1921

Flamingo Vol. I N 1

Kilburn Holt
Denison University

C.H. Dickerman
Denison University

Dorothy K. Funk
Denison University

Osman C. Hooper
Denison University

Walter L. Flory
Denison University

See next page for additional authors

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalcommons.denison.edu/flamingo
Part of the American Popular Culture Commons, and the English Language and Literature Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: http://digitalcommons.denison.edu/flamingo/vol1/iss1/1

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by Denison Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Flamingo by an authorized editor of Denison Digital Commons.
TO ALL DENISON STUDENTS—

As you are perhaps aware, I have taken over THE GRANVILLE OPERA HOUSE, and expect during my management to give the best that is possible in pictures.

You will see Paramount, Arcaft, First National, Select, Metro, Goldwyn features, the best comedies—the Mack Sennetts, Charlie Chaplin, Roscoe Arbuckle Comedies, Educational Comedies, etc.

During your summer vacation, I expect to make needed repairs and hope to make The Opera house a “meeting place” for you all. Hoping that you will give me your support, I remain.

Yours for Good Amusement,

GEO. M. FENBERG.

When in Newark, visit my Alhambra and Auditorium Theatres. The Alhambra devoted exclusively to pictures and The Auditorium during the season plays high class road shows, also pictures.

Coming soon are the following attractions:

March 1st—Gus Hill’s Famous Minstrels.

March 3rd—I have the honor to offer

DAVID WARFIELD

in

“The Return of Peter Grimm”

Watch for the following attractions:


Should you wish to see any of our shows, please 2106 or write The Theatre and we will please to take care of you nicely.
S. E. Morrow & Son

Dry Goods and Notions Ladies' Furnishings
Men's Furnishings Trunks and Suit Cases
Parcel Post Laundry Cases Linoleums
Munsingwear Wall Paper

Compliments of
THE MUeller Studio
35 ARCADE
Newark N. J.
I dreamed. The future, lit by hope's bright ray,
Revealed, upon the dear familiar hill,
New gates, and walks, and halls, and spires, until
I thrilled with pride. The vision would not stay.
But while I gazed, there thronged in bright array
The memories of founders whose good will,
And toil, and sacrifice, and living still,
Embodied in our college of today.
Not marble walls, nor towers, but purpose high
And ceaseless labor of those pioneers
Have made her what she is. Shall you and I
Sit by and wait? We then will wait for years;
For buildings gained alone were little won.
'Tis men must make our Greater Denison.

There is, in a little town I know of, at the present time, and has been from the early memory of the longer established residents, an old man, of venerable aspect and solemn mien, whom any chance observer would at once reckon to be a pious and learned divine, grown gray in the service of God and of his fellow men. Such, indeed, is the dignity and somberness of his bearing, that one might think he had been invested with the exalted rank of an archbishop.

He is rather short in stature, and just a small bit thickish about the middle, though not enough inclined towards corpulence to add any great weightiness of that sort to his bearing. His body, stiff from age, moves jerkily, yet with force and precision, indicative of a powerful and persistent will. His head is rough and shaggy, crudely vigorous with the same look of power and energy of intellect that stamped the features of Carlyle. He resembles nothing in the world so much as an old grizzly bear; whenever I look at him, I am reminded of the word 'Bruin.'

His hair is gray, his brow furrowed and wrinkled, his eyelashes short and stubby, his nose high and bony, his cheeks full, and his mouth large and well turned. His ordinary demeanour is that of exceeding melancholy; but when he laughs, his face relaxes to such a degree that it almost seems as though it would actually disintegrate into its component features. His mouth opens wide, displaying two well-nigh toothless gums, and emitting a shrill cackle of mirth. This phenomenon occurs, however, very rarely, and then only upon the relation of a joke or witticism of his own invention, no matter how it may be received by the rest of the company. At all other times, he is as silent and unutterably dignified as an old dog stalking amongst a litter of small puppies; and he puts one in mind, at such times, of the grizzled characters in some of Dickens' novels.

When we inquire somewhat into this gentleman's business and habits of daily life, we find him, instead of the venerable minister of the gospel which he appears, to be in reality a reporter; not in the sense of a young fellow serving his apprenticeship in the journalistic world; but in the sense of gathering local news items, such as the births and deaths, the story of automobile accidents or record wheat yields, of the new Ford that the mail-carrier on Rural Route No. 3 has purchased, or of the big reunion held by the Jones family on the Fourth of July at the old homestead. These items he collects daily, and sends to the nearby metropolitan paper, in which they compose a column of small town news.
Please understand me: I do not mean to say that he wins his daily bread in this fashion. On the contrary, he works all day long in the city, calling on impecunious or fashion. On the contrary, he works all day after his day's grind is done, and he has humble living by occupying himself in work for which he has neither talent nor inclination, will, often, make of the labor he loves expressive of his real character than the long irksome labor of his daily routine. Just so, the ignorant country louts and indolent loafers throughout the day. Having lived long in the town, he knows everyone. When he goes out on the street, he does not waste time with the men of note and influence in the community, such as the editor of the village weekly, the undertaker, the postmaster, the apothecary, and the editor of the village weekly, the undertaker, the storekeeper, and the postmaster, the apothecary, and the editor of the village weekly, the undertaker, the storekeeper, and the postmaster, the apothecary, and the editor of the village weekly, the undertaker, the storekeeper, and the postmaster, the apothecary, and the editor of the village weekly, the undertaker, the storekeeper, and the postmaster, the apothecary, and the editor of the village weekly, the undertaker, the storekeeper, and the postmaster, the apothecary, and the editor of the village weekly, the undertaker, the storekeeper, and the postmaster, the apothecary, and the editor of the village weekly, the undertaker, the storekeeper, and the postmaster, the apothecary, and the editor of the village weekly, the undertaker, the storekeeper, and the postmaster, the apothecary, and the editor of the village weekly, the undertaker, the storekeeper, and the postmaster, the apothecary, and the editor of the village weekly, the undertaker, the storekeeper, and the postmaster, the apothecary, and the editor of the village weekly, the undertaker, the storekeeper, and the postmaster, the apothecary, and the editor of the village weekly.

And so this aged reporter follows his hobby, and in it, every night, finds the joy and fullness of achievement that is denied him throughout the day. Having lived long in the town, he knows everyone. When he goes out on the street, he does not waste time with the ignorant country louts and indolent loafers who sit on cracker boxes before the grocery stores. He converses with the men of note and influence in the community, such as the editor of the village weekly, the undertaker, the postmaster, the apothecary, and the members of the Council. They know all the news, and they give it all to him. From their wives, he gets the reports of the social happenings and the activities of the women's clubs. He visits the Mayor's office, and is welcomed as an honored guest rather than as a cub nosing out news. He talks with everyone; everywhere he is known, symbolic of the never-dying instinct for journalism that was born with him, and though always ammothered, still flickers within, and urges him on to "Get the news! Get the news!"

A fine old gentleman he is, and a lovable one, yet with a rather mournful figure, and therefore, too, all the more lovable.

The Neophyte's Prayer

I'd like to be a Senior,
And with the Seniors stand,
A prep before me bending low,
A paddle in my hand.
I would not be an angel,
For angels have to sing,
I'd rather be a Senior,
And have that awful swing.

"Hello, Bill, where you workin'?"

"Oh, I'm workin' at Armour's, kneading the dough for the sweetbreads. What you doin'?"

"Me? I'm at Swift's, scraping the hair off the formaldehyde.

Scene: Recitation Room No. 1, Talbot Hall.
Time: 3:30 A.M., Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays.

Unmarried professor emerges from behind a case of old, dust-covered, moth-eaten volumes, promenading about the room, and in an attempt to create an atmosphere of erudition. The professor is screened by a pair of spectacles with heavy tortoise-shell rims. A long 14-karat gold chain hangs down his vest, one of those gorgeous Delt pins, and a Christmas tie, serves further to enhance his natural beauty. Note the rose-bloom in his cheeks, and the slight creases in his forehead which he has neither talent nor inclination, will, often, make of the labor he loves expressive of his real character than the long irksome labor of his daily routine. Just so, the ignorant country louts and indolent loafers throughout the day. Having lived long in the town, he knows everyone. When he goes out on the street, he does not waste time with the ignorant country louts and indolent loafers who sit on cracker boxes before the grocery stores. He converses with the men of note and influence in the community, such as the editor of the village weekly, the undertaker, the postmaster, the apothecary, and the members of the Council. They know all the news, and they give it all to him. From their wives, he gets the reports of the social happenings and the activities of the women's clubs. He visits the Mayor's office, and is welcomed as an honored guest rather than as a cub nosing out news. He talks with everyone; everywhere he is known, symbolic of the never-dying instinct for journalism that was born with him, and though always ammothered, still flickers within, and urges him on to "Get the news! Get the news!"

A fine old gentleman he is, and a lovable one, yet with a rather mournful figure, and therefore, too, all the more lovable.

The Neophyte's Prayer

I'd like to be a Senior,
And with the Seniors stand,
A prep before me bending low,
A paddle in my hand.
I would not be an angel,
For angels have to sing,
I'd rather be a Senior,
And have that awful swing.
"S' Truth!

As the Chronic Schemer remarked, "The man who wrote, 'You Can't Get Lovin' Where There Ain't Any Love,' didn't know my friends."... 

TICK-TOCK
A Calamietta

Author Sloan Eezy
Stage Manager O. B. Dunnigan
Costumes By Lady Gembrook
Electrician Eigotta Shock
Characters He, She, It; It being the clock

She: Oh, how could you be so horrid! You know I didn't want a date with that dumbboy.

He: (Tearfully.) If I only could believe it. It: Tick-tock! (Encouragingly and emphatically.)

(He pressed his lips up to his face; Then started back, as if to see "O. Dad, your mustache tickles me!"

WHICH BEST APPLIES

I

There was a young lady named Jean,
Who went for a walk with her beau.
When he tried to kiss her,
She pressed her lips up to his face;
Then started back, as if to see "O. Dad, your mustache tickles me!"

II

They stood there, clasped in close embrace.
She pressed her lips up to his face;
Then started back, as if to see "O. Dad, your mustache tickles me!"

III

He kissed her with heart palpitating
With joy—which began to diffuse,
For that young limb of Satan, her brother,
Had put some quinine in her rouge.

THE FLAMINGO

Spring
(à la Carl Sandburg)

A green caterpillar—
A solemn, fuzzy caterpillar
Floating down Eternity on a clamshell.
There is a bargain sale in heaven
And the stars
Have bought gingham dresses
Marked down from four dollars
To three ninety-eight.
A green caterpillar
Solemn
And fuzzy

"How much is them plums?"
"Dollar and a half a peck."
"Phwat do yez think I am, a bird?"

The following account is taken from a "Pioneer Paper" by the Rev. Timothy W. Howe:

"A tract of four miles square was marked out, the lines being blazed on the trees, with cross lines from corner to corner, and a center square of eighty rods on each side. The men met at sunrise, lines were arranged, signals appointed, and orders understood. Hornsmen were placed at equal intervals all around the ground. No whisky was allowed on the ground. The first signal indicated that the lines were in readiness; the second commanded a simultaneous advance.

"Turkeys soon began to fly over the lines in flocks, and the rifle brought many of them down. Deer, being startled from their lairs, would fly to the opposite side of the square until checked again. Three wolves were roused. As the lines drew together, the game would be seen running parallel with them, seeking exit from the cordon that was closing in on them. This drew shots from every side, and kept a continuous rattling of musketry. A huge black bear waked up. As he made his way toward the lines on a gallop, when within twenty or thirty yards of them, fifteen or twenty guns were simultaneously fired at him, and he fell dead. When the lines reached the inner square, the men stood almost touching one another, and the lines were too near to permit promiscuous firing. A half dozen of the best marksmen were sent in, among whom were Leveret Butler and Captain Timothy Spelman, to finish the work of destruction.

"One bear, three wolves, forty-nine deer, sixty or seventy turkeys, and one owl, was the list of the game taken. There being much more MAN than GAME, the bear and deer, being skinned, were divided into pieces of four pounds each, and about one-third of the company, by lot, drew a portion. The following account is taken from a "Pioneer Paper" by the Rev. Timothy W. Howe:

"A tract of four miles square was marked out, the lines being blazed on the trees, with cross lines from corner to corner, and a center square of eighty rods on each side. The men met at sunrise, lines were arranged, signals appointed, and orders understood. Hornsmen were placed at equal intervals all around the ground. No whisky was allowed on the ground. The first signal indicated that the lines were in readiness; the second commanded a simultaneous advance.

"Turkeys soon began to fly over the lines in flocks, and the rifle brought many of them down. Deer, being startled from their lairs, would fly to the opposite side of the square until checked again. Three wolves were roused. As the lines drew together, the game would be seen running parallel with them, seeking exit from the cordon that was closing in on them. This drew shots from every side, and kept a continuous rattling of musketry. A huge black bear waked up. As he made his way toward the lines on a gallop, when within twenty or thirty yards of them, fifteen or twenty guns were simultaneously fired at him, and he fell dead. When the lines reached the inner square, the men stood almost touching one another, and the lines were too near to permit promiscuous firing. A half dozen of the best marksmen were sent in, among whom were Leveret Butler and Captain Timothy Spelman, to finish the work of destruction.

"One bear, three wolves, forty-nine deer, sixty or seventy turkeys, and one owl, was the list of the game taken. There being much more MAN than GAME, the bear and deer, being skinned, were divided into pieces of four pounds each, and about one-third of the company, by lot, drew a portion. General A. Munson, whose lot drew the bear skin, made a closing speech with his trophy wrapped about him."
And the boys asked the Doctor to lead them. The dean entered into the dormitoree to seek an opponent—a chess fan was he. While up in a room on which no one could spy, the chips and the limit ran up to the sky.

The phenomenon that first demanded our attention was the Chicago River, whose narrow muddy waters we crossed soon after pulling out of the station. I have never been able to explain the fascination that this hold for us, even until we were well into our teens. We craned our necks out the windows to see who should catch the first glimpse of it, and who could keep it longest in sight. After it was passed, there was nothing of absorbing interest until we came within a few blocks of our suburban home on the outskirts of the city. Sometimes we could recognize familiar faces on the streets, and wept frantic good-byes. Then for about an hour the train rumbled slowly through the extensive manufacturing district along the lake shore. I remember the immense steel mills at South Chicago and Gary, the Standard Oil plant at Whiting with its hundreds of huge oil tanks, and the big Portland Cement works nearby, where the fine cement dust in the air had whithered all the grass and foliage within half a mile.

We had our second big thrill when Lake Michigan came in sight. At first we caught only fleeting glimpses between the sand dunes; and how those of us who happened to be on the west side of the car would tumble across the aisle to hang our heads out the east windows as soon as the cry of "There's the lake!" was set up! A few minutes later the train ran for some distance on a trestle over the water, and the first of us to see a ship on the lake was greatly envied.

The scenery in Indiana is rather dull, and we always met us at the station, we walked through in the daytime. Most people hate riding on trains, but we loved it, and I, at least, still do. It was probably not so pleasant for my mother, who had to keep her flock of healthy youngsters always under her watchful eye. We took the train about ten in the morning from the big noisy B. & O. terminal at Chicago. After the first preliminary flurry of getting seats, we settled down to look for the things that interest children on a journey.

The phenomenon of things that were handed round. And after-midnight we were wide awake while old Queenie jogged along sedately along Hudson Avenue, past the tasteless frame houses that seem to be so much a part of the towns. Then we passed the huge steel mill at South Chicago, then the Standard Oil plant at Whiting, the huge oil tanks, and the Portland Cement works nearby, where the cement dust in the air had whithered all the grass and foliage within half a mile.

We had our second big thrill when Lake Michigan came in sight. At first we caught only fleeting glimpses between the sand dunes; and how those of us who happened to be on the west side of the car would tumble across the aisle to hang our heads out the east windows as soon as the cry of "There's the lake!" was set up! A few minutes later the train ran for some distance on a trestle over the water, and the first of us to see a ship on the lake was greatly envied.

The scenery in Indiana is rather dull, and we always met us at the station, we walked through in the daytime. Most people hate riding on trains, but we loved it, and I, at least, still do. It was probably not so pleasant for my mother, who had to keep her flock of healthy youngsters always under her watchful eye. We took the train about ten in the morning from the big noisy B. & O. terminal at Chicago. After the first preliminary flurry of getting seats, we settled down to look for the things that interest children on a journey.

The phenomenon of things that were handed round. And after-midnight we were wide awake while old Queenie jogged along sedately along Hudson Avenue, past the tasteless frame houses that seem to be so much a part of the towns. Then we passed the huge steel mill at South Chicago, then the Standard Oil plant at Whiting, the huge oil tanks, and the Portland Cement works nearby, where the cement dust in the air had whitered all the grass and foliage within half a mile.

We had our second big thrill when Lake Michigan came in sight. At first we caught only fleeting glimpses between the sand dunes; and how those of us who happened to be on the west side of the car would tumble across the aisle to hang our heads out the east windows as soon as the cry of "There's the lake!" was set up! A few minutes later the train ran for some distance on a trestle over the water, and the first of us to see a ship on the lake was greatly envied.

The scenery in Indiana is rather dull, and we always met us at the station, we walked through in the daytime. Most people hate riding on trains, but we loved it, and I, at least, still do. It was probably not so pleasant for my mother, who had to keep her flock of healthy youngsters always under her watchful eye. We took the train about ten in the morning from the big noisy B. & O. terminal at Chicago. After the first preliminary flurry of getting seats, we settled down to look for the things that interest children on a journey.

The phenomenon of things that were handed round. And after-midnight we were wide awake while old Queenie jogged along sedately along Hudson Avenue, past the tasteless frame houses that seem to be so much a part of the towns. Then we passed the huge steel mill at South Chicago, then the Standard Oil plant at Whiting, the huge oil tanks, and the Portland Cement works nearby, where the cement dust in the air had whitered all the grass and foliage within half a mile.

We had our second big thrill when Lake Michigan came in sight. At first we caught only fleeting glimpses between the sand dunes; and how those of us who happened to be on the west side of the car would tumble across the aisle to hang our heads out the east windows as soon as the cry of "There's the lake!" was set up! A few minutes later the train ran for some distance on a trestle over the water, and the first of us to see a ship on the lake was greatly envied.

The scenery in Indiana is rather dull, and we always met us at the station, we walked through in the daytime. Most people hate riding on trains, but we loved it, and I, at least, still do. It was probably not so pleasant for my mother, who had to keep her flock of healthy youngsters always under her watchful eye. We took the train about ten in the morning from the big noisy B. & O. terminal at Chicago. After the first preliminary flurry of getting seats, we settled down to look for the things that interest children on a journey.

The phenomenon of things that were handed round. And after-midnight we were wide awake while old Queenie jogged along sedately along Hudson Avenue, past the tasteless frame houses that seem to be so much a part of the towns. Then we passed the huge steel mill at South Chicago, then the Standard Oil plant at Whiting, the huge oil tanks, and the Portland Cement works nearby, where the cement dust in the air had whitered all the grass and foliage within half a mile.

We had our second big thrill when Lake Michigan came in sight. At first we caught only fleeting glimpses between the sand dunes; and how those of us who happened to be on the west side of the car would tumble across the aisle to hang our heads out the east windows as soon as the cry of "There's the lake!" was set up! A few minutes later the train ran for some distance on a trestle over the water, and the first of us to see a ship on the lake was greatly envied.

The scenery in Indiana is rather dull, and we always met us at the station, we walked through in the daytime. Most people hate riding on trains, but we loved it, and I, at least, still do. It was probably not so pleasant for my mother, who had to keep her flock of healthy younger...
Mary had a little horse, 
Bound in leather cover. 
She got it for her Latin class, 
Alas! the classic lover!

It went with her to class one day, 
And now I hear report 
That Mary will be brought tonight 
Before the Honor Court.

'Twas Ever Thus

I had never seen Mary (that is, this particular Mary), but I was very anxious to make her acquaintance. My grandpa had communicated the information to me some months before that Mary was staying with him for a while, and that I must come and visit him as soon as possible, for I should most certainly like her. She was so fair and docile and agreeable, he said, that even an angry bull would be pleased with her.

Having a free weekend, I decided just to step on the gas and run down to the farm, for the express purpose of meeting this touted beauty. I lit an Havana (my favorite brand of candy), gave her the spark, and soon was speeding through the muddy roads in my 2-ton Rolls-Royce truck.

I reached the farm at dusk, just as the clock was striking five minutes after the hour—the hour when all lovers love to go tripping with their loves, hand in hand, as loving lovers should.

I did not even stop to say hello to my good grandpapa or to kiss my venerable grandmamma. Who knows but what I was saving that kiss for a more worthy purpose?

Rushing up to John, the hired man, I interrogated: "Where is Mary?" Responda-t-il: "How's that? Kindly repeat your query?" At which I gave vent to a burst of ardent eloquence; "For Blank's sake, John, where is Mary?" (Blank is a particular friend of mine.) "Oh, her-she. I reckon as she is loitering in the neighborhood of the spring house."

But no, there she stood, at the gate of the barnyard. What a lovely creature! Her every movement was grace, though her maiden name was Mary. Not a word spoke she, for in the lexicon of love, silence is golden. But oh what thoughts she must have had, as she looked out into infinity (straight at me) with those soft, luscious, brown-grey orbs, and her aquiline nose. Goodness knows, 'twas heaven to behold.

She stroked her flaxen hair, patted her, caressed her—but my first attempt to milk her was an utter failure.
THE SEQUENCE OF LOVE

I. The Wooing
Co-education
Admiration
Flirtation
Visitation
Familiarization
Adoration
Interrogation
Palpitation
Negation
Consternation
Reiteration
Supplication
Oration
Perspiration
Consideration
Revelation
Affirmation
Exultation
Osculation

II. Marriage
Congregation
Invocation
Solemnization
Conglutination
Lamentation
Felicitation
Congratulation
Ovation
Peregrination

III. Wedded Life
Inauguration
Domination
Humiliation
Mortification
Remonstration
Attenuation
Mediation
Meditation
Reconciliation
Adaptation
Amelioration
Expectation
Perambulation

IV. The Aftermath
Indignation
Aggravation
Excruciation
Litigation
Testification
Adjuration
Separation
Compensation
Exclusion
Damnation

SO WOULD WE

He oped his mouth, and from it
Came tones so loud and long
The chandeliers began to shake
And tremble at his song.

Then turned he to the leader,
And said, in accents proud—
"How is my execution?
Do I sing sufficient loud?"

"As for your execution,
And the leader smiled a bit;
"As for your execution,
Sir, I greatly favor it."

A LETTER FROM THE SEM—AND A HEARTLESS REPLY

Dear Editor:

When the illustrious poets of the FLAMINGO staff are inspired to immortal verse
(or jazz poetry), why don't they write about some of the more common, necessary things of life, which are so important, yet which receive no praise either from tongue or pen. We suggest "The Humble Galosh" as a subject for poetic efforts. It isn't a thing of beauty, we admit, but have you men ever stopped to think just how great a part the galosh plays in snowy, rainy, every-day life? Just imagine each man a Sir Walter Raleigh, chivalrously laying down his coat every time he spies a fair Semite attempting to cross a mud puddle! Not only does the galosh help to keep down the high cost of living (a saving in coats, you see), but it is also economizing in doctors' bills, for unless each man carried a few extra coats along with him, severe colds would probably be contracted as a result of dispensing with his one and only. Yes, we sing the praises of

"Galoshes, Galoshes,
The warm, homely galosh,
The flip-flopping galosh,
The comfy old galosh that served us so well."

SEMITE.

Editor's Note:—When the above epistle was received, our heart yearned for the writer. We forthwith handed the appeal to one of our most illustrious poets, with instructions to do his worst. And this is what the hard-hearted wretch turned in:

Galoshes
The snow was falling from the sky,
And on the street as I passed by,
A maiden walked, and round her feet
Flopped some things that aren't so neat—

Galoshes.

Her hair was combed in waves so fine,
Her eyebrows pulled out to a line,
Her coat was from a stylish shop,
But on her feet the darned things flop—

Galoshes.

Perhaps some day she'll see the light
And stay at home except at night,
When she can walk upon the street
And none can see what's on her feet—

Galoshes.

"I want a pair of pants for my sick husband."
"What size, please?"
"I don't know, but he wears a 14½ collar."

What is the difference between a son of a gun and the pop of a pistol?

Prof—"That 2:30 class of mine is the dumbest I ever had!"
Wife—"How's that?"
Prof—"Why, I've taught them everything I know, and they're still ignorant fools."

I wish I were a Phi Bet,
And with the Phi Bets stood.
A key upon my watch chain
I'd be wearing if I could.

"I want a loaf of bread."
"White or graham?"
"Doesn't matter. It's for a blind lady."

"Whaddya got in the shape of automobile tires?""
"Funeral wreaths, life preservers, invalid cushions, and doughnuts."

"I want a pair of pants for my sick husband."
"What size, please?"
"I don't know, but he wears a 14½ collar."

What is the difference between a son of a gun and the pop of a pistol?

Prof—"That 2:30 class of mine is the dumbest I ever had!"
Wife—"How's that?"
Prof—"Why, I've taught them everything I know, and they're still ignorant fools."

I wish I were a Phi Bet,
And with the Phi Bets stood.
A key upon my watch chain
I'd be wearing if I could.

"I want a loaf of bread."
"White or graham?"
"Doesn't matter. It's for a blind lady."

"Whaddya got in the shape of automobile tires?"
"Funeral wreaths, life preservers, invalid cushions, and doughnuts."

I wish I were a Phi Bet,
And with the Phi Bets stood.
A key upon my watch chain
I'd be wearing if I could.

"I want a pair of pants for my sick husband."
"What size, please?"
"I don't know, but he wears a 14½ collar."

What is the difference between a son of a gun and the pop of a pistol?

Prof—"That 2:30 class of mine is the dumbest I ever had!"
Wife—"How's that?"
Prof—"Why, I've taught them everything I know, and they're still ignorant fools."

I wish I were a Phi Bet,
And with the Phi Bets stood.
A key upon my watch chain
I'd be wearing if I could.

"I want a loaf of bread."
"White or graham?"
"Doesn't matter. It's for a blind lady."

"Whaddya got in the shape of automobile tires?"
"Funeral wreaths, life preservers, invalid cushions, and doughnuts."

I wish I were a Phi Bet,
And with the Phi Bets stood.
A key upon my watch chain
I'd be wearing if I could.
The Mystic Bird makes his initial bow. He has come to please, entertain, instruct, de-
light, and inform—tra la. Furthermore, he hopes to stay, if you'll let him.

The Chair of Phoolosophy, to which the Bird has been elected by a unanimously neg-
ative vote of all concerned, is one of peer-
less importance. Ever since the mortal ill-
ness and timely demise of Sister Campus
light, and inform—tra la. Furthermore, he
has come to please, entertain, instruct, de-
light, and inform—tra la. Furthermore, he
hopes to stay, if you'll let him.

The Chair of Phoolosophy, to which the
Bird has been elected by a unanimously neg-
ative vote of all concerned, is one of peer-
less importance. Ever since the mortal ill-
ness and timely demise of Sister Campus
light, and inform—tra la. Furthermore, he
hopes to stay, if you'll let him.

The Chair of Phoolosophy, to which the
Bird has been elected by a unanimously neg-
ative vote of all concerned, is one of peer-
less importance. Ever since the mortal ill-
ness and timely demise of Sister Campus
light, and inform—tra la. Furthermore, he
hopes to stay, if you'll let him.

The Chair of Phoolosophy, to which the
Bird has been elected by a unanimously neg-
ative vote of all concerned, is one of peer-
less importance. Ever since the mortal ill-
ness and timely demise of Sister Campus
light, and inform—tra la. Furthermore, he
hopes to stay, if you'll let him.

The Chair of Phoolosophy, to which the
Bird has been elected by a unanimously neg-
ative vote of all concerned, is one of peer-
less importance. Ever since the mortal ill-
ness and timely demise of Sister Campus
light, and inform—tra la. Furthermore, he
hopes to stay, if you'll let him.

The Chair of Phoolosophy, to which the
Bird has been elected by a unanimously neg-
ative vote of all concerned, is one of peer-
less importance. Ever since the mortal ill-
ness and timely demise of Sister Campus
light, and inform—tra la. Furthermore, he
hopes to stay, if you'll let him.

The Chair of Phoolosophy, to which the
Bird has been elected by a unanimously neg-
ative vote of all concerned, is one of peer-
less importance. Ever since the mortal ill-
ness and timely demise of Sister Campus
light, and inform—tra la. Furthermore, he
hopes to stay, if you'll let him.

The Chair of Phoolosophy, to which the
Bird has been elected by a unanimously neg-
ative vote of all concerned, is one of peer-
less importance. Ever since the mortal ill-
ness and timely demise of Sister Campus
light, and inform—tra la. Furthermore, he
hopes to stay, if you'll let him.

The Chair of Phoolosophy, to which the
Bird has been elected by a unanimously neg-
ative vote of all concerned, is one of peer-
less importance. Ever since the mortal ill-
ness and timely demise of Sister Campus
light, and inform—tra la. Furthermore, he
hopes to stay, if you'll let him.

The Chair of Phoolosophy, to which the
Bird has been elected by a unanimously neg-
ative vote of all concerned, is one of peer-
less importance. Ever since the mortal ill-
ness and timely demise of Sister Campus
light, and inform—tra la. Furthermore, he
hopes to stay, if you'll let him.

The Chair of Phoolosophy, to which the
Bird has been elected by a unanimously neg-
ative vote of all concerned, is one of peer-
less importance. Ever since the mortal ill-
ness and timely demise of Sister Campus
light, and inform—tra la. Furthermore, he
hopes to stay, if you'll let him.

The Chair of Phoolosophy, to which the
Bird has been elected by a unanimously neg-
ative vote of all concerned, is one of peer-
less importance. Ever since the mortal ill-
ness and timely demise of Sister Campus
light, and inform—tra la. Furthermore, he
hopes to stay, if you'll let him.

The Chair of Phoolosophy, to which the
Bird has been elected by a unanimously neg-
ative vote of all concerned, is one of peer-
less importance. Ever since the mortal ill-
ness and timely demise of Sister Campus
light, and inform—tra la. Furthermore, he
hopes to stay, if you'll let him.

The Chair of Phoolosophy, to which the
Bird has been elected by a unanimously neg-
ative vote of all concerned, is one of peer-
less importance. Ever since the mortal ill-
ness and timely demise of Sister Campus
light, and inform—tra la. Furthermore, he
hopes to stay, if you'll let him.

The Chair of Phoolosophy, to which the
Bird has been elected by a unanimously neg-
ative vote of all concerned, is one of peer-
less importance. Ever since the mortal ill-
ness and timely demise of Sister Campus
light, and inform—tra la. Furthermore, he
hopes to stay, if you'll let him.

The Chair of Phoolosophy, to which the
Bird has been elected by a unanimously neg-
ative vote of all concerned, is one of peer-
less importance. Ever since the mortal ill-
ness and timely demise of Sister Campus
light, and inform—tra la. Furthermore, he
hopes to stay, if you'll let him.

The Chair of Phoolosophy, to which the
Bird has been elected by a unanimously neg-
ative vote of all concerned, is one of peer-
less importance. Ever since the mortal ill-
ness and timely demise of Sister Campus
light, and inform—tra la. Furthermore, he
hopes to stay, if you'll let him.

The Chair of Phoolosophy, to which the
Bird has been elected by a unanimously neg-
ative vote of all concerned, is one of peer-
less importance. Ever since the mortal ill-
ness and timely demise of Sister Campus
light, and inform—tra la. Furthermore, he
hopes to stay, if you'll let him.

The Chair of Phoolosophy, to which the
Bird has been elected by a unanimously neg-
ative vote of all concerned, is one of peer-
less importance. Ever since the mortal ill-
ness and timely demise of Sister Campus
light, and inform—tra la. Furthermore, he
hopes to stay, if you'll let him.

The Chair of Phoolosophy, to which the
Bird has been elected by a unanimously neg-
ative vote of all concerned, is one of peer-
less importance. Ever since the mortal ill-
ness and timely demise of Sister Campus
light, and inform—tra la. Furthermore, he
hopes to stay, if you'll let him.

The Chair of Phoolosophy, to which the
Bird has been elected by a unanimously neg-
ative vote of all concerned, is one of peer-
less importance. Ever since the mortal ill-
ness and timely demise of Sister Campus
light, and inform—tra la. Furthermore, he
hopes to stay, if you'll let him.
**Bits of Old Denison Verse.**

### THE SONG OF THE SPRING
Osman C. Hooper, '79

Hear the merry water dropping
To the basin of the spring,
From the noisy rocks o’ertopping!
Thus it seems to me to sing,
    Tink-a-link, tink-a-link,
Come and drink!

On the grasses see it glister;
Noiselessly it glides along;
Then a bubble forms, but listen—
You may hear the merry song,
    Tink-a-link, tink-a-link,
Come and drink!

See the water’s kindly greeting
To the bubble as it falls!
Leaping with the joy of meeting,
How it musically calls,
    Tink-a-link, tink-a-link,
Come and drink!

Thus today, but on themorrow,
If you seek the spring again,
You may find that wasting sorrow
Has destroyed the merry strain,
    Tink-a-link, tink-a-link,
Come and drink!

### BEHIND THE GYM
Fred S. LaRue, '03

All the world has a golden hue,
Over the hill behind the gym.
The squirrel chatters to me and to you
From a safe retreat on a beech’s limb.
The autumn trees, like sunshine bright,
Flash golden leaves in the golden light;
And all the world has a golden hue
Over the hill behind the gym.

All the world has a hazy hue,
Over the hill behind the gym.
The way is dark and the prospect blue,
Over the hill behind the gym.
For there, when I said that I loved you,
You told me there that I wouldn’t do,
And over my hopes stands a tomb-stone grim,
Over the hill behind the gym.

### ON SUGAR LOAF
Julia Hall MacCune, '04

The calm, the mist, the moon-lit air,
The farm light on the distant hill:
Save for the rippling of the stream
And night birds’ voices, all is still.
The majesty of countless stars
Calls to the soul—with answering cry
It merges into spaceless love
And there is lost the finite I.

### THE DAILY STRUGGLE
Walter L. Flory, '03

It makes me so discouraged
And leaves ambition dead—
The awful struggle each day brings
Of getting out of bed.

### EXASPERATION
Walter L. Flory, '03

I sometimes feel so out of sorts
    I’d like to cuss it out,
But when in doubt I’d cuss the more—
    Of what to cuss about.

### THE RED RAG DOLL

I once had a sweet little doll, boys,
The prettiest doll in the world.
Her cheeks were so red and so white, boys,
And her hair was so charmingly curled.

But I lost my poor little doll, boys,
When I went to the Sem one night.
She was campused for several weeks, boys,
They caught her—and locked her up tight.

I found my poor little doll, boys,
As I went to the Sem one day.
Folks said she was terribly changed, boys,
Rouge and powder were all washed away.

She wears only feminist clothes, boys,
And her hair’s not the least bit curled.
The six weeks campus has made her, boys,
The worst Bolshevik in the world.

YOU SAY IT IS!

Why pay profs, when frosh record on their exam papers such marvellous discoveries as these:
Living cells have about the same makeup as those cells which comprise the human body.
Sciences related to biology include embryology, which is the science of the circulation of the blood.
Moths, bacteria, and other insects do not need oxygen in aeration; moths use fur.

A bright little maid of St. Thomas
One day found a suit of pajamas;
Said the maiden, “Well, well,
What these are I can’t tell,
But I’m certain the garments ain’t mamma’s.”
Denison's Hall of Fame

WILLIAM GEAR SPENCER

William Gear Spencer, '07, son of Professor Bunyan Spencer, is one of Denison's prominent alumni. As an undergraduate, he was a member of Phi Beta Kappa, the Varsity basketball squad, Franklin Literary Society, and Kappa Sigma fraternity. He is today head of the latter's alumni association.

After graduation, he spent a year working for his Master's degree, and then went abroad, studying in Paris for a year. He has since been teaching, and is now Professor of Latin and Greek, as well as Registrar, at Franklin College, Indiana. He is constantly in demand as a preacher and speaker.

COL. E. A. DEEDS

Colonel Edward A. Deeds, '97, needs no introduction to Denison students and alumni, for he has done, and will do, much in the upbuilding and extension of the University. While an undergraduate, he was president of his class for two consecutive years, a member of the football team for three years, president of the Athletic Association, and Commencement Orator.

He was made a colonel in the Air Service during the war, and was placed at the head of aircraft production. His home is in Dayton, where he is president of the Delco Light Company. He is also a member or head of a large number of Dayton business and welfare organizations.

TEMPUS FUGIT

The years play tag
And I am always "it."
A horse, running away
On a deserted street,
And I have lost the reins—Stop him!
Joshua is dead
And the sun laughs.

"You've been eating bananas."
"Your face is all covered with skin."

Cabinet Member — "Going on a gospel team trip?"
C. M.—"Well, give 'em hell."

Indignation is just another word for the thrill a girl feels when she is kissed against her will.

Coonie—"What is velocity?"
Fresh—"Velocity is what a fellow lets go of a wasp with."

Laddie's master, at hardware store—"I want a dog collar, please."
Lamson—"What size shirt does he wear?"

There was an old fogy named Lamb,
Who breakfasted always on hamb.
He wrote a dissertation
That enhanced his reputation,
But he didn't give a continental dam.

There was a professor named Ward,
By the men and the women adard,
Whose bald little head
By the students is said
Amusement in gobs to afford.

He—"May I kiss you?"
She—"Isn't that just like a man! Trying to put all the responsibility on me!"

Blest be the tie that binds
My collar to my shirt,
For underneath that silken band
Lies half an inch of dirt.
—Awgwan.

The War Game
One—"They aren't shooting pool in Ireland any more."
Two—"How so?"
One—"Too much English on the balls."
—Widow.
Appropriate Appropriations.

Ah! Cribbing!
It used to be, when e'er men called,
That Mother watched o'er me.
But times have changed, and now she tries
The honor system—see?
—Widow.

Chambermaid—"I found seventy-five cents
in your bed this morning, sir."
Professional—"Ah; my sleeping quarters,
no doubt."—Punch Bowl.

"Have you noticed how all lawyers seem
worried?"
"Yes, it's usually the case."—Widow.

"Marie's dancing is certainly the poetry of
motion."
"Then Bill's is free verse."—Widow.

Imposition

Mack—"That prof is a shyster."
Alpine—"Why?"
Mack—"He even wants to tax your
memory."—Widow.

Yes, Ezekiel, a blush always creepes up a
girl's cheek, for if it ran, it would kick up too
much dust.—Orange Peel.

"I'll marry you on one condition."
"That's all right; I entered college on
four."—Record.

Dick—"Ma, what part of the family tree
am I?"
Mother—"I guess you're one of the limbs,
Dick.
Dick—"I s'pose that's what dad meant this
morning when he said I needed a trimming."
—Awgwan.

Love is like an onion;
We taste it with delight.
But when it's gone, we wonder
What ever made us bite.
—Purple Cow.

Prince—"Did you know that Cornie is pos-
ing for an artist?"
Jack—"That ruins her."
Prince—"Why?"
Jack—"She will lead a model life now."—Record

Alice—"What a well-shaped mouth you
have—it ought to be on a girl's face."
Van—"I seldom miss an opportunity."—Widow.

Prof.—"How was iron first discovered?"
Frosh—"I'm a little rusty on that, but I
think they smelt it."—Widow.

Coonie—"What is velocity?"
Frosh—"Velocity is what a fellow lets go
of a wasp with."

"I'll marry you on one condition."
"That's all right; I entered college on
four."—Record.
Say it With Flowers for All Occasions

Always First With The Newest Styles

Whether it is a high heel for dress or a low heel for walking, you'll find it here in the newest shape and leather. See our window for Walkover Shoes and Hosiery.

Our Specialty

Dinner Party Corsages
Original and Colonial Corsages
at your Command
Just Phone

Arcade Florist

NEWARK and GRANVILLE
GREENHOUSES

1840 PHONES $218

The principal types of villain that are used in making entertaining fiction are the Desperate Desmond type, the Sea Wolf type, and the J. Rufus Wallingford type. Which is most villainous, I cannot say.

Desperate Desmond is the stage villain. He is tall, thin, and exceedingly polite, and wears a long black mustache, black clothes, and a black silk hat. He is very evidently modeled as closely as possible after His Satanic Majesty of the Lower Regions. In most cases, of course, he is not so flagrantly depicted as to include all of the above characteristics, but any one of them is sufficient to identify him. Perhaps the fictitious character who most closely resembles the conventional Prince of Darkness is Blacky Daw, the partner of J. Rufus Wallingford.

Desperate Desmond is the least interesting of villains. As a matter of fact, he is not a villain of fiction at all, but rather the villain of the comic cartoon. He used to sneak around the darkened stage, hissing his "Curses! Foiled again!" at every step; and in the early days of the motion picture, we found him resurrected for a short while. But today he is in bad taste even in the movie screen comedies. His day is long past.

The Sea Wolf is the ruffianly villain. He includes all pirates and robbers, tramps and second-story men, village bullies, gunmen, and prize fighters. In the particular instance of Jack London's story, he had a masterful brain as well as a masterful will and hand, but intellect is not necessary to the type. He is stative in his instincts, and reverts to the primitive in his emotions. His heart is usually touched by the sight of a little child and he turns from Sinner to Saint at the end of the story.

To a child, all laboring men seem like ruffians. If a man works on the street, digging ditches with a gang of negroes, Italians, and Irishmen, smoking short black clay pipes, he is thought, by the child, to be tough. I don't understand exactly how the idea is implanted in his mind, but I know that it is always there, until it is driven out by actual experience.

The best tales of the con man and his un- tutored ways are those written by O'Henry. Flannery Pickle was another rover, whose scrapes included all pirates and robbers, tramps and robbers, city bullies, gunmen, and prize fighters. In the particular instance of Jack London's story, he had a masterful brain as well as a masterful will and hand, but intellect is not necessary to the type. He is stative in his instincts, and reverts to the primitive in his emotions. His heart is usually touched by the sight of a little child and he turns from Sinner to Saint at the end of the story.

When he learns, somewhere between the ages of ten and thirty (if ever) that a common laborer may be a Christian gentleman, if his dispositions and circumstances of his training so mold him, it is a very great surprise. If one works with such men, he will find one or two characters like this in a hundred. The other ninety-nine are very ordinary; and one in a thousand is a ruffian. It surprises one to learn that, if he has had good home training and some education, he is superior to any of them in will-power and self-control. One even who is his primary fear is only a small, insignificant, humble, honest laboring man. He is better than he thinks he is.
BETTY WALES DRESSES

We are Displaying Now a Delightful Array of BETTY WALES SPRING FROCKS

Including the newly introduced designs for Juniors. You have never seen frocks designed with more attractive style. Models of serge—models of crepe-de-chine—taffeta and georgette are shown in all the popular spring shades.

The W. H. Mazey Company

---

THE FLAMINGO

THE FLAMINGO

To a Pencil

I know not where
Thou art;
I only know
That thou wert on my Desk,
Peaceful and content,
A moment back;
And as I turned my Head
To catch a breath,
Some heartless wretch Went south with thee. I know not who It was. Nor shall I Investigate;
Perchance It were
The guy I stole thee from. —Orange Peel.

* * * * *

What Men Like in Women

1. Looks
2. Brains
3. Looks
4. Money
5. Looks
6. Flattery
7. Looks
8. Responsiveness

Mary—“I suppose your father will be all unstrung when he hears about your exams.”
Jack—“No, I wired him last night.”

* * * * *

Ike—“Wad’s de madder, Abe?”
Abe—“Oi, oi, oi, my clodingstore.”
Ike—“I didn’t know you had a cloding store.”
Abe—“Na, na—you don’t understand. I fell down. My cloding’s tore.” —Wampus.

* * * * *

“Gee, paw, but these old pioneers used to be hard!”
“I don’t know, my son?”
“Well, it says here that they put the iron spit in the fire.”

To a Pencil

I know not where
Thou art;
I only know
That thou wert on my Desk,
Peaceful and content,
A moment back;
And as I turned my Head
To catch a breath,
Some heartless wretch Went south with thee. I know not who It was. Nor shall I Investigate;
Perchance It were
The guy I stole thee from. —Orange Peel.
Telling's
UNEQUALED ICE CREAM
Unequaled in purity, deliciousness and wholesome nutritiousness. In brick or bulk and with a new special flavored brick each week. :: ::

Don't say ice cream
Say "Telling's"

GRANVILLE AGENT
STAG RESTAURANT
Phone 8131

When You Get
BUSY BEE
CONFECTIONS
OF
ANY KIND
You have the Best
GEORGE STAMAS
10 and 12 Arcade Building
NEWARK, OHIO
Attention Given to Special Orders.

"My heart is with the ocean!" cried the poet rapturously.
"You've gone me one better," moaned his sea-sick friend, as he took a firmer grip on the rail.—Tiger.

Philosopher 1—"Have you an elementary knowledge of scientific terms? Then I shall explain why there can be no Hell."
Philosopher 2—"Go to it, old man; I'll try to follow you."—Widow.

Low Cut
Paul—'At the party I thought your costume was ripping.'
Pauline—'Well, if you were a gentleman, you would have told me so!'—Widow.

Ella—'I'm so mad at Jack.'
Bella—'So soon? What's wrong?'

Ella—'He knows so many naughty songs.'
Bella—'Does he sing them to you?'

Ella—'No, the mean thing, he just whistles the tunes.'
—Orange Peel.

Fine! Fine!
"If I should kiss you, would it be petty larceny?"
"No, it would be grand!"—Jester.

The Pastime
Pool Room
Has the newest and most complete equipment in town. A full line of candies, tobacco and soft drinks.
Warren McFadden
PROPRIETOR

Smart Wear for Women and Misses
Coats, Suits, Dresses, Blouses,
Skirts and Millinery
Correct Styles at Moderate Prices.
Sardeson & Hovland
Formerly Schiff's
EAST SIDE SQUARE

The Burch
Gift Shop
28 and 30 Arcade
A big supply of accessories that are always dear to the "College Girl."
If you are not acquainted with our line come in and let us show it to you. Make this year's headquarters to meet your friends.

Geo. Stuart
Jeweler and Optician
GRANVILLE, OHIO

The Original
U. S. Army Store
36 S. Second St., Newark, O.
Offers you exceptional bargains in
ARMY GOODS
Shoes
Rubber Boots
Arties
Sweaters
Trousers
Raincoats
Shirts
Hose
Underwear
Overalls
Blankets

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

The Granville Times
RAPID SERVICE JOB PRINT

The Vogue
No. 9 The Arcade Annex
Is having a special showing of all the New Spring Models. Your patronage is solicited.

Mrs. Belle Nicholls
No. 9 The Arcade Annex

The Rexall Store
W. P. ULLMAN and SON
DRUGS and BOOKS

When you get BUSY BEE CONFECTIONS of ANY KIND you have the Best GEORGE STAMAS 10 and 12 Arcade Building NEWARK, OHIO Attention Given to Special Orders.

"My heart is with the ocean!" cried the poet rapturously. "You've gone me one better," moaned his sea-sick friend, as he took a firmer grip on the rail.—Tiger.

Philosopher 1—"Have you an elementary knowledge of scientific terms? Then I shall explain why there can be no Hell."
Philosopher 2—"Go to it, old man; I'll try to follow you."—Widow.

Low Cut
Paul—'At the party I thought your costume was ripping.'
Pauline—'Well, if you were a gentleman, you would have told me so!'—Widow.

Ella—'I'm so mad at Jack.'
Bella—'So soon? What's wrong?'

Ella—'He knows so many naughty songs.'
Bella—'Does he sing them to you?'

Ella—'No, the mean thing, he just whistles the tunes.'
—Orange Peel.

Fine! Fine!
"If I should kiss you, would it be petty larceny?"
"No, it would be grand!"—Jester.

The Pastime Pool Room Has the newest and most complete equipment in town. A full line of candies, tobacco and soft drinks.
Warren McFadden PROPRIETOR

Smart Wear for Women and Misses Coats, Suits, Dresses, Blouses, Skirts and Millinery Correct Styles at Moderate Prices.
Sardeson & Hovland Formerly Schiff's EAST SIDE SQUARE

The Burch Gift Shop 28 and 30 Arcade A big supply of accessories that are always dear to the "College Girl."
If you are not acquainted with our line come in and let us show it to you. Make this year's headquarters to meet your friends.

Geo. Stuart Jeweler and Optician GRANVILLE, OHIO

When you get BUSY BEE CONFECTIONS of ANY KIND you have the Best GEORGE STAMAS 10 and 12 Arcade Building NEWARK, OHIO Attention Given to Special Orders.

"My heart is with the ocean!" cried the poet rapturously. "You've gone me one better," moaned his sea-sick friend, as he took a firmer grip on the rail.—Tiger.

Philosopher 1—"Have you an elementary knowledge of scientific terms? Then I shall explain why there can be no Hell."
Philosopher 2—"Go to it, old man; I'll try to follow you."—Widow.

Low Cut
Paul—'At the party I thought your costume was ripping.'
Pauline—'Well, if you were a gentleman, you would have told me so!'—Widow.

Ella—'I'm so mad at Jack.'
Bella—'So soon? What's wrong?'

Ella—'He knows so many naughty songs.'
Bella—'Does he sing them to you?'

Ella—'No, the mean thing, he just whistles the tunes.'
—Orange Peel.

Fine! Fine!
"If I should kiss you, would it be petty larceny?"
"No, it would be grand!"—Jester.

The Pastime Pool Room Has the newest and most complete equipment in town. A full line of candies, tobacco and soft drinks.
Warren McFadden PROPRIETOR

Smart Wear for Women and Misses Coats, Suits, Dresses, Blouses, Skirts and Millinery Correct Styles at Moderate Prices.
Sardeson & Hovland Formerly Schiff's EAST SIDE SQUARE

The Burch Gift Shop 28 and 30 Arcade A big supply of accessories that are always dear to the "College Girl."
If you are not acquainted with our line come in and let us show it to you. Make this year's headquarters to meet your friends.
THE AMOUNT OF SERVICE
you get from a suit of clothes is measured by the quality of
workmanship and woolens.

"NEEDLE MOLDED"
CLOTHES
Tailored to your measure in Cincinnati by
THE GLOBE TAILORING COMPANY
measure up in both style and service. The real tailoring you get in these
clothes adds just the personal touch that good dressers require.
The prevailing modes for Spring are correctly interpreted
by the "Needle-Master" who as usual presents the utmost
in style.
We are proud to be the Globe representatives here and are
looking forward to serving you.

Kollege Kleaning Koncern
PRESSING, DRY CLEANING, REPAIRING

BUY
BUTTER KRUST OR IDEAL
BREAD
For Your Table and You
Will be Pleased
WEIANT & CRAWMER
BAKERY

J. E. THOMPSON
Hardware, Furniture
and Spalding Athletic
Goods
GRANVILLE, OHIO

Hot Stuff
Percival—"My heart is on fire with love
for you."
Gertrude (just a bit bored)—"Papa will
put you out."—Jester.
  * * * *
Paul—"Let's inject a little life in this
party."
Pauline—"Sorry, dear, but father took the
key with him."—Orange Peel.
  * * * *
Luke—"He kissed her where she stood."
McLuke—"Huh, must have been a soul
kiss."—Virginia Reed.
  * * * *
"Papa, the preacher was here for lunch
today."
"You don't mean it?"
"Yes; and he swore about mother's cooking
the same way as you do, only he put his
hands over his eyes."—Burr.
  * * * *
They sat beneath the apple blossoms. The
moon shone softly. Suddenly he broke the
silence: "What's to prevent my kissing you?"
"Why, my goodness!" she exclaimed.
But it didn't.—Tiger.

We Produce Printed Matter
That Attracts Favorable Attention
Our plant is completely equipped for the pro-
duction of High Class Printing. We make a
specialty of Printed Advertising Matter in one,
two, three or four colors, High Grade Catalogs,
College Annuals, Year Books, School Newspapers, etc.

Give us an opportunity to show you what we
have done in this line for others, and to quote
upon your requirements.

Your better satisfaction, in regard to both
quality and price, may be the result.

HYDE BROTHERS, Printers
WARD R. HYDE, Manager
4th and 5th Floors, Rear St. Clair Bldg.
Marietta, Ohio

SUPPORT THE
Flamingo
IT MAY LAY A
GOLDEN EGG
FOR YOU
SOME
DAY

Bucher
Engraving
Company
COLUMBUS, OHIO

ILLUSTRATIONS
and ENGRAVINGS
EMERSON

Good Clothes
In Step With Spring
Tailored at Fashion Park
Fashion Park Clothes Need No Introduction

They always keep in step with the season, the Woolens are a clear indication of extra quality. The Tailoring is the superior kind that good dressers demand. The Styles are the leading ideas of the foremost designers. Fashion Park Clothes, look right when you buy them, and stay right as long as you wear them.

The Touch of Refinement is always made complete by the wearing of FURNISHINGS OF GOOD TASTE such as you will find here.

HATS, CAPS, SHIRTS, COLLARS, NECKWEAR, UNDERWEAR, NIGHTWEAR, TRUNKS, SUIT CASES, BAGS, PARCEL POST LAUNDRY SHIPPING CASES, ETC., ETC.

ROE EMERSON
COR. THIRD AND MAIN