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Welcome, Denison Students!

Come in and get acquainted with us. You'll find a complete line of dry goods of all kinds ready for your inspection.

You'll Want to See the New Fall Styles of
BETTY WALES DRESSES
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The new fall styles are all on display and in addition to the above lines will be found many other stylish models in coats, suits, dresses and furs.

FOR FURNISHING BEDROOMS

an assortment of popular priced rugs and draperies of all kinds, including curtain materials, cretonnes and tapestries suitable for cushion tops, box covers, and overdraperies.

The W. H. Mazey Company

THE CREED OF A FROSH

When ice cream grows on cherry trees, And Sahara's sands grow muddy, When cats and dogs wear B. V. D.'s, That's when I like to study.—Octopus.

THE COLLEGE CREED

That the college is the home of refinement. That the college is the home of the sly joke. That everyone always flunks, or at least gets a low grade. That exams are always frightful. That a freshman's life is that of a bow-wow. That brilliancy and quirkiness are inherently identical. That "Where d'ya get it?" is the national slogan. That no matter how much cash a college gets, it's always for "future" use. That compulsory chapel promotes faith. That college board never satisfies. That Chesterfields do. That the team had a successful season. That honor systems can work. That honor systems don't work. That necking is universally practiced. That too-efficient "supervision" of activities is proper. That college students are not grown up in any sense. That our crack runner should have been in the Olympic games. That bridge is the national game. That Phi Bets are bound to fail in life. That Phi Bets are bound to succeed in life. That a moustache makes a man look distinguished, but that it tickles when one touches it. That college comic sheets are really funny.—W. M. P.

SHE'S GOT THE CLOTHES, THIS FROSH SO FINE, AND HEAVEN KNOWS SHE'S GOT THE "LINE."

SHE'S TEETH OF PEARL THAT OFTEN SHOW, HER HAIR WOULD CURL IF IT COULD GROW.

WITH ME SHE'S "IT," GETS BY IMMENSE— BUT I MUST ADMIT SHE'S GOT NO SENSE.
The shadows were already lengthening on the historic lawns when we left the Yard and headed for the Stadium. As we crossed the Anderson Bridge we paused to watch a racing shell which was nearing the boathouse on our left. The rhythmic "hip-hip" of the coxswain and the measured plash of the oars carried clearly on the calm September air.

I had come, all too soon, to the end of a delightful week, spent as the guest of my buddy, Alden, with whom I had served in the Yankee Division. We had taken in Bunker Hill, the Old North Church, Concord and Lexington and all the rest — including Revere Beach and Norumbega Park; but he had saved the visit to his beloved Alma Mater for the last.

The crew was lifting the shell onto the landing when a noisy gang of students appeared from nowhere at the water’s edge, dragging a squirming, protesting victim whose green button and obvious fright plainly proclaimed his yearling rank. We heard an hilarious “One-two-three!” a pair of sprawling arms and legs described an awkward arc; then a loud splash broke the placid surface of the Charles.

Alden smiled tolerantly.

“Only a freshman, being introduced to Charles Davy Jones,” he explained. “They are all thus honored sometime during the month.”

He grew thoughtful for a moment, and then spoke quite abruptly.

“Freshmen aren’t the only ones who can claim that distinction, however; and those who came to know ‘Davy’ most intimately had left their freshman days far behind.”

He laughed a queer little laugh that made me feel instinctively that the ‘joke’ was not as humorous as it might have been. But with a shrug of his broad shoulders he evidently dismissed the subject from his mind, and turned the conversation to the Stadium, which now loomed up big in the right foreground.

I heard no more if it until we were back again in his cozy suburban home in Newton, that evening. Dinner over, we had adjourned to the living room to smoke and gossip. Toward bedtime the conversation had begun to lag. Finally, after Alden had been gazing silently into the fire for several minutes, seemingly lost in reverie, I mustered up courage enough to refer to his remark at the bridge.

“Do you know,” said he, “I was just about to tell you that yarn when you spoke. As long as I live I’ll never forget what happened near that bridge just six years ago this very day. I had been out tackling the dummy and falling on the ball in Freshman practice that afternoon; and when the squad was dismissed I lingered behind, talking with another freshman who used to come down to watch practice.

“Esmond Priest was his name. He had been a classmate and chum of mine in prep school, and we were rooming across the corridor from each other. Priest always was a queer sort of a duck, a very rare combination of incurable bookworm and rabid sportfan. He was addicted to having what he termed ‘hunches’; premonitions upon whose dependability he would stake his very reputation. The rest of us had scant use for them, and in time he had learned to keep most of them to himself.

“As we left the grounds we saw, coming from the direction of the Square, perhaps a dozen fellows, carrying two unwilling captives who, although bound hand and foot,
waste my time searching the State for them, to say nothing of scouring the whole country.' "Yes you would," I retorted, 'for if you were they you would employ some common sense, instead of wasting your time fooling over these absurd hunches.'

"But he was right, in a way. The morning papers announced the bodies of the missing men, bound hand and foot, had been found in the river near the Esplanade, in the vicinity of the Church of the Advent. I tried to twit Priest, but he wasn't phased in the least.

"I guess they were in the city, weren't they?" he insisted. "Just see if I don't get another hunch, even better, before long.

"Sure enough, no later than seven o'clock that evening, he burst into my room, out of breath, and exclaimed, 'I have it.'

"I glanced up from my Horace. 'Have what?' he insisted. 'Just see if I don't get you to-night.' Another hunch; a big one. Listen: thoseFreshmen that were thrown in the river that evening, he burst into my room, out of breath, and exclaimed, 'I have it.'

"I glanced up from my Horace. 'Have what?' he insisted. 'Just see if I don't get you to-night.' Another hunch; a big one. Listen: those Freshmen that were thrown in the river that evening, he burst into my room, out of breath, and exclaimed, 'I have it.'

"I laughed in his face.

"I suppose it never occurred to you that we saw those fellows returning, soaked thru, did it?"

"My sarcasm was intended to be withering, but he was unperturbed."

"That's easy; they just had two of their own number soused themselves and take the places of the men they left in the river."

"Oh, they did, eh; and who might these murderous students be?"

"Again the reply was instantaneous. 'I don't believe they were students at all. In a University of several thousand their subterfuge would never be suspected.'

"Marvelous!" I scoffed. 'But who, then, were these that this time, this will prove no ordinary disappearance story."

"What makes you think so? I demanded."

"My reply was to be a by-word for the next few weeks."

"Oh, I have a hunch."

"In the morning came the additional sensations of the strange disappearance of Jeremiah Fisher, a wholesale jeweler on Bromfield Street. The two men seemed to have vanished at the same time. Both of them were fairly well-to-do, and quite young. Neither had any enemies, as far as could be ascertained."

"His reply was, 'I have a hunch those two guys are right here in the city somewhere. If I were the police I wouldn't..."
ADDRESS TO AN IDLE DREAM

Awake, thou drowsy idler! Be gone, thou untamed Dream,
Thou fashioner of valorous deeds (as thou wouldn't have them seem.)
'Tis not for thee to mold man's life at thy foolishly whim:
Naught but stern thoughts and well-layered plans begin to perfect him.

Thou unrelenting mother of a life of indolence,
For thoughts inveigled to thy self, canst thou give recompense?
Because of thine enticing mien, all due to thy fineness,
Unumbered anxious lives await what thou hast termed "Success."

O Field of Promise to mankind, wherein is thine attraction?
What sound assurance canst thou give of human satisfaction?
In thy rich soil, so promising to oft misguided youth,
What dost thou yield? Rank weeds of Faithlessness; no plant of Truth!

And now, get hence, thou parasite on untrained idle minds!
Too much it is that thou deceive all whom thy toil binds—
The cold realities of life confront each man with labor;
No time, nor mood, has he for thee, or thy presuming favor.

Apology

But hold! What man can keep such dreams from entering his mind?
If he should guard himself at front, they'd creep in from behind.
But, as the hopeful mirage fades, and drops its false appearance,
Regard the Truths of things that be—to them give close adherence.

Finis.

SONNET IN SLANG

Down to the beach I met one classy kid,
Her shape was sure the bee's knees, and her face—
She'd pass for Norma Talmadge any place.
Did I get envy? Boy, I'll say I did.
The middle name of that Mack Sennett queen Was "Cafeteria," or, "help yourself."
'Till I went broke there—and then, for me the shelf.
She wasn't so much, if you get what I mean.
There's lots I know that's got her beat a mile
For glad-rags and for jazzin'. I'd have beat Her anyways. Of course she ain't so bad At that; I'll tell the world she's got a smile
That is a winner. What gives me a fit Is that she left me flat—to vamp MY DAD.

"I think I'll take a dip," coolly remarked the cop as he heaved the pick-pocket.

Theodore—"And I still maintain that
clothes do not make any difference in a man."
Teddy—"Well just try walking down the street without any."

"Power to you," said the warden to the occupant of the electric chair as he turned on the switch.

HELPFUL HINTS FOR FOGGY FRESHMEN

1. "General Jam" is not the commander of the R. O. T. C.
2. The seal of the university is not kept in an aquarium.
3. Eoka Mo Pi is not a Greek fraternity.
4. "Necking" is not a new scarf material.
5. The trustees do not hold their spring board meeting at the swimming pool.
6. The Commons Club is not an eating house.
7. The Student Volunteer Band is not a musical organization.
8. The "shifters" are not the Masquers' stage-hands.
9. The "shifters" are not the Masquers' stage-hands.
10. The "shifters" are not the Masquers' stage-hands.

"CAN YOU FIGHT?"
"NOT WITH A WOMAN."
"COME ON THEN YOU PIE-FACE!"
ITALIAN noodle-vender, who, according to leg¬
trembling glassy, high-C, presents an artistic
41144
OU avez vous appris cette chapeau?

The garlic tempo in the first spasm reiterates
and rereiterates the passionate ardor of the
hearing this record.

Hot Scatts—Fox Trot
Name It and You Can Have It—
Giraffe Neck-stretch
The Dippy Dozen.

"Hot Scatts" is a Fox Trot a lot of us who
live next-door to fraternity houses have been
looking for with dread. "The final word in
dance music," is what its builder proclaims
at the man who beats your rugs.

We suggest a motto with which to placard
"I'll Eat Ham On Any Day But Friday
Rebecca O'Flanigan
Miss O'Flanigan, champion light-weight
neck of this hemisphere, has at last joined
the ranks of Vitriola artists. We wanted
it further, lest second-class privileges be
withdrawn.

The Vitriola Company takes especial pride
in announcing the recent adiction of Prof.
Nassau Lamps to its staff. His superb count-
ing from one to 18 (inclusive) on the three
records of his famous series "Twelve Rolls
for the Obese," or "The Baker Outwitted,"
marks a new era in recording technique.

Of course the workman should have his
beer—that is, root beer anyhow. Doesn't
the Scripture tell us that the laborer is
worthy of his Hire's?

Of course the workman should have his
beer—that is, root beer anyhow. Doesn't
the Scripture tell us that the laborer is
worthy of his Hire's?

I hear the watch-makers called off their
meeting to-day. "Rain, or darkness?"
"Last the minutes of the last meeting, and
couldn't get a second to any motions."

BASIC PLOT FOR SOCIETY DRAMA
Act I—Their eyes meet.
Act II—Their lips meet.
Act III—Their souls meet.
Act IV—Their lawyers meet.
Et Al—Imony

Belle—"Didn't you used to say that Heav-
en must be like Dayton?"
Adona—"Oh, I used to, but Dayton has im-
proved a hell of a lot lately."
"To the breach—!" was the cry when some Harold assaulted some Percival's homestead shack in days gone by. Let us make it now, "To the breeches — and padded jerseys!" We've a reputation to defend, and a blot or two to swab out e'er snow flies. May it be a healthy swab.

Speaking of swabbing. The Bird understands that some of our doughty warriors have first-hand experience from manicuring decks. That'll help.

And trust Livy for the rest. One of the beauties of our athletic Ship of State is that we never have to worry about the man at the helm. That's what makes the Activities Fee the surest buy, next to chapel seats, on the treasurer's bill of fare. It's always a good money's worth.

Incidentally, every man, woman, and child in the University is expected to contribute 100% interest on the $2.50 investment.

The Bird wishes to announce the appointment of Forrest Loveless, '25, to the office of Business Manager, which was vacated by the migration of Ralph P. Garrison to the foreign fields of O. S. U. Also the appointment of Charles Fundaberg to the Advertising Staff.
HERE YURE
MEET EVERY
GIRL IN THE
UNIVERSITY!

CAN YOU TELL
ME, WHERE'S
STONE HALL?

MA-GOSH!
'MAIN GON' TO SCHOOL AT
7:30 IN THE
MORNING!

THAT SOUNDS
GOOD

LO! MABEL!

LET'S STICK
AROUND. MAYBE WE'RE NEXT.

MILDA
HULA!

WHAT THA!

FRESHMEN RECLAMING THE HANDS.

WELL! WELL!
BACK FOR A
GOOD YEAR OF
STUDY I
SUPPOSE!

WE HAD ALMOST
THIS BIRD!

OUR ADVICE TO FRESHMEN - LOCATE A
HANDLE AND WORK OUT ON IT DAILY
IN ORDER TO BE IN THE PINK OF
CONDITION FOR THE SHEPARDSON RECEPTION.
"I HAVE BAD NEWS FOR YOU, CLARENCE."
"SO?"
"YES. I VISITED A FORTUNE TELLER'S THIS AFTERNOON, AND SHE TOLD ME THAT I AM GOING TO MARRY A HANDSOME MAN."

THE CAREER OF A GOOD JOKE
1. Published in the Flamingo.
2. Read by 800 members of the student body (estimated.)
3. Passes register on them.
4. Quoted in 10 exchanges.
5. Remodeled and run as original in 13 exchanges.
6. Published under risque drawing by the Texarkana Gooseberry (see 5.)
7. Denison student receives copy of Texarkana Gooseberry from sister's fourth beau three generations removed.
8. Reads joke a la illustration.
9. Laughs.
10. Tells frat brethren.
11. They laugh.
12. Editor asked why Flamingo can't run stuff like that.
13. Member of student body contributes it as original and wonders why it isn't published.

GENTLE HINTS ON CURRICULUM
Synopsis of Popular Courses
GYM 1—Enrolls a large number of new students every year. An unflagging drawing card. Must be popular. If it isn't, it might as well be.

ENGLISH 1—A mixture of inartistic themes with artistic advice on highbrow composition by an instructor of alleged literary tendencies.

ETHICS—Popularly known as the "Of" course, name being derived from the universal reply of Juniors as to whether they are taking it.

PHYSICS—A constant struggle to crowd in class periods against the call of golf. Calculus required, but never used.

CALCULUS 4b—Phi Beta Kappa candidates beware. Also those who like their morning siesta. 7:30 A.M. every day and all night every night.

SPANISH 1—The wittiest course in the college. Includes translated fairy stories of Greater Denison, flunks, tales of Spanish dancers, castles in Spain and the air. One large bull-fight. Open to all. Graduates with degree of "athlete."—W. M. P.

Salesmen to right of me,
Salesmen to left of me,
Voilled, assaulted, and thundered.
—And, oh, what a charge they made.

MAY—"WOULD YOU WEAR A RENTED BATHING SUIT?"
JUNE—"IT DEPENDS WHERE THE RENT WAS."

FAMOUS GREENS

River
Darius—Mountains
Paris—Buttons
Hetty—Spinach

TIE—"HOW CAN I THICKEN MY HAIR?"
CURLS—"TRY MOLASSES AND FLOUR."

'TWAS EVER THUS!
A Freshman came to Denison,
Sing "Where's My Wandering Boy Tonight?"
With an old felt hat and red tie on,
Sing "Where's My Wandering Boy Tonight?"

Fare thee well, fare thee well,
Fare thee well my little lad,
For he's off to Licking County,
Where they have a special bounty
On all good students gone bad.

He said he'd come to study Math,
Sing "How'd He Ever Get that Way?"
And other things that the college hath,
Sing "How'd He Ever Get that Way?"

Fare thee well, fare thee well,
Fare thee well my little lamb,
For he thought he'd go to college
And absorb a lot of knowledge
With a head that's mostly made of ham.

He boned hard, but didn't get much;
Let's all sing "I Want to Go Home."
When finals came he was in Dutch,
Let's all sing "I want to Go Home."

Fare thee well, fare thee well,
Fare thee well, my little Frosh,
Although the folks may think he's dumb,
Outside of class he travelled some,
For he got A in fussin', b'gosh!
(Concluded from Page 8.)

whoever wrote the notes wanted to meet with his gang of cut-throats at the gate to the Yard from Harvard Square; and the time corresponds perfectly with the episode which we witnessed.

"It certainly was uncanny, but I was far from convinced.

"But how about the 14 9S?" I continued. "And what is there about such a note that it should have brought them? And don't the initials prove that each one wrote to the other?"

"On the contrary," he argued, answering my last query first, "it is much more plausible that a third person intended them to think so, than that both should have dispatched such queer messages to the other on the same day. The 14 9S will prove to be the key to the whole affair."

"The key, however, remained undeciphered, and no further bunch came to enlighten Priest for a week. One warm evening while we were visiting together by the open window, some students came down Massachusetts Avenue singing college songs. As they swung for the sixth time into the chorus of 'Solomon Levi,' Priest jumped to his feet, and began to execute (the verb is well chosen) a clog dance; shouting the while, 'Hooray! that's it; that's it!'

"What's what?" I asked. "By way of answer he began a solo, starting with 'Oh, my name is Solomon Levi...' and concluding with a discorncrying emphatic fortissimo on the words 'at a hundred and forty-nine!'"

"A hundred and forty-nine what?" he proceeded to ask, merely for rhetorical effect, as he immediately answered, 'Why, 149 Salem Street, of course. And Salem begins with an 'S.' Here is the significance of the puzzling 149S; see? It's the Mystery of the Murderous Miscreant again!"

"I saw the coincidence, but more to reassure myself than anything else, I told him loudly that out of nothing more than that, he was obstinate."

"Mark my word," he declared, 'when the criminal is found, he will be a Harvard graduate, just as his victims were, and he will be one of a group of at least three members, which derived its symbol from the famous college song."

"It sounded more and more convincing as he outlined it, but when, after he left, I reviewed it at leisure, it all seemed so unthinkably improbable that I could only marvel at my friend's ingenious imagination."

"In December of the same year, Jim Horrocks was arrested for conspiring with the 'Chief,' the head of a notorious New York 'gang,' to perpetuate a huge theft from the National Bank of Industry. He shot and killed a man in his efforts to escape capture, and after he had received his death sentence he wrote a long confession implicating himself as well as several prominent New Yorkers in many of the sensational crimes of which the gang had been guilty in the last couple of years. A part of his engrossing document is very carefully treasured by Esmond Priest. It reads like this:

--The only murders I ever planned were pulled off in Cambridge last September. Fisher, Murdock and I attended Harvard together. We somehow got to gambling and drinking, and went rapidly from bad to worse. Before long we mixed into scrapes which would have meant our expulsion, had we been found out. As we were equally involved, we formed a sort of 'triumvirate'; swore never to betray one another, and held our secret meetings and carnivals. We took our sign from an old college song, 'Solomon Levi,' and called ourselves the 'Levites.' To make a long story short, the other boys were more cunning than I, and kept me from 'getting' anything criminal on them, but one day they discovered that I had stolen money to pay a gambling debt. I had snatched a wallet from a bank messenger who was cutting through an alley, and had made a big haul. The d--n sneak double-crossed me, sent me to the pen, and took the jack, whose hiding place they had accidentally discovered. The Chief and I made our escape together two years later. I resolved to get my betters, but waited to evolve a scheme which I was satisfied the police would never fathom. The Chief offered to place all his men and resources at my disposal. So when I was ready, I dispatched the two notes, and stationed ten helpers at the gate, hoping my quarry would be curious enough to come. They came, and I had my revenge. No one paid any attention to the supposed students who crowded closely around their captive 'Freshmen' to keep any outsider from seeing the details. It was done right in the middle of the hazing season, and folks saw nothing extraordinary in two struggling forms being rushed to the river by whom I had provided with typical college garb. The leader simply had the rascals conducted to the river, told them why they were being killed, and threw them, bound tightly, into the water. So painstaking were my plans that I even had two of my own men return wet, to allay any possible misgivings. It is difficult, but for one too-clever student, the police would not have had even a clue. They perished, fortunately for me, to listen to him. My paid spies told me of a lad who had worked out my whole system, and advised the authorities of the right trail to follow, but I had made my plans to look so ridiculous that they merely laughed at the boy. I should like to inform him of the one flaw in his deductions. He advised the police to search for a Harvard graduate, but we were only Sophomores when they 'sent me up,' and so I never took my degree. Outside of that, the kid had it perfectly; I confess I can't imagine how he did it."

Alden paused to empty his pipe, which had long since gone out.

"I used to say," he concluded, "that with Esmond and Horrocks we had both Priest and Levi, but that if a Good Samaritan had shown up there would have been no story."

The End.
J. E. Thompson

Hardware, Furniture and Spalding

Athletic Goods

Granville, Ohio

HEADQUARTERS FOR
RADIO AND
EQUIPMENT

In the practical sense of
the word this is a head-
quarters because the am-
teer and expert radio
telephone can buy all of
his supplies here at rea-
sonable prices.

"An Investment in Satisfaction."

NEWARK RADIO LABORATORIES

30 N. Park Place
Newark, Ohio

Swift—"Morris certainly is ignorant. Un-
til recently, he thought that the Sherman
Act was Marching Through Georgia."

Cudahy—"Why my friend Armour thinks
that the Mann act is a vaudeville team."

Jack—"Phyllis sure has good taste."
Mack—"Yeh, she uses a vanilla lip-stick."

Hymn No. 1—"What kind of a girl is
Anne?"
Hymn No. 2—"When she blushes, you have
to take her word for it."

Like Dainty Perfumes?

Everybody likes dainty perfumes. The
daintiest in the world is sold right here.
That's not our fault, but the fault of
our public which has always demanded
the best. We have the daintiest of im-
ported and domestic products, simple
odors or bouquets; small packages or
large, or even sold in bulk.

Toilet Water Dainties

Toilet waters supply all the dainty odor of heavy per-
fumes, but yet are more economical to use and they do not
contain alcohol enough to roughen or make the skin smart.
Imported and domestic brands in the most elusive odors,
most perfect creations made. Many size bottles.

Evans Drug Store

East Side Square Newark, Ohio

Her's was a sad Lot after she had been
turned into a pillar of salt.

"I hear that the Jewish golf players don't
call Fore' before a shot anymore."
"Why not?"
"They've made it '3.98.'"

Ollie—"Do you know that girl that won the
swimming race?"
Voille—"Sure, I have a date with her to-
morrow to teach her how to swim."

Denisonian--

We Welcome You!

Our new Autumn footwear is
now ready for your inspection.

CHAS. O. EAGLE & SON
Newark, Ohio

S. E. Morrow & Son

Dry Goods and Notions
Men's Furnishings Ladies' Furnishings Laundry Cases Trunks—Bags—Suit Cases
Granville, Ohio

Ask your grocer for
Good Health or Butter Krust Bread
and you will be pleased
Made by
Weiant & Crawmer Newark

M. C. HORTON

The Arcade Jeweler
3 Arcade Newark, Ohio

Freshmen!

Ask your upper classmen where
to get real young men's clothing
and haberdashery. The answer
invariably will be

The Cornell

29 So. Side Square Newark, Ohio

Like Dainty Perfumes?

Everybody likes dainty perfumes. The
daintiest in the world is sold right here.
That's not our fault, but the fault of
our public which has always demanded
the best. We have the daintiest of im-
ported and domestic products, simple
odors or bouquets; small packages or
large, or even sold in bulk.

Toilet Water Dainties

Toilet waters supply all the dainty odor of heavy per-
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Men's Furnishings Ladies' Furnishings Laundry Cases Trunks—Bags—Suit Cases
Granville, Ohio

Ask your grocer for
Good Health or Butter Krust Bread
and you will be pleased
Made by
Weiant & Crawmer Newark

M. C. HORTON

The Arcade Jeweler
3 Arcade Newark, Ohio

Freshmen!

Ask your upper classmen where
to get real young men's clothing
and haberdashery. The answer
invariably will be

The Cornell

29 So. Side Square Newark, Ohio
Our very best wishes to

"DENISON UNIVERSITY"

We hope you will all have a happy and successful school year

The Home Building Association Co.

Corner Third and Main Streets
Newark, Ohio

Can—"I think the long skirts are so grace-ful."
Did—"Yes, I'm knock-kneed too."
—Purple Cow.

HEARD AFTER VACATION
"25—"I'm sorry I had to cut, Professor, but I was detained by very important business."
Prof.—"So you wanted two more days of grace?"
"25—No, sir; of Louise."—Purple Parrot.

THE COST OF CUSTOM
Senior—"This cold weather chills me to the bone."
Soph—"You should wear a hat."—Octopus.

"Yes, he is a prominent man in college."
"What's his official capacity?"
"Oh, several quarts."—Purple Cow.

ALL THAT GLITTERS—
Hungry Hal—"Say, Boss, this four bits is bogus."
Kind Old Gentleman—"Oh, pardon me. I'll give you a better half."
H. H.—"No you don't; I'm what I am because of one of them."—Chaparral.

"Say, I'd like to try on that dress in the window."
"Sorry, lady, but you'll have to use the dressing room."—Jack-O-Lantern.

Prof.—"Aren't you Mr. Smith?"
Stude—"No, sir, I'm Mr. Smith's twin brother."
Prof—"Ah, I see, what name please?"
—Juggler.

"Isn't Dolly a perfect picture?"
"Well, she has a pretty good frame."
—Virginia Reel.

GREETINGS
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Corner of Broadway and Cherry
Grove B. Jones

OH, GOSH!
The campus was shrouded in the mystic veil of the scented night. The moon, spreading a soft radiance of quiet light, made strange shadow patterns with the stately beeches in the Cemetery, and revealed the dim forms of two, seated on the old, old, style on Sunset Walk, where lovers had sat before. Together they gazed off across the hills towards the Cat Run road, twisting as a silver ribbon in the distance. A cricket hummed drowsily in the grass. The two murmured in low tones. Slowly, yet boldly, his arm curved to her supple waist, and his lips bent to her ear. The cricket was still. The night leaned over them in suspense. Impelled by a sudden emotion, his passionate words burst from him:
"D—n that mosquito!"

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Granville, Ohio

The Brute—"Are you doing anything this evening?"
She (eagerly)—"No, nothing at all."
The Brute—"What a terrible waste of time."—Brown Jug.

TRY AND LAUGH THIS OFF
Snake—"Got your traveling clothes ready?"
Eve—"Yeah, Adam gave me the sweetest going away gown you can imagine. It's made of leaves of absence."—Orange Peel.

The quickest method of obtaining a square root: Get behind a mule and pull his tail.
—Widow.

Alex—"I hear Harry likes only brunettes."
Alene—"So they say, I'm dyeing to meet him."—Banter.

H. E. Lamson
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"The Hardware Store on the Corner"
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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.

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THE GRANVILLE TIMES
RAPID SERVICE JOB PRINT

Prof.—"Can you suggest any means whereby I can improve my lectures?"
Voice from Rear—"Have you tried selling them as lullabys?"—Mirror.

The brunette said, "Let it be light." And it was light.—Chaparral.

HIGHER MATHEMATICS
Bachelor—"People used to call a man's wife his better half."
Benedict—"Well, what about it?"
Bachelor—"Why, the way she dresses nowadays she should be called an improper fraction."—Widow.

Waiter—"Want soup?"
Diner—"Is it good soup?"
Waiter—"Sure, fourteen carrot."—Cougar's Paw.

"Hey, Frosh, what time is it?"
"How'd you know I was a Frosh?"
"I guessed it."
"Then guess what time it is."
—Virginia Reel.

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THINGS YOU NEED

THEIR IDEA OF SOMETHING FUNNY
THE FROSH—A prof arriving in class sans his cravat.
THE PREP—The chapter-head attempting a rapid descent of the icy hill in winter.
THE PHI BET—Why everybody isn't that way.
EVERYBODY—Why any Phi Bet is that way.
THE PROF—Why students can be so dumb.
THE FRAT MAN—To hear a prep who can't sing, sing.
THE WOMEN—Why corsets are not universally fashionable.
THE WAITERS—How the above persons consume nourishment.

Prof.—"Do you know what a dry dock is, Mr. Smith?"
Smith—"Why, it's er-er-a place where they put ships to er-.
Prof.—Nothing of the sort. It's one of these physicians who won't take out a license for prescriptions under the 18th amendment.

Reformer—"Can anyone here tell me why kissing is dangerous?"
The Blighted One—"Why because the average love affair starts with one."

Little Bobby looking at typewriter in father's office—"What makes typewriters go, pop?"
Fond Parent—"Your mother, son."

Contrary to popular superstition, Spain is not the scene of the world's finest bull-fights. Consider our Congress.

With the present prevalence of bobbed hair, someone will be turning up with a cutting satire on, "Why Curls Leave Home."

"One doesn't know 'beans' until he has sojourned in Boston," reminded the effete Easterner.
"Mebbe so," returned Cowboy Pete, "but all these Bostonians seem to know is how to 'spill the beans'."

The Burch Gift Shop
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You are cordially invited to make this shop your headquarters when in Newark. Meet your friends here or come in and rest while you are waiting for the car or bus. We always have scores of pretty new things to look at.

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OUR QUESTIONABLE DEPARTMENT

By Mml. Beatrice Bearfax

Dear B: I am in a fog. (We know it.) Shall I take Education 7 or 11? From College.

Answer: I am surprised at a College student wanting any education, but to take 7 would be only natural.


Answer: They are best kept that way on ice. A prescription is one of the most popular but if you don't want to lose your home you might try this old family cure. Take a hearty walking date followed by a four-in-hand tie and occasional fits of jealousy. A 79½% solution of nitric acid rubbed into the inside lining of the windpipe until no moisture shows will make you forget about irritation from that source.

My Dear Beatrice: I have dates every time I can and then some. Is that all right?

Answer: What funny courses students take in college! That's perfectly all right provided you are not serious.

Dear Miss Bearfax: Why does your own toothbrush always taste the best?

Answer: That beats me.

Question: What color is an Easter Egg?

Answer: I wonder.

Dear Sir: Who won the boxing bout Clyde Keefer refereed the other day.

Answer: He called the fight a "draw."

Dear Beatrice: What are the stripes on a zebra for, huh?

Answer: They are put there so you can't tell where their ribs are. You think they are under the black stripes, but they are under the white ones.

—Jock Garber, '24,

McNut—"Have you any rustic furniture in your room?"

McCurt—"No, but I have a log table in my math book."—Brown Jug.

Irate Diner—"Waiter! Here's a needle in the soup!"

Waiter (ex-printer)—"Typographical error, sir; it should be noodle."—Cougar's Paw.

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CALL FOR AND DELIVERED

Answer: If you will put a clothespin or pins on the children's nose or noses they would not blow any bubbles thru where the clothespins are located. It is unfortunate about your husband's configuration—he was probably built to ride horseback.

Dear Miss Beatrice: What is an Oersted?

Answer: It is a unit of "reluctance" very common in Sem women. It should be carefully distinguished from "resistance." (Cf. Noah Webster's Best; we're not kidding you.)

Dear Sir: What is an Oersted?

Answer: It is a unit of "reluctance" very common in Sem women. It should be carefully distinguished from "resistance." (Cf. Noah Webster's Best; we're not kidding you.)

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Across the fiery sands of the prairie, a hero dashed on a mission of death, and a horse. His handsome profile registered fierce determination. Nobody knew where he was going. It didn't matter. Gad, what a masterly bit of riding. But hold! The noble mustang fouled his nor'east forelock in a gopher hole and gently flopped onto his side, his right side, and the rider was left. Ce fini. Ye gods. One gasping kick, a glycerine tear from our hero, and it's all. But there's a goal to go to, a duty to do, and wonder on the horizon is a cloud of dust. A caravan, no doubt. Must be. Dusty. Dry. Hot. Rabbit. Clutching at his throat in an agony of thirst he staggered on, dropping, now and then, to his knees; but ever onward! Voila! Relief was nearing closer. But could he last? Or was it the last? A final gesture of triumph toward the rescuers as they emerged from the fog of dust, and a full-length flop to the shimmering, stifling sand. He lay as though dead. And the funny part about it is, he was.

Stude—"What do you do for a living?"
Stewed—"I write."
Stude—"Short stories?"
Stewed—"No. Letters to father."—Dodo.

She—"Isn't this evening glorious?"
He (disentangling self)—"Lord. I forgot all about my date with her."—Purple Cow.

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