The Profs advance; now brothers, show your stuff,
“And damned be he who first cries ‘Hold, enough.'”
$6 + $4 = $10

Yep—The Bird is going to put out just exactly ten greasy berries and all you've got to do in order to get your share of the hand-out is check in on our li'l contest. Here's how!

The Two prizes of 6 and 4 seeds respectfully will go to the FLAMINGO subscribers who submit the best contribution of not over 300 words containing the names of all the advertisers in our next (Feb.) issue. The winning “line” will appear in the March outburst.

Mail your efforts to Box 568 before March 3.

OH YES—BY THE WAY
In case you've overlooked the little matter of a subscription we're giving you our special rate for the next nine issues:

THE FLAMINGO,
Box 568, Granville, O.
Enclosed find my jack for the next nine Issues of the Bird.

Subscription Price $1.98
Amusement Tax .02

Total $2.00

Say, "I saw your ad in the Flamingo."
Denison Students---

Now that your Holiday vacation is over you will want some amusement.

THE OPERA HOUSE

Will offer during the coming days, some of the latest in Motion Pictures. If you will watch for the Posters in front of the theatre, you will readily see that you are getting pictures that are right up to-the-minute.

The Alhambra at Newark offers you also the very latest in motion pictures.

At the AUDITORIUM


This theatre also offers motion pictures that are sure to please.

YOU ARE ALWAYS WELCOME AT ANY OF MY THEATRES.

GEO. M. FERNBERG.

EMERSON

January again—and EMERSON ready with REDUCTIONS on

Overcoats, Suits, Mackinawns

What it means to you—Quality—Style—Economy—Satisfaction

ROE EMERSON

CLOTHES — HATS — FURNISHINGS

Cor. Third and Main

What Is a Vacuum Furnace?

In an ordinary furnace materials burn or combine with the oxygen of the air. Melt zinc, cadmium, or lead in an ordinary furnace and a scum of “dross” appears, an impurity formed by the oxygen. You see it in the lead pots that plumbers use.

In a vacuum furnace, on the contrary, the air is pumped out so that the heated object cannot combine with oxygen. Therefore in the vacuum furnace impurities are not formed.

Clearly, the chemical processes that take place in the two types are different, and the difference is important. Copper, for instance, if impure, loses in electrical conductivity. Vacuum-furnace copper is pure.

So the vacuum furnace has opened up a whole new world of chemical investigation. The Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company have been exploring this new world solely to find out the possibilities under a new series of conditions.

Yet there have followed practical results highly important to industry. The absence of oxidation, for instance, has enabled chemists to combine metals to form new alloys heretofore impossible. Indeed, the vacuum furnace has stimulated the study of metallurgical processes and has become indispensable to chemists responsible for production of metals in quantities.

And this is the result of scientific research.

Discover new facts, add to the sum total of human knowledge, and sooner or later, in many unexpected ways, practical results will follow.
FROZEN FIELDS

By W. G. Mather, Jr.

When the sun slants coldly from us,
And the summer songs are still;
When dead grass browns the valley,
And the trees writhe on the hill
In the grip of winter tempest.

Then who will dream by cozy fires
Or nod over stupid books;
And who will nurse his vain Desires
In stifling and man-built nooks?

For there’s Life upon the meadow,
And the whirling snow-flakes fall
On scattered groups of feeding quail
Where the dead brown grass is tall
Around the edges of ice-bound creeks.

Then who will idly lounge inside,
A-toasting his precious toes,
With wild things of the Far and Wide
Bluffing every gust that blows?

For there’s Life upon the hill-top,
And the wind throws stinging sleet
At rabbits hunting bits of bark
And leaping with silent feet
In the rocky old apple orchard.

Then ho! We’ll be out and hiking,
These jolly old stormy days;
Winds are much more to our liking
Than the lazy summer haze!

For Life calls through the shouting gale
A tempting challenge to me;
And the Life that throbs in winter
Is a thrilling life to see
And feel as nature blusters at you.

Let’s be off on the frozen trail!
The Spirit of winter speaks
In swirling snow, in splitting hail,
And silence of ice-bound creeks.

—W. G. Mather, Jr.
OPEN SEASON

We have in Ohio open seasons for rabbits, ducks, quail, and so forth, in which the hunter, heh him to yon distant field in search of prey. Open seasons are a good thing for all save the quarry that come out in the open.

Even under the Dome of Heaven, we have open seasons. That period of seven days prior to the first full moon is the open season for studying. Everybody does it; but after the season passes, it is criminal for a man to function out of season. The ten hour period after rules go off is the open season for tennis; the middle of February is the period when terpsichore; the middle of February is the open season for engagements. The latest open season for Christmases is the open season here, but Christmas vacation as the open season for engagements. The latest open season for engagements.

Some students are engaged; others engaged—either to be married, or just plain engaged.

Bobs have always thought that that "In-the-World" period was the open season here, but Christmas vacation now looms as a formidable contender for first honors, if not the deserved title holder. We think it should be first, for a chance at some left fingers will disclose the fact that they certainly did "ring in the New Year" in the best possible way.

Little Amoebus striving toward the sun, Geaping for entrance into the world of light, Struggling so manfully with feeble might, As none before you of your race had done; It looks as if He had—

And yet, what kept his heart so light While all my world was sad? The will which snatched the universe from night,

We had always thought that that "In-the-World" period was the open season here, but Christmas vacation now looms as a formidable contender for first honors, if not the deserved title holder. We think it should be first, for a chance at some left fingers will disclose the fact that they certainly did "ring in the New Year" in the best possible way.

The fine art of conversation would seem to be a thing of the past. Gone are the brilliant repartee, the pithy epigram and the polished style which once characterized the verbal intercourse of educated people. How delightful to one weary of the mediocrity of modern speech it would be to have lived a century ago. To him, the period of Johnson and Boswell seems indeed a golden age. When folk talked as well as they wrote to-day, and were more and pleasing English poured in fascinating flow in drawing-room as in debate, in parlor as in Parliament. Today conversation is an incident, yesterday it was a pastime; to-day a commonplace, yesterday a craft.

Certainly this need not be the case. Unlike the barking secrets of the pyramid-builders and the mystic formulæ of the Etruscan embalmers, this lost art is easily restored. The method is self-cultivation. If one will keep conversant with good writing, if he will determine to avoid hackneyed phrases and catch-penny slang, checking them—even at the cost of a noticeable pause at first—to substitute a more happy expression, holding the attitude that his "speaking" and "writing" vocabularies should be identical, he cannot fail to improve.

The faithful observance of these two principles will gain for one a new freedom of thought and an increasing facility of expression. More and more he will experience the enviable satisfaction of compelling the attention and retaining the interest of a willing listener. He will become an artist whose thought and an increasing facility of expression constitute a more happy expression, holding the attitude that his "speaking" and "writing" vocabularies should be identical, he cannot fail to improve.

SONG

A long road the thing winds about
Through all the days I live,
I find a host of lovely things
That thrill my mind and love,
My heart a faint, sweet, fleeting thrill
And light the place wherein I dwell.

And by the path I tread at eve
Where dreams mock cares of day,
I find high, shining, fairy things
That bear me far away
Into gay regions all unknown
To mortal eyes save mine alone.

And yet, as in these ways I go
Among fair, wondrous things,
Oft in my heart sweet loneliness
A rush of hot tears brings.
But when your brown eyes look at me
I know to love I hold the key.
—R.

WOMAN'S LOVE

In refutation to "Once Having Loved" which appeared in the last Flamingo.

Where Cypress Isle enwraps herself about
With lacy foam; where icy winds sweep out
Of Artic crystal plains; where far Cathay
Mysterious in her plum and pear-bloom
Or where the Bedouin in burning sands
Transports fair silks and jewels to other

This woman loves—eternal fires!

Since time was but a legendary thing;
Or where the Bedouin in burning sands
Transports fair silks and jewels to other

This woman loves—eternal fires!

Since time was but a legendary thing;
Since time was but a legendary thing;
When Tyre was young and Troy heard battle's ring;
When Sheba came to see King Solomon;
Before King Alexander's rule began;
Long, long ago, the woman loved.
Over having loved she loves eternally
With passions drawn from that translucent
Of woman's flaming, changeless, constant
Heart.
Her love, unselfish, of herself is lovely part,
Of woman's flaming, changeless, constant
Heart.

A LOST ART

A sonnet

A star, that twinkiles in the heavenly sphere,
A beacon soft as distant candle light
Seemed through a groove; your contemplation, fear
Inspires. The aoons since you broke the night
And so foreboding does not over exist in your heart.
To us,—small creatures, void of schooling long,
And soon forgetting half we learn, as sieve
Holds water,—value of a dirgelful song.
For aught we do must then from Him arise,
And, by ourselves, we hopeless are. To Him,
O grant a word of friendship, a year's life, a song.
And all about us. Far beyond the rim
Of this broad universe, we shall be taught
That all these things, He has not done for naught.

—C. B. '25.
Looking somewhat into the future we have persuaded our society editor to prepare a few gentle hints for any of our readers who are planning to work off their Junior dues at the banquet or do honor to Geo. W.'s name by donating five to the Seniors.

1. If your artificial tie snaps off—don't beg anyone's pardon; it wasn't your fault.
2. Don't be surprised if you see a cocktail on the menu—it doesn't mean anything.
3. If you spill cranberry sauce on your shirt-front, don't blush—they might think it's on your face too.
4. If you can't think of anything to say to your date, try something original and clever about wondering whose dress suit the toastmaster has on.
5. If an asparagus tip gets away from you, ignore it—it might get playful if you try to grab it. When nobody is looking, casually sneak up on it with your napkin.
6. In seating your date, be careful not to ram her into the table, caveman stuff doesn't get across at a time like that.
7. In doubt on which implement to use, just grab the nearest one—an air of confidence is the important thing.
8. Above all things, don't change forks halfway through the salad, it makes too much work for the dish-washer.
9. Don't be chagrined if you find yourself sitting next to your first choice.

"Why hasn't Red had his hair cut lately?"
"Shear fright, I guess."
"I went out to see your brother at the insane asylum today."
"What did he have to say?"
"Oh, he's crazy to see you."

"Putting all jokes aside," said the Student Council as they voted against the old honor system.

Freshmore—"Do you know why a horse that walks with his head down is like Sunday?"
Sophman—"I suppose because it's got a weak a head."
F—"No! It's because its neck's weak."
S—"Oh, I heard that about a weak back."

The Green Imps are practising on the season's favorite—Raisinella.

Ted—"That tune continually haunts me."
Lewis—"Probably because of the way you murdered it."

Don't look at me that way stranger,
That scar that my red nose mars,
Does not come from wearing glasses,
But from drinking home-brew from fruit jars.
THE FIRST ONE
A FLAPPER'S LAMENT

WELL Genevieve
THE other day
JUST after I'd had
THREE cream puffs
AND a glass of
GINGER ale
I tried an experiment
WITH something of Dad's.
ABOUT half an
HOUR later I
LOOKED at the ceiling
AND the darned thing
WAS coming down to
MEET me.
I was beginning to
WONDER if the
CREAM puffs
WERE going to be
UP or down
INSIDE or out.
SO listen, Genevieve
THERE'S a good maxim
"DON'T play with fire"
BUT I know a better
ONE. It's
"DON'T swallow the smoke!"

"What makes you think I am on the downward path?"
"Because every one you pass gives you the stares."

THE MICROBES

Three jolly young microbes sailed airily
'Twixt the green of the earth and the blue of the sky.
Said one to his mates, "Here comes a young man;
I'll ooze up to him and whisper a plan."
He did his work well; with a chuckle and grin
He hears the boy ask Her to wear his frat pin.
The second young rascal espied a fair lass.
"Oh, ho, my sweet damsel, by me you'll not pass."
"Your feet are scant clad; I would 'twere not so;
With goloshes you'll be in the style, don't you know?"
Forthwith in goloshes she decks her small feet;
They gap at the top, they flop on the street.
The third rascal microbe, the worst of the brothers,
Hatched out a fell scheme more vile than the others.
He buzzed in the ear of a Semite so fair,
And, horrors! Can't you guess? She bobbed her hair!!

Suggestion to the Masquers for making the endings of their plays more effective.

THE MICROBES

The spontaneously generated Amoeba proteus, still tingling with the nascent vibration
of newly evolved life, projected a pseudopod of
finger and tapped himself gently over the nucleus and exclaimed with determination—
"I'll forge ahead!" He did, and after million of years a descendant repeated the words of his worthy progenitor and is now
serving life at Leavenworth. —C. K.

—W. A. V.
HEAVEN'S BELLS!

Coming into the Baptist Church, have you ever wondered why there was no call to worship from the bell tower above? For fifteen years, while other bells in town have sent their reverberating tones throughout these Licking hills, the Baptist bell has hung silent in its tower.

It is thought that sufficient care was not taken in putting the bell into position,—at least old residents say that not many years had passed before the deep tones of the bell began to be discordant, and it—like the famed one in Boston—was found to be cracked. At that time the Church did not feel that the expense of a new bell could be incurred, and since then the people have become so accustomed to its silence, that a new one has never been procured.

No doubt, succeeding classes of Freshmen will continue to wonder at its silence, until the Millenium is brought a little nearer and the Granville Baptists build a much needed new auditorium. Then three bells will call the town and neighboring country folk to Divine Services.

TRAGEDY

Fellows;
You know how it Is at a party
When the lights go out
By mistake.
Well—last week I Went to a party
Like that.
And I never noticed
Who was in the chair
In front of me.
The lights went off
And the lights went on
By mistake—
And the Rouge I had
Sampled was the CHAPERONE'S!

Fellows; You know how it is at a party When the lights go out By mistake.Well—last week I Went to a party Like that. And I never noticed Who was in the chair In front of me. The lights went off And the lights went on By mistake— And the Rouge I had Sampled was the CHAPERONE'S!

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When the lights go out
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The lights went off
And the lights went on
By mistake—
And the Rouge I had
Sampled was the CHAPERONE'S!

Where is it that we heard of the absent-minded prof who poured syrup down his neck and scratched his pancake?

Two Samaritans—"What's your room number?"
Dizzy Dormite—"C4 (hic)."
One of the Two—"Yeh, I know you do, that's why we want to take you home."

FAMOUS HELLS

Pan —— espont
Seas —— zbells
O —— o

Brutus—"Hello, Caesar, old boy I see by your color that you had eggs for breakfast."
Caesar—"Yeh, et tu, Brute."

It is suggested that the Chapel Choir be listed in the next catalogue as Doxology 13.

Customist—"Here I buy a cigar and you say you don't allow smoking in this store."
Druggist—"Sure we sell cigars but do not permit smoking. We also sell epicac."

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"UNCLE SAM" BRIERLY

Samuel Baxter Brierly, Denison '75, was born August 21, 1851, in Neshannock Falls, Pennsylvania. He came to Denison in the fall of 1869, taking two years in the preparatory department and completing his college work with the same class he started with.

Thirty years ago, he located in Chicago and sought to engage in a business in which he could be of the greatest service to his fellow men. He selected the employment business, and chose the hotel part of it. His lifetime work has surely been one of service, and among thousands of hotel employers and employees, his business slogan, "Brierly Sent Me," stands for as a synonym for honest and upright business methods.

In 1906, through the Chicago—Denison Association, Mr. Brierly became interested in the alumni work of his Alma Mater, and this interest and work, impossible to confine to the boundaries of Chicago, soon spread to the larger Alumni Society of the entire college, of which he is now secretary. Of his ability in this office, nothing need be said to Denisonians. The Alumni Bulletin, Mr. Brierly's eternal monument, tells the story. In the words of an editor in a nearby city, "The Bulletin is a great publication, and the work Sam has done and is doing is worth thousands of dollars to the school."

Mr. Brierly has at his office in Chicago a beautiful bound volume of letters which he received last summer on his seventieth birthday from his college friends. The handsome, hand-painted frontispiece bears this inscription: "To live in the hearts of men and women is really to live. All else is temporal and fleeting." And for a life of service this is Uncle Sam's reward: "to live in the hearts of men and women." Our term of endearment for him is "Uncle Sam." By that term Denison men and women all over the world know him and express their esteem and love for him.

Life is service, and Uncle Sam truly lives.
Our Mid-Year's number could hardly go to press without some editorial pearls concerning exams. Between an engravers' strike and worry over said exams, the Mystic Bird isn't feeling very facetious on the subject. But out in the turmoil of the Cold Cruel, it is different. Exams there furnish material for outbursts of uproarious mirth. Edison's questions caused flurry, but the perennial bogies of the college dumb-boys furnish an unending source of amusement to contemporary humorists.

The Average Citizen's definition of a college man would probably include, along with a reference to Rah! Rah! stuff, some new gag like the following:

Senior—"I wish Savonarola had been a Spaniard."
Fresh—"Why?"

"Why all the formality?" we are prone to ask when the Washington or Junior Banquet is discussed. Most of us do consider the habiliments of civilization a frightful nuisance, and which one of us can truthfully say that he does not wonder at least once during the evening if the sporting bat-wing under his chin is (under his chin)?

A laudable and democratic tendency has always been manifest on the campus. Flannel shirts and army shoes are in vogue throughout the year and parties of the Rube and Kid variety are the most popular with many groups.

But why dodge the issue? The time will come in most of our lives when we must get our old trick suit and struggle through an evening of formality. So if the Juniors and Seniors bid us come thusly attired, and your shirt front buckles and your collar wilt, don't curse, just charge it up to the account of "Education."

The Flamingo has received a call from Judge in regard to contributions for the annual College Wits Number. The Bird hopes that Denison will be well represented in this issue.

The conditions are as follows: The call is for ORIGINAL drawings and text; in addition to payment at the regular rates Judge offers three silver cups, one to the college or university which makes the best showing, one to the individual, one for the best art feature, and the other for the best literary feature. Each contribution should bear the name of the contributor, his college and class and should be sent in before March 1.
Class, you have been unusually good students—in fact, so good that I've decided to give no final examination in this subject.

Wonder how our dear co-eds feel about 'em?

What ails 'em?

Gosh, no brains at all—why can't they go to bed nights and let a person sleep?

Oh, well, let 'em do it all over again.

Revenge is sweet.

To the prof or profs in whose subject we have flunked during the semester—We cheerfully submit this little problem all on our own.

If a rabbit keeps running between two holes, it's apt to stick each head in if on each trip its speed is increased 10 per cent. How long will it be before it has its head in both holes at the same time?

Oh, Mom! Sis'le Beau's here—flowers—everything!

According to those who indulge 'em—such ones have their advantages at that.

You don't have to listen to this.
"How do you know that I was with Helen tonight?"
"She always kisses on the left."

"Did you ever take a bicycle trip?"
"Once."
"Where did you go?"
"On my neck."

"How did you lose your hair?"
"Worry."
"What did you worry about?"
"About losing my hair."

"What was the last thing played upon the organ of that church that just burned?"
"Elucidate."
"The hose."

"You had better come up to the gymnasium with me."
"What for?"
"To build up physically. Only yesterday you told me you were run down."
"I was, by a truck."

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A college education is the only thing in the world that a fellow pays for and then kicks because he gets it.

C. J. Caesar Stabbed 23 Times in Senate.

Rome, March 16—"Et tu, Brute!" gasped Caius Julius Caesar, 56 Appian Way, yesterday afternoon, as he sank dead to the floor of the Senate, stabbed twenty-three times by conspirators led by his neighbor, friend, and legatee, Marcus Brutus, 60 Appian Way. The members of the Senate promptly spread the news and in less than an hour the populace were discussing the terms of the will which left each citizen a neat sum of money.

"I urged Julius not to go out to-day because of a dream I had last night," Mrs. Caesar is quoted as saying to a close friend when told of the death. When interviewed on the subject by a reporter she refused to divulge the nature of the dream and would only say that she would probably be proscribed several days by the affair.

Mr. Brutus, in discussing the conspirators' motives, emphasized their friendly feeling for Mr. Caesar but pointed out that for his own good they felt it better for him not to become too popular.

Mr. Washington amused the friends in his and nearby boats by standing facetiously in the stern imitating Napoleon Bonaparte. Other members of the party entertained themselves by seeing who could shove the ice-cakes the farthest.

The Hessians were somewhat surprised by this unexpected visit but proved excellent hosts. It is said that home-brew flowed rather freely but these rumors were denied by local revenue-officers.

"Of course, it was cold," said Mr. Washington when interviewed concerning the escapade, "but we all had a good time. One of the boys got a galosh full of water when he became excited in an ice-cake race and tried to aid his entry with his foot, but aside from that there were no accidents."

Mr. Washington and his friends expect to spend several weeks in the city.

Roommate No. 1—"Come on, get up. It's six thirty. Don't you know the early bird gets the worm?"
"Roommate No. 2—"Whoinel wants to get worms?"

"What's that piece of cord tied around your finger for?"
"My wife put it there to remind me to mail a letter."
"And did you post it?"
"No—she forgot to give it to me."

"I conclude that's a fly," said the young trout.
"You are right," said the old un, "but you must not jump at conclusions."

Magistrate—"Do you prefer charges against this student?"
McSawt—"Sure, yer honor, I prefer damages.

Boating Party Furnishes Odd Entertainment.

Trenton, Dec. 26—From dodging ice-cakes to eating iced cakes; that was the manner in which Mr. George Washington, 34 E. 42nd Street, New York City, and a company of friends chose to spend Christmas evening this year. Returning from a week-end party on the other shore of the Delaware, they dropped in on some Hessians friends in this city and found the tables set for a royal repast.

Throughout the crossing, Mr. Washington amused the friends in his and nearby boats by standing facetiously in the stern imitating Napoleon Bonaparte. Other members of the party entertained themselves by seeing who could shove the ice-cakes the farthest.

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NOT THE MORNING AFTER—BUT
THE SAME NIGHT

All the livelong night I thrashed to and fro
upon my narrow couch. Dew dripped from
my frantic and fevered brow as the gentle
rain from Heaven; weird shapes slid horribly
and greaseily out of familiar objects, the tail
of each grasping a red-hot needle. Lurking
shadows coughed up strange apparitions
which glided along the cracks of the wall,
turning inside out at each wink and finally
falling fiercely on my cerebrum with a blow
which made it stagger. My mind was de-
parting; I shrieked to the stars; I roared with
anguish; I gasped with despair. The fine-
drawn, burning torture of the body became
too powerful to be withstood; sunk to the
lowest depths of horror and despair, my mind,
in one last mighty effort, fought its way
through the rushing chaos and found an
escape, now and forever, irrevocable. There
on the table in the moonlight gleamed a
metallic object. I could stand no more,
lying down; I must take the last chance, and,
while rebelling at the idea of self-destruc-
tion, I disobeyed the coach’s orders, struggled
to the table, snapped open the cigarette case,
and dragged out a Camel.

“Do you know this guy Lamp?”
“Yeah. Regular rounder.”
“Uhuh, smokes and goes out at night.”

Things to Worry About

Guinea pigs multiply rapidly but can not
add.

CROSSING THE BAR

Morning and cloudless sky,
But none of these I see;
Oh, may the problems which I now must try
Become more clear to me.

Oh, may this one exam be thus,
To raise my grade on high;
And grant that I be called not to discuss
A point I once passed by.

The start, the Prof’s calm voice,
And after that the dark;
As on a sea of mixed and troubled thoughts
I now embark.

Although my straying, wand’ring mind
Afield may lead me far,
I hope to see an A upon my card,
When I have crossed this bar.

Not a Flirtation

She came into the class-room.
(I sit behind her.)
She lifted back $250 worth of furs—
Turned to me
And smiled.
I smiled, too.
Her furs had made her neck dirty.

We Solicit the trade of
All Denison Students.
THE FLAMINGO

JANUARY

means

CLEARANCE PRICES

on all

SILK DRESSES,

EVENING DRESSES,

WINTER COATS,

SUITS

The W. H. Mazey Company

Phoenix Hosiery

$1.10 to $3.50 per pair

Walk-Over Shoes

$5.00 to $10.00 per pair

Have You Visited Our Store?

MANNING & WOODWARD'S

WALK-OVER SHOE STORE

West Side Square

TUESDAY

FEBRUARY 14th is VALENTINE DAY

Send one of our Special FLOWER Valentines

We will have Violets and Sweet Peas in unlimited quantities, and the price will be right. Fancy Valentine Cards to go with the Flower Valentines.

“Posey” Halbrooks

We Deliver in Granville

12-14-16 E. Church St. Newark, Ohio

How my roommate disturbs my peace and equanimity! If I get myself well settled in the only comfortable chair in the place he is sure to come in and make a lot of noise trying to balance on the three legged wonder which is the other one. He is most disagreeable when I ask him for his neckties which I can’t find; and is highly insulted when I try to borrow a V. How my roommate disturbs my peace and equanimity!

I think the Mormon prophet was an awful funny man; I wonder how his wives enjoyed his prophet-sharing plan.

“Are they seasoned troops?”

“They ought to be. First they were mustered in by their officers and then peppered by the enemy. And yet some say they are not worth their salt.”

“We were talking. The conversation had drifted, as conversations will, to the subject of matrimony.

“Speaking of marriage,” he said, “The longer a man is married—”

“The happier he is,” finished the sweet young thing with soulful eyes.

“That wasn’t exactly my thought,” he replied. “I was about to remark that the longer a man is married—”

“The more he regrets that he didn’t marry earlier,” broke in the girl with the rosebud mouth.

“Did you make the trip across in a first class cabin?”

“No, I made the entire voyage by rail.”

Technical—“Your ear hitting all right?”

Fordite—“Yeh, you can hear it a block away.”

“They tell me that the lawyer had much difficulty in getting an account of the crime from the gardener.”

“Yes. Every time he thought that he would get something of importance the gardener would begin to hedge.”

“I believe you’re stringing me,” said the convict as the executioner tied the knot under his chin.

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BENNY SAYS:

I've got a girl in Rochester. She's some girl! I go with her all the time—when I'm in Rochester. A pretty girl—beautiful eyes. And affectionate. In fact, they're so affectionate they're always looking at each other. And her smile! I sometimes feel like singing “When My Baby Smiles at Me, I Wish She'd See a Dentist.”

And she's a bright girl, too. Intelligent. Once I took her to a movie where there was a big electric sign outside “The Woman Pays.” So she went up and bought the tickets. She likes music. Her favorite piece is “Souvenir” from Woolworth’s. She likes to hear John McCormack, the violinist, play when he has a jazz act.

Funny how I meet my girl! I was driving along one night and saw her walking up the street all alone. She's a fine dresser. That time she had on black silk stockings—and a lavender veil, I think. Seems to me the veil was lavender. At least, the stockings were black. I'm sure of that.

So I asked her if she'd like a ride. She said, “No thank you—I'm just walking back from one now.” But she gave me her name and address and told me to look her up sometime. So I did. She's a nice girl.

Thy Name Is Woman

She crossed her slim ankles and settled back among the cushions of the hammock. He put his arm around her and sighed. She sighed. He sighed again and murmured, “Darling—”

“Yes,” she queried.

“Darling, will you marry me?”

And when he had gone she cut another notch in the porch swing.—Jester.
AN ODE TO A RABBIT
A poet's life is one of rest—
I say "a poet"—not me—
'Cause he can always say the best
Of things in poetry.
Where'er he feels that thought arise
Which some call inspiration,
He sits him down—he seldom lies—
And reels off an oration.
In poetry one finds the bliss
To make the heart-throbs bare.
So close I will the verse called this:
"The Parting of The Hair."
—W. G. K.

Absent Minded Prof.—"Is there anyone under that bed?"
Escaped Convict Hiding—"Not a soul."
A. M. Prof.—"That's funny—I could have sworn I heard somebody."—Beanpot.

Cabba—"Who's that man over there argumenting with? There's no one near him."
Ray—"He ate something that didn't agree with him."—Chaparral.

"I hear our new mayor has declared war on all mashers."
"I'm O. K. I keep mine locked up."

The FLAMINGO wants a host of contributors.
Do you know the latest one about the pretty co-ed who, etc.? Can you construct a poem or destroy a reputation? Can you draw pictures of Stunning Girls? Or of Dissipated Young Men? Or eccentric members of the Faculty? Or of Athletes making the winning basket, or of automobiles, or two Irishmen, two Englishmen, or anything? Could you spread a mean line to possible advertisers or subscribers or advantage?
Give us the privilege of rejecting your work! Get in touch with the Bird!

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Hibrow—"My love is like a babbling brook."
Loditto—"Dam it!"

"Long may it wave," said the patriotic flapper as she stepped out of the beauty parlor with her hair marcelled.

Soph—"? ? & ? !"
Fresh—"When—Century Handbook 48A, repetition."

"My wife," said Captain Billy, "is a woman of few words—but she uses them over and over again."

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G. E. HAMMOND, Manager

CATASTROPHE

Did you ever
Know a girl
Who had a
Dress
That she liked
So well that
She wore it
All the time?
And one day
You saw that
Dress with its
Familiar look,
Standing
In front of the
Postoffice,
And you were
Overjoyed,
For you had
A Half-A-Dollar
In your pocket
And something important
On your chest.
You wanted to
Go to Casey's.
So you went up to
Her and patted her
On the back
And said
"Let's go over
The way and buy
A soda."
And then
Her roommate
With a pugnacious
And a thoroughly
Disgusted look
On her
Face
Turned around
And said
"You're entirely
Too fresh
Young man."
(Apologies to Judge.)

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We Know Her, Too

Student—"Has not fortune ever knocked
at your door?"

Beggar—"He did once, but I was out. Ever
since, he has sent his daughter."

Student—"His daughter, who is she?"

Beggar—"Why Miss Fortune, of course."

—Beanpot.

THE NEWARK FASHION

Newark, Ohio

CONTRA

The Personal Writing Machine

NEWARK TYPEWRITER CO.
18 1-2 N. Second street
Newark, O.
The storm had been raging for an hour, but the young twain on the stern of the vessel seemed oblivious. He was proposing for the tenth time since the boat took to sea. With an extra lurch of the storm-tossed ship—

"I shan't marry you, John. You might as well give up."

Another lurch.

He did—Puppet.

An Optimist—A fellow who shaves every time he goes to see his girl.—Beanpot.

Who was this wild and winsome coot
That made poor Adam pull the boot
And taste of that forbidden fruit?

A Flapper.

This Cleopatra maiden fair
For whom great Caesar tore his hair,
Who was this vamp so debonair?

A Flapper.

Who was this biddy called Salome
That robbed John Baptist of his dome,
The one that made mere man leave home?

A Flapper.

Who is it now that flashes by
With scanty clothes and drooping eye,
For whom some sap would gladly die?

A Flapper.

Who strokes the pros on their nobs,
Who makes this plaint a woeful tale
Who is more deadly than the male?

A Flapper.

—Chaparral.
AFTER BASKETBALL GAMES
CHICKEN SANDWICHES
PUMPKIN PIE
CAKE and HOT CHOCOLATE
Ye Buxton Inn Tea Room
Mrs. "Rock" Williams, '16

St. Peter—"You say you were a writer on a college comic magazine?"
Applicant—"Yes, St. Peter."
St. Peter—"Step into the elevator, please."
Applicant—"How soon does it go up?"
St. Peter—"It doesn't go up; it goes down."
—Virginia Reel.

He—"What would you do if I kissed you?"
She—"How do I know? You know perfectly well I haven't read the latest college comics."—Jack O'Lantern.

Sin—"Edison never sleeps more than four hours a night."
Cosin—"Must live next door to a fraternity house."—Sun Dodger.

The cats on the back fence have gone. So endeth the promptings of the mews.—Beanpot.

Sponge—"I think that a street car hash just passed."
Wet—"How you know?"
Sponge—"I can shee its tracks."—Jester.

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