FLAMINGO

COLD CRUEL NUMBER

Price ----- 25¢
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.

THEM LOST-DOG BLUES

You've had 'em;
Those Lost-dog Blues,
When the Trail is all Up Hill,
And Everything goes Wrong,
And Nobody loves you.
And you're too Discouraged
To go out in the Garden and
Eat Worms.

And so you Run Around,
With a Face as Bright
As the Bottom of a Coal Mine
At Midnight,
Feeling like a Lost Dog
That can't find his Home,
Or his Master,
Or the Place where he Buried
His best Bone.

Our Business Manager
Got 'em a While Ago.
He went around as Happy
As a Mexican Hairless
In a Briar Patch.

Somebody had Told him that
Advertising in a College Magazine
Was a Free-for-Nothing Gift.
But he perked Up
And did some Looking Around
In the Wicked City of Sin
To the East of our Fair Town.
And the Butcher, the Baker,
The Candle-stick Maker,
All gave him the Glad Hand
And reported Business Good
And better as the Ads went By.

A Lot of Other Advertisers
Said the Same Thing.
So our B. M.
Came Home to a Rosy World
With a Yard-wide Smile.
When your Business is Punk,
Try an Ad in those Lost-dog Blues!

THEM LOST-DOG BLUES

JUNE, 1922

No. 3

TO YOU DENISON STUDENTS—Your vacation days are upon you and I wish you a pleasant and safe journey to your homes and want you to remember that on your return to school in the fall the OPERA HOUSE will again, as in the past, offer the very best in photoplays. The AUDITORIUM and ALHAMBRA in Newark at all times assure you the best that is possible in amusements. Again wishing you a happy vacation time,

I remain,

Yours for fun,

GEORGE M. FENBERG.
The best

ATHLETIC GOODS

Newark Wall Paper Co.

29 W. Main St. Phone 1338

NEWARK, OHIO

THE FLAMINGO

The gift your friends enjoy

THE FLAMINGO

Portrait and Commercial Photographer
Group, Studio and Home Portraits. Join Photo 1221
Your Portrait

Kuster's Restaurants
and Baking


When In Newark
visit the original

U.S. ARMY
Goods Store

CAMPING
EQUIPMENT

36 S. Second St. Newark

A Gateway to Progress

There it stands—a simple forty-foot
gateway but unlike any other in the en-
tire world. Through it have come many
of the engineering ideas that have made
this an electrical America.

The story of electrical development
begins in the Research Laboratories.
Here the ruling spirit is one of knowledge
—truth—rather than immediate prac-
tical results. In this manner are estab-
lished new theories—tools for future
use—which sooner or later find ready
application.

The great industries that cluster
around Niagara Falls, the electrically
driven battleships, the trolley cars and
electrified railways that carry millions,
the lamps that glow in homes and streets,
the household conveniences that have
relieved women of drudgery, the labor-
saving electrical tools of factories, all
owe their existence, partly at least, to the
co-ordinated efforts of the thousands
who daily stream through this gateway.

General Electric
Company
Schenectady, N.Y.

HEADQUARTERS
GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY
SCHENECTADY, N.Y.

W. P. Ullman and Son
Drugs and Books

U. S. ARMY
Goods Store

CAMPING
EQUIPMENT

36 S. Second St.

Newark

Kuster's Restaurants
and Baking


When In Newark
visit the original

U.S. ARMY
Goods Store

CAMPING
EQUIPMENT

36 S. Second St.

Newark
Arthur Blaisdell was lying on the couch, lazily untying the red ribbon around his diploma. On opening the sheepskin he gave it a furtive glance, and threw it toward the other end of the couch at his feet. He looked disgusted, hopeless—sick.

At the sound of footsteps, he twisted around to see. There was a glassiness in his eyes, passive, lethargic. The once-powerful neck appeared flabby. In fact the athletic figure, admired and cheered at college, was reduced to a lumpy, heavy-weighted prolongation of flesh.

"Fine morning, Arthur," commented his mother, raising the window-shade.

"Fine? Huh!" wearily, then disgustedly.

"Wonder whether it would do you any good to visit the Blaisdell Clothing Store this morning," his mother pursued. "It is exactly two weeks today since your father died. Exactly two weeks—and everything in that establishment is unsettled. The cutters' department leads the rest in talking discontentment. Wages, wages, bigger wages! The complaint department is piling up complaints from regular customers. Your father had been able to stay slackening elements. But today—today, that measly superintendent of his is making a sad mess of the whole thing!"

"Darn the whole thing, then," he said, sot-to-voce.

"But, Arthur—"

"Sell the business. I want my share. I shall go to Palm Beach, and see what I can do with myself. I am miserable enough."

Mrs. Blaisdell did not want to carry the argument any further. Worried and worn, sick herself over the unfortunate turn the business of the deceased had taken, she found, on such occasions, comfort in resignedly accepting the inevitable. She sat on the sofa opposite, looking very much older.

Three weeks ago, Arthur Blaisdell would have said vehemently to his mother, "Absolutely. I shall take up my father's job. The business shall be run on a new basis. Cooperation, happiness, love—all these shall be injected into the life of the employees. The business shall thrive and flourish."

But a small cog in the wheel slipped when Arthur was in college, and that displacement wrought havoc in his mind. It happened one hour before the great football game of the season. Arthur was captain. He had whipped his gang into fighting shape. He was proud of it. Like every footballer, still sensing the waves of cheer of the last game, he keyed every nerve to the winning of this final contest. Then, just before the game, a frail, colorless, little girl sulked "No!" into his ears. He treated it lightly at first, assuring himself there was nothing the matter. Absolutely nothing! He raised his helmet, jammed it back on his head, and laughed. He shook his head—and laughed. No, no—nothing! He started, foolishly, ahead of his gang, and they came up to him and demanded what in thunder was the matter. He waved them back. Stupidly he faced the grand stand which, at this time, was delirious with impulsive, spasmodic cheering. Mockery, a great mockery! Again he turned to his fellows and laughed—more at himself.

The gang sensed, somehow felt, that Arthur's nerve balked at him. They fought under a stroke of paralysis. The day was lost!

Arthur broke an arm. But it was not that...
arm that had made him dissatisfied, scornful, tired of life. The frail, little girl? No! Shame, chiefly for his weakness. How he snapped—Heavens!—snapped like a great lost the day! That stump and made him brood and sour on himself—on me—on myself—to seek The soul of me. I sought myself in the great winds the small flowers at the streamlet's edge And the green sedge. I was not there. I could not find My soul in crowded city marts Nor quiet homes, nor broad highways Nor people's hearts. There is no me—I have no soul— I cannot feel—cannot create— Nor wish, nor care—let me not live Oh ruling Fate. For only Death can bring a peace For me whose life is pale and cold, Who must still breathe and touch and see Without a soul.

(Continued on Page 20.)
THINGS TO SOB OVER

From very involved and submerged computations with all the math at hand we have arrived at the prodigiously terrifying conclusion that there are no less than 6,781 steps on the campus. Just think how many more times you would have to lift your feet were you a centipede!

I worked from morn to night; oceans and oceans of facts went thru my brain. I dug, I sweat, I toiled, I suffered. I hoped to go, see and conquer that math exam. I struggled up the hill, buried in a math book. I dug out fearson equations. I was braver. I even stayed awake in class. Weeks passed and I entered the awful room, fully resolved to conquer that exam, to make it sit up and chirp for mercy.

But it was not given unto me; I looked at the exam and stopped,—

All he said was, "You're excused —.

Gee, I was mad!

HOW TO GET A'S

In Geology—Scratch gravel.
In Surveying—Shoot a line.
In Chemistry—Raise a stink.
In Botany—Pick daisies.
In Astronomy—Look up.
In Math—Divy up.
In R. O. T. C.—Watch your step.
In English—Mind your P's and Q's.
In Gym—Shake a leg.
In Ornithology—Wake up and hear the birdies sing.
In Zoology—Get the inside dope.

"I want to see the latest shades of Brown," remarked Widow Brown as she entered the medium's chamber.

Barber—"Your hair's very thin on top, sir."
Optimist—"Ah! I'm glad of that. I hate fat hair."

Her—"Herbert, I can't find my bathing suit anywhere."
Him—"See if you've got it on."

Irate Guest—"What do you mean, ten dollars for livery?"
"I rate!" Clerk—"The bell-hop said that you had a nightmare last night."

YOUR FACE IS LIKE A POEM.
"HOW THRILLING! WHAT ONE?"
"OH, ONE OF BROWNING'S—THERE ARE SOME HARD LINES ABOUT IT."

GOOFISM

The Bird, realizing that his devotion to the muse of the flowing pen must take a more revolutionary turn if it is to bear fruit, here-with submits some lines which are characteristic of an entirely brand new school of poetry which he earnestly believes will supplant Dadaism in the near future.

Our anthology has been made as comprehensive as possible under the circumstances. It will be seen that an unlimited field is opened to the poet. The simple emotional experiences of the home and fireside—the throbbing virility of life under the stars—the tenseness of deathless passion, all are suitable for expression by the master of Goofism. For convenience in study our selections have been classified as follows:

Poems of Nature and the Great Outdoors

Lyrical Chant: (The poet is seated beneath a towering oak, drinking in the wonders of the landscape and out of a flat bottle. He feels a sudden longing for a smoke and after filling his pipe discovers that he has no matches.)

Damn! Damn!

Hedonistic Sonnet: (Verse depicting the poet to the clanging clamor of the alarm clock which has just waked him for his Ornithology field trip. Time 3:30 A. M.)

Ouchsky!

Elegy: (Upon entering the post office in high hopes of a one cent and being greeted by an empty box.)

Razz! Berry!

Poems of Dramatic Interest

Epic: (A Russian radical upon learning that his wife has been appropriated by the Soviet, that his vodka has been stolen by revenue officers, that his barn has been burnt to make room for a new jail, and that he has been exiled to Siberia for wearing a necktie.)

Ouchsky!

Religious Poems

Dirge: (Lines upon the futility of trying to live up to the honor system and at the same time making enough hours to graduate.)

Gee! Whiz!

Poems of Love and Passion

Platonic Verse: (Lines in greeting from a former lover to one who has promised to be a sister to him. Scene—Denver campus.)

Hello!

Idyll: (A realistic bit of lyric beauty picturing the deposition of a furtive cud of tobacco on the empty sidewalk at the approach of a fair damsel.)

Ker! Plunk!
WATCH YOUR STEP
Just a little graduate
With a waist so slim;
Just a little graduate
With two ankles trim.
Cheeks with paint a-blushin,
Lips red as a rose;
Hair bobbed short in ringlets,
Powder on her nose.
Oh, you little graduate,
Years will pass away.
Those fair cheeks will wrinkle
And those teeth decay.
Then, if still unmarried,
A sad old wreck you'll be.
Better snare a fellow
While you're fair to see.

“I've got a kick coming,” said the tadpole as he gave another nasty wiggle.

Why Girls Leave Home—At 4:00 A.M.

Chapel Ore—“And why is the way of the transgressor so hard?”
Kean Stew—“Because so many people have tramped along it.”

SPARKS FROM HISTORY
King Henry—“So you refuse to be minister to Holland?”
Sir Lance-a-head—“I do.”
K. H.—“Aha! and why?”
S. L. H.—“The royal geographer just told me that it was a low, lying country.”

George—“I've got a bad head this morning.”
Mrs. Gorge—“I'm sorry, dear. I do hope you'll be able to shake it off before dinner.”

I've forgotten the pass word,” muttered the prof as he flunked another victim.
**Aesop's Fables**

That knickers are not a blessing.
Ditto bobbed hair.
That calculus is really hard.
Ditto flappers.
That scheming is really naughty.
Ditto rolling 'em yourself.
That walking dates are really jokes.
Ditto knickers for men.

An unshaven gentleman stopped under the three balls and survey the Ingersoll and the twenty dollars in his hand. "Circumstances alter cases," he muttered as he pocketed the watch.

**CRUEL—"DO YOU THINK TWO CAN LIVE AS CHEAPLY AS ONE?"
HOPEFUL—"YES, DEL, YES! I CERTAINLY DO."
CRUEL—"HOW SAD! AND STILL WOMEN THINK. THEY ARE MENTALLY QUALIFIED FOR THE BALLOT."

The Seniors were all crying. It was the last chance they would have to attend the chapel they all loved so well. As the Goof got up to speak they got out their kerchiefs to a man, or a woman depending largely on whether it was a man or a woman and some minor factors. He said that mixed with the humor of their taking this matter so seriously there ran a minor chord of pathos of their taking themselves so seriously. He said, "You have great work to do. Personally I doubt if you do much of it." Applause.

He then turned his attention to the Alumni, saying, "Gentlemen, if I may call you that, you have a great privilege in being permitted to spend money keeping these sterling young American fatheads busy. Your work is mapped out for you, see that you leave us some money for the protection of the future of this great country of ours, to educate these men who will be the leading citizens, God bless 'em, of the future that posterity may be as well placarded with unsightly sign boards as the wonderful present.

Before shutting up I would like to call your attention to the fact that the old flag still flies, the Republican Party freed the slaves and the other pressing political question upon which we must give an unequivocal answer at the next election although it won't make any noticeable change in the way things go any way.

For instance there ought to be a law compelling bug hunters to sterilize their needles before they stick them through a butterfly which they are pinning to a collection board. The world is simply reeking with such problems for whose solution we can only look to our American college youth whom we have brought up in the way they ought to have been brought. I thank you.
One Precious Reputation

We hear frequently, now, the reputation of the College referred to as if it were a bond or stock issue, whose value fluctuated above or below par, depending upon whether someone is bearing or bulling. Get the idea? And some people seem to think that every time anybody pulls a bone-head play, the University is disgraced forever. Now it looks as if we should have a higher opinion of our reputation than that; it's older by a great many years than most of us who slam it that way. The reputation of the college rests upon no one person's shoulders; no one man can wreck it. On the contrary, it has been built and is sustained by the Alumni and students. While the character of the faculty and administration is considered to some extent, still, the world's opinion of the institution is based finally upon the graduates, because they are the product of that institution. Teaching systems and administrations are temporary, and if the character and ability of the Alumni of Denison is such as to receive the stamp of public approval, Denison's reputation is safe and good. No one of us is going to run down our Alumni; no one of us is going to say that we students are of poorer stuff than former generations, after all we have done in breaking athletic records and raising scholarship standards; without conceit we can strive for and feel confident of winning from the world the same commendation former students are winning. Upon ourselves depends the reputation of the College. Who's diffident enough to worry about the future?

—W. G. M.

Between now and September the Seniors will become Alumni and start writing out checks for Greater Denison and the butcher. That in itself is commendable. For who wouldn't want to become a prosperous Alumni? Then one could work hard for six months or so and save enough to have one's suit pressed and pay the fare to Granville, with enough left to set the boys up and create a general atmosphere of affluence. Then, too, think of the thrill it must give one to come back after a long year or more and hear once again the good old story about the prospects and plans for Greater Denison; to have enthusiastic Freshmen, etc., point out the proposed sites for tunnels, elevators, gymnasiums, and playgrounds for young but ambitious instructors. Say what you will, there are some encouraging prospects to those who make this annual seniorial exodus to do battle in the Cold, Cruel World.

The next Bird will flutter on registration day next September. All contributions must be mailed to the editor at 1721 Holyoke Avenue, East Cleveland, Ohio, by Monday, August twenty-first.
She dropped on the bed with a satisfied smile, and baited attention with a woman's sure guile, "I've heard more gore," then she paused for a breath; then: "What's happened?" "Quick, tell us." "Where?" "Who?" "More rare things! Oh, if only you knew! It's really too good, my dears, to keep, but I promised for sure that I wouldn't cheat." They begged and they pleaded with her to tell and said they would promise to keep it well.

"I'm going uptown, say, Jane would you care if I borrowed your stunning new hat to wear?"

"Why, no, help yourself, but go on with the gore!"

"If you'll not tell a soul"—so she started to pour gossip galore, which they greedily heard, they absorbed every item, lost not a word, no single detail must they, carelessly, forget. It must all be repeated in session most secret to each one's own best friend. "Would be wicked to hold such glorious gore thus forever untold!"

Directions for Beginners

| Brandy. | Beer (real). |
| Burgundy. | Italian Wine. |
| Bordeaux. | Eau de Cognac. |
| Not much work. | Bourbon. |
| Whiskey. | Gin (not cotton). |
| Hardly any work. | "Haig and Haig." |
| Almost no work. | Vin blanc. |
| Less work. | Vine rojo. |
| Scotch. | Rhein wein. |
| Sherry. | Bulgarian xuget. |
| Vodka. | "1:1:1" | "1:1:1" |
| Sanitarium. | Soda-water. |

Working in Cuba

How old is the art of vamping? Back in the dim vista of the Long Ago, our simian progenitors were shaking a mean tail through the tree tops, the female of the species was ogling the male. We have no authority to say that they actually bobbed their curly brown locks or pulled out their eye lashes, but we can rest assured that they cast a wicked look and employed all the tricks of their limited stock. The ape fought for his mate; so does man. The fierce gorilla protected his female with his life and pocketbook; so does homo sapiens (most of him.) Mrs. Chimpanzee probably cost her husband as much in labor to keep up the table as does Mrs. Sapiens. Yes, conditions are much the same as they were then. Yet there are a few changes such as promiscuous fussing, scheming, marriage for social position and moonshine. So maybe after all we should look back to Mesozoic times for our ethical principles. Who knows? —W. A. V.
accompany his mother to the theater. The first part had commenced when they arrived. The hall was dim, hardly illumined by variegated lights—blue, green, and combinations—that filtered through the air on the stage where weird Hawaiian dances were being performed. Mrs. Blaisdell trotted her lumbar- singer toward the middle rows. Either providentially or humanly directed, Arthur Blaisdell sat next to a finely-coiffured, fur-coated girl with an outline form that inspired respect. At the snap of the arc-lights on the stage-front, Arthur turned involuntarily toward the girl. Almost simultaneously, the girl tipped her head his way.

"Oh, Miss Cook!"

"Oh, Arthur!"

Arthur Blaisdell, at that moment was possessed of a conglomeration of feelings. The first and most dominant was the fact that the situation was funny. Not embarrassing—no. Just funny, that was all. He had formally called her, with deference, Miss Cook; she had, in the old-time tone, called him Arthur.

"Football thoughts still dominate you, don’t they, Arthur Blaisdell?"

Exit, funny feeling. Enter, unanalyzable one. Zounds! This girls is somehow different. In a moment he realized it; in a moment more the atmosphere around her had enveloped him with a magnetic pull. Arthur Blaisdell became a devotee to her personality, her power.

Eloise knew that she had made a stroke, and that it had produced its intended effect. Why did she do it? She was warned of his presence; Mrs. Blaisdell of college days began to assert herself. His eyes, "No, I did not pay attention to it."

"I’ll go up tonight to Eloise’s meeting, and get the kernel of this applied psychology business—If there is any. If she has not gone very far beyond her Prof in college, I shall venture to say I can hang on to the threads of her thought."

"Right!" he exclaimed, a light flashing in his eyes. "No, I did not pay attention to it."

Then: "Say, mother, that Eloise girl has changed marvelously—no wishy-washy thing about her. Very intelligent. Master of circumstances. Bubbling with personality. I saw it sticking out on her hair."

Mrs. Blaisdell kept a blissful silence.

That Grand Opera night turned the crank for Arthur Blaisdell. Now that Eloise started him, he became himself a self-starter. At the table one day he announced to his mother:

"I’ll go up tonight to Eloise’s meeting, and get the kernel of this applied psychology business—if there is any. If she has not gone very far beyond her Prof in college, I shall venture to say I can hang on to the threads of her thought."

"Of course, Arthur, you did not pay attention to it."

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Mrs. Blaisdell kept a blissful silence.

One thing, however, gave Eloise fear. Perhaps the question was too strongly put and backed. She remembered how, in college, men fought shy of her and steered clear out of her way because, they said, she was too weighty, too out of the ordinary. And she was afraid that Arthur would swing toward the same flock.

"How did you like the play, Arthur?" his mother asked him when they got home.

"The play? Why what about it?"

"The play!" he repeated, abstractedly.

A little motherly laugh escaped from Mrs. Blaisdell.

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He was among the first to come to the hall. Employees as well as business men were there. He particularly noted the side-glances of his father’s competitors at him. He felt his blood rushing back to life, egging, urging, pushing him to the arena of contest.

Through clenched teeth, he said, “Arthur Blaisdell, Sr., shall live in me!”

After the lecture, Arthur went straight to his father’s musty-smelling library which had enjoyed non-occupancy for quite a long time, lit the gas-light, and stayed there till late in the night. At the breakfast-table, Mrs. Blaisdell could not get anything out of him. Clam-like, he kept an unquestionably tight mouth.

The third night of the meeting, Mrs. Blaisdell was somewhat alarmed. He had not spoken much. During meals, he kept on oppressive silence, grimly absorbed in some

(Concluded on Page 23.)
VISIONS OF COLOR

Correctly describe the new summer dresses.
Filmy organdies—sheer Swisses and voiles—designed in models suitable for various occasions. Plain color linens and ratines as well as the new crepe weaves are modelled into attractive sport models, while many pretty checks and plaids are shown in pretty gingham dresses.

The W. H. Mazey Company
Newark, Ohio

Stude—"Have you any Ben Turpin potatoes?"
Botany Prof—"Ben Turpin potatoes, what are they?"
Stude—"Burbank's latest, he got them by crossing their eyes."—San Dodger.

He—"Dearest, I have you in mind always."
She—"Don't—you make me feel small."—Malteser.

Many a joke that comes to a suffering editor is too good to be new.—Life.

GIFTS
Our line of gifts was never more complete. Do not overlook them for commencement gifts.

GEO. STUART
Jeweler and Optician
GRANVILLE, OHIO

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

Vacation Needs!

WHITE FLANNEL TROUSERS
SHEPHERD CHECK TROUSERS
Worn with a Blue Coat they present a very attractive appearance.
Silk, Madras, Jersey Shirts—beautiful colorings as well as plain whites.
Straw Hats—Travelo and Tom Wye Coats
BATHING SUITS
Trunks—Suit Cases—Bags
Roe Emerson
Cor. Third and Main Newark

Spring Time is New Shoe Time
Have you seen the New Styles in SPORT SHOES?
Make it a point to see them the next time you are in Newark.

See Them in Our Window.
Manning & Woodwards Walk-Over Shoe Store
West Side Square Newark, Ohio
THE FLAMINGO

Have You the "Keys to Tomorrow"

Have you the satisfaction of knowing that you are saving some money?

Then in your SAVINGS ACCOUNT you have the "keys to tomorrow," for as the late J. J. Hill often said, "Can you SAVE? Then you can succeed!"

Why not open a savings account in THE OLD HOME of Newark?

The Home Building Association Co.
North Third and West Main Sts.
Newark, Ohio

F. H. Buxton
JEWELER
Elgin and Swiss Wrist Watches
Lowest Prices in the County

WE TRUST MARSHALL JOE WILL HAVE A PROFITABLE SUMMER.

White Flannel Trousers

A complete stock to choose your trousers from, to be worn with a blue coat for the Commencement Dance and other important occasions. They're very reasonably priced, too.

$7.00, $8.50, $10.00

The Cornell
29 So. Park
Newark

THE SLAMBACK

The Comedian—"Hey, you, my dressing room is hot enough to fry eggs."
The Stagehand—"Don't worry; it isn't hot enough to cook ham."
—Youngstown Telegram.

"Tis better to keep silent and be thought a fool, than to speak and remove all doubt."
—Humphrey.

Aye—"Two heads are better than one."
Gotcha—"Not when he's matchin' you."
—Scalper.

Bellhop—"Coal checked, sir?"
Stude—"No, grey herringbone."
—Record.

The A. L. Norton Co.
29 West Church—NEWARK, OHIO—26 Arcade
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
Sporting Goods, Fine Stationery, Books and Office Supplies

Ask your grocer for
GOOD HEALTH or BUTTER KRUST BREAD
and you will be pleased.
Made by
Weiant & Crawmer
Newark
Durable Dependable


PLAY THE BURKE 30

The Burke 30 Ball is built for rugged, battering use. It is lively, easy to control and shows perfect balance in flight. It may be marked in many places, but it won't be deeply scarred anywhere. Extra use is built into it—from its solid rubber core to its durable paint.

Ask for it at the Leading Pro and Dealer Shops

Newark, Ohio

The Burke Golf Co.

Burke Golf Clubs Bags Balls

A Neighborly Bank

This bank has won the esteem of Newark people as a friendly, human sort of bank, always efficient, and always ready in its intelligent co-operation.

We want more of these good neighbors from Licking County. Ask us how we can serve you. We know you will be interested.

The Newark Trust Company

4% INTEREST PAID ON SAVINGS 4%

Newark, Ohio

JOB PRINTING

Carefully Planned and Expertly Done

We cordially invite you to visit the best equipped print shop in Central Ohio and assure yourself that our equipment is a guarantee to you of the service and quality you demand.

The Granville Times

RAPID SERVICE JOB PRINT

First Englishman—“Charley, did you hear that joke about the Egyptian guide who showed some tourists two skulls of Cleopatra—one as a girl and one as a woman?”

Second Ditto—“No, let’s hear it.”—Gargoyle.

We never knew why they called it “free verse” until we tried to collect on some.—Malteaser.

He—“Her brow is lily white.”

She—“Yes, ivory should be white.”—Awgwan.

Love is blind. This accounts for the spectacles young lovers make of themselves.—Goblin.

P. J. Cordon

The Home Restaurant

Meals at all hours

Phone 8620

The Wyant Garage

EXPERT MECHANICS

OIL, GAS, ACCESSORIES
MILLER TIRES
STORAGE

Taxi Service—Day or Night

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Granville, Ohio

Hermann’s Clothes

FOR YOUNG MEN

THEY CARRY OFF THE HONORS!!

These suits have made the grade because they passed the hardest examination ever given clothes. Full of snap, swing and style, they are made specifically for the young men who demand style, good tailoring and fine woolens at a price which isn’t painful.

$20 to $45

Take Your Choice

Clarence (to the waiter as he entered)—

“Let me know when it is eleven-thirty.”

Lucy (sweetly)—“The time or the check?”—Sun Dial.

“They tell me your cook only broke one dish yesterday.”

“Yes; that’s right.”

“How did it happen?”

“It was the last one.”—Drexerd.

HARD TIMES

Boarder—“My landlady is going to raise my rent.”

Bored—“Well, that’s more than you have ever been able to do.”—Privol.

He—“I spent a lot of money at Kelley pool this winter.”

She—“Did you like it as well as Hot Springs?”—Purple Cow.

Johnson’s Barber Shop

Next to Ullman’s Drug Store

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

Dr. Heck

Dentist

Over Corden’s Restaurant

Benny Says:

Well—I’m married now. Been married two months. Yes—the girl from Rochester. The first thing I found out was that my wife didn’t want matrimony half as bad as she wanted alimony.

She’s still as bright as she used to be—that is—she’s as bright. I don’t know that you could ever call her still. They say there is a bright and dark side of every question. Well—in this question, I’m the dark side. Extravagant? Never satisfied with anything. Once she said to me, “See here—I want my own automobile and I want it BAD.” So I got the nearest to it and bought her a Ford.

I take her to the theater quite a bit. We used to sit in the first row back of the orchestra, but she thought I was seeing too much of the chorus girls, so we moved higher up into a box. Then she’s always complaining about how small it is. I tell her she’s going to spend a good part of her life in a smaller box than that. She might as well get used to it.

That sets her off. “You used to say you loved me so much it almost killed you. (If it only had!)” If you keep on this way I won’t last the rest of the week.” (Gee! If I can only keep it up.)
H. E. Lamson

HARDWARE

For

HARDWEAR

"The Hardware Store on the Corner"

Goldsmith's Athletic Goods

Phone 8214

Granville, Ohio

TRY THIS ON YOUR PIANO

Rhapsody Granville-and

The class of '22 was holding its 20th re-

union banquet in the sumptuous dining room

of "Ye Buxton Inn." The tables had been

cleared and, pushing back their chairs, the

illustrious class glanced expectantly through

the haze of after-dinner smoke toward the

toast-master. (Do not misunderstand us—

the haze of after-dinner smoke toward the j

reminiscently their Ullman brand cubes.)

He rose; glanced affectionately around the

group, toying absently with an embarrassed

A blank look spread over the features of all

until someone caught the idea, and started it

off. In a moment the room was filled with

the familiar strains of "To Denison we razor

song." Falling in promptly with the game,

a grizzled old pentuckian rose and suggested

that, as a retired bootlegger, he longed to

"Falling in promptly with the game,

ticket at the Union banquet in the sumptuous dining room

"Tell me why I ain't nobody's darling, I'm

"My work among colored people," he ex-

announced missionary to the Po-po Islands. Al

of the evening was called upon; a world-re-

and regret, followed by pleas for this or that

century lead off with "Fondly my memory clings

"To Denison we razor

saying our 'Razor

our Denison sing!"

"Arthur? What's his last name?"

"They say that Arthur's graduated with

many degrees."

"Arthur? What's his last name?"

"Oh, you know, our thermometer."  

"All women are alike in one respect."

"What's that?"

"They all think they're so different."

An explorer reports finding a two faced

girl in Africa. Some people have the idea he

wasted a lot of time going to Africa.

CENTENARY

Methodist Episcopal Church

Granville

Sunday Services: Morning 10:00, Evening 7:00.  Epworth League 6:00.

Mid-week Service: Thursday 7:00 P. M.

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is becoming increasingly essential to the
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We have here for your selection combined a maximum of comfort with perfection in tailoring.

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Nainsook

the coolest of summer underwear weaves. The combination of this cool fabric with the sensible construction of our Athletic models makes ideal suits for the active summer man to wear.

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Let us show you the right kind at $1.00. All other weaves and models from $1.00 to $7.50 per suit.