

1921

Flamingo Vol. II N 4

William G. Mather
Denison University

Kilburn Holt
Denison University

Clyde Keeler
Denison University

Edward Schmitz
Denison University

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FLAMINGO

MID-YEARS



The Profs advance; now brothers, show your stuff,
"And damned be he who first cries 'Hold, enough.'"

\$6 + \$4 = \$10

Yep—The Bird is going to put out just exactly ten greasy berries and all you've got to do in order to get your share of the hand-out is check in on our li'l' contest. Here's how!

The Two prizes of 6 and 4 seeds respectfully will go to the FLAMINGO subscribers who submit the best contribution of not over 300 words containing the names of all the advertisers in our next (Feb.) issue. The winning "line" will appear in the March outburst.

Mail your efforts to Box 568 before March 3.

OH YES — BY THE WAY

In case you've overlooked the little matter of a subscription we're giving you our special rate for the next nine issues:

THE FLAMINGO,	1922.
Box 568, Granville, O.	
Enclosed find my jack for the next nine Issues of the Bird.	
Subscription Price	\$1.98
Amusement Tax	.02
Total	\$2.00

Say, "I saw your ad in the Flamingo."

The gift your friends enjoy

THE M.H. *Mueller* Studio
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Portrait and Commercial Photographer
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Your Portrait

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"So she didn't accept you when you proposed?"

"She sure did."

"But you said she threw you down."

"She did, and held me there till I gave her the ring."—Chaparral.

Our History Lesson

During the Middle Ages rich men condemned to death would hire substitutes to die in their places. Many poor people made a living in such a manner.—Whiz Bang.

THE FLAMINGO

Published by the Students of Denison University,
Granville, Ohio
Nine issues per college year.
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Vol. II JANUARY, 1922 No. 4

The
Rexall Store



W. P. ULLMAN and SON

**Drugs and
Books**

Denison Students---

Now that your Holiday vacation is over you will want some amusement.

THE OPERA HOUSE

Will offer during the coming days, some of the latest in Motion Pictures. If you will watch for the Posters in front of the theatre, you will readily see that you are getting pictures that are right up to-the-minute.

The Alhambra at Newark offers you also the very latest in motion pictures.

At the AUDITORIUM

You can see "Emperor Jones," with Charles Gilipin January 27th; "The Rainbow Girl," January 28th; Jane Cowl in "Smilin' Thru," February 4th.

This theatre also offers motion pictures that are sure to please.

YOU ARE ALWAYS WELCOME AT ANY OF MY THEATRES.

GEO. M. FERNBERG.

EMERSON

1887

1922

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Suits,

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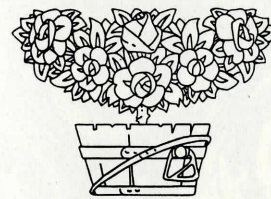
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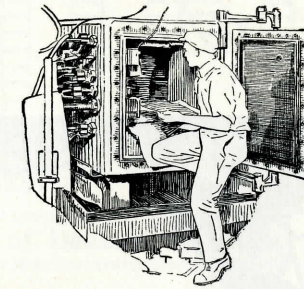
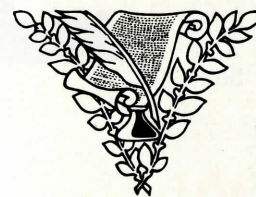


The Arcade Florist

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Newark and Granville, Ohio

Phones 1840 — 8218



What Is a Vacuum Furnace?

IN an ordinary furnace materials burn or combine with the oxygen of the air. Melt zinc, cadmium, or lead in an ordinary furnace and a scum of "dross" appears, an impurity formed by the oxygen. You see it in the lead pots that plumbers use.

In a vacuum furnace, on the contrary, the air is pumped out so that the heated object cannot combine with oxygen. Therefore in the vacuum furnace impurities are not formed.

Clearly, the chemical processes that take place in the two types are different, and the difference is important. Copper, for instance, if impure, loses in electrical conductivity. Vacuum-furnace copper is pure.

So the vacuum furnace has opened up a whole new world of chemical investigation. The Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company have been exploring this new world solely to find out the possibilities under a new series of conditions.

Yet there have followed practical results highly important to industry. The absence of oxidation, for instance, has enabled chemists to combine metals to form new alloys heretofore impossible. Indeed, the vacuum furnace has stimulated the study of metallurgical processes and has become indispensable to chemists responsible for production of metals in quantities.

And this is the result of scientific research.

Discover new facts, add to the sum total of human knowledge, and sooner or later, in many unexpected ways, practical results will follow.

General Electric Company
General Office Schenectady, N. Y. 95-454J



FLAMINGO

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

FROZEN FIELDS

By W. G. Mather, Jr.

When the sun slants coldly from us,
And the summer songs are still;
When dead grass browns the valley,
And the trees writhe on the hill
In the grip of winter tempest.

Then who will dream by cozy fires
Or nod over stupid books;
And who will nurse his vain Desires
In stifling and man-built nooks?

For there's Life upon the meadow,
And the whirling snow-flakes fall
On scattered groups of feeding quail
Where the dead brown grass is tall
Around the edges of ice-bound creeks.

Then who will idly lounge inside,
A-toasting his precious toes,
With wild things of the Far and Wide
Bluffing every gust that blows?

For there's Life upon the hill-top,
And the wind throws stinging sleet
At rabbits hunting bits of bark
And leaping with silent feet
In the rocky old apple orchard.

Then ho! We'll be out and hiking,
These jolly old stormy days;
Winds are much more to our liking
Than the lazy summer haze!

For Life calls through the shouting gale
A tempting challenge to me;
And the Life that throbs in winter
Is a thrilling life to see
And feel as nature blusters at you.

Let's be off on the frozen trail!
The Spirit of winter speaks
In swirling snow, in splitting hail,
And silence of ice-bound creeks.

—W. G. Mather, Jr.

OPEN SEASON

We have in Ohio open seasons for rabbits, ducks, quail, and so forth, in which the hunter hies him to yon distant field in search of prey. Open seasons are a good thing for all save the quarry that come out in the open.

Even under the Dome of Heaven, we have open seasons. That period of seven days prior to the fateful exam week is the open season for studying. Everybody does it; but after the season passes, it is criminal for a man to function out of season. The ten hour period after rules go off is the open season for terpsichore; the middle of February is the open season for the full dress; while the whole doggoned year is the open season for bobbed hair, rolled socks, short dresses, and freshman caps.

But to this long list of open seasons, we must perforce add another. Its addition is imperative. We offer for inclusion among the open seasons, Christmas vacation as the open season for engagements. The latest love census discloses that about seven of Denison's family "dropped off" either immediately prior, during, or following the Christmas vacation. Engagements were all the rage;—the open season was on!

Some students are engaged; others engaged to be married. We don't know how the ratio runs, but it is rumored that in Stone Hall there are well over a dozen of the fairest engaged—either to be married, or just plain engaged.

We had always thought that that "In-the-Spring-a-young-man's-fancy" period was the open season here, but Christmas vacation now looms as a formidable contender for first honors, if not the deserved title holder. We think it should be first, for a glance at some left fingers will disclose the fact that they certainly did "ring in the New Year" in the best possible way.

Little Amoebus striving toward the sun,
Gasping for entrance to the world of light,
Struggling so manfully with feeble might,
As none before you of your race had done;
Oh! pioneer, who saw mankind begun;
The impetus of man's long upward fight,
The will which snatched the universe from
night,
That toiled unceasingly for atoms won;
Man cannot give you all the honor due.
Your race has perished in the aeons past,
Though mighty races now your work retell
And hymn the one sensation that you knew,
And praise the power triumphant at last,
The urge to higher things in one small cell.
—A. F. T.

BOB

The farm these days seems mighty still,
'Taint like it used to be;
The rabbits run free on the hill,
The cat has left her tree,
The moles are ruining the lawn;
And neighbors, driving by,
Are wondering where Bob has gone:
The truth is, so am I.
Say—where do dogs go when they die?
Don't tell me it's just—dark!
I think of him a-leaping high,
The yard full of his bark,
When I came driving home from town,
In all kinds of weather;
Did we, when his bright heart went down,
End our life together?

They tell me that he had no soul,
And so he's dead—alone.
No soul; and so they did not toll
The bells, nor grave a stone.
And yet, what kept his heart so light
When all my world was sad?
Why did he coax with all his might
To make his master glad?
The preacher tells me that's my job—
To make my Master glad;
And if He gave the same to Bob—
It looks as if He had—
Why did He not give him a soul?
I can't believe that God
Would make him live without a goal
And then to die—a clod.

In quiet sunsets when I dream
Of that long-promised land,
It doesn't, somehow, to me seem
Happy, Bob not on hand
And scratching star-dust from his ears.
And I don't want to play
The same old harp a million years;
I'd much prefer to stray
Across the green fields up above,
In just the same old way
That Bob and I have learned to love.
I'll bet that on the day
When I go out to learn the Why
And pearly gates swing wide,
He'll bark a welcome through the sky,
And meet me just outside.
—W. G. Mather, Jr.

SONG

A long the road that winds about
Through all the days I live,
I find a host of lovely things
That thrill my mind and give
My heart a faint, sweet, fleeting thrill,
And light the place wherein I dwell.

And by the path I tread at eve
Where dreams mock cares of day,
I find high, shining, fairy things
That bear me far away
Into gay regions all unknown
To mortal eyes save mine alone.

And yet, as in these ways I go
Among fair, wondrous things,
Oft in my heart swift loneliness
A rush of hot tears brings.
But when your brown eyes look at me
I know to love I hold the key. —R.

WOMAN'S LOVE

In refutation to "Once Having Loved" which
appeared in the last Flamingo.

Where Cypress Isle enwraps herself about
With lacy foam; where icy winds sweep out
Of Artic crystal plains; where far Cathay,
Mysterious in her plum and pear-bloom
spray;
Or where the Bedouin in burning sands
Transports fair silks and jewels to other
lands,
There woman loves—eternal fires!
Since time was but a legendary thing;
When Tyre was young and Troy heard bat-
tle's ring;
When Sheba came to see King Solomon;
Before King Alexander's rule began;
Long, long ago, the woman loved.
Once having loved she loves eternally
With passions drawn from that translucent
sea
Of woman's flaming, changeless, constant
heart.
Her love, unselfish, of herself is lovely part,
And infinite in purity's desire,
It burns with never-changing radiant fire.
And thus it is thru all the teeming earth,
Since ever history of man had birth,
A woman loves some things, and this is
truth:
Let him who doubts test out this proof:—
A cat, a poodle dog, or lingerie,
A jewel, or silken hose, and he shall see.—Q.

A LOST ART

The fine art of conversation would seem to be a thing of the past. Gone are the brilliant repartee, the pithy epigram and the polished style which once characterized the verbal intercourse of educated people. How delightful to one weary of the mediocrity of modern speech it would be to have lived a century ago. To him, the period of Johnson and Boswell seems indeed a golden age. When folk talked as well as they write to-day, and pure and pleasing English poured in fascinating flow in drawing-room as in debate, in parlor as in Parliament. To-day conversation is an incident, yesterday it was a pastime; to-day a commonplace, yesterday a craft.

Certainly this need not be the case. Unlike the baffling secrets of the pyramid-builders and the mystic formulae of the Egyptian embalmers, this lost art is easily restored. The method is self-cultivation. If one will keep conversant with good writing, if he will determine to avoid hackneyed phrasings and catch-penny slang, checking them—even at the cost of a noticeable pause at first—to substitute a more happy expression, holding the attitude that his "speaking" and "writing" vocabularies should be identical, he cannot fail to improve.

The faithful observance of these two principles will gain for one a new freedom of thought and an increasing facility of expression. More and more he will experience the enviable satisfaction of compelling the attention and retaining the interest of a willing listener. He will become an artist whose colors are spoken words, whose canvasses are the souls of men.

—K. K. H.

A SONNET

A star, that twinkles in the heavenly sphere,
A beacon soft as distant candle light
Seen through a grove; your contemplation,
fear
Inspires. The aeons since you broke the night
And boldly flared your new existence, give
To us,—small creatures, void of schooling
long,
And soon forgetting half we learn, as sieve
Holds water,—value of a dirgeful song.
For aught we do must then from Him arise,
And, by ourselves, we hopeless are. To Him,
O glittering point, we owe our life, the skies,
And all about us. Far beyond the rim
Of this broad universe, we shall be taught
That all these things, He has not done for
naught. —C. B. '25.

SEM GROUP HEADS



MARIAN SIMPSON KΦ



ELLA HOWELL XΨΔ



VERNITA ALLISON ΣΔΦ



MARY SMALLEY S.C.

INSIDE STUFF

Looking somewhat into the future we have persuaded our society editor to prepare a few gentle hints for any of our readers who are planning to work off their Junior dues at the banquet or do honor to Geo. W.'s name by donating five to the Seniors.

1. If your artificial tie snaps off—don't beg anyone's pardon; it wasn't your fault.
2. Don't be surprised if you see a cocktail on the menu—it doesn't mean anything.
3. If you spill cranberry sauce on your shirt-front, don't blush—they might think it's on your face too.
4. If you can't think of anything to say to your date, try something original and clever about wondering whose dress suit the toastmaster has on.
5. If an asparagus tip gets away from you, ignore it—it might get playful if you try to grab it. When nobody is looking, casually sneak up on it with your napkin.
6. In seating your date, be careful not to ram her into the table, caveman stuff doesn't get across at a time like that.
7. If in doubt on which implement to use, just grab the nearest one—an air of confidence is the important thing.
8. Above all things, don't change forks half way through the salad, it makes too much work for the dish-washer.
9. Don't be chagrined if you find yourself sitting next to your first choice.



"I went out to see your brother at the insane asylum today."
"What did he have to say?"
"Oh, he's crazy to see you."

"Putting all jokes aside," said the Student Council as they voted against the old honor system.

Freshmore—"Do you know why a horse that walks with his head down is like Sunday?"
Sophman—"I suppose because it's got a weak a head."
F.—"No! It's because its neck's weak."
S—"Oh, I heard that about a weak back."

The Green Imps are practising on the season's favorite—Raisinella.

Ted—"That tune continually haunts me."
Lewis—"Probably because of the way you murdered it."



"Why hasn't Red had his hair cut lately?"
"Shear fright, I guess."

Don't look at me that way stranger,
That scar that my red nose mars,
Does not come from wearing glasses,
But from drinking home-brew from fruit jars.



"What makes you think I am on the downward path?"
 "Because every one you pass gives you the stares."

THE FIRST ONE A FLAPPER'S LAMENT

WELL Genevieve
 THE other day
 JUST after I'd had
 THREE cream puffs
 AND a glass of
 GINGER ale
 I tried an experiment
 WITH something of Dad's.
 ABOUT half an
 HOUR later I
 LOOKED at the ceiling
 AND the darned thing
 WAS coming down to
 MEET me.
 I was beginning to
 WONDER if the
 CREAM puffs
 WERE going to be
 UP or down
 INSIDE or out.
 SO listen, Genevieve
 THERE'S a good maxim
 "DON'T play with fire"
 BUT I know a better
 ONE. It's
 "DON'T swallow the smoke!"

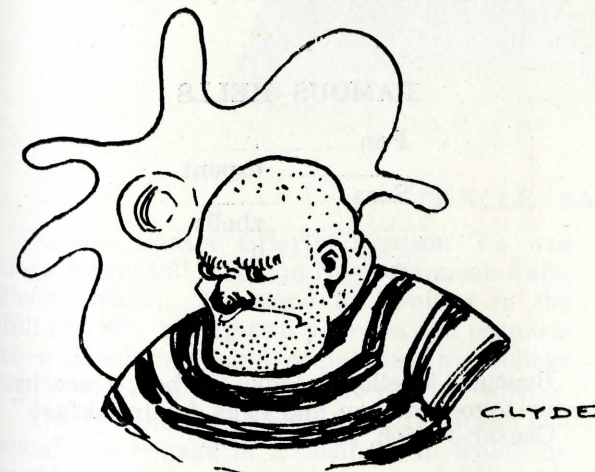


Suggestion to the Masquers for making the
 endings of their plays more effective.

THE MICROBES

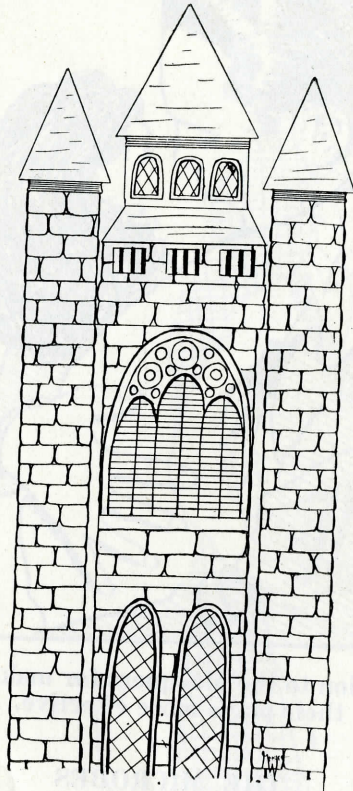
Three jolly young microbes sailed airily by
 'Twixt the green of the earth and the blue of
 the sky.
 Said one to his mates, "Here comes a young
 man;
 I'll ooze up to him and whisper a plan."
 He did his work well; with a chuckle and grin
 He hears the boy ask Her to wear his frat pin.
 The second young rascal espied a fair lass.
 "Oh, ho, my sweet damsel, by me you'll not
 pass."
 "Your feet are scant clad; I would 'twere not
 so;
 With goloshes you'll be in the style, don't you
 know?"
 Forthwith in goloshes she decks her small
 feet;
 They gap at the top, they flop on the street.
 But the third rascal microbe, the worst of the
 brothers,
 Hatched out a fell scheme more vile than the
 others.
 He buzzed in the ear of a Semite so fair,
 And, horrors! Can't you guess? She bobbed
 her hair!!

—W. A. V.



The spontaneously generated Amoeba pro-
 teus, still tingling with the nascent vibration
 of newly evolved life, projected a pseudopodic
 finger and tapped himself gently over the
 nucleus and exclaimed with determination—
 "I'll forge ahead!" He did, and after mil-
 lions of years a descendant repeated the
 words of his worthy progenitor and is now
 serving life at Leavenworth. —C. K.

HEAVEN'S BELLS!



Coming into the Baptist Church, have you ever wondered why there was no call to worship from the bell tower above? For fifteen years, while other bells in town have sent their reverberating tones throughout these Licking hills, the Baptist bell has hung silent in its tower.

It is thought that sufficient care was not taken in putting the bell into position,—at least old residents say that not many years had passed before the deep tones of the bell began to be discordant, and it—like the famed one in Boston—was found to be cracked. At that time the Church did not feel that the expense of a new bell could be incurred, and since then the people have become so accustomed to its silence, that a new one has never been procured.

No doubt, succeeding classes of Freshmen will continue to wonder at its silence, until the Millenium is brought a little nearer and the Granville Baptists build a much needed new auditorium. Then three bells will call the town and neighboring country folk to Divine Services.

TRAGEDY

Fellows;
You know how it
Is at a party
When the lights go out
By mistake.
Well—last week I
Went to a party
Like that
And I never noticed
Who was in the chair
In front of me.
The lights went off
And the lights went on
By mistake—
And the Rouge I had
Sampled was the
CHAPERONE'S!

Where is it that we heard of the absent-minded prof who poured syrup down his neck and scratched his pancake?

Two Samaritans—"What's your room number?"
Dizzy Dormite—"C4 (hic)."
One of the Two—"Yeh, I know you do, that's why we want to take you home."

FAMOUS HELLS

Pan.....
.....espont
Seas.....
.....zbell
.....o
O.....

Brutus—"Hello, Caesar, old boy, I see by your togo that you had eggs for breakfast."
Caesar—"Yeh, et tu, Brute."

It is suggested that the Chapel Choir be listed in the next catalogue as Doxology 13.

Customist—"Here I buy a cigar and you say you don't allow smoking in this store."
Drugger—"Sure we sell cigars but do not permit smoking. We also sell epicac."

Denison's Hall of Fame



"UNCLE SAM" BRIERLY

Samuel Baxter Brierly, Denison '75, was born August 21, 1851, in Neshahannock Falls, Pennsylvania. He came to Denison in the fall of 1869, taking two years in the preparatory department and completing his college work with the same class he started with.

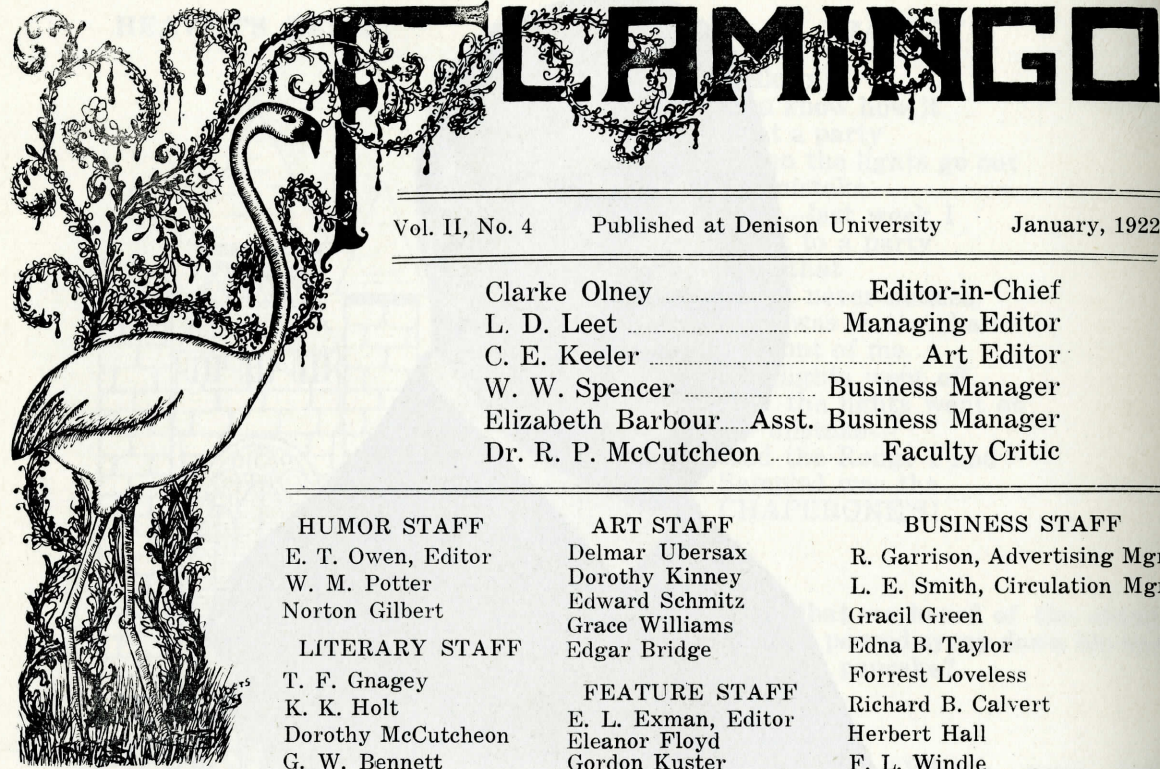
Thirty years ago, he located in Chicago and sought to engage in a business in which he could be of the greatest service to his fellow men. He selected the employment business, and chose the hotel part of it. His life-time work has surely been one of service, and among thousands of hotel employers and employees, his business slogan, "Brierly Sent Me," stands for as a synonym for honest and upright business methods.

In 1906, through the Chicago—Denison Association, Mr. Brierly became interested in the alumni work of his Alma Mater, and this interest and work, impossible to confine by the boundaries of Chicago, soon spread to the larger Alumni Society of the entire college,

of which he is now secretary. Of his ability in this office, nothing need be said to Denisonians. The Alumni Bulletin, Mr. Brierly's eternal monument, tells the story. In the words of an editor in a nearby city, "The Bulletin is a great publication, and the work Sam has done and is doing is worth thousands of dollars to the school."

Mr. Brierly has at his office in Chicago a beautiful bound volume of letters which he received last summer on his seventieth birthday from his college friends. The handsome, hand-painted frontispiece bears this inscription: "To live in the hearts of men and women is really to live. All else is temporal and fleeting." And for a life of service this is Uncle Sam's reward: "to live in the hearts of men and women." Our term of endearment for him is "Uncle Sam." By that term Denison men and women all over the world know him and express their esteem and love for him.

Life is service, and Uncle Sam truly lives.



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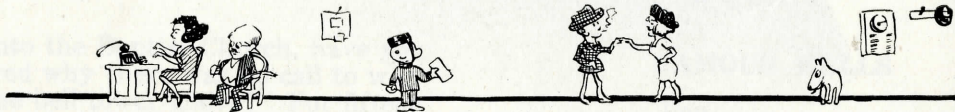
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Two Dollars the Year.

Twenty-five Cents the Copy.



"Greater Denison" has a grating sound to some ears, a musical sound to others. The Flamingo, being an idealistic sort of fowl, rather likes the two words—first because they presuppose the present greatness of the University, and second because they admit the possibility of sometime using the comparative degree of the adjective.

Unfortunately, however, it is extremely problematical if any of the present college generation will ever enjoy even a taste of the delights now pictured on architect's plans.

It is rather for us, the living, that the Bird raises his cry. Must all our pleasure come from benevolent gazing into the future at the felicity of posterity? The M. B. protests.

The Bird, in his various flittings about the yard has noticed with considerable interest the paternalistic efforts of the college in

providing suitable homes for student organizations. Franklin, Cicero, and Irving possess excellent rooms devoted entirely to their use. The Y has almost exclusive right to the use of three rooms.

Fortunate indeed are these organizations, and no doubt they are worthy of their good fortune.

But there are some few of us who feel that a well-edited and up-to-date newspaper, an artistically designed year book, and a representative college magazine are of more benefit to the good name of the institution than a dozen literary societies would ever be.

On bended knee therefore and in behalf of the Denisonian, the Adytum, and the Flamingo, the Bird respectfully asks the following rather modest concession: A small room somewhere on the hill, equipped with a couple of typewriters and three desks, one for each publication.



Our Mid-Year's number could hardly go to press without some editorial pearls concerning exams. Between an engravers' strike and worry over said exams, the Mystic Bird isn't feeling very facetious on the subject. But out in the turmoil of the Cold Cruel, it is different. Exams there furnish material for outbursts of uproarious mirth. Edison's questions caused but a passing flurry, but the perennial brogies of the college dumb-boys furnish an unending source of amusement to contemporary humorists.

The Average Citizen's definition of a college man would probably include, along with a reference to Rah! Rah! stuff, some new gag like the following:

Senior—"I wish Savonarola had been a Spaniard."

Frosh—"Why?"

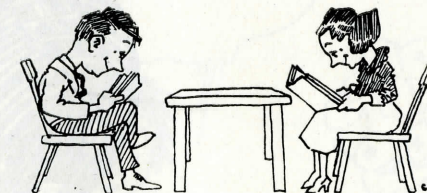


"Why all the formality?" we are prone to ask when the Washington or Junior Banquet is discussed. Most of us do consider the habiliments of civilization a frightful nuisance, and which one of us can truthfully say that he does not wonder at least once during the evening if the sportive bat-wing under his chin is (under his chin)?

A laudable and democratic tendency has always been manifest on the campus. Flannel shirts and army shoes are in vogue

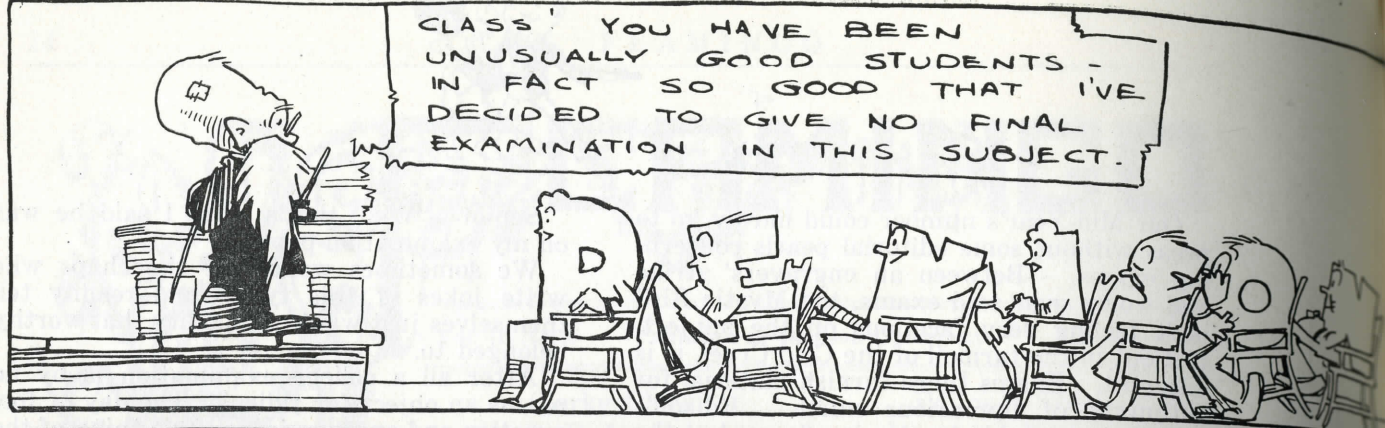
throughout the year and parties of the Rube and Kid variety are the most popular with many groups.

But why dodge the issue? The time will come in most of our lives when we must get our the old trick suit and struggle through an evening of formality. So if the Juniors and Seniors bid us come thusly attired, and your shirt front buckles and your collar wilts, don't curse, just charge it up to the account of "Education."

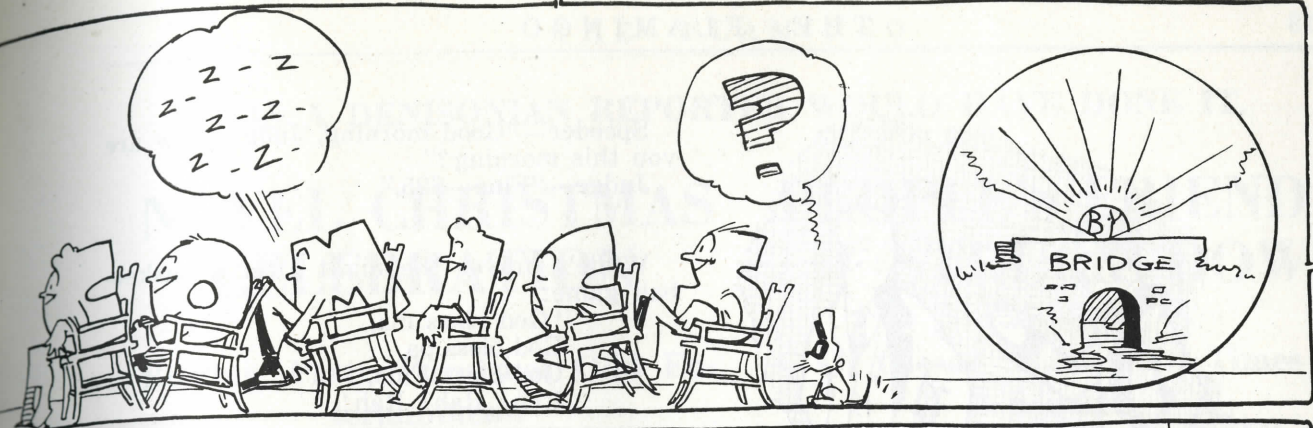


The Flamingo has received a call from Judge in regard to contributions for the annual College Wits Number. The Bird hopes that Denison will be well represented in this issue.

The conditions are as follows: The call is for ORIGINAL drawings and text; in addition to payment at the regular rates Judge offers three silver cups, one to the college or university which makes the best showing in the number, as well as two silver cups, individual, one for the best art feature, and the other for the best literary feature. Each contribution should bear the name of the contributor, his college and class and should be sent in before March 1.

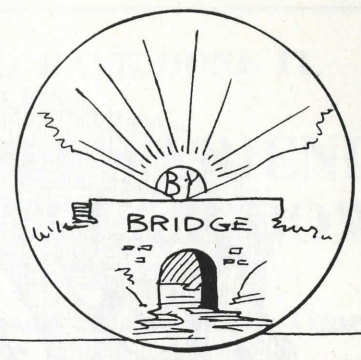


CLASS! YOU HAVE BEEN UNUSUALLY GOOD STUDENTS - IN FACT SO GOOD THAT I'VE DECIDED TO GIVE NO FINAL EXAMINATION IN THIS SUBJECT.



Z-Z-Z
Z-Z-Z
Z-Z-Z

?

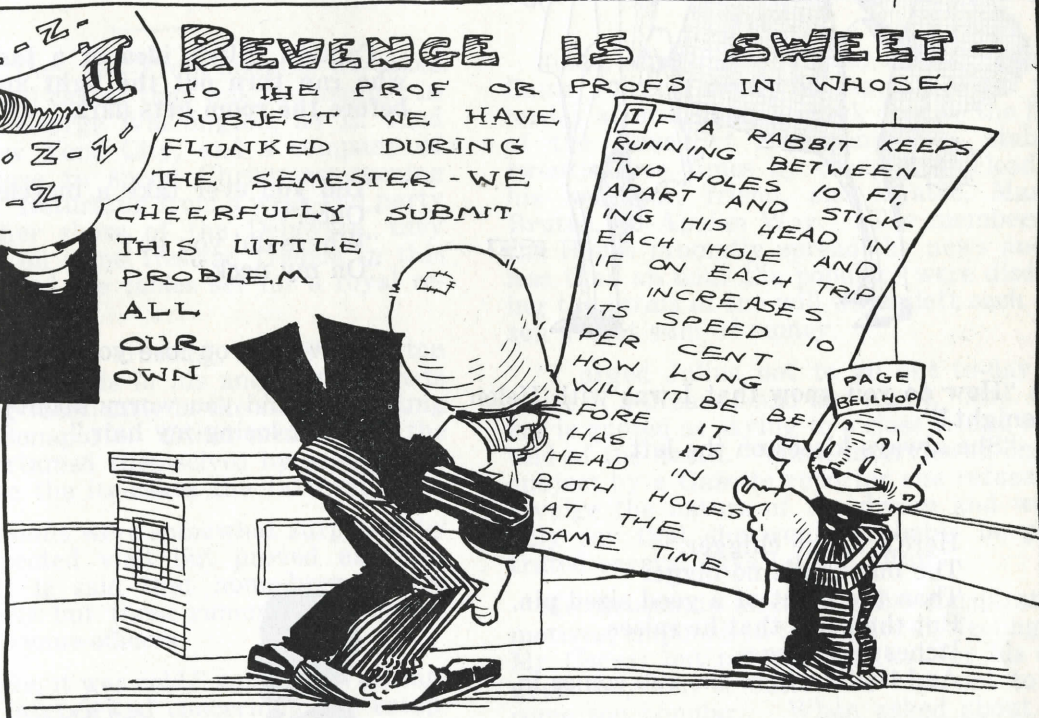


WONDER HOW OUR DEAR CO-EDS FEEL ABOUT 'EM

WHAT THA?

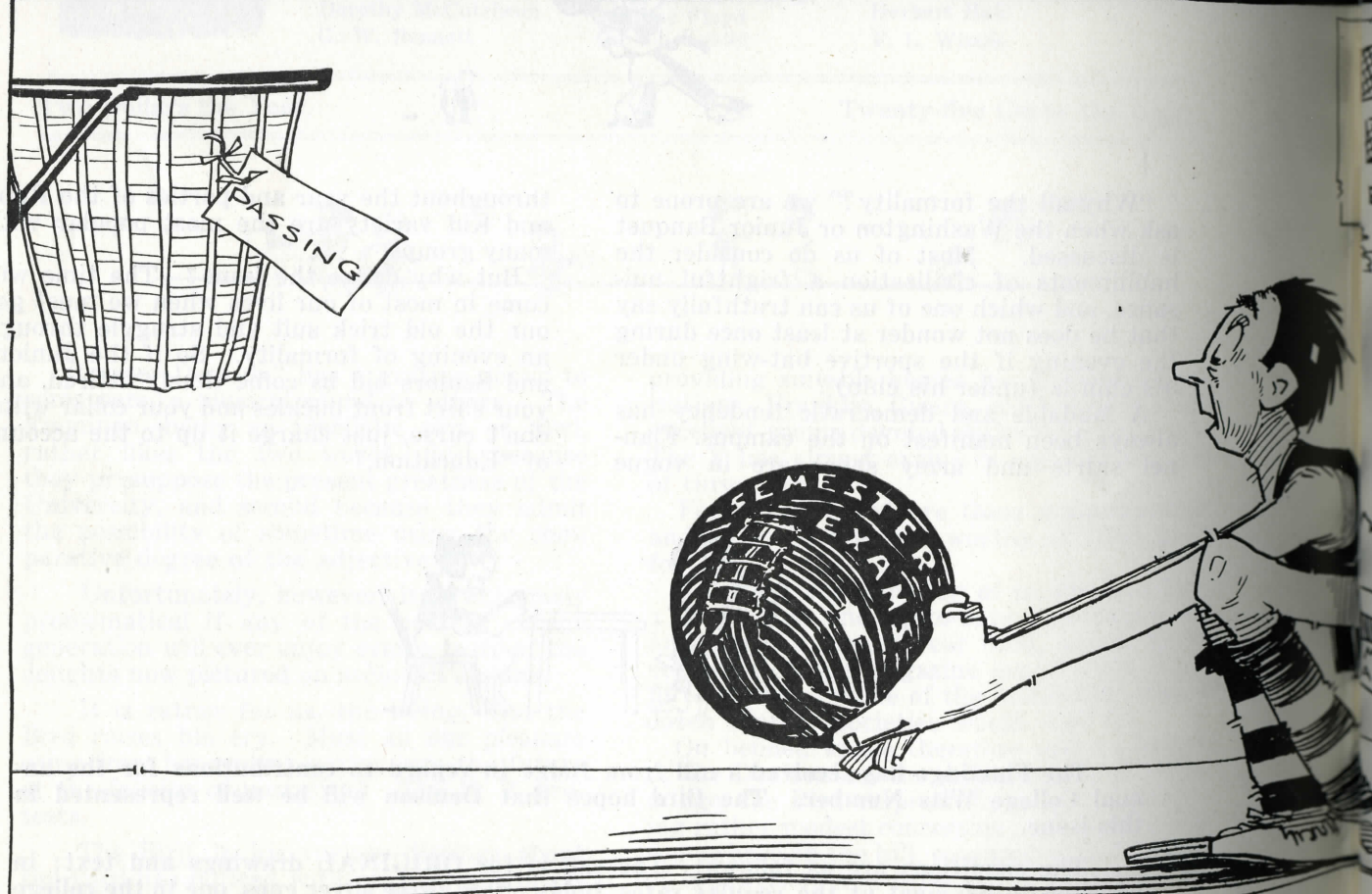
GOSH! NO BRAINS AT ALL - WHY CAN'T THEY GO TO BED NIGHTS AND LET A PERSON SLEEP?

OH! WELL! THEY 'EM RARE CAN'T ALL NIGHT



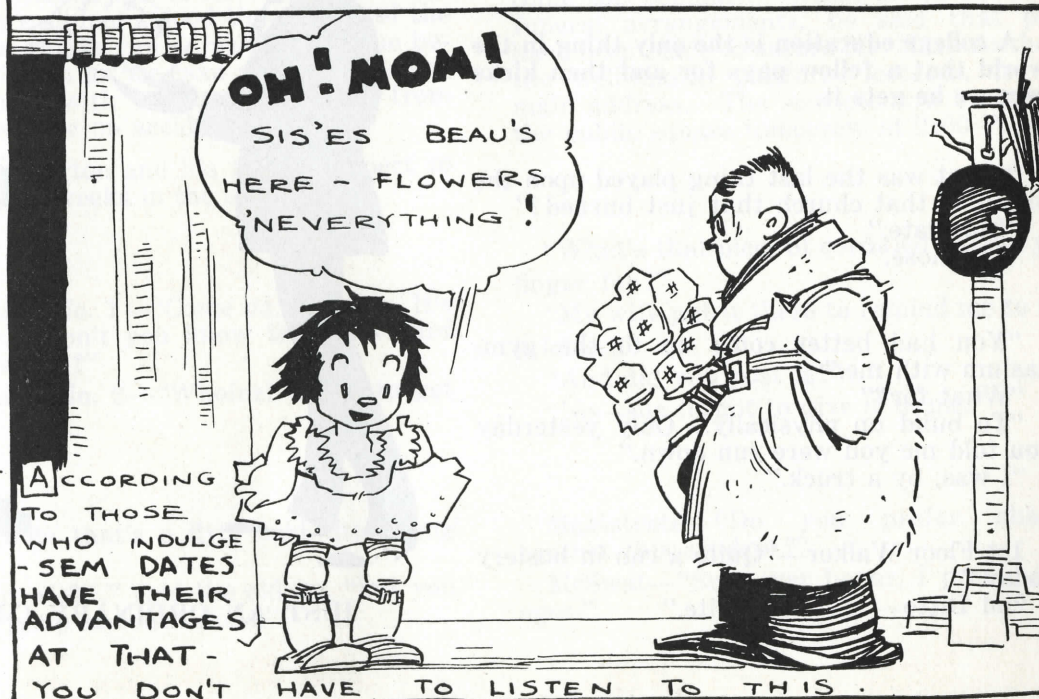
REVENGE IS SWEET - TO THE PROF OR PROFS IN WHOSE SUBJECT WE HAVE FLUNKED DURING THE SEMESTER - WE CHEERFULLY SUBMIT THIS LITTLE PROBLEM. ALL OUR OWN

IF A RABBIT KEEPS RUNNING BETWEEN TWO HOLES 10 FT. APART AND STICKING HIS HEAD IN EACH HOLE AND IF ON EACH TRIP IT INCREASES ITS SPEED 10 PER CENT - HOW LONG WILL IT BE BEFORE IT BEGINS TO HAVE ITS HEAD IN BOTH HOLES AT THE SAME TIME.



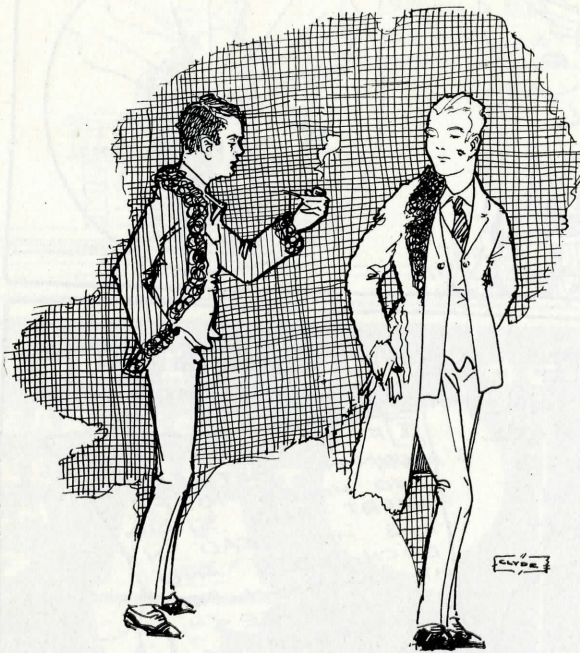
PASSING

ANXIOUS MOMENTS.



OH! MOM! SIS'ES BEAU'S HERE - FLOWERS 'NEVERYTHING!

ACCORDING TO THOSE WHO INDULGE - SEM DATES HAVE THEIR ADVANTAGES AT THAT - YOU DON'T HAVE TO LISTEN TO THIS.



Speeder—"Good morning, Judge; how are you this morning?"
Judge—"Fine—\$25."

Willie's prayer the night after a basketball game:

"God bless ma,
God bless pa,
God bless Fido,
Rah! Rah! Rah!"

Captain Billy's idea of a fast guy is one who can turn out the light and get in bed before the room gets dark.

"Did you ever take a bicycle trip?"
"Once."
"Where did you go?"
"On my neck."

"How did you lose your hair?"
"Worry."
"What did you worry about?"
"About losing my hair."

"How do you know that I was with Helen tonight?"
"She always kisses on the left."

Here's to the chigger,
The bug that's no bigger
Than the point of a good sized pin.
But the point that he raises
Itches like blazes,
And that's where the rub comes in.

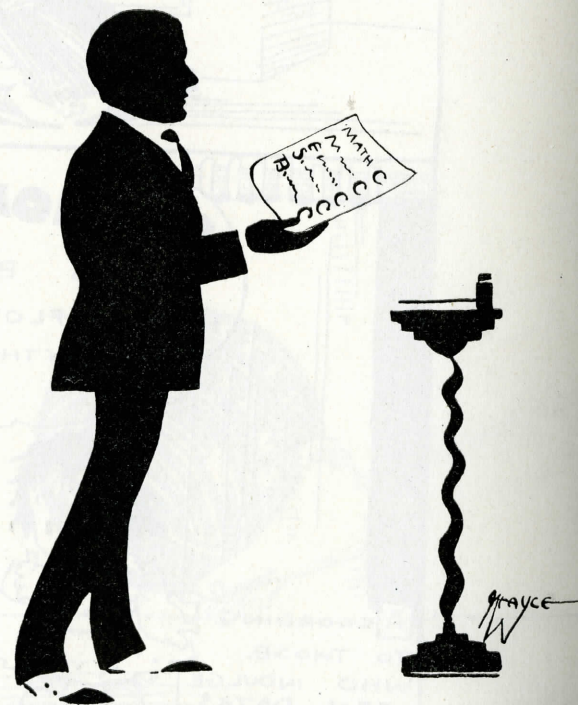
A college education is the only thing in the world that a fellow pays for and then kicks because he gets it.

"What was the last thing played upon the organ of that church that just burned?"
"Elucidate."
"The hose."

"You had better come up to the gymnasium with me."
"What for?"
"To build up physically. Only yesterday you told me you were run down."
"I was, by a truck."

1st Floor Walker—"Quite a run in hosiery today."

2nd Ditto—"Yes it Luxite."



JUST AN ORDINARY C-MAN.

AS A DENISONIAN REPORTER WOULD HAVE DONE IT.

NOVEL CHRISTMAS CELEBRATION

Boating Party Furnishes Odd Entertainment.

Trenton, Dec. 26—From dodging ice-cakes to eating iced cakes; that was the manner in which Mr. George Washington, 34 E. 42nd Street, New York City, and a company of friends chose to spend Christmas evening this year. Returning from a week-end party on the other shore of the Delaware, they dropped in on some Hessian friends in this city and found the tables set for a royal repast.

Throughout the crossing, Mr. Washington amused the friends in his and nearby boats by standing facetiously in the stern imitating Napoleon Bonaparte. Other members of the party entertained themselves by seeing who could shove the ice-cakes the farthest.

The Hessians were somewhat surprised by this unexpected visit but proved excellent hosts. It is said that home-brew flowed rather freely but these rumors were denied by local revenue-officers.

"Of course, it was cold," said Mr. Washington when interviewed concerning the escapade, "but we all had a good time. One of the boys got a galosh full of water when he became excited in an ice-cake race and tried to aid his entry with his foot, but aside from that there were no accidents."

Mr. Washington and his friends expect to spend several weeks in the city.

Roommate No. 1—"Come on, get up. It's six thirty. Don't you know the early bird gets the worm?"

Roommate No. 2—"Whoinel wants to get worms?"

"I conclude that's a fly," said the young trout.

"You are right," said the old un, "but you must not jump at conclusions."

PEOPLE'S FRIEND STRUCK DOWN

C. J. Caesar Stabbed 23 Times in Senate.

Rome, March 16—"Et tu, Brute!" gasped Caius Julius Caesar, 56 Appian Way, yesterday afternoon, as he sank dead to the floor of the House of Representatives, stabbed twenty-three times by conspirators lead by his neighbor, friend, and legatee, Marcus Brutus, 60 Appian Way. The members of the House promptly spread the news and in less than an hour the populace were discussing the terms of the will which left each citizen a neat sum of money.

"I urged Julius not to go out to-day because of a dream I had last night," Mrs. Caesar is quoted as saying to a close friend when told of the death. When interviewed on the subject by a Gazette reporter she refused to divulge the nature of the dream and would only say that she would probably be prostrated several days by the affair.

Mr. Brutus, in discussing the conspirators' motives, emphasized their friendly feeling for Mr. Caesar but pointed out that for his own good they felt it better for him not to become too popular. When asked about the funeral arrangements, he said that plans have been made to secure Mr. Mark Anthony, the well-known platform lecturer, for the main address. The services will be held on the public square tomorrow at 2:00 P. M.

"What's that piece of cord tied around your finger for?"

"My wife put it there to remind me to mail a letter."

"And did you post it?"

"No—she forgot to give it to me."

Magistrate—"Do you prefer charges against this student?"

McSwat—"Sure, yer honor, I prefer damages."

NOT THE MORNING AFTER—BUT THE SAME NIGHT

All the livelong night I thrashed to and fro upon my narrow couch. Dew dripped from my frantic and fevered brow as the gentle rain from Heaven; weird shapes slid horribly and greasily out of familiar objects, the tail of each grasping a red-hot needle. Lurking shadows coughed up strange apparitions which glided along the cracks of the wall, turning inside out at each wink and finally falling fiercely on my cerebrum with a blow which made it stagger. My mind was departing; I shrieked to the stars; I roared with anguish; I gasped with despair. The fine-drawn, burning torture of the body became too powerful to be withstood; sunk to the lowest depths of horror and despair, my mind, in one last mighty effort, fought its way through the rushing chaos and found an escape, now and forever, irrevocable. There on the table in the moonlight gleamed a metallic object. I could stand no more, lying down; I must take the last chance, and, while rebelling at the idea of self-destruction, I disobeyed the coach's orders, struggled to the table, snapped open the cigarette case, and dragged out a Camel.



"Do you know this guy Lamp?"
"Yeah. Regular rounder."
"Uhhuh, smokes and goes out at night."

Things to Worry About

Guinea pigs multiply rapidly but can not add.

CROSSING THE BAR

Morning and cloudless sky,
But none of these I see;
Oh, may the problems which I now must try
Become more clear to me.

Oh, may this one exam be thus,
To raise my grade on high;
And grant that I be called not to discuss
A point I once passed by.

The start, the Prof's calm voice,
And after that the dark;
As on a sea of mixed and troubled thoughts
I now embark.

Although my straying, wand'ring mind
Afield may lead me far,
I hope to see an A upon my card,
When I have crossed this bar.



Not a Flirtation

She came into the class-room.
(I sit behind her.)
She lifted back \$250 worth of furs—
Turned to me
And smiled.
I smiled, too.
Her furs had made her neck dirty.

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

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GUARANTEE SATISFACTION
IN EVERY GARMENT

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CLEARANCE PRICES

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SILK DRESSES,

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WINTER COATS,

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TUESDAY

FEBRUARY 14th is VALENTINE DAY

Send one of our

Special FLOWER Valentines

We will have Violets and Sweet Peas in unlimited quantities, and the price will be right. Fancy Valentine Cards to go with the Flower Valentines.

"Posey" Halbrooks

We Deliver in Granville

12-14-16 E. Church St.

Newark, Ohio

How my roommate disturbs my peace and equanimity! If I get myself well settled in the only comfortable chair in the place he is sure to come in and make a lot of noise trying to balance on the three legged wonder which is the other one. He is most disagreeable when I ask him for his neckties which I can't find; and is highly insulted when I try to borrow a V. How my roommate disturbs my peace and equanimity!

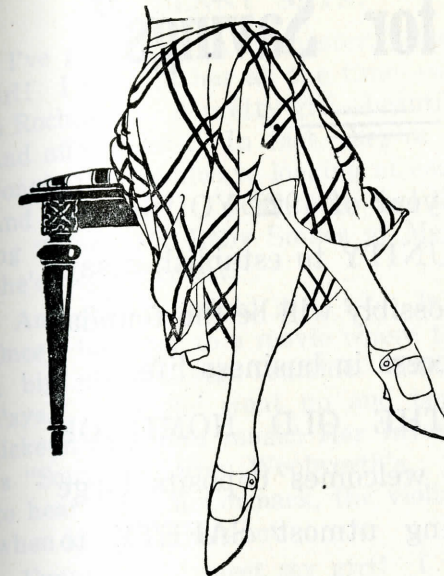
I think the Mormon prophet was
An awful funny man;
I wonder how his wives enjoyed
His prophet-sharing plan.

"Are they seasoned troops?"
"They ought to be. First they were mustered in by their officers and then peppered by the enemy. And yet some say they are not worth their salt."

DR. HECK

DENTIST

Over Cordon's Restaurant



Phoenix Hosiery

\$1.10 to \$3.50 per pair



Walk-Over Shoes

\$5.00 to \$10.00 per pair

Have You Visited Our Store?

MANNING & WOODWARD'S

WALK-OVER SHOE STORE

West Side Square



They were talking. The conversation had drifted, as conversations will, to the subject of matrimony.

"Speaking of marriage," he said, "The longer a man is married—"

"The happier he is," finished the sweet young thing with soulful eyes.

"That wasn't exactly my thought," he replied. "I was about to remark that the longer a man is married—"

"The more he regrets that he didn't marry earlier," broke in the girl with the rosebud mouth.

"Well-er-I hadn't considered it in just that light, either," he pursued patiently. "What I was about to say is that the longer a man is married—"

"I know. The more he loves his wife," gurgled the engaged girl.

"Piffle!" he exclaimed. "With your kind attention I will now endeavor to give you a correct imitation of a man perpetrating an epigram without the aid of feminine interruption. I was about to remark that the longer a man is married, the less he seems to mind it."

"Did you make the trip across in a first class cabin?"

"No, I made the entire voyage by rail."

Technical—"Your car hitting all right?"

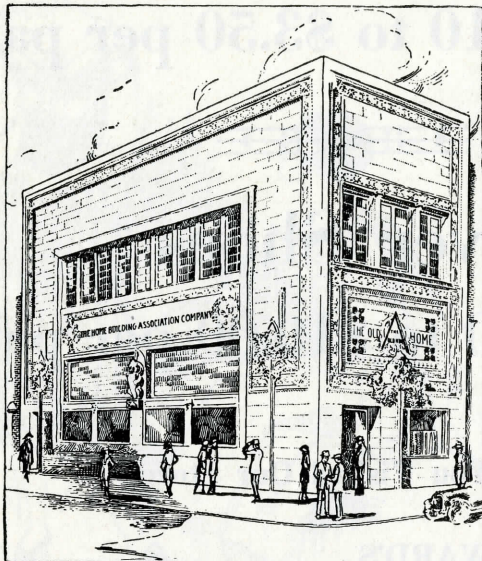
Fordite—"Yeh, you can hear it a block away."

"They tell me that the lawyer had much difficulty in getting an account of the crime from the gardener."

"Yes. Every time he thought that he would get something of importance the gardener would begin to hedge."

"I believe you're stringing me," said the convict as the executioner tied the knot under his chin.

Make This Your "Home for Savings"



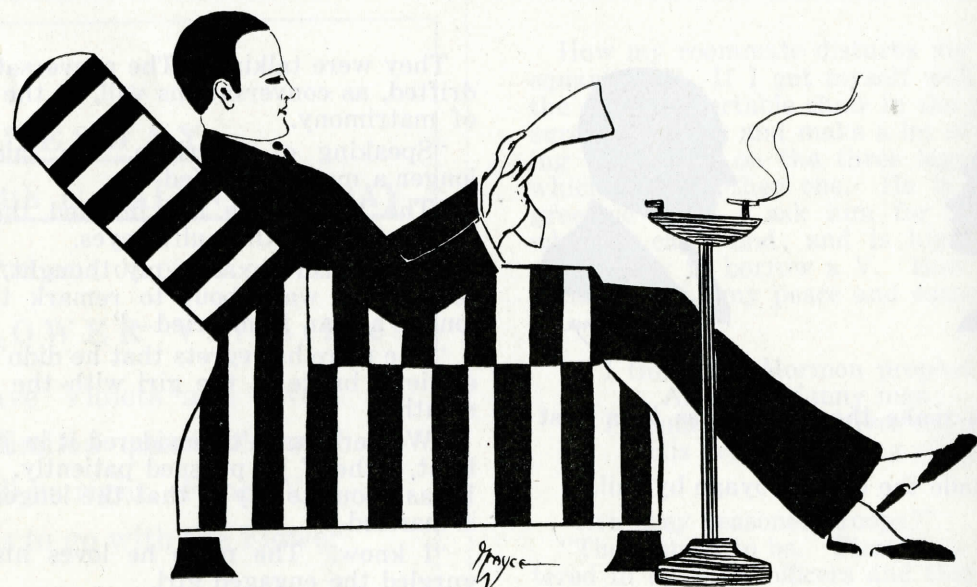
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SAVE in THE OLD HOME OF NEWARK, that welcomes deposits large or small, assuring utmost SAFETY to ALL.

The Home Building Association Co.

North Third and West Main Sts.
Newark, Ohio



Bandoline—"I'm going downtown to see 'The Bat'!"
Vaseline—"Well, get in before three."

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COMFORTABLE VISION

by
CORRECT GLASSES
O. P. COOK
Next Door to Hotel Warden Newark, Ohio

Perry Brothers GROCERS

BENNY SAYS:

I've got a girl in Rochester. She's some girl! I go with her all the time—when I'm in Rochester. A pretty girl—beautiful eyes. And affectionate. In fact, they're so affectionate they're always looking at each other. And her smile! I sometimes feel like singing "When My Baby Smiles at Me, I Wish She'd See a Dentist."

And she's a bright girl, too. Intelligent. Once I took her to a movie where there was a big electric sign outside "The Woman Pays." So she went up and bought the tickets. She likes music. Her favorite piece is "Souvenir" from Woolworth's. She likes to hear John McCormack, the violinist, play when he has a jazz act.

Funny how I meet my girl! I was driving along one night and saw her walking up the street all alone. She's a fine dresser. That time she had on black silk stockings—and a lavender veil, I think. Seems to me the veil was lavender. At least, the stockings were black. I'm sure of that.

So I asked her if she'd like a ride. She said, "No thank you—I'm just walking back from one now." But she gave me her name and address and told me to look her up sometime. So I did. She's a nice girl.

Thy Name Is Woman

She crossed her slim ankles and settled back among the cushions of the hammock. He put his arm around her and sighed. She sighed. He sighed again and murmured, "Darling—"
"Yes," she queried.
"Darling, will you marry me?"
And when he had gone she cut another notch in the porch swing.—Jester.

Like Dainty Perfumes?

Everybody likes dainty perfumes. The daintiest in the world is sold right here. Codys' That's not our fault, but the fault of our public which has always demanded the best. We have the daintiest of imported bouquets; small packages or large, or even sold in bulk.

Toilet Water Dainties

Toilet waters supply all the dainty odor of heavy perfumes, but yet are more economical to use and they do not contain alcohol enough to roughen or make the skin smart. Imported and domestic brands in the most elusive odors, most perfect creations made. Many size bottles.

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Y. M. C. A. Bldg, Newark, O.

Distributor of
ALAMO LIGHTING PLANTS**AN ODE TO A RABBIT**

A poet's life is one of rest—
I say "a poet"—not me—
'Cause he can always say the best
Of things in poetry.

When'er he feels that thought arise
Which some call inspiration,
He sits him down—he seldom lies—
And reels off an oration.

In poetry one finds the bliss
To make the heart-throbs bare.
So close I will the verse called this:
"The Parting of The Hair."

—W. G. K.

The FLAMINGO wants a host of contributors.
Do you know the latest one about the pretty co-ed who, etc.? Can you construct a poem or destroy a reputation? Can you draw pictures of Stunning Girls? Or of Dissipated Young Men? Or eccentric members of the Faculty? Or of Athletes making the winning basket, or of automobiles, or two Irishmen, two Englishmen, or anything? Could you spread a mean line to possible advertisers or subscribers or advantage? Give us the privilege of rejecting your work! Get in touch with the Bird!

Absent Minded Prof.—"Is there anyone under that bed?"

Escaped Convict Hiding—"Not a soul."
A. M. Prof.—"That's funny—I could have sworn that I heard somebody."—Beanpot.

Cabba—"Who's that man over there arguing with? There's no one near him."
Ray—"He ate something that didn't agree with him."—Chaparral.

"I hear our new mayor has declared war on all mashers."

"I'm O. K. I keep mine locked up."



Hibrow—"My love is like a babbling brook."

Loditto—"Dam it!"

"Long may it wave," said the patriotic flapper as she stepped out of the beauty parlor with her hair marcelled.

Soph—"?!&?!"

Frosh—"Whoa—Century Handbook 48A, repetition."

"My wife," said Captain Billy, "is a woman of few words—but she uses them over and over again."

We specialize in face and scalp treatment and girls' haircutting.

ALEX ROBERTS
BARBER

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STETSON HATS
for FALL
averaging
25% lower
than last year



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Stetson Quality
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The same today as for
56 years assured
by the
Stetson Quality Mark
in Every Hat

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Agents for

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OHIO COAL AT LOWER PRICES

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FEED OF ALL KINDS

Quick Deliveries

The Granville Co-operative Co.

G. E. HAMMOND, Manager

CATASTROPHE

Did you ever
Know a girl
Who had a
Dress
That she liked
So well that
She wore it
All the time?
And one day
You saw that
Dress with its
Familiar look,
Standing
In front of the
Postoffice,
And you were
Overjoyed,
For you had
A Half-A-Dollar
In your pocket
And something important
On your chest.
You wanted to
Go to Casey's.
So you went up to
Her and patted her
On the back
And said
"Let's go over
The way and buy
A soda."
And then
Her roommate
With a pugnacious
And a thoroughly
Disgusted look
On her
Face
Turned around
And said
"You're entirely
Too fresh
Young man."
(Apologies to Judge.)

—Y.

THE NEWEST YET!!

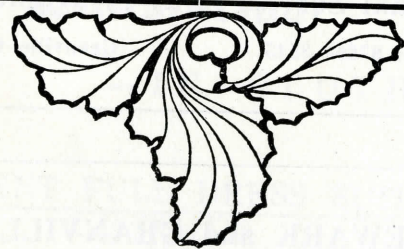
ESKIMO PIE

Sold Exclusively by

P. J. CORDON

Phone 8620

The Newark Fashion



Newark, Ohio

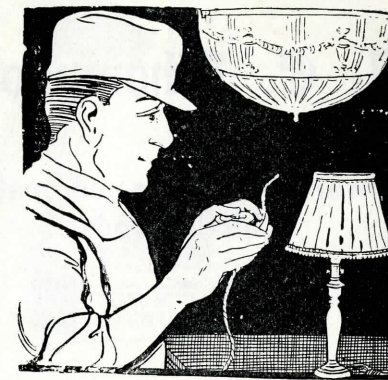
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for electricity in your home: You don't want to bother with oil or gas lamps, as they are a nuisance and often dangerous. But electric lamps with fancy shades are a joy to a home. For this and other uses let us wire your house.

DELCO ELECTRIC SALES CO.

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We Know Her, Too

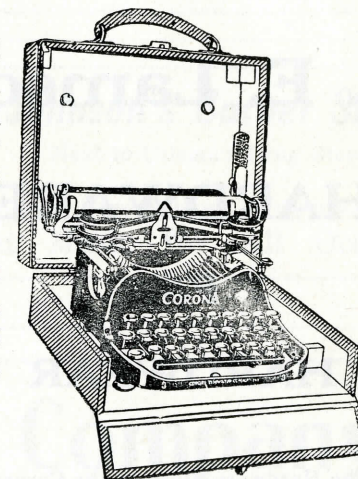
Student—"Has not fortune ever knocked at your door?"
 Beggar—"He did once, but I was out. Ever since, he has sent his daughter."
 Student—"His daughter, who is she?"
 Beggar—"Why Miss Fortune, of course."
 —Beanpot.

AGENT

AGENT

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CORONA

The Personal Writing Machine

NEWARK TYPEWRITER CO.

18 1-2 N. Second street

Newark, O.

J. E. Thompson

Hardware, Furniture and Spalding
Athletic Goods

Granville, - - Ohio

The storm had been raging for an hour, but the young twain on the stern of the vessel seemed oblivious. He was proposing for the tenth time since the boat took to sea. With an extra lurch of the storm-tossed ship—

"I shan't marry you, John. You might as well give up."

Another lurch.

He did—Puppet.

An Optimist—A fellow who shaves every time he goes to see his girl.—Beanpot.

H. E. Lamson

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HARDWEAR

"The Hardware Store on the Corner"

Goldsmith's Athletic Goods

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Granville, Ohio

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We cordially invite you to visit the best equipped little print shop in Central Ohio and assure yourself that our equipment is a guarantee to you of the service and quality you demand.

THE GRANVILLE TIMES

RAPID SERVICE JOB PRINT

Honest, Henry, I once knew a girl so innocent that she thought the Volstead Act was one of B. F. Keith's.—Wasp.

A mud-spattered dough-boy slouched into the 'Y' hut where an entertainment was in progress and slumped into a front seat.

Firm, kindly, and efficient, a Y. M. C. A. man approached him, saying: "Sorry, buddy, but the entire front section is reserved for officers."

Wearily the youth rose.

"All right," he drawled, "but the one I just got back from wasn't."—Whiz Bang.

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8. North Park St. Newark, Ohio

New Models in Silk and Satin Hats, \$5.00.



Have your Furs remodeled and cleaned. Our Furrier is here. We call for, give prices, and deliver them back to you.

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Four Yards in Licking County

Newark, Granville, Buckeye Lake, Utica



— for your next dinner party —

Brick Ice Cream
from

THE BUSY BEE
Geo. Stamas,
Proprietor

Phone 1433

Arcade Newark

Who was this wild and winsome coot
That made poor Adam pull the boot
And taste of that forbidden fruit?

A Flapper.

This Cleopatra maiden fair
For whom great Caesar tore his hair,
Who was this vamp so debonair?

A Flapper.

Who was this biddy called Salome
That robbed John Baptist of his dome,
The one that made mere man leave home?

A Flapper.

Who is it now that flashes by
With scanty clothes and drooping eye,
For whom some sap would gladly die?

A Flapper.

Who strokes the profs upon their nobbs,
And on their shoulders gently sobbs
While some swell mark from them she robs?

A Flapper.

Who is it spends your hard-earned kale
Who makes this plaint a woeful tale
Who is more deadly than the male?

A Flapper.

—Chaparral.

A stranger got off the train at our neighboring town of Coon Creek and went up to the town druggist and asked for whisky.

"We're only allowed to sell spirits for medicinal purposes," said the druggist.

"That's what I want it for," the stranger insisted, "this town gives me a pain."

—Whiz Bang.

"There is a lot in what you say," said the Real Estate agent as he waited eagerly for the prospective buyer's answer.—Jester.

J. M. JONES

FUNERAL DIRECTOR AND EMBALMER

Motor and Horse Drawn Equipment

LILLIE B. JONES, Lady Assistant

Phones 8168 — 8288

204 S. Main St.

Johnson's Barber Shop

Next to Ullman's Drug Store

Enoch's Orchestra Furnishes the
Best Music for All Occasions.

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Surplus \$25,000

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E. A. SMOOTS, Vice President
E. J. CASE
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C. B. SLACK, Cashier
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CHICKEN SANDWICHES
PUMPKIN PIE
CAKE and HOT CHOCOLATE

Ye Buxton Inn Tea Room

Mrs. "Rock" Williams, '16

St. Peter—"You say you were a writer on a college comic magazine?"

Applicant—"Yes, St. Peter."

St. Peter—"Step into the elevator, please."

Applicant—"How soon does it go up?"

St. Peter—"It doesn't go up; it goes down."
—Virginia Reel.

He—"What would you do if I kissed you?"

She—"How do I know. You know perfectly well I haven't read the latest college comics."—Jack O'Lantern.

Sin—"Edison never sleeps more than four hours a night."

Cosin—"Must live next door to a fraternity house."—Sun Dodger.

The cats on the back fence have gone. So endeth the promptings of the mews.
—Beanpot.

Sponge—"I think that a street car hash just passed."

Wet—"How you know?"

Sponge—"I can shee its tracks."—Jester.

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