Flamingo Vol. II N 2

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*Denison University*

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Paul Verlaine
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Flamingo Vol. II N 2

Authors
Clyde Keeler, Charles L. Williams, Paul Verlaine, George Wayland Bennett, Dorothy McCutcheon, Grace Williams, and William G. Mather

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FLAMINGO
Nov. 1921

Dad's Day

CLYDE
Your Search for Perfect Ice Cream Ends at the Store Where

**MOORES & ROSS**  
The Cream of Creams  
IS SOLD.

When you try it, your standard for Ice Cream is forever established.  

**THE DEALER WHO SELLS**  
MOORES & ROSS  
The Cream of All Creams  

IN GRANVILLE IS  

**P. J. Cordon**  
The place of Quality and Service.  

**TREAT DAD**  
— TO —  

Patsy’s Special Chicken Dinner and Mrs. Mitchel’s Famous Pie.  

Sunday Chicken Dinner at 12 o’clock.  

Lunch delivered to the Sem. at any time—just call 8620.  

Patsy’s “Famous” Hot Cakes every morning 6:00 — 9:30 A.M.

---

**To Denison Students—**

I thank you for your liberal patronage during the past few weeks and wish to further state, I have some excellent pictures booked at **THE OPERA HOUSE** for the coming days. At anytime you can visit this theatre and be assured good entertainment.

At my Newark theatres, **THE ALHAMBRA** always plays good photoplays and at **THE AUDITORIUM** some of the Road shows booked include

**“KISSING TIME”** — Saturday, Nov. 19th  
**“THE GREENWICH VILLAGE FOLLIES”** — Nov. 21st  
**Florence Reed in “THE MARAGE”** — Nov. 26th

The Sensational New York Success **“THE BAT”** for two days Dec. 5th and 6th. Al G. Field’s Minstrels and others.

Again thanking you, I am  
Yours for Clean Amusement,  

**GEO. M. FENBERG.**

---

**H. E. Lamson**

**HARDWARE**  
For  
**HARDWEAR**

“The Hardware Store on the Corner”  
Goldsmith’s Athletic Goods

Phone 8214  
Granville, Ohio
The gift your friends enjoy

THE M. H. MULLER STUDIO
35 ARCADE
Newark, O.

Portrait and Commercial Photographer
Group, Outdoor and Home Portraits. Auto Phone 1521

Your Portrait

THE BEST
IN
ATHLETIC GOODS

The Rexall Store

W. P. ULLMAN and SON

Drugs and Books

Newark Wall Paper Co.

29 W. Main St. Phone 1338

NEWARK, OHIO
Denison Customs We Don’t Want Revived

The team appearing on the field in any such togs as Livy wore back in ’07 when he captained the Big Red Varsity.

As To Reading Biography

By Dr. Charles L. Williams

It is as natural for us to believe in great men as it is for us to breathe. It is as healthful for us to be interested in them as it is for rose-bushes to be interested in sunlight. There is nothing we know so well as we do our own experience of life and there is nothing we are more eager to learn from others than their own experience of life.

The noblest object we can have in studying literature is to extend our knowledge of human nature with its actions, its reactions, its hates, its loves, its fears, its hopes and there is no form of literature that contributes to this high end in a more interesting and fascinating way than do biographies if they are written as they ought to be, if they are truthful as to content and in a style that is attractive. They are the literature of individual human life. In them real persons are made to live again for us by the magic touch of the skilled biographer.

No class of great men are more worthy of being made the subject of biography than those in whom the finest qualities of human life are found happily balanced. They are the broadly human men. They appeal to all classes. They have the note of universality.

To read the lives of such men is richly rewarding. A biography of this type is Rothstein’s “Lincoln, Master of Men,” in which the author with painstaking accuracy and unfailing clearness shows how Mr. Lincoln by his breadth, tact, and strength overcame the principal men he was brought into conflict or competition with during his public life.

A young man desiring to become a minister of the Gospel may learn from lectures or books on homiletics and pastoral theology what is involved in being a successful minister but he will be able to gain a more vivid and stimulating idea of what belongs to his chosen profession if he reads such a work as Allen’s “Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks.”

He will be made to realize that it pays for even geniuses, with the ministry in view, to secure the very best intellectual equipment they can for their future work. If he has sense enough to be a minister, he will be made to realize also that it is simply impertinent folly for a preacher to address himself to cultivated brains in the pew when he has only unlearned brains in his head and that piety, whether sappy or seasoned, cannot be made a substitute for trained intellect.

The inner meaning, the animating spirit, of a great historical event is best revealed in the wisely written life of the most influential man connected with that event. Such a man became powerful by his part in making the event powerful. Carlyle’s “Oliver Cromwell” gives us the clearest insight we can gain into the very soul of the great Puritan Revolution in England. All that was distinctively characteristic of that epochal event, with its noble passion for liberty, as well as its ignorable intolerance, has been focussed for us in Cromwell, England’s un-crowned king. He was “Puritanism armed and in power.”
Those biographies that describe in detail and with monotonous praise only the virtues of a great man are as unwholesome as those Sunday School novels of the past picturing the lives of little boys who were so good they were unnatural. The angels in the Bible are the least interesting persons there. They have no individuality. We do not know a great man if we do not know his faults as well as his virtues. We cannot have a just conception of a poet if we are familiar with his masterpieces only. No shrewd man in the real estate business would buy a dwelling house if he saw only the side facing the street. We feel all the more our kinship with a great man when we know the mistakes he has made as well as the excellence he has achieved.

We have a good example of this in McGiffert's "Martin Luther—the Man and His Work." With an understanding and courageous pen the author pictures the egregious blunders of this dynamic Saxon but with equal truthfulness he shows that the good which Luther did, both in quantity and quality, far exceeded the evil he did. Martin Luther did not want to be idealized into an immaculate saint for he knew that could not be done without lying about him. He was honest and brave enough to be willing that the world should know the whole truth in regard to him. The same has been true of every other man great enough to be a world-hero.

There is a large class of excellent biographies having special interest for college students. One of the best among these is "Life and Letters of Benjamin Jowett" by Abbott and Campbell. Jowett was the famous Master of Balliol College in Oxford University. Although Bright described Oxford as "the home of the dead languages and of undying prejudice," Jowett was very much alive and so progressive that he won the honor of being regarded as a dangerous heretic in ultra-conservative Oxford. He was a creative personality. For nearly half a century no other man in all the twenty-one centuries of the University equalled him in his quickening influence on the undergraduate mind. He had just enough of amiable and unconscious eccentricities to make him an interesting and refreshing character. He was a Humanist who was also very human. For a gifted and receptive student to be in personal contact with the Master of Balliol for three or four years was in itself the best part of his university education, and those who read this biography of Jowett are delighted as they are able to trace the reasons for this on the illuminating pages of such a work.

KYRIE ELEISON
By Paul Verlaine
(Translated from the French by G. W. B.)

Have pity on us, Savior,
Christ have pity on us.

Give us the honor and the victory
O'er the Enemy of all,
Have pity on us Savior.

Make us more sweet, increase our faith in Thee,
And free us from sin's becom'ing call.
Christ have pity on us.

And sift us Harvester, so carefully,
Lost one of us perchance, you miss,
Have pity on us Savior.

For this we supplicate on bended knee—
Reveal to us thru Faith, thy bliss,
Christ have pity on us.

Oh Lord, thru Love, reveal to us thy face,
With lowly heart to Thee we pray,
Have pity on us Savior.

Thru Hope, our Master, bless us with thy grace,
Guide us into the heavenly way,
Christ have pity on us Savior.

Have pity on us Savior!

MYSTERY

O Mystery! by thee alone
And with thy solitary tone
Are we bound to this world.
The sunset glow, crowning the crest
Of westward hills, putting to rest
The wakeful world of life.

O Nature, thou art Mystery
And ev'ry bird and ev'ry tree
And Man is Myst'ry too.

What Power is behind thy sway
In every night and every day
That keeps thee moving on?
Art thou, O Nature, ruled by God?
Or what else canst thou be but God—
We wonder, but who knows?

SAVORY

If you don't use our Soaps for Heaven's sake use our Perfumes.

TO YOU

From the window of my room
I may see so many things—
Living trees and guided rain
Jewelled ferns—or dreams of kings.

Mothers, heartaches, broken smiles,
One white, fluttering autumn leaf,
Life and laughter, golden hours,
Fragrant, keen-eyed, poignant grief.

From the window of my room
All unmoved these things I view
But my heart leaps, wildly glad
At a fleeting sight of you.

—R.

NOVEMBER

Pensive month, November—thoughtful now
When every painted leaf has fled the bough.
When olive-drab is fading gray on hill,
And thru the valley vistas while they fill
With ample drifts of leather colored leaves,
A penny for the thoughts November weaves.

I wonder if she dreads the snow-white frock
That Winter soon will spin from out her stock
Of tenuous lacy things, or may it be
The Indian summer charms enticingly
With gaudy colors to remember.
Making pensive drab November?

—G. W. B.

STORM

A grey and sullen sky whose copper clouds
Stain'd at the rim a low'ring, eerie blue
Swirl or wound in mad array
Like frenzied, fleeing gnomes from unknown climes
Persuing, yet retreating from some force
Mysterious, fleet, avenging, terrible;
Leaves flying in disordered companies
Loosed from the withered boughs that tethered them;
A green and solitary forest oak
Which, through the centuries has bravely stood
Contending valiantly with time and storm
Now tossed, his mighty coronet bows low
Before the mightier sceptre of the winds.
The tempest, loud exulting its domain
Holds all in thrall. And in the rise and swell
Of its triumphant singing melody
Oh winds! The man-made mists, bewildering, black
That Winter soon will spin from out her stock

—R.

THE PASSION FLOWER

On tops of hills and in the rocky clefts,
There grows the mountain pink, a lovely flower
Of gorgeous hue, among the rocks bereft
Of other brave companions, where they tower
Towards the azure sky.

That brilliant flower is like a mottled rug
That's sprinkled o'er with dust of crimson stars;
Like rubies, lighted from within, and dug
From out the selfsame rocks, they grow like bars
Of red-hot hammered iron.

With sturdy scarlet color, like a flame,
It stands an emblem of its constancy.
And I would have as token to proclaim
To you, my love shall likewise constant be,
The crimson passion flower.

—Q.
The other day
When I happened to be
Nosing about in Denison's
Justly famed library
I noticed a fellow
Sitting at one of
The conveniently
Located tables whose
Quiet action and dignified
Expression
Made me think that he
Was some distinguished
Senior with whom I
Had failed to get
Acquainted.
The sweater covering
The broad expanse of
His manly bosom
Was unadorned by any
High School letter and
This served to heighten the
Impression.
But when he finally
Picked up the book
He had been reading
And filled out the
Card in the
Little pocket in back
Of the book and left
It at the desk on
The way out I realized
That he was just
Another Freshman after All.

“What do you think of that? Now that I have bought a car I can't find a good driver.”
“It's tough luck to spend three thousand dollars and have nothing to chauffeur it.”

There are two classes of students: those who sit and think, and those who sit.

A freshman, having completed his first year in college, and thus thinking he had accomplished the greatest feat of his life, paused one day before a certain stone slab on the Denison campus, and with contempt regarded this well known inscription:

“Languages are the keys to science; he who hates one despises the other.”

With deep sincerity, he thought to himself: “Ah, how much truth there is in this.”

Father Time says that the English language is called the Mother Tongue because father never gets a chance to use it.

Languages are the keys to science; he who hates one despises the other. It's tough luck to spend three thousand dollars and have nothing to chauffeur it.”

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That he was just
Another Freshman after All.

There are two classes of students: those who sit and think, and those who sit.
This year I have
The misfortune to
Room with a chap
Who is one of the
Most contrary mortals
I know of.
Our "social groups"
Are hardly friendly
And although he does
Approve mightily of the
Brand of cigarettes I
Smoke and the postage
Stamps and neckties
And socks and collars
And handkerchiefs I buy,
I really wouldn't
Part with him for all the
World.
You see, his Tuxedo
Is
Just my size.

"Say, I had a funny dream last night."
"Yeah? What was it?"
"I dreamt that my watch was gone."
"Well, was it?"
"No, but it was going."

"There goes Smith, just back from Boston where he lost an eye."
"Poor chap! Home-brew explosion, I suppose?"
"Heavens, no! While there he changed his name to Smyth."

Statistics From The Football Centers

By our Sports Ed.

Dinna, Ken.—Coach Gump of Whoozis College reports his team now ready for its big games. The schedule ended last Saturday.

Noahs, Ark.—Siwash University hopes to place some men on the All-American team this fall. Walter Camp has subscribed to the place some men on the All-American team.

State, Penn.—Gyp Gonk, the ex-heavyweight champion, has been signed to teach the Bingo eleven, uses Vitamine before every game. (Adv.)

Proand, Conn.—The Wim vs. Wigor game scheduled for to-day has been cancelled on account of the non-arrival of brass knuckles.

Early, Mass.—Holy Smoke college has purchased a new set of uniforms from the Carnegie Steel Corporation.

Youno, Me.—The Hoopla varsity team walked out to-day for more pay.

Rushhe, Kan.—Will Sockem, star tackle of the local eleven, has hit for .375 so far this season. Will does his best hitting when no one is looking.

Iron, Ore.—Butch Mugg, star halfback of the Bingo eleven, uses Vitamine before every game. (Adv.)

College Activities

Student Association. The Student Council, under its new charter, has now absolute power to resign at any time it desires a Monday evening off—subject only to prompt stoppage of Student Aid pay-checks due for services rendered. It is rumored that a bonus will be offered for every semester averaging less than three resignations and two threats of the same.

Washington Banquet. An official function held sometimes during February. Owing to the symbolic nature of this affair, the menu used is an exact reproduction of a Sunday Night Supper at Valley Forge.

College Organizations

Masquers. A group comprising all students who have failed English 5 and 6. The purpose of this club is to encourage its members. Membership is secured by competitive tryouts and a drag.

Musical Organizations. Any man owning a dress suit is eligible for the Ole Club providing he is Phi Beta Kappa material.

Miscellaneous

The rules governing the absence system are published in book form every six months. It is 1550 pages, cloth or full leather.

Wise Saws for the Memorandum Section.

Whoever is worth doing is worth doing well.

No. 17. (Adv.)

Don't do it—handshaking is much more effective.—An Old Graduate.

With Regard to Study

The rules governing the absence system are published in book form every six months. It is 1550 pages, cloth or full leather.
REAL REELS

Heeza Lyre, the great Arabian astrologer now in this country, has consented to act in the marvelous fishing story by Wunnthis Longe, called "The Biggest One."

Maksu Suore, the premier Nipponese "heavy" of the Pacific provinces, tried to "obey that impulse" yesterday by dropping a mother and child into a deep, deep well. His freedom of movement has since been greatly limited. We understand that the well was unhurt.

Zucha Formme, the sweet sensational Swedish swimmer, is working at the Detroit River on "Still Waters," adapted from the popular bootlegging drama, as the name indicates.

Poli Gamme, the Portugese emotionalist, working on the Selsbad release, David's Harem, a Turkish quadrilateral romance, recently received some of the new fur-lined safety pins from a rural fan. In return she sent a pink and blue quartz auto-hitching post by wireless.

A. Waykall Knight, confirmed cabaret hero, actor, and bright lights hound, will supply, as his first screen effort, atmosphere and action for the great moral reform feature, "Why Change Your Life?" We might add that this ten-reeler is principally atmosphere—of the warm variety.

The fast friends of H. E. Luvzer, the fifth-rate vaudeville comedian, will weep to know he has given up tragedy (to the audience) and will pursue a more or less honest career with the Porch-Swing Comedies Co. He is not expected to catch it.

Friends of the silver screen industry are much wrought up over the wrought-iron nerve of the only Jap camera man still extant, Takure Picchure, in accepting a job snapping African bathing beauties for the Doehead Co.

The snappiest feature release of the decade will be "Lemon with Meringue," of the Cuisine Comedies Corp. Its lead is played by Custar de Pyse, the eminent pastry marksman and slapstick artist of the Comedie Francaise.

One of the most extensive sensations of the late week was the bold, bad invasion of the Beach-Artcraft Co. studio by C. Howwey Waves, erstwhile anti-tobacconist and now member of the "Three Foot Kiss" League, in order to stop the inexpressibly long osculatory caresses there employed.

TIRE TROUBLE AT THE ROUND TABLE

Queen Guinevere—"One of my tire women ran away."

King Arthur—"When they bring her back put chains on her."

Yes, we did find some one who thought that "verbena" was a grammatical term.

A DITTY

(My old prof hath my goat and I have his,
By just exchange one for the other given:
I hold his fast, and mine he cannot miss,
There never was a better bargain driven:
My old prof hath my goat, and I have his.

This goat exchange keeps him and me in one.
I got his by a lucky chance in class:
He liked his goat, but parted without moan.
And got mine next day in a quiz—alas!
My old prof hath my goat, but I have his.

—W. G. M.
his only too feeble voice in a song of wel-wishes to arise and remark a few on items part of the family as a social group—least of custom of inviting you all to Granville did not relative to "the day we celebrate."

Two Dollars the Year.

It is difficult to understand just why the doubts but that "the old man" is a necessary and Pa has to pay the florist's bill. No one matter of handing out bouquettes to the var-var-key Day, as any sport writer would style it. But being of somewhat a jocose and optimistic disposition we have invoked the shades of the dear departed Pollyanna and thus set out to write in the real spirit of Tur-key Day, as any sport writer would style it.

The Flamingo holds these truths to be self-evident—that while all men may be created free and equal, Dad, while he may not be as free as some of them, is just a little better than any other homo sapiens in the whole wide world.

The Big Red Fowl extends greetings to the Denison student body has absolutely no use for the knocker—all of which has been forcibly brought home to us in song and editorial and story. But the Mystic Fowl wonders if knocking, in the true sense of the word, is not at times less black an offense than it is painted. Knocking, as the Bird understands the term, is adverse criticism of any sort directed against any person, society, campaign, or event having to do with college life.

It has long been a custom here never to criticize unfavorably (or "knock")—no matter how poor the "Artist's Concert," no matter how unfair or unwise any action of the Council or any other official body may be, the rule has always been "Hands off—whatever is, is right—don't knock, but praise, regardless of the merit of the thing."

The M. B. wishes to register his protest against such an attitude. He believes a little gentle knocking is really of benefit at times, for after all no institution is so perfect but what there is room for improvement.

Thanksgiving?—all right, so be it—but what in the world is there to be thankful for? Our financial director in a distant city informs us that "business is rotten"—a direct or of destinies not far from here informed us recently that "I fear that unless you give more attention to your work, etc."—and so on down the line. One sympathizes with that immortal individual who remarked "Merry Christmas, Bah!!" or words to that effect.

The Flamingo is thankful for the fact that it is but a few short weeks until Christmas which only means that the bird will wend its way homeward to the old roost again, for another two week's perch.

If it would not be entirely out of place we might timidly suggest that we are no end thankful that the football season is over—but enough of that.

In behalf of some of our younger readers we might mention the fact that they have every reason to be thankful that the rough road to Greece is still almost two months away.

And speaking of time intervals the Editor wishes to register his own personal pean of thanksgiving that semester grades are just as far off as they are.

Of course there must be other and more worthy things to be thankful for but we can't think of them at this writing—anyway we are.
ALL RIGHT NOW — EVERYBODY —
THREE CHEERS FOR
DAD!

AND WHILE THINKING OF "CHEERS" LET'S GIVE
THREE MORE FOR THE SORORITY RECEPTION.
"See that man with the monkey face at the dress goods counter?"
"Yeah, sort of Tarzan of the Crepes."

THE 7:30
The cold night.
The warm covers.
The alarm.
The heavy eyelids.
The extra snooze.
The awakening.
The cold floor.
The artistic language.
The open windows.
The icy clothes.
The meagre breakfast.
The long hill.
The ice.
The slip.
The fall.
The jeers.
The class.
The sarcastic prof.
The Honor system.
The fifteen questions.
The brainstorm.
The uncertain end.
The hasty exit.

Old Harry—"How did you puncture that tire?"
Harry, Jr.—"I ran over a milk bottle."
O. H.—"But couldn't you see it?"
H. J.—"No, the kid had it under his coat."

IN THE HOLE
Null—"I started on the theory that the world had an opening for me and I went to find it."
Void—"Did you find it?"
Null—"Oh, yes. I'm in the hole now."
—Lord Jeff.

Down the street

A coy and pretty maid
Went tripping down the street;
A jaunty cap perched on her head,
Wee slippers on her feet.

A saucy little maid was she,
At least so thought young John,
For when he looked upon her face,
His heart to her was gone.

"Oh pretty maid," he cried to her,
"I love you strong and true;
And if you'll be my sweet heart dear,
I'll sing all day for you."

She blushed and dropped her heavenly eyes,
And said, "We're young to wed;
But if you'll come this way again,
I'll give my hand instead."

So John is waiting patiently,
The pretty maid is true;
And some day soon she'll pass this way,
And then—guess what he'll do!

family escutcheon as unsmirched as possible. Her father, Gray decided, would be from the ranks of that haughty aristocracy who achieved their money before the late war and hence looked with disgust upon the munition-made young men seeking her hand. It might be well to have the hero a misunderstood young railroad president, and let his struggles with the I. C. C. lend a note of pathos to the tale. Suddenly a distressing thought occurred to Sellers. He saw that it was absolutely necessary to arrange some little thing for Petunia herself to do after she "yawned gracefully, arose, and stretched herself."
You certainly should see the New Styles in
Betty Wales Dresses

The Time—The Place—The Dress
Whatever your social, school or business engagement, there is a Betty Wales dress for it.

Beautiful velvet gowns — dainty evening gowns in delicate colors — smart tailored gowns of wool fabrics and stylish silk dresses for afternoon affairs.

THE W. H. MAZEY COMPANY
Newark, Ohio

A SMOOTH LINE
A statistical engineer of Newark recently sought to prove that Newark has smooth streets by assuming the total number of bricks to be $3,787,651,237, of which only $3,293,601,631 were out of their ordained positions. He deduced this to mean that one-third of Newark's streets contained bumps, provided all the bumps were concentrated, and if the two-thirds were the most used that on a ride in Newark the probability of encountering what he naively called a perpendicular vibratory sensation caused by an inequality in the terrain would be zero. Marvellous!

Judge—"Can't this case be settled out of court?"
Kelly—"Sure, that's what we were trying to do, your honor, when the police interfered."—The Owl.

YOU'VE HEARD IT
"'Lo kid, whereya gwyn?"
"Upta class. Hey, therzold Bill! Wotzee down here?"
"Hereta seize girl. Thasshard, aintit?"
"Well, gotta beatit! Gotten xam! I'll miami class!"
"Attaboy, Joe, you smeerkim!"

DOG GONE!
Ah! Little sausage, who'd a thunk
That thou wouldst end in such a chunk,
When once thou roamed the alley free,
And made all cats take to a tree.
Now thou art done; thy course is run,
Cheer up, the wurst is yet to come!

He lay there in the dark a moment trying to decide where he was. Should he succumb to that awful and compelling craving which was making his life a torture? No, rather than that he would lie there and suffer. His anguish was horrible, he rolled and tossed from side to side and finally when he could stand it no longer—he got out of bed and quenched his thirst at the faucet.

This tablet marks the spot on which
They found poor Billie Burr,
Who tried to light a cigarette
While driving sixty per. —Cols. Dis.

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BUS LINE
L. S. CULLISON
PROPRIETOR
Buses and Touring Cars for Special Trips
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Three Buckle Low Heel
Sport Straps

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Motor and Horse Drawn Equipment
LILLIE B. JONES, Lady Assistant
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EVERY DETAIL IS CORRECT

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Men's Evening Clothes
Full Dress Accessories

Roe Emerson
CLOTHES — HATS — FURNISHINGS
Cor. Third and Main

THE FLAMINGO

THE FLAMINGO

I TELL ME
That HENRY FORD
Has no idea who
XANTIPPE was,
And that he
Knows but little of
The HABITS of the lowly
AMOEB and that he
Has but little KNOWLEDGE
Of the position of
PERNAMBUCO. And yet
HENRY FORD has several
MILLIONS OF

Now I
Know that XANTIPPE
Was the TERMAGANT WIFE OF
SOCRATES, the PHILOSOPHER,
And I am WELL AWARE THAT
The AMOEBA IS one of the
SIMPLEST ANIMALS and has no
HABITS; and that
PERNAMBUCO IS A STATE in BRAZIL.

But
I DO NOT have the
SLIGHTEST IDEA what a
MILLION
LOOKS LIKE.
I often wonder just
WHATINHELL A COLLEGE
EDUCATION
IS GOOD FOR.

O. P. Umm—“Doctor, will you give me
something for my head?”
Doctor—“I wouldn’t take it for a gift.”

THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT
“Ah! Life is too short,” sighed the Op-
timist.
“Well, you’ll find it shorter before long.”
growled the Pessimist.

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Full Dress Accessories

Roe Emerson
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Cor. Third and Main

THE FLAMINGO

EDDIE TOR'S LAMENT

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Doctor—"I wouldn't take it for a gift."

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Hermann
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Dave, '26
You Will Find
Christmas Gifts
Most Suitable — AT —
M. C. Horton's
THE ARCADE JEWELER
3 Arcade Newark, O.

FINAL EXAM. IN ZETETIC
JACTATION 613
(You look it up.)

1. Explain and construct a still, leaving in
conqueror's valet, and explain duties, if any.
2. Explain the phrase "hors de combat,"
versa unless you answered No. 3 when you
will now answer No. 2.
3. Cross out all b's in this or any other
literature, divide by time, subtract percentage
of mistakes, differentiate, subtract one, and
leave result in dollars for term bill.
Answer No. 4 if you omitted No. 2 and vice
versa unless you answered No. 3 when you
will answer question one and any other
problems.

Dearest Hazel, thou little necessity of my-
self and light to my darkness:
It is with no small amount of trepidation that
I address you. I suspect you must think
I am nearly a minus quantity, at least a lost
one—gone forever! Forgotten by you as you
must think you are forgotten by me; slipped
away, magically, mysteriously, unaccount-
ably, past the bounds of limitation, beyond
the fatal line of separation, beyond the
reach of searching inquiry, away into subtle
existence, if not out of existence altogether;
nor all the atomism of Diogenes, nor the
idealism of Plato, nor all thine own ingenious
schemes, can discover a single inkling or
drifting clue as to where I am. Perhaps I
am gone, as Omar says, "into the nothing-
ness, all things end in;" in which case, were I
even to be reclaimed, once I am found, noth-
ing is had. My reflections, insofar as you
are involved, have reduced me to this opinion
of my self. The only virtue I can claim is
negligence—and this is the most base of all
virtues. Base sins.

Am I, then, cast upon us the necessity to
jink or jingle? What an unjust world this is!
Am I, then, cast upon us the necessity to
die? What an unjust world this is! What
strange thinking this! you will say. But,
I ask, why so strange? Why not think
this as well as that, when in last analysis all
thinking is but the manifestation of thought-
lessness, a happy way of passing over this
time which has cast upon us the necessity to
live and die? What an unjust world this is!
We are made to live without even being con-
sulted as to the desirability of life. We, our-
selves nothing, are made to bear the burden
of existence. O, what a weight on nothing!
And the result: us, crushed creatures of cir-
stance unchosen. Is not this sufficient to
make us angry with life? We have in us the
emotion of anger, so why not give it vent?
And yet, they say, good men control their
anger. But again, I propound, what is good-

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You will be surprised how many attractive gifts
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with your Xmas shopping. Gifts for everyone from
grandmother to baby. A wonderful line of Xmas
cards to choose from. 3c to 75c each.

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"GRIFFING'S"
The Grocery with Correct Prices
Phone 8137
Granville, O.

Halbrook's
12-14-16 E. Church St.

When in Newark I have but one end, and that is to laugh at them. Goodness— that imaginary line which the devils in us have set up to keep us under it! Zounds! Would that the devils remain in their hades and the gods in their heaven, and leave us to writh and wrangle as we will under the sun which has been rolled out to scourch us. I say are we not wretches enough, without these added torments! Some of us teach and some of us learn. And all for what, wherefore, why, I propound, lest it is to complete the follies (life)? The more we learn, the less we know; the more we take, the less we have; the more we are good, the less is our virtue. I say, "tis better to possess good wickedness than to own unnecessary goodness. To be good in difficult, to be wicked is easy, and water takes the easiest course; so why should not we, who are mostly composed of water, be wicked? What flaw can the gods, which our imaginations have created to guide us, find in this sterile logic? If I can prey upon this man or that woman and gain from his weakness or her ruin, why should I not do this, when all the time I must needs be on the alert that he do not prey upon my weakness and she upon my ruin? Survival of the fittest is in the long run, and since all are unfit why should any survive?

* * * * * * *
Now, my dear, I have told you how much I do love you. I implore you once again, will you not be mine and accompany me through this brilliant future, this happy and glorious life?
Your ever loving,
Pope of Fools.

"You say that every one on board was starving and yet you had an egg for breakfast. How do you account for that?"
"The ship lay to and I got one."
Cornell Clothes
The Young Fellows like these tweeds and checks we are showing in a large assortment.

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"I'm through with Mary forever."
"How come?"
"I tasted tobacco on her lips last night."
"Ah, but she doesn't smoke."
"That's the reason."

IT IS A WISE LANDLADY
Visitor—"Does Mr. Crawford, a student, live here?"
Landlady—"Well, Mr. Crawford lives here, but I thought he was a night watchman."

"Have the next copy of the Flamingo sent to Jerusalem," quoth Richard Coer de Lion as his blacksmith-valet dressed him for the Third Crusade. "You see it everywhere."

DR. EARL J. RUSSELL
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Crowns and Bridge Work $6.00
Painless Extractions Free with Bridge and Plate Work
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Gamma—"I can read Charley like a book." Delta—"You're foolish to waste your time and strain your eyes over such a small type."—Chaparral.

"Combination shot," murmured the lady cue artist as she leaned too far over the billiard table.—Banter.

"And have you a father?" asked the charity worker of the urchin.

"Nope," he replied. "Pa died of exposure."

"Poor man! How did it happen?"

"Another guy snitched and they hung him."—Tiger.

"Ike Newton had the dope when he went to college."

"Howsat?"

"They say he used to put quicksand in the prof's hour-glass to shorten that hour."

—Brown Jug.

Old Lady—"Oh, conductor, please stop the train. I dropped my wig out of the window."

Conductor—"Never mind, Madam, there is a switch just this side of the next station."

—Octopus.

He—"I love the good, the true, the beautiful, the innocent—"

She—"This is rather sudden, but I think father will consent."—Burr.

"Yes, I was a Freshman, too. Some of the happiest years of my life I spent as a Freshman."—Squib.

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E. A. SMOOTS, Vice President
S. S. DEVENNEY
E. J. CASE
W. H. KUSSMAUL
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FRED MILLER

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