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We Serve You Right

McDANIELS

THINGS TO EAT

Service - Music - Respect

What's What---on the Campus

Style is the chief consideration of you fellows of high school and college age — and style here will win your instant appreciation. You will find our specialized line of wearing apparel for young men just a bit previous.

<table>
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<th>SPORT SUITS</th>
<th>KNITTED SWEATERS</th>
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<td>with regular trousers and extra knickers.</td>
<td>and vests are dapper and fit with easy grace. Two and four pocket models.</td>
<td>will find innumerable demands during fall and winter seasons.</td>
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Newark, Ohio

KNOX HATS

Knitted Sweaters

and vests are dapper and fit with easy grace. Two and four pocket models.

Newark, Ohio

Manhattan Shirts

—Chaparral.

THE HORN OF PLENTY

Mique—"I hear your roommate has a baby saxophone."

Ique—"Yeh, and it'll be an orphan soon."

—Chaparral.

The Home of High Quality Footwear

For the Men and Ladies

Priced at $6.00 and $6.50

KING'S
When In Newark
visit the original
U. S. ARMY
Goods Store
CAMPING
EQUIPMENT
36 S. Second St. Newark, O.

Which Type of Research
is of Greatest Value?

A stove burns too much coal. A man familiar with the principles of combustion and heat radiation makes experiments which indicate desirable changes in design. That is research.

You want to make a ruby in a factory, a real ruby, indistinguishable by any test from the natural stone. You begin by analyzing rubies chemically and physically. Then you make rubies just as nature did. Your rubies are the result of research—another type of research.

While melting up your chemicals and experimenting with high temperatures, you begin to wonder how hot the earth must have been millions of years ago, and what were the forces at play that made this planet what it is. Your investigation leads you far from rubies and causes you to formulate theories to explain how the earth, how the whole solar system was created. That would be research of a still different type.

Research of all three types is conducted in the laboratories of the General Electric Company. But it is the third type—pioneering into the unknown—that means most in the long run, even though undertaken with no practical benefit in view.

For example, the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company are exploring matter with X-rays in order to discover not only how the atoms in different substances are arranged but how the atoms themselves are built up. The more you know about a substance, the more you can do with it. This work may enable scientists to answer more definitely the question: Why is iron magnetic? Then the electrical industry will take a greater step forward than can be made in a century of experimenting with existing electrical apparatus.

You can add wings and stories to an old house. But to build a new house, you must begin with the foundation.
Every School Girl
Will Want a New
Winter Top Coat

made of rich, fleecy, mannish fabrics, roomy, warm, comfortable, with big mannish collars of the materials or attractive collars of fur. For everyday, for sportswear, or for travel these are the stylish coats. Belts all around or part way—patch or slash pockets are noticeable on these nifty models.

The W. H. Mazey Company
Newark, Ohio

SHAKESPEARE AS A SPORT WRITER

"Down! Down!—Henry VI.
"Well placed."—Henry V.
"A touch, a touch, I do confess."—Hamlet.
"I do commend you to their backs."—Macbeth.
"More rushes! More rushes!"—Henry IV.
"Pell mell, down with them!"—Love's Labor Lost.
"This shouldering of each other."—Henry IV.
"Being down I hate the placing."—Cymbeline.
"An excellent pass."—The Tempest.
"Let him not pass, but kill him rather."—Othello.
"'Tis sport to maul a runner."—Anthony and Cleopatra.
"I catch it ere it come to ground."—Macbeth.
"We must have bloody noses and cracked crowns."—Henry IV.
"Worthy sir, thine bleUest; thy exercise hath been too violent."—Corinthus.
"It's the first time that I ever heard that the breaking of ribs was sport."—As You Like It.

Art Stude—"If I am ever able to wave the baton that directs a great chorus, then my life's ambition will be realized."
Fraternity Freshman—"Pardon the suggestion, but the choir leader at our house uses a barrel stave, and you should hear the results he gets on the overture from 'Benedict.'"—Humbug.

MORE IMPORTANT

Tit—"Of course, you can't believe everything you hear."
Tat—"Oh, no! but you can repeat it."—Widow.

Ding dong bell,
Dean's in the well.
Who put him in?
Student full of gin—
Who'll pull him out?
Some crazy lout.—Purple Cow.

FOOTBALL'S HALL OF BLAME

STRAIGHT DOWN THE FIELD OUR HERO CAME,
HIS HANDSOME, QUIVERING, MANLY FRAME
OUTLINED AGAINST THE SKY.

HIS TOUSELED HAIR WAVED IN THE BREEZE,
HIS CHIN ALMOST KNOCKED ON HIS KNEES
AS ONWARD HE DID FLY.

BENEATH HIS ARM WAS TUCKED THE BALL,
BUT, HARK! THE STANDS DIDN'T CHEER AT ALL.
INSTEAD THEY GROANED, "ALL'S LOST!"
FOR THOUGH HE DISTANCED EVERY FOE,
HE BEAT HIS MATES AS WELL, AND LO,
THE WRONG GOAL LINE HE CROSSED.

DIAGRAM FOLLOWS

"Hello, old chap, how are you feeling?"
"Thanks awfully."—Record.
"WHO IS THAT MAN THEY'RE QUARRELING WITH?"
"WHY HE'S KEEPING THE SCORE."
"WHAT'S THE MATTER, WON'T HE GIVE IT UP?"

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

WHEN HE MEETS THE WOMEN

By W. G. Mather, Jr., '24
Illustrations by Clyde Keeler, '23

AN is a wonderful animal," the Vol-uble Alumnus remarked, "but when he meets the women, he's a darn fool.

We'd been lounging in the parlor, the Vol-uble Alumnus, the Pledge, and I. It was late, and the lights were out, but sitting around the dim-lit grate we had talked of college life, of college men, and by easy stages we had drifted into talk of Man in general.

"A wonderful animal," the V. A. had con-cluded a rather philosophical discussion, "but when he meets the women, he's a darn fool. Why even I—." And then he told us all about Angie.

"I came to Denison from a little jerk-water town back in the sticks, as green a Freshman as ever thought that Stone Hall was the Geology building. The first day I bought enough chapel tickets, permits to smoke on the Campus, and shower-room rights to last my course. That night I went snipe-hunting, but we didn't catch any, so I tried it the next night. I was measured for a Library chair, and other-wise introduced to the ways of men. But I was scared to death of women. I'd turn a rich lobster shade every time I had to sit next to one of them in class, and when I saw one of them coming up one walk, I'd go down the other.

"Came the General Jam, and I tried to buck it, but my roomie dragged me along. His name was Bill, and he wasn't a bit afraid of the women. Why, I'd seen him stop one of them—she had a fringed skirt and silk stockings, too—right by the drinking fountain, and ask her the way to the Library. He never talked about them much, though.

"Well, my feet walked up to the door of Stone Hall, and I followed them somehow, the door was open, and I sneaked in, hoping my mother would never find out that her son had been in a Girl's Dormitory. I walked on the toes of the receiving line, and found myself squeezed between a real bright looking fellow with learned spectacles and a heavy-set chap with pop-eyes. There were any-where from twelve thousand six hundred and eighty-three to three million, four hundred and nine girls ranged in a sort of irregular line around the room, and taking my cues from the fellow in front, I put on a sweet, imper-sonal smile and posed like Washington crossing the Rubicon.

"All of a sudden the heavy-set chap did something with his knee that pretty near upset me, and I saw that there was a gap of ten feet and five girls between me and the fellow ahead, so I shook hands with each of them as little as possible and told them my name. I kept on shaking hands down the..."
"I'm Angelina Trent," says she, "from Alexandria."

"Pleased to meet you," I mutters, and, wishing to show my knowledge of history and repartee, "most likely Cleopatrick was your underservitor?"

"That night I told Bill all about her."

"Yeh," says he, 'I met her. She's my girl."

"Your girl nothing," says I, 'she's mine, and by Christmas my bill'll be winkin' coyly at you from her shirt front.'

"Says which?" says he. "Says who, what, and when!" I replies, and as neither of us would back down, we fixed up the agreement that showed I was a darn fool.

"As we rose, the Voluble Alumnus dropped something from his pocket on the tiles before the grate. I stooped quickly, picked it up, and handed it to him. It was a leather billfold, and fell open in my hand. In the instant that its contents were exposed to the light, I saw a photograph. A photograph of a girl of twenty or so, short, fat, with a nose like a potato and ears like those of a cropped hog. Altogether, the homeliest girl whose likeness I have ever seen. If she had been Medusa, I'm sure the sight would have filled my heart with terror."

"But the other two guys were in my way, and Bill got out before I could reach him. They held me, and when I calmed down enough to listen explained the whole dirty scheme to me. It appeared that Bill and she had been engaged ever since High School, and they having attended the same one. And this alternate-date business had been a put up job, her Mother not letting her have two dates straight with the same man.

"Yes sir, I was fooled all around, and that's why I'm still a single man."

He finished, and sighed heavily. I expressed my sympathy, and kicking the pledge out of a sort of epileptic fit he seemed to be having among, and pondered.

"I saw Prexy laughing at me out of the corner of my eye. I just got up, took her little hand in mine, and wondered why my celluloid cologne and brick had lost its brilliancy.

"But, perhaps, may read my footsteps as I tread the years of time."

---C. E. K.

SOUL BLINDNESS

The lamp of life now blinds me with its beams.

Its brilliance fails to pierce the awful night.

I have a soul, dazed, longing after sight. The light of life blinds me with its beams.

The Picture.

THE CALL

Sunset in a golden haze; The eastern sky dead gray;
The silence of a world at rest That comes at the end of day.

Then darkness; the lone owl's cry; The sleepy wood dove's coo; While 'neath the silver moonbeams bright And through that dreams of pulsing night My heart calls, love, to you. —W. A. V.
"ARE YOU APPIUS CLAUDIUS?"
"NO, I'M UNAPPIUS L."

TO THE RED HAIRLED GIRL IN THE CAFETERIA

My dear, our social planes may be diverse
Perhaps I should not write of you this way,
But poetry of mine should not dismay
A soul so aptly fit for noble verse.
My ardent love, for such, no less nor worse
It is; you stole from me on yesterday.
To break the news to you I've penned this lay.
With red-gold locks you charmed me like 'to
Circ:'
Bobb'd locks—their color leaves me dumb,
Those Titian, amber, sunset-glorious hued
My glance, it dared not meet your face, but
numb
It sought a souvenir amongst the food.

"Come in, this is a joint meeting," said the
ostearth as the chiropractor looked in.

Chapel speaker (on immortality)—"I looked
at the mountains, and could not help think-
ing: 'Beautiful as you are, you will be
destroyed, while my soul will not.' I gazed
upon the ocean and cried: 'Mighty as you are,
you will some day dry up, but not I!'"

Alarmed motorist (after colliding with
meat wagon)—"Are you hurt?
Butcher boy—"Where's my kidneys?"

Landlady—"Don't be afraid of the bacon."
Student—"Not at all. Why I've seen a
piece twice that large and it didn't frighten
me a bit."

ANNOUNCEMENT EXTRAORDINARY!
The new Department of Social Engineering
takes pleasure in announcing courses for both
men and women as follows: (Courses 1 and 2
are required of all.)
1. Basic Course. Simple studies in the
word "hello;" bacon bats; serenades; the
quieter forms of walking dates. Etiquette
and Social Ethics.
2. Advanced Course. Receptions; dinner
parties; dances (on the quiet and otherwise);
walking dates and movies; Dayton dances a
special feature. Conversation. Observational
work at General Jam and on the Steps. Fee,
flowers and all spare change. Prerequisite:
Dress Suit.
3. Research. Use of Library and so-called
"shady" nooks. (Hours to be arranged.)
4. The Scheming Date. Elementary
studies in invitations, planning, cooperation,
and technique.
5. The Scheming Date. Laboratory work
in Newark, Buckeye Lake, Columbus, and
Frat pins and their relation to dress material.
Finesse. Fee unlimited. Results guaranteed.

"Here's a place of interest," droned the
guide as he pointed to the bank on the left.

Delta—"Do you think he was sincere when
he said he loved you?"
Theresa—"I'm sure of it. He looked too
foolish to be making believe."

LUNK—"SAY! WHAT'S THIS I HEAR
ABOUT THE PAN HEL?"
HEAD—"I DUNNO. IT'S 'ALL GREEK' TO
ME.

AM I A SLAVE THAT I FROM YOU, PALE DOVE
SHOULD CRAVE THE SUFFERENCE OF YOUR
PICKLE PLEASURE?
CAN'T BE WITH POET-INSPIRING, PUEBLO
LOVE
THE MORTAL-BAITING GODS HAVE FILLED
MY MEASURE?
AH! YOU A SLAVE I KNOW TO BE
TO PASSIONS, WHIMS, DELIGHTS, AND SEL-
FISH JOYS.
"WHAT IS IT," CRIES MY HEART, "IN HER I
SEE
TO DRAW ME ON—WHY SHOULD I CARE FOR
TOYS—
FOR SUCH AS HER?" YOUR LITTLE HEAD,
MY DEAR,
HAS NEVER HARBORED THOUGHTS OF TEN-
DER PITY
EXCEPT, PERHAPS, FOR 'DRAGGLED KITTEN
DREAR
OR WORSE PUP—EMOTIONS THAT SEEM
PRETTY.
A THOUSAND TIMES MORE PITEOUS IS THE
SIGHT
OF STRONG MAN, GROPING, CALLING YOU
FOR LIGHT.

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THE FLAMINGO
He (to matron at Y. W. C. A.)—“Are you engaged in the business of saving young girls?”
Matron—“Why, yes, that is the work we are doing.”
He—“Well, will you please save me one for Saturday night.”

“Shine yer boots, sir?”
“No!”
“Shine ’em so’s yer can see yer face in ’em?”
“No, I tell you!”
“Coward!” hissed the bootblack.

“Waiter, is there any soup on the bill of fare?”
“No, sir. There was but I wiped it off.”

Doc.—“I don’t like your heart action. You have had some trouble with angina pectoris.”
Sheepishly—“You’re partly right, only that isn’t her name.”

A Freshie from the Amazon
Put nighties of his grandmazon;
The reason’s that
He was too fat
To get his own pajamazom. Anon.

The lad was sent to college
And now Dad cries “Alack!”
He spent four thousand dollars,
And got a quarterback.

“Ain’t that too human for anything?”

Livy, our All North America coach is the only man on the campus that can make the football men lie down and roll over, and sit up, and sic ’em, and other trained animal tricks. No matter how cherubic he looks in his cute little surplice when he sings in the choir on Sunday, when he gets into a football jersey on Monday, he is as soft and cherubic as a ton of brick. Ask anybody if it is a snap to be on Livy’s squad! And then ask any other college if it is a snap to be lined up against Livy’s squad. There is a set-up at the Red Mark for you if you get the wrong answer. As Sam Becker says, “Livy, Livy, bully for Livy! Let’s go!”

Dick Willis, our All Ohio tackle, usually knocks ’em for a row of brass arnica bottles, and we hereby warn all football teams in the Conference to keep out of his way, but did you ever hear about the time he bucked a one-dog team and lost? He was trying his well-known line on a sweet young Southern Miss, whose parents insisted that all play stop at ten-thirty. But Dick found the game pleasant, and one evening disregarded the time-keeper’s signals by five minutes. From the front porch steps he heard the back door slam, and a southern tackle of the English Bull breed, heavy but fast, rounded the corner of the house, calling new signals as he came. Dick at once changed his style of play from close to open, and gave a fine example of clear field running toward the road. A low hedge was his goal, and with the senorita cheering from the honey-suckle and the tackle gaining steadily upon him, he raced across the moonlit lawn. Just as his pursuer was about to leave his feet for a sure tackle, Dick broke another Conference rule and hurdled the scrimmage line feet first. He almost got away with it, too, but a barbed wire guard at the top of the hedge caught the seat of his pants and held. The rest of the way home Dick walked on the shady side of the road.
THAT MIAMI GAME

In olden days, if lady fair a handkerchief, a lock of hair — most anything she chanced to have — would give a knight, he'd be her slave. There 'pon he'd madly dash about and easily would put to rout a ton or two of heathen swine, a dragon, or a keg of wine. He'd joust right merrily, 'tis said, till one could scarcely count the dead when from the field he turned his horse and to the stable steered his course.

A handkerchief, a lock of hair, that's all it took, historians swear, to turn a nation upside down and bring the bacon back to town. Let's see if history repeats; come, girls, collect a pile of sheets, buy up some wigs — they're better far than handkerchief or lock of hair. Before the team for Dayton starts, produce these tokens of your hearts — the boys will vow to win or bust — then watch Miami bit the dust!

HEAVEN AND HELL

Prof. Willie is quoted as having once said that the big white goal posts on the new Deeds Field made two H's; one meaning Heaven, and the other, Hell, depending upon whether a team approached it face first or feet first. It would be fine if Willie's idea would come into general use, for then we could obey that impulse and yell "Send them to Hell, Big Red!" without shocking the Religious Education Prof. But all kidding aside, the whole new field means Heaven to Livy, the D men, and all Denison. It's a great booster for our College on the Hill, and we're glad that at last it has been finished. The old field, rough though it was, with rotten bleachers and muddy track, was the scene of many a Big Red victory; but the only word that describes trying to play on that rough field and run on that slippery track, is — Hell. Now, as the cartoonist has it, them days are gone forever. If you'll pardon our waxing biblical, Colonel Deeds has brought our Promised Land to us.

— W. G. M.
AT' TA BOY! TOUCHDOWN

THE EXCITABLE BIRD THAT STARTS SWINGING HIS ARMS!

THE GUY THAT GETS PLENTY OF WHISTLES AND HEAVES HIS CUSHION AT THE REFEREE.

HOW COME .0001 ALL THE PLAYERS ARE DOPED OUT ALONG BEHIND THE BRIDGE?

COLLEGE—AS QUITE A FEW HAVE IT DOPED OUT! SWEET ADLINE!

THE MIGRATION WILL SOON BE ON!
THE GAME

Billis Cages Dropkick from Service Court in Dayton Derby.

Dodger Clouts Out Homer for World's Steeple Chase Record.

Triangle Park burst forth in a blaze of effulgent glory as the stalwart sons of the Graniteville college trotted out on the ice of the Dayton diamond to oppose the crack five of the Miami organization.

The cowlpin of the Miami nine won the toss and elected to defend the first bunker. Almost at once the Denison crew was penalized fifteen yards for scratching by the second substitute, timekeeper, who cleverly noted that their skates were cutting up the clay court and actually missing the coaching lines. Wasn't that horrid of him? However, the score was 15-40 and three laps to go. After a few iron shots, Rockum, Denison's All-American in a sand-trap 150 yards away. After a few iron shots, Rockum, Denison's All-American substitute water-boy, raised the gallery to effectual glory as the stalwart sons of the Miami half, side-stepped Wire on the fifty-seven yard, seven and six-sevenths inch return to Miami's 62 yard line. The Miami battery, went in for some hot backhand kick- ing, Ott in particular raising a warm liner over the goalposts and into the basket for a score of deuce. After changing a tire, Denison succeeded in falling on the ball for a Divinity that shapes our ends?

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Using a spit-ball kick-off, Holdin, Miami captain, tossed the javelin the length of the pool and back in ten flat and then tackled the umpire one yard from home plate. First half. Second half will follow immediately.

ROCKUM SCORES

On the first play of the second heat, Rockum, Denison Ace of Hearts, intercepted a sizzling forward pass while standing on his mid-court line, and, clearing the bar by eleven and five-fourths inches, skated through a cracked field for an eighty-five yard punt, which, with its tremendous tail-spin, rolled neatly into the side-pocket on the left field foul line for a par five. Violent cheers.

Miami came back with a vicious look and rolled three naturals in a row, but soon the veteran pole-vaulter, Harley, was chased to the showers for personal remarks and out-service ace which made Miami toss the sponge. Score: Denison 49½, Miami 15-40.
Eleven big Miami boys came down to fight our men; One got dyspepsia, and then there were but ten.

Ten big Miami boys all in perfect line; One got his wind knocked out, and then there were but nine.

Nine big Miami boys with a look of hate; One "sessed" the referee, and then there were but eight.

Eight big Miami boys wished they were in heaven; One forgot his football rules, and then there were but seven.

Seven big Miami boys in an awful fix; One got a bloody-nose, and then there were but six.

Six big Miami boys scarcely yet alive; One got a "Charlie-horse," and then there were but five.

Five big Miami boys wished they were no more; One got a twisted neck, and then there were but four.

Four big Miami boys feeling lost at sea; One broke his collar bone, and then there were but three.

Three big Miami boys wondering what to do: One saw a pretty girl, and then there were but two.

Two big Miami boys with shoes that weighed a ton; One lost all consciousness, and then there was but one.

One faint Miami boy knew they sure were done; This one committed suicide, and then that left—The Big Red. —L. A. H., '23.

The man who was so dumb that he thought that the Battle of Brandy Wine was fought by prohibition officers?
The individual who was so dumb that he thought that Sandy Hook was a Scotchman?
The guy who was so dumb that he thought that Patrick Henry was the first Ford?
The Freshman girl who was so dumb that she thought that a "Charlie-horse" was an animal which was kept to keep the grass off from athletic fields?

The city girl who was so dumb that she thought that shocks of corn contained electricity?
The bachelor who was so dumb that he thought that the Liberty Bell was the most celebrated old maid in the United States?
The country boy who was so dumb that he thought electric bulbs were raised in hot-houses?
The young hopeful who was so dumb that he thought the elephant carried his coats of hair in his trunk?
The lady who was so dumb that she thought a baseball fan was a cooling apparatus placed above the players?
The stude who was so dumb that he thought that History of Philosophy was a snap course?
The sweet young thing who was so dumb she thought a rum runner was an athlete?
The Denison man or woman who is so dumb that he thinks that Miami is going to beat Denison?

Which is the more popular now? The red brick Stone Hall, or Red Stone's brick hall?
Walk-Over Shoes
for Women
$5.00 to $9.00

Phoenix Hosiery
for Women
$1.10 to $3.50

You pay the salesman for fitting your feet as well as for quality and style in the shoe. Don't use snap judgment in the selection of the store where you buy your shoes. Scientific foot-fitting is not practiced in shoe cafeterias. This store has clerks who know how to fit shoes and we have the shoes to fit your feet.

Manning & Woodward
WALK-OVER SHOE STORE
West Side Square

Coach (between halves)—"Are you all here, boys?"
Quarterback—"I'm not. I left an ear and part of a finger somewhere near the twenty-five yard line."

"I hear only men assistants will be allowed to correct exam papers in moral philosophy."
"Why is that?"
"The profs asked this question in the last exam: 'What end has the indulgent mother in view when she whips her child?'"

"The Correct Dodge"
for Ladies Evening Wear
Crystal cloth with Brocaded Back, Full Louis Heel, and Turn Sole.
Black Satin also favorable.
See Us for Style
CHAS. O. EAGLE & SON
In the Arcade Newark, Ohio

J. E. Thompson
Hardware, Furniture and Spalding Athletic Goods
Granville, Ohio

Like Dainty Perfumes?
Everybody likes dainty perfumes. The daintiest in the world is sold right here.
Cody's
Queens Fleur
Ideal
Jerkiss

Toilet Water Dainties
Toilet waters supply all the dainty odor of heavy perfumes, 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
Easy Street

It is delightful to live on Easy Street.
Start a Savings Account with The "Old Home" and begin to build your house on Easy Street.

The Home Building Association Co.
Cor. Third & Main Sts.
Newark, Ohio

GREETINGS
LEIST & KINGERY, Book and Stationery Store, 34 W. Main Street,
Newark, Ohio — Agents for CORONA Typewriter.
Your Patronage Will Be Appreciated.

The Granville Filling Station
We Handle
Sinclair Gasoline; Vedol, Mobile
and Freedom Oil
"Service" is Our Motto
Corner of Broadway and Cherry
Grove B. Jones

EXPERIENCE
Kind Old Gentleman—"What do you call those two kittens, Johnny?"
Small Boy—"I call 'em Tom and Harry."
K. O. G.—"Why don't you name them Cook and Percy, after the great explorers?"
S. B.—"Aw, gwan, mister, these ain't pole cats."—Black and Blue Jay.

Auntie—"I hear that Bogg's cafeteria has failed."
Toxin—"Yes, it was in the basement of a skyscraper and there was too much overhead."—Goblin.

There's a sucker born every minute," remarked the manufacturer of straws as he trebled his output.—Widow.

Woman (hiring plumber)—"Are you a Union man?"
Plumber—"Gawd, no! I'm Hawvard."—Jester.

No, no, Othello, Biology is not a commercial course for prospective purchasing agents.—Froth.

AN INFORMAL RECEPTION
A student entered a Hygiene lecture room when the class was half over. The Prof did not recognize him, and thinking perhaps he was in the wrong room questioned him:
"Hygiene?"
"Howdy, prof," retorted the delinquent one.—Widow.

Absinthe makes the mind go wander.—Froth.

Fall and Winter Styles
on display at
THE CHURCH STREET HAT SHOP
INA OVER
Newark, Ohio

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HARWARE
For
HARD WEAR
"The Hardware Store on the Corner"
GOLDSMITH'S ATHLETIC GOODS
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THE FLAMINGO

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GEORGE E. ALVOID, President

**ENROLL IN:**

**The Newark Business College**

New Classes Every Monday Morning.
Good Positions for Graduates.

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NEWARK, OHIO

The Ed.—"Well, what's the joke? Did you get that interview with Lord Lumme?"

The Cub—"Ah, that's the funny part of it. You see he was killed just as he got off the train so there was nothing at all to write about!"—Goblin.

I met a keen girl from Ga.
Who danced with a cute leaning Ta.
But one thing her fault—she Ba.
By talking of men down in Ga.

—Banter.

Wife (finding husband drunk)—"John! This is the last straw."
Husband—"Thass awright, m'dear; I never use 'em. Jesh give me the bottle."

—Chaparrel.

**JESTER'S** EPITAPH

The comic editor sank back.
"Bo, open up Death's door.
No matter how I toil, they say,
I've heard that joke before."

—Jester.

One of a card game was continually finding fault with his partner's plays and when the victim threw away a heart on a club lead the irascible one blurted out:
"Darn it, haven't you a black suit?"
"Yes," answered his partner, "and if you don't shut up I'll soon be wearing it at your funeral."—Froth.

**Granville Service Garage**

Kelly-Springfield Tires and Tubes
Philadelphia Diamond Grid Batteries

Prof.—"Jones, your figures are terrible
Look at that eight, any one would take it for a three."

Jones—"But it is a three, sir!"

Prof.—"A three? I could have sworn it was an eight."

—Mirror.

**The Granville Co-op Co.**

Dealers in

COAL, HAY, GRAIN
and all kinds of
SEEDS

E. L. JONES, Manager

Phone 8184

The Grocery with Correct Prices

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Granville, 0
THE FLAMINGO

VICTOR RECORDS in great variety. The new Victor records go on sale the first of each month and we have a large stock all the time.

VICTROLAS in the various finishes and styles.

40 West Main St.

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Newark, Ohio

Job Printing
Carefully Planned and Expertly Done

We cordially invite you to visit the best equipped little 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

DIRECTORY

College 5678Q—Ask for “Robert.” Scotch only. $8.50 reputed quart. Real stuff from Quebec Commission. Will deliver, but very slow.

Adelaide 888X—Old Mrs. Fitzenheim. Say you know Pete Rainer. Not very good gin, but hasn't killed anyone yet.

Gerrard 7745Z—Between 8 and 9 p.m. only. Will tell truthfully if it's good stuff—won't if it's bad. You must have a car parked around the corner.

Main 222—Wrong number.

North 9876H—Beer by case only. Delivery in three days. Useful for Reunions, Old Boys' Banquets and family gatherings.


Leander—"Wonder what kind of a tune you'd get if you ran one of these cobweb stockings through a player piano?"

Thubert—"Some Hosannah, I suppose." "A horse just skidded around that corner—" "But horses can't skid." "This one was tired."—Juggler.

"Famous for Service"

Four Yards in Licking County

Newark, Granville, Buckeye Lake, Utica

Fish (from country).—"Been in town long?"
Hotel Clerk—"Yes."
Fish—"Know John Jones?"
Hotel Clerk—"No. Do you expect me to know everybody in the city?"
Fish—"No, but I had an idea that you might know at least one."—Mugwump.

Leander—"Wonder what kind of a tune you'd get if you ran one of these cobweb stockings through a player piano?"

Thubert—"Some Hosannah, I suppose."

"A horse just skidded around that corner—"
"But horses can't skid."
"This one was tired."—Juggler.

MERELY A MATTER OF TASTE

Missionary—"Why we'd never think of eating a half-cooked human—it isn't done!"
Cannibal—"Cook 'em a little longer then."

As Loyal Denison Supporters we would appreciate your patronage.

QUALITY GROCERIES

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The Wyant Garage
EXPERT MECHANICS

OIL, GAS, ACCESSORIES
MILLER TIRES
STORAGE

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Taxi Service—Day or Night

Phones 8266

Granville, Ohio

THE FLAMINGO

DR. HECK
DENTIST
Over Corden's Restaurant

MUSINGS OF A WORSE WRITER

It does seem odd that often-times,
A fellow writes good verse;
At other times, and this is one,
His verse is mostly worse.
I wonder can this verse of mine
Appear at beck of Muse;
Now I've been told it is so sad
It never would amuse.
It's rotten, dumb, and other things,
I've heard them ev'ry one.
But still, by Gosh, it's fun.

Minister—"Tommy, if you had done something naughty, and were asked if you had done it, what would happen if you lied about it?"

Tommy—"The Devil'd git me."

Minister—"That's right. And what if you told the truth?"

Tommy—"I'd git the devil."

INCUBUS

I never had the happiness
Of havin' a nice maw;
I had a lamp to keep me warm
When winds blew rough and raw.
I 'uz brought up in a barnyard so
I never had a chance
To ever learn to live at ease
In perfect elegance.

No wonder that I look unkempt
And feel a perfect hick;
But please, dear friend, remembe' I m
An incubator chick.

Born Tailored
To Your Order

Born tailored clothes are fashioned as you dictate, of goods exactly suited to your taste—they are made with proper attention to every detail you believe essential to style and comfort.

They are tailored to fit you perfectly, and to serve you long and satisfactorily—this we guarantee.

They are in truth "tailored-to-your-order"—and you will find the price considerably lower than others are now asking for good clothes.

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Johnsont's Barber Shop
Next to Ullman's Drug Store

Enoch's Orchestra Furnishes the Best Music for All Occasions.
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Established 1903
GRANVILLE, OHIO

Capital $50,000 Surplus $10,000

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First Presbyterian Church
Morning Service, Ten O'clock
Evening Service, Seven O'clock
Sabbath School, Eleven O'clock
Mid-Week Service, Seven O'clock

"The Church That Serves"
All Welcome
EMANUEL BREEZE, Minister

She—"I have so much correspondence.
Why, the letters are just rolling in."
He—"Huh, must be circular letters."

WE GUESS SO
"I hear you have a boarder."
"Oh, that was only a roomer."—Juggler.

New Haven reports a change in the cut of
men's hair. Something new in Yale locks,
no doubt.—Life.

Swish—"Gee, that's a wicked looking pair
of shoes."
Swash—"They are. Both soles gone to
Hell already."—Banter.

Ye Towne Gossip

says that Smith & Stone
will give you the best of
service.

"That they make the
BEST of ICE CREAM,
pay special attention to
brick and other fancy
ice cream orders."

"That they handle a
most complete line of
Johnston's
Whitman's,
Francis Willard
and
Schraff's
Chocolates."

"That you had better
try them for all confec-
tions, creams and foun-
tain specialties."

IF--

John Alden had lived in modern
times he would not have had to
"speak for himself" — he could
have said it with flowers.

Especially so, if he could just
have lived in Granville where the
very best
FLOWERSERVICE
would have been at his command.

The Ankele Floral Co.
Phones: 1840, 8218
Thresher St., Granville
Flowers Telegraphed Anywhere, Anytime.

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TRACY and BELL
Opposite Postoffice Newark, Newark, Ohio

Highest Grade Tires and
Automobile Supplies
— at —
BIG SAVINGS
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Visit our gift de-
partment for the
new novelties.

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Jeweler and Optician
GRANVILLE, O.
For the Best that Money can Buy
— go to —
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25 So. Park Place

BEAUTIFY YOUR HOME
— with —
Chi-Namelel Varnishes and Stains
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For the Best that Money can Buy
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BEAUTIFY YOUR HOME
— with —
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Girls
Don't Overlook This
We have just received a new shipment of Colgate's Compacts in the new ebony case as well as the plain gold. Scented with the delightful Florient odor.

The price is $1.00.
ENGRAVING FREE

Refills with new powder puff are obtainable at fifty cents.

THE ARCADE DRUG STORE
Newark, Ohio

Compliments of
P. J. CORDON
The Home Restaurant
Meals at all Hours
PROMPT DELIVERY TO THE SEM
Phone 8620

THE GRADES OF CIVILITY
Some people have a pleasant way
And greet you with a smile.
While others have a somber look
Or grin in dreary style.

No matter how each person acts,
There's one sure thing I know:
Civility will fluctuate
Between a "Hy!" and " 'Lo!"

—Tiger.

DEAD CERTAIN
Jim—"Well, I think I'll go to my Ec. class tomorrow."
Jam—"I guess I'd better go with you."
Jim—"Why should you go with me?
You're not in the class."
Jam—"You will probably need some one to identify you."

—Sun Dodger.

Judge (to speeder)—"Were your lamps lit?"
Speeder—"Yes, sir; and-".
Judge—"Were you?"—Tiger.

Generally the chap who has a good opinion
of himself is a poor judge of human nature.

—Tiger.

NEWARK and GRANVILLE
BUS LINE
L. S. CULLISON;
PROPRIETOR

Busses and Touring Cars for Special Trips
PHONE 8256 or 8253

Printers of High Grade Catalogs
and Advertising Literature

Our plant specializes in the production of high grade catalogs and advertising matter, as well as House Organs and other publication work of the better grade.

A complete Advertising Service Department is at your command, to assist in planning, designing, copy writing; or in any other way possible contributing to the efficiency of your advertising material.

So many others find a connection with us both pleasant and profitable, that it suggests more than a possibility of our being able to serve you to your better satisfaction.

HYDE BROTHERS, Printers
Fourth and Fifth Floors, rear St. Clair Bldg.
MARIETTA, OHIO

Bucher
Engraving
Company

Doing business without advertising
is like winking at a girl in the dark.
You know what you are doing,
but nobody else does.

Frank Wiltsach.
The College Man Knows Hart, Schaffner & Marx Clothes

RUTLEDGE BROTHERS
The Home of Hart, Schaffner & Marx Clothes
Stetson Hats, Vassar Swiss Underwear, Birkley's Neckwear, Metric Shirts, etc.
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