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Flamingo Vol. I N 2

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Denison University

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William Vogel

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Flamingo Vol. I N 2

Authors

Virginia Reel, Dorothy K. Funk, William Vogel, Phelan Steacock, Dorothy Breeze, Kilburn Holt, Alonzo Quinn, A.M. McNeil, A.M. Shumaker, and C.H. Dickerman



107270

GRANVILLE DENISON UNIVERSITY STUDENTS

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Agent—"I'd like to sell you a combination carpet sweeper, letter opener, cash receiver, and talking machine."

Prospect—"Not a chance in the world. I'm married already."—Orange Peel.

* * * * *

A DEFINITION

Each flea believes that he lives on the most wonderful dog in the world. That's patriotism.—Judge.

* * * * *

Abie—"Mine little poy is sick this morning."

Jacob—"Is he?"

Abie—"No, Ikey."—Jester.

* * * * *

SKIN TIGHT

Johnny—"These pants that you bought for me are too tight."

Mother—"Oh, no, they aren't."

Johnny—"They are too, mother. They're tighter'n my own skin."

Mother—"Now, Johnny, you know that isn't so."

Johnny—"It is too. I can sit down in my skin, but I can't sit down in these pants."

—Exchange.

* * * * *

"Don't mention it," said the burglar, as he gagged the old lady.—Yale Record.

She (cooly)—"George, darling, you have such affectionate eyes."

He (thrilled)—"Dearest, do you really mean it?"

She (bored)—"Yes, they are always looking at each other."—Virginia Reel.

* * * * *

Uppe—"What is a hypocrite?"

Stares—"He is a man that goes to mid-years with a smile on his face."—Punch Bowl.

* * * * *

"I haven't seen you for a month. What have you been doing?"

"Thirty days."—Octopus.

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FOR THE BACKWARD READER

Eht tseggib sloof I llits eralced
Era ton ni deddap llec ro llats
Tub esoht ohw wonk siht sah on esnes
Tey ylluferac wolof urht ti lla.

—Jester.

* * * * *

Jim—"Well, I surely knocked 'em cold in my courses."

Mie—"Yeah, whadja get?"

Jim—"Zero."

—Scalper.

* * * * *

YEA, SHAKESPEARE

Incu—"I have a hen I call MacDuff."

Bator—"How come?"

Incu—"So she'll lay on."—Sun Dial.

* * * * *

REFINED

He had a grip of steel.

He had an iron nerve.

He had a heart of gold.

Truly, he was a man of mettle.

—Sun Dial.

* * * * *

DO TELL

You can always tell a Senior, he is so sedately dressed;

You can always tell a Junior by the way he swells his chest;

You can always tell a Freshman by his timid looks and such;

You can always tell a Sophomore, but you cannot tell him much.—Squib.

* * * * *

A HOT ONE

Harry—"I dreamt I died last night."

Larry—"What woke you up?"

Harry—"The heat."—Virginia Reel.

* * * * *

JOKING A SIDE

Sarcastic—"What side of your face did you shave this morning?"

Nonchalant—"The outside."

—Virginia Reel.

* * * * *

CRAUGHTY

A debutante, filled with wild laughter,
Said, "I never will wed till I haughter;

All my beaux are so poor,

That I'm really quite soor

I'd be dreadful unhappy thereaughter."

—Widow.

* * * * *

EVEN HIS HAIR WAS WAVY

Winnie—"What's the matter with Jack?"

Fred—"He has water on the brain."

Winnie—"Oh, I see. A notion came into his head."—Widow.

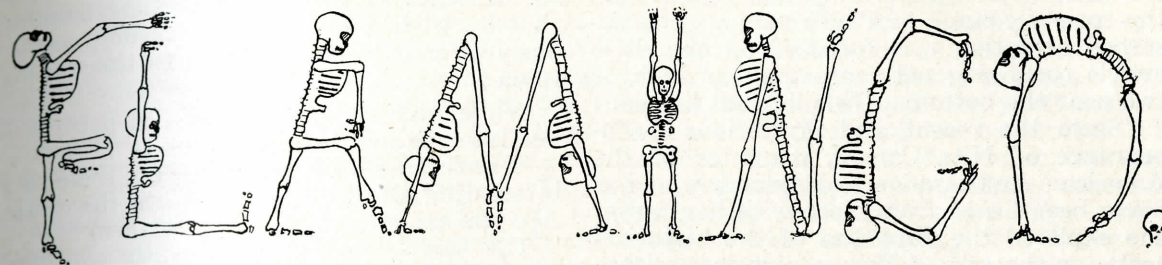




Denison Customs We Don't Want Revived

In an article in the Granville Centennial Publication, Mrs. Harriet L. Whiting tells how, more than half a century ago, the young ladies in the Granville Female College were chaperoned:

"No boarding school pupil was allowed a square from the school without permission, and rarely was she allowed to go unless accompanied by a teacher. Well do I remember the long procession of girls on their daily walk, with a teacher in the front and rear. To and from church they must go in the same manner, lest peradventure a young person of the opposite sex should daringly speak to one of the maidens.



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

Vol. I

APRIL 1921

No. 2

The Castle Legend.

By William Vogel, '24

(Editor's Note—Owing to a tie among the judges, the ten dollar prize offered by the Flamingo Club for the best short story turned in has been divided equally between Mr. Vogel and Miss Ruth Nottingham, '24. Miss Nottingham's story, "Teddy," will be published in the next issue.)

Wilber Creston removed his feet from the top of his mahogany table, yawned drowsily, and, straightening his tall figure as if with great effort, slowly crossed the room. Life to him at that particular moment seemed purposeless; but two days remained to him before he would bid farewell to college halls and college associations forever. His brilliant scholastic attainments would be summed up in that bit of parchment which would be tendered him the following week, and he would then be fully equipped to begin his chosen profession, geology. The prospect was not inviting. He loved his college with all the love of his intense nature; she had given him what he desired and he was grateful for that gift. Yet with all his devotion to his books, with all the athletic and social activities in which he had participated, there was a vague, indefinable longing for something the college had not given him. Whether it was the inherent desire for adventure, whether it was his soul crying out for the romance he had withheld from it, or whether it was merely the normal reaction from four years of indefatigable application to work, he himself, perhaps, could not have told. An overpowering lethargy had come over him, but it was a lethargy that could be converted into flame at a moment's notice.

Wilber sauntered to the other end of his luxuriantly furnished apartment and picked up a guitar. At that moment Paul Ward entered with his customary rush, threw an armload of books on the stand, and began to execute a fantastic dance, interpolating it occasionally with a punch aimed at Wilber's back.

"Now see here, old dear, why the exuberant outburst?"

"Matter enough," replied the irrepressible roommate. "I have a letter from Dad saying he has decided to take us all to Europe for the summer, and here is the notice of our departure in the paper."

"Congratulations," responded Wilber warmly, "let me see the writeup."

Wilber picked up the paper while Paul rattled on. "Yes, now I have my chance to see Switzerland, Germany, and the famous art galleries of Italy, and who knows but I will—" his words stopped abruptly at sight of Wilber's face.

"I say, roomy, what so attracts your august gaze?"

"Nothing in particular," Wilber said, trying to appear indifferent. "Isn't it time for your logic?"

"So it is, bye-bye," and snatching up a book, Paul ran out.

Immediately on his withdrawal, Wilber seated himself comfortably and again read the society column of Paul's paper. His absorbed attention was focussed on one little article occupying not more than an inch or two near the bottom. This is what he read:

"Since the recent and mysterious disappearance of Nita Carroll, daughter of the American Ambassador to England, who has never been heard from since with her father she explored the dungeons of the historical castle on the Isle of Man, a certain credence is being given the nearly forgotten legend that for centuries has given the fortress color in the eyes of the superstitious natives. The local authorities are more and more convinced that her peculiar case is merely a repetition of many similar ones that have occurred in the past."

"By Jove! Who says there is no adventure in this world," Wilber exclaimed enthusiastically. "I wonder what that legend is, and how it relates to Miss Carroll's disappearance?" His face became bright with a new born idea.

"I have it!" he cried. "I will go to the Isle of Man for the summer and look into this case."

Full of energy over his plan, he could scarcely wait for Paul's return to tell him of his decision. Paul fairly whooped for joy at the announcement. "It's just what I hoped for, but I did not know whether or not to ask you. And now if you love your roommate, don't get your head knocked off for prowling into other people's business."

II

The day was hot and dry, and the roads were sweltering under layers of accumulated dust. Wilber, toiling up the turnpike towards the castle, felt that seldom had he known a more depressing day or one more pregnant with possibilities. The very stillness of the summer air bespoke a latent uneasiness. The peasants who had passed him had eyed him with seeming distrust. All Nature conspired to key his emotions up to the highest tension.

At last the welcome spires of the grim castle gladdened Wilber's eyes. A few more steps and the goal of his long journey would be reached. The first critical survey disclosed nothing that would distinguish the castle from any other of the numerous ones scattered throughout Europe. It was built of great stones now darkened with age; high towers or lookouts projected upwards at regular intervals, while narrow slits in the stones served for windows. Though it was not now used as a military post, the governor had a few soldiers stationed there to guard the estate. Some of these soldiers were strolling

about under the trees. One of them came forward at Wilber's approach, and learning that he wished to see the governor, courteously offered to conduct him to the waiting room.

While walking up the gravelled path, Wilber interrogated the guide.

"I understand, sir, that there are some very interesting stories connected with the castle. Are you acquainted with any of them?"

The soldier looked up instantly and eyed him sharply. He replied, slowly and guardedly, "Sir, it is unfortunate that I, being a soldier, cannot answer you fully. But strange things have happened under these walls; yes, mighty strange things. This place carries the curse of uncounted men who have suffered beneath those halls."

Wilber's curiosity was still further aroused by the man's hesitating words. "It is true then that Miss Carroll disappeared while visiting here?"

"I repeat that I am not at liberty to tell you more."

The problem was far more intricate than Wilber had at first realized. With his limited supply of information, he was lost in the mazes of speculation. There was no more time for pondering the question, however, for they had now reached the massive front door. His guide gave him into the charge of a footman and returned to the grounds. The story of how Wilber won the governor's hospitality and friendship is not important in this narrative. It is sufficient to say that he did gain his confidence by sheer personality. The old governor took a great liking to the energetic young American, and made him an honored guest. Seated one evening in the executive's den, the two men enjoyed a confidential chat before retiring. Wilber skillfully turned the conversation toward that topic uppermost in his mind.

"Sir," Wilber began, "there reached me some time ago a paper containing the account of a legend connected with this castle. Would you mind telling me about it?" Wilber fairly trembled in his shoes at his own temerity, but the mischief was out. The old man puffed silently for several minutes before answering.

"Yes, there is a story of this castle, though as an educated man I cannot believe it entirely. It is too impossible for credence. Yet the people of the island believe it as confidently as they believe in the castle's existence. The legend is something as follows:

"This castle was built four hundred years ago, and was used by the early governors as a prison. There are two floors of dungeons below the first dungeon, that for centuries have never been fully explored. Many a dark

deed is said to have been committed in those underground rooms; many a man has gone into them and never been heard from again. Consequently, the simple folk of the island have come to look upon the castle as a thing accursed. The story you refer to is that somewhere in the lowest dungeon there lives a specter hound that appears to an inmate of the castle immediately before death. This hound is like none ever seen before; it is enormously large, with huge jaws from which blood continually drips. During my life time, no one has seen the dog, but in the rule of my grandfather, two soldiers of the guard rushed into the hall, gasped out the intelligence that they had seen the hound, and fell dead—the doctors said heart failure. It is my conviction that both had imbibed too freely of our island beverage, and that their imaginations did the rest. However, since my son ran away as a result of a foolish quarrel six years ago, I have not paid any attention to the chatter of the natives. His leaving took all the heart out of me."

The old governor sat with bowed head, deep in reveries of the past.

"Governor, would it be possible for me to visit the dungeons tomorrow and see the place where this dog is said to appear?" Then as if to explain his eagerness, Wilber added apologetically, "I am intensely interested in history and folk lore. This is the most interesting story I have ever heard, and I would consider it a great favor to be allowed to visit those dungeons."

"Why certainly, my friend; I will furnish you with a guide tomorrow evening, for only at night does the hound appear," laughed the governor; "besides, the soldiers sleep in that room, and their yarns might interest you. In the meantime, let us return to the ladies or they will become jealous."

The following evening as Wilber was making preparations for his tour of subterranean exploration, the governor said curiously, "Do you realize that you are doing something that no native would dream of doing?"

"Is the fear, then, so universal?" Wilber asked lightly.

"No man in the island but would rather be quartered than go into the dungeons at night. He would think that such a trip was walking straight into the jaws of a terrible death." Noticing Wilber's look of mirth, he added with a laugh, "But you are an American, so I suppose you will go anyway. I will call the sergeant. Be careful and don't let the dog get you."

"All right, governor, I'll watch my step, as we say back home."

Hall after hall was traversed; they had descended three flights of stairs and still the

end was not reached. The stone corridors received no ray of light. Water oozed through the rocks and trickled down to the pavement. Clamminess, coldness, mystery, terror characterized these dungeons. At the end of the longest hall, the party came out into a room dimly lighted by torches. The soldiers of the castle lounged in this room, some smoking, some sleeping, and others trying to read by the faint glow. The guide introduced him, and saying that Wilber was there by the governor's permission to spend the night, he retired. Wilber, sitting on the floor amid those picturesque surroundings, forgot his neighbors and indulged in mind pictures. He came to himself with a start and realized that his nearest neighbor was talking.

"And the hound never runs, but walks slow and soft, and keeps his eyes on his man." Wilber surmised that the mysterious animal was the subject under discussion, so aroused himself. But to his disappointment, the men lapsed into profound silence.

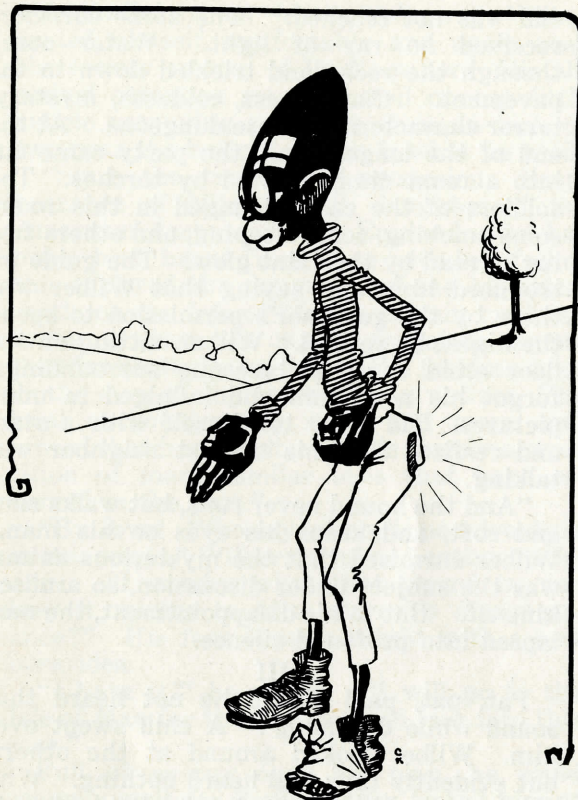
III

Pat, pat, pat! Had he not heard that sound while dreaming? A chill swept over him. Wilber looked around at the others, but evidently they had heard nothing. Why did men sleep in such a place? Pat, pat, pat! It must be the water dripping from the ceiling in the hall. Yet no water ever sounded just like that. Pat, pat, pat! Louder this time. No, that was not water. Maybe there was a guard in the passage. Wilber looked restlessly over his shoulder. Thank heaven, one man was awake! Pat, pat, pat! The other man now looked intently, and lay as if cut from marble. Pat, pat, pat! It was very near and in the hall; the soldier, catching Wilber's significant glance, suddenly realized its meaning and turned chalky white. With a desperate kick he awakened the sleepers.

"For God's sake, men, listen in the hall!" His agonized voice caused the men to arouse themselves instantly.

Pat, pat, pat. Every eye was strained on the blackness of the hall. Again came the soft pat, pat, pat. Every padded sound of the unknown Thing sent a tremor of terror through the men, who, with wide eyes and clenched fists, with tense bodies and pallid faces, gazed at the place where the Unknown would appear. The pat, pat was continuous now. Then into their sight came two great, savage eyes! Behind the eyes was an enormous form, and almost without a sound into their midst trotted a hound of hell, from whose open jaws dripped blood, from whose eyes shot rays of fire, and whose body gave off lurid flashes of lightning which dazzled

(Continued on Page 30)



Dat mule am sure sure-footed,
The best I ever see.
Three times upon the self-same spot
Dat mule has done kicked me!

* * * * *

HE GOT TWO WEEKS

Judge—"You have been found guilty of petty larceny. What do you want, ten days or ten dollars?"
Guilty Party—"I'll take the money."

* * * * *

AGITATO

I loved to hear her voice.
Ah—she was wondrous!
And one night
As I sat alone
She sang to me.
I trembled with emotion
When in her clear tones
She trilled, "I love you, you alone,
Dear, I love only you."
Passion overwhelmed me.
I was unable to control myself
And with a mighty leap
I cleared the table
And reached out my eager arms
To clasp—the record
For the needle had already scratched it.

A BALLAD OF LOGA RITHM, THE TRIGONOMETRIC DRAGON

Loga is a monster bold,
His home is at the pole.
A freshman who can trip him up
Must have a learned soul.

Tangent to the polar house
He keeps his x-y plane,
And seated on the parabola,
Hyperboloids down the lane.

"Sphere! Sphere!" he cried in axis wild,
As south he x-y-z's.
Away run all the little curves,
And form in groups of threes.

They stand all in a linear line,
Determinant on a plot,
And when he turns the angle round,
The function rages hot.

Oh, Loga is a monster bold—
Cares not for theta or rho.
He leaves to approach infinity,
The curves approach O.

* * * * *

ZOWIE

Spink—"You don't talk like a college graduate."

Spank—"No, I've gradually broken myself of the habit by cultivating people who speak good English."

* * * * *

TO OUR ALUMNI

Consider the cheese
When old age frets;
The older it grows
The stronger it gets.

* * * * *

MOVING LETTERS

Harvard Pater—"Every time I get a letter from my son, it sends me to the dictionary."

Cornell Pater—"Every time I get a letter from my son, it sends me to the bank."

* * * * *

A CURIOUS PHENOMENON

There is a cat in our home
And it is wondrous fat;
It don't have any kittens 'cause
It ain't that kind of cat.

* * * * *

TOWARD THE END OF THE MONTH

What is the difference between me and my featherbed?

One is hard up, the other soft down.

A SENSELESS NOVEL

By Phelan Steacock

This, Gentle Reader, is a love story. It is the story of Ichabod—not Ichabod Crane, but Ichabod Van Dusen. Van Dusen! A name that came over in the Mayflower, a name that had been revered and venerated for ages. There had been, for instance, a great-grandfather, Cabbage Van Dusen, a wealthy manufacturer of free soup. There had been Arntcha Van Dusen, whose experiments with catsup dyes made the name famous and glorious. And so on, down to Ichabod—but Ichabod was what is technically called a black sheep. He had done nothing except to spend, in riotous living, the fortune which his ancestors had accumulated. And Ichabod was the last of the Van Dusens.

But fear not for Ichabod, Gentle Reader! The stern qualities of his ancestors still flowed through his veins, and spouted forth whenever he suffered an attack of epistaxis. He had merely been sowing his wild oats; and now—Ichabod was in love. Alas, he who dances must pay the piper, and Ichabod, deeply immersed in love, had only one million dollars left on which to get married. Who would think of getting married on a million dollars today? But with the fierce courage of his forefathers, he decided not to drown his sorrow and grief, but to earn the money necessary to feed and clothe a wife, and have the washing done as well. Who says that blood does not count?

And so, Gentle Reader, we come to our story. It is a spring morning, a beautiful spring morning. Never had the world seemed so bright. Never had the old homestead on Fifth Avenue seemed so attractive to Ichabod, as with tearful eyes he took a last farewell look at it. What tender memories were enshrined therein! Here he had first kicked his nurse, and here he had first thrown a plate at his maternal parent. But Ichabod was brave. Sighing deeply, he turned his back, and drew after him the little cart on which was a heap of dollar bills—one million, Gentle Reader.

But how to win the necessary fortune? He thought of the fair Olga, as she sliced and cleaned fish in the fish-shop. She would be thinking of him. The thought was maddening. He touched the bruise on his chin, where, with a last fond caress, she had floored him for the count of nine. Olga had strange ways, but her heart was pure gold.

Still he pondered. Then, with a flash, the solution came to his fevered brain. Monte Carlo! Blood again carried the day. The Dutch and English in him, not to mention half a dozen thimblefuls of Scotch, suggested careful investments and tedious labor, but the American demanded Monte Carlo. Monte Carlo it was.

And how to get there? A terrible question—ah! an aeroplane. Anxiously he sought out aviators, but none would venture a flight. Was Ichabod beat? No, Gentle Reader, most decidedly not. True, the cost of the aeroplane left him only one dollar. But it was Monte Carlo or bust, you know—blood again.

Ichabod's visit to Monte Carlo is too well known in financial history to bear repeating here. How he landed with one dollar; how he matched pennies, pitched nickels, rolled dice, and gave fearful odds; and how, at last, with typical American pluck and zeal, he broke the bank, is common knowledge. And do you think that success, do you think that the fact that he was a self-made man turned Ichabod's head? No again, most decidedly not. Ichabod was true to his love. Oh, what a power Love has over the destinies of man. Love, that makes school-boys sneak out after dark; Love, that makes school-girls dreamy-eyed and vacant-minded. Love had made a man of Ichabod!

And so Ichabod returned home. What an ovation was his! One week ago he had left, a failure. Now he returned a public hero. But what cared Ichabod for fame? He hurried to the fish-shop—to Olga. She was not there. He became frantic. And then, Gentle Reader, he discovered what you expected. He who says that "absence makes the heart grow fonder" lies foully. Love is subjective, not objective. Olga had married her old flame, the hang-man.

Do you think that Ichabod committed suicide? Do you think he ran and jumped in the lake? No. Blood will tell. He married her mother. —R. S. B.

SOME JESNE!

There is a young girl in Duquesne
Who would give you a horrible pesne,
For when she goes out
There's never a doubt
That she has a young man on her bresne.

Stained Glass Windows

By Dorothy Breeze, '24

You have entered a church at sunset, when the last long rays of light streaming through the stained glass windows lent a deeper air of sacredness to the place than could ever be felt in a building of worship, be it chapel or cathedral, in which the windows were the plain, transparent variety of our every-day existence. More than half the feeling of reverence experienced upon entering a church is produced by the stained glass windows.

And you have, perhaps, stood in the hallway of some old mansion, full of threadbare remnants of an almost forgotten splendor. Was not the sense of mystery you experienced, the sense of being conveyed into the past, enhanced by the dim light filtering through the small, dark windows?

It is with these thoughts in mind that I make my unpretentious contribution to the world; whether it should be accepted by the world of science or by the world of architecture, you may be the judge.

Would it not be an excellent plan to build dwelling-houses in which different attitudes of mind or conditions of feeling could be produced in different rooms? Think what a sense of power you would have if you were able to control the feelings of your guests! Think how your own efficiency would be increased because of your ability to frame your own moods!

On a gray day, when the leaden atmosphere seems to press a heavy finger upon the world, a room with rose colored windows would shut out all the gloom, and bestow instead the "rosy outlook on life" so celebrated by rising young writers who have not yet learned to be original.

When an unwelcome visitor calls, have him shown into the room with indigo windows. While you maintain your reputation for hospitality, you can produce upon him such a violent and morbid attack of the "blues" that he will leave the depressing atmosphere of your home with all possible speed.

I have known persons who were ambitious, but who lacked the power of concentrating upon serious studies, whose minds loafed at every little bypath of thought, and never reached the goal. Let these, the leisurely ambitious, fit brown panes of glass to their windows. By means of the "brown study" thus created, they cannot fail to make rapid progress in their quest of knowledge. It

might even be advisable to fit all school room windows with brown glass.

To the city man, longing for the restfulness of the country, green glass, with touches of yellow, would furnish a wonderful and economical vacation; a summery effect could be produced with facility in winter by green glass, with vari-colored spots to give a suggestion of flowers; red glass would produce a sense of warmth on bleak days; and yellow glass would furnish an admirable substitute for sunshine during a rain.

Why should there not be hospitals established in which stained glass could be used as cure for various maladies? After a little skillful advertising, the plan ought to arouse popular enthusiasm. Would not the restless public eye be attracted by the following?

"Stained Glass Rest Cure.
Jumpy Nerves Quieted at
The Stained Glass Sanitarium."

"Are you troubled with Grouchiness?
Try the Marvelous New Color Cure.
Hearts lightened speedily,
Brains refreshed scientifically."

Nay, the time may even come when the dwellers of two-room flats will have all the remarkable advantages of stained glass. There is a real opportunity for some struggling inventor to write his name boldly in the Hall of Fame, by devising a method of changing the panes of glass in a window, so as to produce many different effects in a single room.

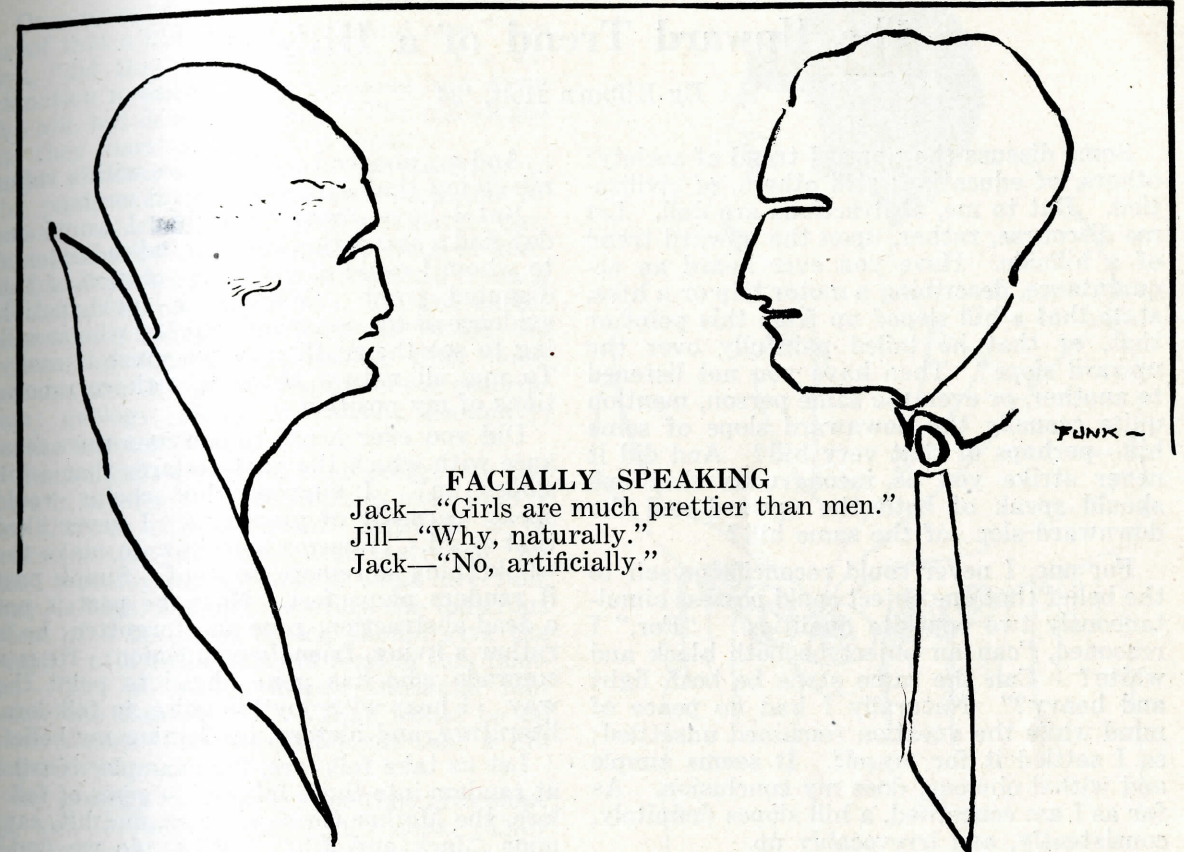
Why not? For years, men skilled in art have labored to perfect the stained glass window, that it might appeal the more strongly to our aesthetic sense. Has not the time almost arrived when these windows are to play a greater part in our lives than heretofore? Surely the future of the stained glass window is to be far more glorious than its past.

ARTISTIC MAMMA!

Little Girl—"I want a package of pink dye, please."

Drug Clerk—"What do you want it for—woolen or cotton goods?"

Little Girl—"Neither. It's for mamma's stomach. The doctor said she'd have to diet, and she wants it a pretty color."



FACIALLY SPEAKING

Jack—"Girls are much prettier than men."
Jill—"Why, naturally."
Jack—"No, artificially."

DENISONISMS

There are some very funny words,
And funny phrases too,
That you will hear in daily use
On the campus of D. U.

You say you "fuss" a certain girl,
When usually 'tis true
That she's not worried in the least—
The one that's fussed is you.

The cave man stuff is almost gone
And courtesy's in front;
But why say, when you've had a date,
You "dragged" her to the stunt?

"To scheme" means something quite unlike
What Noah Webster knew;
He said it meant to plot or plan,
While here it means to do.

I may be growing older and
My senses may be dimmed,
But when a man gets smooth regrets
Why does he say he's "rimmed?"

Just one thing here is rightly named,
For very sure I am
That better words could not be found
To fit the "General Jam."
—A. F. T.

Once upon a time
A foolish dog
Bit his own
Tail.
He said,
"That's the end
Of me."
But it wasn't
Wholesale suicide
For he had to be
Retailled.
Every dog
Has his day
But this dog
Had a week end.
Isn't that a
Dog-gone
Story?
* * * * *

HOW PROVOKING

A Japanese, finding himself unable to attend a banquet because his wife had eloped, sent this telegram:

"My absence is impossible. My wife has been removed. My God, I am annoyed."
* * * * *

Pish—"That singer's voice reminds me of a pirate."

Shaw—"How come?"

Pish—"Rough on the high seas."

The Upward Trend of a Hillside

By Kilburn Holt, '24

Some discuss the upward trend of society; others, of education; still others, of civilization. But to me, abstractions are dull. Let me discourse, rather, upon the upward trend of a hillside. Have you ever heard an acquaintance, describing a motor trip or a hike, state that a hill sloped up from this point or that, or that he toiled painfully over the upward slope? Then have you not listened to another, or even the same person, mention quite casually the downward slope of some hill—perhaps of that very hill? And did it never strike you as incongruous that one should speak of both the upward and the downward slope of the same hill?

For one, I never could reconcile myself to the belief that one object could possess simultaneously two opposite qualities. "For," I reasoned, "can an object be both black and white? Can the same stone be both light and heavy?" Naturally I had no peace of mind while the question remained unsettled; so I settled it for myself. It seems simple and withal obvious, does my conclusion. As far as I am concerned, a hill slopes definitely, consistently, and irrevocably up.

At first I was foolish enough to attempt to correct in others the error which had so disturbed me. But verily reform is a thankless mission, and I have long since abandoned others to their own ignorant perversion. He that is unreasonable, let him be unreasonable still. I must confess, however, to an unkind and unholy glee in bewildering the most aggressive of my critics on this point. Did you ever use that simple bit of sophistry, disconcerting in its very obviousness, whereby one seems to prove that black is white? When, as happens now and then, some benighted ignoramus, possessed of more stubbornness than courtesy, ridicules my explanation of the matter, I am just revengeful enough—perhaps just human enough—to delight in nonplussing him with that time-worn fallacy.

"Very well, my dear sir," I concede. "We will even momentarily grant that you are correct, and that a hill does not slope up. You surely will admit that either a hill does slope up or it does not?"

"Oh, certainly," he acquiesces, with innocent promptness.

"Well then," I triumphantly conclude, "a hill either does slope up or it does not. If it does not, then it does!"

And my abashed critic retires with a vague misgiving that something is all wrong.

But I have always felt that I would one day find a sympathetic, unprejudiced listener, to whom I could disclose my solution of this disputed point. With such inexhaustible evidence at his command, anyone who is willing to see the truth may recognize it easily. To me, all nature abounds with corroborations of my position.

Did you ever pause to consider the assurance with which the past declares that a hill slopes up? I suppose the scholar would speak learnedly of precedent. I never liked that word. It seems somehow to make the whole thing so remote, so aloof. Simple past it renders pluperfect. Now the past is not a dead abstraction, gone and forgotten; he is rather a living, friendly companion. He is a comrade who has gone ahead to point the way. I hear with joy his voice, in folk-lore, literature, and history, confirming my belief.

Let us take folk-lore, for example. Strike at random into those inimitable gems of folk-lore, the Mother Goose rhymes, and hit, say, upon "Jack and Jill." What do we find? Why, that "Jack and Jill went up the hill to fetch a pail of water." It is perfectly evident that in order for the children to go up the hill, the hill must needs slope up. Of course there are those who will immediately cite the line, "Jack fell down," etc. But surely there is nothing in the text stating that they fell down the hill. Without doubt they merely tumbled down on the top of the hill.

Leaving virtually untouched the wealth of tradition, let us come to literature, the written statement of the past. Just as poetry is conceded to be the sublimest form of literature, so is Longfellow conceded to be the sublimest American poet. Read the gem of poesy wherein he describes so vividly the ascent of the Alps by a youth. What word is ever on his lips? "Excelsior"—higher! And yet, I realize that even now, in the presence of this hallowed verse, someone with memories of packing-cases recently opened will submit that this argument is valueless because excelsior is but trash.

Do you thrill at the daring exploits of history? Then recall this stirring and undying couplet of martial heroism:—

"The king of France marched up the hill with twenty thousand men;

The king of France marched up the hill, and then marched down again."

Once more we see that men went up a hill—proof that a hill slopes up. "And how," you ask, "did they get down again?" The explanation is easy. They marched, not down the hill, but down the slope. The hill sloped up, they marched down the slope.

But of what use are all these references to the past, except they be substantiated by present knowledge? This is a scientific age. Science is the first resort and the final authority for all decisions. Now since a hill is made of earth, let me remind you that the earth-sciences say today what they said of old. As a lover of Greek, I remember that these sciences are three: geography, earth description; geology, earth formation; geometry, earth measurement.

Immediately we notice that geography and I are in accord. Our geographies used to give the altitude of a mountain. Altitude is, of course, nothing less than a derivative of "altus," meaning high. And in what direction, pray, is high, but up? Picture the ludicrous effect of a text-book which should give the "depth" of a hill, or should read in this fashion—"The hill drops fifteen thousand feet below the cloud level." That would be no more absurd than the statement that a hill slopes down.

My geology also teaches me that hills slope up, and for a very excellent reason. They were made that way. I shall cite but one instance. You recall how, on a layer of bed-rock, a city or stronghold was erected. Then, like ancient Troy, it fell into ruin and was covered with the dust and debris of centuries, and a new layer was added. Then a forest decayed on the site, and the rise grew higher. So, with the passing of the ages, a hill came into being. But did you ever hear of a layer of rock being deposited in mid-air, and having added beneath it layer after layer, until finally the ground was reached and the hill formed? A hill cannot slope down, then, because it was not made that way.

I have the most profound respect for that crowning earth-science, geometry. Its method of process, accuracy of result, and finality of proof fascinate me. I never tire of its varied forms. Did you ever prove a theorem which concerned not points, but temperature; not angles, but dogs; not circles, but refrigerators? If not, you can have no conception of how absorbing it is. Even if you have, I doubt whether you ever realized its significant importance in proving that the trend of a hillside is an upward one. Forgive me then, gentle reader, if I offer you a chestnut in a new burr.

I will show you a dog, an ice-chest, and a hill. Presto! I will prove that a hill is a slope up. I can at this moment recall just



FOX PASS

Noted Explorer—"You know, the poles exert a great attraction upon me; they charm me, for it is all a gamble, and no man knows whether he will succeed or fail."

Dum Dum Dora—"And may I ask what office you ran for last?"

how my superannuated professor of mathematics, peering over his spectacles, would drone out the proof from the figure before him. In his monotonous sing-song he would proceed, "Given: a hill, and a puppy in an ice-chest. To prove: that a hill is a slope up. Proof: A hill is equal to an inclined plane. Now by temperature axiom 23, a cold animal, being numbed, moves slowly. Therefore a puppy in an ice-chest is a slow pup. But an inclined plane is also a slope up."

Then I hear him conclude, with complacent satisfaction, "Now if a hill is an inclined plane, and a puppy in an ice-chest is a slow pup; then, since an inclined plane is also a slope up, a hill is a slope up. For things equal to the same thing are equal to each other."

And I murmur, reverently and contentedly, "Quod erat demonstrandum."

REDBIRD

I saw your crimson flash curvingly
Over the sluggish Raccoon,
And light on an old dead sycamore,
Mudstained, shabby, and gray.
There you sat bobbing from side to side
Mid the stranded flood-drift grass and wood;
And the sycamore's ugliness faded out
When on it you splashed that light.

You heard the call from an old elm tree.
You darted. I wished you had stayed
So did the sycamore—I didn't care
To look at it when you had gone.

BRIGHT

Down in the puddle at my feet
Black with the night-light
God had dropped three stars;
Golden shimmering pin-head things,
Darting tiny, tiny tongues of fire.

They looked up at me;
Seemed to ask me something:
If I could see what God had lavished there
On muddy water in a crooked flagstone;
There at my feet they quivered,
Challenging, inscrutable;
And their beauty clutched at me.

Very softly I stepped round the puddle.
I had almost
Splashed them into nothingness.

ELUSION

April flitted in to me this morning
And cut my dream-thread.
She tossed me an air-kiss,
Danced in the sun-rays of my carpet,
And loosed a myriad lingering ghosts of
flowers—
Vague scents that nudge the memory.

I tried to grasp her,
To lay hold of her
And catch her piquancy:
A pink-and-gold shot world reached spirit
fingers
To draw her off.
She leaped and followed to the dew-tipped
grasses
Leaving me open-armed, fast-breathing,
Full of her laugh impalpable. —E. D. T.

Ed—"Why are professors like cold cream?"
Co-ed—"Break it gently."
Ed—"They're not good for much except to
smear a chap."

I climbed Parnassus in the evening sun—
Comrade Parnassus, hitherto unhymned;
I saw toward the east the valley dimmed;
I heard make music as the day was done
The meadowlarks and crickets; one by one
Rooftop and spire faded, as evening
brimmed
Granville, low-nestling—only westward
rimmed
With flame-vermilion glories just begun.

Alien, I watched—half pondering, half pos-
sessed
By the swift vision of old years made plain,
Till, suddenly, as dreams in dream unfold,
saw come winging toward me from the west
Out of the sun's bright heart an aeroplane
Cleaving the surge of incandescent gold.
—C. H. D.

CHAPIN WALK

Alumni of Denison will long remember
Charles Chapin, or, as they better knew him,
Deacon Chapin, who lived back of the college
in an old red brick house, now a part of the
college farm.

Deacon Chapin, who was greatly interested
in education, always delighted in student
friendships, and college men and women were
greatly attracted to the old homestead. It
was a real beauty then, with its thrifty
trumpet vines, its old-fashioned flowering
rose bushes, and its apple-trees bending
toward the ground with their ripening fruit.

Mr. Chapin and Emmaline Rose, a girl
known throughout the town for her great
beauty, were graduates of Denison in the late
forties. About a year after graduation they
were married and came to the old Rose home-
stead, where they lived for sixty-five years.
Their married life was unique. The husband
was always very gallant, and was constantly
on the watch to do his wife little kindnesses,
such as helping her on with her rubbers,
assisting her over little creeks, or carrying
her Bible to church for her. He was visibly
in love with her, even after a married life of
sixty-five years. He might well have been
descended from a knight of the Round Table,
or some other hero of the days of chivalry,
when courtesy to women was the crowning
virtue of man.

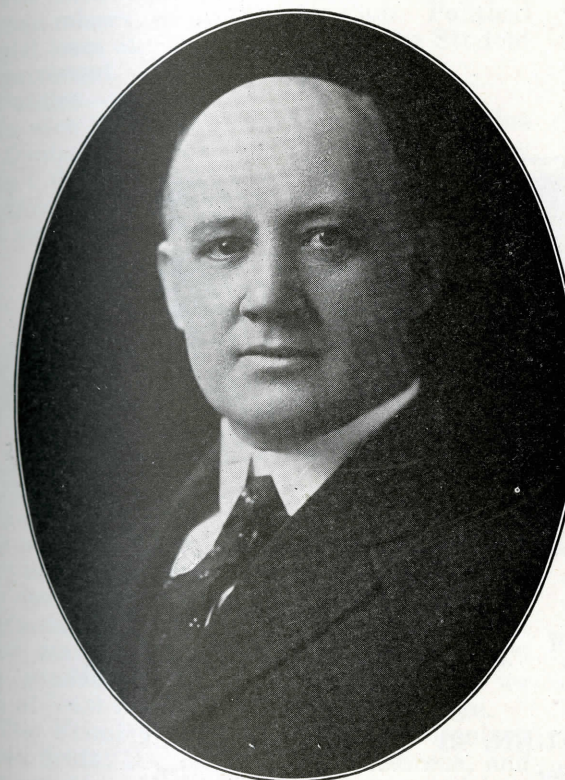
Deacon Chapin died in 1916, at ninety-one
years of age. A year later his wife, who had
constantly mourned her loss, followed her
husband.

It is for this affectionate couple that
Chapin Walk has been named, and the little
old-fashioned stiles and rustic gateways of
the path may well suggest the romance of
these two.

Denison's Hall of Fame**JUSTIN W. NIXON**

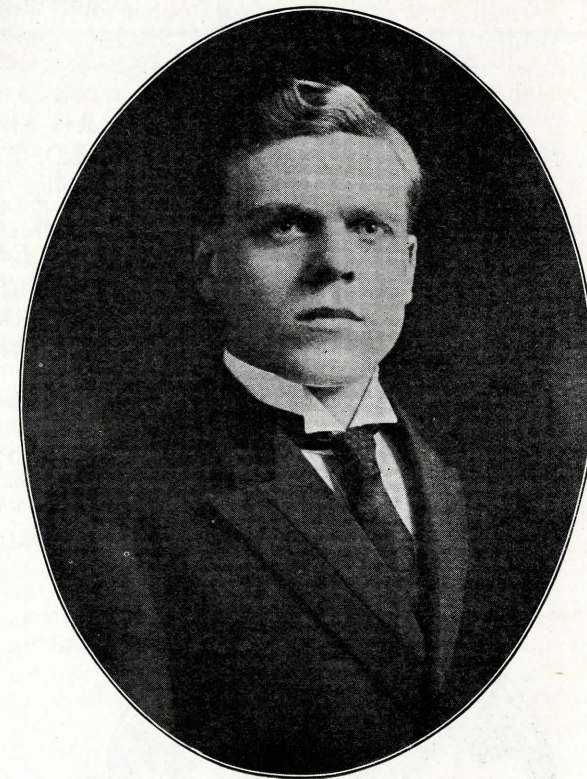
Justin W. Nixon, '05, showed in col-
lege capabilities as a public speaker that
have since developed to the extent that
he is often called "the modern Elijah,"
and successor to Dr. Rauschenbusch.
He represented Denison in intercollegi-
ate oratorical contests, and was a par-
ticipant in all forms of class athletics.

He is at present Professor of Eng-
lish Bible and Christian Sociology in
Rochester Theological Seminary.

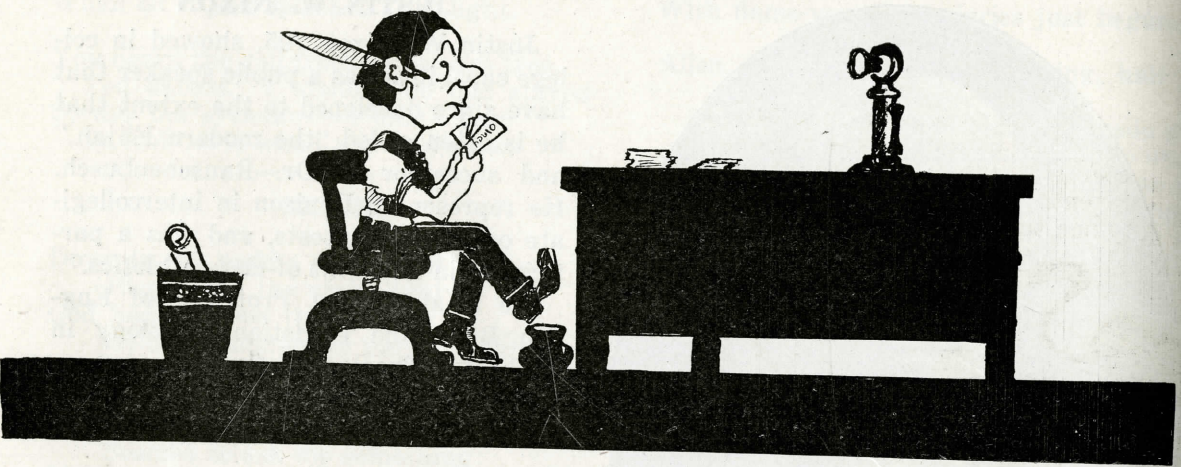
**WALLACE H. CATHCART**

Wallace H. Cathcart, '90, is an alum-
nus who has maintained close relations
with his Alma Mater, and is now a
trustee of the university.

It was said that while in Denison he
knew every book in the library by heart.
Although he maintains that this state-
ment is somewhat overdrawn, it never-
theless shows where his interests lie.
His present official title is Vice President
and Director of the Western Reserve
Historical Society.



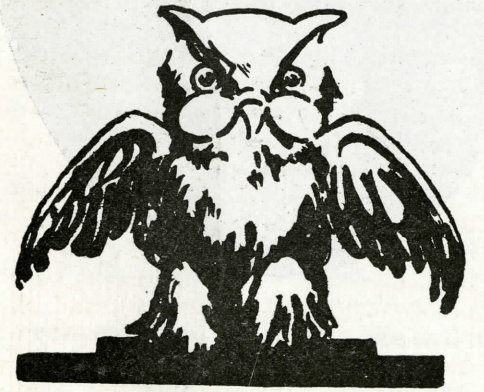
FLAMINGO



Volume I APRIL, 1921 Number 2

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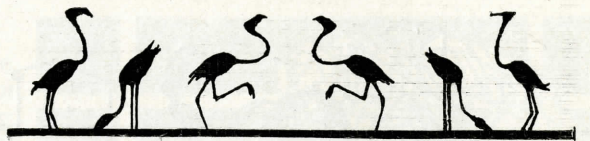
The Flamingo is published eight times during the college year by The Flamingo Club of Denison University, Granville, Ohio. Subscription price, two dollars per annum; single, copies, twenty-five cents.



The Mystic Bird welcomes all the new student officers—the presidents, editors, managers, and captains for 1921-22—and wishes success to their year's reign over the Dome of Heaven. Congratulations are extended to the lucky ones who have landed positions of glory, and condolences to those less fortunate, who have been picked for jobs that carry heavy duties and responsibilities, perhaps without due recognition.

And that naturally brings us to the subject of politics—which is what we wanted to talk about in the first place.

The Dome of Heaven has always prided itself on its freedom from politics. A condition which would be unnatural and impos-

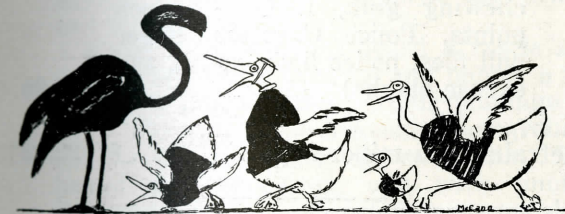


sible in a great university is not only eminently desirable but fully attainable in the small college. Denison may not have reached the ideal in this respect; but is it not true, that consciously and definitely planned fraternity combinations (the usual form of college political organization) are unknown on the Hill?

The Bird hears grumbling now and then. A man misses out on the Glee Club. Politics! A girl loses an expected place on the Student Government. Politics!

Politics—your eye!

In nine cases out of ten, the best man wins at Denison. If you lost, it was because you didn't deserve to win. We admit the exceptional tenth case—but we can logically bet ten to one that you are not it!



The Flamingo of the future will be the result of a process of evolution. Issue number one was not by any means all we had hoped for; nor, for that matter, is this issue, number two. But the Bird is, we trust, already beginning to take on a little individuality. A good many pin-feathers still show through the gradually developing plumage; but we can at least see the color of that plumage.

The Flamingo aims to cover for Denison three fields: the literary, the humorous, and the artistic. In a large university, and in a few smaller, more highly developed colleges, these several fields are cared for by separate periodicals. Denison can support only one magazine at the present time. That must be a good one.

Unexpected difficulty has been met with in securing material for the Flamingo—due, no doubt, as much to hesitancy as to inexperience. Among nine hundred students, there surely are fifty or a hundred who possess the various kinds of talent that can be displayed to advantage in these pages. Yet hardly more than a dozen have contributed so far.

The Flamingo is to you an opportunity. It is a chance to hand out that humorous line that makes you popular with the women; a place for recognition of your good original work in serious verse and prose; a canvas for the embryo artist or cartoonist; and last but not least, a chance for the budding prince of finance to win his spurs.

We repeat: **The Flamingo is your opportunity.**
Grasp it!

One amiable characteristic of the college man is his willingness to burst into song on any or no provocation. Whether he can sing or not makes no difference. The loyal Alpha Mu Phi who can't carry a tune in a basket is as eager to warble "For You are My Sweetheart" as the leading tenor of the Glee Club. With this single drawback, the custom of frequent singing is a very pleasing and delightful college tradition, and perhaps aids more in the fostering of college spirit than any other one thing except athletics.

About three weeks ago, thirty or forty students were congregated in the gallery of the Auditorium theater at Newark. It was half an hour before the rise of the curtain. All lights were suddenly switched off. Immediately a song was started—"Let the Rest of the World Go By," and was followed by another, and another. The harmony was fairly good; the citizens in the audience showed their appreciation by vigorous clapping; everyone enjoyed the dark ten minutes. What matter if the songs ceased abruptly when the lights came on again? The boys had given themselves and a few hundred others a good time—perhaps had destroyed some benighted old crab's prejudice against "rah-rah boys."

At a meeting of the Scientific Association two years ago, the large Physics lecture room was filled. While waiting for the popular man who was to lecture, the crowd began to sing. When the speaker arrived, and a professor arose to introduce him, they kept on singing. They made him wait for fifteen minutes; he, being a wise man, smiled. Perhaps it was slightly discourteous, though not so intended. Anyhow, the result was an exceedingly good-humored and attentive audience, such as a lecturer is rarely privileged to face.

Fraternity life, of course, fosters song. Most of us sing twice a day at table, and often at other times. It is safe to say that the average student's voice is improved a hundred per cent by four years of frequent practice. What a fine thing the whole tendency is—for the college, the group, and the man!

A few years ago, we used to have college sings at Denison. The warm weather is here again. Let's revive the old custom, and all gather round the bonfire up on Shepardson campus some fine evening—girls too—and sing the old favorites till we're hoarser than frogs!



FINIS

"I just got fired."
 "What for?"
 "For good."

MANLET'S SOLILOQUY

Apologies to William

To fuss, or not to fuss, that is the question—
 Whether 'tis better in the end to respond
 To the sweet smile and to the baby stare,
 The soulful gaze of a dreamy, dark-eyed
 maiden,

The quizzical lifted eyebrow of the vamp,
 Or to remain unmoved by all these wiles,
 And by disdain, spurn them? To fuss—to
 date—

No more! Perchance she will Dick Smith me.
 'Tis ten to one she's vamped a hundred
 others—

Who knows? She only, and she will not tell.
 Brace up, and be a man! Despise the flappers
 Who turn you down for Arrow-Collar models!
 The pangs of disprized love, of broken dates—
 Who willingly would groan beneath their
 yoke?

She shall not have the chance to flout me
 thus,

For I'll not ask her. Nay, I swear I'll not!
 I'll fuss no more. A free man I—Who's there?
 Oh! prithee, stay and chat with me awhile.
 No? Must you be going? Wait a minute—
 About you do you happen, now, to have
 A one-cent stamp? I thank you. Well, ta-ta!

A SONG

Entitled: "If Dad Went to College Today."

Tune: "That's Where My Money Goes."

Tuition \$100.00 Room \$ 90.00
 Board 225.00 Books 20.00

Chorus (with feeling)

Cigarettes for the gang \$120.00

Poker, craps, and other forms of
 innocent amusement 400.00

(Note: This figure is approxi-
 mate, but small enough.)

Corsages, candy, and other
 maintenance 129 00

Postage stamps 13.13

Miscellaneous (including Whizz
 Bangs, shoe strings, hair oil,
 chewing gum, I. O. U's, pen
 points, Police Gazettes, finger
 nail files, police fines, sodas, and
 excuse blanks) 524.69

Refrain (in a minor key) \$1922.32

PITY THE POOR MILLIONAIRE

When a rich man wants to get rid of his
 money, he has only two courses open to him.
 He can either give a million to charity, or
 send his son to college.

* * * * *

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

George V—"I am expecting George the
 Sixth."

Socialist—"That's nothing. I'm looking
 for May the First."



A STUDY IN STILL LIFE

A VISION OF CREATION

'Twas the morning after the night before.
 I had snatched only three hours of more or
 less fitful slumber, after a late bridge sitting,
 when a 7:30 class and a conscientious room-
 mate combined to drag me from my d. c. and
 start my unwilling feet on the long uphill
 drag. Is it strange, then, that I dozed off in
 the middle of a long and detailed explanation
 of metabolism, anabolism, and catabolism?

Thus ran my dream:

At the beginning of time, I, a spiritual
 entity suspended nowhere in black chaos,
 waited—for what, I knew not.

Of a sudden, the darkness faded and blue
 space appeared. Far, far off, a golden sphere
 emerged and shone brightly. A voice spake,
 saying, "Allow me to present the heavens
 and the sun."

While I marvelled, I heard a rustle as of
 many wings. I looked up and beheld a flock
 of angels approaching. Their plumage was
 blue—bluer than the heavenly background—
 and the tips of their wings were pink. They
 halted and consulted, one with another.
 Pointing wing tips directed my eyes down-
 ward. There, slowly and deliberately wing-
 ing his way upward, came a fiendish crea-
 ture, clad all in royal purple. He scoffed at
 the angels. What cared His Satanic Majesty
 for creature of pink and blue?

Then, midway between the angels and the
 devil, there appeared a speck. It grew, and
 grew. Scarlet fire belched from the mouths
 of great volcanoes; pure white snow appeared
 on the mountain tops; and the grass in the
 valleys was green. It was Earth.

I saw the argent of myriad waterfalls
 flashing in the sun, and the deep azure of the
 boundless ocean. People walked on the land.
 Kings with the devil in 'em, clad in purple
 robes, smote the poor people mightily, and
 all the nations save one endured without
 protest. The green isle of Erin alone cast
 out the kings, for its inhabitants were verily
 cocky in the extreme. One other people
 seemed not to mind the scourging of their
 oppressors, so intent were they on amassing
 shining bits of gold; these people had hooked
 noses.

Without warning, all these foolish mortals
 flew at each other's throats. The ground
 ran with purple blood. When all were dead,
 a million yellow dogs came around the corner
 and et 'em.

Then I found myself transported to a land
 of beauty. I lay on a shaded hammock in
 the center of a lovely garden. Here and
 there among the flowers grew tufts of green
 grass. The roses—the reds and yellows, and
 the Chatney roses—leaned over and caressed
 the verdant blades, and seemed to whisper



50,000 B. C.

Dr. A. Stoneaxe, president of Neolithic
 College, tells the student body that the
 Building Committee, in session at the City-
 of-great-caves, is on the verge of formulat-
 ing plans for a "Greater Neolith." As the
 freshmen are present, there is quite a bit of
 attention, for it is the first time they have
 heard about it.

* * * * *

NOW HE KNOWS BETTER

A man once had his nose accidentally cut
 off. The doctor put it back upside down.
 The man was now in a very unfortunate con-
 dition; for every time it rained, he strangled,
 and every time he sneezed, he blew his hat off.

* * * * *

IT IS THE COMMON BELIEF THAT:

- All Phi Bets are failures in after life.
- All girls would like to scheme, if they dared.
- All golashes flop.
- All young profs wear campus windshields.
- All athletes are poor students.
- All Granville is dry.
- All dances are popular this season.
- All students are lazy in springtime.

to them secrets and endearments—even
 promises. But the carnations, the flaming
 cerise carnations, leaned lowest of all. They
 positively yearned toward the little green
 grasses.

* * * * *

An elbow jabbed me rudely amidships. I
 awoke in time to answer an indignant "Not
 prepared" to the prof's impertinent question.
 But the spell was broken, and for the rest of
 the hour I dreamed only of the absence sys-
 tem, and of being set three tricks on a one-
 no-trump bid.

Who Am I and What?

A. M. S., '21

Who am I and what? I am myself. I am myself, deny it if you can. You cannot satisfactorily contradict the statement. We must accept it prima facie as an assumption, as an hypothesis, just as in geometry we assume that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points, or one and a half points, for that matter, the difference being between an A and a B.

I am myself; and if I am myself, I have every reason to believe that somewhere within me, if only above the collar line, I am possessed of _____, an intrinsically active self or ego.

I am myself—needless repetition. In my stocking feet I stand five feet eleven, sometimes more, sometimes less, varying in part according to the climatic conditions—rains, showers, perspiration, and in part according to the thickness of my hosiery, dependent on whether I am wearing those abominably itching woollens or the isinglass worsted silk. There is the additional cause for variation, or third part, which we term the relativity of the yardstick; and the relative importance of the three parts is fifty-fifty-fifty, or thirty-three per cent per.

I am wondrously good-looking, except in the "fiz" (abbreviation for physiognomy), in size, shape, and general feet-ures. To find my weight, divide height in stocking feet by two times two or six, subtract first name, take last derivative, and go soak your head in a pail of water, solving by logarithmic tables and adding a hundred pounds for Scripture measure. But with all this multiplicity of mathematical precision, you have not yet figured me out. Although you may have found my weight, you will never find my equal.

But these are only physical characteristics of myself. Rather, are there not transcendental and metaphysical attributes? When, as an octogenarian or nonagenarian, I have passed (on high) my allotted three score ten or four score seven, or as insurance statistics have it, my allotted 43.4 years, shall not my real self continue ad infinitum?

A Chicago psychologist has attempted to weigh the soul. He claims that he put a dying body on a very sensitive scale, and that when the spark of life went out—of its own accord—the Fairbanks registered a drop of one ounce. Such a statement cannot but make the "judicious grieve;" for if the self, the ego, had weight, it would have length, breadth, and thickness, the three cardinal attributes of every physical thing, of every supreme all. But more of this later.

In the recent holocaust of war, I was standing one day on the four corners of Valenciens watching the big "Betas" whizz by. It was during the thick of the fight that a big Dutchman accosted me, and plunged a bayonet through me, killing a man standing behind. The next day I was brought up on a charge of murder, since it was through me that the man was killed. Was it myself that was incriminated?

Again, is the self diminished by the loss of a member of the body? Both my legs and both my arms have been shot off, and I left my trunk at the station in Lille. Now as I walk to class, I wonder whether it is myself that is walking, or is my self there on the Flanders field where poppies grow or in Picardy where roses bloom? Is myself within myself here, or is it in my chest which is at Lille?

As it is exceedingly cold to venture forth for wine, women, and song, I put a coat on myself. Does that Hart, Schaffner and Marx 1910 model embrace my self? Or if I had donned a hat, would my self be defined as that mass of substance situated between the crown of my hat on the north and the soul of my shoe on the south? Perhaps my self can be inflated like a balloon or currency. But if I have put the coat on myself, no one else on this green earth has helped me, for I have put it on myself. But you yourself, no matter who you are or what, you saw me put the coat on with my hands. Following out the sillygism, can it be that my hands are myself? Sure enough, they are mine own. I put it on, surely. But if the assumption be correct that I am myself, then it was myself that put on the coat. Now the coat was mine, and since it is I who own all that is mine own, therefore my coat was a part of my self. Q. E. D. In short, actuated by self interest, my self, in whole or in part, put a part of my self on another part of myself.

Let us open another case. I'm out for a wild time tonight, so I chase uptown to get some doughnuts at the grocery store. The grocer tells me that if I wait two shakes of a lamb's tail, he will run across the street to the bakery shop and fetch the desired doughnuts. I tell him never to mind, and run over myself. (Uh-uh, soulful and sorrowful.) Surely I could not run over myself. It were a funny world if everybody kept running over himself. The question before the American public, then, is just how my self was involved. If I ran over myself, and if I am myself as alleged, assumed, hypothesized, then it was

(Continued on Page 27)

NEW FABLES IN SLANG

By Orange Ade

The Fable of the Efficient K. M.

There was a Man in our Town, but he was a Dumb-boy. His Brain was as useless as an Addled Egg. He fell for Cupid, but Cupid Dick Smithed him because he thought he was Wise, and matched him up for Three Score and Ten Rounds with Diana, the Dainty Dishwasher. How she could Slosh the Suds! She was as easy to watch as a Hod Carrier.

After a few Moons of Wedded Existence had been Weathered without a Fatality, the Dumb-boy started in to Dick the Government. He built himself a pet Still out in the Woods, where he thought the Revenues couldn't find him. They didn't.

But one night the Dumb-boy Arrived Home Late. When he dragged himself into the Dump, he heard his Divine Diana sniff like a Hungarian Waffle Hound.

"Drunk again," yelped the Old Lady.

"Thash nothin', so am I," he Reciprocated.

And then the Real Fun began. She Smeared him before and behind like a Freshman at Exams. O, such a Wicked Rolling-pin as that Dish Washer wielded! She had an Egg-crate Wallop in each Fist, and a Follow-through like a Foot-pad. She certainly Masticated the poor Rube. When the Masseur was over, he High-balled to the Doctor for Repairs. The Good Doc gave him the Once-over, and called up the Undertaker.

Moral: Never marry a Dish Washer, or Keep Still about your Still.—E. T. O.



FAMOUS SAYINGS:

"A face that should content me wondrous well."

YOUTH AND AGE AGAIN

Recalling from the grim old age of thirty

The evanescent fantasies of youth,
The sparkling days of childhood, the uncouth

Delights, the puppy loves, and all the flirty

Episodes that seemed to be so spurty,

But now look drab and infantile, forsooth;

Recalling these, that came e'er wisdom tooth,

I wonder how I could have been so squirty.

A man grows up, there's no denying that;
Before the first dark gray has touched his hair,

Before life's troubles he has really tasted,
He seems to feel the world is in his hat,

The weight of centuries is his to bear,
And marvels at the way the years have

hasted.

* * * * *

ON ICE

Clarence—"Don't you just love to skate?"

Clarice—"Yes, but not with cheap ones."



OH, THAT'S RIGHT!

George—"They say that love is the greatest thing in the world. I wonder why, dear?"

Georgia—"You've got me."

* * * * *

H. C. L.

There, little pork chop

Don't you cry,

You'll be a dollar

By and by.



John—"I've been going around with a terrible lot of women lately."

Jane—"Yes, I saw you with one last night. She sure was terrible."

A WALKING DATE

Only a wonderful spring afternoon,
Only a winding college walk,
Only a whispering breeze;
And a carefree, bantering talk,
And a man and a girl—
That's all.

Just a sky all full of the sunset,
The light of a lingering ray,
A confidence whispered low,
In my stroll at the end of the day;
A man and a girl—
That's all.

—Jack O., '24

CRESCENDO

Oh the knotholes, how I love 'em,
Little gnarled excrescences!
What if someone hadn't told me
Of their jovial essences!—
What they mean to an alumnus
When he hits a campus trail,
Sees those trees and wipes a brine-drop
From his augen bright and pale!

Chorus

Darling knotholes, gnarling knotholes,
More I'll love you by and by;
But just now I'm young and tender
And you cannot make me cry.

The College.

A Study of Student Life

(In general, parodied on Vachell Lindsay's "The Congo")

I. Its Basic Artificiality.

Five foolish freshmen, lurching down the street,
Arm over shoulder, too unstable feet,
Lords of the earth while the cheap wine lasts—
"What the hell do we care?"—young iconoclasts.
Policemen wink—"You can't arrest a student,
Can't arrest a student,
Can't arrest a student."
"Hail! Hail! The gang's all here!"
THEN I saw a vision, fields of life Elysian,
I could not turn from their revel in derision.
HIGHER EDUCATION, SOAKING INTO YOUTH,
CHEMISTRY AND LANGUAGES, MANLINESS AND TRUTH.

Then through the cornfields
Fifteen miles
Blinded neophytes danced in files.
Then I heard the roaring of that wild-eyed crew,
And a white paddle snapping as it cracked in two.
And "Ouch!" howled the preps as the blows came faster,
Thwack! went the paddles as they dealt disaster.

"Seek ye the graveyard,
Search all night
For a stone with the name
Of Erastus White."
Bang, bang,
Bing, bing,
Boom, boom, BOOM!

A rousing, roaring, ringing tune
From the far Welsh Hills
Past the slow Raccoon.
Preps are amoebae
Weak-kneed and nauseous,
Loathsome and worthless.
BING, hit this one,
BANG, hit that one,
CRACK, hit all of 'em,
HA, HA, HA.
Then I saw a white-robed figure kneeling
To a grave-faced senior who in awesome tones,

The order's hidden secrets revealing,
Strove to inculcate a fellow-feeling:
"We are your brothers forever
And from us you never can part.
Us, you will honor,
And you, we will honor.
Installed you are now in our heart."

II. Their Irrepressible High Spirits


Wild cheerleaders in the bonfire's light
Worked up pep and a spirit of fight,
Danced and shouted and led the cheers,
With a RAH,
And a RAH,
And a RAH! RAH! RAH!
Till throats were hoarse and deafened, ears
Two and twenty boys in padded suits
Through four long quarters fought like brutes.
In the last half minute a pass and a run
Have turned the trick, and the game is won.
Hear how the half-wild rooters shout,
Laugh and cry, and prance about.
HIGHER EDUCATION, SOAKING INTO YOUTH,
CHEMISTRY AND LANGUAGES, MANLINESS AND TRUTH.

A student fairyland swung into view,
A broad green campus
Where dreams come true.
The old brick buildings soared on high
Through the tall elm trees to the evening sky.
Compulsory chapel, a thousand strong,
Joined in a good old Baptist song,
And wise old Prex, from his platform throne,
Gave sound advice in a monotone.
(But boys with faces like cherubim
Were betting odd and even on the coming hymn.)

A cold and stern evangelist came
For a week of prayer. His single aim
Was puritanically to reclaim
The souls of students lost to shame.
The student crowd with right good cheer
Swept into chapel, laughing clear.
But the good man suddenly stilled the throng
With a stern cold glare, and a stern old song:
"Thou shalt not—"
And "Thou shalt not—"
The whole long dreary convocation
They heard him through to his peroration;
Sober and furtive they left the place
But—Behold! the sun still showed his face,
And machines zipped by and the grass was green

And beautiful things could still be seen.
With a laugh and a shout they shook the gloom,
Forgot the grave and hell-fire doom,
And the couples railed at the preacher's frown,
And tickled his ribs, and laughed him down.
(O rare was the revel and well worth while
That made the glowering puritan smile.)

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NECKS By Alonzo Quinn, '24

My subject would hardly cause a fish to lose any sleep, for he apparently has no neck. I am sure our finny friend must lead a very dull and gloomy life without the cheering influence of a neck.

The animal that is more interested in necks than any other is the snake, for he is all neck. He sleeps on his neck, walks on his neck, and eats to keep his neck plump.

The giraffe's interest in necks is hardly less than that of the snake. We can readily see that a case of sore throat would be a serious matter to him.

But away with trivial talk of the necks of beasts! What we want to consider is the human neck—and it is, we believe, an extremely interesting topic for discussion.

We may read page after page and volume after volume of sublime works about the heart. No less plentiful or sublime are the works on the mind. One day we may read about the heart until we say, "A great heart is what makes a great man." The next day we may read wonderful books about the mind until we say, "Truly, the mind is greater than the heart." Between studying the works of the heart and the works of the mind, we become so hopelessly mixed up that we almost determine to throw it all aside. Here is the solution: Develop a big heart and a keen mind, but connect them with a good neck.

Drummond says that love is the greatest thing in the world; but how could we love without necks? Just how many things could we do without necks?

I wonder how often, as we sit listening to the reproductions of the golden tones of the great Caruso, we stop to think that these wonderful sounds came through a neck. The Gettysburg address also came through a neck.

To some of us, the greatest joys of life are those of eating. What a dull life it would be if our food was passed directly into the stomach, without tickling our throats on the way down! That would take half the joy out of living.

To some others, the greatest joys of life are those of gossip. Such people are often called "rubbernecks," because they use their necks to poke their heads into other people's affairs.

When we find a man who knows the combination to your locker and uses it; who smokes, carries matches, and goes to Newark frequently; who breaks banks, swears, and doesn't go to Sunday School, we say he is a "roughneck." It seems strange that we should have such an antipathy to the term roughneck. A man should shave, of course, but why should it be such a disgrace for a man's neck to get a little rough once in a while?

If it were not for necks, many of the things said when collar buttons are lost would never have been said.

It was upon a neck that the wonderful head of Daniel Webster rested, and it was through this same neck that his great speeches came. Thomas Edison has a neck, too.

Each of us comes into the world with a neck—a good neck to begin with. Are we going to crown it with a strong, active brain, or are we going to allow it to be rough? Is it to be a rubberneck, or worse yet, an underwood?

One parting word: If you rejoice in a fat, healthy neck, by all means don't let any one put his foot on it, or tie a rope around it.



THESE WOMEN

Young daughter—"But mother, I'm old enough now to wear short skirts."
 * * * * *

RECOMMENDED READINGS IN SHAKESPEARE

- The Frosh—Comedy of Errors.
- The Soph—Love's Labour Lost.
- The Junior—As You Like It.
- The Senior—All's Well that Ends Well.
- The Prof—Much Ado about Nothing.

* * * * *
 Wit—"Why man, you have no sense of humor! When I first heard that joke, I laughed till my sides ached."
 Wot—"So did I."
 * * * * *

THE SATURDAY LINE-UP

Teacher—"Oscar, what is the Ancient Order of the Bath?"
 Oscar (puzzled)—"I dunno; Johnny comes first, then Willie, then the baby, and then me."

WE KNOW HIM
 Jack—"What kind of a fellow is Blinks?"
 Bill—"Well, he is one of those chaps who always grab the stool when there is a piano to be moved."
 * * * * *

IN YE GOOD OLD DAYS
 "Shay, mister, where's the other side of thish shtreet?"
 "Over there."
 "Well, I wash just over there, and they shaid it wash over here."
 * * * * *

LAMENT
 A certain prof
 To his class once related
 There could be no sentence
 Unless predicated.
 But I know a judge
 Of very stern ways
 Who gave me a sentence
 Which read, "Thirty days."
 * * * * *



Little Miss Muffet
 Sat on a tuffet
 Drinking a bowl of whey.
 A friend put a stick in it,
 Making a kick in it—
 The end of a perfect day!

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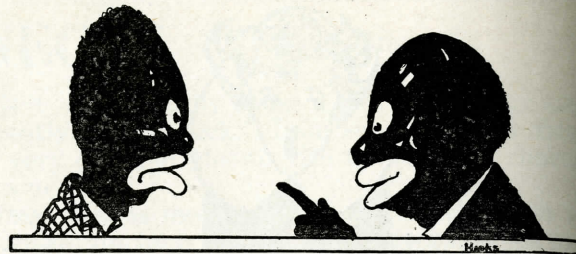


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GALLOPING DOMINOES

Sam—"Ah done heard dat dey fin' Columbus' bones."

Ezra—"Lawd! Ah never knew dat he was a gamblin' man."

* * * * *

LEFT STANDING

Enthusiastic Salesman—"This car is the mechanical marvel of the age. It stands for durability—stands for efficiency—stands for reliability. It—"

Ford Owner (leaving in disgust)—"Ours runs!"

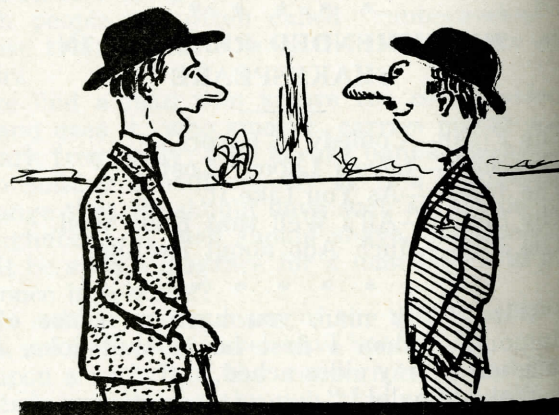
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BY ALL MEANS

When an ordinary nickel tomato jumps to twenty cents in price, it ceases to be a "tomayto" and automatically becomes a "tomotto."

But what we started out to say is that five-dollar-a-bushel spuds should logically be called "potottoes."

* * * * *



HAW! HAW! THA'SH A GOOD ONE

Wit—"What is the difference between a man and a hen?"

Wot—"Spring it."

Wit—"A man can lay an egg on a red hot stove without burning himself."

Who Am I And What?

(Continued from Page 20)

myself that did run over myself, and thus do we run into a cold "cul-de-sac," and my hypoglossal cranial nerve, running from the tongue through the medulla to the fringes of consciousness, ceases to be, as a functional part of a great supreme All. O lateral fissure of Sylvius! O central fissure of Rolando!

Often have I tried to picture the self. The psychiatrist Freud and my fellow countryman, William James, may have had similar psychological desires, which were never brought to satisfaction. What a disappointment! Dr. Funk shakes a wicked pen in his "Psychic Phenomena." Certain mediums whose veracity I would not for a moment question, since they are all honorable men, claim to have taken photographs of returned spirits. Exactly so, but still—how are we to have our spirits taken if we don't have any, or if they have been confiscated?

Most Kind and Patient Reader, I would have you cogitate on the immensity of the self. Think about it! Think about it twice! The mind is divided into three parts, none of which is called gall; but the mind is not the self, mind you. In us we have bone and muscle, parietal occipital regions which have yet to be explored; then there are geneses of concepts, associations, spontaneous recall, diffused consciousness, achromatic sensations, Purkinje's network, hallucinations, obsessions, yellow spots, lesions in the associational pathways caused by the complexity of mental states. But your self is far more immense; Tennyson says, in Tithonus:

"I am a part of all that I have been or seen."

Every human being has a claim upon us. All we see, all with whom we converse, all we read about and hear about, are intrinsically part of the self. My self extends to the utmost bounds of the earth as it revolves around the sun in its orbit of six hundred million miles, shooting at the rate of eighteen miles per second, greatly exceeding our local speed limits. How I should hate to be standing by as it shot past, lest from the breeze I should contract pneumonia. Not only that, but all the other bodies in the universe belong to me, they are a part of myself: the waist-girdled Venus, Old King Sol, the Man in the Moon, the no-earthly-good Mars, and thousands of nebulae twenty thousand light years distant, visible only to high-powered telescopes. All that is a part of my self. It is likewise a part of the selves of a billion other souls just like me who have the good fortune to inhabit this vale of tears.

And yet, we are all different. You may improve my table etiquette, you may teach me to smoke, you may cram my cerebellum with Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, German, and profanity; yet there is that something, some consciousness, some subject self or ego, that is strictly private property and incapable of change.

All this brings us back to the same old mooted question: Who Am I and What? And the answer must be:

I AM MYSELF.

(Note: If the reader finds himself strangely affected by the above bath in metaphysical waters, it is recommended that he stand on one ear and crow like a rooster. This will heal a lacerated sense of the fitness of things, if anything will.)

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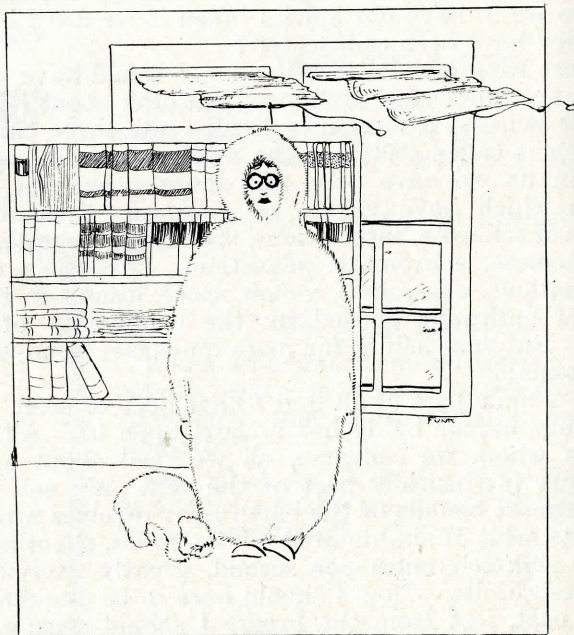
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A DEFINITION

The North Pole—Prof. Beyle's sanctuary.

* * * * *

A FOUL PLOT

"There's the man I'm laying for," said the old hen, as she strutted across the barnyard.

* * * * *

WILD WEST ETIQUETTE

Excited Tenderfoot—"Did you see that?"
Alkali Ike—"See what?"
Tenderfoot—"That swindler dealt himself four aces!"
Ike—"Waal, wasn't it his deal?"

* * * * *

WHAT A COLLEGE EDUCATION CAN DO

There was a fair co-ed named Jean
Who aspired to become kitchen queen;
She took Domestic Science,
And with every new appliance
She prepared a whole full meal from just a bean.

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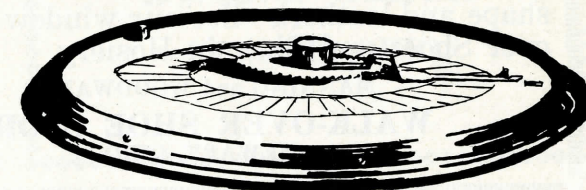
Efficiency Plus in the Recorder's Office

"Oh, we are only pie tins,
Two pie tins, new pie tins,
Oh, we are only pie tins
Made to live with the cooks."

This is one of the seven verses of "Rhymes of the Pie Counter" that grace the inside of two pie tins which Mr. Asher Mather has on his desk in the Recorder's office. If you are one of the two hundred and fifty students who are carrying excess hours, you will be checked up on points on this "pie counter," a contrivance which Marius Nielsen and Dr. Wiley have ingeniously arranged for rapid computation of a student's points.

The pie tins are placed one within the other, and the apparatus which tabulates the points is placed between them. On the upper one is a ratchet wheel, as shown in the cut; attached to it is an arm which operates over a dial. Upon this dial are traced seventy-two lines, each of which represents half a point. Thus four lines make an "A", three lines a "B", and two lines a "C." As the arm passes over these lines, a change in numbers will be noticed under a little square hole near the edge. A turn of four lines brings a change of two numbers (or points), a turn of three, one and a half, and turn of two, one. "It's a very clever contrivance," says Professor F. G. Boughton, "and it aids a great deal because of its simple mechanical process, although it is really no faster than computation by pencil and paper."

"Oh, now bring every student,
Glad student, sad student,
Oh, now bring every student—
Asher must know his sums."



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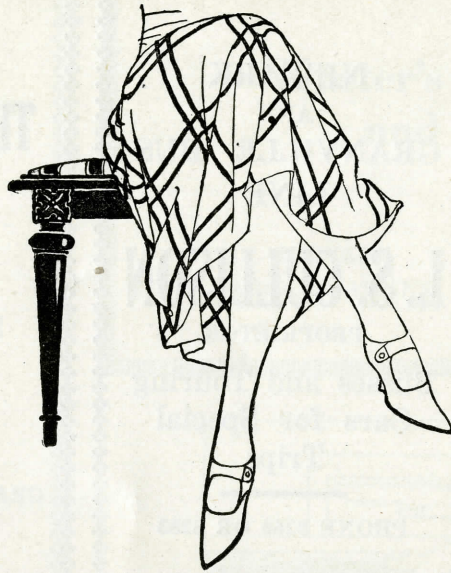
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(Continued from Page 7)

the men. The tension was broken; the soldiers with howls and moans of terror fled precipitately. The torches went out, and the men, rushing into each other, shrieked hideously, positive that their obstacle was the hound. Wilber found himself, when his reason began to return, fleeing down a dark passage alone. Now and then a faint shout told him that the others were still running.

Falling repeatedly, rising and rushing on, he emerged in a room faintly lighted by a candle. Terror stricken as he was, he stopped short, for there in a corner, tied and helpless, lay a woman whom he at once recognized as Nita Carroll! She had been sleeping, but at the sound of steps she aroused herself. Seeing a stranger, she cried out, "Don't touch me, don't touch me!"

"Miss Carroll, I will not harm you. Hurry, please! Oh, you are tied. Let me cut the knots; there, please come quickly or some one may stop us."

Nita, dazed and cramped from long confinement, struggled to her feet, and by Wilber's help managed to reach the doorway. At the threshold, Wilber stopped short, for the governor blocked his way. On his face was an excited and perplexed look which at any other time would have been laughable.

Seeing Nita, he started back. "Miss Carroll!" he cried, thunderstruck, "you here?"

"Yes, I am here," she answered feebly, "held here by a maniac until this gentleman released me. Father saw me fall into the pit that day, and thinking me gone forever, left. For reasons of state, he dared not make the matter public. You also thought I was dead, but I was miraculously preserved. On coming to consciousness at the bottom, I found a wild looking man bending over me. He could not have been very old, but dungeon life had aged him. He brought me to this room and tied me securely. Except to bring me food, he has never been near me nor addressed me. I do not know who he is nor where he can be."

"A maniac in this place! Can it be possible!" exclaimed the amazed governor. "I will look into this immediately. But come now, and we will go up."

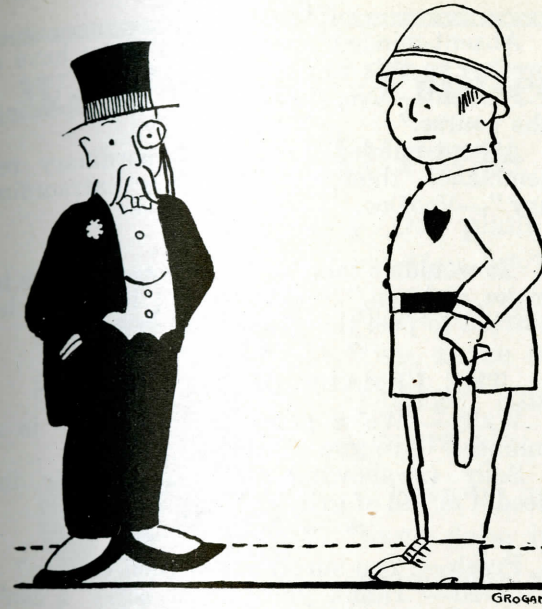
To gain the upper apartments, the party had to retrace their steps to the room in which the visitation had occurred. Wilber's courage was strengthened by the knowledge that others were with him, so it was with his old assurance that they entered the room. The governor tripped on something lying on the floor, and nearly fell prostrate. Bending down to see what it was, he gave an excited exclamation. All eyes were turned to the place, and there on the floor lay the dead body of the soldier who had first heard the animal's footsteps. No mark of violence could be found on the man.

The governor was at last thoroughly excited. "Can there be truth in that story? Do such things happen in the modern world? I swear I will solve this problem if it is the last thing I ever do."

"I believe it will be the last thing you do, governor, if you fool with that beast," Wilber said significantly. "As for me, I am cured of any further interest in castle legends. Come, let's get out of here."

"Instantly," the governor answered with great alacrity. "I have no relish for such tragedies."

The old dignitary led the way by a different route than the one taken in descending. They were passing through a small room in the



A CASE OF IDENTITY

Cop (after a hard chase)—"I got yuh!"
Lord Tight—"Well, did yuh ever see me before?"
Cop—"No."
Tight—"Then how do yuh know it's me?"

second dungeon, when Nita, who was walking beside Wilber, grasped his arm tightly.

"Oh! there is the madman in the corner!" Following her pointed finger, the men saw a figure extended full length on the stones. A glance showed that the man was dead. The governor was a trifle nearsighted, and did not see the dead man's face immediately. The others had begun to move on, when a cry from the old man halted them.

"My son, my son," he moaned. "You in my home and I knew it not! You whom I thought thousands of miles away were in the castle, mad, and suffering. My boy, my boy," and falling on his son's body, the old man, now old indeed, wept out his grief. The others stood by in silence, pitying the father's sorrow, but unable to comfort him.

"Miss Carroll," said Wilber turning to her, "we have been though a great deal together, and I have no desire to let our strangely begun acquaintance end. I am Wilber Creston of Chicago; I knew you from your photograph in the newspapers. Will you allow me to escort you to your father?"

"Mr. Creston, I can never repay you for what you have done. Indeed I would appreciate it if you would conduct me to daddy. He thinks me dead. Won't he be happy?" And Nita fairly danced for joy at the delightful prospect.

"He will not be the only one who will take

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joy in your safety." Nita looked into Wilber's face and noted the grave and steady eyes bent on hers; she lowered her head in confusion, then lifted it again to his, this time shyly and with a smile.

Mytyl—"I tell you it's tough to pay fifty cents a pound for steak."

Tytyl—"Yes, but it's much tougher when you pay twenty-five."—Virginia Reel.

* * * * *

A DEFINITION

Each flea believes that he lives on the most wonderful dog in the world. That's patriotism.—Judge.

* * * * *

ONE TERRIBLE DROP

There once was a dashing old colonel
Who reveled in pleasures nocturnal,

Till at one interview

He encountered home-brew—

He now camps in regions infolonal.

* * * * *

Jester.

Hostess—"It looks like a storm. I think you had better stay for dinner."

Jackson—"Oh, thanks, but I don't think it's bad enough for that."—Virginia Reel.

STRANGE

Absent-minded Prof—"Didn't you have a brother in this course last year?"

Student—"No, sir, it was I. I'm repeating the course."

Absent-minded Prof—"Extraordinary resemblance, though. Positively extraordinary."—VooDoo.

* * * * *

"It wouldn't take many of these oranges to make a dozen," remarked the Frosh as he started to peel the grape fruit.—Jester.

* * * * *

THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES

Wally—"We're going to hit eighty in a minute! Are you afraid?"

Sally (swallowing much dust)—"No, indeed, I'm full of grit."—Virginia Reel.

* * * * *

Frosh—"You surely are a good dancer."

Co-ed—"Thank you. I'm sorry I can't return the compliment."

Frosh—"You could if you were as big a liar as I am."—Mugwump.

* * * * *

Prof—"What is steel wool?"

Stude—"The fleece of a hydraulic ram."
—Yale Record.

* * * * *

Waiter—"Tea or coffee?"

Waitee—"Don't tell me. Let me guess."
—Tiger.

* * * * *

Shy—"Did you catch her eye?"

Bold—"Yes; but it began to blaze and I had to drop it."—Yale Record.

* * * * *

THAT'S US

"I have a typewriter in my room."

"Do you rent it?"

"Oh, no; they come in and use it free!"
—Yale Record.

* * * * *

IN THE MIST

Prof (concluding a difficult explanation)—
"Is that someone smoking back there?"

Stude—"Not at all, sir, only the fog I'm in."—Lord Jeff.

* * * * *

Prof (to the student entering ten minutes late)—"When were you born?"

Stude—"The 2nd of April, sir."

Prof—"Late again."—Lord Jeff.

* * * * *

Rooster—"My ambition is to become like yon weather cock."

Duck—"That's a vane thing to a spire."
—Gargoyle.

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humorous

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language

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COLUMBUS, OHIO

ILLUSTRATIONS
and
ENGRAVINGS

An Apology

Bacon's work of human lore,
History and Philosophy,
I was reading, taking notes
As an aid to memory,

When there danced into my room
Such a troop of laughing fay!
They were pretty and petits,
They had very winsome ways.

And I said, "Who are you, pray?
Why this visit and this glee?"
"Don't you know us?" they replied,
"We're the sprites of Poesie."

"We have come to play with you."
"Sorry, but I've work," I say,
"Please excuse me. I'll be glad
If you come another day."

But they lingered by the door,
Talking secretly about
Whether they should stay or go—
For I hadn't turned them out,

Till one crept up near my chair—
Not to notice had been best,
But he saw me hide a smile,
And he motioned to the rest.

Then I had them all about,
Formed in little dancing rings,
Singing, laughing, clapping hands,
They were very merry things.

Even on my page they danced,
Never taking any thought
How they tangled up the thread
Of the argument I sought.

Till I said at last, "Begone!
I am busy—don't you see?"
But they hung about my chair,
And they called incessantly,

"Let us sing our songs to you,
Songs of daffodils and May,
Put away the stupid book,
Join the game of life we play."

But I sternly said them nay,
And I turned the page to read,
Thinking thus to make them go,
But they didn't seem to heed.

Round about they peeked and peered,
Foolishly I gave a glance;
It was useless to resist,
I was up and in the dance.

But I beg you to forgive
What may seem delinquency.
Could you have resisted those
Teasing sprites of Poesie?

—A. M. McNeill.

