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How Electrical Engineering began

It is not enough to experiment and to observe in scientific research. There must also be interpretation. Take the cases of Galvani and Volta.

One day in 1796 Galvani touched with his metal instruments the nerves of a frog's amputated hind legs. The legs twitched in a very life-like way. Even when the frog's legs were hung from an iron railing by copper hooks, the phenomenon persisted. Galvani knew that he was dealing with electricity but concluded that the frog's legs had in some way generated the current.

Then came Volta, a contemporary, who said in effect: "Your interpretation is wrong. Two different metals in contact with a moist nerve set up currents of electricity. I will prove it without the aid of frog's legs."

Volta piled disks of different metals one on top of another and separated the disks with moist pieces of cloth. Thus he generated a steady current. This was the "Voltaic pile"—the first battery, the first generator of electricity.

Both Galvani and Volta were careful experimenters, but Volta's correct interpretation of effects gave us electrical engineering.

Napoleon was the outstanding figure in the days of Galvani and Volta. He too possessed an active interest in science but only as an aid to Napoleon. He little imagined on examining Volta's crude battery that its effect on later civilization would be fully as profound as that of his own dynamic personality.

The effects of the work of Galvani and Volta may be traced through a hundred years of electrical development even to the latest discoveries made in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company.

Gordon Arrow Shirt

featuring a shirt popular with college men

Gordon Shirt is well made and good fitting. It is of a sturdy, pure and permanently white Oxford that will serve you well.

New Spring Shoe Styles

On Display in Our Store

Chas. O. Eagle & Son

The effects of a motor car?"

"Autographs, simple one."—Chaparral.

"A man's footmarks on the roadway are called footprints, aren't they?"

"Yes."

"Well, what would you call the marks of a motor car?"

"Footprints, simple one."—Chaparral.

Chas. O. Eagle & Son

"Where the Best is Found"
The gift your friends enjoy

The MJF Muller Studio
35 Arcade
Newark, O.
Portrait and Commercial Photographer
Group, Outdoor and Home Portraits. Auto Phone 1521
Your Portrait

When In Newark
visit the original

U.S. ARMY
Goods Store

CAMPING
EQUIPMENT

36 S. Second St. Newark, O.

Public Sales

We have purchased 122,000 pair U.S. Army Munson last shoes, sizes 10 to 12 which was the entire surplus stock of one of the largest U.S. Government shoe contractors.

This shoe is guaranteed one hundred percent solid leather, color dark tan, bellows tongue, dirt and waterproof. The actual value of this shoe is $6.00. Owing to this tremendous buy we can offer same to the public at $2.55.

Send correct size. Pay postman on delivery or send money with order. If shoes are not as represented we will cheerfully refund your money promptly upon request.

NATIONAL BAY STATE SHOE CO.
296 Broadway, New York, N.Y.
With Such Pretty Dresses to Wear
Warmer Days Cannot Come too Quickly

A profusion of coloring and artistic effects—that is the only way to describe the new dresses. Come and see them for yourself—the days are just about here, when you will want to wear a handsome dress without cape or coat, and the best time to select it is now when you can choose from large and varied assortments of HANDSOME SILK AND WASH FROCKS.

Stylish sport dresses and afternoon frocks are designed from many beautiful silks, in plain colors, striking plaids and stripes or combinations of plain and fancy materials.

THE SUMMERY FROCKS
of fine voile, swiss, linens, crepes, ratine, gingham and other desirable fabrics have arrived in large quantities and remind one that the days of summer dresses are about here.

The W. H. Mazey Company
Newark, Ohio

When you are hot and dusty you can get a cool, refreshing Drink

AT

SMITH & STONE’S
Granville, Ohio
All there was to it, Jim Deming had to get a raise. He thought it over, soberly, on the down-town car. But the trouble was, where would the raise come from? Gregg had refused him twice; the bully! He well deserved a raise, and the rest of the force knew it. Molly, the chief stenog.; Dick Richards, the shipping clerk, and oh! all of 'em had told him so. But Gregg had him — work was scarce, and every day or so one or two job hunters would turn up at the office. Yep, Gregg had him. Better wait; maybe some time a good opening would crop up with Jones Brothers across the street; they seemed a coming firm; not so old and well-established as Gregg & Son, though. Perhaps it would be best to hang on; he knew Gregg & Son's business; knew it better than old Gregg himself, who played golf somewhere all day, dropping in at the office about twice a week. And young Gregg — rats on him! All he came to the office every day for was to flirt with the powdered little turnstile. What did he know about the envelope business? Not a darnation. Knew how to take it, of course; knew when to throw it behind a hedge; across the lawn, hill and meadow. But a silk hat, though, and to lunch at Peach of a woman, too, not like Molly! And his wife was peened alcoves — the simpering sort, though, and to lunch at the Gas Building; and he stood anxiously at the throng around him. He was a stranger to Jim, for he went on, "Say, don't act like them; you'll grow big yourself. That was his motto, if you think it.\n
Jim landed the order—a whoop! The Gregg company, the Roger & Smith Envelope Company is located, do you? One o' your cops told me it was in here, but I'll be gosh-danged if I can find it!" And he waved an explanatory hand at the huge directory of the building on the wall behind him.

"Why, they're not in this building; they're in the First National, across the street." Jim was on the point of going on up the stairs, when he had an idea, and turned back. "Say, you aren't a customer of theirs, are you?" He did not think until after he had said it, how rude it was.

"Nope!" the stranger replied: "that is, not yet; but I've got to get a bunch of envelopes from somewhere, and I saw their ad in the Green County Republican. Much obliged!" And he started across the lobby.

"Well, say!" pursued Jim, "I sell envelopes! The Gregg company, you know." He laid a friendly hand on his arm. "You're my customer by rights, anyway; I found you!" he added, giving a gentle pull toward the elevator. They went up to the office. His captive gave his name as K. R. Scott, of the New Ideal Box Company. Needed lots of envelopes; new firm, but a dandy idea in advertising, see? He had one with per—and of course asked him to have a look at the Roger & Smith Envelope Company, which was an idea. They're in the First National, across the street. Jim landed the order—a whoop! The Gregg company.

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Jacob’s for lunch — a high-price place, but they were taking a little flyer; honeycomin’, you know, so he couldn’t accept the invitation. With a last direction about the labels on the envelopes, he was off. “Lucky dog!” though Jim, in a new mood, started; “no, no, to Capin!”

About half-past ten the door handled itself, and young Gregg came in. He inquired after the health of the residents, after the health details of each of the Murrays, after the engravers’ office, and then breezed in to where Jim was conferring with the adver- tising manager, and putting the cap on the prom in two. He took off, leaving the two at the desk in mixed confusion. When the manager left, Jack showed him the large order from the New Ideal company.

It was a big order; bigger than any of the salesmen had taken since the younger Gregg had taken charge; and Jim Deming thought the time fitting for another question about that business. Gregg halted the order gaily, and then turned the usual routine again.

Jim went back to his desk with the usual, "All right, but the wrong build- ing. The Mutual is a block down the street. You got the right here," she ventured, "but—I guess fused, confronted him. from above, looking, but evidently much con- fused, looking, but evidently much con-

As he stepped from the elevator on his return, a young lady, be- comingly dressed, and in every way very good-looking, but evidently much con-"flated, looking, but evidently much con-

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They came from their low, myrtled
My kindred came wandering back,
The road they had traveled wound
The elm trees bent, as if list'ning
The sycamores stood there like
Told me of times that had been
Their home fields were lying anear;
I stood where my forefathers stood
There comes to us all a moment
Sometime, somewhere, 'midst our
And so I say, in this life of ours,
'Twixt the nightime and the dawn,
For joy and happiness both are
Be true to the Father above,
Just be true to yourself and Man.
Has really a simple plan;
For God is good, and the world is
I saw that this world, which seems
I was made to see aright.
There swept a wave of light—
Back to the sycamore tree;
JO
Oh, the words of youth are earnest,
Will these words and dreams still bind us
When the fight of life is strong?
Oh, the lips of youth are eager,
When the heart of youth calls through—
That the heart of youth calls through—
Oh, the fonts of youth are earnest,
And the streams of youth must join
Will these veins and dreams still bind us
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TO THE SENIORS
(Apologies to James Whitcomb.)

Nothin' to say, my chil'ern! Nothin' at all to say—

Densin' seniors, I've noticed, gingerly has their way!

The alumni did, afore you— et comes to you to guess—

The' why you should want to be
goin' is a mystery, I confess.

You're a lot like the other seniors—
party much same in size.

And you've grown adept at bluffin',

and talkin' with your eyes.

Like them too, about leavin' here—

they jest wouldn't stay.

I dread most awful to lose you, but

I hain't got nothin' to say.

They left you their profs and teachers, to aid you on your

Shy deed.

And let their notebooks fer you, to help along each day.

Four years I've groomed and guarded 'em, but if you're goin' away,

I wish those alumni could see you—

but I hain't got nothin' to say!

Four years! and better chil'ern Alma Mater never knew.

There's a great work in this old

world jest a-waitin' for some o' you.

The others stayed just four short years, and they all went away, Nothin' to say, my chil'ern! Nothin' at all to say!

I'll be hearin' from you often, and

I'll be doin' cut and comin' to your cares.

And a gloryin' in your triumphs as

a result of your labors.

And we'll meet again, my chil'ern,
at the partin' of the way—

Where there'll be 'Nothin' to say, my chil'ern. Nothin' at all to say.'—D. W., '23.

RUN, BOY, RUN!

"Come on, Betty, cheer! We've got a man on every base now!"

"Calm yourself, George. That's nothing; they have too!"

Sophomore (with that sophomoric air)—"Down where I come from, old boys hang guys like you side by side with a jackass!"

Freshman (with the old recollection)—"Gee! It's lucky for both of us that we're not there now!"

"Why don't they deep Racoon Creek?"

"Why, don't you know, the Pan Hall has abolished paddling."

He — "How would you like to take the honeymoon by airplane?"

She—"Nothing doing! We go by train."

He—"Why?"

She—"I wouldn't miss the scenery for anything!"

Grandpa — "Why don't you get married, Lizzie? Seems like your young folks now-days don't marry as young as we used to."

Lizzie—"Well, so, Grandpa, but we do it oftener."

"She's a fast girl!"

"That so? Who's she engaged to?"

"Where do you spend your vacation this summer?"

"Well, father wants to go to the coast."

"But mother wants to go to the beach."

"Where can I reach you by letter?"

"Oh, at the beach."

"I've had four dates with two different girls this week."

"Yuh."

"And I've got exactly thirty cents left."

"Why?"

"Nothing. But there ain't no such animal as 'free love,' my son!"

"He makes soothing syrup."

Si Carter's father died, leaving an estate of some $20,000. Si was the executor, and soon swamped with a multitude of technicalities, legal details, and a few law-suits. He became very waxen in appearance. One of the neighbors, noticing this, remarked upon it to him.

"Yes," he replied dejectedly, "I have to run to the court house every other minute; I'm pestered to death. I almost wish my father hadn't died."

"If you had just twenty-four hours to live, how would you spend them?"

"One at a time."

There was just one couple on the hill—

And a gloryin' in your triumphs as

a result of your labors.

And we'll meet again, my chil'ern,
at the partin' of the way—

Where there'll be 'Nothin' to say, my chil'ern. Nothin' at all to say.'—D. W., '23.

A Frozen Snacker is a poor soul that some girl has exposed a cold shoulder to after having used him to win back the fellow she really wants.
Yep, the Mystic Bird is mighty glad to see you all back again! What's that? We ain't been introduced? Surely we must have met at the General Jam. Don't you know the old Mystic Bird? Well, sir, he's a sort of a peculiar critter; long-legged and awkward and not much to look at, but he's got a pretty good old heart, and he's as funny as a crutch. He's a college eh? One of those vile, sinful, obscene creatures of the literary underworld? Don't make me laugh! Read a copy and we'll make you laugh. Why, we've so deodorized that we're in constant fear of being mistaken for a Sunday school quartet.

Tell you wha—The Old Bird aims to get all the fun out of college life, and write it down, along with some serious thoughts now and then. Write the Fowl; he'll welcome it gladly. And if you ever get the chance—just slip a two dollar bill in an envelope with your address on the inside and "Flamingo, Granville," on the outside, and the Mystic Bird will warm your heart nine times in the college year with the glorious Denison Spirit!

THE BEST OF FRIENDS MUST CRY

down each others' coat collars once, and the Mystic Bird has such a wide circle of friends among the Seniors that its lachrymal glands would be ruined if it wept with each one individually; so, members of the worthy class of '25, if you will gather around the banks of Hocking Creek where the drainage is good, we will weep a few farewell weeps together. In the weary months of next semester we shall miss the joy of your faces; but we will surprise you making the most of the fleeting time to prepare your suits at Cupid's shop, and blasphemously retire—leaving you in sole possession of the more secluded portions of the campus: no more will we gaze at your haughty dignity in the front chapel seats; no more will we be saved from sin and ignorance by your precious advice—ah! What shall we do without you? Sad is our lot and mournful our fate! But we will try—we will try—to go on as before.

We don't think that we are so terribly slow, either; do you hear about our football record last fall? Our winning the Conference Basketball Championship last winter? how we came out in debate this spring? And have you looked over the recent track scores? We've been breaking some of the records you made, old "Times-Aint-What-They-Used-To-Be!"

Tell me what—a fellow who can do that now—why the Keeper of the Pen before the present Flunkie would have been more than happy to have him in the past. There is one fellow whose name isn’t on the roll now—but the Keeper of the Pen before the present Flunkie would be more than happy to have him in the past. There is one fellow whose name isn’t on the roll now—but the Keeper of the Pen before the present Flunkie would be more than happy to have him in the past. There is one fellow whose name isn’t on the roll now—but the Keeper of the Pen before the present Flunkie would be more than happy to have him in the past. There is one fellow whose name isn’t on the roll now—but the Keeper of the Pen before the present Flunkie would be more than happy to have him in the past. There is one fellow whose name isn’t on the roll now—but the Keeper of the Pen before the present Flunkie would be more than happy to have him in the past. 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Yea Bo!

Our Calendar for Commencement Weak.

Every Day:
8:30 A.M. - 11:00 A.M. - Study
11:00 A.M. - 1:00 P.M. - Meal
1:00 P.M. - 3:00 P.M. - Rest
3:00 P.M. - 5:00 P.M. - Exercise
5:00 P.M. - 7:00 P.M. - Study
7:00 P.M. - 9:00 P.M. - Meal
9:00 P.M. - 11:00 P.M. - Study
11:00 P.M. - 1:00 A.M. - Rest
1:00 A.M. - 3:00 A.M. - Study

Ground Rules:

- No parties before 11:00 P.M.
- No late nights without permission
- No fraternizing with wild women

Summer Vacation

Wednesday Evening:
Until time to go home for the summer.
A DOLLAR BILL

There was a Yelp of terror and the shriek of brakes; the huge red car came to a grinding stop, and the white-faced driver climbed hastily out and ran back. There, in the midst of the crowd, a little boy was sobbing over the mangy body of a little yellow dog. A crook, whose hair seemed instantly; traffic stopped. The driver, a youngish man dressed in a checked golf suit, was greatly excited. The dog had started to cross in front of him—turned back—he had applied the brakes and jerked the wheel, but in vain—he couldn't stop. The body was only a cur—not worth much anyway—but—what could he do? It was certainly a great loss to the boy. He knelt beside the boy, and patted him on the shoulder; he spoke words of comfort and condolence in his ear; he reached his hand in his pocket, and offered him a dollar bill.

A dollar bill!

The kind old gentleman in the rear of the crowd was disgusted. A dollar bill! Only that much. When the poor little boy was sobbing so? It should be a five-dollar bill. A dollar bill to heal a broken heart! A dollar bill!

The boy raised his head, saw it, reached out his hand, took the bill, and smiled gratefully.

"Thank you, sir," he said.

"Just a dollar bill," they picked up the limp form and carried it to the gutter. The crowd dispersed, the dogs ran down the street. The little boy trotted around the corner, a happy look upon his face. The bystander hurried after him.

"You don't seem to take the little dog's death very hard, young man," said a trifle reprovingly.

"Oh, no, sir," was the reply.

"He wasn't my dog." W. G.

MOUSE OVER, ABE; YOU'RE SETTIN' ON A BEE

"Yesir, a feller's never too old to learn; an' I see thar is sech thin's as teachin' an' old dog new tricks. T'other day, I got sorter tired er settin' around th' house an' I git a mighty lasy washin', th' clothes, an' I drug out my fish 'tack'le an' an' ol' bait can, an'

A DOLLAR BILL

The constable of Red Gap had caught a bum. He had his own ideas of crime and punishment, and after whipping him with the end of a lariat until he considered that he had achieved his mission, he drove off the rods at Red Gap, he lectured him thus:

"Now, you low-life scum of the city, if I let you all go, you'll yah catch the train that goes through in heez five minutes.

"Boss," whimpered the bum, "if you won't let me go I'll catch the train thet goes through in five minutes?"

"You don't seem to take the little dog's death very hard, young man," said a trifle reprovingly.

"Oh, no, sir," was the reply.

"He wasn't my dog." W. G. M.

MOVE OVER, ABE; YOU'RE SETTIN' ON A BEE

"Yesir, a feller's never too old to learn; an' I see thar is sech thin's as teachin' an' old dog new tricks. T'other day, I got sorter tired er settin' around th' house an' I git a mighty lasy washin', th' clothes, an' I drug out my fish 'tack'le an' an' ol' bait can, an'..."
AN INCIDENT OF THE "FLAMINGO" CAMP
Sir Boss—he's our editor—came rushing into the office the other day, embraced the roll top desk in his joy, and burst suddenly into so loud and tuneless a song that even the Office Dog pricked up his cal lous ears in pain. Then the Arch Scribbler grabbed up the Bird from his perch—a very thoughtful thing to do, since the fat creature was just beginning to bask comfortably after a meal of selected seeds—and started babbling the words into the masonic blinking face.

"Brickbats and buzzards," he complained, "I've fou'sted him!—the avis rarissima, the perfect fit, the alumnus incomparable!—met him up on the hill just now, and been talking to him for a half-hour straight! Say! He's too real to be—true—honest!"

"Long whiskers?" suggested the stenog.

"Kissing the knot-holes and praying for the rising generation?" carped the city editor.

"Reminiscing about the G. F. C., the mud roads, and ye ole tyme wood chopping?" growled the stenog.

"Got a kid here in school?" quivered the editor.

"Brave men rolled on the ground, and ye olde tyme wood chopping?" carped the city editor.

"And when they sit apart from us, the mud roads, and ye olde tyme wood chopping?" growled the stenog.

"And what appeals to us co-eds is the mud roads, and ye olde tyme wood chopping?" carped the city editor.

"And and where did they lay them the mud roads, and ye olde tyme wood chopping?" growled the stenog.

"And the table can scarce hold them all the mud roads, and ye olde tyme wood chopping?" growled the stenog.

"And when they sit right with us the mud roads, and ye olde tyme wood chopping?" growled the stenog.

"And what appeals to us co-eds is the mud roads, and ye olde tyme wood chopping?" carped the city editor.

"And prepare your work the night the mud roads, and ye olde tyme wood chopping?" growled the stenog.

"And and where did they lay them the mud roads, and ye olde tyme wood chopping?" growled the stenog.

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THE STORY IN A NUTSHELL

Harry went. —N. H. C.

Calling softly, "Harry, come."

Harry ate it every crumb

This she meant.

"Harry, you a piece must take!"

For her darling Harry's sake.

Alma made an angel cake

cold?

send you?

gas bills down. What did they

advertised appliance to keep your

want to learn how to sing awfully!"

Sign your tickets—throw the pea-

Listen to the chapel talk, it is al-

Champ! champ! champ! the boys

are munching!

So you sent a dollar for that

such a thing."

You today.

"Are you married?"

"That's my business."

"How's business?"

"I would never marry a girl

my inferior." 25

"That would be rather hard to

do."

"I never know how to take

you."

"You never tried."

"Who gives this woman away?"

Wild Rose of Red Gap — "I'll

shoot the first guy that speaks!

A thoughtless collegian named

Lover

Got stalled on the pike in his fliv-

'er;

The garage man said:

"When he looked in the tank,

"Is that all the gas you can give

or?"

Pop — "I don't know what I'm go-

ing to make of that son of mine."

Dean — "Perhaps your son hasn't

found himself yet. Isn't he gifted

in any way?"

Pop — "Gifted! I should say he

is! Everything he's got was given

to him."

There was an alumnus from Tiffin

Who came back to school looking

spiffin';

So grasped his chaw

That his classmates arose,

And treated him free to a muffin.'

The manager was very cross.

"I can see no one today!"

he snapped at the office boy as he

slammed the door labelled "Pri-

vate."

Within an hour the office boy

strutted in.

"Gentleman to see you, sir!"

"I told you I could see no one

today!"

The office boy edged toward the

doors—"Yes sir, but this man says

he is an optician, sir.

"I am crazy about you!"

"Then hadn't you better stay

away?"

Oh, once a young lady from Me.

Said, "You give me a terrible pe.

away?"

"Migosh! What...?"

"Oh, don't get excited; it's just

her hair!"

CARROLL'S

You will find here a great variety of

SMART COATS, CAPES, DRESSES, BLOUSES, SPORT SKIRTS,

SWEATERS, MILLINERY, UNDERWEAR, HOSIERY, GLOVES,

NECKWEAR, JEWELRY, Purses, TOILET ARTICLES, EVER-

SHARP PENCILS and PENS at REMARKABLY LOW PRICES,

and always a cheerful willingness to show them.

John J. Carroll

60-62-64 Hudson Avenue

EMERSON

Fashion Park Clothes

Admired! Spring Suits

For Style—For Fabric—For Tailoring

These Suits are of real quality—made

to exacting specifications.

Dobb's Hats — Dobb's Caps

MANHATTAN and EAGLE SHIRTS

Trunks — Suit Cases — Bags

Roe Emerson

The Men's Apparel Store

Cor. Third and Main

Newark, Ohio
Walk-Over

No matter what the occasion
Walk-over can fill the order.

New spring shoes for men and women have arrived. You'll find what you want here from the heavy brogue type oxford for men to the dainty satin pumps for women.

Hosiery to match, too! See our windows.

Manning & Woodward's
Walk-Over Shoe Store
West Side Square

The Second Step in Getting Ahead

The first step is to save some money.

The second step — and MOST IMPORTANT ONE — is to decide where your savings will be placed.

Your second step should be in the direction of 100% SAFETY—and this step will take you toward

THE HOME BUILDING ASSOCIATION CO.
North Third and West Main Sts. Newark, Ohio

FLOWERS
FOR GRADUATION

In their simple beauty—you'll find
ANKELE'S SPRING FLOWERS
properly selected and properly presented—whether they be for
CORSAGE, BOUQUET OR BASKET

The Ankele Floral Co.
Phones: 8218, 1840
GRANVILLE, Thresher St. Arcade, NEWARK

S. E. Morrow & Son
Dry Goods and Notions
Men's Furnishings Ladies' Furnishings
Laundry Cases
Trunks—Bags—Suit Cases
Granville, Ohio

HEADQUARTERS FOR A MOST COMPLETE
LINE OF

CAMPUSS AND SPORTS' WEAR
In our store you will always find Dame Fashion's latest dictates. We are now featuring golf sweaters and separate skirts.

SERGEANT CLOAK & SUIT CO.
Formerly Sardeson-Hovland Co.
Newark, Ohio
“Commencement Gifts”

Our line of gifts were never larger or better — kindly call and inspect them.

DENISON, FRATERNITY and SORORITY
Jewelry, Leather and Felt Goods.

GEO. STUART
Jeweler and Optometrist
GRANVILLE, OHIO

Preacher (reading his text)—“I am the Lord thy God.”
Customary Small Boy (in a stage whisper) — “Is he really, mama, or is he just kiddin’?”

Prof.—“You’ve got to learn to use your head if you want to get along in the world today; it’s the trained mind that—”
Stude — “Pardon me, sir, but the bricklayers on the new chapel get paid more than twice as much as you do!”

Rabbits multiply, but it takes a snake to be an adder.

James K. Morrow
Funeral Director
MOTOR AMBULANCE SERVICE
Mortuary 129 E. Broadway
Phone 8126 - Granville, Ohio

M. C. HORTON
THE ARCADE JEWELER
3 Arcade
Newark, Ohio

"Commencement Gifts"

The Old Adam (ardently) — “I love you so I’d die for you!”
The New Eve (flippantly) — “How you must trust me! — when I’ve just been appointed coroner!”

“J ust came from Brazil.”

“Yeh? That’s where the nuts come from, ain’t it?”

Professor’s son, to visiting prominent Alumnus.—“Please, Mister, here’s a glass of water for you.”

“Thank you, my little man! It was very thoughtful of you; but I really don’t care for a drink now.”

“Oh, please drink it anyway!”

“Why, little man, are you so anxious to have me drink it? Is there something it it?”

“No sir, it’s perfectly good water; I want to watch you drink; Mama says you drink like a fish!”

“Please, ma’am,” began the hobo as he stood in the kitchen door, “I’ve lost my leg—”

“Humph!” snapped the woman, slamming the door, “I aint got it!”

Do you finish school this year?”

“No; this is my Commencement year.”

“Say, where did I put that Memory Course Lesson? I can’t find it anywhere.”

“Well, considerably nearer than it has ever been before.”

We live and learn—but some of us just live.
ENROLL IN:

The Newark Business College

New Classes Every Monday Morning.
Good Positions for Graduates.

21 1/2 W. Main St.  
Newark, Ohio

Phone 1092

GEORGE E. ALVOID, President

George — "That girl's a miser when she dances."
Oscar — "How's that?"
George — "Very, very close." — Burr.

"What did yo' get dat fine hat?"
"At the sto'."
"How much wuz it?"
"Ah don' know. De sto'-keeper wasn't dar!" — Chaparral.

Butcher — "Do you want this for a stew?"
Nubride — "Certainly not, it's for my husband." — Mink.

Mary — "What's the matter?"
June — "Chemistry teacher is overcome by gas."
Mary — "Where are you going, after the doctor?"
June — "No, more gas." — Bison.

The Visitor — "Why were you divorced from your husband?"
Lady of the House — "Why, our cook disliked him so that she threatened to leave if I kept him." — Freemont Messenger.

Prof. — "Girls, I think I shall hold my class in the park this afternoon."
One of Them (admiringly) — "What a big lap you must have professor." — Bison.

Salsal — "Wanna go on a sleighing party?"
Viki — "Are we gonna aly?" — Medley.

Egg — "Going to the dance tonight?"
Natz — "I don't know; is it formal or can you wear your own clothes?" — Burr.

NO SALE

"Is this boat safe?" queried the prospective buyer.
"Safest on earth," replied the salesman.

— Yellow Jacket.

Tim — "Why do the authors say a smile crept over her face?"
Jim — "Because they are afraid if it goes any faster it might kick up a dust."

— Black and Blue Jay.

Ho — "Men are a good deal like horses."
Bo — "Yes, but a horse is worth more when he's broke." — Crocker.

Mother — "Don't you think that college boy is a bit fast for you?"
Dot (confidently) — "Yes, but I think I can get him." — Punch Bowl.

Man — "Waiter, this soup is burned."
Waiter — "Who told you so?"
Man — "A little swallow." — Stone Mill.

Dr. Heck

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YOU WANT TO PAY ME

You know, the early bird gets the worm.

"Yeah, but what about the poor worm?"

"That's all right. He had his fun. He was out all night."

Policeman—"You're under arrest!

"That woman is a public menace. She's too destructive."

Roomie—"How come?"

Policeman (utterly)—"Why, first she broke my heart, and then she broke me, and now she's broken our engagement."

Editor—"Can't you think of any but naughty jokes for this magazine?"

Hopeful—"Surely, but I thought this was a college comic."

Two young men, one studying law, the other theology, were arguing about the respective merits of their ideals.

Well—"said the aspirant to the ministry, "when I'm a bishop I can say, 'You be damned,' but when you're a judge the most you can say is 'You be hanged.'""

"Yes," retorted the other, "but when I say 'You be hanged,' you're jolly well sure of being hanged."

John Hopkins.

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Beggar—"Thank you so much. You may not believe it, sir, but once I was a multi-millionaire."

Kind-hearted Old Gent—"Hum. And what became of your fortune?"

Beggar—"I sent my son through college."

Contrib—"I don't know whether I better go in for the art or editorial staff."

Editor—"I advise the art staff."

Contrib—"But you have never seen any of my drawings."

Editor—"No, but I've read some of your poetry."

He—"How's my girl today?"

She (with enthusiasm)—"Just fine!"

He—"How do you know?"

J._—"Is your wife dead?"

Biggs—"Yes, your honor; she died of natural causes."

J._—"What were they?"

B.—"I threw her off a twenty-story building."

J._—"Great Scott, man, you don't call that natural, do you?"

B.—"I surely do. It would be mighty unnatural if she hadn't died!"

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