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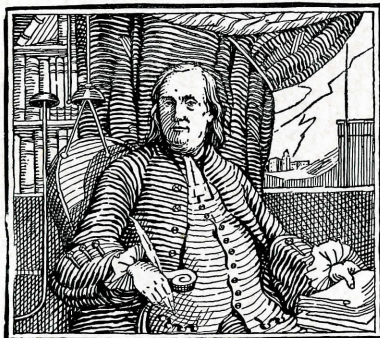
Flamingo



FEBRUARY, 1924

LEAP YEAR ISSUE

25 CENTS



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Vol. IV

FEBRUARY, 1924

No. 8

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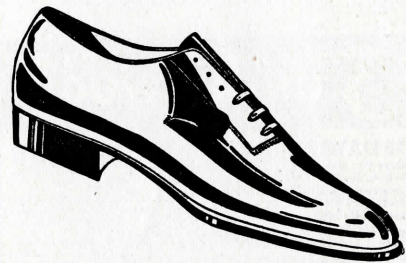
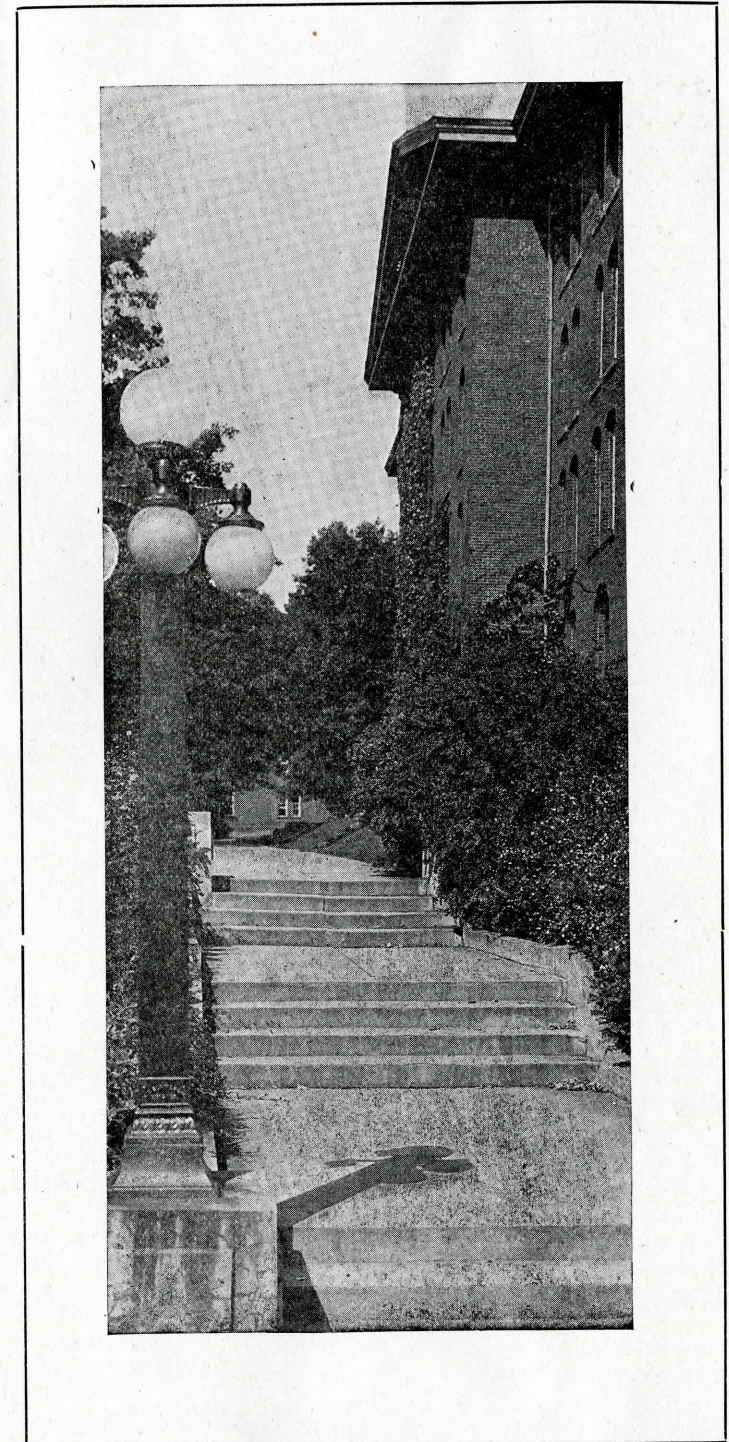
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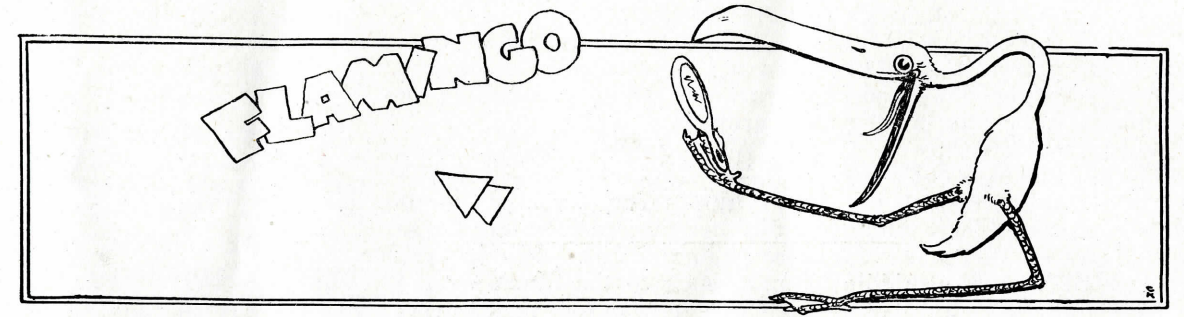


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MRS. SELBY

A Leap Year Story
by
"W. G."

"LEAP YEAR agin, I see," drawled old man Stubbs as he shoved a plate of "ham-and" across the counter of the Grub Cache cafe at me. It's a right clean little cafe, the Grub Cache, an' I always aim to get my meals there when I'm in Red Horse, which is right frequent. Old man Stubbs—they called him "Stubby Stubbs" when he was young an' woolly—don't usually sling the hash himself, but the night I'm tellin' about, the cute little gal from 'Frisco that generally herds the beans had gone to a dance at Lone Dog, which disappointed me considerable. A mug o' mud don't need any sugar for sweet-'nin' if there's a bobbed-haired smile behind it.

"Yeh," says I, "Leap Year. Three days gone already, an' nobody's leaped at me yet, 'ceptin' Slewfoot Ike's bulldog. Leap Year—huh."

"Never you mind, young feller," says Stubbs, wipin' off the marble with a spotless rag, "never you mind. Leap Year's a one-to-nothin' shot, she be. Worth as much on the hoof as any other year dressed. Why, if it hadn't abeen fer Leap Year,—! Pshaw, now. Listen, young feller; I used ter know yer dad, when him an' me was ridin' fer the Crazy Z up in Nevada, as you've heard me tell afore, an' if it hadn't abeen fer Leap Year, young feller, you wouldn't be a'settin' there tryin' ter put on airs by eatin' yore beans with a fork. Sadie ain't here, so unroll yore knife an' act like a gentleman."

I blushed like an apple, an' broke a biscuit, while he went on cleanin' the counter. When he got done, he came around an' sat on the stool next me, wipin' his hands.

"Yes, sir! Yore dad were a hard rider an' a good shot, but he were plumb scairt o' wimmen. I mind the awful ruckus he an' yore maw got up when they was courtin'.

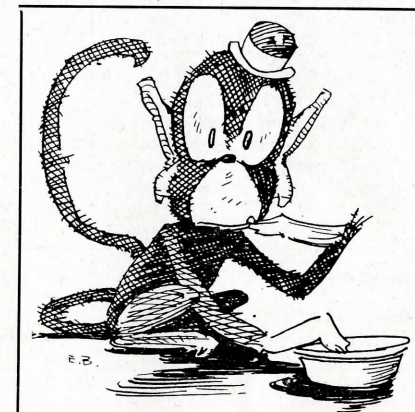
"Yore dad were top-hand o' the Crazy Z, an' yore's truly was foreman. Lon Selby owned it then, an' lived at the ranch-house most the time. Didn't believe in goin' off skylarkin' to Frisco every month like other bosses. Knew enough to stay home an' keep an eye on me. The riders liked him fine; and he took a particular shine ter Jim—yore dad. They was regular pals, as 'twas. Jim would've died fer Selby, an' he was wuth dyin' fer, at that. Selby were a bachelor, 'count uv losin' his heart over a long gal down in

Los Angeles, what eloped with a slick guy from New York. He didn't talk about it any, but he sure fought shy of the wimmen.

"Come one fall, and Jim with a bunch of the riders was roundin' up an' brandin' in the Bad Lands west of Windy Butte. The boss gets a telegram that his brother's widow is comin' out to the ranch fer her health. His brother had died in 'Frisco 'bout a year before; young feller he was, 'bout twenty-five, in the insurance business. We'd all heard about him, but hadn't ever seen 'im. The boss is upset terrible at the idy of a woman on the ranch, but he just cusses plenty an' sends me into Lorado t'meet her.

"Did I meet her? I sure did. She was the kind o' woman thet makes a feller wish he'd worn his other tie, the minnit he sees her. Oh, she didn't bother me much, as me an' Liz, th' gal in the post-office at Blue Gulch, hed a li'l understanding at the time, but I got my boots shined before we left Lorado, an' a new whip fer th' buck-board; an' blamed if I didn't clean fergit the tobaccy fer the bunch!

"Well, she fitted in with affairs at the ranch from the start. Ev'rybody liked her, an' she got along fine. Hong Lee nearly bust-ed hisself tryin' to stir up fancy dishes, an' the amount o' work that the hands at the ranch found to do near the house was alarmin'. Even Lon Selby admitted she had her good points; but she wa'n't no more to him than his dead brother's widow. She'd



"Monkey Business."

learned to ride pretty well some-eres in the West, an' she'd go caperin' off by herself on a li'l buckskin, what got so it couldn't live out'n sight of her, but'd nicker when she left it, like a dog whines when you tie it up.

"One mornin' she says she's goin' explorin'. Hong Lee starts her off with enough lunch fer a whole cow camp, an' we don't see no more of her 'til 'bout the middle of the afternoon. Selby an' I was lookin' over some fancy-bred Shorthorns thet'd jest came in from Texas, when there comes a cow-pony ridin' double, an' Mrs. Selby's li'l buckskin with an empty saddle, over the slope. Soon's they get closer, we see it's Jim, what's plumb scairt o' wimmen, with Mrs. Selby in his arms.

HAPPY

"Happy New Year", and she smiled at me;

But deep in her eyes I could see

That she meant more than she said,

As she tilted her head

And gurgled with glee.

"Happy Leap Year"—she meant just that,

And of course I fell for all of it—flat;

So we were engaged on the spot.

Happy New Year, old dear!

'Tis my sad ending, I fear;

But what chance has a poor guy got?

F. R.

— DU —

He thought he'd surely made a hit
When for his photograph she
prayed.

"Out when this calls," she wrote on
it,

And gave it to the maid.



Natcherly, we runs to the house to see the miracle.

"Well, he rides up sorter wild-eyed and embarrassed, but he sure carried her awful tender-like in his arms.

"What in the name o' Sam Hill,—" begins Selby, but Jim cuts him short, babblin' about findin' her thrown from her horse near Windy Butte when he was comin' back to the ranch fer the mail, an' she was too weak to ride her horse, so he had to carry her, an' we reckoned would she die?

"Selby takes her from him, she givin' a protestin' moan as he does so, an' carries her into the house, Jim watchin' her disappear with honest-to-gosh tears in his eyes. He anxiously asked me again if I thought she'd die. 'Nope,' I tells

A LEAP YEAR LYRIC

*It used to be in days gone by
When gallantry was at its best
That gay young knights with plumed
crest
For ladies fair would fight and die.*

*Our ma's when young, were coy and
shy,
They smiled and blushed,—"he" did
the rest,
"He" made the passionate request,
"She" merely made the short reply.*

*But now—ah, me! "He" is the prey.
"She" seeks her own connubial
pard,
And makes, herself, the plea sub-
lime;
No single man is safe today,
The dumbest boob is on his guard,
Ye Gods! It's 'leap-year' all the
time!*

G. W.

— DU —

Harold, B'gosh, I luv yah,
But I simply can't propose.
Guess I ought'a tell yah
My reason's not what you'd suppose.
I mean all right towards yah,
'Cause here's my reason why:
This skirt has me so tightly squeezed,
I simply can't get on my knees.

him, 'I reckon as you look nearer the grave than she do. If I know wimmen, she's a darn sight more whole right now than you be.'

"'Huh?' says he.

"'I mean,' says I, 'from the color she has, I reckon as how no vital organs are affected, such as the heart.'

"'You go to blazes,' says he, or words to that affect. 'But she's sure the only woman in Nevada. Who is she? She told me as how she stayed here. Since when, an' what's her name?'

"'Been here since three days after you left. And her name's Mrs. Selby.

"'Lordy!' says Jim, lookin' as if six pink elephants an' a purple

(Continued on page 22)

OH JILT, WHERE THY STING?

*Sing a song of Leap Year
My pockets full of dough;
I had a date with Angeline,
Then a ride with Jo.
They both proposed to me—
Gee! but it was great;
I gave 'em what they once gave me—
I gave 'em both the gate!*

F. R.

— DU —

Ben Jonson Leap-Yearized

*Blink at me only with thine eyes,
And I will wink with mine;
Or throw a kiss across the class
And I'll reply in fine:
There's one dark cloud that yet doth
rise*

*T' obscure my life's sunshine,—
Lest I forget 'tis Leap Year, lass
And ask you out to dine!*

—Quip.



Nope I Won't

Resolved: Throughout the coming year

Though others waste their time,
It's clear,

I won't;

I will not give a darn if they
Are late to classes every day,
Or do not come at all, but say,

I won't.

And even if my classmates flunk,
And say all studying is bunk,

I won't;

Just let them get their "D's" and
"C's",

And pull through by a narrow
squeeze,

And be as stupid as they please,

I won't.

I'll let the other fellow cut
His classes, yes, and chapel, but

I won't;

And as for getting in real late,
Or pulling off a scheming date,
Or even breaking rules, I state

I won't.

There's lots of girls who always
shirk

And let their roommates do the
work,

I won't;

They come and borrow all your
clothes,

Your books and money, goodness
knows;

It's quite a habit, I suppose,

I won't.

You hear of students—it's no joke,
Who write home only when
they're broke;

I won't.

And so these are, you will recall,
My resolutions, great and small,
Perhaps you think I'll keep them
all,

I won't!

V. F.

— DU —

East and West

Out of the West came a great
content

With a glory, a glory for me;
Into the East the vision went,

Brushed by on its hurried mission
bent,—

It was not then for me.

Out of the East came a great re-
gret

Laden with care for me,
Found where I walked, and its
burden set

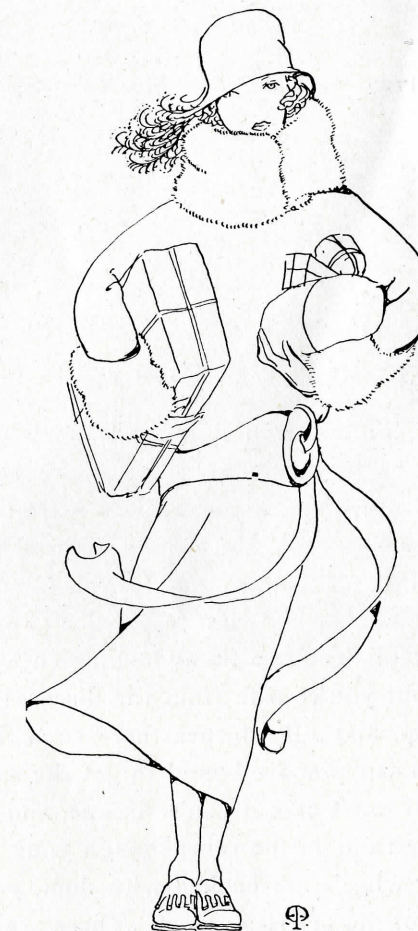
Down at my feet; a monstrous
debt.

I raised it and bore it. Can I for-
get

That it was meant for me?

V. J.

"FRONT"



COBWEBS

I found a cobweb in the grass,
So very wee and airy;
I knew it had been lost, alas,
By some poor little fairy.
Some fairy sporting on the lawn
Before the coming of the dawn.

'Twas fastened to a mullen leaf,
Where carelessly it flaunted,
A bit of lace that came to grief,
Unnoticed and unwanted,
With here and there a drop of dew
The morning sunlight sparkled
through.

The night before some fay, per-
chance,
Beneath the white moon's gleam-
ing,
Had worn the trifle at a dance
While mortal folk were dreaming,
Had whirled and twirled in elfin
glee
While cricket band made melody.

But when the first soft thrush's
note

Had warned her she must hurry,
No doubt she caught her petti-
coat,

And tore it in her flurry.

Just think how cross she must
have been

To leave it lying on the green!

V. F.

— DU —

"Just A Little Love Song"

The soft strains of "The Good
Night Waltz" were "Drifting
By";

"In a Corner of the World All
Our Own,"

We danced it, "Bebe" and I.

It was "Three O'Clock in the
Morning".

I thought I'd "Lost A Wonderful
Girl", I fear,

So I began "Whispering" "Love
Tales"

Like "Dearest" and "Angel Child"
into her ear.

"Sweet Lady" I feel like "Steal-
ing" "One Kiss",

I said "Just Because You're You!"
But I'm wondering "What You'll
Do"?

"My Man" she said, you're "Run-
nin' Wild",

Let's be "Wand'ring Home"—too
long we've tarried;

I can't be "Sittin' In A Corner"
"Cryin' For You"—

You're only the "Pal Of My
Dreams"—I'm married!

F. R.

F. R.



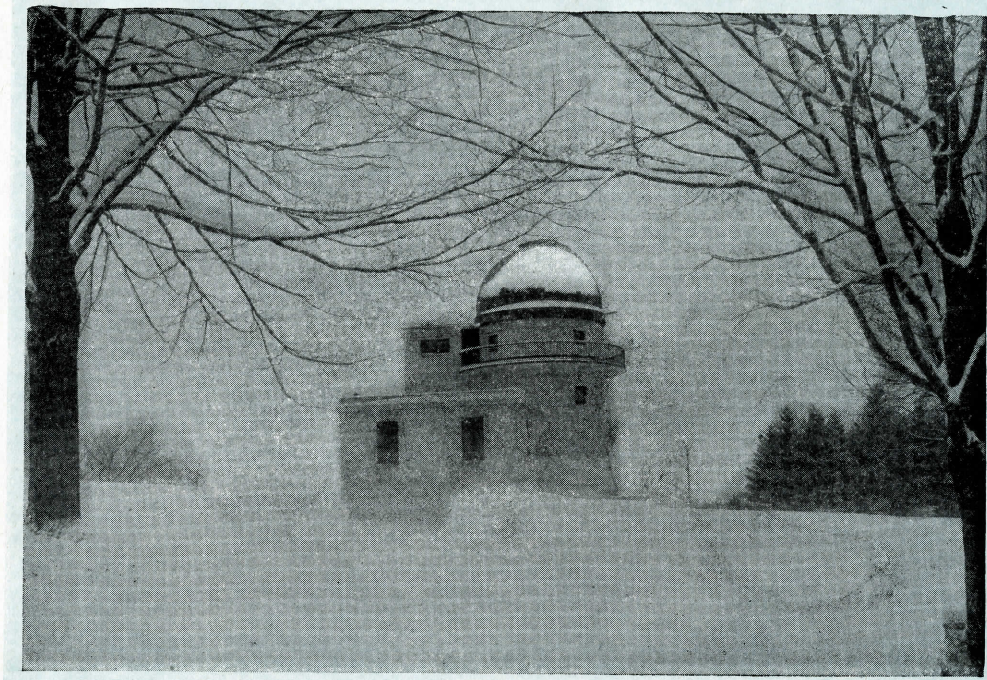
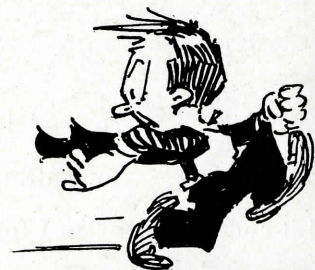
LEAP YEAR REFLECTIONS

(a la Walt Mason)

Gadzooks! The third year past us sails, and "leap-year"'s here again, bringing dimples to the females and distress among the men; twelve long months of frenzied leaping with an extra day for spite, with the women nearer creeping though we jump with all our might. Four years now the maids have waited, planning for this fated day;—they have sworn that they'll be mated or there'll be the deuce to pay! What is that you're gurgling, brother? You're a funny looking cheese! All the Janes may chase another, but you're safe from the disease! Snuggle closer, stretch your wind-flap, and I'll whisper there some facts. Though I grant you are a dumb sap, you are bound to get the axe. Though your senile digits tremble, I don't care if you're insane, and your visage may resemble something left out in the rain; though your front yard scares the kiddies, and your wheels are choked with dust, you cannot escape the biddies that control the marriage trust. There are no inoculations there's no serum dope or juice,—you'll just have to share your rations and put up with the abuse.

Boys, it's true we can't evade 'em, and we'll all flop soon or late, yet we do not have to aid 'em,—why not stall and make 'em wait? Brothers, in the well-known nut-shell, here's my tip, concise and short,—keep 'em waiting for the church-bell when they come to pay their court. That was their trick,—we'll return it,—we'll just keep 'em on the hop! Let 'em worry some, gol-dern-it! Have some fun before you flop! Take the gumdrops and carnations, let 'em take you to the show; let 'em raise some expectations, then just snicker and say, "No!" After they have spent their sheckles and they kneel upon the floor, chortle forth, "I can't stand freckles! Sorry Madge, don't slam the door." There's the dope, friends,—I'm confessing we are doomed and dare not run; meanwhile, brothers, here's my blessing,—keep your dates and have some fun!

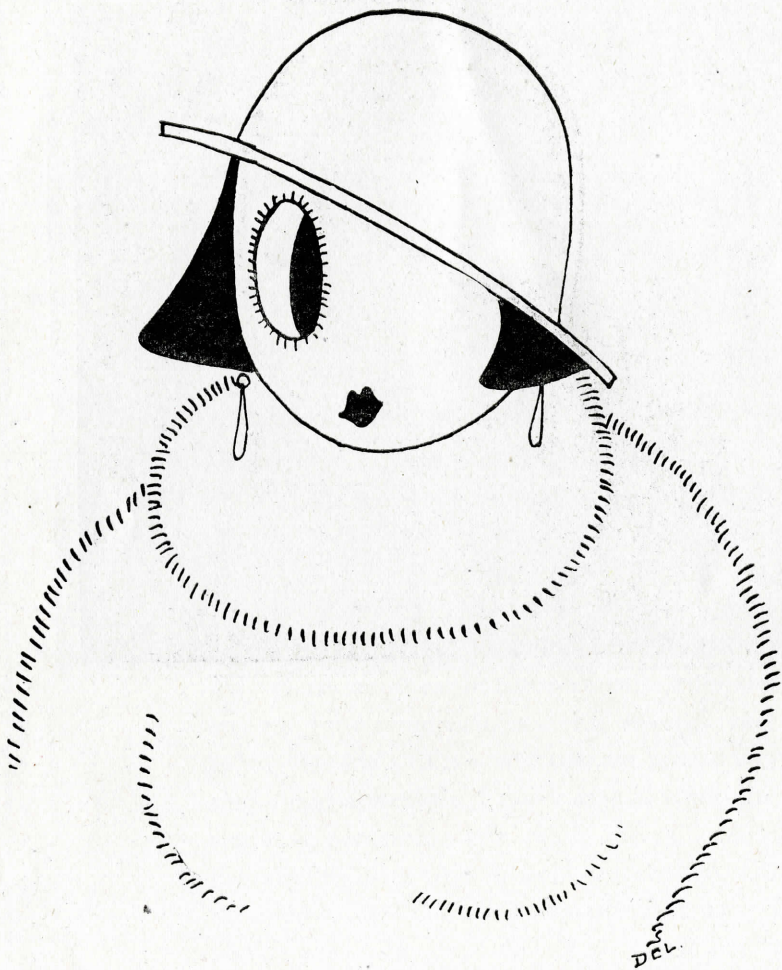
G. W.



*Oh, Alma Mater, gladly we sing of thee,
Thou art our guiding star,
Our Denison.
We hail thy glorious name,
So worthy of world's fame,
To thee for help we came,
Our Denison.*

*Oh, Alma Mater, when we from thee have gone,
To fight in life's great strife,
Our Denison,
Thy memories so dear,
Thy teachings routing fear,
Will ever keep us near,
Our Denison.*

Ay! Ay!



Granville

As evident by his cautious manner in picking his way through our half-empty thoroughfare, the motorist was a stranger on Granville's streets. It was evening. Two professors approached fog-in-fog.

"Sir," said one, "your beacon has ceased its functions."

"How's that!" gasped the motorist as he descended from the machine with a dazed expression.

"Your illuminator, I say, is shrouded in unmitigated oblivion," remarked the other member of the duet.

"What in tha—," gulped the driver.

"The effulgence of your irradiator has evanesced," said the first professor.

"Good Heavens. Have I —," The motorist was fast losing consciousness.

"The transversal ether oscillations in your incandenser have been discontinued," explained the second professor.

Just then one of Granville's numerous "Uxtra boys" shouted from across the street, "Hey, mister, yer lamp's out."

N. H. G.

— DU —

Among the newest popular songs is found "My Name Is Mud" by Henry Clay.

— DU —

A N OPTOMIST: A "prep" who plants his pledge button and expects to be congratulated as a lady-killer.



*You are all my life to me, Love;
My whole existence, dear;
But don't you dare propose, Sweet-heart,
Just 'cause it's Leap Year.*

F. R.

Her eyes were the kind you notice,
Like the "I's" in Mississippi;
And the way she rolled 'em at me
Almost nearly drove me dippy.
But I'm sore, yes, I'm sore,
For she won't, no she won't,
She won't roll 'em any more.

She had a smile
Like a toothpaste ad,
And when she smiled at me,
Yes, it nearly drove me mad.
But I'm sore, yes, I'm sore,
For she won't, no she won't,
She won't smile any more.

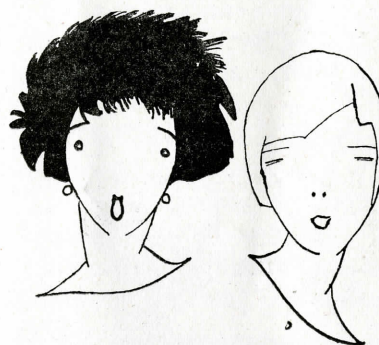
She had a voice that tinkled
Just like a silver bell;
And when she called me "Dearie,"
My joy no bounds could tell.
But now my heart's like lead,
For she won't, no she won't
anymore—
For she's dead.

F. R.

— DU —

*Jake Waite would bite no bait,
His girl could throw a line;
She shot the question Leap Year's
Day—
But Jakie answered, "Nein!"*

Gospel Teamer: "I sure made an awful break at dinner with the minister Sunday. He asked me if I would have some corn, and I said, 'Sure,' and passed up my glass."



"This Leap Year stuff is not what it's cracked up to be."

"No. Why not?"

"Asked Herschel for a date last night—"

"Ya did?"

"Yeh—and he gave me some peanuts."

— DU —

TO WILL FROM NAT

Dear Will:

Well, this month is the one that opens up the new year that is always supposed to make a guy do better stuff than he did in that one that is just gone.

To make matters worse this here one is that member of each quartet that the girls that is got tendons enuf to do it proposes to a fellow. And that ain't the worst of it. Theyre ain't no rules at all about it. A guy don't have no chance at all to escape. The only thing that he can do is run away and play hermit every year while the spell is going on, but then if he is going to live the number of years that he shud if he keeps out of the way of automobiles, fords and other dangers he loses twenty years of this life of his. And then he don't have no insurance that some damsel won't sneak up on him while he is playing Daniel Boone out in the woods some place and slip a piece of apple in his coffee. Of course even then he wudn't be so bad off except that thats just a starter for this slipping stuff. You got to spend the rest of your life slipping them something to keep them from slipping something into your java that don't look like apples and then having to read in the heavenly Herald about how she told twelve sane people that the dope she bot from the drug-store was to kill rats with and that you died from indigestion, so as I says before you just got to formulate some sort of rules for these years that you can divide by 4 or else they're won't be no men left to make them what they used to be.

This matter of rules is one that shud make any red-blooded young guy set up and take notice. There is only one way that can make the thing a success and thats for each sucker to make out a list of his idea of them and have a committee sift out the best ones and then adopt the whole bunch. Even then there'll be a flock of skirts thatell get around them. Of course a man can always put up a good defense. I had one back in 1920. Used to masticate an onion every time one of them with big eyes had hooked me for a date and thats where my first rule comes in. The so-called fair sex, and I mean so-called for if there ever was anything that was not what is was supposed to be, they is, but to continue, no onions for the women. If they eat them, too, a fellow hasn't got a chance. It reminds me of a dentist giving a patient laughing gas.

Still thinking back on tha subject, the more I excite myself that theres no use to try to hold these women down to any horde of regulations because you can figure theyell get around them some way

How To Tie a Bow Tie on a Tuxedo Collar

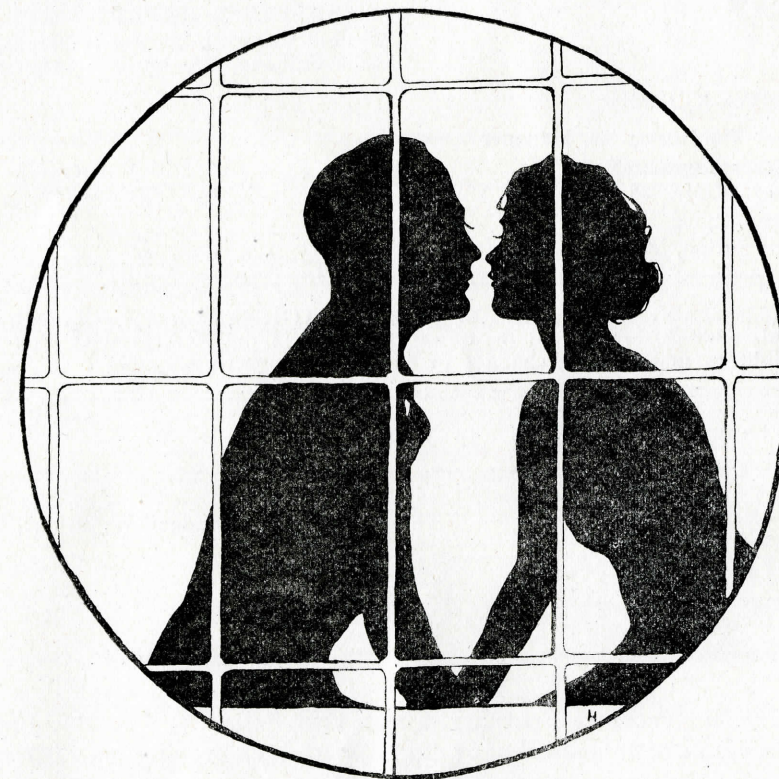
by
One Whose Nose

Hold the tie in your left hand and the collar in your right. Slip your neck in the collar and run the left hand-end of the tie over the right with the left hand, steadying the right end with the other hand. Then drop both ends, catching the left end with the right hand and the right end with the left hand. Reverse hands and pick up the loose end with the nearest hand. Pull this end through the loop with the unengaged hand and squeeze. This ties the bow. As a finishing touch, disentangle the hands.

and if they can't theyell just break them especially on fellows like you and me, so i'll end up for this time wishing you immunity from the ranks of the benedicts,

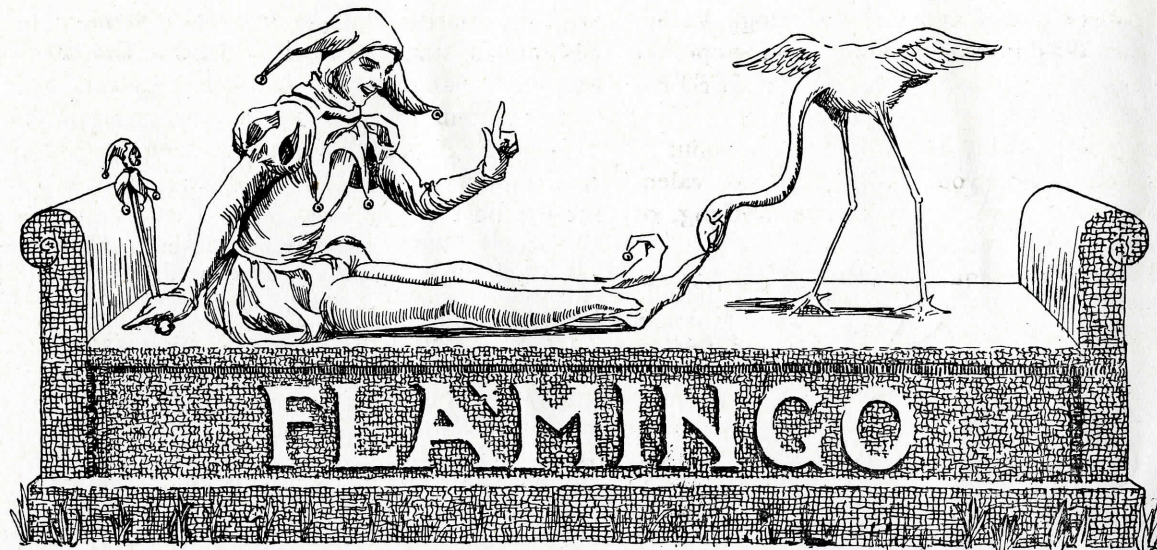
unaffectedly yours,

Nat.



Leap Year Advice

"Harry, when I print a kiss on your lips, I wish you'd remember that it's not to be published."



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Two Dollars the Year. Twenty-five Cents the Copy.

This issue edited by Edgar W. Bridge, '25.

FEBRUARY

AND NOW comes February, a leap year February, one of 29 instead of 28 days. With it come numerous events, some pleasant, some vice versa. To some, it and its extra leap year twenty-four hours brings the first birthday in four years.

To the Juniors, it brings this year, the annual Junior Lottery, more politely, the Junior Banquet, the usual eat, talk, and "good time was had by all" affair.

To us "college" boys and girls, it brings Valentine Day, our Washington Banquet, and—nope, we haven't forgotten, the aftermath of SEMESTER EXAMS.

Valentine Day. About all that we know about it, as an occasion, is that you send and receive valentines; about its origin or significance, nothing, or rather look it up for yourself.

The Washington Banquet, in other words, the annual Denison "formal," occasioned, of course, by Washington's birthday. It is the evening during

which Granville college dons the "monkey-suits"; Shepardson dons the evening regalia, and then both eat, listen, laugh, cheer, or rather applaud, and get in before ten.

Semester Exams. Well, they need no introduction. Some are exempt, some pass, some FLUNK, some pass on to the next semester, some pass out or home. Those that pass often feel called upon to celebrate; those that flunk often cheer along with them to drown their sorrow.

Yes, February should be one fine month.

THE TEAM

BY THE way, we have a basketball team; by the way, also, a good one.

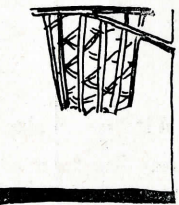
Advance dope on our basketball season, "no lettermen back," et cetera, read something like an obituary. State sport authorities, so-called, still feel that Denison will be fortunate to win half of its starts. They promise to doff their hats to Livy if he succeeds in turning out a combination capable of a better record.

Doff your hats to Livy, but as for the rest of the

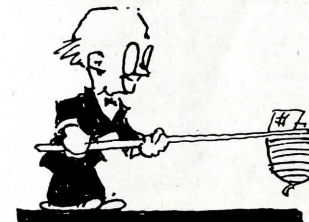
dope, treat it as most of us do the law of cosines—FORGET IT.

Remember that it's our team and being such, it will be a characteristic Denison squad. It may lack the seasoning that a few veterans will inject into such a combination, but we have a hunch that April will find the sport scribes "doffing their hats."

As for ourselves, well, we're willing to stake two perfectly good roll top desks, comprising the "office furniture," that, in actual victories, we will rate well above the 500 mark, in moral victories, 1000.



AS one of our staid Baptist deacons remarked while taking the collection, "That's what wins the old basketball games—dropping things in the basket."

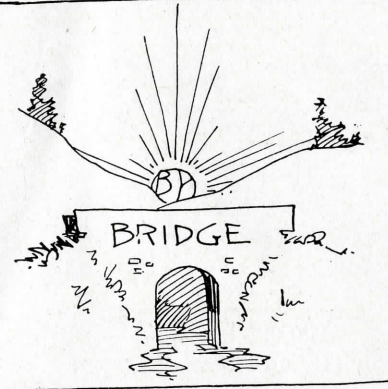
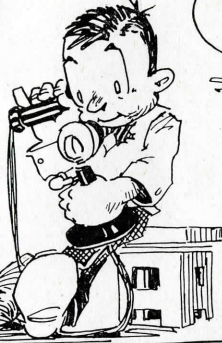


YES, faculty, we all made use of the "mid-night oil" consumed in seeing the old year out and the new one in by getting out our studies for the day and one half after.

HOW ABOUT STEPPIN' OUT SOME O' THESE NIGHTS?



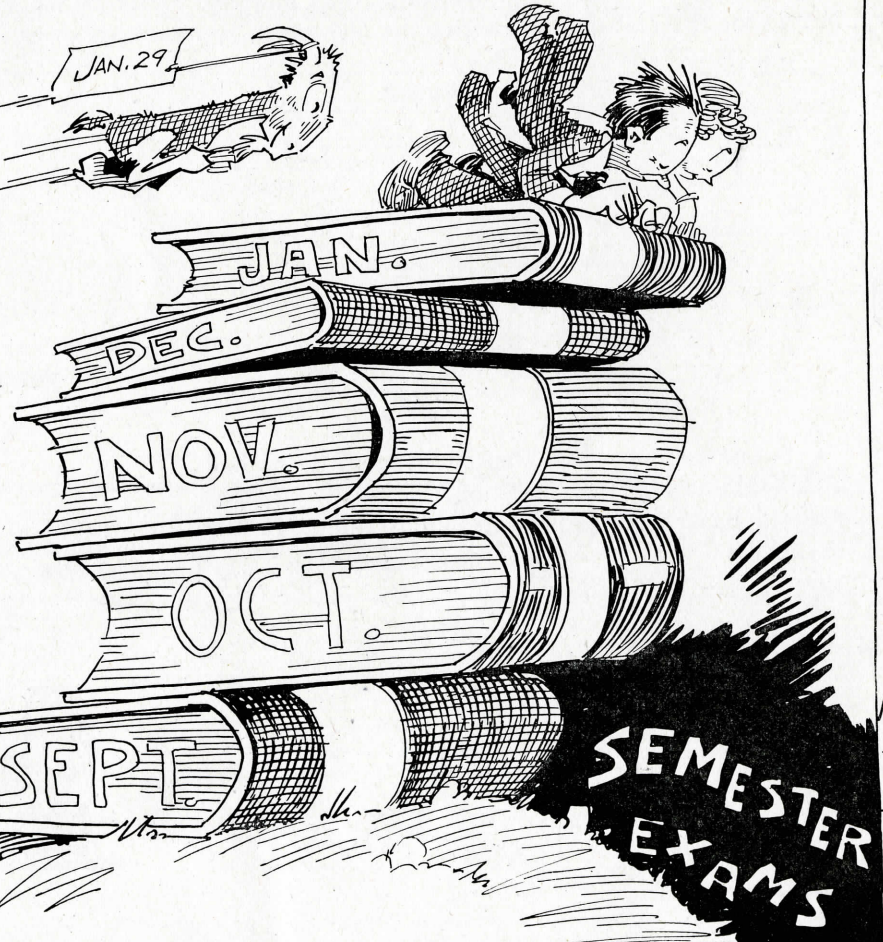
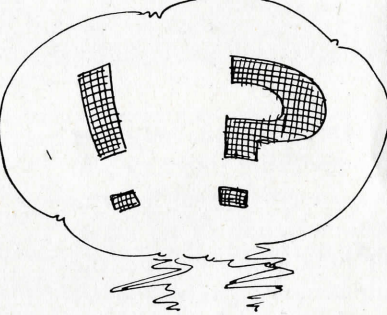
FINE!



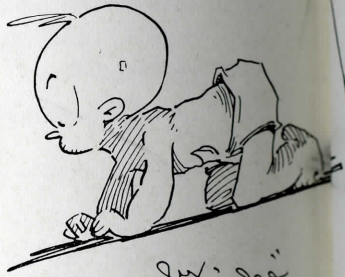
Demson Power

AFTER MUCH THOUGHT AND CONSIDERATION ON THE MANY PORTRAITS SUBMITTED - WE OFFER THE FIRST ENTRIES IN OUR BEAUTY CONTEST. TWO OF THE ENTRIES TOOK PART IN A SIMILAR CONTEST TWO YEARS AGO

LEAP YEAR SUGGESTIONS FOR "COLLITCH" BOYS

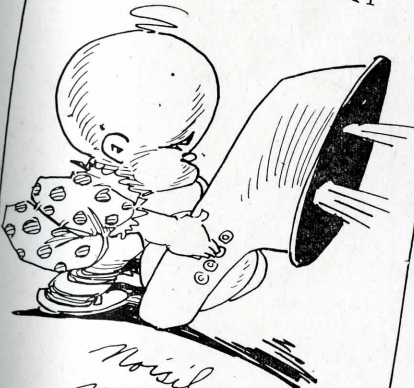


J. HOBART MILLER



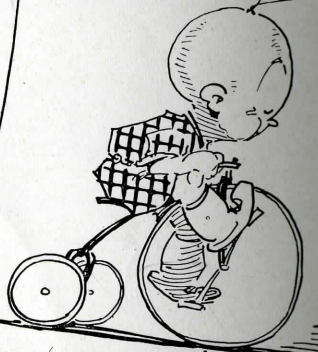
Young "Mike"

NORTON GILBERT



Noisily, Norton

DONALD FUNK



Much obliged for usin' this "Funkie"

EDWARD SEBALD



Still Noisy



UNABLE TO SUPPORT WIFE OR FIANCE

WIFE AND FAMILY BACK HOME

TO BE CONTINUED IN NEXT ISSUE

SONG STATISTICS

Compiled for 1923

100,000,000 persons announced vocally that there was a terrible shortage of bananas.

100,000,000 of them received applause at this announcement the first month.

1000 of them received applause the second month.

38 of them received applause the third month.

38 persons were killed in riots which broke out in various parts of the United States.

864 insurance companies refused to insure the lives of Grecian fruit dealers.

10,000,000 couples admitted that secret petting had been occurring on various back porches of the neighborhood.

85,000,000 persons refused to accept gifts of flowers.

85,000,000 persons stated that shoes could be used, however.

100,000,000 persons stated that they had become desirous of returning to their homes.

99,999,999 of them had parents engaged in the pursuit of agriculture. The other one was an orphan.

25,000,000 of them lived in Indiana.

25,000,000 in Tennessee.

25,000,000 in Alabama.

25,000,000 didn't know where they lived.

1 person actually went home.

99,999,999 of these persons bore testimony of increased affection for their maternal parent. The other had a pet dog.

25,000,000 men loved young ladies going under the appellation of Nora.

25,000,000 men were crazy over "mamas" who were either mean, blonde, lost, or lived on Beale Street.

98,765,432 persons announced that they intended to construct a series of steps to Heaven.

98,765,431 of them could get there in no other way. The other was the writer.

47,843,947 persons broke down after severe cross-questioning and admitted that they had once been members of a gang.

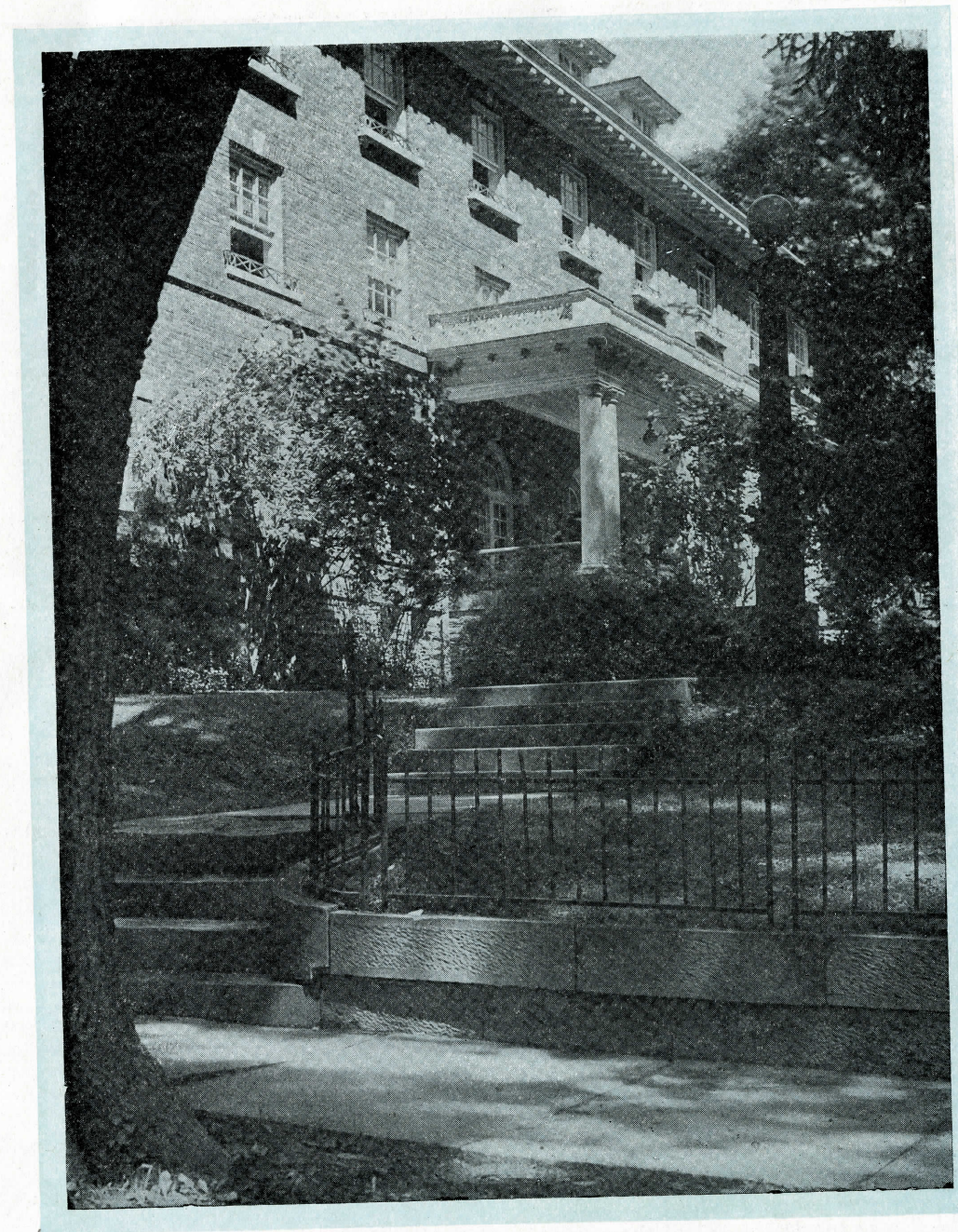
6,352 gangsters in New York and elsewhere committed suicide.

88,888,888 persons broadcasted the fact that they intended to carelessly place their sins in a Boston bag and leave immediately for the lower regions.

88,888,888 of them belonged there.

4,500 of them have gone there. The rest are not yet dead.

N. H. G.



*When from the fold we far shall stray,
With souls no longer young,
We'll ne'er forget our college days,
These happy scenes among.*

This We Dedicate to the All-Shepardson Dance.
We have it on good authority that since this is leap year men will be invited—



in the same numbers that they were last year.

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To have a walking date;
Jack forgot, and bragged a lot—
Until it was too late;
'The fool who chose e'er to propose
'Deserved the sane folks scorn-
ing',—
But Jill flung back, "It's Leap Year,
Jack,
"So thank you for the warning."

**"DENISON DEFEATS
KENYON COURTERS"**
Denisonian Headline
Another advantage of co-educational colleges.

Him: "What shape is a kiss?"
Her: "Don'no. Wot?"
Him: "Elliptical."

Our absent-minded professor recently thought he had left his watch at home and then took it out to see if he had time enough to go back and get it.

— DU —
"Please."
"Oh Jack, I just can't."
"But Betty, I'll never tell a soul."
"Jack—"
"Betty—"
"Well, alright. But why do you persist so?"
"Oh, I write for the Flamingo and I need local color."

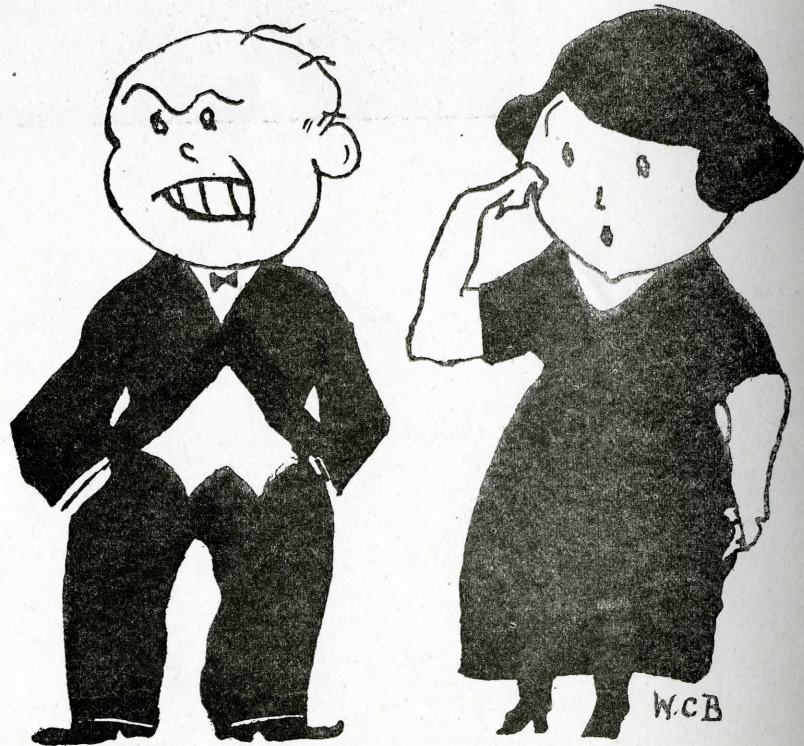
— DU —
Larry (gallantly)—"Anything you say goes."
May (?)—"Larry."

— DU —
I got a one center the other day
Golly ain't that queer
And it wasn't from a woman
Lord no! no where near.

Now the purpose of this humorous sheet
Is to print a lot of wise cracks
But a thirteen weeks F ain't so very wise
Else my mind is on some side tracks.

W. J.

He: "How d'yah get that way? Asking me for a date Saturday night, when your roommate has already asked me?"



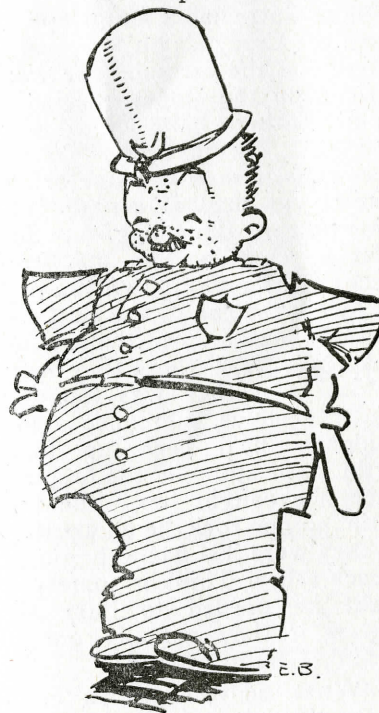
W.C.B.

MOST ANYTHING

— OUR OWN —

A page for the co-eds and others who may possibly feel that leap year dope is the bunk; one that contains no reference to the possibilities of leap year and sundry other similar evils.—Editor's Note.

"De Cop Wot—"



He's got a ton of freckles,
An' a mop of carrot hair,
An' such a lovely smile
You'll not find anywhere.
He's got a voice like thunder,
It's got Caruso's beat.
He's de cop wot guides de autos,
An' he lives down on our street.
One day he called me "Kiddo,"
An' I got so mad I swore.
But anyway I love him,
He's the guy wot I adore.

F. R.

Salesman—"When are you going to pay for that sweeper I sold you?"

House-wife—"Pay for it? Why, you told me it would pay for itself in six weeks!"

A.—"Mr. Jones is sure old-fashioned!"

B.—"Why?"

C.—"He insists on his wife's going out on the back porch when she wants to smoke."

"I hate to play against a hard loser."
"I dunno. It's a darn sight better than playing against an easy winner."

PAGE BAALAM!

"Hello, Cent'l—gimme seb'n one nine."
"Gimme dat numbah quick, please ma'm."
"Dis yer's Luke, sah."
"I took de wagon to de sto' fo' dat truck."
"Yassah, I'm at de sto'."
"Dat mule, boss, she balk, sah."
"She's balkin' in de big road, at de sto'."
"No, sah, she don' move."
"Yassah, Ah beat 'er."
"I beat 'er hahd, sah."
"She jes' raar a li'l bit, sah."
"Yassah, she kick too."
"Jes de whiffletree bust, sah."
"No, sah, dat mule don't lead."
"Yassah, Ah tried dat, too."
"No, sah; jes' bit at me."
"No sah—Ah ain' tickle de laigs—
Ah tickle de laigs las' year."
"Yassah, we twis' 'er tail."
"No, sah; Ah ain' don' it—li'l trablin' man frum Memphis, he twis' 'er tail."
"Yassah, she sho' did!"
"Right spang in de stummick!"
"Dey got 'im in at de sto' now."
"Don' know—dey say he's comin' to now, sah."
"Yassah, we tried dat."
"Yassah, we built li'l fiah undah 'er."
"No, sah, jes' move up a li'l bit, sah."
"Yassah, de wagon bu'n right up, sah; dat's whut Ahm callin' you-all up fo', sah. Please send me a wagon ter hitch up to dis 'ere mule. She ain' gwine go les' 'en she's hitched up, sah!"
"Goo'bye, sah."

We have been wondering of late whether cab drivers who 'skin' their customers could properly be called taxi-dermists.

*It's easy enough to be pleasant,
Engaged to the best of them all,
But the guy worth while
Is the guy who can smile
When his dream-girl has let him fall.*

Denison Customs
Everyone knows everyone else.
No fraternity politics.
Co-eds don't smoke cigarettes.
Newark is a thriving, up-to-date metropolis.
All chapel absentees are reported.
Only Seniors sit on the Senior bench.
Spin the bottle and holding hands, the two indoor sports.
No one flunks Psych.
Greater Denison.
Students never bet on varsity games.
Free press.

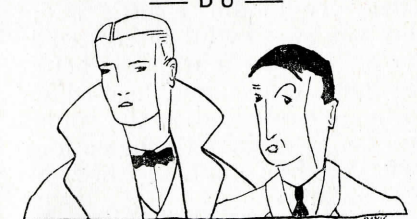
N. H. G.

A hotel manager noticed a bellhop shining a pair of shoes in the corridor outside a bedroom door.
"Boy! Haven't I told you to clean the shoes downstairs?"
"Yes sir, but there is a Scotchman in here, and he won't let go of the laces!"

Steele: "Are you good at pool?"
Stivers: "Good? Why, Bon Ami is my middle name."
Steele: "What do you mean, Bon Ami?"
Stivers: "Haven't scratched yet."

Waite: "He is known by all the best people in town."
Scott: "Why doesn't he associate with them more, then?"
Waite: "I just told you."

"Did you make any arrests to day, Officer?"
"Yes. I arrested two fellows for speeding, but they wouldn't stop."



One: "I'm through with Grace for good."
Two: "What's wrong?"
One: "I tasted tobacco on her lips last night."
Two: "I thought she didn't smoke."
One: "She doesn't."

MRS. SELBY

(Continued from page 8)

cow had jumped on him all to oncet, 'Lordy, but I've been a fool!

"Well,' says I, 'you never asked my opinion about it before, but maybe as how yore right,' just diggin' him fer fun.

"Then Selby comes out wreathed in smiles like a cherub, an' says as how the little lady's just shook up a mite, an' Mrs. Tolliver's lookin' after her, an' shakes hands with Jim, thankin' him fer bringin' her in.

"That's nothin', Lon,' says Jim in a funny sort o' voice, wringin' Lon's hand like a revival preacher, 'that's nothin' atall.' An' he jerks his pony an' streaks it fer the cook-house where the mail is, an' directly we see him headin' fer the Butte as though a stampede was after 'im.

"After a few days the bunch comes in closer to the ranch, an' Mrs. Selby feels well enough to ride out an' watch the round-up. At least that's what she said she went to watch, but whenever Jim was in sight, the rest of that round-up might just as well've been in Montana for all the attention she gave to it. But Jim never gave a sign that she was on the top-side of the daisies; he jest rode like a fool, an' wore out three horses a day regular. There was no gettin' around the fact that somethin' was eatin' on his mind, an' also that that somethin' wore skirts. She deliberately rides out an' intercepts him once, ter thank him in a pretty, blushin' sort o' way, but he jest looks like a cigar store Injun an' stammers that 'It's very kind, ma'am,' an' then beats it. Th' dern chump!

"I started to tell him so, that night, but he shuts me up in an affectionate manner, an' so I lets him alone. Some of the fellers try kiddin' a little about how she was awful interested in 'im, an' he licks four of 'em before the gang thinks him loco-ed an' quits. The next day, the round-up bein' over, he tells me as foreman that he's goin' to draw his time an' quit.

"What's up?' I asks him.

"Goin' to homestead south of Windy Butte,' says he.

"Who with,' I says. 'Who's the lady an' where'd you meet her?'

"With myself,' he says. 'There ain't no lady in the case. Tell Lon goodbye fer me; he'll know why I'm goin'. An' if I hear you

or any of this tenderfoot gang of riders—pardon I, I mean gossipin' milk-maids—talkin' about Mrs. Selby agin, danged if I don't stampede yuh!

"So I gathered that he weren't in no exactly loquacious mood, an' told him t'go to the usual place.

"When I tell Selby about it, he's sure surprised. He can't see no reason why the kid should act that way, an' tells me to ride over to the Butte now an' then, an' see what he's doin', an' how he's gettin' along. So, in a coupla weeks I sneaks over, an' spies on 'im.

"Sure enough, he's busy with three fellers from the Triangle Dot outfit, whom it looks like he's hired to help him, an' the cabin's 'bout ready fer the roof; there's a small corral, a shed, an' it looks like he's goin' ter start in ranchin' on his own in the spring. It's a right pretty place he's picked, too. Good spring, Fryin' Pan Creek not fur away, an' sheltered from the northers by the Butte. 'Sfunny nobody'd never thought of ranchin' there afore. So I rides back an' reports at supper. Mrs. Selby was there, but she didn't say nothin', although her listenin' fairly yelled. Lon says as how he's glad he's gettin' a good start, wonders if he can help him in any way, an' also what the Sam Hill made him bust up like that. Mrs. Selby starts to say somethin' then, but thinks better of it, an' coughs.

"Next day, she packs a lunch, I



"What a whale of a difference a few 'scents' make."

catches her pony, an' she rides off. The hands were all busy, I wasn't needed particular, an' I saddles up as soon as she's out of sight an' trails her, havin' an' idy she'd head fer the Butte. There was rough ground between the Butte an' the ranch—no place fer a woman to ride. Sure enough, she circles around an' breaks a stiff lope fer Butte. I follers, well behind an' out of sight.

"The Butte had a long slope toward the Crazy Z; an' dropped in a bluff on the far side, the west. I rides up the slope, figurin' on lookin' without bein' looked, as it was. As I comes up near the west edge, I see her horse bridled at the head of a path goin' down toward Jim's diggin's. So I rides up cautious like, an' heard voices a little way down the path an' below the rim of the Butte. I gets off, sneaks up to the rim, an' looks over. An' there they were, lookin' as if they was long-lost deadly enemies, met once again. Evidently he'd been up there cuttin' some stone fer the fireplace when she caught 'im. She was settin' on one rock, he on another, an' they were jest nacherly glarin' at each other. Thinkin' somebody might be needed to bury the corpses if they actually got to fightin', I hung around.

"What did you quit an' come out to this place for?' she snaps at 'im.

"Nobody's business—least of all, yours, Mrs. Selby,' he says; 'What did you come pokin' out here for?'

"That just had 'er stumped, but she murmurs somethin' about lookin' fer flowers.

"They ain't no flowers here, Mrs. Selby,' says Jim, 'An' you might as well look elsewhere. I want to roll that rock yore sittin' on down to my cabin.'

"Apparently they'd been chatin' in the same friendly strain fer jest a little time afore I came up. She made no move to git off the stone, nor he to roll it over the edge. They jest set an' glared some more.

"You don't seem to like me,' she says, just as she might say to the iceman, 'You've tracked mud into my kitchen.'

"I don't, Mrs. Selby,' he says.

"You liked me well enough that day we met,' says she, an' there's a little quiver to her voice, 'At least you kissed me when I was weak and defenseless.'

(Continued on page 30)

CARROLL'S
THE BEST STOREWelcome Heralds of Spring
Are the New Fashions

Aren't you interested in what the new modes are going to disclose? Wouldn't you like to know just what fabrics will be used, the correct lines, the new colors? Being a college girl, we are sure you must be, so we extend an invitation to view the new springtime fashions.

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New Hosiery

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Correspondence invited.

Glenn B. Ewell, Registrar

EXPENSES PAID

The head of the firm caught the office boy telling
falsehoods. "I'm surprised at you!" he said. "Do
you know what they do with boys who tell lies?"
"Yes, sir," was the reply. "When they get old
enough the firm sends them out as traveling sales-
men."

—Boston Transcript.

— DU —

"Irrigation is a dam nuisance," growled the sal-
mon as he hit his head on the concrete wall.

—Lemon Punch.

— DU —

"And is this friend of yours, Chief Gum-Gum, a
well educated Indian?"

"Is he? Why, Marie, he's one of the best red men
I've ever met."

—Brown Jug.

— DU —

Reggie—"Say, old chappy, I've simply solved our
football system."

Eggie—"Tell me, old thing, what is it?"

Reggie—"Why, the two halves make a whole and
the full-back plunges through."

—Froth.

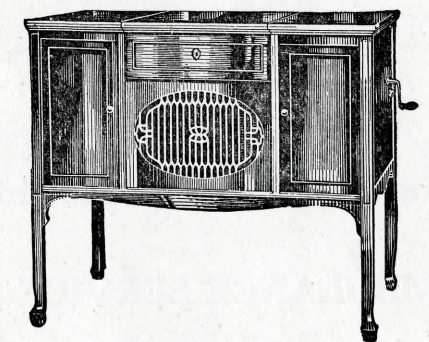
— DU —

Jr.—Papa, what is a stag party?

Papaw—A place where the young bucks go to
talk about the little deers.

—Medley.

Brunswick PHONOGRAPHS AND RECORDS



We suggest a Brunswick

Have you heard this month's Records?

Fairall's Music Store

West Main at Fourth

Newark

Ohio

Capital \$60,000

Surplus \$15,000

The Peoples State Bank

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An up to date Cafe,
Where you'll find the regular meals we serve
Cooked in the proper way.
And whether you order Ham and Eggs,
A Sandwich, Soup or Stew,
A Steak or Chops or a stack of Cakes—
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STRICTLY GERM-PROOF

The Antiseptic Baby and the Prophylactic Pup
Were playing in the garden when the Bunny gam-
boled up;
They looked upon the creature with a loathing un-
disguised;—
It Wasn't Disinfected and it wasn't Sterilized.
They said it was a Microbe and a Hotbed of Disease;
They steamed it in a vapor of a thousand-odd de-
grees;
They froze it in a freezer that was as cold as Ban-
ished Hope
And washed it in permanganate with carbolated
soap.
In sulphurated hydrogen they steeped its wiggly
ears;
They trimmed its frisky whiskers with a pair of
hard-boiled shears;
They donned their rubber mittens and they took it
by the hand
And 'lected it a member of the Fumigated Band.
There's not a Micrococcus in the garden where they
play;
They bathe in pure iodoform a dozen times a day;
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The Bunny and the Baby and the Prophylactic Pup.
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— DU —

She—"Why do they always cheer when a fellow
gets hurt?"

He—"So the ladies won't hear what he says."

—Voo Doo.

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Wife: "Do you know what day it is? It is twenty-five years ago today since we became engaged!"

Absent-minded Professor: "Twenty-five years! Why didn't you remind me before? It's high time we got married."

—Kasper (Stockholm).

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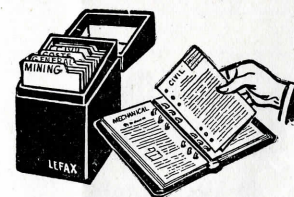
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MINERVA SWEETS
is a friend of mine.

MRS. SELBY

(Continued from page 22)

"He turned so fiery red I thought maybe I'd better throw my water bag on him, but drawls as icy cool as she, 'That was before I knew, Mrs. Selby. Lon is my best friend. I'd like very much to roll that rock—'

"'Why do you keep calling me 'Mrs. Selby?'" she asks. 'I told you my name was Mary.'

"'Yes. But it's also 'Mrs. Selby,' Mrs. Selby.'

"'You haven't answered my first question yet. Before you knew what?'"

"'Before I knew your name was 'Mrs. Selby,' Mrs. Selby.'

"'Oh. You don't like the name. And yet you seem to like to use it.'

"'I don't like what goes with the name, Mrs. Selby. Lon is my best friend. I'd like very much to roll—'

"'Bother the rock! It's a perfectly good name. What if he is? That's no reason why you should

get mad at me and quit him. I thought we might be friends before I go back. I don't like to have people mad at me.'

"'So it seems. But don't forget that you are Mrs. Selby.'

"'Well,—o-oh!' she says, an' I see a light of understandin' in her eyes. She gets up, tucks her ridin' whip under her arm, an' deliberately turns her back on him. An' this is where the Leap Year stunt comes in. As she starts up the path she says, slow an' distinctly, 'I must hurry back. My brother does not know I am out, and it always worries my brother when I go away without—'

"'Your brother!' yells Jim, 'Your brother?'"

"'My brother-in-law,' she says like a cucumber talkin' to a cake of ice; 'You'd better roll that rock down to your cabin.'

"'Mary!' says he, stumblin' after her, with a face like a scolded child's, 'Mary, wait!'"

"'She stops, an' turns around, an' looks at him just as cool as before, only I see by the pucker of her mouth that she couldn't hold it long.'

"'Mary,' says he, 'Mary, I've been a double-dyed fool. But I don't like that name, Mrs. Selby. Will you let me propose another?'"

"'You—you might try, Jim,' she murmurs, an' I left while the man who was scairt o' the wimmen showed how to conquer fear.

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ANOTHER SPECIES

First—I've just been exercising with dumbbells over at the gym.

Second—Who were the others?

—The Wasp.

— DU —

'26: 'Jever hear about the fellow who bet he could eat fifteen hamburgers?

'27: No. What happened?

'26: He won the bet but lost the hamburgers.

—Texas Ranger.

— DU —

"I'd be much better off if they'd put that sign on the mail box."

"What sign?"

"Post no bills."

—Virginia Reel.

— DU —

HE KNEW THE GIRL

A young Philadelphia man with pretty but flirtatious fiancée wrote to a supposed rival:

"I've been told that you have been kissing my girl. Come to my office at 11 o'clock Saturday. I want to have this matter out."

The rival answered: 'I've received a copy of your circular letter and will be present at the meeting.'

—Punch Bowl.

— DU —

Footprints in the sands of time are not made by sitting down.

—Lampoon.

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"Give me another half pound of your powder—quick, please!"

"Oh," remarked the chemist as he proceeded to fill the order. "Good, isn't it?"

"Yes," replied the customer, "I have one cockroach very ill; if I give him another half pound, I think he'll die!"

—Black and Blue Jay.

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