1921

Flamingo Vol. II N 5

Clyde Keeler  
*Denison University*

Kilburn Holt  
*Denison University*

George Wayland Bennett  
*Denison University*

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Have You Seen Our Display of
Walk-Over Shoes

—AND—
Phoenix Hosiery

Manning & Woodwards

Walk-Over Shoe Store

Newark, Ohio

The "Old Home" Welcomes
the Opportunity
to Serve You.

We want the "Denison" students
who have opened accounts here to
be permanent, life-time business
friends.

The Home Building Association Co.

North Third and West Main Sts.

Newark, Ohio

Oh You Denison
Are you attending the Opera House movies? If not, you are missing a nice line of
Feature Pictures. Get the Habit—Go!

The Alhambra at Newark also shows the latest photoplays, as well as The Auditorium.
A few road attractions we wish to get to you are

FRITZ LEIBER
Noted Shakespearian actor in a wonderful production. Watch for further announce-
ments. Soon, Grace La Rue and Hale Hamilton in "My Dear." Another big special
attraction

MECCA
A romance of Ancient Egypt, set to music and told with the most picturesque and beau-
tiful scenic embellishments ever shown upon the modern stage.

300 PEOPLE ON THE STAGE

ASK EDISON
"If education makes a person refined, why
is a college course?"—Jester.

"How can I keep my toes from going to
sleep?"
"Don't let them turn in."—North Star.

Chem Prof.—"Why didn't you filter this?"
Student.—"I didn't think it would stand the
strain."—Brown Jug.

H. E. Lamson
HARDWARE
For
HARDWEAR
"The Hardware Store on the Corner"

Goldsmith's Athletic Goods

Phone 8214
Granville, Ohio
A PITHY REMARK

This guy looked into the family tree and found he was the sap.—Wasp.

Widow—"What sect is he?"
Wasp—"Insect!"—Wasp.

"Dear Me," said the Missionary, as the Cannibal Butcher sold him at 90c a pound.

"Yes, father lived longer than we thought he would—the power plant broke down."

—Froth.

"Why does he sign himself just plain Izzenstein?"
"Maybe he hasn't any Christian name."

—Brown Jug.

CORRECT

"Is the world flat or round?"
"Neither!"
"What is it then?"
"Crooked!"—Record.

One of our professors remarked: "College-bred means a four year loaf." We agree, and add, it takes lots of dough and plenty of crust!—Wasp.

"That's a good point," remarked the pencil to the sharpener with a self-satisfied air.

—Siren.

The Frosh—"How far are you in 'Economics'?"
The Junior—"In the last stages of 'Consumption'."—Wag Jag.

Now I lay me down to rest,
Before I take tomorrow's test;
If I should die before I wake,
Thank heaven I'll have no test to take!

—Beanpot.

"Snap out of it," he yelled, ripping open a box of ZuZus."—Widow.

From A Faint Blue Glow To Modern Miracles

EDISON saw it first—a mere shadow of blue light streaking across the terminals inside an imperfect electric lamp. This "leak" of electric current, an obstacle to lamp perfection, was soon banished by removing more air from the bulbs.

But the ghostly light, and its mysterious disappearance in a high vacuum, remained unexplained for years.

Then J. J. Thomson established the electron theory on the transmission of electricity in a partial vacuum—and the blue light was understood. In a very high vacuum, however, the light and apparently the currents that caused it disappeared.

One day, however, a scientist in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company proved that a current could be made to pass through the highest possible vacuum, and could be varied according to fixed laws. But the phantom light had vanished.

Here was a new and definite phenomenon—a basis for further research.

Immediately, scientists began a series of developments with far reaching practical results. A new type of X-ray tube, known as the Coolidge tube, soon gave a great impetus to the art of surgery. The Kenotron and Plenotron, followed in quick succession by the Dynatron and Magnetron, made possible long distance radio telephony and revolutionized radio telegraphy.

And the usefulness of the "tron" family has only begun.

The troublesome little blue glow was banished nearly forty years ago. But for scientific research, it would have been forgotten. Yet there is hardly a man, woman or child in the country today whose life has not been benefited, directly or indirectly, by the results of the scientific investigations that followed.

Thus it is that persistent organized research gives man new tools, makes available forces that otherwise might remain unknown for centuries.
I am going to write about a mystery, or rather, a series of mysteries. About things that happened back in the dim days where the memory of the Oldest Alumnus is a bit hazy, and the memories of the Forever Young Alumni are lost in the whimsical neve of college smiles and tears, college tasks and pranks; especially pranks.

Let's imagine Granville back in the early seventies. There isn't any danger of slipping on the icy steps leading up the hill—there aren't any steps. We're back in the days of the “Old Brown Sem;” a white frame house west of the girls' gym will be all that's left of it in 1922, fifty years from now. The young ladies attend the “Sem,” which is privately owned by Dr. Shepardson. There are only three buildings on the Hill; the “Old Brick,” a frame building moved from the first location on the Columbus Road, and the residence of Professor Marsh. Professor Marsh's house stands now about where President's house will stand in 1922; by that time, Prof. Willy will be living in it on the corner of Mulberry and Elm.

The Baptist Church is a frame building, mounted on a high foundation; in 1922 it will be called the Post Office in the daytime and the Strand Theatre at night.

It is springtime; warm, sticky Commencement time. The church auditorium is packed with people, and the graduating exercises are about to begin. The procession is at the door, and the audience, program in hand, sits expectant. Just as the music starts and the lordly marshall begins his dignified promenade, two boys sitting in the back rise and hurriedly pace down the aisles, distributing broad-cast a quantity of folded papers. The surprised audience ignores the pompous advance of dark-robed Learning, in shocked contemplation of the hand-bills. They are fake programs of the exercises; a take-off on the faculty and students. Although full of ridicule and satire, they are cleverly done, and as each student comes forward to deliver his oration, the ordinarily passive audience is convulsed by the introduction and remarks about him in the fake programs. Truly, the customary dignity of the proceedings is lost.

Now begins a most interesting chapter of Denison's history. The college authorities use every means in their power to find the students responsible for the programs. But their search is unsuccessful. The next year, at the same time, preparations are again made for the Commencement Exercises, and again the auditorium is full. Ushers have strict orders to confiscate instantly any fake programs before they can be distributed, but not a one has been seen. Again the procession moves down the aisle, and this time its members are seated in peace. The faculty breathes easier; so far, so good. But just as the audience begins to feel a little bit disappointed, someone yells from the center of the house, “Look under your seats!”

And there, staked in bunches of three or four, at intervals under the seats, are copies of the “Pasquin,” Volume I, Number I. It is a hot little leaflet of four pages, employing as its motto that line from “Macbeth:”

“Lay on, Macduff, and damned be he who first cries ‘Hold, enough.’”

Unlike most of us who glibly chant that quotation, the editors of this paper do “lay on,” cleverly, vigorously, and effectively. Not only are the faculty and graduating class attacked, but also the more well-known students of the lower classes. The name “Pasquin” is most appropriate. There used to be a broken statue of that name in Rome, upon
which satirical writings were posted; and if the dictionary tells the truth, the writings the Old Boys used to tack on the column were warm enough to melt the asphalt on the Appalachian Way. But they must have been pretty hot if they raised the temperature higher than this paper, for the subsequent investigations and controversies excited the whole town. According to its editorial page, it is published in "Room No. 40, Old Brick," by "Pasquin and Marforio," but the faculty finds that the room numbers don't run up to forty, and so one questioned has ever met friends Pasquin and Marforio. The lid of faculty supervision clamps down tight; but soon the steam from the boiling within the kettle begins to reek of "eye of newt and toe of frog." The administration throws more fuel on the fire and sits tighter on the lid. The administration throws more fuel on the fire and sits tighter on the lid.

So bide a wee my Quaker sweetly fair—
And emerald tresses leave her shoulders bare.
Her foamy lace scarce covers throbbing breasts,
Oh Mignonnette I love you, but she pleads,
"Pasquin and Marforio," but the faculty finds it about hit the pigeon.

\[ \text{THE FLAMINGO} \]

\[ \text{THE FLAMINGO} \]

\[ \text{THE POETS OF THE FUTURE:} \]
\[ \text{A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-1921} \]

Edited by T. Schnittkind, Ph. D.,
The Stratford Co., Boston, $2.25.

As in the professional field, free verse and standard metres wage a more or less equal battle for supremacy among the college poets, if we may take this collection as fully representative of undergraduate wooing of the muse. Sonnets, villanelles, and formal stanzas rub elbows with polyphonic prose, "Pack- ing House Poems" in the style of Carl Sandburg, and such bits as this:

**Debutante**

Little Debutantes, 
You are like a kitten
With cream on its whiskers—
Innocent, demure;
And yet the sophistication, 
Exquisite and superficial,
Is like a champagne goblet—
Fragile, gleaming, empty!

This volume is the fifth of its kind that Dr. Schnittkind has published. It consists of about 600 sonnets, 68 American colleges and universities. Ohio is represented only by two sonnets, "Winter" and "Jealous God," from Oberlin; "Burdens," in unhymned cadence, from Ohio State; and a humorous poem in dialect, "Jest boys " by an Otterbein student. Miami, Oberlin, Oberlin, University of California, and Mary's are given place in the list of "Other Poems of Distinction" at the end of the book. The University of California appears by the country in quantity production, with eight poems printed and four others mentioned. Contrary, perhaps, to the general impression that women are pre-empting the poetic field, a count shows that more than sixty per cent of the young poets who merit recognition are men.

Unstinted credit must be given the anthologist for his judgment in selecting and arranging the work. While personal likes and dislikes may always vary, Dr. Schnittkind has achieved a high mean that will please the most exacting. A few selections, chosen chiefly for brevity and interest, will give some idea of the sort of work college poets are doing.

**Song**

You ask me why I love you, sweet—
With diplomas and sweet?
Then tell me why this hawthorn tree
Produced the blossoms that you see; 
And tell me why these thrushes here
Are making music for your ear;
You tell me why the sky is blue—
And then perhaps, I'll answer you.

-—Wayne Gard (Illinois College.)

**Pavlova: The Swan**

Darkness once more. 
A cloud of light
Dawns on the dark stage
And she floats in:

"Oh! I have forgot the world—
That living snowflake
Has taken me to Heaven—
The pouter-pigeon in front of me
Snatches the binoculars
From her spouse, and coos
"O I ain't so sweet!"

-—Camilla Taylor (Univ. of California.)

**Puppets**

Tis a dark, dim path we follow.
And the millions that preceed 
Went deeper in and deeper—
We must follow where they lead.
And the motley's graven on us—
Caper, laugh! On—
And when endless time is ended—
Fling him back his wreath and song—

-—Maurice Jacques Valency (C. N. Y.)
"I HATE THEE"

He lived beside the sullen swollen stream
Which from the north comes swirling to the sea.

My love rode by—a darling dream;
He stole my tender love away from me.

I cursed him as he laughed in glee
And with a knife full sharp and long,
I carved "I Hate Thee" in a tree
To bear him witness of my wrong.

He saw the words and felled the tree.
Frail tree! Cruel axe! Treach’rous man!
I would the blade I’d turned on thee
Who stole away my precious Nan.

No more I’ll strive with tools so weak
To blaze my passion ‘fore thine eyes,
But climb Himalayas’ highest peak
And blast in letters of monstrous size—

"I Hate Thee."
And I’d like to see any cock-eyed axe erase
that! —Ed.

Visitor—"But what do the students think
of having to put up with such a small gymnasium?"

Student—"0, we have no room for complaint."

"GOD SAVE THE KING, I CAN'T!"

My girl, she’s got a puppy
With fur upon his nose,
He barks and bites my toes.

I swear I’ll kill that puppy;
I’ll feed him rough-on-rats;
I’ll shoot him with my pistol;
I’ll bust in all his slats.

Her brother taught that puppy
That beastly little trick.
I ought to lay for him at night
And bean him with a brick.

For oh the anguish of it,
To have the family hark,
And laugh aloud upstairs in bed,
To hear that puppy bark.

"I DON'T APPROVE OF YOUNG PEOPLE
MARRYING WHILE THEY ARE STILL IN
SCHOOL. IT IS 'PUTTING THE CART BEFORE
THE HORSE.'"

"YOU MEAN IT IS 'PUTTING THE HEART BEFORE
THE COURSE.'"

Add to Famous Songs of Deliverance, "Paradise Regained," which Milton penned after his mother-in-law was dead.
THE FLAMINGO

HELEN—"OH, I JUST LOVE ANIMALS!"
HUNT—"I HOPE YOU'VE NOTICED THAT I AM A LITTLE HORSE."

"Took my girl to the show last night but our seats were pretty far back."
"Couldn't see a thing, I suppose."
"Oh yes, we had a row Z outlook."

FUTURISTIC IMPRESSIONS OF PSYCHOLOGICAL MOMENTS

Being Called on to Recite when Unprepared—

The sinking of the Lusitania; having your chair pulled out from under you, taking your girl to a dance and discovering that you have not enough money with you; caught stealing pennies; discovering your two "beat" girls exchanging notes; opening by mistake the door to a ladies dressing room.

Meeting Your Fiancée's Father—

Having the guy who has just cleaned up ask you if you have had enough; this way out please; forgetting your lines in a play; coming face to face with a much avoided creditor; being called on to return thanks; dropping your spoon in your soup and splashing the lady next to you; receiving a death verdict.

Being a Senior—

Walking on stilts; standing on the top of Eifel tower; thinking that some one envies you; being asked for your opinion; discovering that some one thinks you're clever; having your friend's colored chauffier call for you; seeing a little news-boy scurry out of your way.—R. D. B.

The college yell of the School of Experience — silence.

'Twas but an honest man that old Diogenes was after,
But Burbank more than "fills the bill," for he's an honest grafter.

"Only fools are positive."
"Sure of it?"
"Positively."

When will the college provide apartments for married couples?

UPPEN—"How would you give an alarm of fire in an Institution for Deaf Mutes?"
ATTEM—"Why, I would ring the dumbbell."

THE FLAMINGO

(APOLOGIES AND THANKS TO PAN)

There once lived a man with high ideals. His ambition was to promote the interests of Humor in our fair country. He saw the large body of pious folk who objected to the current forms of joke and labored to show them that they misunderstood the motives to which they were objecting—that they failed to distinguish mere froth from scum and made the proverbial mountain from the w. k. mole hill. But it was in vain, and ere he passed finally into oblivion, he wrote this sketch of the Tinside of the Cup as he had seen it:

BLESSING ARE THE PURE IN MIND
For to them all things shall be smutty.
The scene is a room in Mr. UTSMAY's home, a shifty looking room with two doors. The Rev. H. COLLAR is discovered standing at one of the windows, thumbs hooked in his suspenders, glancing greedily at the passing crowd while Mr. UTSMAY paces the floor. One of the doors opens and Brother AZURE LAW snoops in.

UTSMAY—My dear brother we are impatient for the report.
H. COLLAR—Even so, brother, is the news as bad as we had hoped?
LAW—Worse, boys, far worse.
UTSMAY (rubbing hands)—Tell us about it.
L.—This show which you have asked me to report on must be closed down. Some of the parts were not bad, but one joke in particular was inexcusable.
C.—Did the people laugh at it?
L. (giggling)—Oh my yes.

U.—Then how can you doubt its obscenity, my dear brother?
L.—Yes, that's what I thought, but you know I like to be broad-minded about these things and really I couldn't see JUST where it was vulgar.
U.—I trust we are all broad-minded—but the joke.
L.—One of the actors said to another, "Who was that lady I saw you with yesterday?" and the other said, "That was no lady, that was my wife."
C.—Terrible! I trust there were no ladies present.

U.—Obvious such a joke cannot be for the mere purpose of humor. Its possibilities are boundless. When a man says his wife is not a lady, he must mean she is a demitasse.
C.—You mean demirip, don't you?
U.—Possibly. Now I figure that when a man says his wife is not a lady, he must mean the worst.
C.—There can be no doubt of it.
L.—I knew if I could only figure out the real reason for that actor saying his wife was no lady, I would feel easier in judging his immortal soul, so I asked him after the show. 
U.—What did he say?
L.—He said that he is a single man. Is it not evident why he considers her no lady?
C.—How clear you have made it!
U.—Oh, it's all a matter of thinking, my dears.

CURTAIN.

MERCER'S LATEST CANADIAN CLUB ROADSTER; 4 QTS., 60 MULE-POWER.
EXCHANGE NOTES

Smartmouth, leading Bolshevik oratory, announces with pride a revised list of loyal alumni. Their prodigious college spirit has led 47 of them within the walls of Leavcnorth, while 32 more grace the Federal resort at Atlanta, Ga.

So far in perusing sports sections we note that of the great Rhode Island conference only 28 institutions claim football championship honors, the latest being Cikum University, winning 5 out of 8, their Annual assuring us of a successful season, in spite of fire, flood and famine.

Coach H. Oldat Lyne of the above brain warehouse, attributes his team's success to his brainy revival of the great Chinese on-side kick play, invented in 350 A. D. by Wun Lung, health director of Sing Sing College, and first used in the Shanghai game.

Coukouing School for Girls announces a violently needed course in Conversational Aesthetics, hoping against hope that it will help decrease the universal inanity in co-ed conversation.

Bulow Normal College, champions of the Wild West Debating Conference, is still feeling pretty snappy. Rumor says the "Prayin' Pedagogues" plan to supercede the great Smartmouth U. as volatile hot-air producers.

Suttem College holds faculty meetings on the golf links, preferably at the 19th hole. Students have organized a Pasture Drive whose obvious object is returning the professors to classes. Eminent undergraduates claim their prodigious college spirit.

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The Plaza—A necessary and effective barrier to sliding all the way down the hill on icy days, and a popular receptacle for waste paper.

Barney Science Hall—Carries out the idea of a primarily Liberal Arts college by providing the most up-to-date lecture hall for the scientific courses.

Dunne Library — Popularly mistaken for the University Chapel. Despite its stained-glass windows, however, one taste of its service convinces that here is no connection with the divine.

Marsh Hall—Architect formerly in the poultry business; building a faithful replica of an egg crate; the interior arrangement corroborates this impression.

Talbot Hall — A remarkable example of architectural prophecy, being the first expression of the style recently used by the army in constructing barracks.

Administration Building—Defies classification. Famous (or notorious) chiefly as the birth-place of the historic 1921 Absense System. (Note: Some authorities read Nonsense in place of Absence.)

Doane Gymnasium — The only modern building on the campus, and therefore forbidden ground for half the student body.

Burton Hall—Supposedly modeled on a German Pagoda, but is neither German nor a pagoda. Illustrates what may be accomplished with little odds and ends of building material.

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The Plaza—A necessary and effective barrier to sliding all the way down the hill on icy days, and a popular receptacle for waste paper.
The open season on cherry trees is again here. The Bird hastens to pay homage at the shrine of the Man the Psalmist Didn't Know. How strange that the "Father of his Country" should have differed so from his progeny. Indeed, to us, his verbal integrity used to seem incredible, until we learned that, in his generation golf was unknown.

Then George is famous at Denison as the man for whom The Banquet was named. The campus needs a Washington Banquet just now, too. The college ozone is still charged with the seriousness of the recent Week of Prayer. Sunday School is over, but the Sabbath feeling still lingers.

Now it is time to stop our backward gazing and return to the Valley of Normalcy; to put into practice in our Student Aid, Calculus and Fussing the inspiration of that period.

We realize that this is a startlingly didactic utterance for a professedly frivolous fowl, but you see we haven't quite recovered yet ourselves. But we expect that the W. B., with its frank frivolity and wholesome triviality will do much toward clearing the atmosphere. At any rate the Bird is airing an optimistic dress suit.

The Bird feels sure that there are sundry geniuses burning unseen on the campus. Whenever he takes the time to snoop around, he finds evidences of this. And yet despite his calls for contribs these talented ones remain in their secluded nooks. When a man slops a mean basketball, he is given no peace until he reports to Livy for duty. And when a fair co-ed shows athletic prowess she is greeted with resounding cheers from her colleagues. In these fields a slacker is denounced from the house-tops. The Bird wants to go on record that a delinquent pen-pusher is just as flagrant a slacker, and he is taking this means of advertising his views.

Don't forget that competition is still open for the annual College Wits Number of Judge. All matter submitted should be addressed "College Wits Editor, Judge, 627 West 43rd Street, New York."

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 in the number, as well as two silver cups, 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.
Personally - We can't see this beauty publicity stuff on the part of "Bernie" Keyt - so - in behalf of the men of Granville College we've decided to start a beauty contest all our own. Take our advice and get your picture in quick. We'll accept either recent or baby pictures. The contest had no more than opened - when up steps 'Mike' Miller with a baby picture Mike was closely followed by 'Jingles' Dawson who submitted a ditto.

To be continued next month positively no women allowed in contest.

Positively the latest for windy days. It may be used also as a necktie.

If these suggestions fail to work try staying in the house beside the fire. We absolutely guarantee this.

Ear muffs especially designed for freshman caps should be much in demand.

BY THIS TIME THE CONTEST HAD BEGUN TO GET INTERESTING - 'Daisy' Bennett and 'Noisy' Sebold were next in line - because of this - we present their 'art' in this issue.
THE NEW STENOGRAPHER

Mr. Foster’s new stenographer was taking her first dictation.

"The case of Beckett vs. Greene," he said, "will be tried next week. This hearing will decide several important things. Curse—"

"What—"

"—cursory notices of it have appeared in the papers," continued Foster frowning. "Do you remember how Miss Abbott’s leg—"

"Goodness!" exclaimed the stenographer. "—legacy was worded?"

"—this hearing will decide several important things. Curse—"

"What—"

"—damage caused by the recent fire was extensive," roared Foster. "—a jury is remarkable!

"Paragraph! Go to Hell—"

"—hypnotic power of a jury is remarkable? Paragraph! Go to Hell—"

"—I see now that our safe was worthless.""
brought her little son up on the story of "Fe Fi Fo Fum, I smell the blood of an Englishman!" Tarz III plunged the gory knife again and again and once again into the quivering heart of the monarch of the forest. He promptly eased to the ground and threw his head far back and looking full into the eye of the rising moon he beat upon his gorging himself on a delicious strip of quivering warm lion steak leaped for a lower branch, and in two leaps he reached the height of a hundred feet where the going was easier. Through the age-old stillness of the primal forest could be heard the terrible chant of the Dumb-Dumb, the hellish brawn.

Tarz III glanced swiftly around and after gorging himself on a delicious strip of quivering warm lion steak leaped for a lower branch, and in two leaps he reached the height of a hundred feet where the going was easier. Through the age-old stillness of the primal forest could be heard the terrible chant of the Dumb-Dumb, the hellish brawn of his brother apes.

Chapters VII-XI

Below him as he tore off a mile or two in the upper branches of his primal forest he suddenly caught the scent of Sheeta, the leopard. He promptly eased to the ground and threw his head far back and looking full into the eye of the rising moon he beat upon his gorging himself on a delicious strip of quivering warm lion steak leaped for a lower branch, and in two leaps he reached the height of a hundred feet where the going was easier. Through the age-old stillness of the primal forest could be heard the terrible chant of the Dumb-Dumb, the hellish brawn of his brother apes.

The scene opens with—

"There's a woman at the bottom of it," said the farmer when he heard that his wife had just fallen into the well.

"Vod-vil Acrobat (to co-worker, after being shown about millionaire's estate)—"How'd he get all this? I'll bet the bloke can't even stand on his hands."

"Pipe This"

Local Pastor—"Yes, our church is very well organized."

"What makes you look so down in the mouth?"

"I'm a dental student."

Like the waves that come to the seashore Are the married men (Life's little joke) Who come and step out in great style But always go away broke.
SMART WEAR FOR WOMEN
Newark, Ohio
For Exclusive Styles in
NEW SPRING
COATS — SUITS — DRESSES — SKIRTS — SWEATERS
BLOUSES — CORSETS — HOSIERY
SILK UNDERWEAR
MILLINERY
at
POPULAR PRICES
SHOP AND COMPARE

Under the heading “Gas Overcomes Girl While Taking Bath,” the following appears in a local paper:
“Miss Cecelia M. Jones owes her life to the watchfulness of Joel Colley, elevator boy, and Rufus Baucom, janitor.”—Ghost.

“Don't you like to see yourself in print?”
“Sure don't I always wear calico.”—Siren.

Waiter—“Sir, when you eat here you need not dust off the plate.”
Customer—“Beg pardon, force of habit. I'm an umpire.”—Lemon Punch.

He—“Have you tried the new elevator dance?”
She—“No what are the steps like?”
He—“There aren't any.”—Mainiac.

'Raison d'être'—Evidently the latest sort of hootch.

Our Flowers DO Last Longer
And with the combination of Art and Arrangement we can not be equaled.

“Posey” Halbrooks
12-14-16 E. Church St.
YEP--

Our magnanimous offer appearing on the inside front cover of the January Bird still holds good. In case you are able to tear yourself away from the side-splitting squibs and jaw-jolting jests contained within the covers of this issue the M. B. suggests that you make a stab at our 'lit contest.

6 bucks plus four doesn’t perhaps stack up so awful high, but it would be a shame if the jack winner shouldn’t have at least some vestige of a run for his money.

If you happened to miss out on the conditions of the struggle, here they are. The first and second prizes of 6 and 4 dollars respectively will go to the Flamingo subscribers who submit the best contributions of not over 500 words, containing the names of all the advertisers in this issue.

Mail your efforts to Box 568 before March 3—the prize winners will appear in the March number.

WHERE SILENCE WAS GOLDEN

Three gentlemen were seated in a street car. One of them, who stuttered badly, turned to the man nearest him and said: "W-w-w-would y-y-you p-p-p-please t-t-t-tell m-me w-w-what t-t-time it is?" Receiving no reply he thought he had addressed a foreigner and soon left the car.

The third gentleman turned to the one that had been asked for the time of day and said: "Why didn’t you tell that poor fellow the time? I never thought that anyone could be so uncivil."

The one who had been asked for the time turned and said: "D-d-d-d-do y-y-you t-t-think I-I-I w-w-wanted t-t-to ge-ge-get my h-h-head ku-ku-knocked off?"—Whiz Bang.

"Someone’s stolen a march on us," wailed the salesgirl to the manager of the music dept.—Siren.

Algy—"That vulgah puhson mistook me for a racing man."

Sally—"How was that?"

Algy—"He said that I won the Brown Derby."—Chaparral.

TASTE OF LIFE

The clove it is a startling thing—Exciting, anyway:
It doesn’t exactly scare you, But it takes your breath away!—Ex.

"Pardon me, are you one of the English instructors?"

"Gosh, no! I got this tie for Xmas."—Voo Doo.

"Handballer—'I have often wondered why you do not take up dramatics; you act well.'" Footballer—"I came near being an actor once."

"Handballer—'How interesting, how was that?'" Footballer—"I had my leg in a cast."—Orange Owl.

She—"You never think of your footwear, do you?"

He—"No, that’s the farthest thing from my mind."—Brown Jug.

Customer—"Do you ever play anything by request?"

Delighted Musician—"Certainly, sir."

Customer—"Then I wonder if you’d play dominoes until I’ve finished my lunch."

—Mirror.

Parson—"My good man is there anything you would like to say to me?"

Parishioner (just placed in jail for drinking)—"I would (hic) like to ask you one question (hic). Did Paul ever get an answer to that letter he wrote the Ephesians?"

—Mugwump.

Perry Brothers
GROCERS

J. M. JONES
FUNERAL DIRECTOR AND EMBALMER
Motor and Horse Drawn Equipment
LILLIE R. JONES, Lady Assistant
Phones 8168 — 8288
204 S. Main St.

William F. Eilber
MEN’S TAILOR
Give Me a Call

EAT AT
O’NEILL’S
A La Carte Service
We Cater to Parties
Newark

The Granville Co-operative Co.

Phone 8184

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Feeds of All Kinds

Wire Fence, Salt, Posts,
Cement, Tile, Lime, Sewer
Pipe, Plaster and
COALS

F. E. Hammond, Manager
**FLOORED**

“Why didn’t you make that speech before the Chow club the other day?”
“Well, you see we were all set, the platform was decorated ’n everything—”
“Yes, yes!”
“But just as I was ready to get up, another speaker rose—”
“Yes, yes!”
“—and took the platform.”—Sun Dial.

Her—“I don’t believe we saw the original dancer of ‘the seven veils’ at all.”
Herm—“Of course not. But wasn’t it a good take off?”—Banter.

They called the baby steamboat because they had to paddle it behind.—Mugwump.

Father’s Voice—“Maude, hasn’t the young man started for home yet?”
Clever Young Man—“I’ve reached third, sir.”

“And you say that this essay is entirely the result of your own personal effort?”
“Yes. It took me three days to find somebody to write it for me.”

**NOW I’LL SLAP YOU**

First Row—“The professor made a cutting remark to me.”
Rear—“What was it?”
First Row—“He said he had marked me absent.”—Exchange.

**CASEY’S**

For Delicious Baby’s Delights, Homemade Candy and Ice Cream
Agents for

**Enoch’s Orchestra**
Furnishes the Best Music for All Occasions.

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PROPRIETOR
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PHONE 8256 or 8283

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JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY, Philadelphia

**STYLED FOR YOUNG MEN**

**The Wyant Garage**

EXPERT MECHANICS

OIL, GAS, ACCESSORIES
MILLER TIRES
STORAGE

Taxi Service—Day or Night
Phones 8256—8545 Granville, Ohio

**DO NOT NEGLECT YOUR EYES**

If your eyes bother you consult

Geo. Stuart
Graduate Optometrist
GRANVILLE

We have the Quality and the Price that will suit you.
Phone orders taken care of promptly.

C. A. Stanforth
Phone 8212
THE BALLAD OF THE WICKED CHESSMEN

The chess-men, scattered were on the board,
My lady's men were gold,
My lord had silver men as fair.
Thus runs the tale I'm told.

But my lord was slow; the game dragged out;
My lady asked a rest;
Adjourned was the game a space,
For up and spake a golden piece,
"What boots it to contend?
Let's quickly settle this their game,
And bring it to an end."

My lady in her pride could not
Constrain herself, and flew
Into her dormer room above,
For love she can't confess. —G. W. B.

VARSITY INN
PIPEC, TOBACCO AND CANDY
A $5.50 Meal Ticket for $5.00 Cash. Good for anything in the Store.
We deliver to the Sem. Phone 8144
LEONARD HORN, Prop.

DR. HECK
DENTIST
Over Cordon's Restaurant

PATRIOTISM

Jimmy—"Got a new dog, ain't yuh?"
Johnny—"Yeh."
Jimmy—"What kind is he? Looks like an Irish terrier."
Johnny—"He ain't, though. He's an American."—Judge.

HIS PREFERENCE

Young Lady (with hopes)—"What do you think is the fashionable color for a bride?"
Male Floor Walker—"Tastes differ, but I should prefer a white one!"—Jester.

ANN—"Have you stopped smoking?"
VAS—"Yes, I had to. A fellow can't get a good cigar on the campus any more. It is too muddy."—Chaparral.

SHE—"I can't light this match, my foot is too small."
HE—"Scratch it on your—er—better let me light it."—Purple Cow.
YOUR NEW SPRING HAT
is ready for you.
DUNLAP'S
“EDGEWATER BLOCK”
It's a Beauty

The Cornell
29 Southside Square

IT'S ALL IN THE WAY YOU LOOK
(Apologies to R. W. Service and everybody else)

Before
THE SAME OLD SPRING IN THE MORNING, BOYS,
TO THE SAME OLD PROF AND CLASS,
CHAINED ALL DAY TO THE SAME OLD BOOK,
IN LOVE WITH A PRETTY LASS;
WRITING THE SAME MEAN OLD NOTES,
TRYING TO GET A DATE—
OH, TICKLED STIFF WILL I BE TO KNOW THAT I AM TO GRADUATE.

After
THE SAME OLD RUSH IN THE MORNING, BOYS,
TO THE SAME OLD BOSS AND JOB,
CHAINED ALL DAY TO THE SAME OLD DESK IN WITH THE OFFICE MOB,
WRITING THE SAME MEAN OLD CHECKS,
THE RICH TO EMULATE—
OH, WHY DID I EVER, EVER WISH THAT I WOULD GRADUATE!

Referred to the Hanging Committee
"Only the artists can tell you what the pictures mean."
"Then they ought to hang them alongside the pictures."—Kasper (Stockholm).

College Boy—"Any speed laws in this town?"
Native—"Hell, NO! You young fellows can't git through any too dern fast fer us!"
—Banter.

Patent Leather Blucher Oxford
The J. & K.
A Spring Favorite for Ladies

CHAS. O. EAGLE & SON
79 Arcade Newark, O.

CZECK!
"What's all this war indemnity the Allies are trying to collect?"
"It's the German syntax."—Chaparral.

He—"I want to get you the finest engagement ring in the world. What kind of stone would you like?"
She—"One like David in the Bible used."
"Meaning?"
"The kind that'll knock 'em dead."
—Wayside Tales.

H. W. Peters
James K. Morrow
Peters & Morrow
Funeral Directors
Motor Ambulance Service
Mortuary 129 E. Broadway
Phone 8126 Granville, Ohio

The Granville Bank Company
Established 1863
GRANVILLE, OHIO
Capital $25,000 Surplus $25,000

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HOT CHOCOLATE
the Winter Refreshment—
always good at the
BUSY BEE
Geo. Stamas, Proprietor
Phone 1433
Arcade Newark

THE AVERAGE STUDENT
Judy—"Are you going to get through alright this semester?"
Bud—"Yes—on one condition."
Judy—"What is the condition?"
Bud—"Psychology."—Sun Dial.

1st Co-ed—"You say that you are going to play through life with him?"
2nd Co-ed—"Yes."
1st Co-ed—"What game?"
2nd Co-ed—"Baseball, I guess; he brought over a diamond."—Lemon Punch.
CHAS. A. DUERR

The Arcade Florist
Newark and Granville, Ohio
Phone 1840—8218

She—"Stop this moment or I'll get out and walk."
He—"But Mary—"
She—"Aren't you ashamed of yourself and after I've known you so long too."
He—"But—"
She—"You needn't explain; you're not a gentleman."
He—"But Mary, this darned horse won't go unless I whip him."—Banter.

"Sprained ankle?"

"Do you believe in eating clubs on the campus?"
"Naw, nor chewing toothpicks either."—Purple Cow.

"I hear Jones has quite a stiff job lately."
"Yeah, he's been dragging dead ones down at the morgue."—Froth.

OUR MONTHLY BOOZE ITEM
"Raisin' juck," thought the student as he touched the Old Man for another check.
—Sun Dial.

We Produce Printed Matter
That Attracts Favorable Attention

Our plant is completely equipped for the production of High Class Printing. We make a specialty of Printed Advertising Matter in one, two, three or four colors, High Grade Catalogs, College Annals, Year Books, School Newspapers, etc.

Give us an opportunity to show you what we have done in this line for others, and to quote upon your requirements.

Your better satisfaction, in regard to both quality and price, may be the result.

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The Grocery with Correct Prices
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ILLUSTRATIONS
and ENGRAVINGS
Pretty "Peppy"

--are our Students' Spring Suits

If you're one of those young chaps who has a mind to spruce up to a college style standard, you'll be mightily interested in these styles, and vitally interested in our prices.

You'll like these suits—there is so much "pep" in the style, originality of the models—so much ginger in the classy pattern effects. See what we offer at

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