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Flamingo Vol. II N 3

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Authors
William G. Mather, George Wayland Bennett, Adolph Frank Talbot, Clyde Keeler, Wentworth McKee Potter, and Kilburn Holt
Hot Waffles

Hot, crispy waffles with a generous supply of butter and real maple syrup — can you imagine anything more appetizing and more like home cooking?

Waffles and a Cup of Coffee for Twenty-five Cents.
Served every Saturday morning—9 to 11.

Ye Buxton Inn Tea Room

To Denison Students—
I wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

GEO. M. FENBERG.

GRANVILLE OPERA HOUSE

AUDITORIUM THEATRE ALHAMBRA THEATRE
NEWARK, OHIO

A PREVIOUS ENGAGEMENT

“I went to a wedding of a friend of mine today.”
“Well.”
“And the minister stopped a minute and said, ‘Who will give the bride away?’”
“What about it?”
“Well, I could have; but I didn’t want to.”
—Punch Bowl.

Prof—“Do we import any raw material from France?”
Wit—“Only plays.”—Burr.

H. E. Lamson HARDWARE
For HARDWEAR

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

Phone 8214 Granville, Ohio
A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

The Arcade Florist

How Were X-Rays Discovered?

Sir James Mackenzie Davidson visited Professor Roentgen to find out how he discovered the X-rays.

Roentgen had covered a vacuum tube, called a Hittorf or Crookes tube, with black paper so as to cut off all its light. About four yards away was a piece of cardboard coated with a fluorescent compound. He turned on the current in the tube. The cardboard glowed brightly.

Sir James asked him: "What did you think?"

"I didn't think, I investigated," said Roentgen. He wanted to know what made the cardboard glow. Only planned experiments could give the answer. We all know the practical result. Thousands of lives are saved by surgeons who use the X-rays.

Later on, one of the scientists in the Research Laboratory of the General Electric Company became interested in a certain phenomenon sometimes observed in incandescent lamps. Others had observed it, but he, like Roentgen, investigated. The result was the discovery of new laws governing electrical conduction in high vacuum.

Another scientist in the same laboratory saw that on the basis of those new laws he could build a new tube for producing X-rays more effectively. This was the Coolidge X-ray tube which marked the greatest advance in the X-ray art since the original discovery by Roentgen.

Thus, scientific investigation of a strange phenomenon led to the discovery of a new art, and scientific investigation of another strange phenomenon led to the greatest improvement in that art.

It is for such reasons that the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company are continually investigating, continually exploring the unknown. It is new knowledge that is sought. But practical results follow in an endless stream, and in many unexpected ways.
Thus the artless songs I sing
Do not deal with anything
New or never said before.
As it was in the beginning
Is to-day official sinning
And shall be for evermore!

Over in the south-west corner of our W. K. Library, a book-worm clamped his jaws in amazement. Seeking diversion, he had been sampling student publications, but surely he must have made a mistake. He wriggled out of the cobwebby hole and peered at the lettering on the back of the volume. Nope—no mistake—"Denisonian, Vol. I." Puzzled, he squirmed back through the yellow pages to the head that had stumped him:
"Existence of the Deity proven aside from Revelation."

Such an article in the Denisonian? Bob would never permit it. That head would preclude even a casual reference to feminine extremities. But the explanation he found in an editorial a few leaves farther on:
"We do not promise our readers brilliant ideas—but we do promise to keep our pages free from such foodless trash as fills so many of our newspapers and magazines."

The book-worm thought that the students of 1857 must have held very radical ideas; but the promise of abstinence from "foodless trash" encouraged him in his hungry boring, and he tried the next volume on the shelf.

This was the "Collegian," as the name of the college paper was changed sometime between 1858 and 1868. The tone of the magazine was still culinary, as he found much nourishment under such heads as:
"The Extravagance of Young Ladies in Dress," where he found the sage to remark;
"Man may become insensible to the beauties of nature, but never to those of women."

Perhaps there was hope for those students yet, even if the characters in their cartoons did wear clothes. Wriggling on, he was stopped again by a screaming headline—(I know, but they scream in all novels)—which carried the direful message:
"Burial of Livy."

It turned out to be an account of the midnight funeral, conducted by the 1869 Freshman class, of a Latin book on the top of Mount Parnassus. This must have been the beginning of the Junior's vengeful custom.

After making sure that the services were for the old Roman and not Denison's athletic idol, the Worm munched a few pages more, and found himself in accustomed provender. For there, in the Collegian for December,
1870, was a nice little chapel talk on the subject of

"Stamping in Chapel."

This had familiar taste, especially in the words, "Now certainly, even if some of us do not happen to be church members, and have no respect for religion, we should have enough respect for those about us to be quiet during the few minutes each day devoted to religious services."

The next paragraph made him doubt again the date of his pastime, 1870, for there was evidence of a "Greater Denison" line:

"New Chapel."

"The four or five weeks at the end of which its dedication was promised, have already passed, yet it seems but little nearer completion. We cannot complain, however impatient we may be, for the work has been carried on energetically. Whatever may be the present cause of delay, we hope it may soon be removed."

This discovery drove the Worm to moralizing, and he repeated softly to himself the words of Kipling:

"But he that's wise ignores these luring bands,
And builds for wealth of soul, abiding fast,
The lares and penates tarnish, fail.
The sated senses bring disgust at last,
And set material things before the mind.
For gaudy colorings lead us astray,
And futile hearts' desires bid us obey.
Of him she hath discarded the charred
Passion's force that stirred her heart
His alone by right of long-passed suffering,
Of his soul that image, sacred, holy,
There reigns close guarded in the dim, sequented mazes
And blackened embers of a soul
Once true and noble. And this is woman.
Another, and leaves upon the hearthstone
Deluded youth that him alone
Of him she hath discarded the charred
That never would she love another.
Passion's force that stirred her heart
His to guard, to worship, his to glorify.
His alone by right of long-passed suffering,
Of his soul that image, sacred, holy, a
The flash of many varied colors blinds,
And many clashing sounds, the ear dismay;
The charm of night fades with coming day;
And jumbled taste, no longer pleasure finds.
The ceaseless rush for transient things but
binds,
For gaudy colorings lead us astray,
And futile hearts' desires bid us obey,
And set material things before the mind.
The bits we grasp but vanish in our hands,
The sated senses bring disgust at last,
The laces and penates tarnish, fail.
But he that's wise ignores these luring bands,
And builds for wealth of soul, abiding fast,
Avoiding thus in death, the soul's travail."

Man, once having loved, can never love again;
His pulse may thrill at some fair passing face
Like leaves which, seared by Autumn breezes,
Tremble in the wind that kills them;
But that is all.
An image graven deep upon the tablets
Of his fond thoughts will rule the empty cavern
Where once his passions surged.
And though some day he may conquer another
And cherish true its tender, fragrant petals,
There reigns close guarded in the dim, sequeted mazes
Of his soul that image, sacred, holy, his
His alone by right of long-passed suffering, his
to guard, to worship, his to glorify.
A woman, having loved, will always
Love again regardless of the
Passion's force that stirred her heart
Before; not heeding solemn vows
That never would she love another.
She oft may iterate to some
Deluded youth that him alone
She loves, but when that flame burns out
For want of care, she straightway lights
Another, and leaves upon the hearthstone
Of him she hath discarded the charred
And blackened embers of a soul
Once true and noble. And this is woman.
Loving one and loving many;
To each one her heart extending,
With her loving lips assuring,
"You and only you I love."

"G. W. B.

"Among their friends in the lower classes borrowing satchels had brought to his mind the Spot on his dress-suit, a reminder of the last Junior Banquet. He might want to wear it himself to his own J. B. This year he would hide it.

A pang of sympathy coiled the heart of the Worm as he thought of the sudden and unexpected manner in which he was found stopping up the chimneys of Talbot Hall, much to the discomfort of its inhabitants.

The Tunnel.

But that is all.

"In 1871, the progenitors of the would-be automobiles—dandy, (dramatically)—Perique emerges from behind a Wild Fruit tree. An Honest Scrap occurs, during which, by a Lucky Strike, Perique knocks Buckingham for a row of White Seals.

"Per.—I have the papers!
Buck.—I have a match for you!
Latakia—And I have a match for you!
Per. (afire with the news he bears)—That
Enter Buckingham L.
Buck.—Now then! Prince Albert!
Per. (progressively)—Shag along there little one and
Bring in the Mail Pouch.
"Enter Edgeworth R.
Buck.—Come forth, vile Perique, and bring all thy Five Brothers with thee.
Per.—Ah! He approaches; I will conceal myself. (Hides.)
Buck.—Enter Perique, puffing.
Per. (beneath the news he hears)—That vile Buckingham will have none of me! Pah! methinks the Times Office smelt of him!

"The Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes.
The curtain rises—Prince Albert is seen climbing out of his toppy red tin armor with the aid of a Jimmy pipe. Herbert Tareyton enters L. C. and confronts the Prince.
P. A.—What ho! Herb! Herb.—What ho! My Prince! Enter Latakia L.
P. A.—Shag along there little one and bring in the Mail Pouch. And where is that sluggard Edgeworth?

"Enter Edgeworth R.
Edge.—Here, my Prince, but name me not a sluggard or by my troth I'll call on the mob and have thy Imperial Cube Cut off!
Enter Buckingham on a Cut Plug C.
Buck. (dramatically)—Perique is mixed up in the Kentucky Club scandal!
(Quick Curtain.)

The Streets of Granville.

(5:00 A.M.)

"Enter Perique, puffing.
Per.—Afire with the news he hears)—That vile Buckingham will have none of me! Pah! methinks the Times Office smelt of him!

"Enter Buckingham in a cloud of smoke.
Per.—Ah! He approaches; I will conceal myself. (Hides.)
Buck.—Enter Perique, puffing.
Per. (afire with the news he hears)—That vile Buckingham will have none of me! Pah! methinks the Times Office smelt of him!

"Enter Latakia L.
Buck.—Now then! Prince Albert!
Per. (progressively)—Shag along there little one and
Bring in the Mail Pouch.
"Enter Edgeworth R.
Buck.—Come forth, vile Perique, and bring all thy Five Brothers with thee.
Per.—Ah! He approaches; I will conceal myself. (Hides.)
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Per. (afire with the news he hears)—That vile Buckingham will have none of me! Pah! methinks the Times Office smelt of him!

"Enter Latakia L.
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Edge.—Here, my Prince, but name me not a sluggard or by my troth I'll call on the mob and have thy Imperial Cube Cut off!
Enter Buckingham on a Cut Plug C.
Buck. (dramatically)—Perique is mixed up in the Kentucky Club scandal!
(Quick Curtain.)

Approved Subjects of Conversation.

In Class
The professor.
The girl in front.
Last night's date.
On Walking Dates
Rules.
Automobiles.
Rules.
At the Game
The Tunnel.
The Phi Delts.
The Odds.

On Scheming Dates
The young lady.
The young lady.
The young lady.
At the Dance
Sategorine cheese factories.
Social group among the Ochwrong Indians.
Insane asylums.
At Home
Your flunks.
Your bills.
Greater Denison.

Pipe Up

By the Author of Pipe Down
Presented by the Arcadia Club

Dramatis Personae

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(Velvet curtains by P. Lorillard.)

Scene: Tuxedo, New York.
FRANCIS W. SHEPARDSON

The name of Dr. Francis Wayland Shepardson is recognized not only by the students of Denison who realize fully its significance, but by a large outside group with whom he has dealt and who also respect him highly.

His influence and merits may be shown by a brief survey of his activities.

He received his A. B. degree from Denison with the class of '82 and one year later he graduated from Brown as a Bachelor of Arts. In 1892, he received his Ph. D. from Yale, and eight years after the degree of LL. D. was conferred upon him by the president of Denison. He is a member of Phi Beta Kappa, which he served as senator of the United States from 1913 to 1919. He is now the national president of Beta Theta Pi.

He was a professor of American History at the University of Chicago from 1892 to 1917; dean of the Senior Colleges at this same institution 1904-1907; secretary to the president of the U. of C. 1897-1904; editorial writer for the Chicago Tribune 1906-1910; teacher in the Seminary at Granville 1883-1887, and editor of the Granville Times during the same years; he was Director of Registration and Education of the State of Illinois under Governor Lowden from 1917 to 1920. He has also traveled quite extensively, lecturing on American History in the Philippine Islands, and has served as vice-chairman of the Illinois Commission of Race Relations. We then see that Dr. Shephardson has served in many capacities but they have always been public or semi-public in character.

He is a big hearted, eloquent, enthusiastic speaker, quick to condemn what he disapproves, and ready to praise and encourage the good.

Dr. Shephardson has during the past fourteen years visited every state in the Union, has talked to more than four generations of college men in more than a hundred college towns, has talked to more college men—professors and alumni as well as undergraduates—than any other person in the United States.

A learned scholar, an able speaker, an educator of note, and a man of rare executive training and ability, Dr. Shephardson is an Alumnus of whom Denison may well be proud.

TRIOLET

Why should I sing,
Why should I weep?
What does it bring,
Why should I sing?
My diamond ring
She will not keep;
Why should I sing,
Why should I weep?

—A. F. T.

THE MESSAGE OF A LEADER—AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL

I fain would not boast of myself, nor would I let praise fall upon undeserving shoulders, yet everyone realizes I must be sharp. I have lead always. I am the source of all literature. Without me, poets, artists, students, and beggars would be even as a ship at sea without a cook. I have been sought by kings. I have furnished evidence against criminals. I have saved students from failure at examinations. I have been a constant companion of learned men. I have made A's in all subjects. I have written thousands of volumes. I have carved the futures of the greatest contemporaries. I am the soul mate of the lover.

I am the pencil.

—W. G. K.
Ed—"Don't you feel the call of the irresistible?"

Co-ed—"I sure do. Let's eat."

**PROSE FICTION**

The other day I

Stumbled over a brick

While reading a

Story about a Man and a

Girl,

And the kiss he got

For writing a story

About her.

And I was disgusted and

Skeptical and tossed

It to a child,

Saying,

"The American will teach

You to succeed."

But the very next

Hour I went

Up the Incline

And

Walked into one of

Those little offices

That the Faculty use

Occasionally.

And there was

A pair—!!

He must have written

An Encyclopedia

About this

Vamp,

Actions considered.

And I said to

Him,

"Does it Work?"

And he shouted,

"Does it? Wake me

Up at night and

Ask me!"

I didn't, but—

* * *

I am on my third

Book.

About Her.

But so far Rewards

Are few and

Far between. —W. M. P.

**The Night After Christmas**

She—"This morning I found something

adorable in my stocking."

My thoughts were all of you, dear,

My heart was brightly glowing,

When suddenly I noticed

The wash bowl over-flowing!

Some men do nothing but second the

motion.

**POPULAR ILLUSIONS SHATTERED**

ALL Professors are not absent minded.

ALL Co-eds do not roll their own.

ALL Tea-hounds do not part their hair in

the middle.

ALL who part their hair in the middle are

not Tea-hounds.

ALL Sigs do not chew tobacco.

ALL faculty members do not oppose danc-

ing.

ALL the constituency of the college are

not narrow-minded.

ALL chapel talks are not entirely point-

less.

ALL politics has not been entirely elim-

inated from student elections.

ALL editors of college humor magazines

are not endowed with a humorous line.

ALL contributions submitted to the Fla-

mingo are not published.
THE FLAMINGO

THROW HIM INTO THE GREEN RIVER!

The other day
I went to my
Girl's house,
And, during
The hours,
I told her
I was
Thirsty.

She got me
A glass of
Water!—
But I told
Her I was
Thirsty—not
Dirty.

CANDID

"How hot it is! Do take off your coat and
be comfortable."
"I wouldn't be comfortable with it off.
There isn't any back to my shirt."

FAVORITE POEMS

(Revised Edition)

Edited by K. Holt, '24, and Dedicated to
the Freshman Class.

A prep should always say what's true,
Nor speak unless he's spoken to;
And behave mannerly at table:
At least as far as he is able.

Strew on him beatings, beatings,
And never a stroke omit;
Nor listen unto his bleatings,
Lay on till the paddle split.

His mirth the school required,
He batted it in smiles of glee;
And now he is tired, tired,
But they will not let him be.

His head is turning, turning,
In a maze of heat and sound;
For peace his heart is yearning,
But no peace he yet has found.

His muscles are sore and aching,
But his heart is light within,
For a "brother" he is, in the making,
And some day he'll get his pin.

"Thwack, thwack, thwack,"
Sounds the paddle in fiendish glee;
And would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me!

(Editor's Footnote—I shall make no apol-
gogy to the authors of the originals. It woum
be too iconoclastic for a Sophomore to apo-
gize for anything.)
It is interesting to note the statement made recently by a prominent member of the Faculty to the effect that "there is no place for a magazine of the type of the Flamingo on the Denison campus."

The Mystic Bird heard of this statement and wondered. After all it was nothing more than another cropping out of the age old attitude which holds that—"The Denison student body is of a different sort than that of the average college. The students here have nothing in common with the usual thoughtless, irresponsible type of college folks."

As the Bird pondered over the statement and its imputations, certain scenes, typical of the lighter side of Denison college life began to crowd themselves into his mind. He wondered if it was really true that Denison people were all scholastic aces, having no interests other than those of studious nature.

And then he remembered that after all perhaps the best way to find out whether or not he was rated high or low with Denisonians would be to consult with the circulation manager.

On the list of those who had expressed their belief in the Flamingo to the extent of parting with two hard earned dollars for a subscription he found the following persons:

Two Dollars the Year.

Clarke Olney
L. D. Leet
C. E. Koeler
W. W. Spencer
Elizabeth Barbour
Dr. R. P. McCutcheon

E. T. Owen, Editor
W. M. Potter
Norton Gilbert
T. F. Gnagey
K. K. Holt
Doris Peterson
Dorothy McCutcheon
G. W. Bennett

Delmar Ubersax
Dorothy Kinsey
Edward Schmitz
Grace Williams
Edgar Bridge

R. Garrison, Advertising Mgr.
L. E. Smith, Circulation Mgr.
C. S. Hobbleson
Forrest Loveless
Edna B. Taylor

Feature Staff

Dorothy McCutcheon

Gordon Kaster

L. D. Leet, Managing Editor
Art Editor
Business Manager
Asst. Business Manager
Faculty Critic

L. D. Leet
Grace Williams
R. W. Crough

E. L. Exman, Editor
Esther Jilson
Eleanor Floyd

Opal Calhoun
Edna B. Taylor

W. W. Spencer
Business Manager

J. E. Peck, Retail Manager

L. D. Leet
Managing Editor

The extent of our contributions has been so increased that we are able to announce a new policy with this issue.

Hereafter no one shall be eligible for membership on the Flamingo Staff until he or she has contributed successfully to at least three successive issues. It would seem that this is only fair.

We have the feeling that, whether it is or not, it should be somewhat of an achievement to win a place on the staff. It is with this in mind that we are announcing our new policy.

Hitherto members of the staff have been chosen pretty much upon guess work, that is anyone whose work seemed to warrant it was asked to join in with us and was given a place on the staff. The extent of our contributions has been so increased that we are able to announce a new policy with this issue.

Twenty-five Cents the Copy.

He wondered if it was really true that Denison people were all scholastic aces, having no interests other than those of studious nature.

And then he remembered that after all perhaps the best way to find out whether or not he was rated high or low with Denisonians would be to consult with the circulation manager.

On the list of those who had expressed their belief in the Flamingo to the extent of parting with two hard earned dollars for a subscription he found the following persons entered: the president of the Student Council; the captain of the football team; the dean of Granville College; the head of the Department of Philosophy; the Editor of the Adyatum; together with some 50 Denison alumni and well over half of the undergraduate body.

And when he had seen this the Bird began to wonder again. And as he pondered the laughing thought arose that perhaps Denison people are not as abnormal as some would have them.

The Bird chuckled happily at the thought.

PROOF THAT WINTER IS HERE.

"GOLOSHE'S"

TIME BETWEEN CLASSES IS BEGINNING TO SLIP BY RAPIDLY.

OH BOY! WOULDN'T IT BE GREAT TO GET UNPLUGGED AND FIND THAT CHAOS IN YOUR LOCK?

I WILL SOON BE OPEN!

AFTER MUCH THOUGHT AND CONSIDERATION, OUR INVENTION DEPARTMENT SUBMITS THE FOLLOWING AS-SURE METHOD FOR STOPPING CHAPEL SPEAKERS PROMPTLY AT 12 BELLS. TOWN CLOCK UPON STRIKING PULLS CORD A WHICH REMOVES CATCH B WHICH IN TURN RELEASES TRAP-Door C GENTLY DROPPING SPEAKER INTO BASEMENT.
THE INEFFICIENCY MEDAL

To woman, man tells us, goes the inefficiency medal. When man confronts her with mathematically perfect budget systems (never tried) and a pile of plans for thousand-storied office buildings (never built) she throws up her hands in weak protest. What can be done in the face of such facts?

But have you ever watched a man paint a house? I don't mean a professional—understand—but one of those clever business men who thinks he can improve his personal efficiency by painting his home in odd moments.

I once watched a man of that type paint his home. He began by wandering listlessly around the house one morning—one Sunday morning, it must be admitted—carrying in his hand a small tin pail and a long stick on the end of which was a small brush like those children use on their paint books. Finally he stationed himself at the side of the porch where he began to daub the spindle-railing with a determined air and brown paint. The effect on everything, but the spindles themselves, was magical. As quickly as, at the Dempsey-Carpentier fight, the arrival of an airplane caused the instant disappearance of thirty-eight watches in the grandstand crowd, just so quickly three neighbors broke out with an argument on Sunday labor.

The innocent cause of all the disturbance painted for about an hour in blissful self-satisfaction, stepping back now and then to admire the effects he was gaining. Then he spent the rest of the week gloating over his deeds. The next Sunday he started feverishly on the milk box, and the next he was patiently daubing at the side door frame. The house began to present a spotted appearance as though it were a victim of prickly heat.

One day I met his wife. She was hammering a nail into the porch post—a nail four inches long and sturdy enough to support a couch hammock, (there was an ice card hanging on it a few days later.)

"What do you think of our house now that it's being painted?" she said, with a faint smile on the corners of her mouth.

I misunderstood the smile. Like most women's smiles it meant nothing at all.

"For a FIRST attempt at painting," I guessed boldly, "your husband has shown himself remarkably ambitious."

She banged the hammer on the nail (the thumb nail this time), frowned, and said, "First attempt? Oh no! He does that almost every year."

The inefficiency medal has been awarded to woman on the strength of insufficient evidence. —F.

PAUCITAS FALLACE

The poet's muse I've ne'er invoked
Nor turned my hand to verse
But now I'll try some thoughts to spill
I surely might do worse.

When eagerly at sunrise I
Attempt to leave my bed
It seems as though, by George it does,
My very bones were dead.

And then I climb the weary hill
On glassy steps that slip
From underneath my weary feet
At quite a rapid clip.

My empty stomach groans aloud
My head is heavy too, I swear
My lesson I've forgot.

The last bell rings, with pouting gasp
I make a final spurt
And burst right in upon the class
Gosh! how my muscles hurt.

The Prof looks up in mild surprise
(He's used to me you see)
And enters in his little book
"A tardiness for C."

The class goes on, I dose away
Till suddenly I start,
Are they all snickering at me?
Lie still, my beating heart!

A sweeping glance confirms my fear
'Tis me they're laughing at.
Great Heavens! Underneath my chin—
Ye Gods!—there's no cravat! —Ed.

Pass—"Oh—I never could love such a small man."
Little Joe—"'Tis better to have loved a short man than never to have loved a tall."

"There goes another good looking lass," said the sailor as he left his telescope at the pawn shop.

Hub—"I wonder what we shall wear in Heaven?"
Wif—"Well, if you are there, John, I imagine most of us will wear surprised looks."

A PATHETIC FALLACY

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Nor turned my hand to verse
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I surely might do worse.

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On glassy steps that slip
From underneath my weary feet
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My empty stomach groans aloud
My eyes are almost shut
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Great Heavens! Underneath my chin—
Ye Gods!—there's no cravat! —Ed.

Pre—"What can we do tonight?"
Med—"Let's go around to the cemetery and dig up a couple of girls."

The Average Student feels much worse the day after he has lost an hour's sleep on account of studies, than he does after he sits up for an all night poker session.

Boarder (after a hearty meal)—"Haven't you any toothpicks?"
Landlady—"No. I had a few, but the boarders took 'em away and never brought them back."

Consider the grind—he constantly pursues his studies but never gets caught up.

Ardent Suitor—"I lay my fortune at your feet."
Fair Lady—"Fortune! I didn't know you had any money."
Ardent Suitor—"I haven't much, but it takes very little to cover those tiny feet."
The Baliff and The Bunk.

By Oh Min

The Bible has it that the four Horsemen of the Apocalypse were representative of War, Plague, Famine, and Death. Bad Bill, the Modern Baliff of Cagdad was the holiest man in New York City by actual count and he figured that he had survived a B. R. T. strike, an attack of whooping-cough in his youth, four years of breakfastless college life, and a cricket game at Central Park one Sunday afternoon, he had better begin to inquire around about the price of a steed.

The fire of Romance, long dormant in Bill's democratic soul, had been amoungling none the less during the recent financial freeze, and when the boss called him and notified him that his salary—for Bill was a salaried man—would not be lowered during the ensuing month, Bill's lil ole heart felt the primal urge of Spring and the strident call of Coney.

In order to simplify matters let us admit that the course of true love hadn't been so smooth in Bill's case either. In fact Mamie had used him rather shamefully, and if the truth were to be known they had had a grand settling doubts we'll come right out with it.

Bill could speak Spanish. This may seem strange at, but in order to clear up any lingering doubts we'll come right out with it. Bill was a salaried man—would not be lowered during the ensuing month, Bill's lil ole heart felt the primal urge of Spring and the strident call of Coney.

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Oh, woo you with words, elusive femme?
Oh, woo you with love that grows in an hour?
Or better, with eyes and a subtle caress?
Or even a song—or perhaps a flower?

Or shall I bring to your proud heart-shrine
Perfumes of Araby, arts of Greece—
Fabrics of India, wines of Spain—
Or, slaying the dragon, the Golden Fleece?

Wouldst have none of these? Oh crafty femme!
Now I perceive your little bluff!
A faux pas I’ve made—poor ignorant me!
Of course, I will woo you with cave man stuff!

Prof. Esser—“Ladies and gentlemen, every step is taking us nearer the vortex.”
Stew Dent—“What’s a vortex?”
Pew Pill—“Dumb-bell, that’s the Jewish for war tax.”

“How come I saw you taking Horace into the Lyric last night?”
“A mere matter of form, old dear.”

Huge volumes are often nothing but a “line.”

Dumb-bell—“Say, give me an aspirin tablet.”
Indian Club—“Sorry but the only thing I have is a scratch pad.”

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He has a peaceful job in the biscuit factory."
"What does he do?"
"Packs nabiscoes."
(Now you tell one.) — Lampoon.

Freshman to Senior who has won all the
"honors." "How much does that third pin
from the right sell for?" — Octopus.

Pretty Co-ed (entertaining an English
class by mistake) — "Is this French A?"
Sensible Prof. — "No, I'm sorry."
Punch Bowl.

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demand.

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RAPID SERVICE JOB PRINT

Suspicious Wife — "I smell cloves."
Hubby — "No, my dear. 'Taint cloze. Sh
flowrs on m'necktie." — Sun Dodger.

Jack — "How does a sailor come home from
a homebrew party?"
Straw — "I dunno."

Polite Spanish Gentleman — "Is there a
Signor Jenkins here?"
Student — "Hell, no, Jenkins is only a Soph."
— Dirge.

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Old—"What's that clinking noise I hear in that basket?"
Soak—"A bottle of ink and half-dozen glass eyes, honest to God!"—Frivol.

"Aw, quit your kidding!" exclaimed the unfortunate victim as the notorious buccaneer pushed him off the plank.—Jester.

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His Partner—"Can't help that; the bird won't wait."—Voo Doo.

Ackerman (sentimentally)—"Tom, why did you fall for me?"
Smith—"Your line was just low enough to trip me."—Lampoon.

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Waste—"I don't like the air in here."
Paper—"Shall I open a window or kill the orchestra leader?"—Frivol.

BUBBLING OVER
He—"Where do you bathe?"
She—"In the spring."
He—"I didn't ask you when, I asked you where!"—Widow.

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