1921

Flamingo Vol. I N 2

Virginia Reel
Denison University

Dorothy K. Funk
Denison University

William Vogel
Denison University

Phelan Steacock
Denison University

Dorothy Breeze
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/iss2/1

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.
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

This article is available in Flamingo: http://digitalcommons.denison.edu/flamingo/vol1/iss2/1
GRANVILLE DENISON UNIVERSITY STUDENTS

Do you know that for real clean Amusement, your Opera House in Granville, and the Auditorium and Alhambra Theatres in Newark offer the best possible, both in ROAD ATTRACTIONS and MOTION PICTURES? . . . . .

Watch Papers for Further Announcements

Be Photographed by
The MH. Muller Studio
35 Arcade
Newark O.

We photograph anything, anywhere, any time
We are specially equipped to make large photographs of groups, banquets, etc.

CASEY'S
PURE HOME MADE BRICK AND BULK
ICE CREAM
AGENTS FOR
Johnston's
MILWAUKEE

CHOCOLATES
CASE BROS. GRANVILLE, OHIO

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 than 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 (coyly)—"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.

The Granville Bank Company
Established 1903
GRANVILLE, OHIO

Capital $25,000 Surplus $25,000

J. S. GRAHAM, President
S. S. DEVENNEY

DIRECTORS AND OFFICERS:
E. A. SMOOTS, Vice President
E. J. CASE
W. H. KUSSMAUL

C. B. SLACK, Cashier
FRED MILLER
S. C. Morrow & Son

Dry Goods and Notions

Men's Furnishings

Ladies' Furnishings

Parcel Post Laundry Cases

Trunks and Suit Cases

H. E. Lamson

HARDWARE

For

HARDWEAR

"The Hardware Store on the Corner"

Goldsmith's Athletic Goods

Phone 8214 Granville, Ohio

FOR THE BACKWARD READER

Eht tseggib sloof I liits eralced
Era ton ni deddap llec ro llats
Tub esoht ohw wonk siht sah on esnes
Tey yluferac wollof 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 laugh;"
All my beaux are so poor,
That I'm really quite soor
I'd be dreadful unhappy thereafter."

—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.

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 all his desires and he was grateful for that. 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 sought himself out, and casually read the society column of Paul's paper. His absorbed attention was focussed on one little article occupying no more than an inch or two of space. It was entitled:

"Since the recent and mysterious disappearance of Nita Carroll, daughter of the American governor, the people of the island have never been heard from since with her father. The governor had eyed him with seeming distrust. All Nature conspired to key his emotions up to their highest tension. The day was hot and dry, and the roads were sweltering under layers of accumulated dust. Wilber, tiring up to the neck in work, packed up and rode towards the castle, felt that seldom had he known a more depressing day or one more pregnant with possibilities. The very stillness of the place was ominous. The peasants who had passed him eyed him with seeming distrust. All Nature conspired to key his emotions up to their highest tension. At last the welcomes 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 that littered that part of the island. It was built of great stones now darkened with age; high towers or lookouts projected upwards at regular intervals; the rivers were small and 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 and held out a hand. He introduced himself, and saying that Wilber was the man he had heard so much about, offered to conduct him to the waiting room.

"While walking up the gravelled path, Wilber interrogated the guard. "I understand, sir, that there are some very interesting stories connected with the castle. Are you acquainted with any of them?"

The soldier looked at him and eyed him sharply. He replied, slowly and guardedly, "Sir, it is unfortunate that I, being a soldier, cannot answer your question. Few things have happened under these walls; yet mighty strange things. This place carries the curse of uncoun ted 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 to be gained than to ask the governor for a guide. He had now reached the massive front door. The guide gave him into the charge of a footman and returned to the grounds. The story of how Wilber's appointment to the castle being given the nearly forgotten legend of a specter hound that appears to an inmate of the castle immediately before death. This hound is a stranger to the people of the island; yet, remarkably, it never has been heard from since with her father. The governor said curiously, "Do you realize that you are doing something that has never been fully explored. Many a dark

"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 it is evident that they believe in the castle's existence. The legend is something as follows: A certain prisoner, who had been put to death in this dungeon, was not buried in the churchyard. There are two floors of dungeons below the first dungeon, that for centuries have never been fully explored. Already a specter hound that appears to an inmate of the castle immediately before death. This hound is a stranger to the people of the island; yet, remarkably, it never has been heard from since with her father. The governor said curiously, "Do you realize that you are doing something that has never been fully explored. Many a dark

"Within the dungeon, which is being given the nearly forgotten legend of a specter hound that appears to an inmate of the castle immediately before death. This hound is a stranger to the people of the island; yet, remarkably, it never has been heard from since with her father. The governor said curiously, "Do you realize that you are doing something that has never been fully explored. Many a dark

"Within the dungeon, which is being given the nearly forgotten legend of a specter hound that appears to an inmate of the castle immediately before death. This hound is a stranger to the people of the island; yet, remarkably, it never has been heard from since with her father. The governor said curiously, "Do you realize that you are doing something that has never been fully explored. Many a dark

While walking up the gravelled path, Wilber interrogated the guard. "I understand, sir, that there are some very interesting stories connected with the castle. Are you acquainted with any of them?"

The soldier looked at him and eyed him sharply. He replied, slowly and guardedly, "Sir, it is unfortunate that I, being a soldier, cannot answer your question. Few things have happened under these walls; yet mighty strange things. This place carries the curse of uncoun ted 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 to be gained than to ask the governor for a guide. He had now reached the massive front door. The guide gave him into the charge of a footman and returned to the grounds. The story of how Wilber's appointment to the castle being given the nearly forgotten legend of a specter hound that appears to an inmate of the castle immediately before death. This hound is a stranger to the people of the island; yet, remarkably, it never has been heard from since with her father. The governor said curiously, "Do you realize that you are doing something that has never been fully explored. Many a dark
Dat mule is 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."

TO OUR AUDIENCE

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 feathered?
One is hard up, the other soft down.
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 hall-way 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 in its sphere seems to press a heavy finger upon the world, a room with rose colored windows would shut out all the gloom, and bestow in its light, the power of its color, the past.

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.

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."

"Stained Glass Sanitarium."

"Are you troubled with Grouchiness? Try the Marvelous New Color Cure."

Hearts lightened speedily.

Brains refreshed scientifically."

"To scheme" means something quite unlike what Noah Webster knew; he said it meant to plot or plan, why does he say he's "rimmed?"

"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, hearts lightened speedily, the one that's fussed is you."

The cave man stuff is almost gone, but it wasn't wholesale suicide, for he had to be retailed. 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."

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

Shaw—"How come?"

Pish—"That's the end of me."

But it wasn't wholesale suicide, for he had to be retailed, for he had to be retailed. Every dog has his day, but this dog had a week end, isn't that a dog-gone story?
The Upward Trend of a Hillside

By Kilburn Holt, '24

The upward trend of a hillside is a subject of some controversy. Some argue that a hill slopes upward, while others claim it slopes downward. But let us consider the evidence.

First, the fact that a hillside is not flat is evident. A hillside is steep, and this steepness is consistent with an upward trend. If a hillside were flat, it would not be a hillside. It would be a plateau.

Second, the presence of trees on the top of a hill suggests an upward trend. Trees require a slope to grow, and the fact that they can be found on the top of a hill indicates that the hill slopes upward.

Third, the direction of water flow on a hillside is consistent with an upward trend. Water flows downhill, and when it reaches the base of a hill, it turns upward. This upward flow of water is consistent with an upward trend.

Thus, the evidence overwhelmingly supports the conclusion that a hillside slopes upward. This is a fact that cannot be denied. The upward trend of a hillside is a reality that we can all agree upon.
THE FLAMINGO

REDJBIRD

I saw your crimson flash curvingly
Over the sluggish Raccoon,
And light on an old dead sycamore,
Mudstained, shabby, and gray.
There 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
Roofflop and spire faded, as evening
brimmled
Granville, low-nestling—only westward
rimmed
With flame-vermilion glories just begun.

—C. H. D.

Denison’s Hall of Fame

JUSTIN W. NIXON

Justin W. Nixon, '05, showed in college 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 intercollegiate oratorical contests, and was a participant in all forms of class athletics. He is at present Professor of English Bible and Christian Sociology in Rochester Theological Seminary.

WALLACE H. CATHCART

Wallace H. Cathcart, '90, is an alumnus 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 statement is somewhat overdrawn, it nevertheless shows where his interests lie. His present official title is Vice President and Director of the Western Reserve Historical Society.
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 show the college that you have musical, artistic, or literary talent. The Dome of Heaven has always prided itself on its freedom from politics. A condition which would be unnatural and impossible in a great university is not only eminently desirable but fully attainable in the small college like Denison. 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 some 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.

One amiable characteristic of the college man is his willingness to burst into song on any or no provocation. Whether he can sing is beside the point. 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, he, being a wise man, smiled. Professor arose to introduce him, they kept on singing; everyone enjoyed the dark ten minutes. 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."

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 hoarse than frogs!
A one-cent stamp? I thank you. Well, ta-ta!

About you do you happen, now, to have
No? Must you be going? Wait a minute-
Oh! prithee, stay and chat with me awhile.
I'll fuss no more. A free man I—

Who's there?

The pangs of disprized love, of broken dates—
She shall not have the chance to flout me
Who willingly would groan beneath their
Who turn you down for Arrow-Collar models!

'Tis ten to one she's vamped a hundred
And by disdaining, spurn them? To fuss—to
No more! Perchance she will Dick Smith me.

The soulful gaze of a dreamy, dark-eyed
To fuss, or not to fuss, that is the question—

I'll fuss no more. A free man I—
Wlio's there?

THE FLAMINGO

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.

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

A SONG

Entitled: "If Dad Went to College Today."
Tune: "That's Where My Money Goes."

Tuition $100.00
Board 225.00
Room $ 90.00
Books 20.00

Chorus (with feeling)

A STUDY IN STILL LIFE

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 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
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. Whence had 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 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
gardens grew tufts of green

The roses—the reds and yellows, and the
Chrysanthemums roses—leaned over and caressed
the verdant blades, and seemed to whisper
to them secrets and endearments—even
promises. But the carnations, the flaming
corset crows, leaned lowest of all. They
positively yearned toward the little green
grasses.

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 at 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 dosed off in
the middle of a long and detailed explanation
of metabolism, anabolism, and catabolism?
Thus ran my dreams:

FINIS

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

MANLET'S SOLILOQUY

Apologies to William

To fuss, or not to fuss is the question—
Whether 'tis better in the end to respond
To the sweet smile and to the baby stare,
The soulful guze of a dreamy, dark-eyed
maid, the quizzical lifted eyebrow of the vamp,
Or to remain unmoved by all these wiles,
And by disdaining, spur 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 disappointed, 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.

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

I am myself—needless repetition. In my stocking feet I stand five feet eleven, sometimes 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 height, you will never find my equal.

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

Again, is the self diminished by the loss of a member of the body? Both my legs and both my arms may 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 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 myself can be inflated like a balloon or currency. But if I have put the coat on myself, no one else on this green earth can help 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 silly question, 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 myself. Q. E. D. In short, actuated by self interest, my self, in whatever form, is a part of myself.

Let us open another case. I am out for a wild time tonight, so chase uptown to get some doughnuts at the grocery store. The grocer tells me that if I wait two shakes of the lamb's tail, he will run across the street to the bakery shop and fetch the desired doughnuts. He grocer tells me that if I wait two shakes of the lamb's tail, he will run across the street to the bakery shop and fetch the desired doughnuts. He.

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?

In the recent holocaust of war, I was standing one day on the four corners of Valenciens watching the big "Betas" whiz 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?

A Chicago psychologist has attempted to weigh the soul. He claims that the soul is a dy-nut 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 I agree with but make the "judicious grieve;" for if the soul, the ego, had weight, it would have length, breadth, and thickness, the three cardinal attributes of every physical body. For all the 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" whiz 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 may 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 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 myself can be inflated like a balloon or currency. But if I have put the coat on myself, no one else on this green earth can help 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 silly question, 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 myself. Q. E. D. In short, actuated by self interest, my self, in whatever form, is a part of myself.

Let us open another case. I am out for a wild time tonight, so chase uptown to get some doughnuts at the grocery store. The grocer tells me that if I wait two shakes of the lamb's tail, he will run across the street to the bakery shop and fetch the desired doughnuts. He.

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?

A man grows up, there's no denying that; I wonder how I could have been so squirty.

Episodes that seemed to be so spurty, Delights, the puppy loves, and all the flirty moments, 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 myself can be inflated like a balloon or currency. But if I have put the coat on myself, no one else on this green earth can help 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 silly question, 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 myself. Q. E. D. In short, actuated by self interest, my self, in whatever form, is a part of myself.

Let us open another case. I am out for a wild time tonight, so chase uptown to get some doughnuts at the grocery store. The grocer tells me that if I wait two shakes of the lamb's tail, he will run across the street to the bakery shop and fetch the desired doughnuts. He.

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?

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."
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."

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

**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 FLAMINGO**

**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.

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
Through four long quarters fought like brutes.

A study of student life is hard to find,
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
A study of student life is hard to find.
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. We may read page after page and volume after volume of sublime works about the heart. No less plentiful or sublime are the works about 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, or are we going to allow it to be rough?

Weber rested, and it was through this same neck that the productions 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. So to 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." 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 undertow?

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.
When you get BUSY BEE Confections of any kind you get the Best
GEORGE STAMAS
10 and 12 Arcade Building NEWARK, OHIO
Attention Given to Special Orders

For Your Next Haircut or Shave Go to
ENOCH and PETE JOHNSON'S SHOP
We Furnish Music for all Occasions.
UNDER THOMPSON'S HARDWARE

RUFUS JOHNSON
CLEANING PRESSING and REPAIRING
SHINING PARLOR
Old Clothes Made New
PHONE 8141

Who Am I And What?
(Continued from Page 20)

myself that did run over myself, and thus do we run into a cold "cal-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 Roland's. 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.

... Done ...

When an ordinary nickel tomato jumps to twenty cents in price, it ceases to be a "tomato" and automatically becomes a "tomatoe." But what we started out to say is that five-dollar-a-bushel spuds should logically be called "potatoes."
Say it With Flowers for All Occasions

Our Specialty Dinner Party Corsages Original and Colonial Corsages at your Command

Just Phone

Arcade Florist

Newark and Granville Greenhouses

1840 Phones 8215

Kuster's Restaurant and Bakery

Newark

Zanesville

Arade Annex

Elk's Building

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.

The Flamigo

The Wyant Garage

Expert Mechanics

Oil, Gas, Accessories Miller Tires

Storage

Taxi Service—Day or Night

8266—Phones—8545

Granville, OHIO

The R. B. White Lumber Co.
Famous for Service, Quality and Dependability

granville, OHIO

Furnas Ice Cream

Little Gem Restaurant

Palmer Bros., Props.

H. W. Peters James K. Morrow

Peterson & Morrow
Funeral Directors
Motor Ambulance Service
Mortuary 129 E. Broadway
Phone 8126 granville, OHIO
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 Walk-Over Shoes and Phoenix Hosery.

MANNING and WOODWARDS WALK-OVER SHOE STORE NEWARK, OHIO

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

"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."

"And so, you are the old man whom I thought I was near me nor addressed. You also thought I was dead, but I was miraculously preserved."

For reasons of state, he dared not make the matter public. 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 arms and I knew it not! You whom I thought to bring me food, he has never nor where he can be."

"Cop—Tight—Then how do you 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 in silence, pitying the father's sorrow, but unable to comfort him.

"Miss Carroll," said Wilber turning to her, "we have been through 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 photographs 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
The Government has Millions of Dollars worth of

ARMY GOODS
Part of which is being sold in

NEWARK, OHIO

SPECIAL SALE ON
Shoes, Arctic, Boots, Sweaters, Trousers, Raincoats, Shirts, Hose, Underwear, Tents, Overalls, Blankets, Cots, Khaki Breeches and Shirts, Leather Puttees, Wrapped Leggins.

89c-Special on Reclaimed Shoes-89c
Buy your camping supplies here
The Original U. S. Army Goods Store
36 S. 2d St. NEWARK, OHIO

joy in your safety.” Nita looked into Wibbe'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.—Judges.

* * * * *

ONE TERRIBLE DROP
There once was a dashing old colonel Who revels in pleasures nocturnal, Till at one interview He encountered home-brew— He now camps in regions infamolous.—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 grapefruit.—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 your weather cock." Duck—"That's a vane thing to a spire."—Gargoyles.

We Produce Printed Matter That Attracts Favorable Attention

Our plant is completely equipped for the production 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

The ads contained in the

Flamingo

are not literary or humorous

They are written in plain language

Follow their lead for they merit it

Bucher
Engraving Company
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 fays!
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.