

1922

Flamingo Vol. III N 2

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Denison University

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Denison University

William Vogel
Denison University

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Denison University

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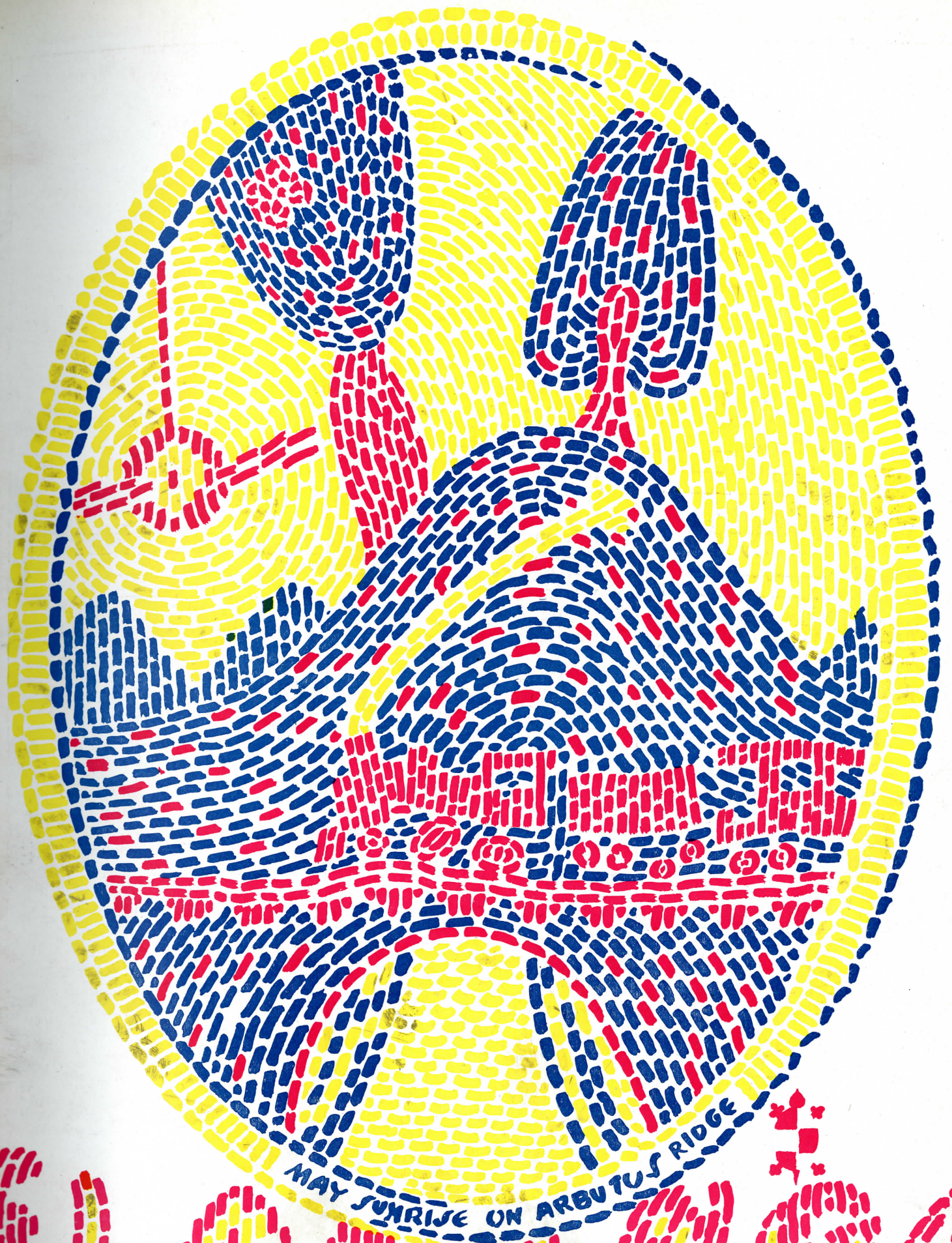
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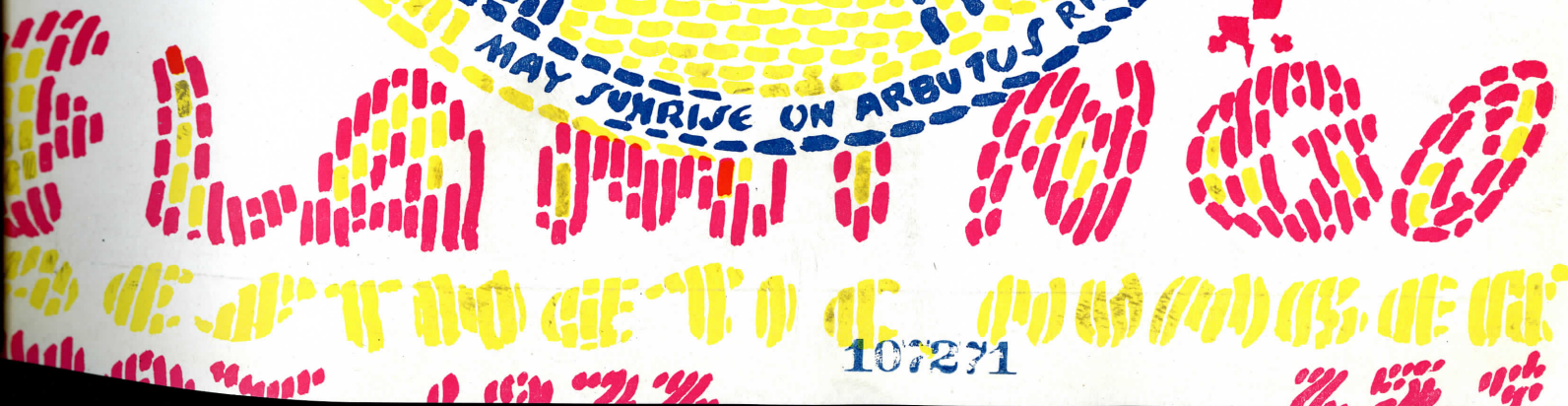
Flamingo Vol. III N 2

Authors

John M. Price, Kilburn Holt, William Vogel, Lillis Howard, Russell Rine, Hod Mercer, and Virginia Reel



MAY SUNRISE ON ARBUTUS RIDGE



INDEX TO ADVERTISERS

Every advertisement in these pages is reliable. The Flamingo does not accept questionable material, neither does it permit complimentary advertisements. We have faith in the integrity of our advertisers.

THE THREE WISE GUYS

Once Upon a Time
There was a Social Committee
That was Short of Kale
And had to put on a Big Stunt.
Favors and Programs cost Money.
They were Up a Tall Stump.

* * * * *

But the Chairman was a Wise Guy.
He called up the Service Manager
Of the Flamingo.
And He's no Slouch on Brains,
either.
He told the Wise Guy
Of a Company he hadn't heard of
before.

* * * * *

And the Social Committee
Got better Goods at a lower Price.
And put on the Big Stunt
In Style.

* * * * *

Once Upon Another Time
There was a Florist
That made a Specialty of Corsages,
And wanted to Sell them, but
He didn't know When our Big
Stunts Came Off,
And he wanted to Advertise at the
Right Time.

* * * * *

But the Florist was a Wise Guy.
He wrote to the Service Manager
Of the Flamingo,
And he's no Slouch on Brains,
either.
He told the Wise Guy
Just when his Ad would get Re-
sults.

* * * * *

And the Florist
Made a Grand Slam with his Bou-
quets,
And Everybody was Happy
Ever After.

* * * * *

Now, as they say in Public Speak-
ing,
"The Point I wish to make is This:"
The Chairman was a Wise Guy—
The Florist was a Wise Guy—
That makes Two Wise Guys—
You be the Third
Wise Guy.



	Page
Hyde Brothers	Inside Back Cover
Johnson's Barber Shop	32
Rufus Johnson	29
J. M. Jones	24
Kuster's Restaurants	3
Lamson Hardware Co.	28
W. H. Mazey Co.	22
Methodist Church	28
J. M. Mithchell	Back Cover
W. H. Mueller	2
Natoma Restaurant	1
Newark Auto Supply Co.	31
Newark Cycle and Supply Co.	29
Newark Trust Co.	26
Newark Wall Paper Co.	2
Jas. W. Passman	24
Ira E. Perry	32
Presbyterian Church	31
Rutledge Bros.	21
Mrs. C. P. Reynolds	22
Alex Roberts	28
Sardeson-Hovland	21
Marie Schallee	25
C. A. Stanforth	32
U. S. Army Goods Store	3
W. P. Ullman and Son	2
The United Pencil Co.	25
Walk-Over Shoe Store	23
Wyant Garage	26



	Page
Arcade Drug Store	32
Arcade Shine Parlor	24
E. M. Bolen	27
Bucher Engraving Co.	Inside Back Cover
Burke Golf Company	26
Busy Bee	25
Case Bros.	32
Central Taxi Co.	28
P. J. Cordon	26
L. S. Cullison	32
Deacon Meat Market	28
Delco-Light Products Co.	29
Chas. A. Duerr (Arcade Florist)	30
Chas. O. Eagle and Son	Inside Back Cover
Roe Emerson	23
Fenberg's Theatres	1
The General Electric Co.	3
Gem Theatre	27
Granville Bank Co.	30
Granville Times	26
Griffing	31
Paul M. Halbrooks	25
Hall's Drug Store	22
Haynes Bros.	30
Dr. Heck	23
Hermann, the Clothier	27
Home Building Ass'n Co.	24
M. C. Horton	32



Students---

Before your summer vacation starts—you will have the opportunity of seeing some very good photoplays at either of my **three theaters.**

The Opera House will show

D. W. Griffith's

"WAY DOWN EAST"

Saturday, May 20th. Do Not Miss This.

Other features being "Boomerang Bill," "O'Malley of the Mounted," "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" and many other noted features. The Alhambra and Auditorium Theaters at Newark also have some very good picture plays coming. "Beyond the Rocks," "Way Down East," "Gilded Lilly," "Bob Hampton of Placer," "Is Matrimony a Failure," "Her Husband's Trademark," "2 Minutes to Go," "Champion," "Queen of Sheba" and others.

Perhaps you have a picture you would like to see, if so just write your wants, and if it is possible, I will try and arrange to have same shown at The Opera House.

Yours always for good clean amusement,

GEO. M. FENBERG.

THE FLAMINGO

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Vol. III

MAY, 1922

No. 2

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Newark



Take It From The Air

NOT only music, but news, speeches, messages of every sort, are today being picked out of the air.

"How has this come about?" we ask.

The new impetus given to radio development may be definitely associated with the development of the high power vacuum tube, for that made broadcasting possible. And the power tube originated from a piece of purely theoretical research, which had no connection with radio.

When a scientist in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company found that electric current could be made to pass through the highest possible vacuum and could be varied according to fixed laws, he established the principle of the power tube and laid the foundation for the "tron" group of devices.

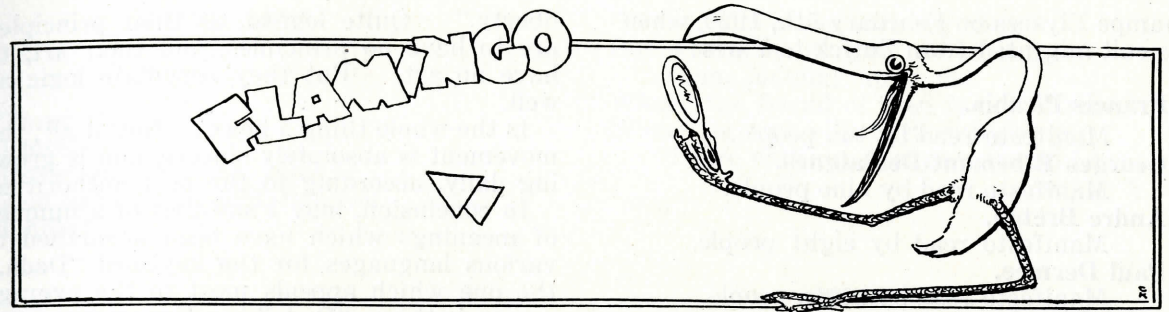
These devices magnify the tiny telephone currents produced by the voice and supply them to the antenna, which broadcasts the messages. At the receiving ends, smaller "trons", in turn, magnify the otherwise imperceptible messages coming to them from the receiving antenna.

Great accomplishments are not picked out of the air. Generally, as in this case, they grow from one man's insatiable desire to find out the "how" of things.

Scientific research discovers the facts. Practical applications follow in good time.

General Electric
 General Office Company Schenectady, N. Y.

95-502J



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

Dada--Esthetic Nihilism

By John M. Price, '21

o-O
 !!! tsi-i-i-I
 -et sam - et sam- sam -a M
 -et sam-et sam- sam -a M.
 ? oha -Keink - -tsi H.
 ! rrrror - O
 -atakak -af-oh-tzzi g.

That, bewildered reader, is a very delectable little poem entitled "Paroxysme." Its author is Pierre Chapka-Bonniere, Dadaist Extraordinary. He wrote it in French, so of course it cannot be read aloud effectively in English. However, the despairful yet snappy ending in G-minor will commend itself to every lover of music.

Dadaism originated at meetings held as far back as 1916 at the Cabaret Voltaire, in Zurich, by a group of German refugees who sought thus to asuage their sensitive nerves during the unpleasantness of war. Its prophet is Tristan Tzara, nationally unknown; he is, as you will see from his portrait herewith reproduced, a young, timid, bashful creature, with blue eyes and a blonde mane.

The Dadaists published a "Bulletin Dada" (later called "Cannibale") with a manifesto which indicated that they proposed to put all the former schools—especially Cubism and Futurism—out of business. The following extracts from Tristan Tzara's great manifesto may or may not serve to make clear their aims: " * * * I

write a manifesto and I want nothing; however I say certain things and I am in principle against manifestoes; and I am also against principles; * * * I write this manifesto in order to show that one can do at the same time two actions entirely opposed to each other in one fresh breathing; I am

against action; for never ceasing contradiction; for affirmation, too; I am neither for nor against, and I do not explain, for I hate sense.

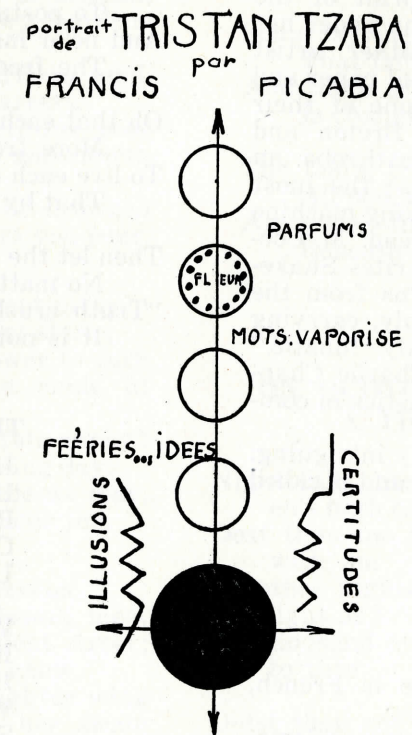
DADA—this is the word which takes ideas on a hunt. * * * DADA means nothing. * * *

We want work, straightforward, strong accurate and forever not understood. Logic is a complication. Logic is always wrong. * * *

The divine thing for us is the awakening of anti-human action. Morality means infusion of chocolate in the veins of all men. * * *

Since times are out of joint and men are human, mean and bloodthirsty, and their words and actions of no more value than the gibbering and gestures of lunatics, let us frankly be lunatics; let us abolish the family, morality, logic, common sense, memory, archeology, the prophets, and the future."

That Tzara's numerous followers (few of whom, by the way, are women) think highly of this masterpiece is evidenced by the following program of a great meeting held at the Grand Palais des



Champe Elysees on February 5th, 1920, when the cult migrated from Zurick to Paris:

Francis Picabia.

Manifesto read by ten people.

Georges Ribemont-Dessaignes.

Manifesto read by nine people.

Andre Breton.

Manifesto read by eight people.

Paul Dermee.

Manifesto read by seven people.

Paul Eluard.

Manifesto read by six people.

Louis Aragon.

Manifesto read by five people.

Tristan Tzara.

Manifesto read by four people and a journalist.

This program was gravely carried out, the speakers, we are told, appearing in shirt-sleeves.

In Paris, the Dadaists are busily at work, organizing picture exhibitions, and meetings at which their literary efforts are read "en patois Dada" to the accompaniment of frenzied jazz bands or eight inch electric bells. The most famous of their pictures is one by Marcel Duchamp. He took a print of the Mona Lisa, put a Kaiser mustache under her smile, and exhibited it. Another artist spilled some ink on a large sheet of paper and called it the Virgin Mary. In one of their plays, "Vous m'oubliez," by Breton and Soupault, the characters are a bathrobe, an umbrella, and a sewing machine; the most thrilling scene represents the sewing machine kissing the bathrobe on its forehead. M. Coc-teau, an illustrious Dadaist, re-writes Shakespeare for performance by clowns from the Cirque Medrano, thus, presumably, carrying out the idea of being "frankly lunatic." Furthermore, they claim that Charlie Chaplin, among others, has characteristics in common with the Mouvement Dada.

One of their poems is especially intriguing. It was written by Louis Aragon, and is called "Suicide:"

A b c d e f
g h i j k l
m n o p q r
s t u v w
x y z

Remember that the language is French, and you may find the cue.

The London Times sagely observes: "Sometimes in the Dada manifestoes, behind their general incoherence, may be detected a glimmer of what, properly presented, might be quite good sense. This cannot be said, however, of either the poems or the drawings composed under the inspiration of the cry of

liberty." Quite logical, as their principles are to have no principles, and their art, to have no art. But they repudiate logic as well.

Is the whole thing a hoax? Not at all; the movement is absolutely sincere, and is growing daily, according to the best authorities.

In conclusion, may I say that of a number of meanings which have been unearthed in various languages for the keyword "Dada," the one which appeals most to the average person is this: "Dada" is a Krou negro word meaning "the tail of the sacred cow."

May we expect a Dum Dum Movement next?

TOLERANCE

Though men may hold another view,
And fail our own to see,
To us the right to think is given,
And ever will it be.

Though they should formulate a god
Of spirit or some energy,
A climax due to sudden change,
Or slow transformity.

Yet may we have the truest power
To postulate a creed.
And ne'er may any mortal take
The freedom that we need.

Oh that each one of us would be
More free and open-minded.
To live each day so near the truth,
That by no fea are binded.

Then let the motto be for men
No matter who they are,
"Truth crushed to earth will rise again."
It is not ours to mar.

—G. C.

THE CASTAWAY

Here, when I die,
Here will I lie;
Rot in the sands,
Crumble my hands
Under the sky.

Waves of the sea
Requiem for me;
Branches that toss
Weeping with moss,
Sole company.

Lost on the isle,
Lived for a while,
Men have forgot,
Here will I rot.
Death is in style! —G. W. B.

CINQUAINS

I

Three things
I love—a lake
Reflecting fire; new snow;
And dandelions' gold, but you
I hate!

II

They say
The trees are red
At fall because their blood
Is surging from the wound that Frost
Has made.

III

A snake
Is beautiful,
Its satin fairy dyed,
Its body smooth, so lithe, but oh
So cold! —G. W. B.

HORATI CARMINA, Liber I, ix

Soracte's peak in dazzling white is dressed,
And groaning trees 'neath snowy burdens
bend,
While winter winds their icy barriers send,
The flight of brook and river to arrest.
Dispel the cold, and let the hearth-fire roar
With blazing logs, while song and mirth
abound;
And, Thaliarchus, let our cares be drowned
In wine which from the Sabine jars you pour.

Cast care aside, mere mortals cannot bring
Respite from mighty Nature's edict stern;
The immortal gods alone have power to turn
Harsh Winter's frown into the smile of
Spring.

Why then should dread of future fate annoy?
Some good arrives with every passing day.
Come, let us live and love now while we may,
Lest fretful Age too soon surprise our joy.

Now let the civic square be rendezvous,
Where, at the hour appointed, lovers meet
For strolls nocturnal, down the silent street;
Or in the park let vows be sealed anew.

Now let the maiden's teasing laughter wing
From nook obscure where from her swain
she hides,
And watch how soon his feigned wrath sub-
sides
When, in revenge, he's filched her charm or
ring.

—Translation by K. Holt, '24.

On the calm ocean with my soul,
Out where the surges, roll on roll,
Come looming up at me,
Where the friend of man is not of man,
Where he who wills to do things can;
There with my thoughts would I be.
—W. A. V.

MOODS

Love's a harlequin who goes
Lightly on his dancing toes,
Breaking every rule he knows.

Love's a paladin who strays
Through the streets on festal days,
Laughing at the fools he pays.

Love's a mandarin whose eyes,
Cruel, inscrutable and wise,—
Strip him of his bright disguise.
—A. E. R.

SOME SAY THE MOON

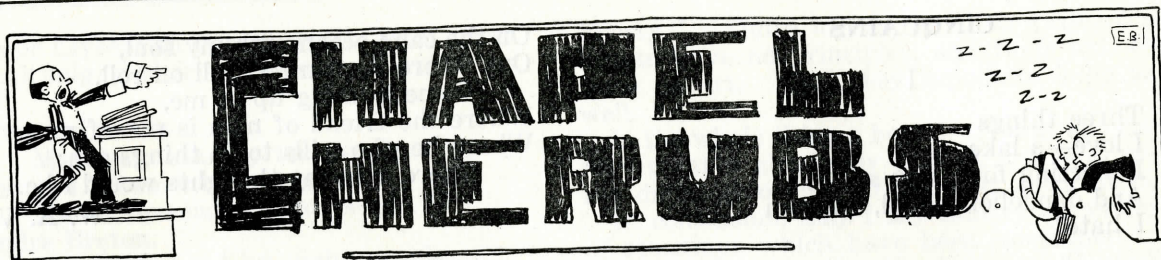
Some say the moon weeps tears of blood
That fall in foreign lands,
And there this penitential flood
Is changed by magic hands.

The tears, transformed to poppies red,
All nod, and very soon
Are gone—their sanguine petals fled
Beneath the copper moon.
—G. W. B.

**ON QUOTING "THE NIGHT HAS
A THOUSAND EYES."**

Night falls, the stars look down from heav-
en's high casement;
Dost thou too see them? Dost thou think
with me
Of other nights when these same stars did
light us?
"A thousand eyes" thou saidst they seemed
to thee.

Didst thou not know, when thus thou gaily
quotest,
The sequel verse, which says day has "but
one?"
Or wouldst, by subtle diffidence, remind me
That thou with other lights than mine wert
done?
—A. E. R.



Well; we got inveigled into something else we've been trying to avoid all our life. We're going to attend one of these pageants. Mebbe you've seen 'em, where a lot of fair damsels dash around in filmy effects and look like they was chasing themselves, but can't never catch up.

You see this here co-ed what we've been trying to rush all year is going to take a leading role in the affair. The name of the thing is "Springtime in Hellas" we think. Well as we said before this sweet young thing of the aforementioned first part is going to lead the slaves onto the scene of action. Now the fact that she is a slave is one of the reasons why we are attending. We want to see her a slave just for an evening and see how she looks and acts, for Heaven knows she is anything but a slave when we been with her.



She's been telling us all about the whole thing and it seems that these slaves and in fact the whole outfit have to flit around in quest of the ever elusive violet, or moonbeam, or mebbe it's moonshine, I don't just exactly remember what. Anyway the trade name for their movements is anesthetic dancing—guaranteed to put you to sleep. Personally we are hoping that some one will sneak down and sprinkle tacks all around the place for they will kind of add zest to the affair. Then they can call the dance, "Danger Afoot, or the Barefoot Dancer of the Tacky Carpet,"

or something just as appropriate and the audience can figure out what it is all about.

And then we got the dope that there is going to be a May Queen on hand. Now this here May Queen is our ulterior reason for attending. We never seen one in real life and we want to see if our conception of her is right. You see from our early youth we always thought of a May Queen as a person slightly under the influence. All our leading jokesters tell us that persons in such condition always say something to the effect that they are "to be Queen of the May."

If this here May Queen is like this we got some good grounds to suspect the fraternity brothers, or brother-in-laws, or whoever it was that got her the job. And we will know where to send our friends, too.

Anyway we're looking for a large, wide evening, what with trying to locate our young slave friend in the mob, watching the May Queen function and listening to the audience recognize their lace curtains as they dash around on the person of some young damsel who thinks she's got some place to go but never gets there.

This here spirit of reform which is sweeping the country and is trying to do so much to rejuvenate the gentle art of football has got us all het up, and entering into the spirit of the thing we got one or two reforms we would like to see go through. Take for instance in baseball, this idea of stealing bases. Now, ever since we can remember we've heard that a good base-stealer was a blamed good man to have around, and on a college team the more bases a guy can steal the more valuable he is to his team. Now of course



we'll have to admit that we never saw a guy forcibly remove a sack from the field, probably due to the presence of too many of the opposition but we seen plenty of guys go tearing down the baselines with the evident intention of getting away with something. Now we claim this needs attention. Mebbe they haven't got any intention of stealing anything, but at least they ought to change the phrasing of the thing, call it attempting to "gain possession of the second station," or something just as appropriate, then none will get the wrong idea of the game. In the present condition of affairs we are gradually weakening the moral fibre of our youth for if they are taught to pilfer sacks or sit around and watch their friends attempt to do it what is the psychological effect? Why, they go home and take everything of their roommate's from his extra pair of trousers to his best girl.

We are looking for support in this campaign from our Eastern friends at Harvard and Yale and Princeton who have so gloriously advanced ideas which is going to make football a gentleman's game and incidentally try to give them three places the glory that was once theirs.

We got lots of other good ideas on reform but we're holding 'em back waiting for someone to grab hold of this first idea of ours. Mebbe we can get our name in the paper anyway whether we do any good or not.

Chapel Speaker—"Why, oh why, is the world so crooked?"

A voice—"Trying to make both ends meet."

Vacuum pressure — that which keeps Freshman caps on when the wind blows.



FLIP—"MIGHT I ASK YOU FOR THIS DANCE?"

FLAP—"PLEASE DO, I'VE BEEN DYING TO REFUSE YOU ALL EVENING."



HUSBAND (SAVAGELY)—"MARIA, WHERE'S MY CLOTHES?"

MARIA—"GOOD HEAVENS, DEAR, I WONDER IF I USED THEM IN THE SALAD."

OUR LOG TABLE

Log X plus	Log Y	equals	Log X times Y
He	He		Dialogue
He	She		Monologue
She	She		Catalogue

APPROVED VOCABULARY FOR FANS

- The pawnbroker—"Soak it."
- Labor agitator—"Make him strike."
- Married man—"Make a home run."
- Sem girl—"Take a walk."
- Telephone operator—"Connect now."
- Pickpocket—"Steal, you dub."
- The undertaker—"Lay it out."
- Single man—"Pick out a fast one and slam her hard."
- Newlywed—"Lean on it."
- Hangman—"Swing on that one."

"Opposites attract opposites," remarked the tall man as he ordered short cake.

Which professor was it that just before he went to class the other morning, threw his wife out the back door and kissed the garbage.

He (at baseball game)—"Hooray! We've got a man on every base."

Fair Partner—"Oh, that's nothing, so have they."

"The world is against me," said the man as he slipped on a banana peel.

"ONLY TOO TRUE!"

6:45—They were introduced.

7:35—They were talking cozily in the movie.

8:30—They were eating a "Baby's Delight" at Casey's.

9:00—They stood wistfully in the shadow of a tree on Sugar Loaf.

9:15—He kissed her.

9:20—She kissed him.

9:25—The kiss was mutual.

9:45—They sadly descended the hill.

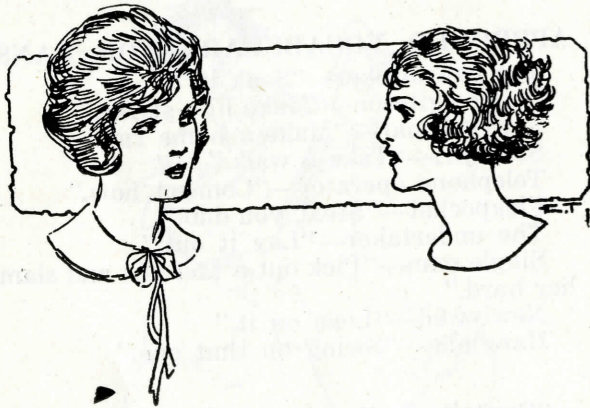
9:59—With a touch of sadness they departed.

He walked down the steps dejectedly, but on hearing the hall door close he straightened up and strode briskly back to the house. Just before retiring he cut another notch in his hair brush.

"How they fall," he murmured. "I must be a handsome devil."

She, before her dressing table, sighed, "How they fall. I'm ace high as a sweet little flapper." Then she placed his name in a thick little book she had been keeping since she was sixteen!

Moral? There ain't none. It's only too true!



"GEORGE TOLD ME ALL THE SECRETS OF HIS PAST LAST NIGHT."

"REALLY! WHAT DID YOU THINK OF THEM?"

"OH, I THOUGHT THEY WERE HORRIBLY DISAPPOINTING."

"I'll never use that Bandoline again," said the youth as the answer to a quiz question slipped his mind.

Solomon—"Do you believe in Platonic friendship?"

Sheba—"Not as long as there is a chance for anything else."



Al. Kaline—"Oh, I say, did potassium dichromate?"

A. Cid—"Yes, they'll have to barium sulphate."

THE ENGAGED HOMO

(With Apologies to Longfellow)

Under a spreading maple tree
The engaged homo stands;
This man, an anxious look has he,
As he frets and wrings his hands;
And the beatings of his fluttering heart
Are as strong as the loudest bands.

His eyes do search the chapel throng
In order to detect
The winsome face that shall appear,
To him the most select;
At last the One doth catch his glance,
Her face with smiles bedecked.

Week in, week out, we see the deeds
He faithfully performs,
As carrying her books immense
Beneath his big strong arms;
Or else her case that Mamma sent;
She pays him with her charms.

And children coming home from school
Regard the happy pair;
They love to see them stroll along,
And at their motions stare;
And hear the things that he doth say
To his gentle lady fair.

He goes on Sundays to the church,
And sits among the boys;
He sees his love beyond his reach,
He hears no preacher's voice;
His thoughts are on the afternoon,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

Scheming, day-dreaming, studying,
Onward through school he goes;
Each morning brings the sight of her
Till evening at its close;
Studies attempted, left undone,
When it's time for night's repose.

Thus may we judge the life sublime
Of each engaged pair;
No walk is perfect to the one
Without the other there;
Neither can pass this life alone
Without the other's care.

—Lillis Howard, '23.



BEFORE AND AFTER

Her lips were so near—
And I hadn't the nerve.
'Twas a chance of a year.
(Her lips were so near.)
She was angry I fear,
And her scorn I deserve.
Her lips were so near,
And I hadn't the nerve.

Her lips were so near—
What else could I do?
You'll be angry I fear.
(Her lips were so near.)
Well, I can't make it clear
Or explain it to you, but
Her lips were so near—
What else could I do?

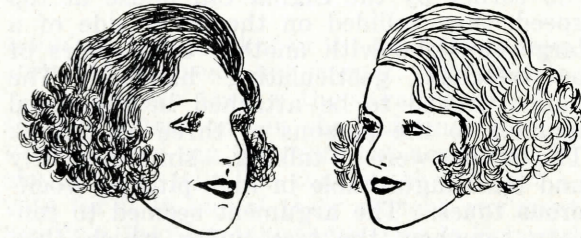
I cannot sing the old songs
Because they are forgotten.
I cannot sing the new songs
Because they are so rotten.

"Pardon me, my pretty miss,"
I said to her at the ball,
"Do you know that there lies your handherchief?"

I'm sure I saw it fall."
A tinge of red spread o'er her,
She looked 'round in distress,
I saw the light—off came my coat.
Good Lord! She'd lost her dress.

"Damning Skeat"—a mispronunciation of
"Scheming Date," but more aptly describing it.

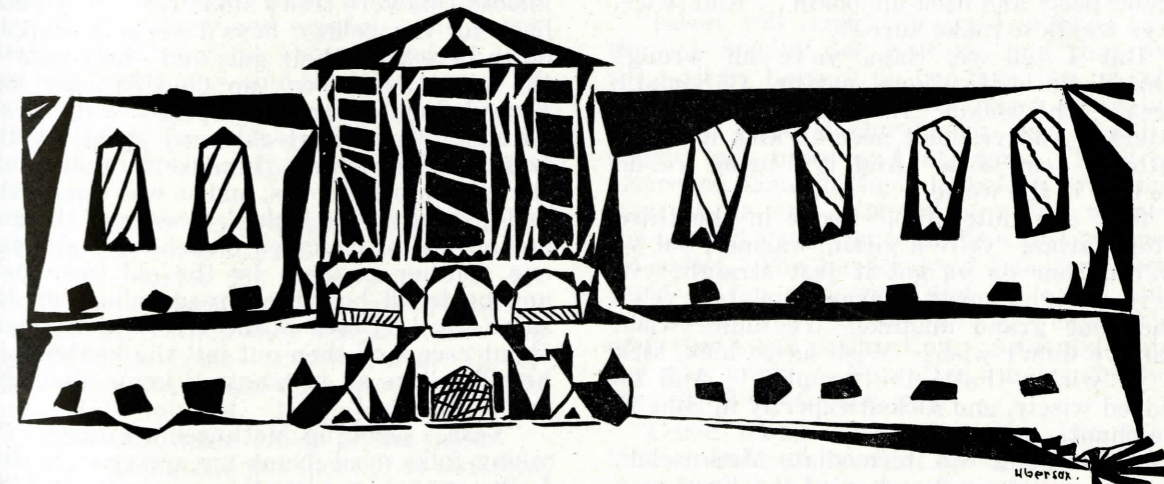
"May I kiss your forehead?"
"Not unless you want a bang in the mouth."



SECOND FROM THE RIGHT—"WHAT'S THAT DESERTED OLD BUILDING OVER THERE?"
DITTO LEFT—"MUST BE WHERE THEY USED TO MAKE HAIRPINS."

"Two can live as cheaply as one," said the flea to the dog as he dodged his paw.

We've always laughed at women's clothes,
Be they on lean or fat;
Those times are gone for in this age
There's nothing to laugh at.



AS OTHERS MIGHT SEE US—CLEVELAND HALL TO A CUBIST.

Broadway Bizarre

By E. T. B., '24

DID YOU KNOW that in Granville:

Walking dates are barely old enough to enter college?

The Old Colony Cemetery is patronized by commuters?

Neither did we,—the editorial we—until the cub reporter came rushing into our office a few days ago with a "big scoop." It was early on a bright April morning when three Freshmen were hurrying up Broadway to breakfast. Except for the students the town seemed still deserted. But on rounding the corner by the Sigma Chi house at top speed, they collided on the other side of a large elm tree with another trio,—pairs of outstretched, gesticulating hands. The hands proved to be attached in the usual manner to the persons of three old-timers. The owners were all talking,—simultaneously and indistinguishable in high-pitched, vociferous tones. The argument seemed to concern somehow the tree under which they stood, for they kicked it at intervals, in practiced fashion, at a certain point near the base where the bark was already noticeably thin. The '25 speed slackened. Toast and bananas were forgotten as they stopped, stared, and eavesdropped.

"S all right, Pa," the youngest of the Methuselahs was saying, "S all right! We'll take yer word fer the wishin' waters in your spring. But ye'll have t' admit ye've ben sorter rustin' away out thar in the kentry so's ye've kinder lost the knack o' kickin'. Now this is the way,—kicking the tree smartly again,—"right whar the bark's kinder peely and used-up lookin'. And twice, ef ye wants to make sure."

"But I tell ye, Sam, ye're all wrong! Whar'd ye raise them narrer, Calvinistic ideas? The kickin' tree ain't jest t' git ye letters. And ye don't need to kick it twice, nuther. Jest once. And it'll bring ye all the luck in the world."

"Jest a minute, Jim," broke in the third octogenarian, "ye're a gittin' warmer, but ye ain't nuther on ye got it jest straight yit. Ye're a right smart kicker, Jim, but ye've made one grand mistake. Ye didn't wish, man, ye didn't wish! Wish as ye kick, kick man, ye wish,—that's the receipt!" And he nodded wisely, and kicked expertly in time to the chant.

At this point the intermediate Methuselah, Sam, turned around and spied the Freshman audience,—quite unconscious, as usual.

"Mornin', boys. Be ye a wantin' some letters?"

"Er some luck?"

"Er better yit, a wish?"

Embarrassed exchanging of looks followed, then the bravest spoke up.

"You must excuse our curiosity. But we're just now learning what and where the famous kicking tree is. Only you don't seem to agree about its chief function."

And straightway the flood gates of argument were released again. Finally, with many vigorous gesticulations and shrill assertions, the second-oldest-timer gained the floor,—or the sidewalk. Granville, meanwhile, had been waking up. The sun was higher and hotter. The seven-twenty bell had already rung, and rung again,—and yet again. But the Freshmen heeded nothing. Instead, they seated themselves along with the old-timers on an ancient bench beside the curb, and, interspersed among the blue-jeaned and eloquent tale-swappers, drank in the remarkable annals of a town quite foreign to them. Only one of them was venal enough to nudge his confrere and, with a slow wink past the rhythmic chin-whiskers of Sam, signal: "Good stuff! Great dope for my next feature!" And by that time the old fellow was deep in his story.

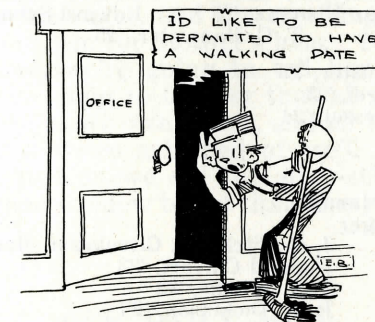
"Well, sir, ye'd never guess the hard knocks this yere tree's stood fer. Few years back all the college boys'd come a steppin' down here with their gals and—holy cats!—the way they'd beat up on this pore log! Kicked double hard,—I 'spect"—with a sly twinkle over his steel-bowed specs at the freshest Freshman—"because in them days the leddies wore hoops, and so was kinder shy and distant on the kickin'. Seem's ef the gals and boys allus managed, somehow, to run ont' one another up here by the old town hall, and beats all how their roads allus run the same way! Down t' the tree,—kick—right about race, and then out int' the kentry. Pa here'll tell ye all ye wants t' know about his end o' the line."

"Yass," piped up Methuselah proper, "the young folks most drunk my spring dry. But I allus encouraged 'em to come, and asked 'em in, and give the gals posies just the same.

Fer in the hot spells they'd save more water'n they drunk—keep the sun off'n it, ye know,—hangin' over it and makin' wishes. And beats all, too, how young and spry a little exercise'll keep a body. Never saw the beat o' my old apple tree, down t'other end o' town. Nigh onto bein' double-jointed from bein' swung on by the young folks. Bless their hearts! I can see 'em now,—specially the young leddies,—with their nice swish-swirlin' skirts, and all fluffs and ruffles clear up t' the ears, and pompadours t' beat the queen's best, a sailin' thru the air jest as natcheral! 'Pears like the young folks today is turrible staid and elderly-like 'longside o' the little uns that uster drink outer my spring."

Time out, while '25 has a concentric coughing spell.

"Right you are, Pa. And walkin' dates! They didn't know the meanin' on 'em in them days. Why, when I was workin' in school, back in '06,"—and here the '25 eyebrows rise in incredulity—"I useter sweep out the halls every day, right by Miss Barker's office. Miss Barker was dean then, and a right liberal one she was fer them straight-laced times. I won't never fergit the day a pretty little slip of a girl come timidly int' the office and



asks leave to go a-walkin' with two other couples to the sugar camp. Miss Barker looks at her,—slow and careful,—and I jest hung up my bresh to listen, mind ye, the door was that open,—and then she says, with that smile of hern:

"Yes, Helen, you may go. I don't mind in the least. But I'd rather you wouldn't advertise it."

"Wal, I never did get jest the straight o' that trip, but come to find out, seem's ef the young folks sorter cut acrost kentry to git back on time, which weren't strictly 'cordin' to rules. And when they was a-crossin' the stile thru the fields—tumblin' over at top speed, near's I kin make out—some wag up in Marsh Hall hollered: 'E-ev'ry-body out!'—and course that made 'em go all the faster.

"Wal, the long and the short of it war that 'bout all the young leddies in school come



THE FIRST ONE.

callin' on Miss Barker in the next three days, and like to wear her carpet out, kneelin' 'round, beggin' leave t' the sugar camp. But she had a head on her, she had, and no mind to see a good rag rug wore out needless. So she ups and tells 'em that, ef they'll jest a-vate fer it in one o' their student gov'ment meetin's, they kin take these trips to Hobarts' reg'lar, twice a week, and she'll consider 'em walkin' dates, and call it square. And so they ups and does. So I reckon that ye can't hardly say that walkin' dates, bein' scarcely sixteen years of age, is old enough to enter college yit,—kin ye?—Tee hee!—haw—haw—haw!"

And for a minute the little sextet in the heavy shade of the old elm tree were silent.

Suddenly Jim, the youngest and most Cas-sian of the three spoke, "'Member the Germ Leddy, Sam?"

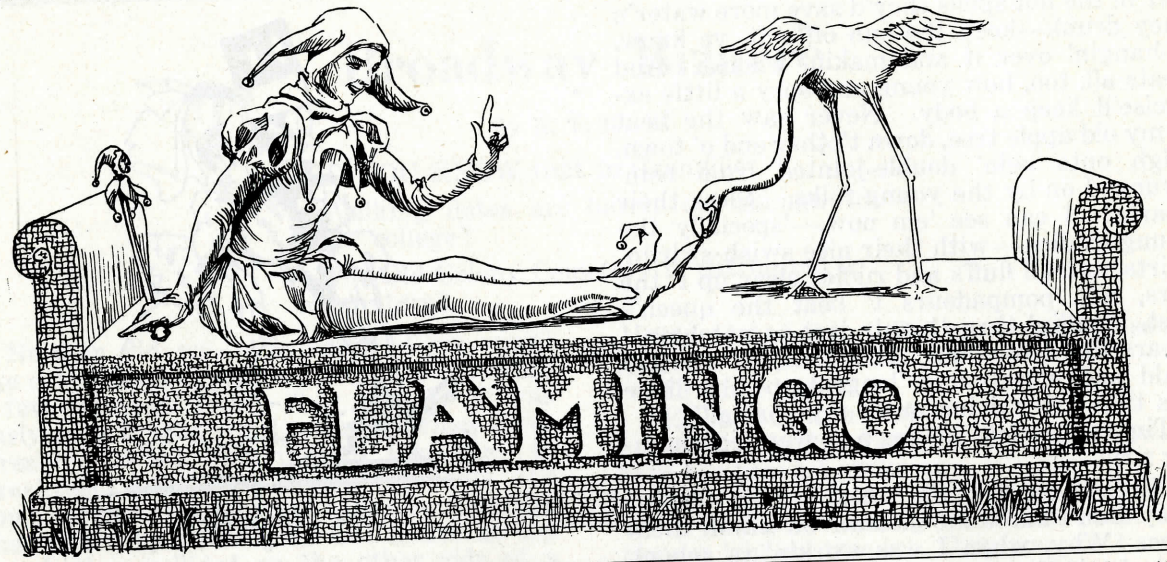
Roars of laughter.

"I'm sayin' I do!"

"Never will fergit the day I climbed onto the car headin' fer Newark, and thar she sot,—all by herself, all bandaged up in veils and black cloths, and skirts drawn round her so tight you'd a thunk she was afraid a body'd look cross-eyed at 'em. 'Twas an afternoon along in May—tarnation hot!—and most on us was a-fannin' ourselves to keep the temp'r'ture down to boilin'. But not her! No siree! The harder we'd fan, the faster she'd shiver, and wave the air away with her hands like she thought it was reekin' with death and destruction. Allus did think she was crazy. But after what happened that day I knows she was.

"Come along down past the Phi Gam House, and one o' the young fellers hops

(Continued on Page 26)



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IT'S DONE

The Bird has tried to be aesthetic—for a change. Perhaps this seems a strange attempt for one professedly both literary and humorous, but it's being done. Take for example the Dial, the most humorous literary magazine in the field, the Atlantic Monthly's

one rival. It is nothing if not aesthetic,—and, personally, the Bird questions its claims to being aesthetic. But despite this, with true Flamingo liberality, he has conceded the well-known benefit of the doubt, gone ahead on the assumption that it's being done, and done it again.

Aesthetics is (the singular copula is used

advisedly) a very inclusive, not to mention exclusive, subject. We are right now in the midst of a fog of aestheticism—a nebula, one might say, of beauty, appreciation, etc. There are the Festival, and the Omta Convention, and May Sunrises On Arbutus Ridge, and plans for Greater Denison, and new Denisonian editorial policies, all things of beauty—if it doesn't rain.

From the midst of all this, then, emerges an aesthetic Flamingo, and the show is complete.

MOTHER

We forget all kinds of things; math assignments, history dates, umbrellas, and our dignity, but we never forget our Mothers. When we were marble-playing kids in the grades, we didn't think so much about them; we went to them as a matter of course for three meals a day, darned stockings, iodine, spankings, and a good-night kiss. But when we left home and came to college we found that we'd left Mother too; and our three job-lot meals a day don't taste like hers; we can't tell which hole in our socks we're to put our foot through, Livy's iodine is as unsympathetic as ice-water, and the spankings—we'd take ten of 'em for Mother's kiss. Now that She's here, we're going to tell her so, too. And we're going to tell her that all the good there is in us we owe to her, and all that part of us that we're ashamed of we'll hold behind us just as we did the sling-shot when the kitchen window broke that funny way.

—W. G. M.

OUR DAILY MUD

The Bird has discovered a new "nut test." He got the hunch when the fire bell interrupted a peaceful lunch hour a couple of weeks ago—while he was enjoying a good meal waiting for someone to come back and tell him about the conflagration. The fundamental principle runs like this: When the bell rang, everyone in town knew there was a fire, except a travelling salesman in Patsy's, and our Andy—and the travelling salesman soon found it out. (When the crowd returned half an hour later, they found Andy trying to bum a ride out to the scene.) As has been said, it was general information that there was a fire. But there the generality ended and the fun began. A census of the town three minutes later would have uncovered stories of everything from an explosion in Talbot to a burned steak at the Kappa Sig House (possibly the odds would favor the

latter), and every yarn would be told as straight fact—for the hypnotic power of the human imagination is truly wonderful.

Right there is where the "nut" idea comes in. The Bird is convinced that the student body can convey more wild ideas and less common sense in the way of verbal news than a Ladies' Sewing Circle with a two hour handicap. And he proposes this test to prove it:

Some rainy day he's going to whisper into his best friend's ear that he heard someone say that the Janitor cut his finger the night before while struggling to open a can of Wahoo Sardines. Then he'll watch the master minds work on it and by noon he expects to have some well-meaning soul tell him in subdued tones and much detail how our Janitor had been all cut up when he got home spiffed the night before and stuck his hand through a window trying to get in. By night he'll be hearing a complete authentic official account of a gruesome double life, impending action of the Trustees, and other complications involving an explanation of the real reasons why "Cy" Perkins' fingernails never wear out.

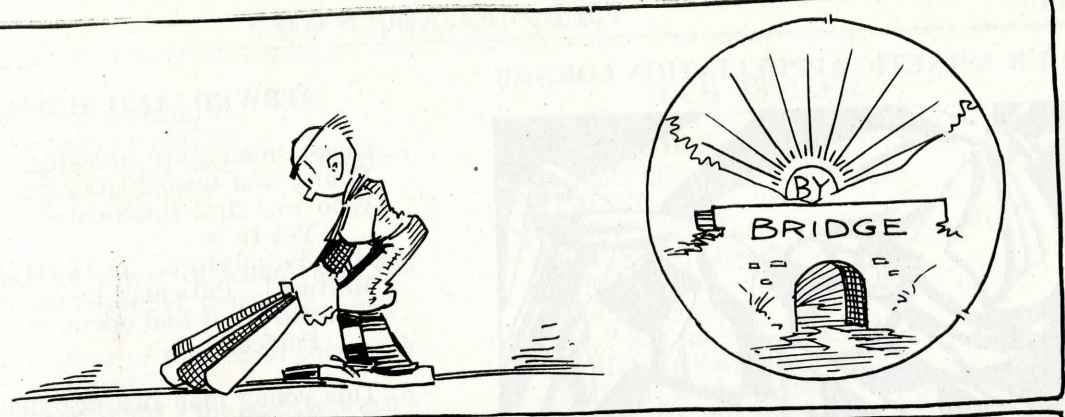
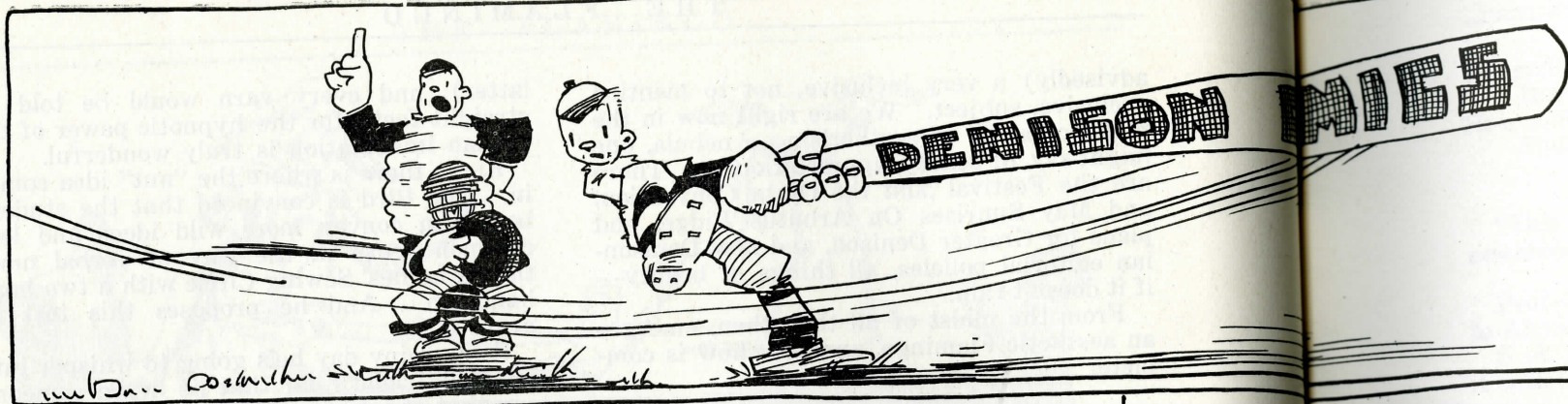
The Bird has implicit faith in the ability of our community's intellectual men, women, and children to pass such a test with high honors and an inspiring imagination.

On the strength of this faith he wishes to suggest a slogan to replace the "Heights by great men reached and kept" business:

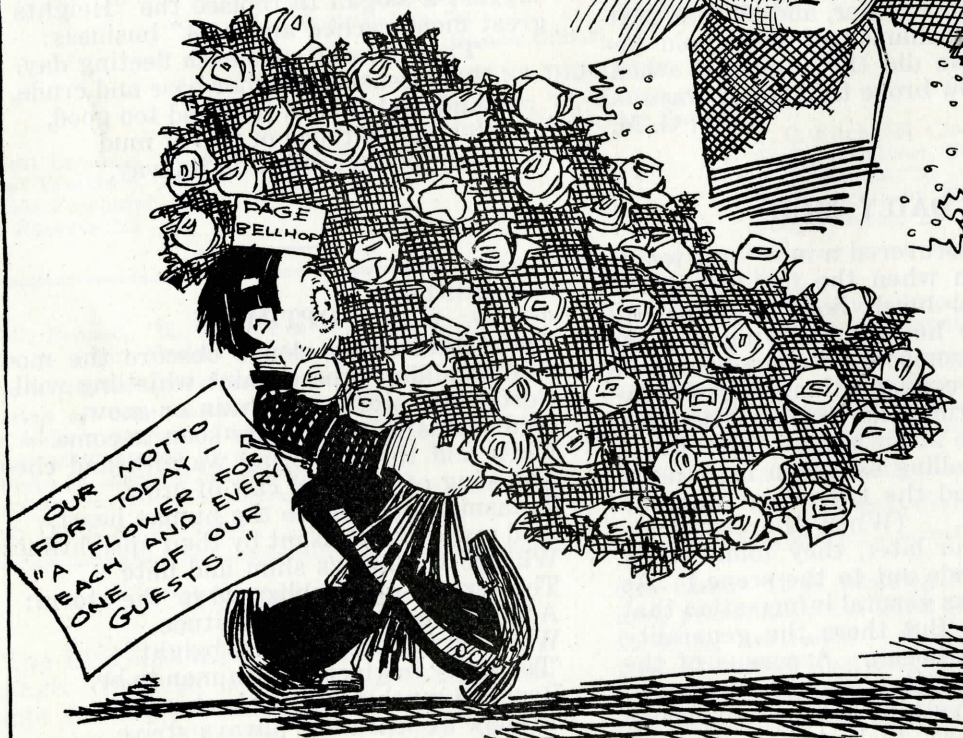
"Pass on, e'er ends each fleeting day,
Some senseless rumor base and crude.
And, lest it tend to sound too good,
Just add a touch or two of mud
Before you send it on its way."

OPTIMISM

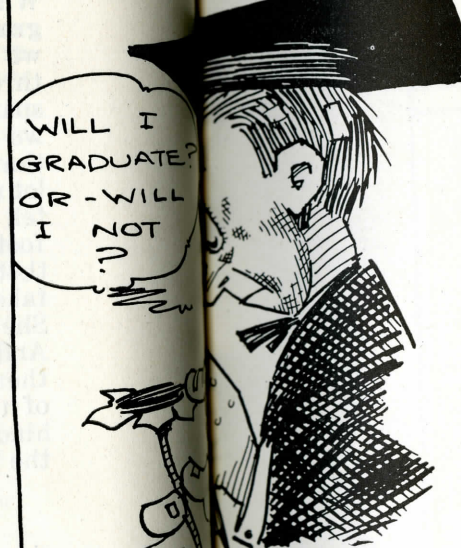
Dark threatening clouds obscure the moon,
While chilling breeze' faint whistling wail,
Portends a storm with rain or snow,
And warns us of disaster soon to come.
Morn and the sun bring warmth and cheer.
The song of lark and caw of crow,
Transmit their joy to the human heart,
And make life pleasant by their sprightliness.
Why do we always shun and hate
The terrors of the blizzard or the storm;
And give a prayer of gratitude,
When all is beautiful and bright?
'Tis rarely instinct of each man to be,
Reactive much to nature's change.
So may we learn and always strive,
To make all others happy by our presence
here. —G. C.



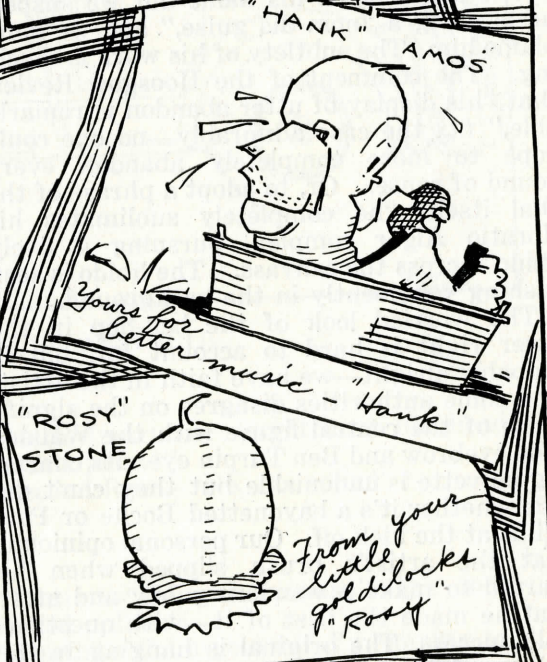
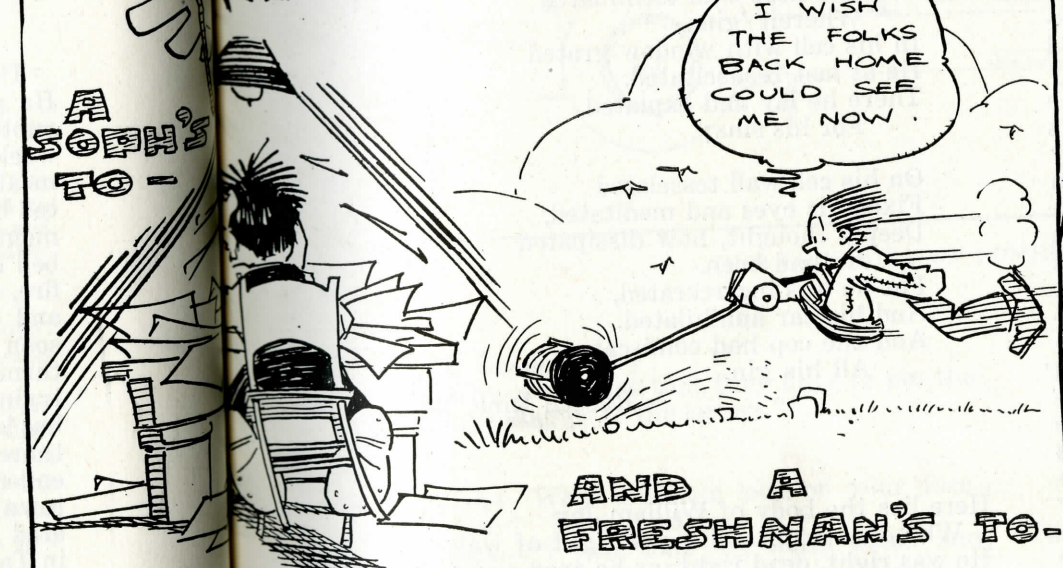
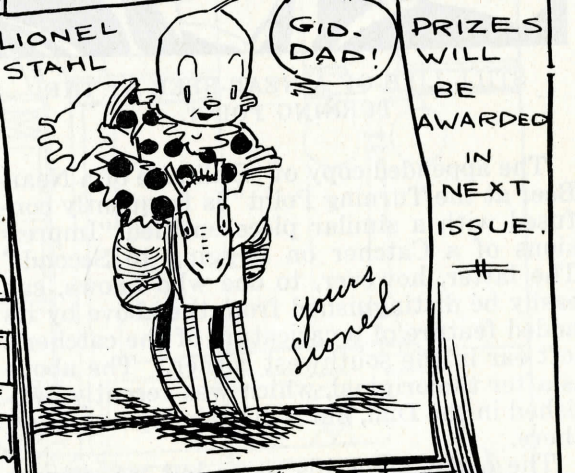
WE TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO DEPART FROM THE SO-CALLED COMICAL NATURE OF THIS PAGE AND TO PAY OUR OWN REGARDS TO **MOTHER AND MOTHER'S DAY.**



IN THE SPRING -
A SLEB FANCY TURN@ -



LAST MINUTE ENTRIES IN OUR BEAUTY CONTEST



OUR ASINETIC APPRECIATION CORNER



STILL LIFE OF A NEAR-BEER AT THE TURNING POINT.

The appended copy of "Still Life of a Near-Beer at the Turning Point" is frequently confused with a similar piece entitled "Impressions of a Catcher on Pegging to Second." The latter, however, to one who knows, can easily be distinguished from the above by its added feature of a caricature of the catcher's left ear in the southwest corner. The above is after the original, which was recently published in the Dial, but will probably never get there.

The artist signs his name but we suspect he is using a "nom dis guise," and we don't blame him. The subtlety of his work is touching. The comment of the Hoosgow Review that "his display of utter abandon is remarkable," fits the case admirably—no one could hope to more completely abandon every bound of sense. Or, to adopt a phrase of the Dial itself, "he completely sublimates his Horatio Alger complex, pursuing a lively libido" across the canvass. The libido is seen dashing vehemently in the background.

The worried look of the bell-hop in the lower right is hard to account for, but is probably alright—we have faith in the artist. And some authorities disagree on the significance of the central figure with the Wallace Reid eyebrow and Ben Turpin eye. Its charming naivette is undeniable but they can't decide whether it's a bayoneted Boche or Pete Willis at the kick-off. Our personal opinion is that the artist's brush slipped when he started to make a wandering Jew and after that he made the best of it—with questionable success. The original is hanging in the gallery of "J. Q." and the artist ought to be.

STEWED AND HASHED

Once a man quite educated,
Young and unsophisticated,
Who was first intoxicated
Yet to be
Mixed a mixture. O ill-fated
Mixture! Patiently he waited
'Till the yeast had operated
Perfectly.

This young man just designated
Owned a Ford quite antiquated
In which he often oscillated
'Round the town.
With his jug he relegated
To his can, the crank rotated,
Raised the hootch, and unabated
Poured it down.

When his void was satiated,
He began to feel elated.
Down the street he percolated
A la mode.
But the car got agitated,
Swerved aside, capitulated,
And our hero osculated
With the road.

Onward still the two gyrated.
Toward the ditch they gravitated,
Mutually amalgamated,
With the loam.
When our man they extricated,
Both his legs were detruncated,
And his ears were amputated
From his dome.

More, his skin was perforated,
Features badly devastated,
And his nose was terminated
Whereit 'gins.
In his cell with window grated
He at last resuscitated.
There he lay and expiated
For his sins;

On his cell wall tessellated
Fixed his eyes and meditated,
Deeply thought, how dissipated
He had been.
For he was incarcerated,
And his car annihilated,
And the cop had confiscated
All his gin.

—Russell Rine, '25.

Here lies the body of William Jay
Who died maintaining the right of way.
He was right, dead right, as he sped along,
But he's just as dead as if he'd been wrong.

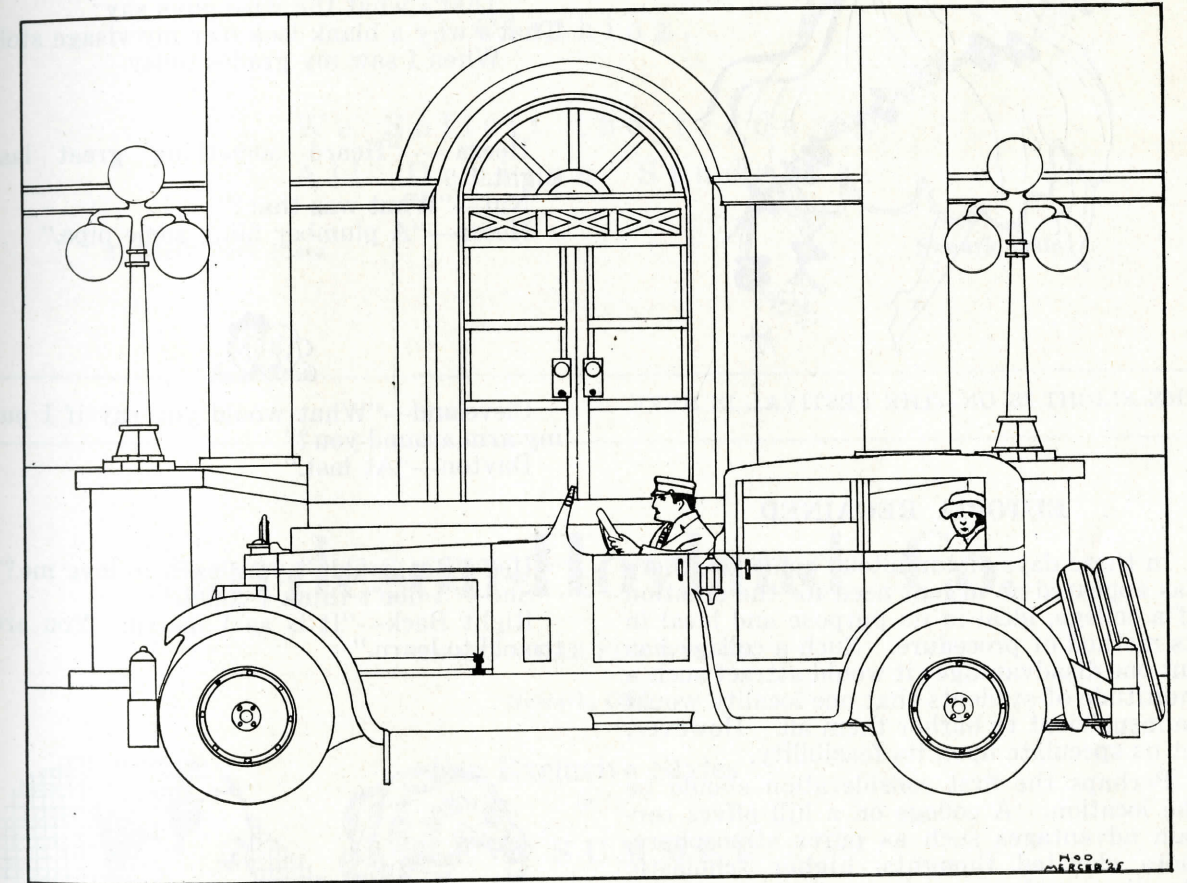
My girlie's not good looking,
Her brain stacks up quit nil.
How come she rates? Says which? Why for?
She climbs a wicked hill.

"This is good for the circulation," said the
newsboy as he sold another paper.

Prof—"The history of that town goes back
to Alexander the Great."
S. A. Mulligan—"What's the matter wasn't
it satisfactory?"

SUCH IS LIFE.

YESTERDAY I was
WALKING along a slippery
STREET, and a very
PRETTY GIRL in front of me, with
SILK STOCKINGS,
SLIPPED and
FELL. I ran to
HELP her up, but just then I
REMEMBERED that
FATHER told me never to
PICK UP a girl, so I
LET 'ER LIE!



OUR OWN IDEA OF SOMETHING AESTHETIC.

"Is Granville dry?"
"Why it's so dry that they have to pin the
postage stamps to the letters."

Math Instructor (scratching his head)—
"Is this plain?"
Second Row—"No, it's solid."

Fish—"Why the sour look on your face,
old dear? Wipe it off."
Hook—"I just took my math exam and
Lemon smeared me."

Victim—"Hey, that wasn't the tooth I
wanted pulled."
Dentist—"Calm yourself—I'm coming to it."



THE FLIGHT IS ON—THE FESTIVAL IS HERE.

EUTOPIA REGAINED

In these days of tumultuous upheaval, there has appeared an urgent need for the creation of a college, ideal in its purpose and ideal in its method of procedure. Such a college has but one disadvantage: it would attract such a multitude of students that one locality would be insufficient to harbor them all. However, let us speculate upon its feasibility.

Perhaps the first consideration should be the location. A college on a hill offers certain advantages such as purer atmosphere, more elevated thoughts, higher scholastic standing, and a greater outlook upon the place beneath. Nevertheless, the handicaps which are obvious to such a location are imminent. An over-exercise of the Achille's tendon, the superfluous stimulation of the bronchial lobes, and unnecessary mental strain in attempting the ascent enter into the multitude of short-comings of a college with a mountainous site. A more divine situation would be in the plains of Kentucky where only moons and moonshine were the imminent ills. Instead of the conventional campus,

(Continued on Page 22)

She—"That young man sure is a live wire."
Her—"Oh, so you've been shocked too, have you?"

Policeman—"But didn't you feel the pickpocket's hand in your pocket?"
Absent-minded Prof.—"Yes, but I thought that it was my own."

OH YOU "NINE WEEKS"

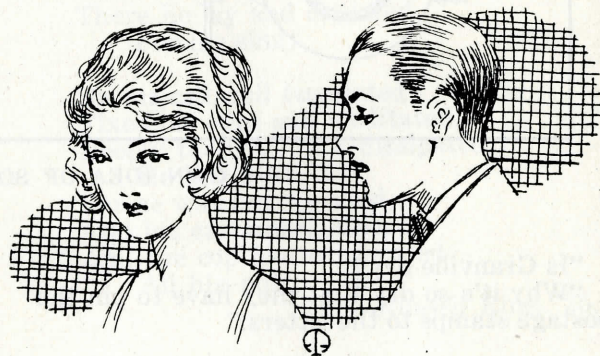
All things are reflected in the human face,
That's what the wise guys say;
That's why a blank look o'er my visage stole
When I saw my grades today.

Heeza — "Heard something great last night."
Nut—"What was that?"
Heeza—"A plumber filing some pipe."



Cleveland—"What would you say if I put my arm around you?"
Dayton—"At last."

He—"But couldn't you learn to love me?"
She—"I don't think I could."
Right Back—"It is as I feared. You are too old to learn."



"THAT MAUSOLEUM HAS BEEN CON-
DEMNED BY THE BUILDING INSPECTOR."
"WHAT'S WRONG WITH IT?"
"IT HASN'T ANY FIRE ESCAPES."

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The W. H. Mazey Company
Newark, Ohio

an ideal university, which we shall for the purpose of convenience call "Eutopia," will have no recitation halls nor classrooms. The great outdoors will be the only protection Eutopia will need. This will also banish all laborious blood-sweating on the question of endowment.

Eutopia will be strictly democratic. Our ideal university will be co-educational, and no restriction will be exercised because of race religion, or sex. Anyone is eligible for the entrance examination. This examination will be what has been called "psychological" or "nut" tests. The two words are synonymous and mean anything which qualifies the intellectual from the ignorant. Those who pass

with the highest percentage are banned from Eutopia for no human being who is normal could make a high grade in such a quiz, and Eutopia wants only normal humans.

Expulsion will be freely demanded. Instructors will be elected from the students, and they, while acting in this capacity have the right to discharge any student who becomes unruly while attending the irregular recreations. Any student who does not buck at least seven eighths of his classes will be liable to the wrath and decision will be expulsion invariably for the instructor does not wish to be disturbed in his poker games. Also, if the student does not come at least a half hour late for the other one-eighth of his classes, he will be subject to a fine of forty



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DR. HECK

DENTIST

Over Cordon's Restaurant

dollars which will go to the instructor for use as he sees fit. (For detailed list of best uses, ask Andy.)

There will be no compulsory chapel as is the prevailing joy among present day educators. In their stead, Eutopia will inaugurate a monthly gathering for the purpose of rehearsing all new jokes and jests which may have been heard, read, or seen during the previous thirty days.

This, in substance, is a brief summary of the ideals, purposes, and aims of Eutopia University. If further information is desired or application for enrollment wished, it may be had by consulting our five-hundred page, beautifully-bound-in-Morocco catalog which sells for the small sum of five dollars. In this little handbook which you will see before you is contained all the information which is absolutely necessary for the housewife, the student, the merchant, the farmer, and business man. Can I take your order?
—W. G. K.

Back On The Campus

You can pick the college youths from a crowd — clean cut and well-groomed. They typify the wholesome ideals of their Alma Mater. EMERSON'S Young Mens' Department is devoted to Suits and Coats for the college man. They are designed in youthful models of the finest woolsens and hand-tailored throughout for their discriminating selection.

Fine Showing of Latest Furnishings.

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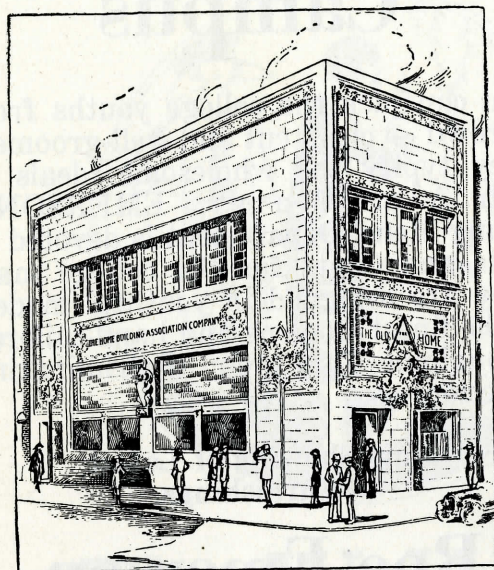
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Manning & Woodward's Walk-Over Shoe Store

West Side Square

Newark, Ohio

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Have you the satisfaction of knowing that you are saving some money?

Then in your SAVINGS ACCOUNT you have the "keys to tomorrow," for as the late J. J. Hill often said, "Can you SAVE? Then you can succeed!"

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North Third and West Main Sts.

Newark, Ohio

When in Newark, Visit THE HOME OF 100% SAFETY

Where there's a will, there's a dead man. —Jester.

He (after standing an hour on the street corner waiting for his wife)—"What do you mean by making me stand here in the cold like an old fool?"

She—"How can I help how you stand."

Fashion Hint—There will be little change in men's pockets this spring—Panther.

King—"Did you laugh at my coronation?"
Dumbell—"No sir, 'twas at thy face."
—Octopus.

Bachelor—"The only reason I have not married is that I have never been able to find a woman who is entirely different from me in every respect."

She—"Oh! Surely you can find some nice, decent, respectable girl who would make you a good wife."—Mugwump.

Busy Billie (to tramp)—"How does it happen that you're bumming, with all the work there is to do?"

Weary Willie—"It's like this: My ole man died lookin' for work; my brother died o' work; my sister was run over and killed on the way home from work. And me, boss—I ain't takin' any chances."—Virginia Reel.

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LADIES AND GENTLEMEN
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17 WEST CHURCH STREET

KOWS AND WHY NOT

By the Inventor of the Submarine.
Kows are like automobiles for they both have horns. They was originally one of the principle ingredients of milk and honey but since the invention of milk-men (so-called) the milk has been so greatly adulterated that just a little poetic lizenze lets us make "money and honey" witch rimes.

After goin' thru a tanning factory and seaing so much kows hides won mite get the idee that a kow is a very scary creetur and in fakt they hav ofen bean known to turn tail and be facing the other way—all of witch com pass like a magnetic needle.

A kurius thing about kows especially the roosters is that they our verie averse to red. They our the source of won of our most pop-



A Regular Visitor to our fountain doesn't have to be told how good our soda is. She knows. And after the first taste a first time visitor resolves to become a regular one and does so. There's something about our soda that's different—and finer.

THE BUSY BEE
Newark, O.

ular flavors in candy; manie of our candys and breaths being flavored with the essence of there cloven hoofs witch was highly esteemed in the bible.

Our kow is the ingredients of two of food; according to the bible, aforementioned, it is both (1) meat and (2) proper food.

Witch isn't the haf ov it for owing to its peculiar manner of eating it cud do most anything. One day the kow was chasing the girl across the field when he got so close he but-ter, hence the discovery of cheese.

—Jock Garber, '24.

Teacher—"Take this sentence: Let the cow be taken out of the lot. What mood?"
Pupil—"The cow."—Texas Scalper.

Remember Mother

—ON—

MOTHER'S DAY

SUNDAY, MAY 14TH

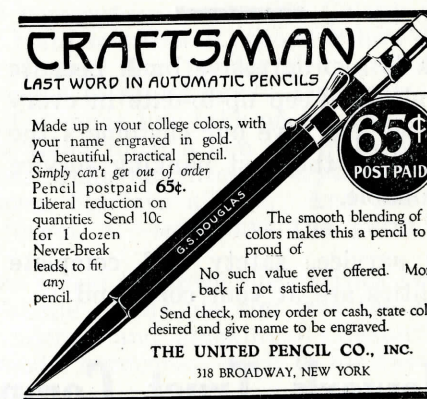
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Send check, money order or cash, state colors desired and give name to be engraved.
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The Burke 30 Ball is built for rugged, battering use. It is lively, easy to control and shows perfect balance in flight. It may be marked in many places, but it won't be deeply scarred anywhere. Extra use is built into it—from its solid rubber core to its durable paint.

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Pro and Dealer Shops

The Burke Golf Co.

NEWARK, OHIO

Burke Golf
Clubs Bags Balls

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THE GRANVILLE TIMES
RAPID SERVICE JOB PRINT

BROADWAY BIZARRE
(Continued from Page 13)

aboard. By that time there weren't but one hull seat left in the car, and she was a-settin' gingerly in the middle o' that, as wary as a detective. Guess he didn't know what he was a-lettin' hisself in fer, er else he was precious tired,—but anyhow, he stood lookin' perlutely at the seat until fin'ly she jerked over into the inside corner, and he sat down, innocent 'nough beside her. Then the circus begun! She was bandaged up to her eyes already. But she got out two more handkerchiefs, and put one over her face, and t'other under her hat,—besides the one that was already there. Then she pulled out a bottle of these yere germicide smellin' salts, sniffed at 'em long and loud, and just sot

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STEIN-BLOCH SMART CLOTHES
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This is a progressive bank because we always keep up-to-date in every respect and give our customers the benefit of the best banking service obtainable.

Our service, safety and complete facilities are at your command.

The Newark Trust Company

Newark, Ohio

and glared at him, all the rest of the way in. And jest as we was a-pullin' into Newark, she turns square around, jerks over into her corner further, and sings out so's the hull car can hear her:

"What have I ever done to you?"

"Crazy?—Wal, I s'pose so. But no worse'n we have 'em now, at that, fer Kate Rugg's what I calls her 'loonyal' descendant.—Jest 'bugs on bugs' I guess. Tee-hee!"

"Bugs is right, Sam. Useter hang all her drapin's out on the line, twict or thric a day sometimes, betwixt her house and her neighbors,—to blow the germs out, I s'pose. But oh!—the tarnation row she'd raise ef they tried the same stunt on her, onct or twict a year at cleanin' time! And flatter herself? Allus thought she was that young!—Per-sisted in sittin' with the young leddies in church ev'ry Sunday. And curious?—She'd come flappin' along College Street back o' Burton Hall like an old black scarecrow, and peer in the winders,—jest to see how they

lived and all,—until the young leddies would scream of fright. Nighttimes, daytimes,—any time the sperit ud move her, she'd do it,—until Miss Barker stopped her.

"I think she must fin'ly a ben eaten up o' curiosity, tho some folks say the pore soul died a-waitin' fer the T. & O. C. train that was to take her to the asylum. Ef that's so, then she must be buried along of all the other onlucky commuters in the Old Colony Cemetery. Hate to think it, tho, fer how'd she ever rest easy fer ponderin' on all them germs caged in round her?—They say 'twas bein' jilted made her take on so, and I allus held the feller must a ben one o' these yere surgeons, what sterilizes everything about him,—even his love affairs. And she ain't nuver fergot it,—leastways the germ part of it."

Up the street the town clock struck twelve. In the shade of the old elm tree the sextet fell to silence and smoking,—Chesterfields, brier-woods, corncobs,—each to his taste.

GEM THEATRE

Newark, Ohio

The home of silent drama's greatest achievements and where the soul of music is revealed.

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GROCERIES**

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FOOD CENTER

and Home of Richelieu Products.
Famous for Dependably Uniform Goods.

Daily Delivery to
Granville, Ohio.

"I tell you DEACON saves you money."

She—"What did you say?"
He—"Nothing."
She—"I know that, but I wondered how
you expressed it this time."—Lord Jeff.

CUT RATES

"Please, ma'am, give a poor blind man a
dime."
"Why, you're only blind in one eye!"
"Well, make it a nickel then."—Lampoon.

"What is it you call a man who plays the
slide trombone?"
"Depends on how rotten he plays."
—Malteaser.

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

ALEX ROBERTS
BARBER

Professore (to newcomer)—"What's your
name?"
Fair One—"Helen Bach."
Professor (musing)—"A much-traveled
young woman, no doubt."—Sun Dodger.

"Did you ever hear of 'Airship Poison?'"
"No, what about it?"
"One drop is fatal."—Beanpot.

"And now," intoned the preacher, "wilt
thou take this woman to be your lawfully
wedded wife?"
"I wilt," said the bridegroom, and did.
—Malteaser.

Phone 2177

Phone 1853

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CHAS. McGOUGH

53 East Main Street

Newark, Ohio

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Granville

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H. E. Lamson

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For

HARDWEAR

"The Hardware Store on the Corner"

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Granville, Ohio

PUTTING IT FAIRLY

Little Willie—"Pass me the butter."
Mother (reproachfully)—"If what, Willie?"
Willie—"If you can reach it."—Gargoyle.

"I'll get my hearing soon," said the deaf
man as he sat waiting for the judge to ap-
pear.—Malteaser.

"I wonder if the girls, when they find holes
in their silk stockings, darn them."
"Well, if they're ladies they don't say much
more."—Gargoyle.

Most students celebrate Dad's day once a
month.—Sun Dial.

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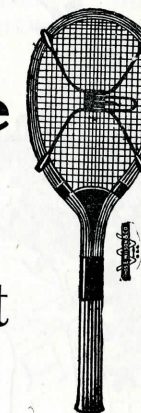
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S. S. DEVENNEY

E. A. SMOOTS, Vice President
E. J. CASE
W. H. KUSSMAUL

C. B. SLACK, Cashier
FRED MILLER

"Oh, shave me thir," called the lispng man to the life guard.
"What d'ye tink I am, Buddy? A barber?"—Gargoyle.

Jones says Einstein doesn't bother him much—it's his wife' relativity he can't understand.—Malteaser.

Co-ed—"Where does Sir Oliver Lodge?"
Bright Student—"The same place where Ouija Boards."—Panther.

THE STUFFED KIND

One of the chief causes of our illness during vacation was too many dates with nuts.—Sun Dial.

Pat—"Phwat was the last card Oi dealt ye, Mike?"
Mike—"A spade."
Pat—"Oi knew it was, Oi saw ye spit on yer hand before ye picked it up."—Student Life.

HEARD IN EC. CLASS

Prof—"Name a stable commodity."
Farmer Lad—"Hay."—Malteaser.

She—"I'm afraid Dad will find out that we disobeyed him last night."
He—"The best way to keep him from finding out is to tell him. He never remembers anything."—Nashville Tennessean.

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The Grocery with Correct Prices

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Granville, O.

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Newark's Oldest Jewelers

Highest Grade Tires and Automobile Supplies

— at —

BIG SAVINGS

to you.

Newark Auto Supply Co.

TRACEY and BELL

Opposite Postoffice

Newark, O.

"Did you take her home?"
"No, I only had a second mortgage on it."
—Lemon Punch.

"Ah, the opening number," he murmured as he took the combination to the safe from his pocket.—Sun Dial.

TWO IS A CROWD

Bill—"I certainly did wrong when I told my girl that I admired her chin."

Sill—"How's that?"

Bill—"She started raising another one."
—Gargoyle.

Prof—"What's Darwin's theory?"
Stewd—"Monkey business."—Phoenix.

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Evening Service, Seven O'clock
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Give us an opportunity to show you what we
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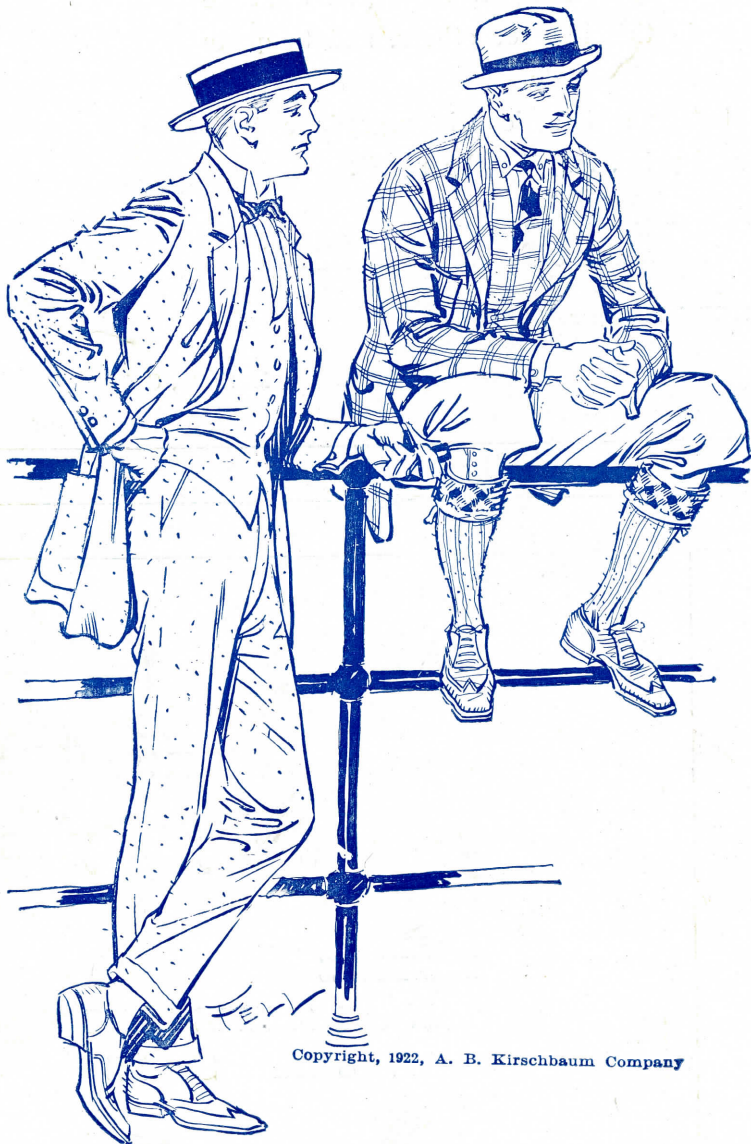
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CANVAS LOW SHOES

Chas. O. Eagle & Son

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They're Coming Out In New "Togs"



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You've seen him — the man who can put on one of those extreme suits and wear it with a well-dressed air. And the man who would feel so miserable with such a suit that he'd never know whether he looked well-dressed or not.

For getting the right suit is as much mental as physical. It must suit, as well as fit.

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