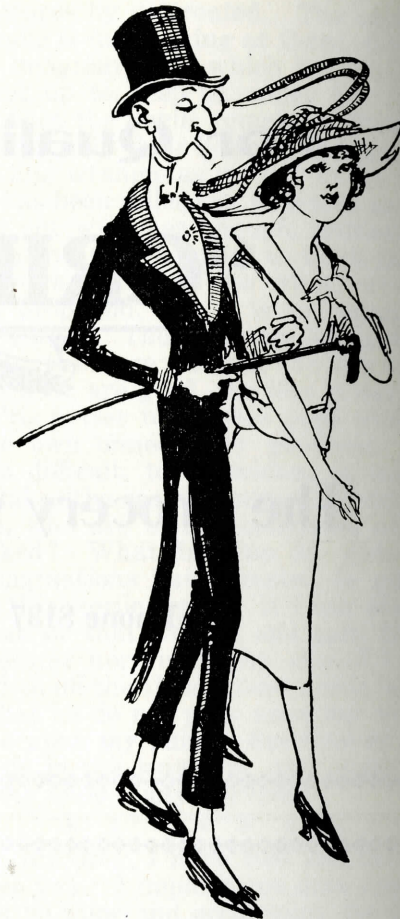
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For Your Table and You Will be Pleased

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Our business aim is, not conquest, but co-operation—let us get acquainted. When in need of hay, straw, feeds, of all kinds, flour, cement, tile, brick, salt or coal, phone 8184.



"I'm through with Mary forever."
"How come?"
"I tasted tobacco on her lips last night."
"Ah, but she doesn't smoke."
"That's the reason."

IT IS A WISE LANDLADY

Visitor—"Does Mr. Crawford, a student, live here?"
Landlady—"Well, Mr. Crawford lives here, but I thought he was a night watchman."
—Goblin.

"Have the next copy of the Flamingo sent to Jerusalem," quoth Richard Coeur de Lion as his blacksmith-valet dressed him for the Third Crusade. "You see it everywhere."

DR. EARL J. RUSSELL DENTIST

Crowns and Bridge Work \$6.00
Painless Extractions Free with Bridge and Plate Work
Newark, Ohio

For Your Next Haircut or Shave
— GO TO —

Johnson's Barber Shop

NEXT TO ULLMAN'S DRUG STORE

HARRY BRICKELS

Billiards, Soft Drinks,
Cigars, Candy, and a
Full Line of Pipes

"I know something I won't tell," sang a little girl, as little girls do.
"Never mind, child," said the old bachelor; "You'll get over that when you're a little older."—Drexard.



—to introduce our goods—ask for sample before buying. Lowney's, Apollo, Reymer's and Homemade Candies.

THE BUSY BEE
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Alpha—"When will this telegram be delivered?"
Operator—"About 2 o'clock."
Alpha—"Yes, I know, but what day?"
—Chaparral.

THE TRIFLER

Jane—"Were his letters to you during the summer sort of a Romeo and Juliet affair?"
June—"No—Much Ado About Nothing."
—Punch Bowl.

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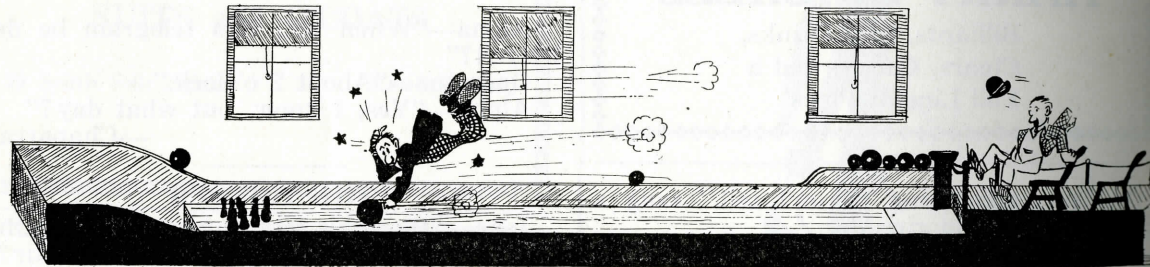
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Granville, Ohio



HIS FINGER GOT STUCK IN THE BOWLING BALL.

Gamma—"I can read Charley like a book."
Delta—"You're foolish to waste your time and strain your eyes over such a small type."
—Chaparral.

"Combination shot," murmured the lady cue artist as she leaned too far over the billiard table.—Banter.

"And have you a father?" asked the charity worker of the urchin.

"Nope," he replied. "Pa died of exposure."

"Poor man! How did it happen?"

"Another guy snitched and they hung him."—Tiger.

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"Ike Newton had the dope when he went to college."

"Howsat?"

"They say he used to put quicksand in the prof's hour-glass to shorten that hour."

—Brown Jug.

Old Lady—"Oh, conductor, please stop the train. I dropped my wig out of the window."

Conductor—"Never mind, Madam, there is a switch just this side of the next station."

—Octopus.

He—"I love the good, the true, the beautiful, the innocent—"

She—"This is rather sudden, but I think father will consent."—Burr.

"Yes, I was a Freshman, too. Some of the happiest years of my life I spent as a Freshman."—Squib.

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'22—"My girl sent me up some brandied
peaches the other day."
'23—"How were they?"
'22—"I didn't enjoy the peaches so much,
but I did like the spirit in which they were
sent."—Purple Cow.

Chas. O. Eagle & Son

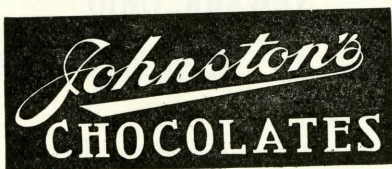
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