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Flamingo Vol. III N 4

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Flamingo



September
1922

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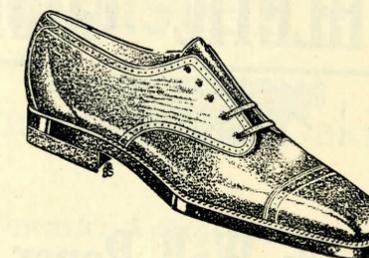
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THE CREED OF A FROSH

When ice cream grows on cherry trees,
And Sahara's sands grow muddy,
When cats and dogs wear B. V. D.'s,
That's when I like to study.—Octopus.

CHANSON DU FROSH

I threw a stone into the air,
It came to earth, I know not where:—
I thought there was no harm in that,
But a soph appeared and knocked me flat.
—Widow.

If a girl is bored by men it's a sure sign
she's home-sick!"—Widow.

THE COLLEGE CREED

That the college is the home of refinement.
That the college is the home of the shady
joke.
That everyone always flunks, or at least gets
a low grade.
That exams are always frightful.
That a freshman's life is that of a bow-wow.
That brilliantness and queerness are inher-
ently identical.
That "Where d'ya get it?" is the national
slogan.
That no matter how much cash a college gets,
it's always for "future" use.
That compulsory chapel promotes faith.
That college board never satisfies.
That Chesterfields do.
That the team had a successful season.
That honor systems can work.
That honor systems don't work.
That necking is universally practiced.
That too-efficient "supervision" of activities
is proper.
That college students are not grown up in any
sense.
That our crack runner should have been in
the Olympic games.
That bridge is the national game.
That Phi Bets are bound to fail in life.
That Phi Bets are bound to succeed in life.
That a moustache makes a man look distin-
guished, but that it tickles when one
touches it.
That college comic sheets are really funny.
—W. M. P.



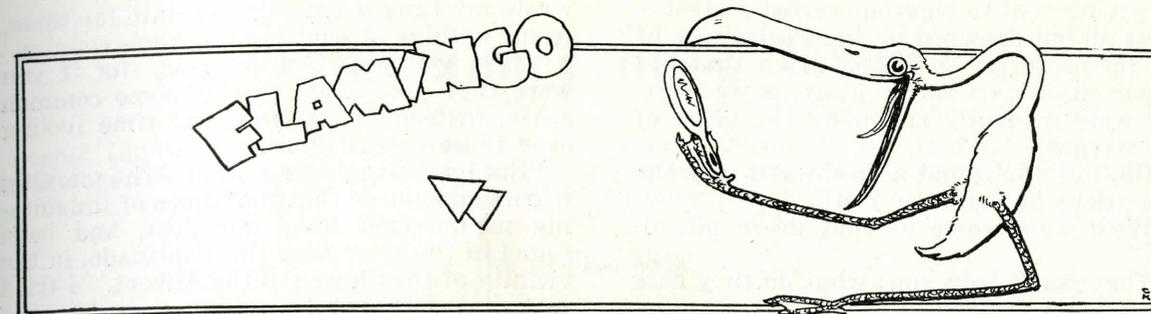
SHE'S GOT THE CLOTHES,
THIS FROSH SO FINE,
AND HEAVEN KNOWS
SHE'S GOT THE "LINE."

SHE'S TEETH OF PEARL
THAT OFTEN SHOW.
HER HAIR WOULD CURL
IF IT COULD GROW.

WITH ME SHE'S "IT,"
GETS BY IMMENSE—
BUT I MUST ADMIT
SHE'S GOT NO SENSE.



SHADES OF THE SUMMER RESORT—
SOME, ER, KIDD.



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

Priest and Levite

By Kilburn Holt, '24

The shadows were already lengthening on the historic lawns when we left the Yard and headed for the Stadium. As we crossed the Anderson Bridge we paused to watch a racing shell which was nearing the boathouse on our left. The rhythmic "hip-hip" of the coxswain and the measured splash of the oars carried clearly on the calm September air.

I had come, all too soon, to the end of a delightful week, spent as the guest of my buddy, Alden, with whom I had served in the Yankee Division. We had taken in Bunker Hill, the Old North Church, Concord and Lexington and all the rest — including Revere Beach and Norumbega Park; but he had saved the visit to his beloved Alma Mater for the last.

The crew was lifting the shell onto the landing when a noisy gang of students appeared from nowhere at the water's edge, dragging a squirming, protesting victim whose green button and obvious fright plainly proclaimed his yearling rank. We heard an hilarious "One-two-three!" a pair of sprawling arms and legs described an awkward arc; then a loud splash broke the placid surface of the Charles.

Alden smiled tolerantly.

"Only a freshman, being introduced to 'Charles Davy Jones,'" he explained. "They are all thus honored sometime during the month."

He grew thoughtful for a moment, and then spoke quite abruptly.

"Freshmen aren't the only ones who can claim that distinction, however; and those who came to know 'Davy' most intimately had left their freshman days far behind."

He laughed a queer little laugh that made me feel instinctively that the 'joke' was not as humorous as it might have been. But

with a shrug of his broad shoulders he evidently dismissed the subject from his mind, and turned the conversation to the Stadium, which now loomed up big in the right foreground.

I heard no more of it until we were back again in his cozy suburban home in Newton, that evening. Dinner over, we had adjourned to the living room to smoke and gossip. Toward bedtime the conversation had begun to lag. Finally, after Alden had been gazing silently into the fire for several minutes, seemingly lost in reverie, I mustered up courage enough to refer to his remark at the bridge.

"Do you know," said he, "I was just about to tell you that yarn when you spoke. As long as I live I'll never forget what happened near that bridge just six years ago this very day. I had been out tackling the dummy and falling on the ball in Freshman practice that afternoon; and when the squad was dismissed I lingered behind, talking with another freshman who used to come down to watch practice.

"Esmond Priest was his name. He had been a classmate and chum of mine in prep school, and we were rooming across the corridor from each other. Priest always was a queer sort of a duck, a very rare combination of incurable book-worm and rabid sportfan. He was addicted to having what he termed 'hunches'; premonitions upon whose dependability he would stake his very reputation. The rest of us had scant use for them, and in time he had learned to keep most of them to himself.

"As we left the grounds we saw, coming from the direction of the Square, perhaps a dozen fellows, carrying two unwilling captives who, although bound hand and foot,

were giving vent to vigorous verbal protest—protest all but drowned by the exuberance of their tormentors. We could catch snatches of their jibes even as far away as we were. They were evidently ridiculing the pleas of their victims.

“Oh, no; you’re not a freshman; why the green sticks out all over you!”

“We’ll wash some of that green off, alright!”

“They won’t help you; what do they care about a lousy frosh?”

“These were a few of the sentiments that reached us as they disappeared down toward the bank of the river. We meandered along, discussing this play and that formation; crossed the bridge; and saw, as we passed, the gang come around from the farther side of the now-deserted boat-house, leading two pathetically docile, dripping wet youngsters.

“They sure took their time about it,” I commented, “the poor fellows must have had quite a ducking. I wonder when our turn will come?”

“Next evening, as we again returned from practice, a newsboy came by, crying his ‘Extra’s.’ Priest purchased an American—the red headlines caught his eye—and read aloud.

STATE STREET BROKER DISSAPPEARS Philip Murdock Missing Since Yesterday Morning. No Clues Yet Found.

“I suppose,” I ventured, “that another fool has played the market wrong and committed suicide, or played it right and run off with somebody’s wife.”

“No,” Priest contradicted me, “It’s more than that this time, this will prove no ordinary disappearance story.”

“What makes you think so?” I demanded.

“His reply was to be a by-word for the next few weeks.

“Oh, I have a hunch.”

“In the morning came the additional sensation of the strange disappearance of Jeremiah Fisher, a wholesale jeweler on Bromfield Street. The two men seemed to have vanished at the same time. Both of them were fairly well-to-do, and quite young. Neither had any enemies, as far as could be ascertained. On the other hand, each did bear the reputation of being tricky—even unscrupulous—in business dealings, and had very few friends. The whole affair was the topic of conversation for days.

“As Priest and I returned from chapel on the morrow, he shared a hunch with me.

“You know,” he confided, “I have a hunch those two guys are right here in the city somewhere. If I were the police I wouldn’t

waste my time searching the State for them, to say nothing of scouring the whole country.”

“Yes you would,” I retorted, “for if you were they you would employ some common sense, instead of wasting your time fooling over these absurd hunches.”

“But he was right, in a way. The morning papers announced that the bodies of the missing men, bound hand and foot, had been found in the river near the Esplanade, in the vicinity of the Church of the Advent. I tried to twit Priest, but he wasn’t phased in the least.

“I guess they were in the city, weren’t they?” he insisted. “Just see if I don’t get another hunch, even better, before long.”

“Sure enough, no later than seven o’clock that evening, he burst into my room, out of breath, and exclaimed, ‘I have it.’

“I glanced up from my Horace. ‘Have what?’

“Another hunch; a big one. Listen: those Freshmen that were thrown in the river Thursday afternoon were Fisher and Murdock!”

“I laughed in his face.

“I suppose it never occurred to you that we saw those fellows returning, soaked thru, did it?”

“My sarcasm was intended to be withering, but he was unperturbed.

“That’s easy; they just had two of their own number souse themselves and take the places of the men they left in the river.”

“Oh, they did, eh; and who might these murderous students be?”

“Again the reply was instantaneous.

“I don’t believe they were students at all. In a University of several thousand their subterfuge would never be suspected.”

“Marvelous!” I scoffed, “But who, then, were these masquerading assassins; and what was their motive, and how did they get hold of their prey without attracting dangerous attention?”

“That,” said he seriously, “is what remains to be discovered.”

“For once,” I observed, “you are talking sense.”

“A few days later came the disclosure that both of the slain men had received on the morning of the fatal day mysterious notes, which were identical but for the signatures. They read as follows:

1 4 9 S
at the gate, 5:45
to-night.

“Fisher’s missive was signed: P. M.; while to Murdock’s communication was appended: J. F.

“The amateur sleuth was in raptures.

“The gate,” he announced, “means that
(Concluded on Page 20.)

Commentary on a Poem

Vachel Lindsay, a living American poet, who has travelled across the continent, “afoot and light hearted,” trading his poems for

bread and a night’s lodging in the homes of the poor, has a little poem which runs as follows:

The Leaden-Eyed

Let not young souls be smothered out before
They do quaint deeds and fully flaunt their
pride.

It is the world’s one crime its babes grow
dull,

Its poor are ox-like, limp and leaden-eyed.

Not that they starve, but starve so dream-
lessly,

Not that they sow, but that they seldom reap,
Not that they serve, but have no gods to
serve,

Not that they die, but that they die like
sheep.

The virtue of the poet’s art lies in ability to select the precise word, phrase, rhythm, or simile that will express most accurately and effectively the thought he has in mind. Let us examine the expression of Mr. Lindsay’s thought in this poem.

“Leaden-eyed,” the title, connotes “heaviness,” “dullness,” “sluggishness.” Lead is associated with coffin linings and hermetical seals—“hopelessness.”

“Young souls” here evidently means young in years, not, as often elsewhere, young in spirit whatever the age.

“Smothered” carries out the old simile of the “divine fire,” and the “spark of youth.” Notice the finality of “smothered out.”

“Quaint” is here used in an uncommon sense. Perhaps the archaic meaning of “proud,” “haughty” is intended; or possibly it is meant to convey the ideas of “individualism,” “joyousness,” and “originality”—“personal expression,” in short. “Do quaint deeds” reminds one of Ezra Pound’s “An Immortality,” which closes with these lines:

“Than do high deeds in Hungary
To pass all men’s believing.”

“Flaunt their pride” may have a double meaning. It may refer to a mental state—egotism, arrogance, lordliness—which is normal in youth, and which has been well pictured by Orrick Johns in “The Song of Youth:”

“—in me I absorb others.
I hail parties and partisans from afar;

Not men but parties are my comrades,
Not persons but nations are my associates.”

Or “pride,” used as a collective noun, may mean all the things of which youth is proud—splendid body, active brain, ability to woo successfully, all the things in which youth excels—and for which youth wins admiration and regard by “flaunting” them before the world.

Observe the alliteration of “do — deeds” and “fully flaunt.”

“World’s one crime.” Is this an exaggeration to center the interest, or does the poet mean it literally? Has the world no other crimes? The artist might say no, taking the imperfection here condemned as inclusive of everything that is wrong with the world, of all that mitigates against the optimistic artist’s summum bonum for mankind,—“happiness through the medium of complete self-expression.” This is the anarchist’s creed, that unfettered humanity is perfect. Mr. Lindsay elsewhere demonstrates that this fallacy does not appeal to him, so we must conclude that “one” means “one outstanding,” as when we say “that’s his one big fault.”

The blame is thrown on the whole “world,” leaving the reader, according to his own prejudices, to place it on a class supremacy, an economic or political system, religion, human fallibility, or any other scapegoat.

Note the use of “crime”—not “sin.” “Crime” is coming to be considered the more accurate word for wrong-doing. A sin is a contravention of some religious code of morality. We now think in terms of extra-re-

religious government, and are beginning to regard the word "crime," apart from its legal sense, as the term for an act which can be defended by no one. For example, note the modern expression of indignation, "It's a crime to do a thing like that." We rarely say seriously, "It's a sin, etc."

"Its poor" — the "world's" poor — whom "we have always with us." Mr. Lindsay is no doubt thinking only of the poor in this world's goods, for the poor mentally and spiritually are not wronged by the world, and do not come within the purview of the socially humanitarian poet.

"Ox-like" suggests the dumb, stupid, and the submissive; "limp" connotes weak, beaten, flexible, humiliated. The seeming contradiction between the sturdiness of "ox-like" and the willowness of "limp" may be taken instead as an attempt to cover different phases. Observe that "ox-like" is a masculine adjective, while "limp" is feminine.

"Leaden-eyed," again, may recall our idea of the Belgian refugees, as expressed in Grace Hazard Conkling's poem, which closes:

"(O God, if thou couldst let me weep,
Or heal my broken feet!)"

The second stanza, though equally important and effective with the first, allows of less comment. We can, however, see four different persons speaking in it.

"Not that they starve, but starve so dreamlessly," says the poet, thinking of his early struggles and privations in a Parisian garret. The line is melodious and smooth-flowing, with a feminine ending.

"Not that they sow, but that they seldom reap," exclaims the economist in anger, reminding us of the indictment of "Piers the Plowman" that what the poor produce, the rich "in glottonye destroyeth."

"Not that they serve, but have no gods to serve," cries the idealist, in a line that constantly rises. The religionist would weaken the line by substituting "God" for "gods."

"Not that they die, but that they die like sheep," means the humanitarian, to whom this is the pity of it all, the sorrow of sorrows. The line is deadened and made sad by heavy consonantism.

Notice how, in these last four lines, the first part of each is hurried up, while the end of the line, the important thought, is dwelt on.

In conclusion, we may remember that "wails for the world's wrong" have been written in all ages. But only with the recent "radical" movements,—with the coming of a belief in the possibility of rectifying all wrongs in so far as they are caused by poverty,—can the world itself, we and our ancestors, be blamed for them, because of our ignorance and stupidity.

ADDRESS TO AN IDLE DREAM

Awake, thou drowsy idler! Be gone, thou untamed Dream,
Thou fashioner of valorous deeds (as thou wouldst have them seem.)
'Tis not for thee to mold man's life at thy foolhardy whim:
Naught but stern thoughts and well-layed plans begin to perfect him.

Thou unrelenting mother of a life of indolence,
For thoughts inveigled to thy self, canst thou give recompense?
Because of thine enticing mien, all due to thy finesse,
Unnumbered anxious lives await what thou hast termed "Success."

O Field of Promise to mankind, wherein is thine attraction?
What sound assurance canst thou give of human satisfaction?
In thy rich soil, so promising to oft misguided youth,
What dost thou yield? Rank weeds of Faithlessness; no plant of Truth!

And now, get hence, thou parasite on untrained idle minds;
Too much it is that thou deceive all whom thy toil binds—
The cold realities of life confront each man with labor;
No time, nor mood, has he for thee, or thy presuming favor.

Apology

But hold! What man can keep such dreams from entering his mind?
If he should guard himself at front, they'd creep in from behind.
But, as the hopeful mirage fades, and drops its false appearance,
Regard the Truths of things that be—to them give close adherence.
Finis.

SONNET IN SLANG

Down to the beach I met one classy kid.
Her shape was sure the bee's knees, and her face—

She'd pass for Norma Talmadge any place.
Did I get lovin'? Boy, I'll say I did,
The middle name of that Mack Sennett queen
Was "Cafeteria," or, "help yourself,"
Till I went broke—and then, for me the shelf.
She warn't so much, if you get what I mean,
There's lots I know that's got her beat a mile
For glad-rags and for jazzin'. I'd have quit
Her anyways. Of course she aint so bad
At that; I'll tell the world she's got a smile
That is a winner. What gives me a fit
Is that she left me flat—to vamp MY DAD.

"I think I'll take a dip," coolly remarked
the cop as he beaned the pick-pocket.

Theodore—"And I still maintain that
clothes do not make any difference in a man."
Teddy—"Well just try walking down the
street without any."

"Power to you," said the warden to the
occupant of the electric chair as he turned
on the switch.



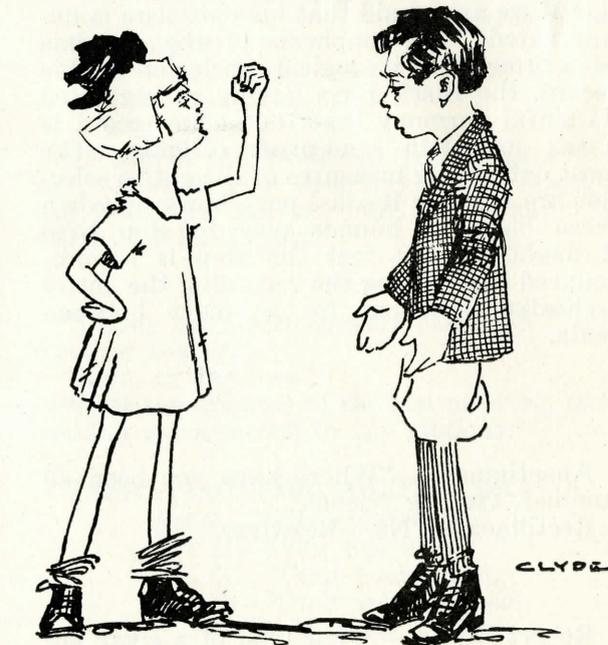
ONCE MEN LIKED THE GIRLS WHOSE
ACQUAINTANCE THEY MADE
FOR THE SHY, BASHFUL GLANCES THEY MET.
BUT NOW IT'S THE HANG OF
THE EARRINGS OF JADE,
AND THE TILT OF THE CIGARETTE.

HELPFUL HINTS FOR FOGGY FRESHMEN

1. "General Jam" is not the commander of the R. O. T. C.
2. The seal of the university is not kept in an aquarium.
3. Eska Mo Pi is not a Greek fraternity.
4. "Necking" is not a new scarf material.
5. The trustees do not hold their spring board meeting at the swimming pool.
6. The Commons Club is not an eating house.
7. The Student Volunteer Band is not a musical organization.
8. The "shifters" are not the Masquers' stage-hands.
9. The phrase "and when our steps have feeble grown" does not refer to the approach to the Plaza.
10. The wearing of Freshmen caps is not optional.

—K. K. H., '24.

Why is it that in a battle of tongues, she
that holds her own, doesn't?



"CAN YOU FIGHT?"
"NOT WITH A WOMAN."
"COME ON THEN YOU PIE-FACE!"

VITRIOLA RECORDS FOR SEPTEMBER

Hudson Seal Records

BOREU, HOWICAN

41144 **Ou avez vous appris cette chapeau?**
Stetson.

This delightfully novel and piquant selection, one of the best known of popular old-world melodies, closing as it does with a soul-trembling glassy, high-C, presents an artistic triumph of the first water to Vitriola fans. The garlic tempo in the first spasm reiterates and rereiterates the passionate ardor of the Italian noodle-vender, who, according to legendary lore, is, in this lyrical ballad, charmingly calling to his mate, the famous, if notorious, Spumoni. "Boreu has outlived his usefulness," says Popular Mechanics after hearing this record.

Dance Records

3.1416 **Hot Scatts**—Fox Trot

The Black Boys from Hell.
Name It and You Can Have It—
Giraffe Neck-stretch
The Dippy Dozen.

"Hot Scatts" is a Fox Trot a lot of us who live next-door to fraternity houses have been looking for with dread. "The final word in dance music," is what its builder proclaims it, but we are afraid that his optimism is unwarranted. The emphasis of the sax has been brought to its logical conclusion in this record, the Black Boys having so regulated its sinful harmony that the entire record is a sax solo with sand-paper obligato. The most entrancing measures of the entire selection are found in the last part, however, when these harmony hounds play in stop time throughout. In fact the stop is so pronounced that during the recording the entire orchestra went out for a smoke between beats.

Anastigmatic—"Where have you been all summer, visiting friends?"
Rectilinear—"No. Relatives."

Robert Burns—"What kind of a cigar are you smoking?"

Tom Moore—"It's a Southern cigar named General Lee."

R. B.—"Is it a good cigar?"

T. M.—"Well, General Lee."

"Name It" depicts the Dippy Dozen in a moment of aphasia. The score of this volcano (16 to 1) was written in memory of the umpire of a Wittenburg football game shortly after the affair. The artists have spared no pains in its rendition. In all this record is an excellent example of why people leave apartment houses.

Novelty Records

1¾ **I Love—I Love—Oh, I Love Any Body**
Rebecca O'Flanigan**I'll Eat Ham On Any Day But Friday**
Rebecca O'Flanigan

Miss O'Flanigan, champion light-weight necker of this hemisphere, has at last joined the "ranks" of Vitriola artists. We wanted to put a red label on this record, but Johnny McC. objected so we have awarded it the yellow ticket. Really Miss O'Flanigan cops everything in the known world by this performance. We will not attempt to describe it further, lest second-class privileges be withdrawn.

Special Announcement

The Vitriola Company takes especial pride in announcing the recent adiction of Prof. Nassau Lamps to its staff. His superb counting from one to 18 (inclusive) on the three records of his famous series "Twelve Rolls for the Obese," or "The Baker Outwitted," marks a new era in recording technique. Health and strength absolutely exude from these records. Buy them, we urge, and give them to your neighbors in the next block, or to the man who beats your rugs.

"Prexy's chapel talks seem to have gotten him into trouble."

"How's that?"

"He was arrested for being a second-story man."

Prof.—"State the difference between an indignant and a disgusted person."

C. D.—"If a man tries to kiss a girl and succeeds she is indignant; if he fails she is disgusted."

Prof.—"Check."



"Nobody Lied" here today.—Window Sign.
Virtuous establishment, what?

"Don't kill your wife!
Let us do the dirty work!"
—Laundry Advertisement.
Reduced rates for mother-in-law?

What a man seweth, that shall he also rip.

"The Ladies' Aid Society's weekly meeting will be hell at the home of Mrs. Hotchkuss this Wednesday."—Church Bulletin.
One on the printer's devil.

"Minister asserts that when the average society girl enters a ballroom these days she has on only four articles of apparel."
—News Item.
Two shoes, two stockings, how absurd! He forgot the wrist watch.

What a woman knoweth, that will she also telleth.

Whoa be unto him, and giddap unto his brother.

"Eve was made for Adam's express company."—Whizz Bang.
And she came C. O. D.

"Cole's Nectar
Have You Tried It?"
—Advertisement.

What neckst?

We suggest a motto with which to placard the U. S. Mint: "God help those who help themselves."

Of course the workman should have his beer—that is, root beer anyhow. Doesn't the Scripture tell us that the laborer is worthy of his Hire's?

"I hear the watch-makers called off their meeting to-day."
"Rain, or darkness?"
"Lost the minutes of the last meeting, and couldn't get a second to any motions."

BASIC PLOT FOR SOCIETY DRAMA

Act I—Their eyes meet.
Act II—Their lips meet.
Act III—Their souls meet.
Act IV—Their lawyers meet.
Et Al-imony

Belle—"Didn't you used to say that Heaven must be like Dayton?"
Adona—"Oh, I used to, but Dayton has improved a hell of a lot lately."



"DO YOU THINK YOU COULD CARE FOR A CHAP LIKE ME?"
"OH I THINK SO—IF HE WASN'T TOO MUCH LIKE YOU."



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Forrest Loveless, '25, Advertising Manager
Ernest Brelsford, '24
Charles Freehafer, '25
Ann Roberts, '25
Charles Fundaberg, '26

J. C. Fitch, '24, Circulation Manager
Richard Calvert, '23
F. L. Windle, '23
R. R. Dickinson, '25
Ralph Smoot, '25

Address all communications to THE FLAMINGO, Box 568, Granville, O. Contributions may be mailed to this address or placed in the FLAMINGO Box on the hill. No editorial or art contributions will be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope. The editor reserves the right to make minor changes in accepted manuscripts.

Two Dollars the Year.

Twenty-five Cents the Copy.

Once more the Bird jars an editorial key. Life is indeed just one thing after another. That's what Shakespeare would have said, only he wouldn't have been so gentle about it. Since you undoubtedly expect it, mention might also be made of the corresponding

triturism about love being two somethings after each other. Old stuff. Only it's not that way. It's not so mutual. Anyway that topic's closed, for spring moons and summer resorts have shut down for the season. Now for some, er, shall we say, work.

"To the breach—!" was the cry when some Harold assaulted some Percival's homestead shack in days gone by. Let us make it now, "To the breeches — and padded jerseys!" We've a reputation to defend, and a blot or two to swab out e'er snow flies. May it be a healthy swab.

Speaking of swabbing. The Bird understands that some of our doughty warriors have first-hand experience from manicuring decks. That'll help.

And trust Livy for the rest. One of the beauties of our athletic Ship of State is that we never have to worry about the man at the helm. That's what makes the Activities Fee the surest buy, next to chapel seats, on the treasurer's bill of fare. It's always a good money's worth.

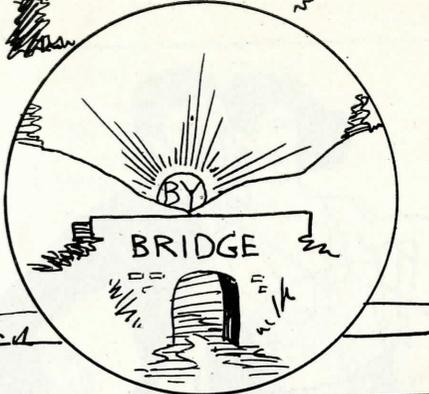
Incidentally, every man, woman, and child in the University is expected to contribute 100% interest on the \$2.50 investment.

The Bird wishes to announce the appointment of Forrest Loveless, '25, to the office of Business Manager, which was vacated by the migration of Ralph P. Garrison to the foreign fields of O. S. U. Also the appointment of Charles Fundaberg to the Advertising Staff.



DOGGONE! IF IT AIN'T BILL !!

LOOKIN' BETTER THAN EXPECTED!



HERE YARE MEET EVERY GIRL IN THA UNIVERSITY!

CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE'S STONE HALL

MA-GOSH! IMAGINE GOIN' TO SCHOOL AT 7:30 IN THE MORNING!

LO! MABEL!

LET'S STICK AROUND - MAYBE WE'RE NEXT!

HILDA

HULA!

THAT SOUNDS GOOD

SHEPARDSON RECEPTION TICKETS \$1.00

MAKING DATE FOR THE FIRST "WEINER FRAZZLE"

TWO TOGETHER! ONE FOR MYSELF AND ONE FOR MY LADY FRIEND

GET 'EM WHILE THEY LAST

LEND ME A DOLLAR WILL YUH?

ONE IN THE FIRST ROW!

ONE!

RESERVED CHAPEL TICKETS \$1.00

DO THESE PERMIT YOU TO SMOKE IN PREXY'S OFFICE?

HOW MANY?

SMOKING PERMITS \$1.00

FRESHMEN BECOMING ACCUSTOMED TO THE STEPS

WHAT THA!

WELL! WELL! BACK FOR A GOOD YEAR OF STUDY I SUPPOSE!

OL' MAN STUDY

WE HAD ALMOST FORGOTTEN ABOUT THIS BIRD!

OUR ADVICE TO FRESHMEN - LOCATE A PUMP HANDLE AND WORK OUT ON IT DAILY IN ORDER TO BE IN THE "PINK" OF CONDITION FOR THE SHEPARDSON RECEPTION

REGISTRATION DAY!



Ubertsak.

"I HAVE BAD NEWS FOR YOU, CLARENCE."
"SO?"
"YES. I VISITED A FORTUNE TELLER'S THIS AFTERNOON, AND SHE TOLD ME THAT I AM GOING TO MARRY A HANDSOME MAN."

THE CAREER OF A GOOD JOKE

1. Published in the Flamingo.
2. Read by 800 members of the student body (estimated.)
3. Fails to register on them.
4. Quoted in 10 exchanges.
5. Remodeled and run as original in 13 exchanges.
6. Published under risque drawing by the Texarkana Gooseberry (see 5.)
7. Denison student receives copy of Texarkana Gooseberry from sister's fourth beau three generations removed.
8. Reads joke a la illustration.
9. Laughs.
10. Tells frat brethen.
11. They laugh.
12. Editor asked why Flamingo can't run stuff like that.
13. Member of student body contributes it as original and wonders why it isn't published.

GENTLE HINTS ON CURRICULUM

Synopsis of Popular Courses

GYM 1—Enrolls a large number of new students every year. An unfailing drawing card. Must be popular. If it isn't, it might as well be.

ENGLISH 1 — A mixture of inartistic themes with artistic advice on highbrow composition by an instructor of alleged literary tendencies.

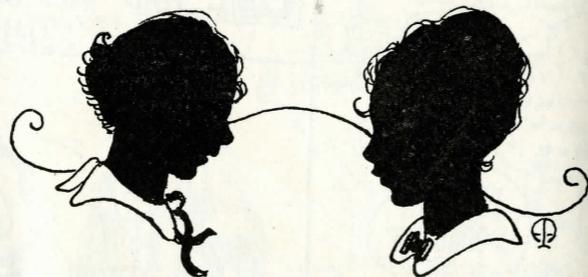
ETHICS—Popularly known as the "Of" course, name being derived from the universal reply of Juniors as to whether they are taking it.

PHYSICS 9—A constant struggle to crowd in class periods against the call of golf. Calculus required, but never used.

CALCULUS 4b—Phi Beta Kappa candidates beware. Also those who like their morning siesta. 7:30 A. M. every day and all night every night.

SPANISH 1—The wittiest course in the college. Includes translated fairy stories of Greater Denison, flunks, tales of Spanish dancers, castles in Spain and the air. One large bull-fight. Open to all. Graduates with degree of "athlete."
—W. M. P.

Salesmen to right of me,
Salesmen to left of me,
Vollied, assaulted, and thundered.
—And, oh, what a charge they made.



MAY—"WOULD YOU WEAR A RENTED BATHING SUIT?"
JUNE—"IT DEPENDS WHERE THE RENT WAS."

You may talk about your sights,
All the things that you have seen
From old Broadway's bright white lights
To the square of Bowling Green.
But this puts 'em by the board
Just like rolling off a log:
Did you ever see a Ford
By a Jewish Synagogue?

Van Ritz—"What is the name of your new colored chauffeur?"
Waldorlip—"Oh that new one's Green."

"Dearest, am I the first man you ever kissed?"
"You're among the first."

Betty—"Why on earth doesn't Peggy come out of the water?"
Mary—"She's lost the combination of her new combination bathing suit."

Henry, saying goodnight—"Aw, just one, Mable."
Voice from head of stairs—"You're fast, young man, it's only twelve-thirty."

Horace—"I passed by your home last night."
Hortense—"Thanks!"

"I keep my girl's photograph in the front of my watch."
"I used to do that but my new one has a plain face."

"MacUbert just died of auto-intoxication."
"What kind of a car has he?"

She—"You-you rug!"
He—"Rug?"
She—"Yes, all you do is lie."

FAMOUS GREENS

- _____ River
- Darius _____
- _____ Mountains
- Paris _____
- _____ Buttons
- Hetty _____
- Spinach



TIE—"HOW CAN I THICKEN MY HAIR?"
CURLS—"TRY MOLASSES AND FLOUR."

'T WAS EVER THUS!

A Freshman came to Denison,
Sing "Where's My Wandering Boy Tonight?"
With an old felt hat and red tie on,
Sing "Where's My Wandering Boy Tonight?"

Fare thee well, fare thee well,
Fare thee well my little lad,
For he's off to Licking County,
Where they have a special bounty
On all good students gone bad.

He said he'd come to study Math,
Sing "How'd He Ever Get that Way?"
And other things that the college hath,
Sing "How'd He Ever Get that Way?"

Fare thee well, fare thee well,
Fare thee well my little lamb,
For he thought he'd go to college
And absorb a lot of knowledge
With a head that's mostly made of ham.

He boned hard, but didn't get much;
Let's all sing "I Want to Go Home."
When finals came he was in Dutch,
Let's all sing "I wan to Go Home."

Fare thee well, fare thee well,
Fare thee well, my little Frosh,
Although the folks may think he's dumb,
Outside of class he travelled some,
For he got A in fussin', b'gosh!



A READ-LETTER DAY AT THE SEM THIS MONTH.

(Concluded from Page 8.)

whoever wrote the notes wanted to meet with his gang of cut-throats at the gate to the Yard from Harvard Square; and the time corresponds perfectly with the episode which we witnessed.

"It certainly was uncanny, but I was far from convinced.

"But how about the 1 4 9 S?" I continued. "And what is there about such a note that it should have brought them? And don't the initials prove that each one wrote to the other?"

"On the contrary," he argued, answering my last query first, "it is much more plausible that a third person intended them to think so, than that both should have dispatched such queer messages to the other on the same day. The 1 4 9 S will prove to be the key to the whole affair."

"The key, however, remained undecided, and no further hunch came to enlighten Priest for a week. One warm evening while we were visiting together by the open window, some students came down Massachusetts Avenue singing college songs. As they swung for the sixth time into the chorus of 'Solomon Levi,' Priest jumped to his feet, and began to execute (the verb is well chosen) a clog dance; shouting the while, 'Hooray! that's it; that's it!'

"What's what?" I asked.

"By way of answer he began a solo, starting with 'Oh, my name is Solomon Levi—' and concluding with a disconcertingly emphatic fortissimo on the words 'at a hundred and forty-nine!'

"A hundred and forty-nine what?" he proceeded to ask, merely for rhetorical effect, as he immediately answered, 'Why, 149 Salem Street, of course. And Salem begins with an 'S.' Here is the significance of the puzzling 1 4 9 S; see? It's the Mystery of the Murderous Missives again!'

"I saw the coincidence, but more to reassure myself than anything else, I told him loudly that I thought it nothing more than that. He was obstinate.

"Mark my word," he declared, "when the criminal is found, he will be a Harvard graduate, just as his victims were, and he will be one of a group of at least three members, which derived its symbol from the famous college song."

"It sounded more and more convincing as he outlined it, but when, after he left, I reviewed it at leisure, it all seemed so unthinkably improbable that I could only marvel at my friend's ingenious imagination.

"In December of the same year, Jim Horrocks was arrested for conspiring with the 'Chief,' the head of a notorious New York

'gang,' to perpetrate a huge theft from the National Bank of Industry. He shot and killed a man in his efforts to escape capture, and after he had received his death sentence he wrote a long confession implicating himself as well as several prominent New Yorkers in many of the sensational crimes of which the gang had been guilty in the last couple of years. A part of his engrossing document is very carefully treasured by Esmond Priest. It reads like this:

"The only murders I ever planned were pulled off in Cambridge last September. Fisher, Murdock and I attended Harvard together. We somehow got to gambling and drinking, and went rapidly from bad to worse. Before long we mixed into scrapes which would have meant our expulsion, had we been found out. As we were equally involved, we formed a sort of 'triumvirate,' swore never to betray one another, and had our secret meetings and carousals. We took our sign from an old college song, 'Solomon Levi,' and called ourselves the 'Levites.' To make a long story short, the other boys were more cunning than I, and kept me from 'getting' anything criminal on them, but one day they discovered that I had stolen money to pay a gambling debt. I had snatched a wallet from a bank messenger who was cutting through an alley, and had made a big haul. The d— sneaks double-crossed me, sent me to the pen, and took the jack, whose hiding place they had accidentally discovered. The Chief and I made our escape together two years later. I resolved to 'get' my betrayers, but waited to evolve a scheme which I was satisfied the police would never fathom. The Chief offered to place all his men and resources at my disposal. So when I was ready, I dispatched the two notes, and stationed ten helpers at the gate, hoping my quarry would be curious enough to come. They came, and I had my revenge. No one paid any attention to the supposed 'students' who crowded closely around their captive 'Freshmen' to keep any outsider from seeing the details. It was done right in the middle of the hazing season, and folks saw nothing extraordinary in two struggling forms being rushed to the river by men whom I had provided with typical college garb. The leader simply had the rascals conducted to the river, told them why they were being killed, and threw them, bound tightly, into the water. So painstaking were my plans that I even had two of my own men return wet, to allay any possible misgivings.

"I am confident that, but for one too-clever student, the police would not have had even a clue. They refused, fortunately for me, to listen to him. My paid spies told me of a lad who had worked out my whole system, and advised the authorities of the right trail to follow, but I had made my plans to look so ridiculous that they merely laughed at the boy. I should like to inform him of the one flaw in his deductions. He advised the police to search for a Harvard graduate. But we were only Sophomores when they 'sent me up,' and so I never took my degree. Outside of that, the kid had it perfectly, though I confess I can't imagine how he did it.—"

Alden paused to empty his pipe, which had long since gone out.

"I used to say," he concluded, "that with Esmond and Horrocks we had both Priest and Levite, but that if a Good Samaritan had shown up there would have been no story."

The End.



Phoenix Hosiery for women in all the new shades and patterns at moderate prices-- \$1.10 to \$3.50 Ask to see them.

For Autumn Wear

Now at the Walk-Over Shoe Store you will find the new styles for Autumn wear. Every style the well dressed women will want is on display in Oxfords and strap patterns, done in black satin, patent leather, black and brown kidskin and black and brown calfskin. Every style from the evening slipper to the sturdy street shoe is here.

See Our Window

Manning & Woodward's Walk-Over Shoe Store

West Side Square

Compliments of

Sardeson-Hovland Co.

Newark, Ohio

Smart Wear for Women and Misses

Exclusive Models in Suits, Coats, Dresses, Sweaters,
Blouses, and Furs for the Critical Buyer.

J. E. Thompson

Hardware, Furniture and Spalding

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Granville, - - Ohio

HEADQUARTERS
for
RADIO
and
EQUIPMENT



In the practical sense of the word this is a headquarters because the amateur and expert radio telephonist can buy all of his supplies here at reasonable prices.

"An Investment in Satisfaction."

NEWARK RADIO LABORATORIES

30 N. Park Place

Newark, Ohio

Swift—"Morris certainly is ignorant. Until recently, he thought that the Sherman Act was Marching Through Georgia."

Cudahy—"Why my friend Armour thinks that the Mann act is a vaudeville team."

Jack—"Phyllis sure has good taste."

Mack—"Yeh, she uses a vanilla lip-stick."

Hymn No. 1—"What kind of a girl is Anne?"

Hymn No. 2—"When she blushes, you have to take her word for it."

Denisonian:--

We Welcome You!

Our new Autumn footwear is now ready for your inspection.

CHAS. O. EAGLE & SON

In the Arcade

Newark, Ohio

Like Dainty Perfumes?

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

Cody's
Quelques Fleurs
Ideal Houbigant
Djerkiss
Colgates
Hudnuts

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.

Evans Drug Store

East Side Square

Newark, Ohio

Her's was a sad Lot after she had been turned into a pillar of salt.

"I hear that the Jewish golf players don't call 'Fore' before a shot anymore."

"Why not?"

"They've made it '3.98'."

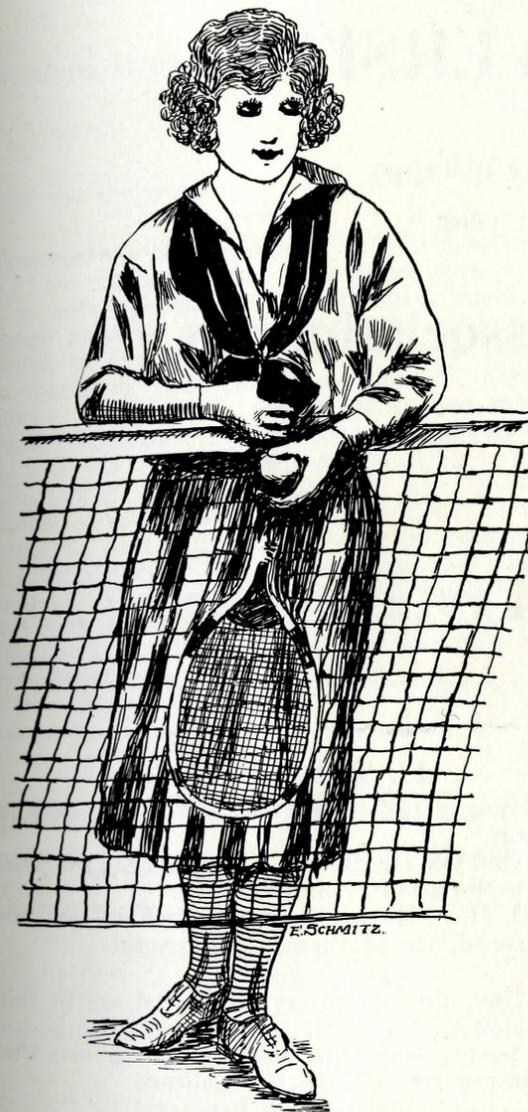
Ollie—"Do you know that girl that won the swimming race?"

Voille—"Sure, I have a date with her tomorrow to teach her how to swim."

DR. HECK

DENTIST

Over Cordon's Restaurant



POPULAR COURSE IN TENNYSON.



Candy is always Acceptable

Make your choice from our line of Homemade, Lowney's, Apollo, or Reymer's Chocolates.

BUSY BEE

Geo. Stamas, Proprietor

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S. E. Morrow & Son

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Men's Furnishings Ladies' Furnishings

Laundry Cases

Trunks—Bags—Suit Cases

Granville, Ohio

Ask your grocer for

Good Health or Butter Krust Bread

and you will be pleased

Made by

Weiant & Crawmer

Newark

Freshmen!

Ask your upper classmen where to get real young men's clothing and haberdashery. The answer invariably will be

The Cornell

29 So. Side Square

Newark, O.

M. C. HORTON

The Arcade Jeweler

3 Arcade

Newark, Ohio

Our very best wishes to

"DENISON UNIVERSITY"

We hope you will all have a happy
and successful school year

The Home Building Association Co.

Corner Third and Main Streets

Newark, Ohio

Can—"I think the long skirts are so graceful."

Did—"Yes, I'm knock-kneed too."
—Purple Cow.

HEARD AFTER VACATION

'25—"I'm sorry I had to cut, Professor, but I was detained by very important business."
Prof.—"So you wanted two more days of grace?"

'25—No, sir; of Louise."—Purple Parrot.

THE COST OF CUSTOM

Senior—"This cold weather chills me to the bone."

Soph—"You should wear a hat."—Octopus.

"Yes, he is a prominent man in college."

"What's his official capacity,"

"Oh, several quarts."—Purple Cow.

ALL THAT GLITTERS—

Hungry Hal—"Say, Boss, this four bits is bogus."

Kind Old Gentleman—"Oh, pardon me. I'll give you a better half."

H. H.—"No you don't; I'm what I am because of one of them."—Chaparral.

"Say, I'd like to try on that dress in the window."

"Sorry, lady, but you'll have to use the dressing room."—Jack-O-Lantern.

Prof.—"Aren't you Mr. Smith?"

Stude—"No, sir, I'm Mr. Smith's twin brother."

Prof—"Ah, I see, what name please?"
—Juggler.

"Isn't Dolly a perfect picture?"

"Well, she has a pretty good frame"
—Virginia Reel.

GREETINGS

LEIST & KINGERY, Book and Stationery Store, 34 W. Main Street,
Newark, Ohio — Agents for CORONA Typewriter.

Your Patronage Will Be Appreciated.

The Granville Filling Station

We Handle
Sinclair Gasoline; Vedol, Mobile
and Freedom Oil

"Service" is Our Motto

Corner of Broadway and Cherry

Grove B. Jones

Phone 8841

OH, GOSH!

The campus was shrouded in the mystic veil of the scented night. The moon, spreading a soft radiance of quiet light, made strange shadow patterns with the stately beeches in the Cemetery, and revealed the dim forms of two, seated on the old, old, style on Sunset Walk, where lovers had sat before. Together they gazed off across the hills towards the Cat Run road, twisting as a silver ribbon in the distance. A cricket hummed drowsily in the grass. The two murmured in low tones. Slowly, yet boldly, his arm curved to her supple waist, and his lips bent to her ear. The cricket was still. The night leaned over them in suspense. Impelled by a sudden emotion, his passionate words burst from him:

"D—n that mosquito!"

The Brute—"Are you doing anything this evening?"

She (eagerly)—"No, nothing at all."

The Brute—"What a terrible waste of time."—Brown Jug.

TRY AND LAUGH THIS OFF

Snake—"Got your traveling clothes ready?"

Eve—"Yeah, Adam gave me the sweetest going away gown you can imagine. It's made of leaves of absence."—Orange Peel.

The quickest method of obtaining a square root: Get behind a mule and pull his tail.

—Widow.

Alex—"I hear Harry likes only brunettes."

Alyce—"So they say, I'm dyeing to meet him."—Banter.

Marie Schaller

Art Shoppe

17 W. Church St.

Silk Underwear

Silk Hosiery

Minerva Yarns

Greek Maid Corsets, Girdles and Corselets

B. & J. Brassieres

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Granville, Ohio

H. E. Lamson

HARDWARE

For

HARD WEAR

"The Hardware Store on the Corner"

GOLDSMITH'S ATHLETIC GOODS

Phone 8214

Granville, - Ohio



Durable

Dependable

Made with Recess and Mesh Markings.
Standard Sizes and Weights.

PLAY THE BURKE 30

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.

Ask for it at the Leading
Pro and Dealer Shops

The Burke Golf Co.

NEWARK, OHIO

Burke Golf

Clubs Bags Balls

A Neighborly Bank



This bank has won the esteem of Newark people as a friendly, human sort of bank, always efficient, and always ready in its intelligent co-operation.

We want more of these good neighbors from Licking County. Ask us how we can serve you. We know you will be interested.

The Newark Trust Company

4% INTEREST PAID ON SAVINGS 4%

Newark, Ohio

EXTRACT FROM MYTHOLOGY
And Pyramus gazed down and said: "Who can Thisbe?"—Funch Bowl.

Ted—"Why the hurry, Jim?"
Jim—"I'm going to a rushing party."
—Dodo.

When we die do we go to the great beyond,
or the grate beneath?—Puppet.

PAGE MUELLER

Straw — "Why are they arresting that photographer?"

Berry — "For violating the eighteenth amendment."

Straw—"How so?"

Berry—"He has a lot of stills in his possession."—Orange Owl.

Customer—I'd like to see something cheap in a fall hat."

Clerk—"Try this one on. The mirror is at your left."—Juggler.

A Sinking Fund—The College Man's Allowance.—Widow.

Minister — "My son, women are awful geese."

Son—"Is that what you meant last night when you said you'd been on a wild goose chase?"—Gargoyle.

The Granville Electrical Supply Co.



"Everything Electrical"

Come in and see the new Westinghouse Curling Iron that can be rotated without twisting the cord.

EVEREADY FLASHLIGHTS

Let us put your old flashlight in good condition before the serenade.

140 E. Broadway

Phone 8219

School Supplies

Successors to

SCOTT'S BOOK STORE

The A. L. Norton Company

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Remington Portable Typewriters

Fine Stationery

Newark, Ohio

26 Arcade

Gifts and Novelties

Granville Service Garage

Kelly-Springfield Tires
and Tubes

Philadelphia Diamond Grid Batteries

THE DEVIL'S DICTIONARY

For the benefit of those who can not exist without the latest in "cute" remarks, we avail ourselves of the most recent addition to the American language as compiled by the New York "World."

APPLE-KNOCKER—A hick, a goof. A brush ape.

BARLOW—A girl. A flapper.

BLOUSE—To leave; to beat it.

BISCUIT—A pettable flapper.

CRUMB-SNATCHER—A sponge, a tea-crasher. A bun-duster.

DUMBDORA—A stupid girl.

DUDD—Individual given to reading or study.

EGG—He lets the girl pay her way.

FLAT-WHEELER—Young man whose idea of entertaining a girl is taking her for a walk.

GERRYFLAPPER—A maid who thinks she looks like Geraldine Farrar.

HOLAHOLY—Girl or boy who objects to necking.

HEAVY-NECKER—Damsel fond of petting.

MAD-MONEY—Cash a girl carries in case she has to go home alone.

NECKER—One addicted to "Cheeky" dancing.

MONOG—He—or she—is "goofy" about only one person at a time.

OVERDOSE OF SHELLBACK—Too much powder.

RUG-HOPPER—A parlor hound who never takes the girls out.

Johnson's Barber Shop

Next to Ullman's Drug Store

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

Postpone all Engagements,
Fellows!

—the new Fall Suits, Overcoats,
Hats and Furnishings are here!
Come in the first time you have
the opportunity, so we can renew
our old acquaintance.

Grafter & Brashear

No. 5 So. Park Place

"Where the Best is Sold"

SMOKEATER—Girl cigarette user.
TOMATO—Pretty girl who can dance, but is otherwise a Dumbdora.
SCANDAL-WALKER—A collegian.
WALLIE—A goof with patent-leather hair.
—The Cougar's Paw.

WHERE DID IO DINE?

Clerk—"That new stenographer used to knock all the fellows dead back in her home town."

Office Boy—"Ah! One of these local anaesthetics."—Chaparral.

"No, Rollo, the king's palace is not lined with court-plaster."—Octopus.

Little Sister — "Do fairy stories always start 'Once upon a time?'"

Mother—"No. Some of them, dear, start with 'I have to study at the library tonight.'" —Malteaser.

Swear—"Gee, that girl is blond. She must use peroxide."

Cusse—"Maybe-I saw her in the bleachers Saturday."—Widow.

Drink, and the world drinks with you.
Fail, and you float a loan.—Chaparral.

Leather Head (to new football candidate)—
"What are you out for?"

Ivory Skull—"Exercise."—Malteaser.

Auto Phone 1934

William F. Eilber

MEN'S TAYLOR

Give Me a Call

Arcade

Newark, Ohio

VICTOR RECORDS in great variety. The new Victor records go on sale the first of each month and we have a large stock all the time.
VICTROLAS in the various finishes and styles.

40 West Main St.

WYETH'S

Newark, Ohio

Job Printing

Carefully Planned and Expertly Done

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

Prof.—“Can you suggest any means whereby I can improve my lectures?”

Voice from Rear—“Have you tried selling them as lullabys?”—Mirror.

The brunette said, “Let it be light.” And it was light.—Chaparral.

HIGHER MATHEMATICS

Bachelor—“People used to call a man's wife his better half.”

Benedict—“Well, what about it?”

Bachelor—“Why, the way she dresses now days she should be called an improper fraction.”—Widow.

Waiter—“Want soup?”

Diner—“Is it good soup?”

Waiter—“Sure, fourteen carrot.”

—Cougar's Paw.

“Hey, Frosh, what time is it?”

“How'd you know I was a Frosh?”

“I guessed it.”

“Then guess what time it is.”

—Virginia Reel.

As Loyal Denison Supports
we would appreciate your
patronage.

QUALITY GROCERIES

Phone 8212

C. A. Stanforth

The Burch Gift Shop

28 and 30 Arcade

You are cordially invited to make this shop your headquarters when in Newark. Meet your friends here or come in and rest while you are waiting for the car or bus. We always have scores of pretty new things to look at.

THIS MAY BE NEW TO SOMEONE

Mope—“You can always tell a Freshman
And put him down as such.”

Dope—“You can always tell a Freshman
But you cannot tell him much.”

—Tiger.

The reason that we never hear of woman after-dinner speakers is that they can't wait that long to tell it.—Dodo.

“Good morning, have you used Pear's soap?”

“No, I'm not rooming with him this year.”
—Purple Cow.

PAGE RED STONE

Gert—“Say, didjever try a Boston Cooler?”

Sam—“Naw; none of them highbrow jails on my list.”—Widow.

Visitor—“And did your son reach the goal of his ambition at college?”

Visitee—“The goal? Why he didn't even make the team.”—Dodo.

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THE FROSH—A prof arriving in class sans his cravat.

THE PREP—The chapter-head attempting a rapid descent of the icy hill in winter.

THE PHI BET—Why everybody isn't that way.

EVERYBODY—Why any Phi Bet is that way.

THE PROF—Why students can be so dumb.

THE FRAT MAN—To hear a prep who can't sing, sing.

THE WOMEN—Why corsages are not universally forthcoming.

THE WAITERS—How the above persons consume nourishment.

Prof—“Do you know what a dry dock is, Mr. Smith?”

Smith—“Why, it's er-er-a place where they put ships to er-.”

Prof—“Nothing of the sort. It's one of these physicians who won't take out a license for prescriptions under the 18th amendment.”

Reformer—“Can anyone here tell me why kissing is dangerous?”

The Blighted One—“Why because the average love affair starts with one.”

Little Bobby looking at typewriter in father's office — “What makes typewriters go, pop?”

Fond Parent—“Your mother, son.”

Contrary to popular superstition, Spain is not the scene of the world's finest bull-fights. Consider our Congress.

With the present prevalence of bobbed hair, someone will be turning up with a cutting satire on, “Why Curls Leave Home.”

“One doesn't know ‘beans’ until he has sojourned in Boston,” reminded the effete Easterner.

“Mebbe so,” returned Cowboy Pete, “but all these Bostonians seem to know is how to ‘spill the beans’.”

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OUR QUESTIONABLE DEPARTMENT

By Mml. Beatrice Bearfax

Dear B: I am in a fog. (We know it.) Shall I take Education 7 or 11? From College.

Answer: I am surprised at a College student wanting any education, but to take 7 would be only natural.

My Dear Advisor: What's good for a cold? Chilly.

Answer: They are best kept that way on ice. A prescription is one of the most popular but if you don't want to lose your home you might try this old family cure. Take a hearty walking date followed by a four-in-hand tie and occasional fits of jealousy. A 79½% solution of nitric acid rubbed into the inside lining of the wind pipe until no mois-

ture shows will make you forget about irritation from that source.

My Dear Beatrice: I have dates every time I can and then some. Is that all right.

Answer: What funny courses students take in college! That's perfectly all right provided you are not serious.

Dear Miss Bearfax: Why does your own tooth brush always taste the best?

Answer: That beats me.

Question: What color is an Easter Egg.

Answer: I wonder.

Dere Bee: I dearly love a young man who wears glasses but everytime he kisses me "good night" his glasses tear my veil. What can I do? Mother objects to buying me a new veil every day but I can't give him up.

B. Hinda Veil.

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EMANUEL BREEZE, Minister

Answer: Get one of those that just cover the nose, that ought to fix it. If his aim is bad, train him, and keep him—it's a good sign.

Dear Beatrice: I am a married woman and can't say that I like it (my husband). He has the silliest bunch of friends I ever heard of. They persist in loading his pockets with all sorts of things such as silk stockings, powder boxes, etc., which I run across when I go through his pockets every night to see if there are any holes in them. He is a dark handsome man with a military bearing, bow legs and round shoulders. I am also troubled by the children eating shaving soap and blowing bubbles through their noses.

Dome S. Teek.

Rufus Johnson

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CALLED FOR AND DELIVERED

Answer: If you will put a clothes pin or pins on the children's nose or noses they would not blow any bubble or bubbles thru where the clothes pins are located. It is unfortunate about your husband's configuration—he was probably built to ride horseback.

Dear Miss Beatrice: What is an Oersted?

Answer: It is a unit of "reluctance" very common in Sem women. It should be carefully distinguished from "resistance." (Cf. Noah Webster's Best; we're not kidding you.)

Dear Sir: Who won the boxing bout Clyde Keeler refereed the other day.

Answer: He called the fight a "draw."

Dear Beatrice: What are the stripes on a zebra for, huh?

Answer: They are put there so you can't tell where their ribs are. You think they are under the black stripes, but they are under the white ones.

—Jock Garber, '24.

McNut—"Have you any rustic furniture in your room?"

McNitt—"No, but I have a log table in my math book."—Brown Jug.

Irate Diner—"Waiter! Here's a needle in the soup!"

Waiter (ex-printer)—"Typographical error, sir; it should be noodle."—Cougar's Paw.

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Phone 8620

Across the fiery sands of the prairie, a hero dashed on a mission of death, and a horse. His handsome profile registered fierce determination. Nobody knew where he was going. It didn't matter. Gad, what a masterly bit of riding. But hold! The noble mustang fouled his nor'east forelock in a gopher hole and gently flopped onto his side, his right side, and the rider was left. Ce fini. Ye gods. One gasping kick, a glycerine tear from our hero, and it's all. But there's a goal to go to, a duty to do, and yonder on the horizon is a cloud of dust. A caravan, no doubt. Must be. Dusty. Dry. Hot. Rabbit. Clutching at his throat in an agony of thirst he staggered on, dropping, now and then, to his knees; but ever onward! Voila! Relief was nearing closer. But could he last? Or was it the last?? A final gesture of triumph toward the rescuers as they emerged from the fog of dust, and a full-length flop to the shimmering, stifling sand. He lay as though dead. And the funny part about it is, he was.

Stude—"What do you do for a living?"
Stewed—"I write."
Stude—"Short stories?"
Stewed—"No. Letters to father." —Dodo.

She—"Isn't this evening glorious?"
He (disentangling self)—"Lord. I forgot all about my date with her." —Purple Cow.

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