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But nobody had thought to do it

By bringing electricity down from the clouds over a kite string, it was a simple thing to prove that lightning was nothing more than a tremendous electrical flash.

For centuries before Franklin flew his kite in 1751 philosophers had been speculating about the nature of lightning. With electrified globes and charged bottles, others had evolved the theory that the puny sparks of the laboratory and the stupendous phenomenon of the heavens were related; but Franklin substituted fact for theory — by scientific experiment.

Roaring electrical discharges, man-made lightning as deadly as that from the clouds, are now produced by scientists in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company. They are part of experiments which are making it possible to use the power of mountain torrents farther and farther from the great industrial centers.
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MALTED MILK

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A student who has no typewriter these days is badly handicapped. Notes, themes, thesis, all must be typewritten to bring the best marks.

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JANUARY PRICES on Fine Fur Coats
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With or without trimmings of fur—in nobby sport models or fine dressy coats.

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STETSON-BOSTONIAN ARCH PRESERVER
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WHEN IN NEWARK
Stop at
- THE -
SPARTA

Newark's Leading Confectionery
"LEAP YEAR agin, I see," drawled old man Stubbs as he shoved a plate of "ham-and-
across the counter of the Grub Cache cafe at me. It's a right clean little cafe, the Grub Cache,
as I always aim to get my meals there when I'm in Red Horse, which is right frequent, Old man Stubbs—they called him 'Stubby Stubbs' when he was young an' woolly—don't usually sling the hash himself, but the night I'm tellin' about, the cute little gal from 'Frisco that generally herds the beans had gone to a dance at Lone Dog, which disappointed me considerable. A mug o' mud don't need any sugar for sweet-'nin' if there's a bobbed-haired smile behind it.

"Yeh," says I, "Leap Year. Three days gone already, an' nobody's leaped at me yet, 'ceptin' Slewfoot Ike's bulldog. Leap Year—huh."

"Never you mind, young feller," says Stubbs, wipin' off the marble with a spotless rag, "never you mind. Leap Year's a one-to-nothin' shot, she be. Worth as much on the hoof as any other year dressed. Why, if it hadn't abeen fer Leap Year, young feller, you wouldn't be settin' there tryin' to put on airs by eatin' yore beans with a fork. Sadie ain't here, so unroll yore knife an' act like a gentleman.

I blushed like an apple, an' broke a biscuit, while he went on cleanin' the counter. When he got done, he came around an' sat on the stool next me, wipin' his hands.

"Yes, sir! Yore dad were a hard rider an' a good shot, but he were plumb scart o' wimmen. I mind the awful ruckus he an' yore maw got up when they was courtin'. "Yore dad were top-hand o' the Crazy Z, an' yore's truly was foreman. Lon Selby owned it then, an' lived at the ranch-house most the time. Didn't believe in goin' off skylarkin' to Frisco every month like other bosses. Knew enough to stay home an' keep an eye on me. The riders liked him fine; and he took a particular shine ter Jim—yore dad. They was regular pals, as 'twas. Jim would've died fer Selby, an' he was wuth dyin' fer, at that. Selby were a bachelor, 'count uv losin' his heart over a long gal down in Los Angeles, what eloped with a slick guy from New York. He didn't talk about it any, but he sure fought shy of the wimmen.

"Come one fall, and Jim with a bunch of the riders was roundin' up an' brandin' in the Bad Lands west of Windy Butte. The boss gets a telegram that his brother's widow is comin' out to the ranch fer her health. His brother had died in 'Frisco 'bout a year before; young feller he was, 'bout twenty-five, in the insurance business. We'd all heard about him, but hadn't ever seen 'im. The boss is upset terrible at the idy of a woman on the ranch, but he just cusses plenty an' sends me into Lorado t'meet her."

"Did I meet her? I sure did. She was the kind o' woman thet makes a feller wish he'd worn his other tie, the minnit he sees her. Oh, she didn't bother me much, as me an' Liz, th' gal in the post-office at Blue Gulch, hed a little understanding at the time, but I got my boots shined before we left Lorado, an' a new whip fer th' buck-board; an' blamed if I didn't clean fergit the tobacco fer the bunch!

"Well, she fitted in with affairs at the ranch from the start. Ev'rybody liked her, an' she got along fine. Hong Lee nearly busted hisself tryin' to stir up fancy dishes, an' the amount o' work that the hands at the ranch found to do near the house was alarmin'. Even Lon Selby admitted she had her good points; but she wasn't no more to him than his dead brother's widow. She'd..."
learned to ride pretty well some-"er in the West, an' she'd go caperin' off by herself on a lil' buckskin, what got so it couldn't live out'n sight of her, an' she'd go caperin' off by herself on a li'l live out'n sight of her, but'd nick-er when she left it, like a dog whines when you tie it up.

"One mornin' she says she's goin' in explorin'. Hong Lee starts her off with enough lunch for a whole cow camp, an' we don't see no more of her till 'bout the middle of the afternoon. Selby an' I was lookin' over some fancy-bred Shorthorns thet'd jest came in from Texas, where there comes a cow-puncher's double, an' Mrs. Selby's lil' buckskin with an empty saddle, over the slope. Soon's they get closer, we see it's Jim, what's plumb scared o' wimmen, with Mrs. Selby in his arms.

HAPPY

"Happy New Year", and she smiled at me; But deep in her eyes I could see That she meant more than she said, As she tilted her head And gurgled with glee.

"Happy Leap Year"—she meant just that, And of course I fell for all of it—flat.

So we were engaged on the spot. Happy New Year, old dear! 'Tis my sad ending, I fear; But what chance has a poor guy got?

F. R.

He thought he'd surely made a hit When for his photograph she swung, "Out when this calls," she wrote on it, And gave it to the maid.

A LEAP YEAR LYRIC

It used to be in days gone by When gallantry was at its best For ladies fair ^vould fight and die. Our ma's when young, were coy and shy, They made, herself, the plea sublime: And even if my classmates flunk,

"One mornin' she says she's goin' to the grave than she do. If I know wimmen, she's a darn sight more vital organs are affected, such as the heart.'

"You go to blazes," says he, or words to that affect. "But she's sure the only woman in Nevada."

"Lordy," says Jim, lookin' as if six pink elephants an' a purple

(Continued on page 22)

THE FLAMINGO
LEAP YEAR REFLECTIONS
(a la Walt Mason)

Gadzooks! The third year past us sails, and "leap-year"'s here again, bringing dimples to the females and distress among the men; twelve long months of frenzied leaping with an extra day for spite, with the women nearer creeping though we jump with all our might. Four years now the maids have waited, planning for this fated day;—they have sworn that they'll be mated or there'll be the deuce to pay! What is that you're gurgling, brother? You're a funny looking cheese! All the Janes may chase another, but you're safe from the disease! Snuggle closer, stretch your wind-flap, and I'll whisper there some facts. Though I grant you are a dumb sap, you are bound to get the axe. Though your senile digits tremble, I don't care if you're insane, and your visage may resemble something left out in the rain; though your front yard scares the kiddies, and your wheels are choked with dust, you cannot escape the biddies that control the marriage trust. There are no innoculations there's no serum dope or juice,—you'll just have to share your rations and put up with the abuse.

Boys, it's true we can't evade 'em, and we'll all flop soon or late, yet we do not have to aid 'em,—why not stall and make 'em wait? Brothers, in the well-known nut-shell, here's my tip, concise and short,—keep 'em waiting for the church-bell when they come to pay their court. That was their trick,—we'll return it,—we'll just keep 'em on the hop! Let 'em worry some, gol-dern-it! Have some fun before you flop! Take the gumdrops and carnations, let 'em take you to the show; let 'em raise some expectations, then just snicker and say, "No!" After they have spent their shekles and they kneel upon the floor, chortle forth, "I can't stand freckles! Sorry Madge, don't slam the door." There's the dope, friends,—I'm confessing we are doomed and dare not run; meanwhile, brothers, here's my blessing,—keep your dates and have some fun!

G. W.

Oh, Alma Mater, gladly we sing of thee,
Thou art our guiding star,
Our Denison.

We hail thy glorious name,
So worthy of world's fame,
To thee for help we came,
Our Denison.

Oh, Alma Mater, when we from thee have gone,
To fight in life's great strife,
Our Denison,
Thy memories so dear,
Thy teachings routing fear,
Will ever keep us near,
Our Denison.
Her eyes were the kind you notice, 
And the way she rolled 'em at me
Almost nearly drove me dippy.

She shot the question Leap Year's
She won't roll 'em any more.

For she won't, no she won't,
But now my heart's like lead,
For she's dead.

— AY! AY! —

As evident by his cautious manner in picking his way through our half-empty thoroughfare, the motorist was a stranger on Granville's streets. It was evening. Two professors approached fog-in-tog.

“Sir,” said one, “your beacon has ceased its functions.”

“How’s that!” gasped the motorist as he descended from the machine with a dazed expression.

“Your illuminator, I say, is shrouded in unwitting oblivion,” remarked the other member of the duet.

“What in th’—!” gulped the driver.

The effulgence of your irradiator has evanesced,” said the first professor.

“Good Heavens. Have I—.”

The motorist was fast losing consciousness.

“The transversal ether oscillations in your incandescent have been discontinued,” explained the second professor.

Just then one of Granville's numerous "Extra boys" shouted from across the street, "Hey, mister, yer lamp's out."

— DU —

Among the newest popular songs is found "My Name Is Mud" by Henry Clay.

— DU —

A OPTOMIST: A "prep" who plants his pledge button and expects to be congratulated as a lady-killer.

Jake Waite would bite no bait, 
His girl could throw a line; 
She shot the question Leap Year's Day— But JAKE answered, "N-E-I-N!"

Gospel Teamer: "I sure made an awful brake at dinner with the minister Sunday. He asked me if I would have some corn, and I said, 'Sure,' and passed up my glass."

F. R.

Granville

You are all my life to me, Love; 
My whole existence, dear; 
But don't you dare propose, Sweetheart;
Just 'cause it's Leap Year.

F. R.

TO WILL FROM NAT

Dear Will:
Well, this month is the one that opens up the new year that is always supposed to make a guy do better stuff than he did in that one that is just gone.
To make matters worse this here one is that member of each quartet that the girls that is got tendons em to do it proposes to a fellow. And that ain't the worst of it.
Theyre ain't no rules at all about it. A guy don't have no chance at all to escape. The only thing that he can do is run away and play hermit every year while the spell is going on, but then if he is going to live the number of years that he shud if he keeps out of the way of automobiles, fords and other dangers he loses twenty years of this life of his. And then he don't have no insurance that some damsel won't sneak up on him while he is playing Daniel Boone out in the woods some place and slip a piece of apple in his coffee. Of course even then he wouldn't be so bad off except that thats just a starter for this slipping stuff. You got to spend the rest of your life slipping them something to keep them from slipping something into your java that don't look like apples and then having to read in the heavenly Herald about how she told twelve sane people that the dope she got from the drug-store was to kill rats with and that you died from indigestion, so as I says before you just got to formulate some sort of rules for these years that you can abide by or else they're not be no men left to make them what they used to be.

— THE FLAMINGO —

How To Tie a Bow Tie on a Tuxedo Collar
by
One Whose Nose

To get a bow tie in your left hand and the collar in your right. Slip your neck in the collar and run the left hand-end of the tie over the right with the left hand, steadying the right end with the other hand. Then drop both ends, catching the left end with the right hand and the right end with the left hand. Reverse hands and pick up the loose end with the nearest hand. Pull this end through the loop with the unengaged hand and squeeze. Tie the bow. As a finishing touch, disentangle the hands.

This matter of rules is one that shud make any red-blooded young guy set up and take notice. There is only one way that can make the thing a success and thats for each sucker to make out a list of his idea of them and have a committee sift out the best ones and then adopt the whole bunch. Even then there'll be a flock of skirts tht all get around them. Of course a man can always put up a good defense. I had one back in 1920. Used to masticate an onion every time one of them with big eyes had hooked me for a date and thats where my first rule comes in. The so-called fair sex, at least the one I mean so-called for if there ever was anything that was not what is was supposed to be, they is, but to continue, no onions for the women. If they eat them too, a fellow hasn't got a chance. It reminds me of a dentist giving a patient laughing gas.

Still thinking back on this subject, the more I excite myself that theres no use to try to hold these women down to any horde of regulations because you can figure they'll get around them some way and if they can't they'll just break them especially on fellows like you and me, so I'll end up for this time wishing you immunity from the ranks of the benedicts, unafectedly yours.

NAT.
AND NOW comes February, a leap year February, one of 29 instead of 28 days. With it come numerous events, some pleasant, some vice versa. To some, it and its extra leap year twenty-four hours brings the first birthday in four years.

To us "college" boys and girls, it brings Valentine Day, our Washington Banquet, and—nope, we haven't forgotten, the aftermath of SEMESTER EXAMS.

Valentine Day. About all that we know about it, as an occasion, is that you send and receive valentines; about its origin or significance, nothing, or rather look it up for yourself.

The Washington Banquet, in other words, the annual Denison "formal," occasioned, of course, by Washington's birthday. It is the evening during which Granville college dons the "monkey-suits"; Shepardson dons the evening regalia, and then both eat, listen, laugh, cheer, and rather applaud, and get in before ten.

Semester Exams. Well, they need no introduction. Some are exempt, some pass, some FLUNK, some pass on to the next semester, some pass out or home. Those that pass often feel called upon to celebrate; those that flunk often cheer along with them to drown their sorrow.

Yes, February should be one fine month.

FEBRUARY

By THE way, we have a basketball team; by the way, also, a good one.

Advance dope on our basketball season, "no lettermen back," et cetera, read something like an obituary. State sport authorities, so-called, still feel that Denison will be fortunate to win half of its starts. They promise to doff their hats to Livy if he succeeds in turning out a combination capable of a better record.

Doff your hats to Livy, but as for the rest of the dope, treat it as most of us do the law of cosines—FORGET IT.

Remember that it's our team and being such, it will be a characteristic Denison squad. It may lack the seasoning that a few veterans will inject into such a combination, but we have a hunch that April will find the sport scribes "doffing their hats." As for ourselves, well, we're willing to stake two perfectly good roll top desks, comprising the "office furniture," that, in actual victories, we will rate well above the 500 mark, in moral victories, 1000.

THE TEAM

As one of our staid Baptist deacons remarked while taking the collection, "That's what wins the old basketball games—dropping things in the basket."

Yes, faculty, we all made use of the "mid-night oil" consumed in seeing the old year out and the new one in by getting out our studies for the day and one half after.
How about steppin' out some o' these nights?

After much thought and consideration on the many portraits submitted—we pick the first entries in our 'BEAUTY CONTEST.'

J. Hobart Miller
Norton Gilbert
Donald Funk
Edward Sebald

Much obliged for the warm 'Talkie.'

Unable to support wife or fiancée.

Leap Year Suggestions for "Collitch" Boys

To be continued.

State of the entries took part in a similar contest two years ago.

Blind

Jan. 29

Dec.

Nov.

Oct.

Semester Exams

Semester Exams
SONG STATISTICS
Compiled for 1923

100,000,000 persons announced vocally that there was a terrible shortage of bananas.
100,000,000 of them received applause at this announcement the first month.
1000 of them received applause the second month.
38 of them received applause the third month.
1000 of them received applause the fourth month.
38 persons were killed in riots which broke out in various parts of the United States.
864 insurance companies refused to insure the lives of Grecian fruit dealers.
10,000,000 couples admitted that secret petting had been occurring on various back porches of the neighborhood.
85,000,000 persons refused to accept gifts of flowers.
85,000,000 persons stated that shoes could be used, however.
100,000,000 persons stated that they had become desirous of returning to their homes.
99,999,999 of them had parents engaged in the pursuit of agriculture. The other one was an orphan.
25,000,000 of them lived in Indiana.
25,000,000 in Tennessee.
25,000,000 in Alabama.
25,000,000 didn’t know where they lived.
1 person actually went home.
99,999,999 of these persons bore testimony of increased affection for their maternal parent. The other had a pet dog.
25,000,000 men loved young ladies going under the appellation of Nora.
25,000,000 men were crazy over “mamas” who were either mean, blonde, lost, or lived on Beale Street.
98,765, 432 persons announced that they intended to construct a series of steps to Heaven.
98,765,431 of them could get there in no other way. The other was the writer.
47,843,947 persons broke down after severe cross-questioning and admitted that they had once been members of a gang.
6,352 gangsters in New York and elsewhere committed suicide.
88,888,888 persons broadcasted the fact that they intended to carelessly place their sins in a Boston bag and leave immediately for the lower regions.
88,888,888 of them belonged there.
4,500 of them have gone there. The rest are not yet dead.

N. H. G.

When from the fold we far shall stray,
With souls no longer young,
We’ll we’re forget our college days,
These happy scenes among.
This We Dedicate to the All-Shepardson Dance.

We have it on good authority that since this is leap year men
will be invited—

Our absent-minded professor recently thought he had left his watch at home and then took it out to see if he had time enough to go back and get it.

"Please."

"Oh, Jack, I just can't."

"But Betty. I'll never tell a soul!"

"Jack..."

"Betty...

"Well, alright. But why do you persist so?"

"Oh, I write for the Flamingo and I need local color."

—D U

I got a one center the other day
Golly ain't that queer
And it wasn't from a woman
Lord no! no where near.

Now the purpose of this humorous sheet
is to print a lot of wise cracks
But a thirteen weeks F ain't so very wise
Else my mind is on some side tracks.

He: "How d'yah get that way? Asking me for a date Saturday night, when your roommate has already asked me?"

--- W. J.

"DENISON DEFEATS KENYON COURTRES"

Denisonian Headline
Another advantage of co-educational colleges.

--- D U

Him: "What shape is a kiss?"
Her: "Don't no. Why?"
Him: "Elliptical."

"De Cop Wot—"

"Hello, Cent! gimme seh'n one nine."

"Gimme dat numnah quick, please ma'am.

"Dis yer's Luke, sah."

"I took de wagon to de stö fo' dat truck."

"Yassah, I'm at de stö."

"Dat mule, boss, she bail, sah."

"She's bailin' in de big road, at de stö."

"No, sah, she don' move."

"Yassah, Ah beat er."

"I beat 'er hahd, sah."

"She jes' raar a l'il bit, sah."

"Yassah, she kick too..."

"Jes de whiffletree bust, sah."

"No, sah, dat mule don't lead."

"Yassah, Ah tried dat, too."

"No, sah; jes' bit at me."

"No sah—Ah ain' tickle de laigs—" I ask, "What's wrong?"

"Ah am' tickle de laigs—"

"No, sah; jes' raar a l'il bit."

"Yassah, she sho' did!

"Yassah, we twis' 'er tail."

"Yassah, we tried dat, too."

"No sah—Ah am' tickle de laigs—"

"Yassah, she sho' did!"

"No sah—Ah am' don' it—l'il stabbin' man trum Memphis, he twis' 'er tail."

"Yassah, she sho' did!"

"Yassah, we tried dat."

"Yassah, she sho' did!"

"Yassah, de wagon bu'n right up, sah; dat's what Ahm callin' you-all up fo', sah. Please send me a wagon ter hitch up to dis ere stö. She ain' gwine go 'es'en she's hitched up, sah."

"Goorrye, sah."

--- D U

"PAGE BAALAM!"

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"Goorrye, sah."
MRS. SELBY
(Continued from page 9)

"Well," says I, 'you never asked my opinion about it before, but maybe as how yore right,' just diggin' him in for fun.

Then Selby comes out wreathed in smiles like a cherub, an' says as how the little lady's just shook up a mite, an' Mrs. Tolliver's lookin' after her, an' shakes hands with Jim, thakin' him for bringin' her in.

"That's nothing," says Jim, 'Lor, says Jim, in a funny sort o' voice, wringin' Lon's hand like a revival preacher, 'thats nothin' at all!' An' he jerks his pony an' sneaks it for the cook-house where the mail is, an' intercepts him once, ter thank him fer bringin' her in.

After a few days the bunch comes in closer to the ranch, an' Mrs. Selby feels well enough to ride out an' watch the round-up. At least that's what she said she went to watch, but whenever Jim was in sight, the rest of that round-up might just as well've been in Montana for all the attention she gave to it. But Jim never gave a sign that she was on the top-side of the daisies; he jest rode like a fool, an' wore out three horses a day regular. There was no gettin' him to say somethin', he jest looked like he was eatin' on his mind, an' also that he was winnin' some bet for the Butte as though a stampede was after 'im.

"What did you quit an' come out to this place for?' she snaps at him.

"Nobodys business—but of all, yours, Mrs. Selby," he says; 'What did you come pokin' out here for?'

"That just had 'er stumped, but she murmurs somethin' about lookin' fer flowers. 'They ain't no flowers here, Mrs. Selby," says Jim, 'Are you might as well look elsewhere. I want to roll that rock yore sittin' on down to my cabin.'

"Apparently they'd been chatin' in the same friendly strain for jest a little time afore I came up. She made no move to git off the stone, nor to roll it over the edge. They jest set an' glared some more.

"You don't seem to like me," she says, just as she might say to the iceman, 'You've tracked mud into my kitchen.'

"I don't, Mrs. Selby," he says; 'You liked me well enough that day we met,' says she, 'an' there's a little quiver to her voice, 'At least you kissed me when I was weak and defenseless.'

(Continued on page 30)
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GOODS STORE

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Glenn B. Ewell, Registrar

EXPENSES PAID

The head of the firm caught the office boy telling falsehoods. "I'm surprised at you!" he said. "Do you know what they do with boys who tell lies?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply. "When they get old enough the firm sends them out as traveling salesmen."

— Boston Transcript.

"Irrigation is a dam nuisance," growled the salmon as he hit his head on the concrete wall.

— Lemon Punch.

"And is this friend of yours, Chief Gum-Gum, a well educated Indian?"

"Is he? Why, Marie, he's one of the best red men I've ever met."

— Brown Jug.

Reggie—"Say, old chappy, I've simply solved our football system.

Eggie—"Tell me, old thing, what is it?

Reggie—"Why, the two halves make a whole and the full-back plunges through."

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Jr.—Papa, what is a stag party?

Papaw—A place where the young bucks go to talk about the little deers.

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The Peoples State Bank
GRANVILLE, OHIO
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A Sandwich, Soup or Stew,
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You get what's coming to you.

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STRICTLY GERM-PROOF
The Antiseptic Baby and the Prophylactic Pup
Were playing in the garden when the Bunny gamboled up;
They looked upon the creature with a loathing undisguised—
It wasn't Disinfected and it wasn't Sterilized.
They said it was a Microbe and a Hotbed of Disease;
They steamed it in a vapor of a thousand-odd degrees;
They froze it in a freezer that was as cold as Banished Hope;
And washed it in permanganate with carbolated soap.
In sulphurated hydrogen they steeped its wiggly ears;
They trimmed its frisky whiskers with a pair of hard-boiled shears;
They donned their rubber mittens and they took it by the hand
And 'lected it a member of the Fumigated Band.
There's not a Micrococcus in the garden where they play;
They bathe in pure iodoform a dozen times a day;
And each imbibes his rations from a Hygienic Cup—
The Bunny and the Baby and the Prophylactic Pup.

She—"Why do they always cheer when a fellow gets hurt?"
He—"So the ladies won't hear what he says."
—Voo Doo.

New Frocks
THAT FOLLOW THE FASHION TRAILS
—which is exactly what you want your new Spring Frock to do. Not only that, there's a becoming model here for every type.

Many Smart Ones—
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WISHES YOU A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR
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BEAUTIFY YOUR HOME — with —
Chi-Namel Varnishes and Stains

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CHAS. M. MEARS

Sunset Dairy Farm
Pure wholesome MILK and CREAM from clean Tuberculin Tested Jersey Cows.
CALL US •
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Res. 8362

Granville Service Garage
Carl Wyant, Prop.
AGENTS FOR BUICK CAR
Phone 8158 Res. 8545

ARROW BUS LINE
GRANVILLE—NEWARK Hourly Trips
R. E. THOMAS E. F. REECE
Phones 8852—8759

For the Absent-minded Professor
Wife: “Do you know what day it is? It is twenty-five years ago today since we became engaged!”
Absent-minded Professor: “Twenty-five years! Why didn’t you remind me before? It’s high time we got married.”
—Kasper (Stockholm).

Sunset Dairy Farm
Pure wholesome MILK and CREAM from clean Tuberculin Tested Jersey Cows.
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Phones 8852—8759

For the Absent-minded Professor
Wife: “Do you know what day it is? It is twenty-five years ago today since we became engaged!”
Absent-minded Professor: “Twenty-five years! Why didn’t you remind me before? It’s high time we got married.”
—Kasper (Stockholm).

For Quality and Service
CHAS. M. MEARS
The Grocery with Correct Prices
Phone 8137 Granville, O.
**THE LADIES EXCHANGE**

Who puts me next to MINERVA SWEETS is a friend of mine.

**MRS. SELBY**

(Continued from page 22)

“He turned so fiery red I thought maybe I’d better throw my water bag on him, but drawsl as icy cool as she, ‘That was before I knew, Mrs. Selby. Lon is my best friend. I’d like very much to roll that rock—’. ‘Why do you keep calling me ‘Mrs. Selby?’ she asks, ‘I told you my name was Mary.’ ‘Yes. But it’s also ‘Mrs. Selby’, Mrs. Selby.’ ‘You haven’t answered my first question yet. Before you knew what?’ ‘Before I knew your name was ‘Mrs. Selby’, Mrs. Selby.’ “Oh. You don’t like the name. And yet you seem to like to use it.’ ‘I don’t like what goes with the name, Mrs. Selby. Lon is my best friend. I’d like very much to roll—’ ‘Brother the rock! It’s a perfectly good name. What if he is? That’s no reason why you should get mad at me and quit him. I thought we might be friends before I go back. I don’t like to have people mad at me.’ "So it seems. But don’t forget that you are Mrs. Selby.” ‘Well, —oh! she says, an’ I see a light of understandin’ in her eyes. She gets up, tucks her ridin’ whip under her arm, an’ deliberately turns her back on him. An’ this is where the Leap Year stunt comes in. As she starts up the path she says, slow an’ distinctly, ‘I must hurry back. My brother does not know I am out, and it always worries my brother when I go away without—’ ‘Your brother?’ yells Jim, ‘Your brother?’ ‘My brother-in-law,’ she says like a cucumber talkin’ to a cake of ice; ‘You’d better roll that rock down to your cabin.’ ‘Mary!’ says he, stumblin’ after her, with a face like a scolded child’s, ‘Mary, wait!’ She stops, an’ turns around, an’ looks at him just as cool as before, only I see by the pucker of her mouth that she couldn’t hold it long. ‘Mary,’ says he, ‘Mary, I’ve been a double-dyed fool. But I don’t like that name, Mrs. Selby. Will you let me propose another?’ ‘You—you might try, Jim,’ she murmurs, an’ I left while the man who was scairt o’ the wimmen showed how to conquer fear.
A suburban chemist had been advertising his patent insect powder far and wide. One day a man dashed into his shop and said excitedly:

"Give me another half pound of your powder—quick, please!"

"Oh," remarked the chemist as he proceeded to fill the order. "Good, isn't it?"

"Yes," replied the customer, "I have one cockroach very ill; if I give him another half pound, I think he'll die!"

—Black and Blue Jay.
EMERSON

Dressed Right for
The Social Night
Correct Full Dress
Correct Tuxedos

To know that your Clothes are right puts you at ease. Our formal Full Dress and informal Tuxedos do—because they’re made right—fitted properly—and priced right.

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Shirts — Collars — Neckwear — Hosiery — Shirt-sets — Cuff Buttons
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