1921

Flamingo Vol. II N 1

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*Denison University*

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Flamingo Vol. II N 1

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To Denison Students--

Through this, the first fall edition of "The Flamingo" I wish to greet you all and say that during the coming months The Opera House here will offer the latest in good, clean movies. The Alhambra at Newark offers the best in fleeting photoplays and the

AUDITORIUM


If there is any "Movie" that you would like to have me bring to Granville I shall be glad to hear from you. Assuring you your patronage is appreciated. I am,

Yours for clean amusement,
Geo. M. Fenberg.

Post—“So you saw the whole Johnson family? How does the epileptic daughter look?”
Parker—“Very fit.”—Judge.

She—“You've been drinking whiskey.”
Amateur Distiller—“Thank you!”—Siren.

Kind Chauffeur—“You're working under a mistaken idea.”
Irate Auto-owner—“Don’t tease me about my Ford.”—Purple Cow.

THE FLAMINGO
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H. E. Lamson
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Denison Customs We Don't Want Revived

How’s this as a copy of a tin type showing extra-curricular activities of fifty years ago? The Old Boys did calisthenics with an ax, then carried the product of their toil up three flights of stairs to the stoves in their rooms. That was a time before the advent of the luxurious warmth of steam-heated rooms, a stage in the evolutionary process, by the way, which has not yet been reached.

DEACON FROWZY’S SON

By R. D. Borington, Ex-’22.

I suppose being’s how I’m a Deacon’s son was one of the main reasons why I took to goin’ to pool halls. You see if a Deacon’s son should smoke cigarettes on the street or stand and talk with the fellows on the street corners, why more than likely there’d be trouble. Some other Deacon or some church member would see him and then the news would spread all around, and the gossipy old ladies would begin to talk about Deacon Frowzy’s son and how “He aint no credit to his father,” and then one would feel it her duty to tell the “Deac’n,” and then the “Deac’n” would say something about “Spare the rod and spoil the child” and how “This hurts me more than it does you.” But darned if I ever believed that, although I used to hope so when he hurt me especially bad, which was most every time.

So you see it aint no wonder that Deacons’ sons take to pool halls. If there’s one place it’s in a pool room or a saloon. Of course, it’s hard gettin’ in without hein’ seen, but once he’s there he’s safe. And that’s where you’ll generally find ’em.

Our minister lived right next door to us. There was a board fence between our two lots with a gate in it so’s my dad could get over to the minister’s right away when he wanted to talk about church matters or raising chickens or such like. My dad thought an awful lot of the minister and the gate was generally open and swung back on the minister’s side of the fence showin’ how my dad bust through and forgot to close it again.

Our family sure was good friends with the minister’s family—all but me. I didn’t like the minister’s kid. He being the only kid in their family, and I being the only one in ours. He was too good—allways had his Sunday School lesson, always readin’ big books which I know he couldn’t understand, always stood high in his classes at school, always had his hair slicked down just so, and was considered both the nicest and the smartest kid in town.

All the old ladies used to rave about him and my mother was always tellin’ me about “William Smith”—she called him “William”—can you imagine that—and kind o’ holdin’ him up for an example for me to be like. But, as I said before, I never could see him. He didn’t
belong to his "gang," and he never went with any girl except "Sissy." He was worse than he was. You see "Sissy" Barnes' dad was the richest man in Grafton. He was president of the Grafton National Bank and had the only lights in the only tennis court. "Sissy" and the minister's son were always together playin' tennis, which is a game meant for girls anyhow, or maybe playin' checkers. I guess "Sissy"'s chauffeur just drove them for a ride in the Packard. It was an awful shifty lookin' car and the only one like it in this part of the country. Oh yes, I guess that Mr. Barnes was about the richest man that ever lived in Grafton. He didn't always live here tho, but came from Bay City.

You see how the trouble between me and Willie Smith started. Willie Smith was the cousin of Betty Sims. She's "Sissy"'s cousin from Bay City. I was coming home from the market one day last summer with some meat my mother sent me for when I saw Barnes' big machine stop in front of the Ice cream store. "Sissy" and Willie Smith got out and with them was one of the swelliest jenes I ever saw. Gosh but she was swell and was like a movie actress—curls 'n everything. I just stood still and looked right at her. I guess I must o' been very bashful because as soon as I saw her I felt funny all over. Gee but I liked her looks and I wanted to meet her, so I blushed up to "Sissy" and says, "Hello, I'm Johnny Frrowsy. I'm Harry Barnes' cousin. John Frrowsy's my real name. I guess I must o' scared him for he looked startled and kind o' blinked and says, "What old boy?"

"Why yourself, who do you suppose?" I says almost afraid he was trying to act snipy.

"Me? Oh! I'm all right," he says, lookin' relieved when he sees I wasn't going to hurt him. "How's yourself?"

"I'm fine," I says. "Say, why don't you come around home some time?"

"Around?" says "Sissy" looking surprised.

"Around, why, what do you mean?"

"I don't know," I says, "Around with the fellows."

"Sissy" just looked at me for a minute as if I was crazy. At last he says, "Why you sayin' that? I've been waitin' for my cousin Betty from Bay City."

"Oh," says I, pretending I hadn't seen her before. "Pleased to meet you."

She smiled at him. "Nice to meet you," she said. She was one of the cutest girls I ever saw. Gosh but she sure was pretty.

So you're from Bay City," I says. "Do you know my uncle John Richardson that lives up there?"

Well, she didn't confide in him but that was enough. He couldn't get started, and I guess I must o' talked to her for a good five minutes while "Sissy" and Willie just stood there gaping. I could see that Willie was kind o' jealous of me and sure sick of havin' to do anythin', so I got around between them and he couldn't even see her. I couldn't stand and talk very long because I had to get home with my work and my thoughts speeded. I am with the women, in that five minutes that I talked to her I learned all about her and had a date fixed up for the next day to go to the fair grounds and watch them put up the tents for the fair that was comin' the next week. Gosh but Willie Smith looked mad at me when I left them.

When I went home my dad gave me some money to get worried over somethin'. It wouldn't cost anythin' to take Betty out to the fair grounds but when we would come back I really ought to take her to the ice cream parlor and set her up—especially if I was going to make a hit. The trouble was I didn't have any money. That really worried me terribly. I just had some money goin' to place. So I went to the back yard to think. When I got out there I saw Willie Smith goin' out to his chicken house. I guess I could have come up to him and told him I didn't know the idea. I slipped into the house, got a basket, swapped some eggs, took them down town and sold them. It was my first marketing. I got forty-eight cents, which was more than enough to set Betty up on even a banana split. So you see I was feelin' pretty good.

I went around that afternoon and got Betty and we started out for the fair grounds which was clear other side of town and we was logged out. She had her hair curled and tied up in a pretty blue ribbon. Her dress was a soft blue stuff that kind o' shined and she wore on sandles and carried a little pink parasol. Gosh but she was classy—looked just like big city stuff to me. I was mighty glad to get her and I was passed just stared at me as if to say, "How come John Frowsy gets next to such a swell jene?"

Well, we started out West Main Street and I showed her the "Freddy" lives; the crazy guy that collects moths and butterflies. My, but she seemed awfully interested. She just listened to everything I said. She was a fast talkin' kind of people, hanging on to every word when they seemed interested, she just about chimed in on my words. That made me like her all the more.

None of the girls around Grafton pay any attention when they talk. They want to do all the talkin' themselves or maybe giggle. Golly but they were surprised. I passed the old haunted house at the forks of the road. I told her all about the ghosts and everything. Do you know that scared her so bad she cried? She wiped her eye and walked so close to me that I almost had to walk in the ditch. I tell you a feller likes a girl like that. It makes him feel big and strong and gives him a feeling of security. You don't see none of those Grafton tomboys gettin' scared.

Well we never got out to the fair grounds all that day and Willie walked all over and when we got back to town it was so darn near supper time that Betty said she didn't want no ice cream. I still had forty-eight cents, I says, "Sissy, Betty, let's go to the movies tonight, I'll take you." I expected her to say right off that she was glad to go, to for the way she acted the last afternoon I could see that she had fallen for me. But when she didn't answer right off you can see I was surprised. "Why don't you want to go?" I says, feelin' sort o' funny.

She just looked up at me with eyes that were most cryin' and says, "I'm awfully sorry, Johnie, but I promised to go with Willie Smith."

She didn't say so but I could see from the way she was actin' that she'd either have gone with me, so I says, "Oh, that don't make no difference, c'mon with me anyhow."

But she wouldn't do it. Gosh but I got mad quick. I just turned and left without sayin' a word. I went down to the pool hall and put my money in a slot machine and didn't win a thing. And believe me, that made me feel mighty bad.

When I got home Pa and Ma was about half way thru supper. Pa asked me why I didn't win. "Oh, I couldn't even see her," I says. Pa asked me why she didn't answer right off when I took her out. "That's an awful lot for one hen. I let her. It was more than enough to set Betty up to provided she didn't win a thing. And believe me, that made me feel mighty bad."

"Well, I nearly jumped out of my chair when she says it. But as it was I didn't have enough money. So I says kind o' mad to him, "Oh, I can't pay for it because she was so sweet."

"Special."}

"Who says that. A Honey Boy Special costs thirty-five cents and all and I had twenty-five cents and I figured that was enough money. So I got around between them, so that none of the expensive dishes and I didn't suppose she would. Most Grafton girls when you set them up just get an ice cream cone. So I fell back on it.

After I sold the eggs I went and got Betty again. I just fell so much in love with her that made me sick. Did you ever get that way from ever lovin' just feel sick all over? Well, that's how much in love I was.

Pretty soon I suggested we go up to the ice cream store and get some ice cream. Betty said she just loved to because it was so hot.

When we got to the store there was a few fellows in and Willy Smith didn't even look at him and we went and sat down in the corner at a little table.

Pretty soon the girl comes back to wait on us. Willy Smith says, "I want what Betty wants."

She looks at me and smiles and then looks down kind o' bashful like and says, "A Honey Boy Special."

I nearly jumped out of my chair when she says that. A Honey Boy Special costs thirty-five cents and all and I had twenty-five. If I had the money I'd be a more than glad to go for it but so was she when she says it. But as it was I didn't have enough money. So I says kind o' scared like, "Aw, you ain't no good."

"Aint they?" Betty says lookin' at the girl.

But that darn fool girl didn't understand at all and says: (Continued on page 26.)
**CYNIC**

I bear the cynic's baneful name,
And share his calumny and shame
Because I dare to think untrue
The "sacred truths," and since I do
Not bind myself with narrow creeds,
Or follow ruts where dogma leads.

Because I shun what science holds
Is false, or seize what truth unfolds;
And since I see but naught in rites
Or liturgies, this then indicts,
And I sit in scorn before the wise,
And am a cynic in their eyes.

The negative that I deny;
My punishment for asking "Why?";
Has charged to my account; but none
Have asked what I do not shun,
And none have seen what lies within—
They charge me with the cynic's sin.

—G. W. B.

**LES HOMMES MYSTERIEUX**

Who knows from what secluded corners
May come the lore of future years—
And pray who knows but what the mourners
Strange it is—this two-fold world of ours!

Ah, mortal men! hypocrites ye are!
For those who sow weeds, they too plant
The works of yourselves ye carry far,
The man still would much the greater be
Yet, if all the forces in jubilee
Themselves are laughing through their

The dancing leaves, no more sedate,
That frolic by the billion,
Now boldly kissed by wanton frosts
And seen to blush vermillion.

Dame Autumn's alchemy transmutes
The summer's green to gold.
Did Croesus count his dainties out?
Will fall her wealth withhold?

Because the World works hard all year,
And well deserves a play-day,
The fall is Nature's carnival;
The harvest is God's pay-day.

—K. K. H.

**PETITION**

No longer let me live when I am old
Than I can toil.
And let me when I'm as a tale that's told,
Throw off this coil
Which age makes impotent, nor passes by.
My work's my wealth;
Then may I toil until at last I die,
Whate'er my health.
What pleasure may there be when years
Grow late,
If, enfeebled, I must sit and stare, and wait?

—G. W. B.

**OCTOBER**

Because His World works hard all year
The harvest is God's pay-day;
September views the task complete
And fall is Nature's play-day.

With merry heart and lavish hand
October spills her treasure,
For why should the Ocean tell her waves
Or Day his sunshine measure?

The dancing leaves, no more sedate,
That frolic by the billion,
Now boldly kissed by wanton frosts
And seen to blush vermillion.

Dame Autumn's alchemy transmutes
The summer's green to gold.
Did Croesus count his dainties out?
Will fall her wealth withhold?

Because the World works hard all year,
And well deserves a play-day,
The fall is Nature's carnival;
The harvest is God's pay-day.

—K. K. H.
CROONING OF A JAPANESE SANDMAN

Dearie Rosie:

Wierdishly downeast are I. Hon. Student Gov. insists I inscribe patrynomic on hon. cap. As I excite from shrine, a Soapmore gestulate with eyes at cap, and gidge kook-a-lishly.

"Marriage licenses in Newark," he funny sadowishly, and roll humoroesquely on hon. grass.

Seven,000 feet of ribbon for Homecoming, not subtracting movie film. Which are college life. Our Jap-letter frat march in Hon. body, splendiferating parade with quaint Jap yells. Fine they were, but mine was 10 dollars. Funnies language!

Homecoming are 2 Frolics, one P. M. and one Midnight. Your diminutive Jap frolicked with neck on all yells, but Butler dittoed for 3 hon. touch-downs.

Which are fierce!!

Midnight Frolic (nearly) are extensive to ten-thirty, big frolicsome, all athletes win letter with ease.

Must toddle now to discover old raiment for Hon. Scrapday. Sincerely,

[Signature]

W. M. Potter, '23.

Dr. Me—"The stage is but in its infancy."
Lyric Patron (in the rear)—"Yea, but the chorus isn't."
KIRTY F. MATHER

When Dr. Mather, Professor of Geology, looked over the registration list for his department this fall, he decided that students had the impression that his courses were "snaps." It is due, however, to his personality and to the interesting class sessions that numbers are being attracted.

Dr. Kirtley F. Mather is a real Denison product, having received the B. S. degree here in '09. He was born in Chicago, Ill., Feb. 13, 1888, and received his early education there, coming to Denison for his last two years of college work. He was later given the degree of Ph. D. by the University of Chicago.

Dr. Mather's experience as a professor has included a three year period each in work in Arkansas and in Queen's College, Kingston, Canada, in addition to his work in Denison.

The investigation work carried on by Dr. Mather during summer vacations has added greatly to his ability as a teacher.

In 1918, he was promoted to the rank of Geologist on the Geological Survey on the U. S. Commission. The most recent undertakings of Dr. Mather have been his two five month oil surveys in South America for a Bolivian Company, where he did some valuable exploration and research as well.

Dr. Mather is a member of the A. A. A. S.; the Geological Society of America; Paleontological Society of America; Seismological Society of America; Canadian Mining Institute; and the American Institute of Mining Engineers.

Dr. Mather is an alumnus of whom Denison is justly proud; and he is serving the college and alumni in the capacity of Secretary-Treasurer of the Society of the Alumni.
The student body of Denison has shown by its generous support and appreciation, only too rare among typical student bodies, of the efforts of the artistic, literary and legitimately humorous talent of its members. The appreciation of these less physical manifestations of student enterprise is extremely gratifying to those who feel that there is more to a college education than a ready pat on the football situation in the Conference, or the hurrah-boys-all-together type of college spirit.

Appreciation of the sort of things the Flamingo purports to stand for always merits its congratulations, and we wish to extend ours to the new subscribers at this time.

Note your subscription money is still coming in—not in bucketsfuls by any means—but in a steady stream which should before long confirm our belief that we are really fulfilling a need here.
“Once Upon a Time”

An icyisle
I said a smile
Amid the Arctic Seas.

I don’t belong
But it ails me
And yet I feel
It should be.

Clad by the sea
With morning
As he aS always
There rose a home
The regal home
And palace of the king.

The king was at
When I was
I knocked the door
For I could stay
The golden day
To woo that princess fair.

And what was
And why she
Cried out loud
At the door.
As she was kiss
As minds of poet’s love.

I stood in joy.
From long, long gone.
Then filled those
eyes!
When near the door
And did not move.

Does this surprise.

«He blazed away, say?»
I said, I love tonight.

“You no you stay—
But earth’s the other day
Without you! Right.

He spread his napkin.
Prepared to spill the right in the meal.

The princess flew
Just stepped upon there to see what she could do.

He wished he call
To tied up frock
And visit the girl.

An aged call
And then I could
From others on the floor.”
He—"I sent that girl that bathing suit for a present."

Him—"I'll bet she was surprised when she opened the envelope."

A young theologian named Fiddle
Refused to accept his degree.
The answer is surely no riddle,
He was loath to be "Fiddle, D. D."

Minister—"Would you care to join us in missionary movement?"

Miss Tripper—"I'm crazy to try it. Is it anything like the scandal walk."

He—"Did Mable's old man invite you to call again?"

Him—"No, he dared me to."

COLLEGE SONG B. C. 56
(Tune: Aristotle Blues)
Quam aridus sum
Quam aridus sum
Nemo sevit quam
Aridis sum!

A little boat
A little breeze
A little girl
A little squeeze.

The best place to hold the world's fair—
(we hate to do this)—around the waist.

A little boat
A little breeze
A little girl
A little squeeze.

YEA NEPTUNE!
A little boat
A little breeze
A little girl
A little squeeze.

The best place to hold the world's fair—
(we hate to do this)—around the waist.

---

He—"I sent that girl that bathing suit for a present."

Him—"I'll bet she was surprised when she opened the envelope."

A young theologian named Fiddle
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Him—"No, he dared me to."

A girl walked by a target range,
The soldiers were entranced.
In fact, she was so beautiful,
The bullets even glanced.

---

FOLLOW COPY

Editor—"Have you ever read proof?"

Frosh—"No, who wrote it?"—Jester.

"I hear you had a pretty successful banquet at your house last night?"

"Yeah, a couple of our alumni are revenue officers."
—Lord Jeff.

"The best-man never wins."

A red nose now
Is quite a shock,
For people now
You've got a stock.
They label you
A heartless pup
Because you do
Not loosen up.

---

One of Denison's philosophically minded walking-date hounds and scheming-date lovers, upon reading the following stanza from the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam—

Ah Love! could thou and I with Fate conspire
To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire,
Would not we shatter it to bits—and then
Re-mould it nearer to our Heart's Desire!

—was heard to have asked himself in deep contemplation: "I wonder if Omar must not have foreseen Denison University as it now is?"
When the whole world is gloomy and dreary,
And the future looks blacker than night,
They say he who looks will find comfort in
books.
If they're speaking of bank-books—they're right.

1st Enfant—"My sister got a pearl from an oyster."
2nd Enfant—"That's nothing; my sister got a diamond from some poor fish."

There is lots of difference between having a girl smile at you and having one laugh at you.

Felix—"That story in the Post sure is mushy, don't you think?"
Foolix—"Of course—that's why it's a serial."

D—"Mary's a modest little girl isn't she?"
U—"How's that?"
D—"Why she's in my Math class and she won't even do improper fractions."

Ah'll sell you dat mule ober dere socheap dat you'll feel lahk a hoss thief.

We wonder who'll be the first to pull that good old faithful Student Volunteer Band wheeze in the ensuing college year.
Perfectly
At Ease
in
Clothes Like
These.
You Will Find
Them
at
Roe Emerson's
Clothes
Hats
Furnishings
Corner
Third and Main,
Newark.

I shot an Arrow into the air,
It fell to the earth, I know not where,
But as it had a two-inch tear,
I must admit I didn't care.

—Punch Bowl.

She—"Since I inherited that property I’ve had three proposals."
He—"Oh, for the land’s sake!"—Purple Cow.

IN THE TRENCHES

English Tommy (in poker game)—"Well, I’ll wager a bally pound on this."
American Darky (holding four aces)—"Ah dunno too much 'bout yo' ol' English money, but I’ll bump yo' a couple of tons."—Purple Cow.

"Have a cigar?"
"No—don’t smoke now."
"Sworn off?"
"Nope; stopped entirely."—Tar Baby.

"How do you keep your cook so long?"
"We give her a wide range."—Exchange.

Othello—"Is that a Jack rose?"
Desdemona—"No, it’s a Jim pansy." (And then the pillow fight started.)—Jester.

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47 E. Main Street Rear Warden Hotel

PHOTO

“I feel relieved.”
“Howzat?”
“I just came from the treasurer’s office.”—Exchange.

Al— “You better get a hair cut.”
Fal— “How so?”
Fa— “Well, that’s cheaper than buying a violin.”—Siren.

Son— “Father, can a lamb gambol?”
Father— “Yes, my son.”
Son— “Well, father, if you squeezed the lamb’s hind knee, wouldn’t you be pinching a gamboling joint?”—Widow.

Quoth a student, “I like the ‘Flamingo’
’Tis a fine publication, by jingo!

And its work is the sort
That deserves our support
Let’s all boost, and we’ll sure make the thing go!”

He— “Are you familiar with Poe’s work?”
She— “Well, I’m an artist’s model.” —Voo Doo.

“What do you know about Czecho-Slovakia?”
“It’s hard to say.”—Froth.

“IT'S A LONG TURN”
The Early Bird—“Whatcha turning for?”
The Turning Worm—“’Cause you stepped on me.”
The Early Bird—“Then I’ll go a step further. One good turn deserves another.”—Judge.

Daughter— “Oh, Dad, how fine you are looking. I do think that it is so nice of you.”
Father (interrupting)— “Well, how much do you want now?”

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STETSON HATS
JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA
(Continued from page 7.)

"Why of course they are. They're the very best we have."

Gosh when she said that, I didn't know what to do. I didn't dare tell Betty I didn't have enough money and Bill Burns that runs the store never lets anyone charge a thing. He's a good scout when you've got the money but mean when you haven't. I just got dizzy and couldn't even think. I don't know why, but I mumbled, "The same," and the girl went away. That made seventy cents but I knew it would be just as easy for me to pay that much as thirty-five cents.

When the girl comes back with the ice cream I says, "Wait a minute. I want to speak to Bill." I went up and told him about the fix I was in and asked him if he wouldn't charge it. I promised to be his slave for life if he would only get me out of this scrape. But Bill's mean. I thought he was goin' to hit me at first, but he didn't. He did something far worse. He opened that big mouth of his and hollered so that everyone in the store could hear, "Git outa here. What d' you think this is—a charity house? I know your tricks. I wasn't born yesterday." He was so mad he just about boiled all over. I never did see anyone get so red in the face. But believe me, I sure got out of that joint.

I stood outside and looked in. The girl was still waitin' for the money and Betty had her handkerchief up to her eyes and was crying. I suppose she must o' been crying for me. I couldn't see no other reason. Pretty soon I seen Willie Smith go over to Betty. He patted her on the back and she stopped crying. Then he gave the girl some money and ate the Honey Boy Special that was meant for me. You can imagine how mad that made me. Worse yet I could see that Betty was treating Willie just like she treated me—smiles and making eyes and listening to his talk as if he were the only one who knew how to.

(Concluded on page 29.)
THE FLAMINGO

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**Strange**
Absent-minded Prof.—"Didn't you have a brother in this course last year?"
Student—"No, sir, it was I. I'm repeating the course."
Absent-minded Prof.—"Extraordinary resemblance, though. Positively extraordinary."—Voo Doo.

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Barr—"I owe a great deal to that woman on the corner."
Rale—"Sort of guiding spirit, eh?"
Barr—"Naw; she's my landlady."

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Judge—"My man, what are you here for?"
Bad Bold Man—"For beating my wife up."
Judge—"What were the circumstances?"
B. B. M.—"I got up at six, and she got up at seven."—Purple Cow.

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**Straight Dope**
'21—"A good deal depends on your luck in poker."
'23—"Not at all; rather, your luck depends on a good deal."—Jester.

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Prof.—"Is Jones ill?"
Frosh—"Yes, sir."
Prof.—"How do you know?"
Frosh—"Last night I heard some one tell him to lean over and take his medicine."—Banter.

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The stag at eve had drunk his fill,
But midnight found him drinking still,
He was the lone stag of the bunch,
So while they danced he hit the punch. —Jester.

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The stag at eve had drunk his fill,
But midnight found him drinking still,
He was the lone stag of the bunch,
So while they danced he hit the punch. —Jester.
Ikey and Izzy were separating after an evening together when Ikey said, "Au revoir."
"Vat's dat?" asked Izzy.
"Dat's 'goodbye' in French."
"Veil," said Izzy, "Carbolic acid."
"Vat's dat?" asked Ikey.
"Dat's 'goodbye' in any language."
—Early Egyptian College Comic.

TALKING TO 'EM
Wrauthful Co-ed (during quarrel) — "You talk like an idiot!"
Blase Ed — "I have to talk so you can understand me." — Scalper.

First Prof. — "Well, how were your examinations?"

IN THE FRENCH CLASS
Prof. — "Decline 'the sparkling champagne!'"
Student — "I'm sorry, professor, but I never decline that stuff." — Jester.
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