1921

Flamingo Vol. I N 3

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DENISON UNIVERSITY STUDENTS

The Opera House during the next few weeks will offer the following good Photoplays:

"Something Different"  "The Fear Market"
"The Yellow Typhoon"  "Dangerous to Men"
"Cheaters"  "The Family Honor"
"Polly of the Storm Country"  "Her Beloved Villain"
"Search of a Sinner"

At the Auditorium and Alhambra at Newark

"Hush"  "Yes or No"
"Heliotrope"  "Dinty"
"Midsomer's Madness"  "The Restless Sex"
"The Round Up"  "Forbidden Fruit"
"Copper Head"  "Civilian Clothes"

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You to be hanged.
I love to be kept in suspense.—Widow.

The Girl—"You make me think of Venus de Milo."
The Man—"But I have arms."
The Girl—"Oh, have you?"—VooDoo.

A.—"Did the doctor treat you yesterday?"
B.—"No, he charged me five dollars."—Widow.

Bill—"I had my nose broken in three places last summer."
Bull—"But why do you persist in going to those places?"—Tiger.

My cousin can sure tickle the ivories."
"Is he a professional piano player?"
"No, he's a dentist."—Purple Cow.

Dear Mile, Flapjax: I am a brunette, and have lately been becoming more and more so. Please prescribe something for my face. Answer: Try soap.

Judge—"I sentence you to be hanged."
Optimistic Murderer—"I love to be kept in suspense."—Widow.
“What are you studying now?”
“Molecules, mother.”
“I hope you will be very attentive and practice constantly. I tried to get father to wear one, but he couldn’t keep it in his eye.” —Life.

“I guess I’ll take a day off,” remarked the student, as he tore a sheet from the calendar.

“If Ivanhoe sells for a quarter, what is Kenilworth?”
“Great Scott, what a novel question!” —VooDoo.

Frosh—“Surveying a little?”
Engineer—“No, surveying a lot.” —Sour Owl.

This famous painter met his death because he couldn’t draw his breath.

She—“I wish you’d look the other way.”
Young Brother—“He can’t help the way he looks.” —Sun Dial.

Ikey and Izzy were separating after an evening together, when Ikey said, “Au revoir.”

“Vat’s dot?” asked Izzy.
“Dot’s ‘good-bye’ in French.”
“Vell,” said Izzy, “Carbolic acid!”
“Vat’s dot?”
“Dot’s ‘goodbye’ in any language.”

“Why did you tell him you had to go to the dressing room for some cold cream?” asked the chaperone.
“I had to do something to get the chap off my hands.”

“And how is your poor husband, Mrs. Jones?”
“He suffers most awful with his foot, sir, and I know how it feels because I’ve had it in my eyes.”

She—“Have you made up your mind to stay in?”
Her—“No, I’ve made up my face to go out.”

MOTHER.

There’s a word ranked by no other;
None can ever take its place.
It’s a word you know—it’s Mother,
Loved by all the human race.

She who guards your every footstep,
Watches you with tender care,
Courage gives when you are failing,
Tries your every load to share.

Give her then your love forever,
Place her in your heart’s own shrine;
Give her every noble honor;
Worship her, for she’s divine.

—E. T. O.
The following notice appeared in The Cross and Journal of September 5, 1834, concerning Granville College, then the “Literary and Theological Institution,” and Shepardsen College, then the “Granville Female Seminary:"

“There is one good advantage attending this seminary, not common to the West, that is, the female department is entirely separated from the male one. They have no rude boys to corrupt the minds and manners of the young people.”

TEDDY

By Ruth Nottingham, ’24

(Editor’s Note—Miss Nottingham’s story won half of the ten dollar prize offered by the Flamingo Club.)

“One for you, and one for me, and one for you, and one for me. And there’s one left. Oh, it’s a lemon one,” chirped little Teddy.

“You can have ut, I don’t want ut,” said the still smaller child Judd.

Now Teddy was a little fellow of six years. Chubby, round faced, with big brown eyes that just snapp’d and danced when you looked at him. The one thing that his mother andunts regretted, about the child, was that from mere babyhood he would never be cuddled. The whole family, that is the women folks, had looked forward to bonnets and dresses with lace and ribbon ruffles and rosettes, but alas, as soon as his baby fingers were strong enough, he dispensed with such useless articles. Of course, it is needless to say that proud papa and Uncle Harold were delighted when he wouldn’t be babied, and declared him to be a real man. Mother just loved to pick him up and kiss the bumped forehead, put a cold knife on it, and kiss it again. But Daddy Dick thought that was a foolish way to treat a big man. He would slap him gently on the back and say, “Well, old man, did that hurt much? I guess not enough to be a baby and cry.” Little Teddy would try to draw a deep breath, blink fractionally, and then smile. And that was his trump card. The entire family, and indeed most of his acquaintance were won by that smile.

Teddy had a cousin who was his sole playmate and companion. He preferred her company to that of any boy on the street. She was two years younger, and thought that anything Teddy did was exactly right. Juddy was one of these meek little creatures with lots of light curly hair, and innocent violet eyes. Her skin was a pretty baby pink with the exception of her cheeks, which were always of a rosy hue.

Now, Teddy and Judd had succeeded by some method known only to themselves in taking a jar of mixed hard candies from the corner drug store. It had been successfully smuggled, by the use of Teddy’s wagon and Judd’s doll clothes, to their little play house. Here it lasted for only a short time. There were now only five pieces left. As ever, Juddy was willing for her idolized Teddy to have the last piece. After some discussion, it was decided that Teddy’s dog should have the candy. While the children watched Trix devour the lemon drop, Teddy’s mother discovered the theft.

It was useless for in spite of all the begging mother could do, and she even shed a few tears, Daddy Dick was determined that his plan should be carried out. It had been his idea, all the arrangements were completed.
and it would do both children good. It would teach them a lesson, if nothing else. Teddy was a man, he wanted to be called a big man—consequently he should be treated as one.

Teddy heard his father and mother talking of court at eighty-five and Probate Officer Smith, but it meant little or nothing to him. They often talked about things he didn’t understand. But why was his mother crying? He had never seen her cry before. That evening as his mother undressed him, or rather superintended the undressing, for he was a big man and could undress alone, he noticed she did not smile at him. She even lingered over the goodnight kiss. He thought, although it seemed foolish, that a big tear had dropped on his warm little cheek, as she tucked him in for the night.

Again, in the morning, he thought her face looked queer. He told his Daddy Dick on the sly that mother’s eyes looked just like Trix’s. did when he spilled the pepper on the floor and then tried to lick it up so that mother wouldn’t see.

Daddy Dick took mother, Aunt May, Judd’s mother, Juddy, and Teddy to town in the car. They went into a big stone building that was all white and slippery inside. Teddy thought it was lots of fun to slide along the marble floor past some mother’s and daddy’s hands. And then they went into a room that was quite full of people. Teddy sighed; it reminded him of church. Yes, it might be, for there was the man, in the front of the front, with the robe on. And there at one side were the men that sang. He hoped they would sing lots, for time passed much faster than when the man in the robe spoke. And then—what—? his name was being called.

"Master Theodore Watson and Miss Geraldine Gray," called one of the men in the front. This was church; but why? And then a thought struck him, but how foolish— he wasn’t going to marry Juddy. The child had heard his mother and father talking about his uncle’s and aunt’s name being called out in church before they were married. Just then his father nudged him to go up front to the man, Juddy followed. All the way down the aisle, and it seemed awfully long, Teddy thought queer thoughts. Yes, hadn’t his Uncle Harold and his Aunt Ruth walked down the aisle when they were married? He was sure they had; and hadn’t his grandmother cried when she kissed Aunt Ruth before they left for the church? It was settled; he was about to marry Juddy. At second thought, it wasn’t so bad. They had always played together, that Juddy was his little wife when he was engineer on the "Big Four." This explains why when they reached the front he took Judd’s hand, then looked at the big man in the robe and smiled. Prosecutor Smith looked soberly at the pair. They were about the smallest little folks he had had anything to do with. The big man said something and Juddy cried. Teddy didn’t know what he said, for his thoughts were two weeks distant at the wedding of his Aunt. He remembered his daddy had told his uncle that it was not necessary to listen to all that the minister said, but just to say "yes" when asked a question.

"Are you guilty?" asked the judge.

"Yes," answered Teddy, not understanding. Then he heard Juddy crying. Aunt Ruth hadn’t cried.

"You didn’t, Teddy, I did," sobbed Judd. What was she talking about, and what had the minister said and meant?

"Now see if you were married, little folks, this won’t do," said Mr. Smith. Which one of you did it? Did you, Theodore?" This time Teddy heard the question, but didn’t understand, consequently said, "Yes.

"Did you, Geraldine?" continued Mr. Smith.

"Yes," sobbed Judd.

Now he knew he was right. Hadn’t he seen his Uncle Harold nod and then his Aunt nod, and then his uncle and then his aunt? The big man said something about children lying, Teddy thought it was lots he undressed, didn’t listen. The man talked for a long time, then Teddy heard something about a promise. He remembered his father and uncle talking about that. The man smiled all the way back, and then he reached his mother she was crying quite hard. It hurt the little fellow to see her cry so; he said, "I will come home with you mother. I’m not going away." Teddy cried all the harder. They left the church at once. In the machine Teddy said to Judd, "Isn’t it fun, Juddy?"

All eyes turned to Teddy. "Why, what do you mean, soony?" asked his mother.

"Why, me and Juddy getting married."

Daddy Dick pushed hard on the accelerator, the machine shot forward, but Daddy Dick looked straight ahead. Mother just picked up Daddy up and kissed him, saying "Dick, I knew he was too little to understand."

(Cont. on page 31.)
In these days of vamps malicious and of actions sinister, we are watched with eyes suspicious by each professor and minister. They upbraid us without stinting, say our foxtrots are sinister, we are watched with eyes aglinting on our actions day and night. Each one offers us this knowledge: In the happy days of yore when our mothers were in college revelry and terpsichore brought a frown from every adult. No girl stayed out late at night, but back home to bed skedadd'l ere two more than late twilight. Girls lacked then the shameless boldness, smiles from young men to invoke, but with quite becoming coldness answered only when they spoke, and without bold ostentation dropped their eyes upon the ground, for they knew their humble station. (That's a lie, though, I'll be bound. How could they be so angelic?)

Pardon us if we appear too impertinently acquisitely erudition from its wit and apothegm.

O Blessed Youth! who emanated Semward then to wend his way—calling hours were designated one to four on any day. On a night men and their gay belles traversed hills of snow and ice to the tune of tinkling sleighbells to the farm of one I. Price. There they elongated taffy, nor did fear to drink a bit of harmless extra-special cider—extra-special, think of it! When at last they homeward started—ah, 'tis very sad to tell—a better game than you give him credit for!—We could not help admiring himself as he paused before the mirror to brilliantine his hair, pull the guaranteed-never-slip marcelle from over his eyes, and bandoline it into place. He pulled the big "Q" sweater over his head, put on his "Q" croquet pants, stuck a "Q" beauty spot on the end of his nose, and then had to do his hair all over again.

It would be a big day for Roscoe. For the last time he would appear to represent his beloved college on the athletic field; for the last time the cheer leader would yell, "Three times three for Roscoe! Girls, he's playing a better game than you give him credit for!"

And then there would be the peerless Suzanne watching from the grandstand, straining her bright little eyes through her smoked spectacles as she watched her hero perform. What an inspiration he would receive from the rat-tat-tat-tat of her knock-knees and the clash of her false teeth when she joined in the cheers! Suzanne's father was a little, absent-minded professor,—in all times three for Roscoe! Girls, he's playing a better game than you give him credit for!"

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What red-blooded man can hear a lady shriek—shriek an-ner-nah—the shriek of a dainty little running pants; he runs about a smile or so, And pants, and pants, and pants.

"All But"

Bill—"Thinks he's the whole thing, does he?"

Phil—"Well, I'd hardly go so far as to say that; but he certainly considers himself a quorum."

"Have you done any outside reading yet?"

"No, it's been too cold."

The screams still filled the air, and seemed to come from the home of his peerless Suzanne, just across the campus. It took Roscoe only two minutes to decide that his "Sweet "um peach" was in danger, and he must take any risk to save her. Swiftly he loped across the soft lawn, disregarding all "Keep Off the Grass" signs (for he was desperate by this time.) Dashing through the open front door, he entered the living room, and found a beautiful girl with baby blue eyes standing on a table, holding her dresses at a dangerous height above her shoe tops.

"O Roscoe," the distressed one cried, "save me! I think he's hiding under the bed. He crept in on me from the library just as I was leaving for the game."

Roscoe Fitzgerald, the shimmying 314 pound Varsity athlete, was busily engaged in his pink and blue boudoir, arraying himself for the afternoon's fashion encounter on the athletic field. What a wonderfully symmetrical build he had! He was just five feet six inches in height and six feet five inches in girth. His lean frame was encased in 314 pounds of solid muscle, hard as an oyster from daily training. He could not help admiring himself as he paused before the mirror to brilliantine his hair, pull the guaranteed-never-slip marcelle from over his eyes, and bandoline it into place. He pulled the big "Q" sweater over his head, put on his "Q" croquet pants, stuck a "Q" beauty spot on the end of his nose, and then had to do his hair all over again.

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On the Efficacy of Dreams
By L. D. Leet, '23

Dreams may be viewed in several ways:—as doorways for psycho-analysis; as subjects for breakfast-table speculations; as things to be laughed at, to be worried about, or to be put to practical use—all depending on the viewer. This discussion aims not to deal with psycho-analysis, for we, personally, dislike to admit that our dreams are but symptoms of our suppressed desires; the implications are too discouraging. Nor are we disposed to touch on the conversational, humorous, or superstitious phases, for such things are, for the most part, out of our line. In the final analysis it is the everyday results and applications that affect us most vitally, so let us first investigate them.

The field may be divided roughly into three parts: Day Dreams, Nightmares, and Cigarette Dreams.

Day Dreams are most useful when voluntarily indulged in. They are widely instrumental, when properly applied, in relieving boredom, restlessness, and mental strain. When you find yourself without ambition to follow a class discussion, or, through lack of preparation, are unable to do so, the safest and most pleasant thing is to transport yourself to some distant place, there to perform marvels in baseball, golf, or whatever, before an admiring throng. This often stimulates you to such a degree that you can even forgive the professor for keeping you the full time. Professors are, of course, adept at locating eyes with the glassiness which signifies other worldliness, and do not hesitate to vicimize their own; but even here lie possibilities of profit. For if a student goes to such lengths as to prepare a lesson, sometimes his only chance of airing his knowledge is to assume an air of distraction. Then when the professor pounces upon him with fiendish glee, the crafty one has the double satisfaction of registering a grade above zero, and of disappointing his would-be tormentor.

Then there is the involuntary Day Dream, more technically known as the fog, haze, or gale, and forming one of the negative values of dreams. Its sources are sometimes hidden, but are probably chiefly love, walking dates, and lack of sleep, while the manifestations are so numerous as to defy classification. Love is undoubtedly the chief offender, though more commonly through variations and modifications than otherwise. The few cases where it is definitely the cause are so few and so far apart as to be easily recognized. But in many instances the distinction is not so simple.

Authorities claim that numberless blushing and heart palpitations, which might be carelessly attributed to embarrassment or some such fact to be in reality indications of love. Undoubtedly only a small proportion of the languishing glances seen in the post office during the day are caused by a mere promiscuity of mail or grossly material waiting for a check. The effect of walking dates, both future and past, is perhaps a further modified form of the same instinct. It is often blended with attempts to map out conversations and itineraries, as well as painful recollections of social errors and drawings-up of financial statements, any one of which may produce the results frequently witnessed.

The haggard eye and vacant stare of sleeplessness are noticeable particularly in freshmen because more of the causes operate on them, and they are, anyway, less able to stand the strain than others of more years and experience. This phase of the well-known fog fever first appears during the opening weeks of the fall term, when homesickness and confusion attend innocents who are receiving the first buffets of a cruel new world; and it is common to both sexes. A second epidemic usually visit the male order soon after mid-year exams, with an accompaniment of physical harrassings which has been known to cause victims in more advanced stages to wander pathetically about the campus at four o'clock in the morning.

The Nightmare is also a negative aspect of dreams, but should be mentioned in passing for the sake of completeness. It has been defined by Webster as a sensation of weight on the chest, or other nervous condition, caused by digestive disorders, and involving symptoms to the ordinary run of daylight observers. It has been known to cause victims in any stage of the nightmare in which this Institution for the Prevention of Learning is situated. He stuck to his Smoke Laden Hangout, never trottling forth until the Lights had been turned out, and all Good People had hit the hay.

But ere he could Devise Ways and Means for Exiting the smoke from his Inhaled the Highbrow approached. The Feeble-mind began to resemble the Lowly Beet in Complexion. He looked like a Calsomined Newark Beauty, and lo! when he opened his mouth to say Howdy, a Wisp of Smoke curled from his Trap. He was Fussed to Tears, to say nothing of being Razzed by the August Persecution. Moral: If you smoke on the Streets of Granville, don’t Inhale.

—E. T. O.

TIME WASTED
Prof.—“And now, gentlemen, we get x = 0.”
Sleepy voice from rear of room—“Gee, all that work for nothing.”

THE AMERICANIZED BOY
Teacher—“Who was the first man?”
Bright Boy—“George Washington—first in peace, first in war, first—”
Teacher—“No, no. Adam was the first man.”
Bright Boy (disgustedly)—“Oh, if you’re talking about foreigners—”

ANYTHING TO OBLIGE
Old Lady (to Newsboy)—“You don’t chew tobacco, do you, little boy?”
Newsie—“No, mamy, but I kin give yer a cigarette if you want one.”

He (telling joke)—“Do you see the point?”
She—“If it is what I think it is, I don’t, and you’re no gentleman.”

TIT FOR TAT
Porter—“Miss, your train is—”
Precise Passenger—“My man, why do you say ‘your train’ when you know it belongs to the railroad company?”

PORTER—“Damn Miss. Why do you say ‘my man’ when you know I belong to my old woman?”

GOOD ALIBI
Irate Chess Fan—“What do you mean by telling Garbet that a nine-year-old child could beat me at chess?”
Friend—“Why—er—I meant Samuel Rzeszewski.”
On the Absurdity of Catching Fish When A-Fishing

By R. G. Lusk

Gentle Reader, imagine this setting: A lazy Saturday in September, late afternoon, when the shadows cast by the sinking sun melt into one another; a by-street in a little Iowa town where everyone knows everyone else, and it is quite proper to call across the street to a friend.

Now there enter upon this stage a couple of young fellows, still short of twenty, carrying homeward fishing tackle, but no fish. They are dressed as anglers usually dress, and it would be by no means unreasonable to assume that they have been fishing. Then, strolling on the other side of the street, a middle-aged gentleman appears, who, upon noting the nature of the expedition from which the boys are returning, and their apparent lack of success, cries out with great humor and remarkable perspicacity, "I see you've been a-fishing. Where are all the fish?" We (for that experience determined the writing of this essay) looked at each other in a surprised way, and then stared at him. He seemed to think that the reason one went fishing was to catch fish! We made some trivial answer, and passed on.

Since then I have found that his misconception is shared by many who are not disciples of the famous Izaak. I feel that these misguided souls should be set right. My batting average when a-fishing is considerably less than that of the poorest player in the bush leagues, yet I count myself a highly successful fisherman. I have nothing to prove and I have not had to lose my rod and pole, since, if I have not caught a fish, I have had the satisfaction of knowing that I have spent a quiet, restful, invigorating, and happy afternoon fishing.

The matter of the rod is not so important. People of fastidious taste prefer the finest quality of wood, but with some of the cheaper rods, a fish can start pulling so hard that the line will work its way up the handle. With a cheap rod, you have to reel in all the line, and then let it out again. The best way to avoid this is to use a spinning rod, and then you will have a good chance of catching a fish. There are many rods on the market that are made of light-weight materials such as fiberglass, but these are not as good as the old-fashioned wooden ones.

Fishing may also be used as a means of escape from the pursuit of other less pleasant occupations. For example, a man who is being pursued by a group of hooligans may decide to go fishing, thinking that he will be able to avoid them. However, this is not always the case, as the hooligans may follow him to the fishing spot. In this case, the man should try to ensure that he is not alone, and that there are other people around who can help him.

Let us consider the advantages of fishless fishing. First, one does not need the amount of bait which is normally required, for, having no intention of catching fish, the success of the expedition does not depend upon carrying home a huge string to attest one's criterion of success.

I have just vibrated over here on car from Newark. I greet Hon. Transportation Executor with sang-froid and fifteen cents. Dearie Kyoto Kimono:—

I have just vibrated over here on car from Newark. I greet Hon. Transportation Executor with sang-froid and fifteen cents.

"Thee shalt extricate ten more units of coinage which thou shalt receive later with interest at 1½ per annual upon—" but he gasp and flood street with tears.

I raise him by left hand toe and gibl oracularly into face. "Huccome?" I cheep.

"Yes," he sorrow.

"I bury 2 bits?" I grieve with spontaneous combustion, as I nag him with fluctuating eyebrows.

"No," he cool.

"I will not ride," intolerate tig, but charriot waits on new girl, so I martyr.

Presently I triumph crookedly on Broad-

way. Yo, my dearie Osage orange, station stable.

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"No," he cool.

"I will not ride," intolerate tig, but charriot waits on new girl, so I martyr.

"I bury 2 bits?" I grieve with spontaneous combustion, as I nag him with fluctuating eyebrows.

"Yes," he cool.
But it's somebody else—NOT ME!

Their eyes are not mates, they have no nose,
And their hair is remarkably curled.
Are the weirdest in all the world.

Their mouths are a sight to see.

* * * *

WITH THE GOSPEL TEAM

First Member—"In our country there are over five hundred different kinds of religion. Almost every year there is something new. There are the Jesuits, the Holy Rollers, the Spiritualists, and the What-Not's, not to mention the Mennonites or the Omish Dutch of the foothills of Pennsylvania, who never shave their mustaches or whiskers."

Second Member—"Yes, it's funny how those little things do crop out."

(Note: This incident, although not obscure, must not be told in church, the classroom, the W. B. or, the Granville Opera House without the express permission of the Humor Editor, and when told must receive the unanimous applause of the auditors. This rule will be strictly enforced, and any infraction will be considered an infringement, and any infringement an infraction. A word to the wise is insufficient.)

* * * *

There, little doggie,
Don't you cry.
You can come to chapel
By and by.

Harry—"My girl is sure clever with the footwork."
Larry—"Classy dancer, eh?"
Harry—"Naw! She runs a sewing machine."

A DIRTY TRICK

Puff—"And when I had finished my speech, someone threw a base, cowardly egg at me."

Puff—"A base, cowardly egg!"

Puff—"Yes, the kind that hits you and then runs."

Farmer—"Well, sir, how many would you guess there was in that herd of cattle there?"

City Cousin—"Oh, about five hundred."

Farmer—"Goshalmighty! You guessed exactly right. How did you do it?"

City Cousin—"Why, that's easy. I just counted their legs and divided by four.

"Here's my Finnish," said the man, as he slapped his Scandinavian cook on the shoulder.

SHADES OF ORPHEUS

A flea and a fly in a fly
Were imprisoned. Now what could they do?
Said the flea:
"Let us fly," said the flea.
So they flew through a flaw in the fly.

* * * *

VESTIGIAL CUSTOMS

By Elsie D. Taylor, '20

Should a Darwin of social customs spring up among us, how edifying it would be to learn from him of the vestigial degeneration of the ancient man, of his refined descendents! Our Darwin would deplore the passing of the old usages, and would point out the present vestigial remains so strikingly that we should feel ourselves to be more absurd creatures in the heritage of these vestiges than in the bearing of relationship to orangutans and gorillas. And there is, indeed, a true pathos in the fact that social evolutionary advance has made a once vital part of social life a mere symbol of former energy.

Take the custom of carrying a cane. Has man always promenaded in topper, pumps, and spats, with a shiny smooth stick hung from the crook of his left or right elbow? Former ages would not tell us so. The cave-man carried a stick, but it was not smoothly veneered, metal pointed, and specially fitted to the human frame. It was a big gnarled tree-bough, with all the bark and knots on it, and he carried it in his right hand. It was a thing of action. As he loped along through the wilds, he swished savagely at the underside of action. As he loped along through the wilds, he swished savagely at the underside.

Take the custom of the hat-raising. Has man always promenaded in topper, pumps, and spats, with a shiny smooth stick hung from the crook of his left elbow? Former ages would not tell us so. The cave-man carried a stick, but it was not smoothly veneered, metal pointed, and specially fitted to the human frame. It was a big gnarled tree-bough, with all the bark and knots on it, and he carried it in his right hand. It was a thing of action. As he loped along through the wilds, he swished savagely at the underside of action. As he loped along through the wilds, he swished savagely at the underside.

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One of the most interesting vestigial customs of the modern man is the custom of throwing pellets of bread at each other across the banquet-table. If we look upon the history of South America and consider the ancient Spanish civilization which has not been grafted upon the crude native life, we can account for this custom, which is very evidently a refinement of many generations of evolution.

The exercise was not always carried on in so inoffensive and amiable a way. The time was when the bread was used in larger pieces, and was propelled with no uncertain aim and purpose—back in the dusky past, among the forbears of the old Spaniards, mayhap.

Must we then bewail the passing of another of our virile ancestral mores? Hardly.

For in North America, where our civilization is more self-made, we have not degenerated in this point, at least. To reassure (Cont. on page 28.)
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 Flamingo logo]

"Hello, Ma! (Smack!) How's Pa?" will be Denison's slogan on Friday the 13th (oh, lucky day!) The Bird adds his welcome to all the rest, and only regrets that his bill wasn't built for kissing.

Panegyrics to mother are second only to verses on spring in number. As a rule they are more sincere, yet we feel that this space can be used to better advantage. A mother doesn't have to be told that her boy or girl loves her. She knows it—how could he help doing so?

You mothers—our mothers—will be kept pretty busy during your stay here. The Glee Club concert, the Shepardson Carnival, and the other events arranged for your entertainment will keep you on the jump. But when alone shows how much he loves you!

He pursues the unbroken tenor of his way, unimpressed by any of the movements that are literally tearing the existing order of society into atoms, that are trying to bring an orderly adjustment out of a world suspicious and exhausted. But they do not affect him, for he is the pet of society, tolerated by a usually demanding world.

Socialism to this poor sequestered soul is unimpressed by any of the movements that are literally tearing the existing order of society into atoms, that are trying to bring an orderly adjustment out of a world suspicious and exhausted. But they do not affect him, for he is the pet of society, tolerated by a usually demanding world.

What is this that has a right to intrude upon the orderly round of recitations, dinner parties, walking dates? Nothing but the challenge of new aspirations, new ambitions now animating groups of human beings who years ago would have been dumb with ignorance or stupefied by oppression.

Socialism to this poor sequestered soul is the wholly preposterous ideal cherished only by the long-haired "radicals" whom he has never seen. Communism is the "Red terror" to be mentioned only in awed whispers. The Labor Movement is insolent opportunism. All this is predicated on the assumption that he is even these crude conceptions.

Eugene L. Exman, '22
Feature Editor

The room looks clean, doesn't it? That alone shows how much he loves you!

He is wholly preposterous ideal cherished only by the long-haired "radicals" whom he has never seen. Communism is the "Red terror" to be mentioned only in awed whispers. The Labor Movement is insolent opportunism. All this is predicated on the assumption that he is even these crude conceptions.

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A NEW VERSION OF ANTHROPOLOGY

In a recent examination, a Freshman girl traced the development of Homo Sapiens as follows:

The Chimpanzee (Troglodyte niger); the Java Man (Pithecanthropus erectus); and the Wittenberg Man!

She meant Heidelberg, of course, but let it stand. Shall we add—Hombrinus footballus?

Prof.—"What is a cosmopolitan?"
Stude.—"Suppose there were a Russian Jew living in England with an Italian wife, smoking Egyptian cigarettes near a French window, in a room with a Turkish rug on the floor. If this man drank American ice cream sodas while listening to a German band play "Come Back to Erin," after a supper of Dutch cheese made up as Welsh rarebit, then you might be quite safe in saying that he was a cosmopolitan."

Katty—"Days on which I have a date I eat scarcely a thing."
Kitty—"How well you're looking!"

A DEEP ONE

"What is that on which we lie, on which we sit, and with which we brush our teeth?"
"I'll bite."
"A bed, a chair, and a tooth brush."

TAKE HIS NAME

Last summer a Denison book agent became infatuated with a certain young lyric soprano of Heidelberg, Pa. So effective were the darts of the waspish-headed son of Venus, rumor has it, that the Denison book agent—much to the credit of his sex—frequently went out to see the demi-goddess. They would beguile the time in music and dancing. Especially did he love to hear her sing, "The Magic of Your Eyes."

Then one evening, a memorable September evening, perhaps the last time they would ever meet on this mundane sphere, she sang for him that touching melody entitled, "Kiss Me Again."

Embarrassed, bewildered, scarcely knowing what to say and yet feeling that he must say something, the tender young book agent finally blurted out, "But I haven't kissed you at all, yet."

"What's the matter with you?"
"I swallowed a dime. Do you notice any change in me?"

Adelbert (jauntily)—"Would you like a nice partner for the next dance?"
Jane (innocently)—"Why, yes. Bring him up."

"How would you like a jam sandwich?"
"Fine," said the doughboy, loosening his belt in anticipation. "Well, here's two good slices of bread. Jam 'em together."

The Evolution of An Intellectual.

By Clarke Olney, '22

What a struggle it has been! Four years of wearisome and thankless effort—by Gad, ho, it has been worth it!

A full fledged Intellectual at last, and a self-made one to boot. From a modest beginning with the elimination of "he don't" to the reading of "Main Street" (the Crowning Achievement or Last Straw), my rise has been slow but consistent.

By the end of the second year of my evolution into the category of the Intellectual I was able to state "It is I" without any perceptible hesitation. This accomplishment alone furnished sufficient impetus to carry me thru the last two years of my toilsome tribulation. At the end of year number three, when asked to criticize an amateur's literary attempt, I was able to opine, without even a quiver of nervousness (altho I must admit that there was a brief inward qualm) that it was "rather quaint."

The delighted astonishment of my interlocutor more than repaid me for my unsparing self-discipline.

More noticeable and gratifying have been the improvements effected during the last year. False modesty (a most annoying trait, I assure you) has been suppressed, and I now find little or no difficulty in using expressions hitherto banned. "Stink," "Rotten," "Leg," and other frank words now find important place in my writing and conversation, and I get the true aesthetic kick from their use.

There are other changes more subtle (sultte) but hardly less important. My tastes in literature have undergone remarkable transformation. No longer do I squander my time in the study of the stuck-in-the-mud classics of the Civil War period. New novels, new poetry, new impressions, new systems of political or social economy, in fact all the up-to-the-minute products of the up-'til-midnight writers are my especial delight.

The careful, sense-impressionless stuff of ten years ago—"I find myself aghast at the thought of wading thru it all again. I crave larger and larger doses of modernism—verse, the freer the better, and expression the same.

But a vague uneasiness grips me. What shall be the end of us—the world's super-fed-up? Are we on the peak of the cycle? How can we keep up the pace? There must be a limit to the production of prose—and verse-libre. Already the polish of its newness is being dimmed by the breath of time. Even sensual adjectives are less appealing than at first. Wherein lies the solution?

I doubt, I tremble mentally (and all that sort of thing)—but my heart springs anew over the crest of the hill of boredom comes an ever-growing army, the Intellectuals of the future, and on the banner which snaps in the breeze from their head is emblazoned the emblem which will bring new light to those in the shadow of the towering hills. What is that emblem? Alas, I am too deeply submerged in the chilly fog of the valley to distinguish it. But hope springs eternal, and I will wait, patiently, and in a few months, it may be, renew my subscription to the Atlantic Monthly.

We understand that some of the brilliant young ladies of our fair institution think that "The Tempest," which is to be given on the Plaza, is another Greek play. We thought everyone knew that it was written by Ben Jonson.

"I know a man that has been married thirty years, and spends all his evenings at home."

"That's what I call true love."
"Oh, no, it's paralysis."

"How would you like a jam sandwich?"
"Fine," said the doughboy, loosening his belt in anticipation. "Well, here's two good slices of bread. Jam 'em together."
ON GETTING UP FOR BREAKFAST
W. A. W., '24

Suppose you are up late at night, after having a good time during the evening. You start to prepare the next day's studies, but find it impossible to concentrate. You are tired, you are thinking of the evening's entertainment, and anyhow you don't feel like studying.

The thought occurs to you—"I'll go to bed now, set the alarm for five o'clock, and then get up and study." If you are a new hand at the game, you will be serious in the attempt. Those who have tried to do it will laugh at your earnestness. Well, you set the alarm, crawl in between a couple of nice cold sheets, and in a short time are oblivious to the cares of a cruel world. About two minutes later you are awakened by a gentle purring in your ear. You reach over, still asleep, and turn off the alarm.

Ages later you suddenly awake, rub your eyes, and look at the clock. "My gosh! Is it that late? I never even heard the alarm. Gee, and I wanted to get that theme written, too."

You go on like this for some time, debating whether to get up or not. It's too late to get your studies out, and the bed never felt so good before in all your life. Indeed, it is a pleasure just to lie there and enjoy the luxury of complete laziness. You look at the clock again. It is sixty-two. Breakfast is served at sixty-three.

Then you debated in your mind whether or not to get up for breakfast. The bed feels mighty good. You are not particularly hungry, but you think of what they might have that morning for breakfast. Yesterday it was toast; the day before, pancakes; the day before that, waffles. What will they have this morning? Perhaps eggs—perhaps toast again. You wonder whether or not it will be worth getting up for.

It's all a gamble. If you do get up, they will have toast. If you lie in bed, they will have eggs. You say to yourself that you will lie in bed, which means that they will have eggs. Then you say, "Now as long as they're going to have eggs, I'll get up and get mine." So you jump up, hunt around the room and under the chairs for your clothes, slip rapidly into them, and dash down the hill to breakfast—to find that they're serving toast.

"Oh, well," you say, "this getting up early surely gives one an appetite." So you make the most of the frugal repast, never giving a thought to how badly you will be "smeared" during the day.

S. S. S.

"Now, Willie, what can you tell me about Ruth?" said the teacher encouragingly.

"He cleaned up fifty-four home runs last season," piped Willie.

* * *

Boy—"She threw herself into the river. Her husband rushed to the bank."

Teacher—"What did he rush to the bank for?"

Boy—"To get the insurance money."

* * *

"Was Harry in the opera?"

"Yes, he had a leading part."

"Oh! What did he do?"

"He was an usher."
DENISON SLANG IN JAPAN

Mr. Itsuji Kawai, a Japanese student who is taking post-graduate work in English, is preparing a book which he calls "American College Life." This book will contain samples of the conversation of students under various circumstances, and is an attempt to give Japan a comprehensive view of American college life and customs. The book will probably be in two volumes, and will contain one hundred chapters, each chapter about five hundred words in length. "Conversation at a Basketball Game," "A Walk Through the Woods," and "Around the Fire Place" will be the titles of some of them. The book is written to show college idioms and college slang, as well as to present technical terms in their correct usage.

Mr. Kawai is being aided in the preparation of this work by several students, for he finds it difficult to express himself in the vernacular. He is also preparing, for his M. A. degree, a one hundred thousand word thesis on "Milton's Effect upon the Later Romantic Writers." Such writing, he says, is easy for him, because he is accustomed to the writing of English in a formal way.

Mr. Kawai will study in Columbia this summer, whence he will go to Oxford, England, for next winter. The following year he will spend touring the continent of Europe and studying educational systems, and will return to Japan in 1923 to resume his teaching.

CHESS NUTS

Upon the beach she held my hand;
I let my soul-felt pleadings flow;
I coaxed, I begged, I swore, but yet—
That doggone crab would not let go.

BEING SPECIFIC

Pompous Senator—"I have been told that I have a great deal of poise.
Erring Son—"Sure you have, dad. Avoir-dupois."

THEN THE FUN BEGAN

Prof—"Give me a descriptive sentence containing the word 'senior'.
Bright Pupil—"Well, I seen your homely wife yesterday."

JERRY—"I hear that Ruth Newlywed worships her husband.
JIM—"Yes, she places burnt offering before him three times a day."

"I think I'll call you Miss Revenge, its aptness can't be beat."
"Why call me that?" she frowned. Quoth he, "Because 'revenge is sweet'."

FIRST—"He put his arm around me five times last night.
SECOND—"Some arm!"

"Do you know Max?"
"Max who?"
"Max no difference."

"Why does Helen wear that riding costume so much?"
"I suppose it's because it's a habit."

"Bored—Are you a mind reader?"
"Bore—Yes."
"Bored—Can you read my mind?"
"Bored—Yes."
"Bored—Then why don't you go there?"

TAKE THIS TO HEART

Instructor—"Young man, you're the first one that ever went to sleep in my lectures."
FRESH—"Well, you gave me the dope, didn't you?"

Teacher—"If Shakespeare were alive today, wouldn't he be looked upon as a great man?"
STUDENT—"He surely would. He'd be over 300 years old."

Soph—"Where have you been?"
FRESH—"To the cemetery."
Soph—"Anyone dead?"
Fresh—"All of them."

TO LALAGE

(Best Regards to Horace)

If I a poet were
Or could sing with poet's praise,
I would not spend my days and nights
Composing foolish lays;
But I am not a poet
That can sing thy praise in verse,
For I am but a lovelorn youth
With meager, scanty purse.

But I would spend it all on thee,
Thou bubbling, gurgling Lalage,
Thou sweetly laughing Lalage,
I fain would spend it all on thee.

STEPPING OUT

Why does a duck stick its head under water? For divers reasons.
Why does it pull it out again? For sundry reasons.
Those are old gags. But if you were taking a course in Money and Banking, you would say that a duck sticks his head under water to liquidate its bill, and draws it out again to make a run on the bank.

"My wife would make a good congressman."
"How come?"
"She's always introducing bills into the house."
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Description of the Day.

When the dark shadows of the night diffuse
And the last twining star has guttered out,
The soft cool gray of early morning breaks,
And streaks of silver light gleam in the sky
To crown the hazy crest of eastern hills.
The morning thus announced, the radiant sun
In all his amber glory rises up
To light the world and call the birds to song;
Like diamonds scattered on the sloping green
And clinging to the foliage of the trees.
The dew, in myriad of changing hues
Now bathes the waking face of mother earth.

Phoebus drives his chariot through the sky
And makes the day. But oh, what sights
must meet
His wandering eye, his spacious gaze, as on
This panoramic journey, traveling o'er
His solitary way, he goes from east
To west through silver clouds and canopy!
Here mountains lift their peaks to rarer space
And, snow-clad, catch his all-absorbing light
In dazzling glory, earth's celestial brow
To crown with wreaths of pearl and lonely white.

There virgin forests cling to rolling hills,
The home of ranging beasts and singing birds.
Where towering trees lift high their boughs
To his
Inverting, warmth; or storming seas
Beat wrathfully against the shoals and crags,
Or reach away to other distant lands,
Embracing all the length and breadth of space.

Vast deserts stretch in yellow waves of sand,
To west through silver clouds and canopy.
A barren, lifeless world which throbs with heat,
From his enflamed chariot above.
Here quiet streams meander through the plains
And nourish valley lands, or tumble through

TO

Daughter—"Well, anyway, Daddy, my mind is made up."
Father—"Good heavens, Dorothy! Is that
artificial too?"

One of the political science professors, in commenting on
"Who Am I and What?"
which appeared in the last issue of the M. B.,
said that it resembled a large hoofed and horned
equid, quadraed up of about
twelve hundred pound's weight.

The hills to turn the many mills for man.
Nor is this all that Phoebus sees as he,
With ceaseless pace, keeps moving on his way;
But Man himself, the creature of the earth,
Is seen in every seething state of life,—
Raping these high mountain walls for gold,
And hewing down these mighty forest trees
To build his house and shelter him from storm;
Or setting ships a-s'ail upon the seas
To mould the east and west and north and south
And bring the world together all at once;
Here crossing deserts wide on iron ways,
There herding flocks in valleys and on plains,
And building cities on the edge of streams.
He sees the rich man float in luxury,
The begging pauper at a neighbor's door;
He sees the poor man rise to wealth and fame,
And kings by rebels hurled from off their thrones;
He sees injustice wrought on every hand,
And acts of mercy, though they pass unknown.
Yes, every force of nature, everything
That man has done, all in one day he sees.

Then Phoebus' journey ends, as flaming bright
He sets the western sky aglow, and sinks
Behind the hills in a melange of rose,
Purple and gold—a momentary spell
Of glory all unfold, which, e'er a bird
Can sing his evening chant, fades fast away.
And then amid the gathering shadows, dusk,
A star, the last to linger in the dawn,
Is first to hail the coming of the night.

"Yes sir," howled the prizefighter, "he tried to tickle me in that last clinch. Lemme at 'im; I got a good notion to poke 'im one."

 Stranger—"Baby see bowwow?"
 Boston Baby—"My visual powers are centered upon the camera, but I fail to observe anything unusual."

 She—"I object to hearing girls called 'skirts.'"
 He—"O, there's not much to that."
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H. W. Peters James K. Morrow

(Cont. from page 12.)
discouragements, has swallowed an unpali-
cable worm, and then, instead of lying quietly
till the conversation is terminated, makes
a conspicuous bolt for liberty. How annoy-
ing it was before my last invention was per-
fected, while reclining completely at ease on
pillows carefully placed, to be compelled to
pull in a four-ounce sucker, restore him to his
element, and place on the hook a fresh
worm. Perhaps the worm did not appreciate
the exigencies of the occasion, and insisted
upon wriggling so that the only way to get
him on the hook was repeatedly to pierce his
body, instead of sliding him over the barb
as a stocking is drawn on. The sight of the res-
ulting loops marred my sense of the fitness
of things. Also, I am sure that the loop
method is always more disagreeable to the worm.

If, goaded to desperation by the gibes and
taunts of unsympathetic persons, I rashly
bring home half a dozen little pike, purchased
from a boy friend of mine, I am in sore diffi-
culties. Unfortunately fish, like many vege-
tables, have to be cleaned before they can be
cooked. More than anything else in the whole
world, with the possible exception of
returning a call, I dislike to clean fish.

Invariably I cut my hands and stick my fingers
on the bones; moreover, when the job is com-
pleted, I have something less than a pound of
meat out of about four pounds of fish, at
an expense of hours of disagreeable toil.

Why, then, should one have the ever-so-
littlest desire to catch fish when a-fishing?

GOOD BIZZINESS
"I wish I was as religious as Abie."
"And why?"
"He clasps his hands so tight in prayer, he
can't get them open even when collection box
comes around."—Voo Doo.

Judge—"Who brought you here?"
Drunk—"Two pails of water."
Judge—"Drunk, I suppose?"
Drunk—"Yes, sir, both of them."

FORE!
Mother—"Johnny, if you eat any more
you'll burst."
Kid—"All right; pass the cake and get out
of the way."—Pharaoh.

Frater—"Did you see ‘The Return of Peter
Grimm’?"
Pledge—"No. I didn’t even know he went
out."

Souveniring
By Ernest C. Brelsford, ’24

Of all the customs and fads which are typ-
ically American, none stands out more prom-
minently than that of souvenir collecting. The
American souvenir hunter is to be found in
every corner of the world, and at any time
from January through June and July to
December. When the weather gets uncom-
fortable in Northern Canada, where he is in-
teresting his collection with small bits of the
fur of the “most unusual fox” trapped during
the “coldest winter for the last ten years,”
he migrates south to Palm Beach, where he
purchases millionaires for their autographs or
combs the beach in the hope of finding an
unusual shell. He is always present at an
auto wreck, shoving through the crowd to
grab a small piece of a spoke or a headlight
"for his memory book," as he explains to the
bystanders; and a fire would not seem com-
plete if he were not there looking for some-
thing to “remember it by.”

If we attempt to visualize our souvenir
hunter, we immediately plunge into serious
difficulties, for so many are the types and so
varied their appearance that a characteriza-
tion of any one would be inadequate as a
representation of the entire species.

A chance to see "really the best collection
you’ve ever run across" is seldom lacking,
for our friend is always willing and eager to
display his spoils. And they are indeed as
unusual as they are varied, and no two col-
collections ever resemble each other.

We may imagine our globe trotter having in
a few friends for the evening. With a
patronizing smile, which seems to imply that
he realizes that every one’s fortune cannot equal
his, he starts passing around his
wonders.

"That little piece of china, which a friend
in Japan gave me, came from a cup in a set
given by the King of France in 1534 to his
daughter-in-law’s cousin in Spain. The small
spinters of wood with the letters in black
ink were initialed for me by the winner of a
royal boat race in England, who split his oar
in half."

"I intuitively grasped the walls of a
prison during the French Revolution, and
scores of condemned men gazed upon it as
they went to their death."

But the professional globe trotter is not
the only person who has the collecting mania.
Anyone who has eaten in a college fraternity
house has been impressed, if not awed, by
the cosmopolitism of the silverware. A
heavy solid silver knife from the Hotel Stat-
ler at Buffalo rests beside a weary looking
fork from the Southern Hotel in Kansas City.
Nearby, two spoons marked "L. & N. Rail-
way" and "Clyde S. S. Lines" lie side by side
in perfect amity. Indeed, if the traveling
brothers have been even moderately successful,
a few unusually fine salt shakers or even a
sugar bowl may glister in splendor from the
center of the table.

Souvenir hunting, or, to coin a word, "so-
veniring," has been a characteristic of the
American people too long to die out quickly.
It has been one of their traits in all places
When we see the newly arrived foreigner, with his own practices and ideas; when he observes customs that are strange or amusing to us; when we curse the stupidity of other nations—let us try to remember the patience which the other peoples of the world have shown to the international souvenir hunter—the American.

No, Maria, an apiary is not a monkey-house.

(Cont. from page 15.)

ourselves of the flourishing state of the custom of bread-throwing, we need only visit certain lodges where it is the order of the evening (nay, the necessity of the times) to duck adroitly after committing a pun at the table. Or we need only visit some college boarding-places, or go on class stunts, to note the observance of the custom in all its blithe and primitive vigor; when members of the party, either for want of exercise or from earnest disagreement in views, fling the bread with all the abandon of our Neanderthal fathers.

We are forced to believe, then—and indeed we think it most gratefully—that not all the treasures of the ages have been reduced to insignificant, stupid symbols. Hat-rushing and cane-carrying may be examples of decline of racial vigor; but while bread-throwing lasts in its North American form, we may still feel that civilization is safe, and not in danger of becoming too effete.

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SWEET DREAMS
Sambo—"Say, Rastus, somethin' funny happened to me las' night."
Rastus—"Dat so?"
Sambo—"Yas, las' night I dreamed I was eatin' shredded wheat an' when I woke up half my mattress was gone."—Burr.

"Just think, old top, in Japan you can get a wife for fifty cents."
Well, a good wife's worth it."—Jester.

Sentinel—"Halt! Who goes there?"
Voice—"Private Smith."
Sentinel—"You can't get away with that because I am Private Smith."—Judge.

Scene—Lecture Room.
Time—11:58.
(Shuffling of feet, rattle of coppers, audible sighs of "Let's go.")
Professor (wearily)—"Just a moment, gentlemen, I have yet a few pearls to cast."—Goblin.

Florence—"Drink to me only with thine eyes."
Florenz—"I'm sorry, dear, but I left my glasses at home."

Hi—"You see, we built the pig-sty near our house."
Dr.—"But don't you know that that is decidedly unhealthy."
Hi—"Oh that's all right, the pigs ain't been sick yet."—Medley.

Stop in for a Soda and renew your strength for the rest of the day. You'd be surprised how much better you will feel after partaking of a glass of our delicious ice cream soda or perhaps a sundae. Pure and good.

BUSY BEE — George Stamas
110-112 Arcade Newark, Ohio

ALEX ROBERTS
Barber

NOT A DRY PAGE IN IT!
(Cont. from page 6.)
Teddy looked up at his mother and smiled; she cuddled him closer and said, "You're still my own little baby, Teddy dear, and I'm so happy."

This was too much for Teddy. "I'm not your baby, I'm my Daddy Dick's "Urman, aren't I, Daddy?"

"Yes, Sonny," said his father; and the machine made another dive.

The Granville Times
RAPID SERVICE JOB PRINT
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The Granville Bank Company
SANITATION
Willie pushed his sister Nell
In the family drinking well.
Mother couldn't find her daughter,
Now we sterilize our water.—Cracker.

A lady who suffered from phthisis,
When asked by her lover for khthisis,
Said, "I've such a cough
You had better go ough
And be courting some healthier mththisis."—Jester.

Gov't School Inspector—"Is there any playground here?"
Rural Teacher—"Nothing except a few cases of smallpox."—Goblin.

Jean—"You look all run down."
Jenny—"Yes, the dressmaker was here all day, and I had one fit after another."

Harvard—"Oh, deah me, his tautology is so odious!"
Princeton—"He talks like a fish!"
Yale—"What a hell of a line!"—Record.

The bishop remarked that some one had a blank, expressionless face.
The inspired printer rendered it, "a ^ expressionless face."—Linotype.

Denison—"Well, Ott, you gave us a good run for our money."
Otterbein—"Yes, we were (Peden) right along for a while, weren't we?"
WELL DRESSED YOUNG MEN!

They know they are well dressed—fittingly dressed, comfortably dressed—yet are not conscious of all this. Attired as they are, they know they can feel at home in any circle of friends. And you, too, can acquire that same feeling by coming to Emerson’s Store—the Store where Quality is Supreme and Values always dominant.

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