

1921

## Flamingo Vol. II N 6

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*Denison University*

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### Recommended Citation

Keeler, Clyde; Leet, Lewis Donald; Bogardus, Ethel; Vogel, William A.; Potter, Wentworth McKee; Bridge, Edgar; and Williams, Grace (1921) "Flamingo Vol. II N 6," *Flamingo*: Vol. 2 : No. 6 , Article 1.  
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## Flamingo Vol. II N 6

### **Authors**

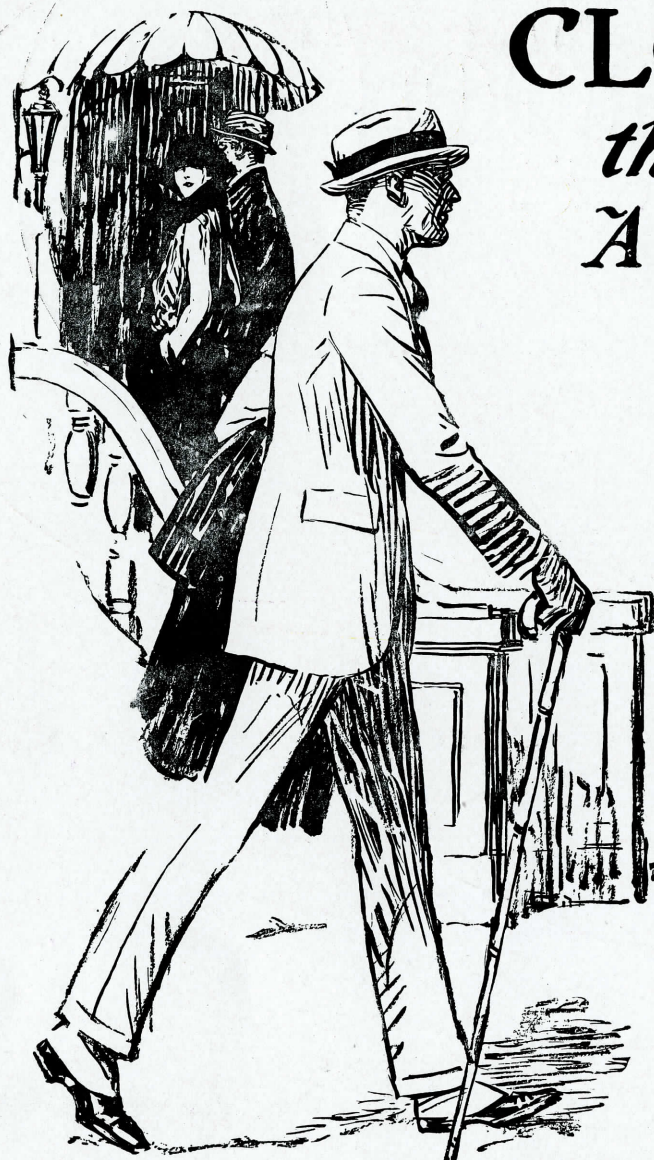
Clyde Keeler, Lewis Donald Leet, Ethel Bogardus, William A. Vogel, Wentworth McKee Potter, Edgar Bridge,  
and Grace Williams

# Elamingo



Clyde E. Keeler.

MASQUERS · NUMBER · MARCH · 1922



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the irate parent appeared in the door way.  
—Sun Dial.

"Your baby has freckles, hasn't he?"  
"No, we just couldn't afford a screen door."  
—Phoenix.

### THE FLAMINGO

Published by the Students of Denison University,  
Granville, Ohio

Nine issues per college year.

Subscription price two dollars the year, twenty-  
five cents the copy.

Entered as second class matter at the post office,  
Granville, Ohio.

Printed by Hyde Brothers, Marietta, Ohio.  
Engraving by Bucher Engraving Co., Columbus, O.

Vol. II MARCH, 1922 No. 6

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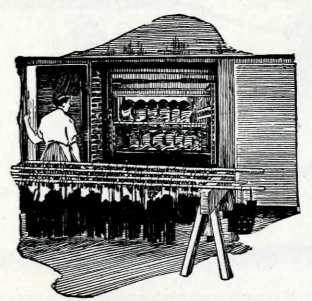
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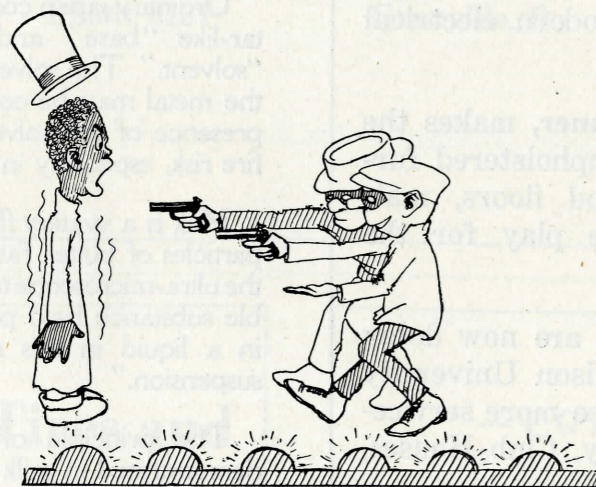
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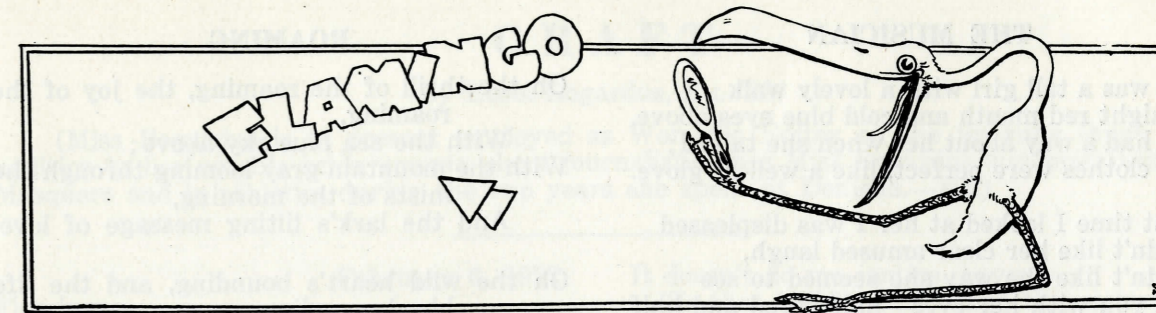
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HAM AND YEGGS



A Humorous and Literary Magazine of Denison University, Granville, Ohio.

## THE WATCH

By L. Don Leet, '23

### Characters

Alfred Dunstan .....	The Skipper
Mary .....	His Wife
Black Paul .....	A Blue-gum Negro
Joe .....	A Kanaka Sailor

### SCENE I

The end of a dock in a seaport town. A portion of a sloop's deck is visible (l.). Several boxes of merchandise are piled back (r.) and two sailors are loading them into the sloop. Alfred Dunstan, a short, stocky Englishman, is superintending the work. It is late afternoon on a summer day in the fifties.

Dunstan—'ere, you, Paul, 'eave to on that bleedin' box and don't be all night about it. We've got to get clear tonight w'ile the breeze 'olds up the sound, and we'll never do it if you don't get a move on you. (Enter Mary Dunstan.) 'ello, dear, got something good in that package?

Mary—Just some of the cakes I baked today. I thought you might like them out there tonight.

D.—That's just like you, Mary. I was thinkin' this noon 'ow good they'd taste 'long about midnight. (Turning suddenly.) Paul, you bloody bounder, if I catch you tarryin' again, you'll be seekin' a new berth after this trip. (To Mary.) If I turn my back for two minutes, that black'll be sittin' down, and if I gave 'im five, the chances are ten to one he'd be asleep. Wait a minute, dear, till I go and tell Joe 'ow to place th' stuff.

(Mary stands thoughtfully watching her husband as he disappears through the hatchway behind the two sailors. A moment later Paul lounges onto the deck. He glances sullenly back down into the hold and shuffles over to a box where he sits down. Mary looks at him intently, and shudders. Dunstan returns with a brisk stride.)

D.—Well, Mary, what's 'appened? You look worried.

M.—I am, Alfred, and I really don't know why. All day, I've 'ad a sort of fear of your sailing tonight.

D.—Oh, nonsense.

M.—And (lowering her voice and glancing toward the boat) I'm afraid o' that Black Paul that you say is so shiftless. When he was sittin' there a moment ago, I 'ad a feelin' that 'e was thinkin' 'ow easy it would be to kill you—and it would, you know, when you're out there with the two of them. A brute like that 'as no respect for human life.

D.—Oh, don't let Paul worry you. 'E's lazy, but 'armless. Why 'e's nothin' but a hovergrown baby—'e 'as one of these great watches and sits by the hour playin' with it and listenin' to it tick. 'E 'asn't brains enough to kill a man—watch 'im now. (Turning.) Paul, you black rascal, come here.

(Paul slouches up indifferently and stands waiting for further orders.)

D.—Show tha lady that watch you always carry around with you.

(Paul sullenly produces the watch, but refuses to let it be taken from his hands.)

D.—It makes enough noise for one twice its size. (With a gesture of dismissal.) That'll do—now get back there and I'll give you and Joe ten minutes to finish up them boxes. (To Mary, after Paul has shuffled away.) Don't you see, 'e's even too much of a baby to let anyone else touch 'is precious watch. Besides, Mary, (placing his hands on her shoulders) you always were getting

(Continued on page 30.)

## THE MUSICIAN

She was a tall girl with a lovely walk  
Straight red mouth and cold blue eyes above.  
She had a way about her when she talked;  
Her clothes were perfect, like a well-fit glove.

First time I looked at her I was displeased  
I didn't like her clear amused laugh,  
I didn't like the way she seemed to see  
Into you with her eyes—half bored and half  
Contemptuous. I didn't like the way  
She chose a few to love, ignored the rest.  
O, many flaws there were to be arrayed—  
Her inner self I did not faintly guess.

Until one noon I heard her play. Her hands  
Made infant chords, cajoled them and car-  
essed  
Until they grew emboldened. Notes from Pan  
Held no more magic than the song, soft  
stressed,  
She made that noon. An hour the spell she  
wove  
And under it the first displeasure fled.  
An hour my spirit with her spirit roved—  
Then suddenly she stopped, and yawning said

"My word, it's warm in here! Warm's no  
name!  
Let's play some cards—you deal a wicked  
game!" —R.

## EVOLUTION

The trees that yearly shed their flaming  
leaves,  
The plants that wither 'neath the whitening  
frost,  
Present themselves a wasted, futile sacrifice;  
Returning to the stimulating earth — seem  
lost.

But in the ages hover'ng yet ahead,  
By flood, and rain, and even gentle snow,  
The earth will to her warming bosom take  
The green of leaf and stalk that time did  
mow.

Then will the race of men find precious  
stones,  
And fuel to feed the pleasant cheery fire—  
All from the falling mass of chlorophyl  
That lays its yearly layer of mire.

When on the top of earth's receiving crust  
The lucious verdure rots, and finds decay,  
It is by force of dumb and sodden earth  
Transmuted foliage will gifts to men convey.  
—G. C.

## ROAMING

Oh the thrill of the roaming, the joy of the  
roaming,  
With the sea blue sky above;  
With the mountain gray looming through the  
mists of the morning,  
And the lark's lilting message of love.

Oh the wild heart's bounding, and the life  
blood pounding,  
As I brave the swift rage of the sea;  
And mock the great waves as they madly  
toss, sounding  
Their deep-throated call to me.

List not to life's moaning but come with me  
roaming  
Where the strong winds rush to the sea;  
And hark to the toning of mad breakers  
foaming!  
They are calling to you and to me.  
—W. A. V.

## THE MIRACLE

God's hand has moved across the sky:  
The blue is changed to red and gold,  
The clouds are crimson as they hold  
The hills, with fleecy fingers nigh.

God's hand has moved across the earth:  
The selfishness is changed to love  
Of brotherhood and Him above,  
Whose moving finger means new birth. —F.

## EVENING, THE SIXTEENTH

This night of all, perhaps, I should be glad,  
But things are changed; my heart weighs  
down like lead;  
The joy has fled and left me weary, sad,  
With jumbled thoughts and throbbing, ach-  
ing head.

The things I'd planned, and you had helped  
me, too,  
Have fallen like a child's house of cards  
And all around me there they lie. Anew  
I turn my thoughts, but like poignards  
My dreams return to pierce me, so I fail  
To see the book before me and must turn  
Away and dream, and try to pierce the veil  
Of future things; I can do naught but yearn  
For you and for those days that might have  
been,  
That may be yet, though no man can know  
when. —R. N. E.

## GRAFT

By Ethel Bogardus, Ex. '22

(Miss Bogardus is at present employed as Woman's Editor on the Spokane Press. In addition to her notable achievements along journalistic lines Miss Bogardus was prominent in Masquers and in athletics during the two years she spent at Denison.—Ed.)

February 6, 1922.

Flamingo,  
Denison University,  
Granville-on-Racoon,  
Ohio.

Dear Sir:

Having had the good fortune to be at one  
time a student in the University of which  
you are, as I understand, the literary ex-  
pression, I am more or less interested in your  
career.

It may be that you do not reciprocate by  
being interested in mine, but stories of the  
so-called "wild and wooly" west are usually  
of more or less interest to dwellers in the  
"effete east."

Whereupon I make bold to send you the  
following tale of my experiences, when, tir-  
ing of pounding out on an unresponsive  
Underwood, numberless society notices, and  
letters to the love-lorn, I attempted to change  
my occupation.

I bow.

Your most humble admirer,  
Ethel Bogardus.

I am going to be a movie actress—yes, a  
comedienne, too! Isn't that exciting! It  
won't be long now until you will see me hurl-  
ing pies with Mr. Chaplin, and the rest of the  
stars. Of course I can't hope to rival Mabel  
Normand or Marie Dressler right off the bat,  
but with the proper training and sufficient  
hard work, there is no doubt but that I will  
"arrive" sooner or later. There is more  
money in it, I am told, than in newspaper  
reporting. (Mr. Dickerman will appreciate  
that.)

It all happened in this wise: The enticing  
ad of the Pan-American Film Company  
caught my eye, as it were, t'other morning.  
"Right here," I thought to myself, "is where  
I blossom out as a star. I haven't slaved all  
this time for E. P. Johnston for nothing."

So I donned my most enticing smile and  
my last year's bonnet and sallied forth to the  
offices of the Pan-American Film Corpora-  
tion. (The name sounded well, I thought.)  
Their ad said that they wanted several ladies  
to "try out" for motion picture acting. It  
said for the ladies to bring their photographs,  
if possible, but mine wasn't possible, as those  
who know me will testify, so I left it home.

It doesn't do me justice, anyway.

"Is that building," I asked the motorman  
at the end of the car line, "the Minnehaha  
park studio?"

"That's her," replied that gentleman in-  
telligently.

Boldly I approached the main entrance. All  
about me were huge buildings, one of glass.  
I shall have to be careful not to break any of  
that glass when I begin my pie-hurling  
career. At the end of a hall I perceived a  
lady and a gentleman in an office.

"Here comes another one," I heard the  
lady, who was the office girl, I think, sigh in  
an amused tone. I gave her a haughty glance,  
and passed into Mr. Dobell's office. Mr.  
Lionel Dobell (isn't that a romantic name) is  
an oldish, actory-looking gentleman, who held  
his chin in his hand just like Hamlet does  
during his soliloquy.

"You're late," he announced sternly.

"I'm sorry," I returned brightly, sitting  
down so he could look me over. "Were there  
several ahead of me?"

"About 300," he replied crisply, pushing  
back his long hair gracefully, and eyeing me  
speculatively from behind his tortoise shell  
glasses. But I wasn't easily discouraged; I  
wanted to be an actress.

"What's the main essential in this busi-  
ness?" I inquired guilelessly. Mr. Dobell  
tapped his head significantly.

"Somebody home up here," was his solemn  
reply.

"Then I pass test number one," I thought  
to myself, but not out loud, as I didn't want  
Mr. Dobell to think me conceited. "I love  
dramatic work," I gushed. This made no  
perceptible impression on Mr. Dobell; a cyn-  
ical smile played about his lips.

"Where do you work?" he shot at me. I  
jumped.

"In a chile parlor," I lied glibly. Mr. Do-  
bell looked me over; I'm afraid he didn't be-  
lieve me, but then, I never was a successful  
liar. Silence.

"Hair your own?"

"I have a couple of rats," I confessed meek-  
ly. Mr. Dobell looked at me icily.

"How long is it?"

"About to my waist," I hazarded. "You  
don't care for bobbed hair?"

(Continued on page 28.)



## Theseus Up-To-Date Or The Modern Minotaur

A brief allegorical drama in three scenes.

(Explanatory Note: **Ancient**—Daedalus, an Athenian banished to Crete, built for the king of that island the famous Labyrinth, in which was confined the Minotaur, a beast half man and half bull. Theseus, an Athenian hero bent on slaying the Minotaur so that the yearly sacrifice to it of seven youths and seven maidens should no longer be necessary, was given a clew of thread by the princess Ariadne, which enabled him, by unrolling it as he went in, to find his way out after killing the beast. Of course he ran off with Ariadne.

**Modern**—Due to an extremely complicated system of red tape, the difficulty of obtaining an interview with our college executive officer has become notorious.)

### Dramatis Personae

Daedalus ..... The Dean  
 Theseus ..... A brave Student  
 Ariadne ..... The Secretary  
 The Minotaur  
 Scene throughout—Just outside the entrance of the Labyrinth.

### SCENE I

Daedalus stands regarding with smug complacency the Labyrinth, which has just been finished according to his plans and specifications.

Daedalus—At last my system is completed! Soon it will be universally acclaimed as more marvellous than any of the Seven Wonders of the World!

Minotaur (from within)—Moo-oo-oo!

Daedalus—To think that a foolish Athenian department store banished such a genius as I am merely because they lost half their customers! If they could see this, my magnum opus, how they would regret it!

Minotaur—Moo-oo! Moo-oo!

Daedalus—Cheerio, old thing! You're safe in there now, even though it may be a bit lonely. No one can ever get at you, except the seven parlorsnakes and seven flappers from Athens who are due next week.

Minotaur—Moo-oo-oo-oo-oo!

### SCENE II

The lounge-lizards and sub-debs, in fear and trembling, are preparing to enter the Labyrinth, in expectation of being devoured

by the savage Minotaur. Ariadne, standing at one side, beckons to the handsomest of the youths, Theseus, who comes to her.

Ariadne—O beautiful young man, it grieves me sorely that you must die, for I have taken a fancy to your noble map!

Minotaur—Moo-oo!

Theseus—Thanks, chicken, but can that "dying" chatter. See this trusty snickersnee in my boot? Any bookmaker will give you odds of eight to one that I sever the monster's head on my first trial. All that worries me, as the old song says, is how'll I ever find my way out again.

Ariadne—O brave youth! Ah! I have an inspiration. Put this ball of string in your pocket, and tie one end to the door knob; then you can follow it back. And don't forget to remember I'll be waiting here with my hair in a braid for your safe return.

Minotaur—Moo-oo-oo!

Theseus—Clever idea, lady. You're a good kid, and I like you. (To his companions) Let's go, fellers. Come on, girls. (To Ariadne) Ta ta, sweetie. Don't take any wooden nickels. I'll keep that date.

(Theseus and the others plunge into the gloomy Labyrinth, while the Minotaur bellows loudly, and Ariadne prays silently to her patron saint.)

### SCENE III

Ariadne, all lit up in rolled socks and short skirt, and faultlessly rouged and powdered, awaits the return of Theseus. Presently he appears, crawling on hands and knees, all fagged out, as are his companions who follow him.

Ariadne—My hero! (She runs and kneels beside him, taking his head in her lap.)

Theseus, unable to speak, waggles his swollen tongue. Ariadne, with a woman's intuition, divines his need, unscrews the top of her flask (cleverly camouflaged as a vanity case) and pours the contents down his throat.

Theseus (instantly revived)—Great stuff! Who's your bootlegger?

Ariadne—Ruf—never mind that. Ah, fly with me! Did you gonk the old boy?

Theseus—Prettiest decapitation I ever did. He gave me a shock at first, though. I found he was more bull and less man than I thought. Are you all set for the grand finale?

Ariadne—I'm on. Let's elope. (They do so.)

Curtain.

—J. M. P.

## The Denison Masquers Club

By W. G. Mather, Jr.

Once upon a time there wasn't any Masquers Club, and dramatics at Denison was in a bad way. The literary societies of both colleges and some of the departmental societies gave one or more plays every year. Of course each group tried to surpass the others with its production, and as a result began to go deeper and deeper into expenses each year for costumes, scenery and other details. They also in many cases attempted plays much too heavy and elaborate, which was also bad because it meant a lower standard of acting.

In the college year 1914-15 a few of the students who yearned for the footlights and the grease paint, but had sense enough to be dissatisfied with the existing status of Denison dramatics, organized the Masquers Club. Miss Judson, then Dean of Women, gave the new club a great deal of assistance and suggested that they make the organization a representative one, that the best of college talent might be included.

The plan then inaugurated has been extremely successful. It has regulated the dramatic germ, and has formed a much needed outlet for the dramatic impulse. It has improved the character of the plays produced here; once they were cheap, flashy, and slapstick, now the more standard plays of better reputation are given. The first plan of the club was to give semi-weekly programs before the members, but this policy has been dropped, because of the lack of suitable meeting place and stage equipment.

The cast for each play is chosen by a committee. It has been the policy of the Masquers to cast the more capable and experienced members in the leading and more difficult parts, with the supporting cast chosen from the newer members. By this plan

every member is assured of an opportunity to appear in at least one play during his college course. The ability and good training of the players is shown by the fact that none of them has ever spoiled a scene by breaking down from stage fright or the forgetting of his lines.

It is not known that any Masquer has ever become a professional after leaving college. The organization does not attempt to

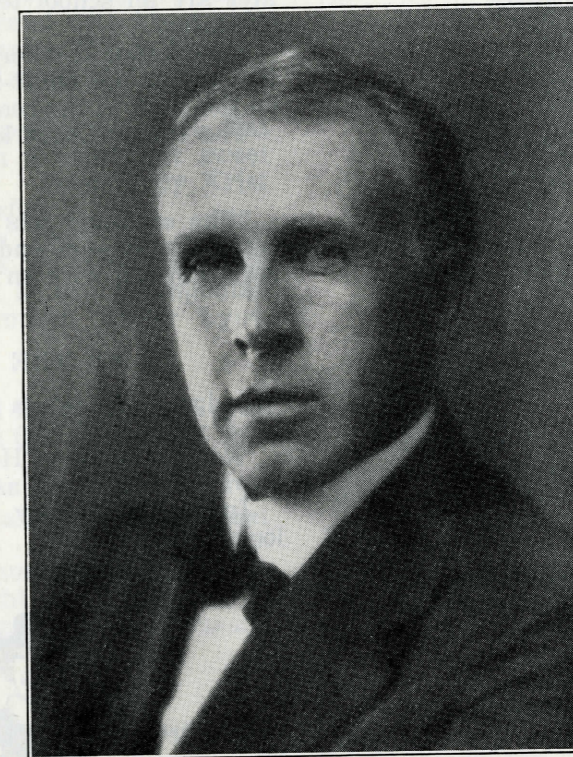
encourage professionalism in any way, although several stars might well have been successful in that capacity. Many students of the upper classes will remember "Herb" Shorney, Laura Price, "Johnnie" Ehrle, and "Ted" Adams. Other players now in college give promise of being stars of a similar magnitude.

The plays presented by the Masquers have never been of the heavy tragedy type, or even of a predominately serious nature. Such plays are almost impossible for a college cast to handle. The emphasis has been on the lighter comedy type, sometimes a farce, but never a mushy or silly play. Only three Shakespearean plays have been presented, but these were uniformly

successful. An attempt is made to present at least three plays each year, one in the fall and two in the spring.

The money from the plays is never paid to the actors for their efforts, but is usually expended for scenery, visiting artists whose performances are presented to the public free of charge, or costumes. A substantial contribution was recently made to the Student Relief Fund. Last year Laurence Southwick, a reader of some note, was brought by the Masquers to Granville and gave a most interesting program. This year Miss Chris-

(Continued on page 24.)



PROF. E. P. JOHNSTON, Coach



STUCK, BY GUM!

## DELIVER ME FROM

The girl who shakes her shoulders and tries to look wicked every time the victrola starts up.

The guy who always gets his dates for all the dances at least four months in advance.

The Prof who gives quizzes the day before or the day after vacations.

The girl who always wants to talk sorority, or the man who always wants to talk fraternity, or vice versa.

The exponent of "platonic friendship."

The chapel speech on Denison's financial standing.

The bird who thinks that Denison graduates are all school teachers or foreign missionaries.

The chapel speaker who has a late breakfast and is too short-sighted to keep his eye on the clock in the rear of the church.

The Honor Court looking for an example.

"She certainly has stage presence," muttered the jealous understudy as the leading lady came off with an armful of flowers.

## 'T WAS ALWAYS THUS

Brown eyes,  
Star eyes,  
Come to your lover;  
He who adores you  
With steadfast devotion.

Little one,  
Pretty one,  
List to my pleadings,  
Come and sit by me.  
Ah! Grant me that joy.

Coy one,  
Cruel one,  
Your face is cold marble;  
Your tresses so silken  
Are disarrayed charmingly.

Pert one,  
Fresh one,  
Back to your kennel;  
Fie on my fancy  
For owning such poodles.

—W. A. Vogel.

## AT THE TRYOUTS

Judge—"There's a girl who will make a good villainess."

'Nother Judge—"How do you figure that bowlegged creature as a villainess?"

Judge—"Oh—they give her such an arch look!"



A POPULAR AIR

"No wonder they kick about the smallness of the Recital Haul," said Doc Ebaugh as he counted the meager returns from an "Artist's Concert."

S A E T G E S  
T G S A G R

Nocsum Koldde, the Icelandic artist, is playing in "Kiki of Waikiki" at the Iceberg Theatre. The "heavy" of this Chinese burlesque is Mr. Hardsa Rokk, who upholds his name by making concrete statements. This play is as consistent as most of them.

The new French play of the Revolution, "Ou est la Absinthe?" only played one night, as the Count de Kappitait, star, was sensationally extinguished when the stage guillotine really worked. Funeral Tuesday.

The snappy comedy clown, Otto B. Bousst, gives you a ludicrous eyeful with his speedy letter-hunting in the playlet "Up in Nancy's Room," which has the Locust Hill critics all wrought up.

A. Lott Akrust, the pastry magnate, has invaded Broadway with a short but sweet romance, "Well, Bred." Scenery by Kriss Co. and lighting by Gasfier.

Trowdat Lyne, fresh from his athletic training in Spain, gives an exhibition with his pet Greenland bull at the Metropolitan Opera House. His brother, Rullur Lyne, manipulates the lights.

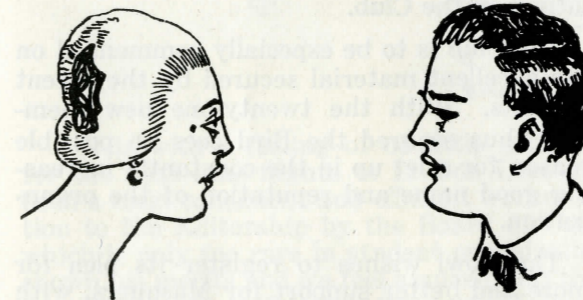
"You've got an awful line," said the grad to the owner of the B. & O.

"I'm getting worried about that ten I lent to Doc Mather."

"How's that? He's honest enough."

"Oh he's honest, alright, but I just read in this book that, 'to a geologist a thousand years is but a day.'"

"You tell 'em" said the dying priest as he left his beads to the novice.



"HEARD ANY SNAPPY YARNS LATELY?"  
"NAW. I HAVEN'T HAD A DATE WITH A SEM GIRL FOR WEEKS."



NOW WE KNOW WHERE THE FLAPPER GOT HER NAME.

"No wonder Jim made Masquers so easily."  
"Why did he?"

"I just found out that he's been working for the last six months at the Pastime picking up cues."

"This will take a lot of jack," said the Packard owner as he stopped to put on a new tire.

"I hear that the Masquers pulled a wild-west scene in practice the other day."

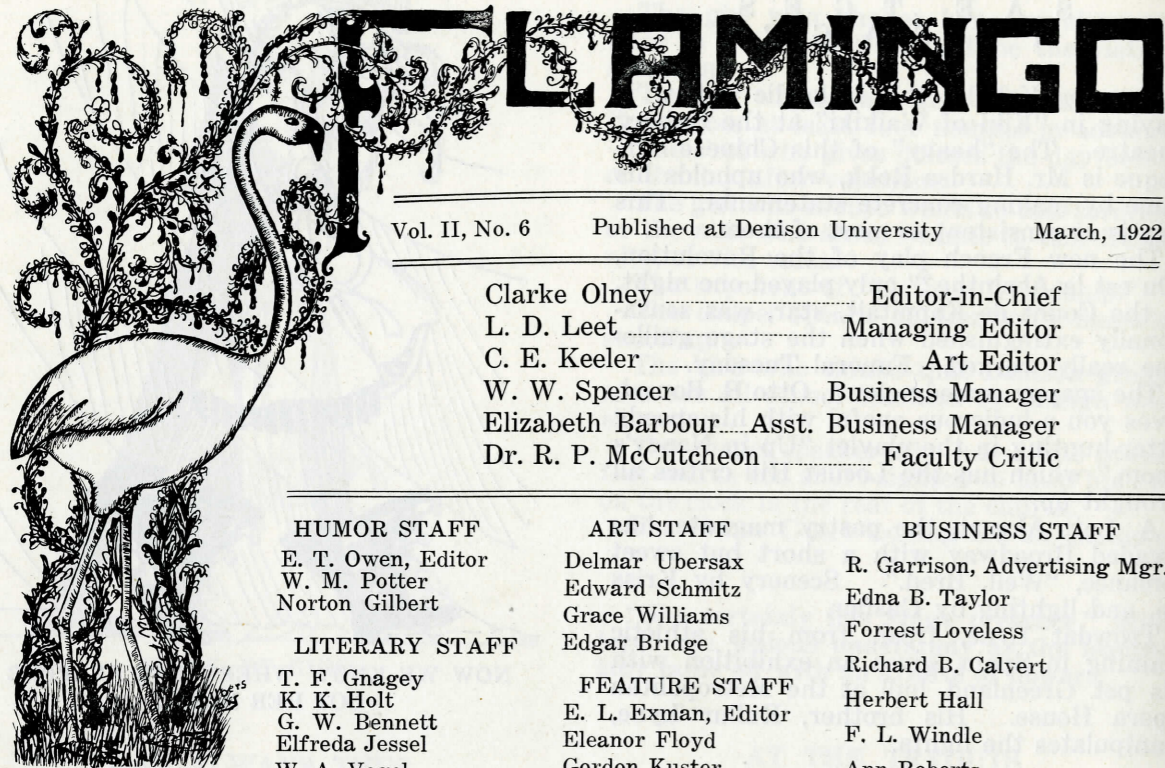
"How's that?"

"Prof. Jonnie tripped over the rug and all hands ran over and held up the stage coach."

"It looks like rain" remarked the polite caller as he sipped his tea.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself has said,  
@!b?\*"!;".?-\$;!!\*!b\*\*?;:!!\$!b  
On seeing his name misspelled in the Denisonian.

Prof—"How are diseases transmitted?"  
Stu—"Well, mostly carried around by dead animals."



Vol. II, No. 6 Published at Denison University March, 1922

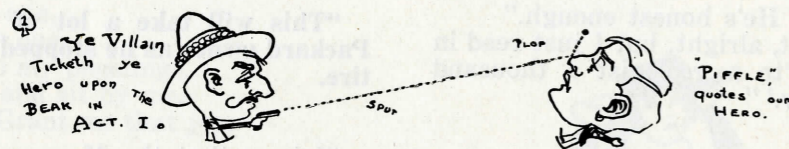
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C. E. Keeler .....	Art Editor
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Two Dollars the Year.

Twenty-five Cents the Copy.



In choosing the Masquers Club as a fitting subject for the final issue of the Bird under the present staff, the Big Red Fowl has been influenced by several motives. The athletic element of our campus life is justly celebrated in the Denisonian, with pictures and write-ups extolling our individual heroes and their prowess. The Glee Club also has its share of publicity and praise from that and other sources. It remains for some one to spread the fame of Denison's dramatic organization, and the Bird has delegated himself for the task.

The personnel of the organization is a remarkably representative one. Men and women from all branches of college activity may be found upon the roll. Athletics, de-

bate, publications, glee club, class offices, student government, all have their representatives in the Club.

The Club is to be especially commended on the excellent material secured by the recent try-outs. With the twenty-one new members thus secured the Bird sees no possible reason for a let up in the constantly increasing good name and reputation of the organization.

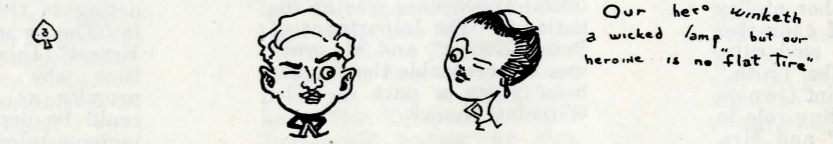
The Fowl wishes to register its plea for more and better support for Masquers, with a little greater realization of the effort involved in getting out a play and putting it across in the finished way for which the Masquers Club is noted.



Among the prominent landmarks loved and honored by all who call Denison "home" rises in its proud might Recital Hall. This magnificent edifice has for the last seven years been dedicated to those muses which ram-page so freely in our little college community, Music and the Drammer. With a seating capacity of almost half the student body, a stage fully as large as that in the justly famed Lyric of our neighboring town of Newark, and the unsanitary dressing room entirely done away with, this building presents a spectacle which could easily move the strongest man to copious gushing tears.

Avaunt! to those who would with profane and slanderous tongues seek to make jest of this hall of Art. Avast! to those who would scoff at the home of our Masquers.

The Bird wishes to cast his lot with the conservatives. The vandals who are seeking to tear down our customs (and surely Recital Hall is a hoary and venerable custom) should be driven from our midst—tattered and feathered as 'twere—and our dear old college should continue to strive for such a record as has that famous English University whose most noted buildings are several hundred years old.

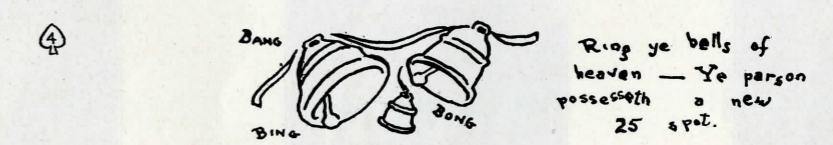


And while the Fowl is putting out gratuitous suggestions he might as well advance the theory that a little advertising of some of the lighter sides of campus activity might do some good in making the college on the hill a little better known throughout the state and country.

zations of similar nature are doing some pretty efficient work in spreading the name of their respective colleges broadcast. Even Kenyon boasts of a club which presents an original musical comedy each year and sends it out touring the state.

The Glee Club is generally admitted to be a good advertiser. And so are our athletic teams. But there is one phase of student life which receives little or no credit outside of the town of Granville which in a good many institutions is extremely useful in arousing interest among possible "customers." The Triangle Club of Princeton, the Scarlet Mask of Ohio State and a number of other organi-

The Bird wishes to proposes that the Masquers adopt some such plan. He believes that no play which the club has presented in recent years could not have taken the road successfully. It is true that the management of such a road trip would involve no little effort, but the opportunities for spreading the fame of the Club and the University are so great that a careful examination will show the desirability of such a move.



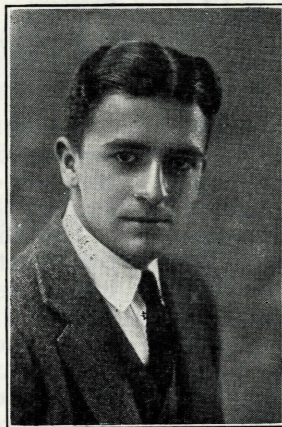
It is with a feeling of no little satisfaction that we present the Keys to the Bird Cage for the next nine flights to L. Don Leet of the grand old city of Cleveland, Ohio. Don has been a most consistent and efficient worker in his capacity as Managing Editor, and his election to the Editorship by the Board of Control of Student Publications showed a discernment which is only too rare in student organizations. In editorial and organizing work Leet has shown his merits and we feel assured that the Bird faces a most successful year.

The election of Ralph Garrison of Dayton, Ohio, is another commendable piece of work on the part of the Board. Garrison has demonstrated unusual ability in the gentle art of gathering ads during his term of service with the Bird, and with his hand controlling the Business-Managership the Fowl should run true to form.



MARIAN SIMPSON '22

Miss Simpson, the Corresponding Secretary of the Club is noted for her ability in the portrayal of character parts. Mable, the soubrette, in "Nothing but the Truth," the old lady in "Joint Owners in Spain," the leading role in "The Noble Lord," and Mrs. Alice Campbell in "The Witching Hour" are some of her roles.



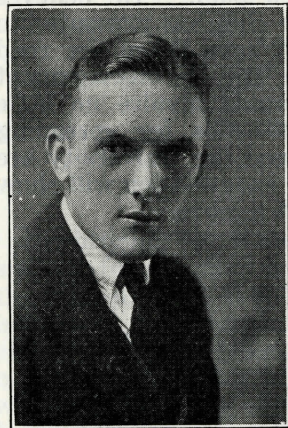
RALPH GARRISON '24

"Garry" was elected to Masquers as year ago. His initial appearance was as the butler in "The Importance of Being Ernest" and his work was so acceptable that he has been given a part in "The Witching Hour."



ELIZABETH LESLIE '24

Miss Leslie won her spurs with the Masquers by her acting in the part of Cecily in "The Importance of Being Ernest" this fall, at which time she displayed great promise as an actress who could be depended upon for ingenue roles.



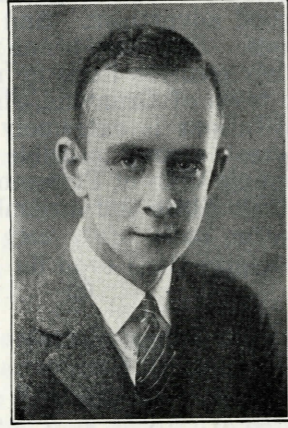
HAROLD WILEY '22

Wiley is Treasurer of the Masquers this year. He plays the part of Clay Whipple in "The Witching Hour," and was the valet in the one-act play, "The Finger of God," given a year ago.



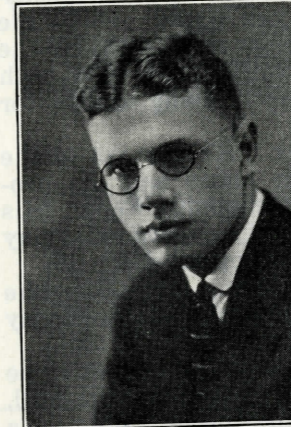
ELIZABETH BARBOUR '23

Miss Barbour's initial appearance with the Masquers occurred last year when she played Mrs. Raleston in "Nothing but the Truth," a character part rather difficult of portrayal. At the present time she holds the position of Mistress of Properties.



CLARKE OLNEY '22

Olney has had a corner on all the acting having to do with decorous and otherwise parsons. He has characterized men "of the Cloth" in both "The Importance of Being Ernest," and "Nothing but the Truth." He plays Justice Henderson in "The Witching Hour."



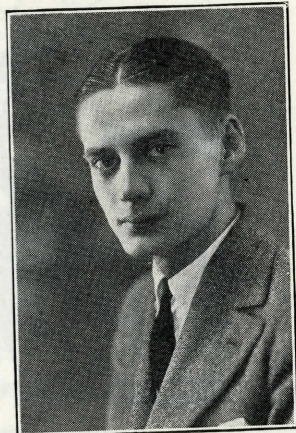
ROBERT ABERNETHY '22

Abernethy is an old standby of the Masquers. His leading part in "The Witching Hour" as Jack Brookfield will mark his fifth appearance before a Masquers audience. In addition he has played in "The Lost Silk Hat," "You Never Can Tell," "Nothing but the Truth," and "Uh Huh," the latter a one act play of his own composition and direction.



LOIS JONES '22

Lois is leading "leading lady" of the Masquers. In her first appearance on the local stage she had the lead in "You Never Can Tell" and since that time she has had principal roles in "Uh Huh" and "The Tempest." Miss Jones will appear as Mrs. Helen Whipple in "The Witching Hour."



ERNEST OWEN '23

Owen will appear as Tom Denning in "The Witching Hour." He was Property Man for "Nothing but the Truth," Antonio, the Duke of Milan, in "The Tempest," and he played John Worthing, the lead, in "The Importance of Being Ernest."



MARJORIE SCHAIRER '22

Miss Schairer served the Masquers as Recording Secretary during her Sophomore and Junior years, Mistress of Properties last year, and now holds the office of Vice President. Aside from her official duties Miss Schairer has appeared in "Joint Owners in Spain" and will play Viola in "The Witching Hour."



EMERSON BURKE '22

Burke is the manager of "The Witching Hour" due largely to the interest and ability he has shown in the work of the Cast Committee of which he is a member. His principal roles have been Mr. Bohun in "You Never Can Tell" and King Alonzo in "The Tempest."



GLADYS JONES '23

Gladys is another of the Jones family to make an enviable record in Denison dramatics. Her portrayal of Gwen, the leading role in "Nothing but the Truth," deserves very favorable mention. She has the position of Recording Secretary of the Club.



SHE—"I'VE GOT AN AWFUL COLD. GUESS I'LL HAVE TO GO TO THE ARAB DANCE TONIGHT."

HE—"IF YOU'RE ILL YOU'D BETTER STAY AT HOME."

SHE—"NO. THE DOCTOR GAVE ME SOME COLD MEDICINE TODAY AND THE LABEL SAYS 'SHAKE WELL BEFORE USING.'"

"There's that darn doctor again. I owe him ten and every time I turn around I meet him face to face."

"Try eating an apple a day."

WANA

Me no wana  
Walk to class,  
Her get me all  
Upset.  
Prof him wana  
Ask all day  
Silly stuff you  
Bet.

Girl no wana  
Go with I,  
Make me awful  
Sore.  
Me no wana  
Go with she,  
Never any  
More.

Man him wana  
Swipe my wife,  
Give I awful  
Pain.  
Now me wana  
(Do me wana?)  
Knock he in the  
Brain.

—W. M. P.

BENNY SAYS:

You remember that girl of mine in Rochester that I was telling you about. Well—the funniest thing happened at her house the other day. Her father died. We were both rather bored. You see, it made us late for the theater.

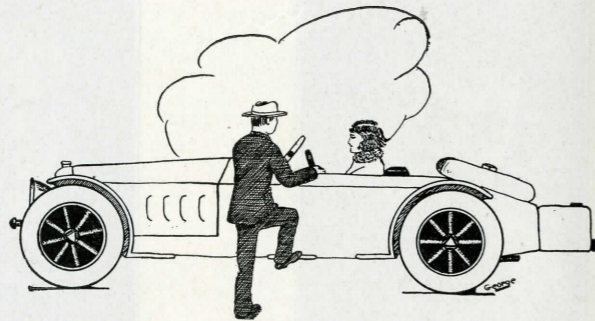
It happened this way. He was out in the alleyway between their house and the people's they borrow from, chopping wood. His son came out and asked if he could be of any assistance. His father dropped dead.

It surely was tough on my girl, too. She was having a birthday party the next day and wanted the parlor.

My girl has a pretty nice family and I like 'em all but her brother. Her brother—well, he's too careful in the first place. Why, he's so economical that he takes off his glasses when he's not looking at anything. He's—oh, I don't know just how to describe him. You've seen two men standing on a street corner and one looks bored to death. The other one is her brother.

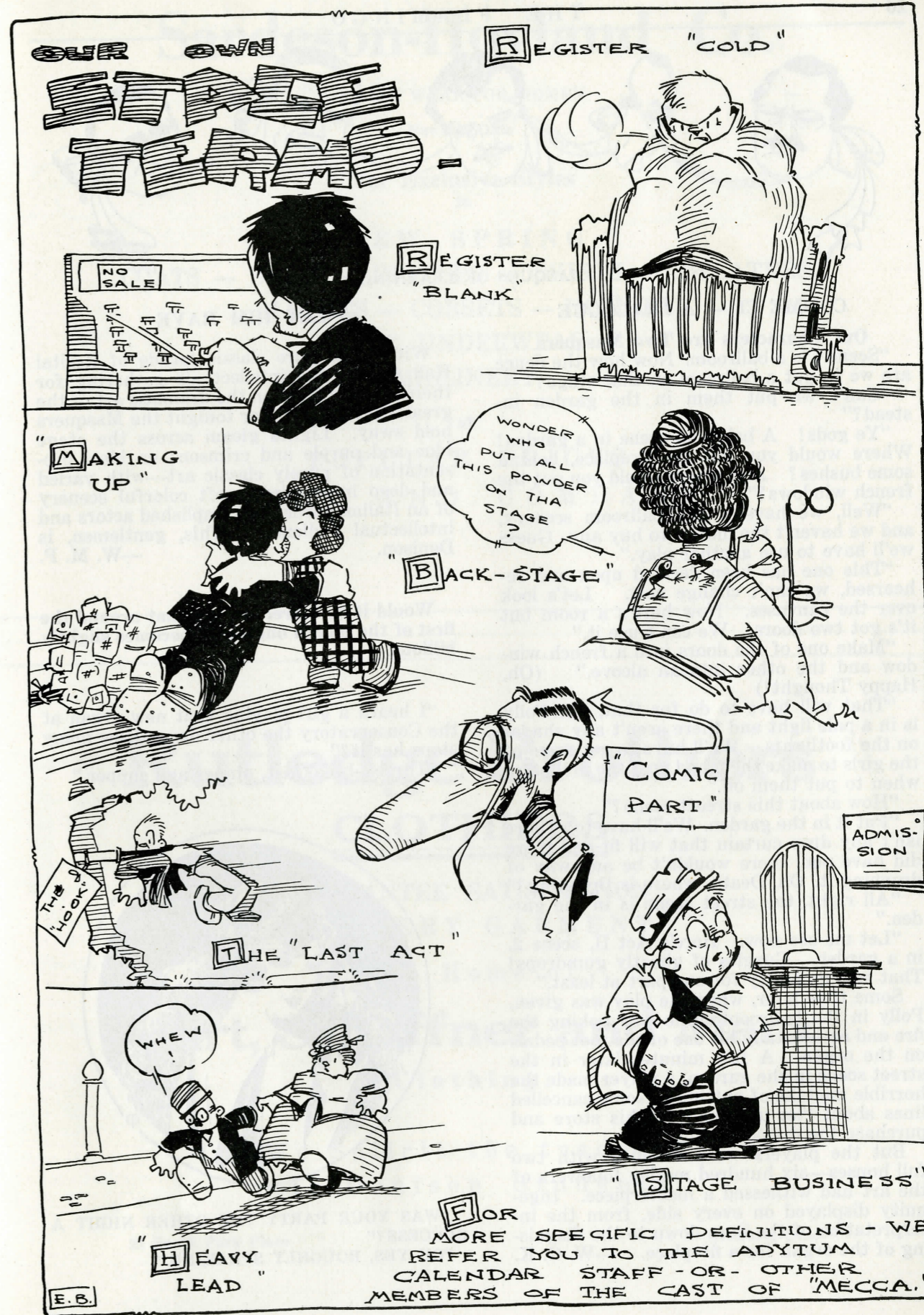
My girl has a pretty good job in Kresges. That's where she got her taste for good music. She plays the piano in the sheet music department. Does good business, too. Every time she plays "Najo," they sell a hundred copies of "Nobody's Darlin'."

She says that to ruin her fine taste by banging there almost kills her. I tell to think of others, too—for Humanity's sake!

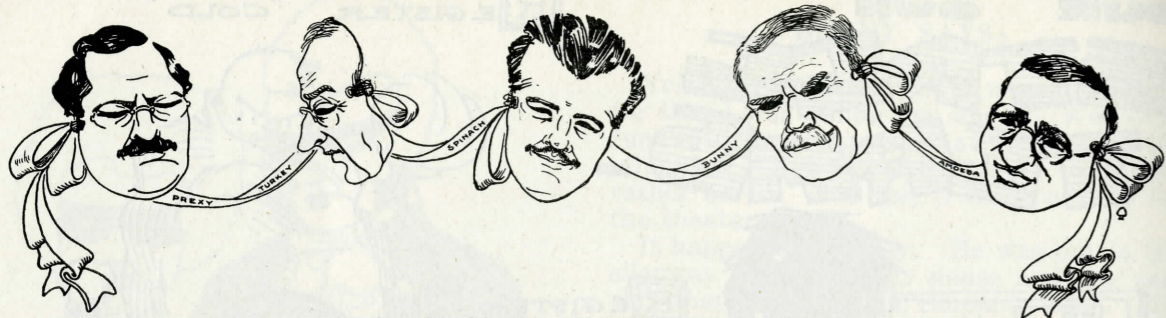


HE—"I'M A LITTLE STIFF FROM LACROSSE."  
SHE—"IS THAT SO? WHY I HAVE SOME VERY GOOD FRIENDS FROM THERE."

Sweet Young Thing (rapsodizing on the wonders of nature)—"See girls. Look at this cute little bumble bee that just flew in the window. With kindness I can train the little creature so that he will never think of harming me. See, he is resting on my hand, preening his glossy wings—Ouch! Damn the little beast. He stung me!"



FOR MORE SPECIFIC DEFINITIONS - WE REFER YOU TO THE ADYTUM CALENDAR STAFF - OR - OTHER MEMBERS OF THE CAST OF 'MECCA.'



MASQUES OF LEARNING

## COMME CI — A DIALOGUE

Our Characters are Two Masquers

"Scene I is a ballroom. Now how the deuce are we to put a ballroom on that stage?"

"Can't we put them in the garden instead?"

"Ye gods! A ballroom scene in a garden! Where would you put the fireplace, behind some bushes? And where would you put the french windows?"

"Well, we haven't any ballroom scenery, and we haven't the money to buy any. Guess we'll have to use another play."

"This one has been decided upon and rehearsed, we can't change now. Let's look over the canvases. Now here's a room but it's got two doors. We can't use it."

"Make one of the doors into a french window and the other into an alcove." (Oh, Happy Thought!)

"That will have to do for that, but Polly is in a pale light and there aren't any shades on the footlights. We'll have to get some of the girls to make them and post the orchestra when to put them on."

"How about this street scene?"

"Put it in the garden. We'll have to. There isn't any drop curtain that will fit and if we did have one, there wouldn't be any way of dropping it. Oh, Death, where is thy sting?"

"All right, the street scene is in the garden."

"Let me see now. Here's Act II, scene 2, in a garden. Gurgles of ghostly gumdrops! That sets us pretty for one part at least."

Some time later, when the play was given, Polly in the ballroom scene was poking the fire and accidentally hit one of the foot pedals on the organ. A few minutes later in the street scene in the garden, a player made the horrible mistake of putting in some cancelled lines about "let us repair to this store and purchase the diamond ring."

But the players were satisfied with two full houses—six hundred motley followers of the art had witnessed a masterpiece. Ingenuity displayed on every side, from the interpretation of the lines down to the disguising of the organ for a fireplace. —W. G. K.

## LET HIM RAVE

Within the pure classic facade of Recital Hall we see the intellectuals gathering for their periodic feast on the dramatic art of the great University. For tonight the Masquers hold sway. Lights gleam across the stage blue and purple and crimson; an ideal presentation of purely classic art—with varied and deep impressions, soft colorful scenery of an Italian garden, accomplished actors and intellectual audience. This, gentlemen, is Denison. —W. M. P.

Would it be correct to say that around the first of the month one's mail becomes slightly billious.

"I heard a girl playing that new organ at the Conservatory the other day. How many stops has it?"

"Three—breakfast, dinner and supper."



"WAS YOUR PARTY THE OTHER NIGHT A SUCCESS?"

"OH YES, ROUGHLY SPEAKING."

## Sardeson-Hovland Co.

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

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IN EVERY GARMENT

The Home of

Hart, Schaffner and Marx

Clothing.

We Solicit the trade of  
All Denison Students.

21 South Park Place

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## Springtime Beauty

is in every line, youth is in the ensemble of every

### BETTY WALES DRESS

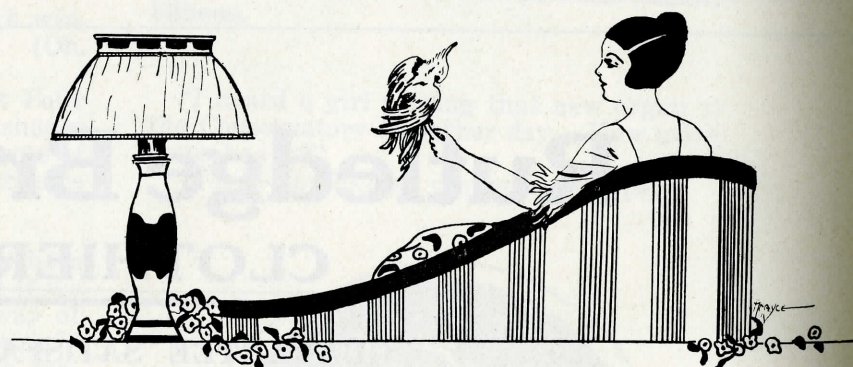
which has been designed for spring. Taffeta is the dainty, crisp fabric out of which many of them are fashioned. Canton Crepe permits the beautiful drapings which are seen on many other models. Vivid Bulgarian trimmings adorn many handsome dresses in dark shades, of which

We Invite Your Inspection.

**The W. H. Mazey Company**

Newark, Ohio

We learned in  
Drama class the  
Other day that  
The AMERICAN  
STAGE is in its  
Infancy.  
And at once  
The question  
Arose just  
Why no one had  
Got around to  
Taking out  
First papers  
For  
RECITAL  
HALL!



"DO YOU GO TO COLLEGE?"  
"NO, I'M NOT THAT KIND OF A GIRL."  
—Lord Jeff.

"Jim is my idea of a wholesome and satisfying actor."  
"Whadda you mean?"  
"He sure was a ham in the leading role."

**RAH! RAH! RAH!**

Oil—"Fewer movies are being made."  
Can—"But not from lack of raw material."  
—Orange Peel.

AUTOMATIC PHONE 1696

**JAMES W. PASSMAN, Jr**

EVERYTHING ELECTRICAL

Y. M. C. A. Bldg, Newark, O.

Distributor of  
ALAMO LIGHTING PLANTS

**JOHN J. CARROLL**

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Exclusive Representative in Newark of the

## CO-ED AND PEGGY PAIGE DRESSES

You have seen the advertisements in Vogue and kindred publications.

You will be pleased with these dresses.  
Spring Silhouettes — The Latest Fabrics —  
The provocative colors of a riotous season!  
Many styles on display — New each month.

**JOHN J. CARROLL**

"I understand your on the right side of temperance."  
"Yes, inside."  
"What! Intemperance?"

Doc—"It's a good thing you didn't put off coming to me any longer."  
Ill—"My, gosh, Doc. Are you as hard up as all that?"

"Shn attractive girl."  
"Otto be! Sh-daughter of a steel magnate."—Goblin.

Manager—"Tonight, old man, we will play 'Hamlet'."  
Actor—"Then you must lend me fifteen cents for a shave."  
Manager—"On second thought we will play 'Othello!'"—Scalper.

"Another stage struck girl," murmured the bored patron as the villain slapped the heroine.

She—"Have you noticed what a lot of simple things there are in evening gowns this year?"  
He—"I should say I have. I've danced with at least twenty of them."—Bean Pot.

**HERE'S THE LATEST DOPE**

First Actor—"She drug me down."  
Second Ditto—"Who?"  
First Same—"Ah, the Heroin."—Froth.

"De noive of dat guy," complained Jimmy, the demon office boy, "offerin' me six dollars a week. Wha's he think I am? A college graduate?"—Mercury.

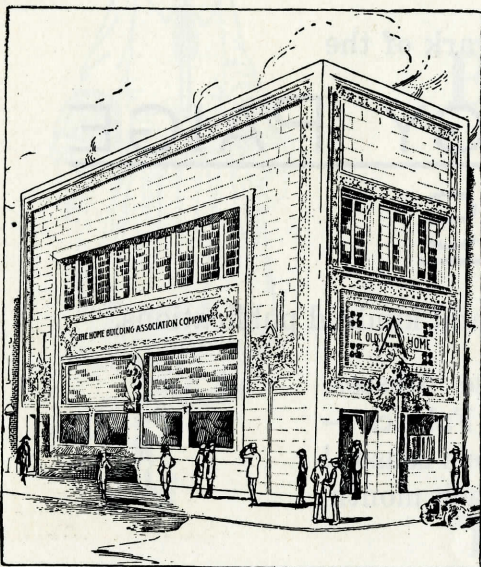
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**N. O. Green Music Shop**

Phonographs, Emerson and O. Keh Records

Pianos, Player Rolls

## March 1922 Our 42nd Anniversary Month



When in Newark, Visit  
THE HOME OF 100% SAFETY

As we look back on the forty-two years the "OLD HOME" has served, we know that in our own case that when once we GOT THE RIGHT START, the battle for success was half won.

Though OLD in experience, the "OLD HOME" is YOUNG in spirit—that's why we welcome the opportunity to serve young people who are trying to get started right—that's why we want YOU to get better acquainted with

### The Home Building Association Co.

North Third and West Main Sts.

Newark, Ohio

## SPRING STYLES ARE HERE

Have You Seen Our Display of  
**Walk-Over Shoes**

—AND—

**Phoenix Hosiery**

**Manning & Woodward's**

**Walk-Over Shoe Store**



**Newark, Ohio**

(Continued from page 11.)

tine Nilsen will be brought if possible. Contrary to the general opinion the Club does not make very large profits. In the first place the gross receipts are small because of the limited seating capacity of Recital Hall and the reasonable admission charge, and secondly the expenses of production such as scenery and costumes which, in the case of "The Tempest" given last spring amounted to over \$75.00, are heavy.

No account of the Masquers Club is complete without reference to "Prof. Johnnie." Professor E. P. Johnston of the Public Speaking Department is their capable and successful coach. He is to every blossoming orator and actor what Livy is to the athlete. Prof. Johnston graduated from Oberlin and from Emerson College of Oratory, taught in a number of high schools and universities, maintained a vocal studio for a number of years, was for a time of the Lyceum stage, and then, teaching again, he came here. His wide experience has proved of great value to him in his directing; having coached over thirty-five college plays, he has yet to quarrel with a stage-hand or actor. Rehearsals and plays alike run smoothly when Prof. is in charge, and the Masquers all vow that he "knows his stuff." In Prof. Johnston's opinion, dramatics develops self-control, ease and sociability; and this is pretty well borne out by the popularity of the individual Masquers in college life.

"How do you feel about reforming the movies?"

"Most of the pictures I've seen are more to be pitied than censored."—Judge.

He—"I have heard that the Duke has such wonderful manors."

She—"Oh yes, he is a perfect gentleman."  
—Octopus.

### IT'S A GIFT

"That girl has wonderful presence of mind."

"Yes, she got away with some pretty fair ones of mine, too."—Gargoyle.

Marion—"George was the goal of my ambitions, but—"

Marian—"But what?"

Marion—"Father kicked the goal."

—Sun Dodger.

The purple derby goes to the Frosh R. O. T. C. hopeful who thought it was the proper thing to salute the senior who was a major in English.—Octopus.

Free Verse Writer—"Oh father, poets are born, not made!"

"See here, son! Write all that durn rot you want, but don't you go blaming mother and me for it, we won't stand for it!"  
—Panther.

She—"What did you say?"

He—"Nothing."

She—"I know that, but I wondered how you expressed it this time."—Lord Jeff.

Billie—"Where are you going?"

Millie—"I'm going for a short skate."

Billie—"What's his name?"—Octopus.

"Didja hear about that horrible tragedy at the jail?"

"No. What?"

"Old soak broke his neck."

"How come?"

"They rubbed his sprained back with alcohol and he died trying to lick it of."

Pluto—"How did you like that hoola dancer?"

Plutocrat—"She shakes a mean bundle of alfalfa."—Green Gander.

Stude—"I've become a Socialist since the end of the semester."

More Stude—"One of the Bushwah, huh?"

Stude—"Yeah, the Dean said I had to stick with the lower class."—Froth.

### PHEW!

Plus—"She smells very strongly of perfume."

Minus—"She must be a cologneal dame."  
—Purple Parrot.

Raugh—"So your college comic isn't making a hit?"

Raw—"Naw. None of the faculty is even talking about kicking it out."—Bean Pot.

Barney—"Does that Pittsburgh radio music really sound like music? Is it realistic?"

Science—"Realistic? Man, after that concert last night my face was positively black with coal smoke!"



# Callander Cleaning Co.

Fourth and Church Street  
Newark

Auto Phone 1710 — Our High Class Dry Cleaning SERVICE is at your SERVICE.

Visitor—"You have a peculiar faculty here for—"

Senior—"Sh! I know it—but we can't help ourselves. They were thrust upon us."  
—Purple Cow.

Fred—"I feel Teutonic."

Ted—"How?"

Fred—"Low marks!"—Wasp.

## DOITY WOIK

"Them guys soitenly has got a noive, Mamie askin' us to go ridin' wit 'em!"

"Yeah, day must t'ink we're a coupla them 'ere sorority goils!"—Siren.

"Has Bangs had a good education?"

"I should say he has. He can tell when a man has engraved cards without running his finger over them."

Fussy Old Gentleman (boarding a street car)—"You have very clumsy steps."

Irate Conductor (taking the thing entirely too personally)—"Well, what do you expect for a nickel—Pavlowa?"—Yale Record.

Prof—"Where do you get mercury?"

Stude—"From H. G. Wells."—Voo Doo.

Judge—"How is it that you have no horn on your car?"

Motorist—"Oh, I don't think it's necessary. I have a little round thing on the hood that says, 'Dodge Brothers.'"—Jay.

Prof (during exam)—"What are you doing there?"

Poor but Honest—"Only handing someone a blotter."

Prof.—"Must be a pretty absorbing subject."

## CASEY'S

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

*Johnston's*  
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**THE GRANVILLE TIMES**  
RAPID SERVICE JOB PRINT

## Striking a youthful note in the Spring Suit Styles

HAPPY companions are Springtime and youth time, for do not Springtime and sprightliness go hand in hand? This season we offer the brighter, livelier, and more spirited styles in suits, such as the young fellows like. The spirit of youth itself smiles at you from these pleasing clothes — pleasingly styled — pleasingly priced at

\$25 — \$35 — \$40

**HERMANN**  
STEIN-BLOCH SMART CLOTHES  
THE CLOTHIER

"The store of Newark, O., where Quality and Service count."

## AD IN!

**A Romance of Modern Business**  
"HYDE, BROTHERS," cried HERMANN as he saw GENERAL ELECTRIC raise his STETSON above the GRANVILLE BANK of the Raccoon. "By HECK, I'll have to challenge him," said RUTLEDGE, "What is the password?"

"SARDESON HOVLAND," muttered the BUCHER, his EAGLE eye taking in the CORDON of MUELLERS which were buzzing about him like so many BUSY BEES.

"PASSMAN," retorted the guard, "but don't come back to-MORROW or I'll think you're DICKEN me."

"Who's the ROHRER up there," shouted MITCHELL. "Your shouting REXALL my plans. WYANT you a little more careful?"

With a DUERR die look our hero approached the OLD HOME and, knocking at the door said, "Is the VARSITY INN?" But to his aMAZEY got no answer. "STAN-FORTH," he shouted, "O'NEILL at my feet when I get to you."

But 'ENOCHED and JOHN'SON was not at home, so he began to fear that he had PER-RYshed. SuPOSEY try HALBROOKS, and in CASEY fail there—how he would LAM-SON when he found him! His CORNELL days were over, these were GRANVILLE TIMES and if he found MAC EOWEN much seILBER at the OPERA HOUSE he would make him wish that he had learned more than the STUART at college.

He remembered that in the old days when he was editor of the Denisonian and had made KOLLEGE KLEANING his KON-CERN that PETERS on the MORROW had tried unMANNING him by taking him WOODWARDS and telling him that GRAN-VILLE boasted of a CO-OPERATIVE institution. He could still feel the seat of his ARMY STORE pants HORTON where the DELCO LIGHTed during the CULLISON,—

He renewed his vow that JONES would not make a GRIFFING out of his son.

The End.

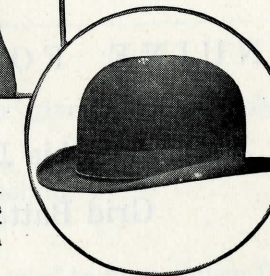
(This feature won the first prize in our advertising contest. The second prize winner will appear in our next.—Ed.)

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FOR  
YOUNG MEN



FEATURE DERBY—  
One of the new Stetsons  
setting the styles for  
Spring. Medium crown  
and round, open curl.

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JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY, Philadelphia

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Granville

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See our line of  
EASTER GREETING CARDS  
**LEIST & KINGERY**

Fountain Pens  
34 W. Main St.

Stationery

Eversharp Pencils  
Newark, Ohio

(Continued from page 9.)

"No, I don't. They have to wear a wig, and amateurs don't know how. It worries 'em so much I can't get the facial expression."

"How do you make movie actresses?" I inquired engagingly.

"It's work, graft; good hard graft," replied Mr. Dobell earnestly. "They've got to be trained. I'm gonna bring in a lot of stars, and we can't expect Wally Reid to handle a bunch of amateurs. I'm going to conduct a class of those who join the company." (Aha, so that was it.) "We don't want any girl who is afraid to be kissed in public. She may not mind it in private, but in public it's a different thing." I looked interested and blushed delicately. "This is no place for prudes; we go just as far as the censor'll let us!" (Just fancy that, now! He should have seen some of the shows we used to put on in Stone Hall.)

"What kind of a figure have you got?" he demanded suddenly.

"Why, not bad," I replied modestly, "I swim quite a lot; that develops the figure, you know." Mr. Dobell didn't seem impressed; he probably doesn't swim. "I suppose everybody wants to do the Wally Reid stuff?" I suggested in my most colloquial manner. Mr. Dobell nodded. "Didn't many want to be comedians?" I persisted.

"No," sadly, "and we need 'em bad." Here was my cue.

"I'd like to play comedy," I ventured hopefully. Mr. Dobell showed interest.

"Would you?" A long pause, in which I held my breath. My fate as an actress hung trembling in the balance. "Well, I'll take you," he added finally. I sighed happily as Mr. Lionel Dobell handed me a little card and told me to report at rehearsal the next night.

"I hope I make a good comedian," I beamed.

"I hope to heaven you will," replied Mr. Dobell fervently. I told the street car motor-man of my good luck.

"Huh—they take anybody," he retorted hearlessly. "And there," indicating my card, "is when they take away your money."

So when you see me on the silver screen, at the receiving end of a custard pie, you'll know how I got my start: graft—hard graft.

NEWARK and GRANVILLE  
BUS LINE

**L. S. CULLISON**

PROPRIETOR

Busses and Touring Cars for  
Special Trips

PHONE 8256 or 8283

Prof—"Who were the three wise men?"  
Soph—"Stop, Look and Listen."  
—Orange Peel.

### FANCY

"How did you like Ruth Chatterton in 'Mary Rose'?"  
"Barrie fine show!"—Sun Dial.

### SAME METHOD

He was an actor of the old school.  
"Aye, laddie," he said, "when I first took to the stage, ambition egged me on."  
"Yes," was the reply, "and then I suppose the audience egged you off."—Virginia Reel.

### A TIGHT SHOW

Stude—"What show did you see last night?"  
Stewed—"Ashbeshtosh."  
Stude—"No, there's no show by that name in town."  
Stewed—"Yash there is. I copied the name off the curtain."—Bear Skin.

"Do you know how to keep from being seasick?"

"No."  
"Bolt your food down."

### Rufus Johnson

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SPRING  
Old Clothes Made New Phone 8141  
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Make your choice  
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Homemade, Low-  
ney's, Apollo, or  
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lates.

**BUSY BEE**

Geo. Stamas,  
Proprietor  
Phone 1433  
Arcade Newark

Girlie—"Can you give me a couple of rooms?"  
Hotel Clerk—"Yes. Suite one."  
Girlie—"Sir!"—Goblin.

"The wicked man used to have cloven feet."  
"And now?"  
"He has a cloven breath."—Cracker.

He—"What do you do in dramatics?"  
She—"Oh, I'm the new stage coach. What do you do?"  
He—"Oh, I'm the fast male."—Octopus.

"Down in Glovers' Lane—"  
"Huh, Mange Street."

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**GOOD HEALTH** or  
**BUTTER KRUST BREAD**

and you will be  
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## A Corsage Bouquet

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## "Posey" Halbrooks

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## Kuster's Restaurants and Baking

Newark: Arcade Annex    Zanesville: Elk's Bldg.

(Continued from page 7.)

the balmiest ideas about people without any reason whatever. (He kisses her.)

M. (freeing herself gently, but firmly)—Maybe I do worry needlessly, but what 'ave seemed silly fears at first, 'ave been realized so often that I'm beginning to wonder if I 'aven't some strange power to almost, you might say, read peoples' minds.

D.—Oh, that's all foolishness.

M.—I wonder. You remember when Uncle 'enry came to see us that last time, don't you?

D.—Yes—the day after Ruth died.

M.—And 'ow, as 'e was leaving, I told you I 'ad a feelin' 'e was goin' to kill himself. But you said it was just my ideas. And then the next day they found 'im 'angin' in the barn.

D.—Yes, you did 'it it right that time.

M.—Then there was the time a tramp stopped for a bit to eat and I got a strange fear that 'e would try to rob us that night.

D.—So I 'ad to sit up downstairs with a gun before you'd rest easy.

M.—But you were glad you did when 'e really came.

D.—Yes, I was, and I guess 'e was considerable surprised too.

(Mary glances toward where the two sailors are working.)

M.—Alfred, this Black Paul gives me an awful feeling of dread every time I look at 'im. 'E makes me afraid for you, and I wish you wouldn't take 'im tonight.

D. (thoughtfully)—I wonder. (Straightens up with sudden resolution, and laughs, nervously.) Why I'm gettin' to be somethin' of a baby myself. I 'ave to sail tonight, dear, to get this cargo through, and I need Paul. Don't worry about me—I can take care of myself.

Curtain.

### SCENE II

The interior of the sloop's cabin several hours later. A lantern is hanging over a rough, bare table (c.). The door is back (c.) and on the right is a bunk, dimly outlined by the light from the lantern. Two chairs compose the only other furniture. A shelf on

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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.

the wall (l.) and several charts and maps can be discerned in the semi-darkness of the more remote parts of the room, scarcely visible in the faint light of the lantern. The gloominess of the whole is emphasized by the monotonous sound heard through the cabin door of the waves washing against the sides of the moving boat. The lantern is swaying slightly. Dunstan is discovered sitting at the table with his head resting on his hands. Enter Joe.

Joe (quietly)—Yessuh?

Dunstan (glancing up)—Joe, you take the wheel now and send Paul in here.

(Exit Joe.)

Dunstan again lowers his head; a brief pause is followed by the mumble of voices on deck, then silence. A moment later Paul enters. He stands sullenly in the doorway without making a sound. Finally Dunstan glances up; he starts when he sees Paul watching him.

D. (with a puzzled look at Paul)—I'm going to turn in for a couple of hours. Stand your trick on deck and call me at midnight by that watch of yours.

Paul takes out the watch, looks at it intently, pockets it, and exits without a word.

Dunstan sits staring through the doorway in silence for a short time, then slowly rises

and gets the package of cakes from the shelf (l.). He eats several of them and is apparently thinking deeply. Occasionally he glances almost furtively at the doorway. Finally, with a shrug, he wraps up the remaining cakes, replaces them on the shelf, and goes to the door. After a brief survey of the darkness outside, he shuts the door and goes over to the bunk. Here he takes a revolver from his pocket and lays it on the edge next to the wall. Then he extinguishes the lantern and throws himself, fully dressed, upon the bunk. Through the death-like quiet that follows, the steady wash of the waves can still be heard faintly. The door hinge creaks slightly. Dunstan turns restlessly. As he does so, the wash of the waves swells up more loudly for an instant, and then dies down again. Once more there is an oppressive silence. But gradually a new sound intrudes itself. As though muffled by the velvety blackness, yet regular and unmistakable, comes a steady, metallic tick-tick, tick-tick, tick-tick, which seems to become clearer and louder as it moves slowly (r.) toward the bunk. Dunstan, suddenly aware of this strange presence, is heard to sit up. There is a tense lull—then a sharp cry of pain and surprise; the sounds of a brief struggle; a sobbing gasp, a savage, guttural grunt—and

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everything is quiet, save the same emotion-  
less tick-tick, tick-tick, tick-tick which now  
moves back away from the bunk and is lost  
as the sound of the waves swells up once more  
and again becomes faint and subdued.

Curtain.

She—"Are you fond of the ocean?"

Gob—"Well, I should say, I always share  
my meals with it."

**FOR THE WORSE**

Prison Visitor—"Why are you here?"

Counterfeiter—"Oh, I just decided to make  
a little change."—Dirge.

**DAILY REMINDER**

Sonny—"Mother, I won't be in until late  
to-night."

Ma—"All right, my boy. Don't forget to  
bring father in off the stoop when you come  
back."—Octopus.

Co-ed—"How lovely these roses are. There  
is still some dew on them."

Ed—"I know it, but how the deuce did  
you."—Voo Doo.

He—"Do you go to college?"

She—"No, I'm not that kind of a girl."  
—Lord Jeff.



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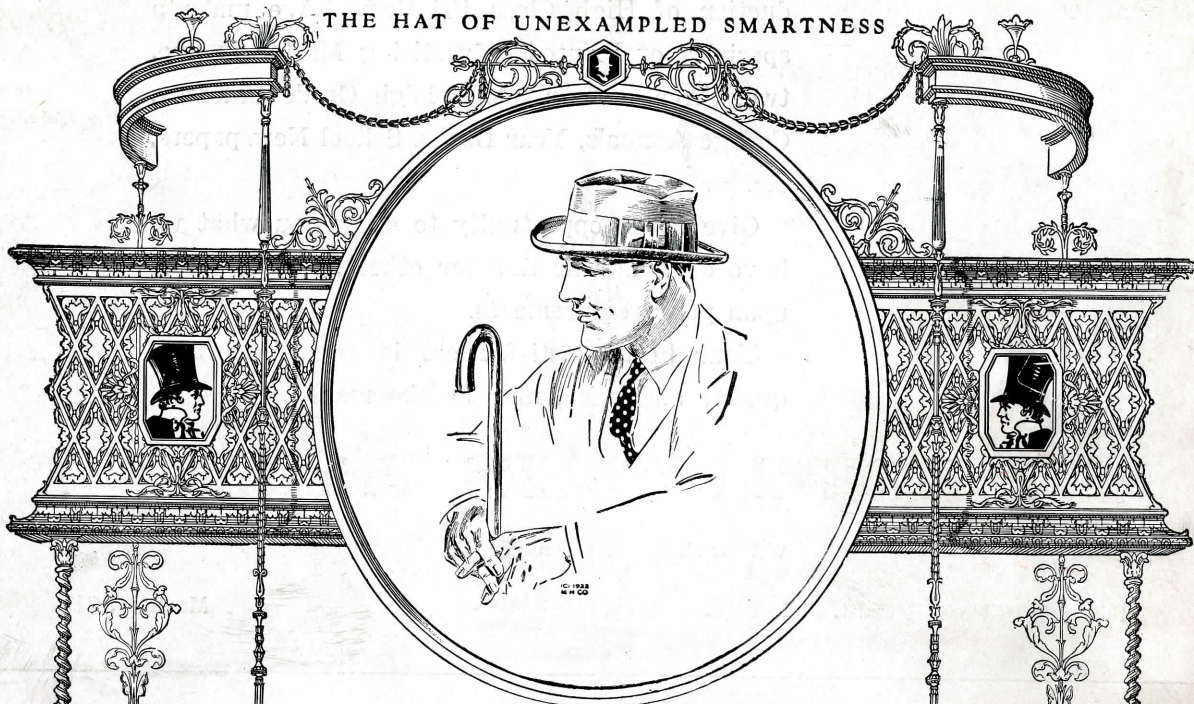
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