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Flamingo Vol. I N 4

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Commencement Flowers

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Chas. A. Duerr

"Say it with Flowers" Phones 1840-8218

A gift that happily carries the friendship greetings, that means more than the conventional card, and yet, because it does not cost too much, does not mean too much—your photograph.

THE FLAMINGO

The First Summer Days
Bring a Beautiful Display of Handsome Summer Dresses

With the festivities incident to the close of school, comes the need of dainty dresses.

IN OUR DISPLAY you can choose beautiful organdies in all the bright shades—dainty dotted swisses in all colors, attractive voiles, which we invite you to inspect, before making your selection.

The W. H. Mazey Company
NEWARK, OHIO

OFF AGAIN.

"That ends my tale," said the monkey as he backed into the lawnmower.

---Orange Owl.

ALAS!

Fresh—What's this sheet of paper they're selling on the campus?
Soph—That's the college comic. They cut out all the jokes on girls, professors, legs, and kissing—and this is the result.

---Jester.

Irate Farmer (seeing boy picking acorns from his trees)—Hey there, what ye doin' in them trees?
Small boy—Nuttin'.

"25—"Who's that Fish?"
"24—"That? Sardine." ---Purple Cow.

She—What would you say if I should light an Egyptian Deity?
He—Holy smoke!

---Banter.

H. E. Lamson
HARDWARE
For
HARDWEAR

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Goldsmith's Athletic Goods

Phone 8214 Granville, Ohio
PRIDE

Excited Frosh (to surrounding admirers)—"Yes, sir, the 'varsity fullback spoke to me, going down to the train."

Skeptic—"What did he say?"

Frosh—"Get the hell out of the way, will you?"

—Burr.

Absence-minded Professor (meeting his son)—"Hello, George, how's your father?"

—Lampon.

Percival—"If you don't marry me, I'll blow my brains out."

Liz—"Oh, don't, you might strain your lungs."

—The Goblin.

Three cross-eyed men were called before a cross-eyed judge.

Judge (looking at the man on the extreme right)—"What's your name?"

Man on the extreme left—"John Smith, Sir."

Judge—"Shut up! I wasn't talking to you."

Man in the middle—"I didn't say anything."

—Exchange.

Rural Youth—"Hey, Pop, the old goat just et a jackrabbit."

Ditto Adult—"Gosh durn it all. Another hare in the butter."

—Tiger.

O, DEAR!

Harold—"Did you have a wild time last night?"

Reggie—"Oh, my, yes. We blew out all the cigar-lighters in town."

—Chaparral.
Denison Customs We Don’t Want Revived

"Allow us to express, on behalf of a score or more of modest youth, what has for some time been our settled conviction—that the system of 'calling at the Sem,' although right in principle is wrong in practice—we speak of one seminary because we believe no such privilege is allowed at the other. It is known, we suppose, that Dr. Shepardson throws open his seminary every Saturday evening for visitors. But as the plan now works, neither of these objects is attained. No young lady comes into the parlor unless she is acquainted, and to a majority of young ladies and gentlemen social privileges are as much a nonentity in fact as if they were so in name also. The receptions do not accomplish their object. The old order of things should be broken up, and new precedents established. Let some who are interested take the lead in working a reform."

—An Editorial in the Denison Collegian, April, 1869.
in his wife though regretting her somewhat expensive ways. One day he made the startling discovery that the petroleum wells had run dry after little more than a week's use. The financial situation was followed by another and still more heartrending to Brandon. His wife, unable to forego the luxuries to which she had become accustomed, eloped with another man, who took all she had and had taken with her what money Brandon had left after his disastrous business venture. This dual catastrophe left him utterly broken in spirit and devoid of ambition. The air in the corner had overheard most of these items of Brandon's history. Each wore the typical rancher's attitude and had been watching the various occupants of the room ever since.

"Eh, Jeff?" said one, arching his eyebrows slightly without removing his gaze from the young man at the bar who was drinking his third glass of liquor.

There was a pause before Jeff replied. He was carefully reflecting; carefully weighing his answer as his dirt-stained fingers scratched a stubbled chin. His eyes, too, were riveted on the young man's now leering countenance.

"D'y' think we kin wire the yegg?" he asked.

"D—n right! His old woman took his morals with 'is money when she slipped 'im. You know git 'im out of here.

"No so loud!" the other cautioned.

"You can git 'im to rust—"

"Guess y'right, Pads. Leastways he looks like our best. Git over 'n' tell him we'll be drawin' the town down on 'im."

With a "leave 't to, boss," the junior "pardner" sidled over to the bar and ordered a drink for himself and his "sofort." With a crafty peculiar and irresistible he induced the youth to follow him to the further corner of the saloon.

Brandon had fallen considerably in station since the day he left the ranch. His brain whirled miserably and, but for his promise, so rashly given, he would not have gone on. He was too conscious of the heat as with an oath, he prayed for rain. His inner nature now revolted at the contrast to his former life, replete with comfort and love and joy in the little things. He was no longer the crafty and adroitly appealing to the cupidity and adventurous instinct of Brandon. Brandon, in his drunken condition, gave a ready consent and thereby took the final step toward disaster.

Outside the saloon an ominous pall covered the hills of Buffalo Gap and the darkening sky veiled and so darkened the scene that but for the intermittent heat lighting faces and marks would have been indistinguishable. It seemed perfectly calm except that nowhere above could be heard the low, soughing of the wind as it moaned through the upright pines. Rumbling thunder rolled amid the distance, striking fear to the heart but it was a soothing, the three shivered slightly as this contrast to the brightness of the dimly-lit saloon.

With the occasional support of the two companions Brandon and Pads were with the brand new stock and were drawing the town down on this man.

Brandon, alone on the knoll, was still too much under the influence of liquor to note or care for what was happening at this time. There was money in it, he told himself, and anyhow he had promised to do it—what ever it was he was doing his muddled brain pronounced, but he felt morally bound to perform it.

With another oath addressed to the heat he left the scene of the evening, as he unconsciously calculated the time he was due back at the ranch. He did so with about a dozen of the cayuses, at the least. Talk about yer willin' Willies—this was rife within him. Though professing to have forgotten any recollection of the proceedings, he w as continually before him and which obsessed his every thought. It was that of the "pardners," with a few words of encouragement and instruction, left Brandon and his stock and chukkles, inaudible to him, desended toward the corral. The horses were decided restless; they pawed the ground nervously, whinnied and snuffed the air as the strangers approached the pen. Utilizing their knowledge of horses to good advantage, the pair stepped into the corral, a dangerous proceeding on such a dark night. The frequent flashes of lightning aided in this work considerably, so that without any great delay each had selected his saddle horse. There was left now but the simple task of opening the corral gate and allowing the horses to pass through.

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Bo-Peep As She Might Have Been Sung By--

John Milton

Come, shepherdess so fair and free,
Bo-Peep yclept in nursery;
Forsake these lawns and follows grey,
Forget the nibbling flocks that stray;
And let thy shepherd tell his tale
Under the hawthorne in the dale.

James Whitcomb Riley

There, little girl, don’t cry!
You are anxious and worried, I know;
For your sheep were gone--
Ere the break of dawn--
Naughty sheep often act just so.
Cheer up, your flock will come back, by and by!
There, little girl, don’t cry, don’t cry!

Walt Mason

Bo-Peep was always bound to worry every time she spilled the beans, and likewise in an awful hurry for to find the ways and means of fixing up the difficulty. If it seemed beyond repair she filled the ozen with a multitude of groans and tore her hair. The naughty lambskins, wild and woolly, one fine A. M. flew the coop. She heard the news, not calm and coolly, but with one despairing whoop she entered into wild hysterics, and let thy shepherd tell his tale.

Austin Dobson

“My sheep have strayed!”
Bo-Peep doth cry.
“I am afraid
My sheep have strayed.
None even stayed
To say ‘good-bye’,
My sheep have strayed!”
Bo-Peep doth cry.

K. K. H.

Suddenly, while the happiness seemed to be at its height, a tremor seemed to run through the room. There was a sound of fast approaching hoof-beats. Every adam’s apple in the saloon quivered and oscillated up and down the full length of its course. The hoof-beats drew nearer. The adam’s apples became frantic. A feeling of awful fear seemed to settle on the room and refuse to be dispersed.

“Black Pete,” muttered a hoarse voice, and the rats in their holes began to squeal. Immediately the room became the seat of terrible confusion. The “boys” tore madly around to hide in the rat holes. But Avery Notharctus sat still, his head raised now and in his eyes a strange light; one of courage, the courage learned by going to class unprepared, the courage learned by interviews with the dean. The instant a hurricane seemed to strike the building. The rafters shook, the door of the room, the “boys” tore madly around.

Avery The Anxious

A ROMANCE

By R. D. Bovington, ’22

Suddenly, while the happiness seemed to be at its height, a tremor seemed to run through the room. There was a sound of fast approaching hoof-beats. Every adam’s apple in the saloon quivered and oscillated up and down the full length of its course. The hoof-beats drew nearer. The adam’s apples became frantic. A feeling of awful fear seemed to settle on the room and refuse to be dispersed.

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(Continued on page 29.)
**A Review**

In order to relieve the criticism of our esteemed contemporary the Denisonian of the unpleasant duty of being forced to wade through this issue of the Flamingo, we have taken it upon ourselves to read it and give it undaunted. Of course our review will be highly critical and perhaps a little unfair, but we feel that our intelligent readers deserve nothing short of the very best and so are attempting to give it to them.

In the first place we are very proud of the wide variety of original and clever material which is presented in this issue. There are undoubtedly advantages in "covering a lot of ground" and we have tried to accomplish this to the best of our ability. (Of course this is supposed to be Examination Issue; had you guessed it?) but that doesn't mean that the material is all supposed to deal with this event. It is understood that whatever stuff we could get relating to that particular subject was shoved right into the dummy, but when we ran short we took whatever we could get. But that is obvious.

Our art staff is trying to break down this usual high degree of excellence. The cover is exceptionally good, depicting as it does a typical Senior as he appears to the Cold, Cruel shortly after graduation. The illustrations under the caption of "Well Known Seniors" are exceptionally bad, constituting, we believe, some of the best samples of amateur art outside of Judge's Wiggle Wobbles.

Our literary department has proved somewhat of a disappointment. By a careful search we were unable to obtain more than one familiar essay. The first of these (I am told that there are 30) was a very good one familiar essay and even that is not near to the best of the honors. Clean, cutting, clever and concise, the jokes in this issue are easily surpassed. The indefinable, unf Azable tribe issue in greatest numbers from the more luxurious edifices where the idea gets about that the imprint of the graduates is desired. Graduation is a hazy, distant memory that some day he may want to wear. But their own physical qualifications before attempting to read the block to get on is no longer being done in the best circles.

It is a sad fact that the nether extremities which fit the horse best are not the most attractive. But for that type which includes the opposite these adaptable appendages of horse-back riding is indeed a blessing. I suffered from them for fifteen years. Doctors have given up hope, and almost despair to try when a Freshman timidly entering the train to Ottawa, I said to the man at the window.

"What's the difference?" came the answer. "Our prices to Ottawa are $1.50 and $2.00. Most people prefer the lower although it's lower than the lower because it is higher. You can have the lower if you pay higher but if you want to go higher it will be lower."
Commencement in 1871

Would you like to have graduated fifty years ago? If so you would have had to be among the nine who got their diplomas in June of 1871, for that was the number that fared forth into the world to make their ways among the celebrities; and they have succeeded in their struggle. Perhaps it was the formality of their graduation exercises which made them so ready to brave almost anything that might present itself; nevertheless, those exercises were vastly different from the cap-and-gowned, long list of A. B.-ers, Ph. D.-ers and B. S.-ers who will throng out of the Baptist Church this June, diplomas in hand.

Can you imagine coming out of the picture show with that little slip of paper that means so much? But such was the case with the graduates of '71, although, of course, there was no such thing as a picture show then. The place now occupied above the post office was at that time the Baptist Church, and it was in there that all nine members of that class received their degrees. Of the nine men who graduated then, only two are now living. The following letter from Dr. E. E. Montgomery, a noted physician of Philadelphia, gives a picturesque description of the exercises:

Editor "Flamingo,"

Dear Sir:—Fifty years ago, nine men, seven classical and two scientific, prided themselves as forming Denison University’s class of 1871.

It would appear that each of the classical members felt that his scholarship and class attainments entitled him to the class presidency and, as no one of them was assured of more than one vote, I was, to my great surprise, catapulted into that office, notwithstanding the fact that I had been in the University but four consecutive terms and in the last year had made up in the scientific, in addition to the studies of the year, and had completed two years in Latin. As a consequence, I had little opportunity to cultivate class-spirit. Possibly this was my salvation, and I was selected because they knew so little about me.

The Commencement was held in the old Baptist Church, now, I believe, the Town Hall. Samson Talbot, the President, presided. In addition to a short address by him, speeches were made by the members of the class—each one of us spouted. My oration was entitled, “The Reformation Providential,” and even those who agreed with me breathed a sigh of thankfulness when I was through.

We did not wear caps and gowns. Such

A RIDDLE

In my heart I hold a secret.
Listen—no, I dare not tell,
Oft it beats within its prison,
Victim hurried in its cell;
Ever adding to its woe.
You should guess it—
Oh, I’ve told it,
Useless now—I see you know.

SONG FROM PIPPA PASSES.

(Students’ Version.)
I hear the clock ring
And wake up and yawn;
My sleep is not done;
I lay down my head;
The early birds sing;
The gang has all gone;
Classes have begun—
I’m still in my bed.

Flivver—“What is the most you ever got out of your car?”
Henry—“Oh, about seven times in one block, I think is my record. —Orange Peel.

SAD NEWS

“I just came from the doctor’s.”
“What did he say?”
“No.”

—Jug.

scholastic evidences had not yet reached Denison. We were such a fine class, we should have hesitated to thus hide our natural adornments.

Of that class, there are but two living, and singularly enough, they are the non-classical members.

While a student, I remember a man addressed us in chapel of whom it was told that he had graduated forty years before, and we looked upon him as a relic. I am coming back this year to exhibit myself as a piece of antiquity, and as I climb the College Hill and look about the campus, I will not see the men of today, who, if they notice me, will regard me as a man, old and out of date; but my view will encompass the boys and teachers of fifty years ago, the most of whom have entered “The Great Beyond.”

Very truly yours,

(Signed) E. E. MONTGOMERY.
In this, our initial flight before the public, we suppose that some sort of an editorial is necessary. The New Staff feels a bit serious about the work it is undertaking, and asks your attention to a few serious thoughts.

There was, of course, little in the way of experience which anyone could offer, but the New Staff feels a bit serious about the work it is undertaking, and asks your attention to a few serious thoughts.

Admitting that semester examinations are one of the most unpleasant parts of college life, the question arises as to whether or not it is fair to those who are about to graduate to require that they participate.

There is a certain amount of sentiment attached to the Freshman class last year in college. Goodness knows it doesn't always last for very long after a few experiences in the wicked world, but the fact remains that it is the usual thing for a grad to idealize and give a pleasant place in his memory to his Senior year. The pride of wearing the cap and gown and of being considered just a little more advanced in knowledge and wisdom than his fellows—snicker at it as he may—is a pleasant and lasting recollection.

The first three years of college life are more or less a period of continued warfare. Soph versus Frosh, Junior versus either or both of them—a continual struggle against odds for a purpose past human understanding. Yes, it's enjoyable in a way, but after three years or unremitting turmoil what a relief it must be to settle back and assume the role of innocent bystander or, it may be, impartial judge.

The Mystic Bird advances the belief that it is our duty, not only to show the Senior respect in chapel and on the campus, but to make this last year, and particularly his last semester, a veritable bed of roses. Not that we advocate the discontinuance of class-going on the part of our superiors, but that anything short of that is only fitting and proper.

Let it be admitted that anyone who has stood the gaff for three years and a half has already proved himself worthy of a degree at the end of the required number of hours' work. With a civilized standard of scholarship in the lower classes it should be practically impossible for a person to flunk out his last semester in college.

May we then cast our lot with those who are behind the movement and hope that in the future the powers that be will see fit to do away with last semester examinations for Seniors.

Perhaps the M. B. will be sort of a surprise to some of you. It was to some of us, when three short months ago it hatched out on the campus in the warm days of early spring. With the passing of the first issues there is the feeling of newness and the Bird is already assuming an air of permanency. Of course the future is still in doubt.

The student body has, for the most part, received our efforts with open arms, the administration has given us all the encouragement which we could rightfully expect, but the Alumni are so far an unknown quantity.

We believe that the Flamingo should receive the support of all Denisonians, not only the undergraduates and the faculty, but that large and distinguished body of which you are members, the Alumni. It is upon our subscription lists that we must rely in large part for our financial backing. With the budding and unfolding spirit of spring in the air, let us hope that you will all see fit to place the Bird among your friends and continue to send us your support through the year.

To the Alumni the Mystic Bird extends its heartiest and warmest greetings. How wonderful it must seem to be back in dear old Granville! With an even chance of some real spring weather the days of Commencement time should be the "happiest of all the glad new year." Exams are over. Of course that won't interest you much, but there is always a clearing of the atmosphere and a general relaxation when the last paper is turned in.

To the student body the Mystic Bird extends its last part of every party, is the best part of them all." Well, Exams are the last part of our this year's party—but are they, after all, the best? Far be it from us to set about to try to prove that they are, but there are certain pleasant features about them at that. For instance, when they are over, or when one is excused from some of them.
BUTTERFLIES.

(Suggested by Harper's for April.)
Oh I have watched the butterflies at play
Along the gleaming white sand of the beach;
The whites and sulfur yellows, fitting each
So lazily upon a carefree way.
But still a quiet dignity and peace;
A disregard of petty things, like one
That breathes a calmness in the storm and sun;
A certain poise that bids all strivings cease;
A grace that is simplicity—all these
Are theirs, the simple virtues of the mind
At rest. Beneath their gay exteriors
They wear them with an unaffected ease.
But these, tho I aspire to them, I find
Prerogatives of my superiors.

G. W. B.

TWILIGHT.

Trailing streaks of silver
Creep over the distant hilltops
Across the valley, the last
Lingering rays of the great
Setting sun:
The sweet song of the bird
Ceases and nature falls asleep
As gathering shadows, the
Harbinger of night, fall o'er
Denison.

T. P. G.

SCIENTIFIC SONNET

I watched a three-day chick with wondering eyes
To see the way the moving blood would flow.
A sight that I had never dreamed to know
The microscope revealed to my surprise:
The moving blood would flow.
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To see the way the moving blood would flow.
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R. D. B.

USE OF THE IMMATERIAL.

A rim and two and twenty spokes a wheel
May make, but in the nothingness of hub
Its service gives; the clay that potters rub
And thumb to shape, the artist's brush may feel,
But in its emptiness, the water clear
That slacks our feverish thirst contained is;
The use a golden trumpet serves is this—
That forms made by the human hands to dust
Must go; eternal only is the thing
The cheer and comfort of friends and love
Oh, for the warmth of an open hearth,
The silence is terrible and I dare not speak.

R. D. B.

NEW FABLES IN SLANG.

By Orange Ade.

The Fable of The Scheming Sisters.

There were once two Chicks who Parked themselves in a place which went by the Moniker of "The Sem." These same two Squaws were the Peppiest little Ladies that had been Corralled around the Dump for quite Some Time. They had Venus beaten Seven ways. And besides all this they had Wicked Lamps. When they would Shoot their Baby Stare at one of the Apes who wear troupers, they would Fall so hard that there wouldn't be Scraps enough left of the No-Brain to fill a Respectable Thimble.

In one way were these Twan unlike each other. One had More Brass than a Metal Tag Factory. The other was a Slick Customer. They both had Spotted all the Joints for Scheming, but the Nervy One would Haul right up the Main Drag, while the other would Slide through the Back Alleys.

Now on one Large Evening towards the Day of Rest, these two had Sneak Dates with two Chasing Fools. As was her custom, The Wise One got herself out and City Slicked up to the Hangout where she met the Heart Breaker. The Dumb Girl dragged the Unlucky Guy right Down the Row; and who should they Run Onto but the Student Gov., who gave the Party the Double O and the next night Hauled the Erring Damsel before the Council. Strict Campus was the Sentence.

Meanwhile the Wise One roamed at Large in Perfect Safety.

MORAL: She who would laugh Last must gather no Moss.
LETTERS OF A JAPANESE SANDMAN

By W. M. Potter

Dear Suruma,

Hon. events are often, here. My time are fiendishly absorbed. Craving cash, I lamp hon. floor for nickel. My peace of mind (Wudu says the wise thing) are rapidly atomized, as also hon. 12 bone glasses. Willie Kamura, up on toes from opium, ooze synthetically in doorway to suffer compliments and hon. Jap cuss words. He laugh like Flamingo reader and create first all-Denison joke. Which are impossibly:

“Smashed glasses?” he glee logically, as I elevate nose from hon. oriental.

“Yes,” I deny, superfluitously.

“Yes,” he deplete, musicianly, “Sem campus are too far from street for boys,” and then cry to housetop as he bounce on my hon. vertebrae. “I ord^r it moved nearer boulevard, since thy glasses so oftenly smash with eye-strain!”

He laugh with encored repetitions, and descend to exit. Which are popular with me. Why, hon. College? I set up spontaneously near Sem as oculist—major work in field-glasses!

Our cutie tea cellar (anything but hon. tea) are now exquisitely established. It are hon. Baptist kindergarten center. Willie Kamura deviate oncely from st. and narrow over wicked stein (I dispense Denisonian slang) and I topple on glowing truth on next eventuation.

“Yesh,” he crow saloonly, “thish gontabegud.”

“What?” I quote with intercept.

“Theshe new Shepardshon Follish,” he glik dantishly.

“After Ziegfeld’s own?” I gestulate.

“Yesh,” he evolve, “and more so.”

On Mother’s Day I so zealishly attend, profiteering in field-glasses. Which are called pecuniary in English. In spite of ^t, hon. Dance Drama are exquisite, expressing progress of Shepardson.

“Saddish,” I dib, with tired eyebrow on hon. bleachers, “that men cannot h that hon. fine power of expressibility. effective, with colleges combined!”

With fine wishfulness for all,
thee, I say hello,

UMARI MEE.

Let me hear from thee soon.

—Brown Jug.
A Chemical Drama

(Practically an act in three test tubes.)

My Dear Miss Cave:

Leaning lazily with my head resting on my hand I looked out over the broad fields to the science building, seeking the southwest corner on the top floor. There, realizing that I was out of danger of your wrath I was reflecting about our interview. Then I removed my hand from the afore-mentioned seat of learning and sought my trusty Conklin. Here is the result:

"THE CAVE WOMAN."

(A chemical tragedy in three test tubes.)

The action takes place in a chemical laboratory with a small office adjoining. In the office is a flat-topped desk with a small pale blue book upon it. Two chairs, one beside the desk and the other in front of it. Upon this is seated the Cave Woman—a huge, shaggy-haired blonde with cavernous eyes.

**TEST TUBE 1.**

Enter a small pompous looking man who is bald headed. Underneath his collar is hidden a ukelele upon which he plays a continuous tune. From his appearance he is a pickle salesman—or at any rate a travelling man of some sort. Not knowing his name we will call him Mr. Gibberish.

**Gibberish—**Aha, Cave Woman, I have had scouts out for you all the past hours. This is seated the Cave Woman—a huge, shaggy-haired blonde with cavernous eyes.

**Cave Woman—**Biting off the end of her bunsen burner and playing "Three Blind Mice," at the sound of which a big fellow in a red sweater enters the room on all fours and looks up at the Cave Woman tremblingly)—Yes, ma'am.

**C. W.—**(To F. F.)—The sodium is from the back of his neck)—Yes, ma'am.

**Red Sweatered Lad—**(Taking a whisk broom from his pocket and brushing the HCL from the back of his neck)—Yes, ma'am.

**C.W.—**(To F. F.)—The sodium is from your tears. Why can't you be a man and brace up?—Yes, ma'am.

**F. F.—**(Weeping anew)—I can't can them.

**C. W.—**(Turning to Gibberish, who is sitting on the radiator to keep from shivering)—Don't bother with them, Mr. Gibberish. They are flunks. (She picks up a saw and etches her initials in it with her thumb nails.)

**C.**—(Pointing to a crack in the wall above out book case)—Never! Till the stars above cease to glitter—never!

First girl frantically raises test tube to her mouth. Drinks. Dies.

**CURTAIN.**

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

On Cave Woman, we ask of you.

On Cave Woman, please let us thru—When the song is finished they put away their Jew's harps and look imploringly at the Cave Woman.

**C. W.—**(In a deep, baritone voice)—Fe, Fl, Fo, Fum.

On Cave Woman, please let us thru—When the song is finished they put away their Jew's harps and look imploringly at the Cave Woman.

**Gib.—**(Disconcerted)—Why-er I—I want to "stay yet hating to go)—But don't you turn suffer terrible tortures and expire.

**Gib.—**(Fascinated by her cruelty, fearing to stay, yet hating to go)—But don't you think some gentler means might go—such as beating them over the head with a black jack and—(Just then a wall is heard outside the door.)

**C. W.—**(In a deep, baritone voice)—Fe, Fl, Fo, Fum.

**Gib.—**(In ecstasy)—I smell the fragrance of New England rum!

**Test Tube 3.**

Enter a crowd of timid, wailing girls and abject fellows, each carrying a test tube in one hand and a bunsen burner in the other. The crowd salute the Cave Woman, then huddle together in the corner to await the reaction.

**C. W.—**(Paying no heed to them)—Don't bother with them, Mr. Gibberish. They are flunks. (She picks up a saw and etches her initials in it with her thumb nails.)

**C. W.—**(Pointing to a crack in the wall above out book case)—Never! Till the stars above cease to glitter—never!

First girl frantically raises test tube to her mouth. Drinks. Dies.

**C. W.—**(Turning to Gibberish, who is sitting on the radiator to keep from shivering)—Don't bother with them, Mr. Gibberish. They are flunks. (She picks up a saw and etches her initials in it with her thumb nails.)

Suddenly soft music is heard—music like the hushed tones that are wafted through the trees on a summer evening when the desk far away some lonesome pair are singing on their way home from church. Gradually it increases until the words are audible. The crowd are holding their test tubes and burners aloft and are singing:

(Tune of Liza Jane)

On Cave Woman, we ask of you.

On Cave Woman, please let us thru—When the song is finished they put away their Jew's harps and look imploringly at the Cave Woman.

**C. W.—**(In a deep, baritone voice)—Fe, Fl, Fo, Fum.

Next girl in tears, holding a bunsen burner and plays "Ye tak the high road and I'll tak the low road, and I'll be in Scotland before ye."

**CURTAIN.**
Brandon stepped suddenly in his nervous pacing to and fro in his cell. He had heard footsteps approaching and echoing along the narrow passage that divided the two long rows of cells. It was after eight, an unusual time for anyone but the armed guard to be in that place. The steps drew near and stopped suddenly in front of his cell.

"Mr. George Brandon," addressed the newcomer, whom Brandon recognized as the Keeper of the Prison.

"Yes, sir," Brandon replied.

"Tonight marks the completion of two years of your sentence from three to five years in the penitentiary at hard labor, does it not, sir?"

"It does, sir."

"You may consider yourself fortunate that the governor of this state has decided to pardon you. He had entered and one of the pair, going up to the counter asked for a "chaw." Throwing them a handful, the man with a mustache and a monocle proceeded to chew with great relish, while the other, pale and nervous, stood silent and motionless.

"You see," he said, "I have had my fill of this."

Brandon's eyes narrowed. He had heard that story before. It was a common one. But there was something about this man's manner that made him pay attention.

"You have," said Brandon, "a reputation for being a dangerous bandit."

"A reputation," the man replied, "that I do not wish to see confirmed."

"Then why did you come here?"

"I came to see if I could persuade you to reconsider my case."

"I am not in a position to do that," said Brandon. "I am here only to enforce the law."

The man hesitated, then said, "I know it may seem strange, but I have always admired your work. You have a talent for catching bandits."

"That is true," said Brandon. "But I have my limits."

"I understand," said the man. "But I have reason to believe that you can help me."

"I doubt it," said Brandon. "My job is to pursue the law, not to become involved in such matters."

The man walked out of the office, leaving behind a sense of frustration. It was clear that he had not come to the prison in search of宽恕。
loved years before; one whom he still loved in the inner recesses of his heart; one that had warmed his home—his throat throbbed at the word—and had pressed his hand. Ah! He had known love once. Yes, Brandon had been happy once; but now—. He turned abashed, his eyes filled with tears. Brandon—Buffalo George—was crying.

Of a sudden, a crisp, curt order cut the air. It took seconds for the sound to penetrate Brandon's inner consciousness which alone, in his tired frame, seemed alive. Finally, with a start, he realized that he had been challenged. Brandon had not caught the meaning of the word spoken but he remembered its harsh, strident tone. Could it be the posse?

With a subdued groan, he turned and started to run in the direction opposite that from which the voice had come. Again a shrill cry: "Stop or I'll shoot," but almost simultaneously there was heard the sharp crack of a rifle. But a moment and the deadly lead found its mark.

The rancher leered as he saw whom he had killed. "It's Buffalo George, alright, and the dough means a home for me and me Maggie." But there was a smile on the victim's face as he lay there in his "ebbing life-blood. A smile both sinister and seraphic. Buffalo George was dead, but George Brandon was again happy.

THE END
Oh! many hours I studied thee!
My Economics 1,
No fruits my labors bore to me
My Economics 1,
You crammed me full of theories,
My Economics 1.
You made me used to F's and D's,
Oh Economics 1.
I signed for thee again, perforce,
My Economics 2,
And now I'm filled with grim remorse,
My Economics 2.
They called me blind—such things they said,
My Economics 2.
I wasn't blind—I just lost my head,
Oh Economics 2.

—Gorkus.

Eve (from the bushes)—Adam, dear, close your eyes so that I can come home.
Adam—What's the matter, my own?
Eve—I've been A. W. O. L. —Dirge.

"Burn my clothes," remarked the city boy who had thought he was petting the barnyard tom-cat.

—Exchange.

"It is and I'll take her from you," said Avery, from new strength and courage by the smell of whiskey on the other's breath.
"I love her. You great big coward—trying to kiss her."
"Take that," said the outlaw, lunging forward and knocking Avery into one corner.
"And that." He drew a revolver and shot.

Advancing stealthfully, Avery approached the villain, seized him from behind and began to tickle. Avery was a good tickler, but never had he tickled so before. Black Pete struggled, but in vain.
"I give in," he whispered between giggles.
"You—you—you can have her."
"Give me your gun," said Avery. Black Pete produced his gun and was immediately covered. "Come forth," said Avery and the "boys" came 5th from their rat holes. Then Avery left them and hurried out. One could hear him uprooting trees in his frantic search. However, lest we make the suspense too great, he soon returned—successful. In he came, little Eugenia riding "piggy-back."

"Boys," he said, "here's to the future Mrs. Nottharetus." The pop bottles were lifted high and amid three cheers Avery and Eugenia, now reconciled, went out into the night and hurried to the divorce court. Luckily Avery had 25 cents, the price of a divorce in Alaska. They are now married and live happily. And Avery has never kissed Eugenia, for, as she coyly explained, "It takes the paint off."

Teacher (explaining tenses in French)—Now Johnny, I want you to tell me the tense of the following sentence: "When I took French, I always studied my lesson."
Johnny—I'd call that pre-tense.
Ye Wise Virgin

Now it came to pass that there dwelt in a certain college a fair co-ed who would fain have taken a husband to wed. But none came seeking her, whereupon she was downcast with much sorrow and took counsel of "The Tower Room" department in the "Noman's Home Companion." And she applied herself diligently unto the book and got great learning concerning scheming, fussers and the walking date question and a multitude of things like unto these. But no man sought her out. Then she said in her heart, I must be musical and know about Art. And she learned how to play "Mandy Lee" on the uke and gathered unto herself much wisdom pertaining unto Rag and Jazz. But no man tarried at her hall. And she was sore discouraged and retired to the basement while it was yet day to try her hand at fudge. And it came to pass that a Fusser came that way and gazed upon it. And when the odor came to him he was filled with great joy, saying, Who hath made this scrumptious fudge? And the maid answered him with many blushes saying, even I. Whereupon, having tasted it, without ado he embraced her with great gusto exclaiming, Verily, I shall slip thee my pm, even this night. And it came to pass that he slipped her pin, even as he had said, and they wentabinet ever after. And she that had tarried long said herself, Let the foolish virgins worship the altar of Art if they desire; but how in a man eat the poems of Browning or be set with strains of "Mandy Lee"?

Mrs. Prof.—Do you think Wednesday would be a good time to hold a shower for Beatrice? Prof. (dead to the world)—Any time she needs one, mother. —Banter.


Overheard at the Hashery.
Stude—"Hey, waiter! What's matter with this hot dog? It's blue!"
Waiter—"Musta come from a sky terrier." —Proth.

1st Cullud Lady—"Dat baby ob yourn is sho' a puffy image ob his daddy."
2nd Cullud Lady—"Yas, a regular carbon copy, yo' might say." —Virginia Reel.

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