Authors
John M. Price, Kilburn Holt, William Vogel, Lillis Howard, Russell Rine, Hod Mercer, and Virginia Reel
INDEX TO ADVERTISERS

Every advertisement in these pages is reliable. The Flamingo does not accept questionable material, neither does it permit complimentary advertisements. We have faith in the integrity of our advertisers.

THE THREE WISE GUYS

Once Upon a Time
There was a Social Committee
That was Short of Kale
And had to put on a Big Stunt.
Favors and Programs cost Money.
They were Up a Tall Stump.

But the Chairman was a Wise Guy.
He called up the Service Manager
Of the Flamingo.
And He’s no Slouch on Brains,
Of the Flamingo.

He told the Wise Guy
Of a Company he hadn’t heard of
And the Social Committee
Got better Goods at a lower Price.
And put on a Big Stunt
Got better Goods at a lower Price.

And there was a Florist
Of the Flamingo
That made a Specialty of Corsages,
And wanted to Sell them, but
He didn’t know When our Big
And he wanted to Advertise at the
Right Time.

The Chairman was a Wise Guy.
He called up the Service Manager
Of the Flamingo.
And he’s no Slouch on Brains,
Of the Flamingo.

He told the Wise Guy
Just when his Ad would get Re-

Made a Grand Slam with his Bou-

and Everybody was Happy
Ever After.

Now, as they say in Public Speaking,
"The Point I wish to make is This:"
The Chairman was a Wise Guy—
The Florist was a Wise Guy—
That makes Two Wise Guys—
You be the Third Wise Guy.
**Kuster's Restaurants and Baking**


**When In Newark**

visit the original

**U.S. ARMY Goods Store**

CAMPING EQUIPMENT

36 S. Second St. Newark

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**Take It From The Air**

**NOT** only music, but news, speeches, messages of every sort, are today being picked out of the air.

"How has this come about?" we ask.

The new impetus given to radio development may be definitely associated with the development of the high power vacuum tube, for that made broadcasting possible. And the power tube originated from a piece of purely theoretical research, which had no connection with radio.

When a scientist in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company found that electric current could be made to pass through the highest possible vacuum and could be varied according to fixed laws, he established the principle of the power tube and laid the foundation for the "tron" group of devices.

These devices magnify the tiny telephone currents produced by the voice and supply them to the antenna, which broadcasts the messages. At the receiving ends, smaller "trons" in turn, magnify the otherwise imperceptible messages coming to them from the receiving antenna.

Great accomplishments are not picked out of the air. Generally, as in this case, they grow from one man's insatiable desire to find out the "how" of things.

Scientific research discovers the facts. Practical applications follow in good time.
Dada—Esthetic Nihilism

By John M. Price, '21

That, bewildered reader, is a very delectable little poem entitled "Paroxysme." Its author is Pierre Chapka-Bonnie, Dadaist Extraordinary. He wrote it in French, so of course it cannot be read aloud effectively in English. However, the despairful yet snappy ending in G-minor will commend itself to every lover of music.

Dadaism originated at meetings held as far back as 1916 at the Cabaret Voltaire, in Zurich, by a group of German refugees who sought thus to assuage their sensitive nerves during the unpleasantness of war. Its prophet is Tristan Tzara, nationally unknown; he is, as you will see from his portrait herewith reproduced, a young, timid, bashful creature, with bulgy eyes and a blonde mane.

The Dadaists published a "Bulletin Dada" (later called "Cannibale") with a manifesto which indicated that they proposed to put all the former schools—especially Cubism and Futurism—out of business. The following extracts from Tristan Tzara's great manifesto may or may not serve to make clear their aims: "I write a manifesto and I want nothing; however I say certain things and I am in principle against manifestoes; and I am also against principles; * * * I write this manifesto in order to show that one can do at the same time two actions entirely opposed to each other in one fresh breathing; I am against action; for never ceasing contradiction; for affirmation, too; I am neither for nor against, and I do not explain, for I hate sense. DADA—this is the word which takes ideas on a hunt. *** DADA means nothing. *** We want work, straightforward, strong accurate and forever not understood. Logic is a complication. Logic is always wrong. *** The divine thing for us is the awakening of anti-human action. Morality means infusion of chocolate in the veins of all men. *** Since times are out of joint and men are human, mean and bloodthirsty, and their words and actions of no more value than the gibbering and gestures of lunatics, let us frankly be lunatics; let us abolish the family, morality, logic, common sense, memory, archeology, the prophets, and the future."

That Tzara's numerous followers (few of whom, by the way, are women) think highly of this masterpiece is evidenced by the following program of a great meeting held at the Grand Palais des
Champe Elysees on February 5th, 1920, when the cult migrated from Zurick to Paris:

Francis Picabia.
Manifosto read by ten people.

Georges Ribemont-Dessaignes.
Manifosto read by nine people.

Andre Breton.
Manifosto read by eight people.

Paul Dermee.
Manifosto read by seven people.

Paul Eluard.
Manifosto read by six people.

Louis Aragon.
Manifosto read by five people.

Tristan Tzara.
Manifosto read by four people and a journalist.

This program was gravely carried out, the speakers, we are told, appearing in shirt-sleeves.

In Paris, the Dadaists are busily at work, organizing picture exhibitions, and meetings at which their literary efforts are read “en paix Dada” to the accompaniment of frenzied jazz bands or eight inch electric bells. The most famous of their pictures is one by Marcel Duchamp. He took a print of the Mona Lisa, put a Kaiser mustache under her smile, and exhibited it. Another artist spilled some ink on a large sheet of paper and exhibited it. The most thrilling scene represents the sewing machine kissing the bathrobe on its forehead. M. Cocteau, an illustrious Dadaist, wrote Shakespeare for performance by clowns from the Mouvement Dada to the accompaniment of frenzied jazz bands or eight inch electric bells. This program was gravely carried out, the movement is absolutely sincere, and is growing daily, according to the best authorities. "May we expect a Dum Dum Movement next?"

TOLERANCE

Though men may hold another view, To us the right to think is given, And ever will it be. Though they should formulate a god Of spirit or some energy, A climax due to sudden change, Or slow transformity. Yet may we have the trustful power To postulate a creed. And ne’er may any mortal take The freedom that we need. Oh that each one of us would be "Truth crushed to earth will rise again." And fail our own to see, The freedom that we need. To postulate a creed. Of spirit or some energy. Or slow transformity. To live each day so near the truth, That by no feas are binded. Then let the motto be for men No matter who they are, "Truth crushed to earth will rise again." It is not ours to mar. —G. C.

THE CASTAWAY

Here, when I die, Here will I lie; Rot in the sand; Crucify my hands Under the sky.

Waves of the sea Requiem for me; Branches that blow Weeping with moss, Sole company.

Lost on the isle, Lived for a while, Men have forgot, Death is in style! —G. W. B.

CINQUAINS

I

Three things
I love—a lake
Reflecting fire; new snow;
And dandelion’s gold, but you
I hate!

II

They say
The trees are red
At fall because their blood
Is surging from the wound that frost
Has made.

III

A snake
Is beautiful,
Its satin fairy dyed,
Its body smooth, so lithe, but oh
So cold! —G. W. B.

HORATI CARMINA, Liber I, ix

Sorace’s peak in dazzling white is dressed,
And groaning trees “heath snowy burdens bend,
While winter winces with icy barriers send,”
The flight of brook and river to arrest.
Dispel the cold, and let the hearth-fire roar
With blazing logs, while song and mirth abound;
And, Thalia, let our cares be drowned
In wine which from the Sabine jars you pour.

Cast care aside, mere mortals cannot bring
Besides from mighty Nature’s edict stern;
The immortal gods alone have power to turn
Hard Winter’s frown into the smile of Spring.

Why then should dread of future fate annoy?
Some good arrives with every passing day.
Come, let us live and love now while we may,
Lest fretful Age too soon surprise our joy.

Now let the civic square be rendezvous,
Where he who wills to do things can; Where the friend of man is not of man, Where he who wills to do things can; There with my thoughts would I be.

—W. A. V.

MOODS

Love’s a harlequin who goes Lightly on his dancing toes, Breaking every rule he knows.

Love’s a paladin who strays Through the streets on festal days, Laughing at the fools he pays.

Love’s a mandarin whose eyes, Cruel, inscrutable and wise,— Strip him of his bright disguise.

—A. E. R.

SOME SAY THE MOON

Some say the moon weeps tears of blood
That fall in foreign lands.
And there this pentifluent fall
Is changed by magic hands.

The tears, transformed to poppies red,
All red, and very soon
Are gone—their sanguine petals fled
Beneath the copper moon.

—G. W. B.

ON QUOTING “THE NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES.”

Night falls, the stars look down from heaven’s high casement,
Dost thou too see them? Dost thou think with me
Of other nights when these same stars did light us?
“ A thousand eyes” thou saidst they seemed to thee.

Didst thou not know, when thus thou gaily quenched
The sequel verse, which says day has “but one
Sides

—A. E. R.
Well; we got inveigled into something else we've been trying to avoid all our life. We're going to attend one of these pageants. Mebbe you've seen 'em, where a lot of fair damsel dash around in filmy effects and look like they were chasing themselves, but can't never catch up.

You see this here co-ed what we've been trying to rush all year is going to take a leading role in the affair. The name of the thing we said before this sweet young thing of the aforementioned first part is going to lead the slaves onto the scene of action. Now the fact that she is a slave is one of the reasons why we are attending. We want to see her a thing and acts, for Heaven knows she is anything but a slave when we been with her.

Well; we got inveigled into something else and it seems that these slaves and in fact the whole outfit have to flit around in quest of the ever elusive violet, or moonbeam, or mebbe it's moonshine, I don't just exactly remember what. Anyway the trade name for their movements is anesthetic dancing—

We are looking for support in this campaign from our Eastern friends at Harvard and Yale and Princeton who have so gloriously advanced ideas which is going to make football a gentleman's game and incidentally make them three places the glory that was once theirs.

We got lots of other good ideas on reform but we're holding 'em back waiting for some one to snatch hold of this first idea of ours. Mebbe we can get our name in the paper any way whether we do any good or not.

Chapel Speaker—"Why, oh why, is the world so crooked?"
A voice—"Trying to make both ends meet."

Vacuum pressure — that which keeps Freshman caps on when the wind blows. We'll have to admit that we never saw a guy forcibly remove a sack from the field, probably due to the presence of too many of the opposition but we seen plenty of guys go tearing down the baselines with the evident intention of getting away with something.

She's been telling us all about the whole thing and it seems that these slaves and in fact the whole outfit have to flit around in quest of the ever elusive violet, or moonbeam, or mebbe it's moonshine, I don't just exactly remember what. Anyway the trade name for their movements is anesthetic dancing—guaranteed to put you to sleep. Personally we are hoping that some one will sneak down and sprinkle tacks all around the place for they will kind of add zest to the affair. Then they can call the dance, "Danger Afoot, or something just as appropriate and the audience can figure out what it is all about.

And then we got the dope that there is going to be a May Queen on hand. Now this here May Queen is our ulterior reason for attending. We never seen one in real life and we want to see if our own girl is right. You see from our early youth we always thought of a May Queen as a person slightly under the influence. All our leading jokesters tell us that persons in such condition always says something to the effect that they are "to be Queen of the May."

If this here May Queen is like this we got some good ground to suspect the fraternity brothers, or brother-in-laws, or whoever it was that got her the job. And we will know where to send our friends, too.

Anyway we're looking for a large, wide evening, what with trying to locate our young slave friend in the mob, watching the May Queen function and listening to the audience recognize their lace curtains as they dash around on the person of some young damsel who thinks she's got some place to go but never gets there.

This here spirit of reform which is sweeping the country is trying to do so much to rejuvenate the gentle art of football has got us all het up, and entering into the spirit of the thing we got one or two reforms we would like to see go through. Take for instance in baseball, this idea of stealing bases. Now, ever since we can remember we've heard that a good base-stealer was a blamed good man to have around, and on a college team the more bases a guy can steal the more valuable he is to his team. Now of course

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Now we claim this needs attention. Mebbe they haven't got any intention of stealing anything, but at least they ought to change the phrasing of the thing, call it attempting to "gain possession of the second station," or something just as appropriate, then none will get the wrong idea of the game. In the present condition of affairs we are gradually weakening the moral fibre of our youth for if they are taught to pilfer sacks or sit around and watch their friends attempt to do that it is the psychological effect? Why, they go home and take everything of their roommates from his extra pair of trousers to his best girl.

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Chapel Speaker—"Why, oh why, is the world so crooked?"
A voice—"Trying to make both ends meet."

Vacuum pressure — that which keeps Freshman caps on when the wind blows.
ONLY TOO TRUE!

6:45—They were introduced.  
7:35—They were eating a “Baby’s Delight” at Casey’s.  
9:00—They stood wistfully in the shadow of a tree on Sugar Loaf.  
9:15—He kissed her.  
9:20—She kissed him.  
9:45—They sadly descended the hill.  
9:59—With a touch of sadness they departed.  

He walked down the steps dejectedly, but on hearing the hall door close he straightened up and strode briskly back to the house. Just before retiring he cut another notch in his hairbrush.  

“How they fall,” he murmured. “I must be a handsome devil.”  

She, before her dressing table, sighed, “How they fall. I’m ace high as a sweet little flapper.” Then she placed his name in a thick little book she had been keeping since she was sixteen!  

Moral? There ain’t none. It’s only too true!

THE ENGAGED HOMO  
(With Apologies to Longfellow)  

Under a spreading maple tree  
The engaged homo stands;  
This man, an anxious look has he,  
As he frets and wrings his hands;  
And the beatings of his fluttering heart  
Are as strong as the loudest bands.  

His eyes do search the chapel throng  
In order to detect  
The winsome face that shall appear,  
To him the most select;  
At last the One doth catch his glance,  
Her face with smiles bedecked.  

And children coming home from school  
Regard the happy pair;  
They love to see them stroll along,  
And at their motions stare;  
And hear the things that he doth say  
To his gentle lady fair.  

He goes on Sundays to the church,  
And sits among the boys;  
He sees his love beyond his reach,  
He hears no preacher’s voice;  
And it makes his heart rejoice.  

Thus may we judge the life sublime  
Of each engaged pair;  
No walk is perfect to the one  
Without the other there;  
Neither can pass this life alone  
Without the other’s care.  

—Lillis Howard, ’23.

BEFORE AND AFTER  

Her lips were so near—  
And I hadn’t the nerve.  
’Twas a chance of a year.  
(Her lips were so near.)  
She was angry I fear,  
And her scorn I deserve.  
(Her lips were so near.)  

Well, I can’t make it clear  
Or explain it to you, but  
(Her lips were so near.)  

I cannot sing the old songs  
Because they are forgotten.  
I cannot sing the new songs  
Because they are so rotten.

SECOND FROM THE RIGHT—“WHAT’S THAT DESERTED OLD BUILDING OVER THERE?”  
DITTO LEFT—“MUST BE WHERE THEY USED TO MAKE HAIRPINS.”  

“Two can live as cheaply as one,” said the flea to the dog as he dodged his paw.  
We’ve always laughed at women’s clothes,  
Be they on lean or fat;  
Those times are gone for in this age  
There’s nothing to laugh at.

AS OTHERS MIGHT SEE US—CLEVELAND HALL TO A CUBIST.
Broadway Bizarre

BY E. T. B., '24

Did you know that in Granville:

Walking dates are barely old enough to enter college?

The Old Colony is patronized by commuters.

Neither did we.—the editorial we—until the cub reporter came rushing into our office a few days ago with a “big scoop.” It was early on a bright April morning when three freshmen were hurrying up Broadway to breakfast. Except for the students the town seemed still deserted, and the air, being scented with the essence of the Sigma Chi house at top speed, they collided on the other side of a large elm tree with another trio,—pairs of outstretched, gesturalizing hands. The hands proved to be attached in the usual manner to the persons of three old-timers. The owners were all talking,—simultaneously and indistinguishable in high-pitched, vociferous tones. The argument seemed to concern somehow the tree under which they stood, for they kicked it at intervals, in practiced fashion, at a certain point near the base where the bark was already noticeably thin. The ‘29 speed slackened. Toast and bananas were forgotten as they stopped, stared, and eavesdropped.

“Sam, right, Pa,” the youngest of the Methuselahs was saying, “all right! We’ll take yer word for it. The wish—a wish, that is!”

“Mornin’, boys. Be ye a wantin’ some letters?”

“Er some luck?”

“Er better yit, a wish?”

“Wai, I never did get jest the straight o’ it. The temp’r’ture down to boilin’. But not her! She’s all wrong!—ladylike, fastidious, polite. But yer doin’ well!”

“Wai, I never did get jest the straight o’ it. The temp’r’ture down to boilin’. But not her! She’s all wrong!—ladylike, fastidious, polite. But yer doin’ well!”

“Come along down past the Phi Gam House, and one o’ the young fellers hops out in the car headin’ fer Newark, and thar she was. A’bout the same time Sam ups and tells ‘em that, ef they’ll jest a-‘round, beggin’ leave t’ the sugar camp. But she had a head on her, she had, and no mind to go a old rag rug out of head.’

“Mornin’, boys. Be ye a wantin’ some letters?”

“Er some luck?”

“Er better yit, a wish?”

“Wai, I never did get jest the straight o’ it. The temp’r’ture down to boilin’. But not her! She’s all wrong!—ladylike, fastidious, polite. But yer doin’ well!”
The Bird has discovered a new "nut test." He got the hunch when the fire bell interrupted a peaceful lunch hour a couple of weeks ago. He followed this with a prospectus of a \textit{meat meal waiting for someone to come back and tell him about the conflagration. The fundamental principle runs like this: When the fire bell rang, everyone in town knew there was a fire, except a travelling salesman in Patsy's, and our Andy—and the travelling salesman soon found out. (When the crowd returned half an hour later, they found Andy trying to bum a ride out to the scene.) As has been said, it was general information that there was a fire. But there the generality ended and the fun began. A census of the business district showed that the town three minutes later would have uncovered stories of everything from an explosion of everything to an explosion of everything.) As has been said, the song of lark and caw of crow, Morn and the sun bring warmth and cheer. Transmit their joy to the human heart, and give a prayer of gratitude, and every yarm would be told as straight face for the hypnotic power of the human imagination is truly wonderful.

Right there is where the "nut" idea comes in. The Bird is convinced that the student body can convey more wild ideas and less common sense in the way of verbal news than a Ladies' Sewing Circle with a two hour handicap. And he proposes this test to prove it:

Some rainy day he's going to whisper into his best friend's ear that he heard someone say that the Janitor cut his finger the night before while struggling to open a can of Wahoo Sardines. Then he'll watch the master of the house mind work on it and by noon he expects to have some well-meaning soul tell him in subdued tones and much detail how our Janitor had been all cut up when he got home spiffed the night before and stuck his hand through a window trying to get in. By night he'll be hearing a complete authentic official account of a gruesome double life, impending and certain. And every yarn would be told as straight face, for the hypnotic power of the human imagination is truly wonderful.

The Bird has implicit faith in the ability of our community's intellectual men, women, and children to pass such a test with high honors and a inspiring imagination.

On the strength of this faith he wishes to suggest a slogan to replace the "Heights by great men reached and kept" business:

"Pass on, e'er ends each fleeting day, Some senseless rumor base and crude. And, lest it tend to sound too good, Just add a touch or two of mud Before you send it on its way.

\begin{center}
\textbf{OUR DAILY MUD}
\end{center}

The Bird has discovered a new "nut test." He got the hunch when the fire bell interrupted a peaceful lunch hour about two weeks ago. He followed this with a prospectus of a meal waiting for someone to come back and tell him about the conflagration. The fundamental principle runs like this: When the fire bell rang, everyone in town knew there was a fire, except a travelling salesman in Patsy's, and our Andy—and the travelling salesman soon found out. (When the crowd returned half an hour later, they found Andy trying to bum a ride out to the scene.) As has been said, it was general information that there was a fire. But there the generality ended and the fun began. A census of the town three minutes later would have uncovered stories of everything from an explosion of everything to a burned steak at the Kappa Sig House (possibly the odds would favor the latter)
WE TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO DEPART FROM THE SO-CALLED COMICAL NATURE OF THIS PAGE AND TO PAY OUR OWN REGARDS TO MOTHER AND MOTHER'S DAY.

IN THE SPRING—
A SISO FANCY TURNO
NATURE'S SOKTA GRAND AIN'T IT?
WILL I GRADUATE OR WILL I NOT?

A JUNIOR'S TO—
I WISH THE FOLKS BACK HOME COULD SEE ME NOW.

A SOD'S TO—
AND A FRESHMAN'S TO.
THE FLAMINGO

STEWED AND HASHED

Once a man quite educated,
Young and unsophisticated,
Who was first intoxicated
Yet to be
Mixed a mixture. O, ill-fated
Mixture! Patience he waited
Till the yeast had operated
Perfectly.

This young man just designated
Owned a Ford quite antiquated
In which he often oscillated
Round the town.
With his jug he relegated
To his can, the crank rotated,
Raised the hooch, and unabated
Poured it down.

When his void was satiated,
He began to feel elated.
Down the street he percolated
A la mode.
But the car got agitated,
Swerved aside, capitulated,
And our hero oscillated
With the road.

Onward still the two gyrated.
Toward the ditch they gravitated,
Mutually amalgamated,
With the loam.

When our man they extricated,
Both his legs were detruncated,
And his ears were amputated
From his dome.

More, his skin was perforated,
Features badly devasted,
And his nose was terminated
Where it 'gins.

In his cell with window grated
He at last resuscitated.
There he lay and expiated
For his sins;
On his cell wall tesselated
Fixed his eyes and meditated,
Deeply thought, how dissipated
He had been.

For he was incarcerated,
And his car annihilated,
And the cop had confiscated
All his gin.

--Russell Rine, '25.

STILL LIFE OF A NEAR-BEER AT THE TURNING POINT

The appended copy of "Still Life of a Near-Beer at the Turning Point" is frequently confused with a similar piece entitled "Impressions of a Catcher on Pegging to Second." The latter, however, to one who knows, can easily be distinguished from the above by its added feature of a caricature of the catcher's left ear in the southwest corner. The above is after the original, which was recently published in the Dial, but will probably never get there.

The artist signs his name but we suspect he is using a "nom dis guise," and we don't blame him. The subtlety of his work is touching. The comment of the Hoosgow Review that "his display of utter abandon is remarkable," fits the case admirably—no one could hope to more completely abandon every bound of sense. Or, to adopt a phrase of the Dial itself, "he completely sublimates his Horatio Alger complex, pursuing a lively libido" across the canvass. The libido is seen dashing vehemently in the background.

The worried look of the bell-hop in the lower right is hard to account for, but we have faith in the artist. And some authorities disagree on the significance of the central figure with the Wallace Reid eyebrow and Ben Turpin eye. Its charming naivete is undeniable but they can't decide whether it's a bayonetted Boche or Pete Willis at the kick-off. Our personal opinion is that the artist's brush slipped when he started to make a wandering Jew and after that he made the best of it—with questionable success. The original is hanging in the gallery of "J. Q." and the artist ought to be.

THE FLAMINGO

OUR ASINETIC APPRECIATION CORNER

SUCH IS LIFE.

YESTERDAY I was WALKING along a slippery STREET, and a very PRETTY GIRL in front of me, with SILK STOCKINGS, SLIPPED and FELL. I ran to HELP her up, but just then I REMEMBERED that FATHER told me never to PICK UP a girl, so I LET 'ER LIE!

HERE LIES THE BODY OF WILLIAM JAY

Who died maintaining the right of way.

Here lies the body of William Jay
Who died maintaining the right of way.
He was right, dead right, as he sped along.
But he's just as dead as if he'd been wrong.

"Is Granville dry?"
"Why it's so dry that they have to pin the postage stamps to the letters."

Math Instructor (scratching his head)—
"Is this plain?"
Second Row—"No, it's sold."

Fish—"Why the sour look on your face, old dear? Wipe it off."
Hook—"I just took my math exam and Lemon smeared me.

Victim—"Hey, that wasn't the tooth I wanted pulled."
Dentist—"Calm yourself—I'm coming to it."
EUTOPIA REGAINED

In these days of tumultuous upheaval, there has appeared an urgent need for the creation of a college, ideal in its purpose and ideal in its method of procedure. Such a college has but one disadvantage: it would attract such a multitude of students that one locality would be insufficient to harbor them all. However, let us speculate upon its feasibility.

Perhaps the first consideration should be the location. A college on a hill offers certain advantages such as purer atmosphere, more elevated thoughts, higher scholastic standing, and a greater outlook upon the place beneath. Nevertheless, the handicaps which are obvious to such a location are imminent. An over-exercise of the Achille's tendon, the superfluous stimulation of the bronchial lobes, and unnecessary mental strain in attempting the ascent enter into the multitude of short-comings of a college with a mountainous site. A more divine situation would be in the plains of Kentucky where only moons and moonshine were the imminent ills. Instead of the conventional campus,

(Continued on Page 22)

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For Exclusive Styles in
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COATS — SUITS — DRESSES — SKIRTS — SWEATERS
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SILK UNDERWEAR
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are here for every occasion. Handsome sport models in bright shades, in crepe-knit, Velette and all the new weaves. Attractive models in crepe-de-chine show white skirt and colored blouse in bright shades such as green, rose, flame and blue. Ginghams, Linens and the new Country Club Checks are fashioned into many stylish models for summer wear.

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Over Cordon's Restaurant

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Make it a point to see them the next time you are in Newark.

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Remember Mother
On
Mother's Day
Sunday, May 14th
as an appreciation
"Say It with Flowers"
If your mother is in another city we can send flowers by wire.

"Posey" Halbrooks
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THE GRANVILLE TIMES
RAPID SERVICE JOB PRINT

BROADWAY BIZARRE
(Continued from Page 13)

aboard. By that time there weren't but one hull seat left in the car, and she was a-settin' gingerly in the middle o' that, as wary as a detective. Guess he didn't know what he was a-lettin' himself in for, er else he was precious tired,—but anyhow, he stood lookin' perlitely at the seat until fin'lly she jerked over into the inside corner, and he sat down, innocent 'nough beside her. Then the circus begun! She was bandaged up to her eyes already. But she got out two more handkerchiefs, and put one over her face, and t'other under her hat,—besides the one that was already there. Then she pulled out a bottle of these yere germicide smellin' salts, sniffed at 'em long and loud, and just sot P. J. CORDON
The Home Restaurant
Meals at all hours
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THE CLOTHIER

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NEWARK, OHIO

and glanced at him, all the rest of the way in. And jest as we was a-pullin' into Newark, she turns square around, jerks over into her corner further, and sings out so's the hull car can hear her:

'What have I ever done to you?'

"Crazy?—Wal, I s'pose so. But no worse'n we have 'em now, at that, fer Kate Rugg's what I calls her 'loonyal' descendant.—Jest 'bugs on bugs' I guess. Tee-nee!"

"Bugs is right, Sam. Us'eter hang all her drapin's out on the line, twict or thrict a day sometimes, betwixt her house and her neighbors',—to blow the germ out, I s'pose. But oh,—the tarnation row she'd raise if they tried the same stunt on her, once or twict a year at cleanin' time! And flatter herself? Allus thought she was that young.—Persisted in sittin' with the young leddies in church ev'ry Sunday. And curious?—She'd come flappin' along College Street back o' Burton Hall like an old black scarecrow, and beer in the winders,—jest to see how they lived and all,—until the young leddies would scream of fright. Nighttimes, daytimes,—any time the spirit ud move her, she'd do it,—until Miss Barker stopped her.

"I think she must fin'lly a ben eaten up o' curiosity, tho some folks say the pore soul died a-waitin' fer the T. & O. C. train that was to take her to the asylum. Ef that's so, then she must be buried along of all the other onlucky commuters in the Old Colony Cemetery. Hate to think it, tho, fer how'd she ever rest easy fer ponderin' on all them germ's caged in round her?—They say 'twas bein' jilted made her take on so, and I allus held the feller must a ben one o' these yere surgeons, what sterilizes everything about him,—even his love affairs. And she ain't nuver fergot it,—leastways the germ part of it."

Up the street the town clock struck twelve. In the shade of the old elm tree the sextet fell to silence and smoking,—Chesterfields, brier-woods, corncobs,—each to his taste.
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CUT RATES
"Please, ma'am, give a poor blind man a dime."
"Why, you're only blind in one eye!"
"Well, make it a nickel then."

"What is it you call a man who plays the slide trombone?"
"Depends on how rotten he plays."

Professor (to newcomer) — "What's your name?"
Fair One — "Helen Bach."
Professor (musing) — "A much-traveled young woman, no doubt."

"Did you ever hear of 'Airship Poison'?"
"No, what about it?"
"One drop is fatal."

"And now," intoned the preacher, "will thou take this woman to be your lawfully wedded wife?"
"I wilt," said the bridegroom, and did.

OLD SPRING CLOTHES
DRY CLEANED
Make them look like new.
Call 8141; will call for and deliver.
R. F. JOHNSON
South Side of Broadway

PUTTING IT FAIRLY
Little Willie — "Pass me the butter."
Mother (reproachfully) — "If what, Willie?"
Willie — "If you can reach it." — Gargoyle.

"I'll get my hearing soon," said the deaf man as he sat waiting for the judge to appear. — Malteaser.

"I wonder if the girls, when they find holes in their silk stockings, darn them."
"Well, if they're ladies they don't say much more."

Most students celebrate Dad's day once a month. — Sun Dial.

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E. A. SMOOTS, Vice President
E. J. CASE
W. H. KUSSMAUL

C. B. SLACK, Cashier
FRED MILLER

"Oh, shave me thir," called the lisping man to the life guard.
"What d'ye tink I am, Buddy? A barber?"—Gargoyle.

Jones says Einstein doesn't bother him much—it's his wife's relativity he can't understand.—Malteaser.

Co-ed—"Where does Sir Oliver Lodge?"
Bright Student—"The same place where Ouija Boards."—Panther.

THE STUFFED KIND
One of the chief causes of our illness during vacation was too many dates with nuts.—Sun Dial.

Pat—"Phwat was the last card Oi dealt ye, Mike?"
Mike—"A spade."
Pat—"Oi knew it was, Oi saw ye spit on ye hand before ye picked it up."—Student Life

HEARD IN EC. CLASS
Prof—"Name a stable commodity." Farmer Lad—"Hay."—Malteaser.

She—"I'm afraid Dad will find out that we disobeyed him last night." He—"The best way to keep him from finding out is to tell him. He never remembers anything."—Nashville Tennessean.

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The Grocery with Correct Prices

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TRACEY and BELL
Opposite Postoffice Newark, O.

"Did you take her home?"
"No, I only had a second mortgage on it."—Lemon Punch.

"Ah, the opening number," he murmured as he took the combination to the safe from his pocket.—Sun Dial.

TWO IS A CROWD
Bill—"I certainly did wrong when I told my girl that I admired her chin."
Sill—"How's that?"
Bill—"She started raising another one."—Gargoyle.

Prof—"What's Darwin's theory?"
Stew—"Monkey business."—Phoenix.

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