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The First Electrochemist

NITROUS oxide, according to the science of a century ago, was "the principle of contagion when respired by animals in the minutest quantities." Mere say-so.

Imaginative yet skeptical Humphrey Davy, who believed in experiment rather than in opinion, "respired" it and lived.

It was this restless desire to test beliefs that made him one of the founders of modern science. Electricity was a new force a century ago. Davy used it to decompose potash, soda, and lime into potassium, sodium, and calcium, thus laying the foundations of electrochemistry. With a battery of two thousand plates he produced the first electric arc—harbinger of modern electric illumination and of the electric furnace.

Czar Alexander I and Napoleon met on a raft to sign the Treaty of Tilsit while Davy was revealing the effects of electricity on matter. "What is Europe?" said Alexander. "What are Europe."

The treaty was at that time an important political event, framed by two selfish monarchs for the sole purpose of furthering their personal interests. Contrast with it the unselfish efforts of Sir Humphrey Davy. His brilliant work has resulted in scores of practical applications of electrolysis in industry and a wealth of chemical knowledge that benefit not himself but the entire world.

In the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company, for instance, much has been done to improve the electric furnace (a development of Davy's arc) and new compounds have been electrochemically produced, which make it easier to cast high-conductivity copper, to manufacture special tool steels, and to produce carbides for better arc lamps.
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The CORNELL
NEWARK, OHIO

The Denison Flamingo
A bell clanged impatiently somewhere down the long hall-way of the manse and clanged again. To the girl, waiting on the mat before the ponderous old door it began to be a subject for cynical conjecture when it would be opened. Ugly thing! — black walnut, with all the enticing grace of a Victorian high-boy, — forbidding, hypocritical! It seemed to her the embodiment of that pious prevarication she detested. She suspected it of being wormy at heart, — like the church and the parish and the whole religious regime with which she was familiar. As she stood looking at it some of the cynicism of her philosophy was reflected in her face, — at its liveliest but a debonair mask. A small, oval face it was, with nothing to distinguish it save a pair of very level brown eyes, deep-set and uncomfortably penetrating. The features were regular but marred by a decidedly up-curving chin, too aggressive altogether for a woman. In contrast with this her whole face was too pale, and her figure accentuated by a devouring restlessness of movement. Indeed her impetuousness evoked a bell clanged impatiently somewhere down the long hall-way of the manse and clanged again. To the girl, waiting on the mat before the ponderous old door it began to be a subject for cynical conjecture when it would be opened. Ugly thing! — black walnut, with all the enticing grace of a Victorian high-boy, — forbidding, hypocritical! It seemed to her the embodiment of that pious prevarication she detested. She suspected it of being wormy at heart, — like the church and the parish and the whole religious regime with which she was familiar. As she stood looking at it some of the cynicism of her philosophy was reflected in her face, — at its liveliest but a debonair mask. A small, oval face it was, with nothing to distinguish it save a pair of very level brown eyes, deep-set and uncomfortably penetrating. The features were regular but marred by a decidedly up-curving chin, too aggressive altogether for a woman. In contrast with this

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If she had succeeded in startling him, she was unable to detect any signs of it. His mouth was merely moulded in judicial lines, and his eyes, as keen and as far beyond her, as hers, had a faculty of instant adjustment that constantly surprised but never afforded him need of watching in the gaze he raised to her own. "And you are in trouble," quietly.

"No," said Miriam sharply. Then more lightly, "On the contrary I am about to conceive some force; I think you might have suspected from the first showed itself in his tone. "I must think I'm very free—very quarrelsome," or you would not have retorted so sarcastically, and for the first time the active dislike that she had suspected from the first showed itself in his tone. "Mercifully, I'm alone."

Last Sunday morning, Dr. Upton, publicly accused the members of a certain organization in this town of leading disgracefully immoral lives, and far worse than that, of deliberately ballots for every effort of the clergy and for the gross social uplift and charitable activities, I heard the sermon with a disquieting interest; and as a waiter of the 'Motley' I protest that the charges are unproved. I think you made the statement sincerely enough, but with mistaken zeal. You must know that no matter how that sort can't go unchallenged. That organization numbers among its members many of the wealthiest and most influential citizens of this town—some of the members of your own church. As a society it has for years been regarded for its liberal contributions to charity—both in money and personal service. And the entire credibility of the persons belonging to it have never been in question, nor have any knowledge been questioned. But, quite apart from the absurdity of the charges made, I must say that I have not got from you just that force which I expected.

"Certainly, if I can." Miriam left on the fly, but not before she had frowning to interpret his last statement as a question. "You couldn't have made that, I'm thinking."

"Then we must disagree in definitions of the word 'truth,'" said Miriam. "The further debate is impossible." "Quite likely," Miranda agreed darkly. "However, if you do will the kindness to answer one more question, I assure you that you will not trouble you further.

"Certainly, if I can.

"In degree, perhaps,—in substance—" said Eustace.

"That opinion, I think you will rapidly revise." "In degree, perhaps,—in substance—" said Eustace.

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Somehow—when it isn't.
And the trees and feathered flashers
Tittered about it to the
Hid their rippling hair and
Under the yearning sun. And the
Capering in the thin slipping neg-
Beyond them leaped mountains,
Laughed.

Trees and feathered flashers and
From out the burning brazier of
Laughed and laughed and
The mountains — blue - soaked
Swings the baby moon—
Ye villain grinned in fiendish
The cast-off head-gear of a
A ragged cap,
The night above us is
Earth has worn its shoddy lining
Is provender for crawling worms
Scornful earl whose lordly skull
Long dead.

In a thousand pin-pricks whence
wrath
There isn't any fire-escape."
"Yes, we have no dates.
Think you'd be afraid to live here—
Don't bother me none. When the cops
Come after me, I get away over the
lead this steak out into the kitchen
met if he
But
My Dad says, "Let the girls alone,
Be of your money saving!"
asked.
Pertly, the nurse had just made
one of my regular customers."
Toward the door, "I will call the
sir."
Private, to the cook—"Say, if
you was to put that lid on that kettles; there wouldn't so much dirt get in."
Cook—"Say; your business is
Private—"Yes, but not to eat it!
Walter, proudly, "We do all
our cooking by electricity here, sir.
Dinner—"That so? Then please
lead this steak out into the kitchen and shock it again."

THE FLAMINGO

Tour, (cont.)
Beyond them leaped mountains,
Capering in the thin slipping neg-
lige of summer.
Under the yearning sun. And the
Hid their rippling hair and
Tittered about it to the
Trees and feathered flashers and the
Hollow-brid and whispers of the
Shrugged their shoulders and
Laughed and laughed and
Laughed.

Le Soir
A pale blue wall, the sky, with
silver glazed.
Blurred by a ragged veil of
Salmon smoke.
From out the burning brazier of the
West. The mountains — blue - soaked
Cardboard, smooth-cut strips
Pasted along the
Baseboard of heaven touch with a
Silver glazed,
Inflating thru the soundless, cold
and heroes.
In an abandoned house.
Silent it guards the silence, echo-
ing only the
Ghosts of murdered sounds.
Overhead, meshed in the veil floating from the wall
Swings the baby moon—
A slice of withered lemon
Thrown by the hand of a drunk-
en reveler
Long death.

La Nuit
The night above us is
A ragged cape
Refined with cheap cloud-stuff—
The cost-off head-gear of a
Scornful earl whose lordly skull
Is provender for crawling worms and moles.
And now the wily, bristling thotch of
Earth; it wears a shoddy lining.
In a thousand pin-pricks whence the
Satin cell of heaven shines thru—
The stars.

HOT DOGGEREL
Ye maiden strode along ye path
And plucked flowers here and there;
Ye villian grined in fiendish wrath
And tore his bright red hair.

The Visiting Nurse—"I should
think you'd be afraid to live
there isn't any fire-escape."

The Slim Dancer—"Oh, that
don't bother me none. When the cops
come after me, I get away over the
roof."

THIS IS THE LAST TIME WE'LL PRINT THIS
Deal-and-Dumb Beggar—"Do
you think it looks like rain, Bill?"

Blind Beggar—"Wait a minute, I
can't look up here—now comes one
of my regular customers."

He was convalescing in the hos-
pital; the nurse had just made
him comfortable for the night.
Cant wine
Inflating thru the soundless, cold
and heroes.
In an abandoned house.
Silent it guards the silence, echo-
ing only the
Ghosts of murdered sounds.
Overhead, meshed in the veil floating from the wall
Swings the baby moon—
A slice of withered lemon
Thrown by the hand of a drunk-
en reveler
Long death.

The Husband—"One night
while you were away, I heard a
bargirl. You should have seen me
go down the stairs in three jumps.

The Wife—Where was he? On
the roof?"

Private, to the cook—"Say, if
you was to put that lid on that kettles; there wouldn't so much dirt get in."
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Private—"Yes, but not to eat it!
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THE LAUDER LYRIC
When the summer has gone and the autumn has come,
It's great to get back to college;
To hurry to climb the mountain
To study and drill the lessons
Oh, it's great just to hustle and
Oh, it's fine to get back to the
But it's finer to sleep in the morn.

The Visiting Nurse—"I should
think you'd be afraid to live
there isn't any fire-escape."

The Slim Dancer—"Oh, that
don't bother me none. When the cops
come after me, I get away over the
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THE FLAMINGO

Traveler—"Where does this train
go to?"

Gateman—"This train goes to Col-
umbus in five minutes."

Traveler—"I'll take another, then
—and that's too fast for me."

1. "I know a man who lived on
bread and milk for six months."

2. "That's nothing! I know a
man who lived on water for 20
years."

"I was born here, sir."

"Gosh, it—(a-hum-m) —hot, aint it? said the farmer's hired
man as he lingered in the barn
door: "Nigh onto ninety-five in the
shade."

"Well," snapped Hiram Corn-
tassel, as he buckled a harness-strap,
"You don't have to stay there.
I'm very happy when I'm broke,
The same don't think it's funny;
Because, no matter how I try,
I can't spend my money."

At five o'clock in the Training
Camp, the sunset gun boomed.
The Boy from Hickville turned white.

"Smatter' he' gezped; "War?"

"Now, grited the Top, "Sun, dow!"

"Golly. The B. from H. was
awed. "She do go down with a
bang here, don't she?"

But the Devil is Still "Old Harry"
The Suffragist—no, the
Pessimist; well, the Eve Tri-
phant, then, was speaking pas-
ionately. "Women," she cried;
"Women, the Lord is for us—and
with Her on our side, we cannot fail!"

"Aren't these eggs a little too
small?" complained the Young
Brother to the Grocer.

"Well, ma'm," was the reply;
"They're just as the farmers bring
them to me and they are posi-
tively fresh!"

"Yes, I suppose that's so, and
you can't be blamed for it; these
farmers are in such a hurry to
take advantage of the high prices
that they take their eggs from
the nest when they're too small."

But why don't Fred and Mary
speak to you since their mar-
riage?

"Oh, I introduced them to each
other."

"Haven't you and Jack been en-
tered?"

"Too long—he hasn't a cent left."

Diagram, Working model, and
Explanatory Folder
May be Had Upon Application at Our
Office.

Englishman, to his American
friend: "You know, when I was
down in your Southern states, I
had a most peculiar experience.
I was walking one evening, and
met an old native, whom I asked
if he thought it would rain. He
looked at the sky, shook his
head in a perplexed way, and said,
wind, little dogs it will, and then little
dogs it won't."
Well, well! and so the class of '26 are Freshmen no longer, but Sophomores—and the class of '24, (imagine that!) are Seniors! Golly! How the Old Raccoon Creek is moist and cool.

There are some songs that you will want to learn right away—"To Denison," "Old Varsity," the marching song; and yells like "Heike," and "Yea Denison." You can't be a real Denisonian until you've learned them and caught their spirit; and it has been rumored that anyone found silent or humming "la-la de-dum" at the first football game will find coolness and moisture.

And then another thing—if you intend to go out for football, track, basketball, baseball, or debate, or if you have visions of a Phi Beta Kappa key on your vest, start right now, in your Freshman year, and go after it! If you wait until next year, when you "know the place better," and have "sort of gotten settled," you have wasted a year—one-fourth of the time you will spend in college. And the Bird says to you, you can't afford it.

Now, now! The Old Foul has done gone and been serious, and that is strictly against principles. But what he meant to say was this—"Come on, you '27, let's go!"

The Dog-gone Bell Again!

And the old grind begins. And back we come to the old Hill, back from the factories and the farms, the summer resorts and the woods; back with our sunburn and our tan, our blisters and our mosquito bites; back to the Virgil and the pigskin, the Tuxedo and the gym-suit; back to old loves and new. In other words, hang it, here we are! And the first person that says, "Thanks, just had one!" when you say, "Have a good vacation?" you can say on the spot. And if anybody slaps our sunburn, there's going to be trouble.

But hang it, here we are! And this semester will mean a Phi Bet key or not, to some of us; a letter or not, to some of us; a new frat pin or not, to some of us. Here we are—and we find new faces on the platform in the Chapel, new voices call class-rolls. And some of 'em we won't be awfully fond of at first. But let's give the new faculty members a chance—it may be they are not so awfully fond of us. At any rate, if we stop to scrap about it, or kick about the new Chapel's not being done when first promised us, that Key, or that Letter, or that Girl will flit gently away from us, as the fresh bone flits away from the hungry pup in an animated cartoon. We haven't time to fuss around aimlessly; we've got to get down to business.

The dog-gone bell again! Will it ring for a championship team this year? What's that? Louder! Oh, yes, maybe you're right—and it is a cinch you're right, if you really mean it. SURE IT WILL! But it won't unless we back that team, on the practice field and in the Stadium, at home and away, in victory and defeat. How about it? It's up to us. Do we lick State this year, or do we not? Do we get that Championship, or don't we?

"Twelve Auto Accidents Sunday's Toll," ran a headline in the Columbus Citizen. Yes, the daily dozen.

Midnight Sugar Loaf commuters might be interested in the recent reports of the shooting of several men as they sat by the roadside with a Date in their autos.

Edison says that it is useless to go to school after the age of fourteen, inasmuch as one learns nothing new after that age, but simply acquires polish. Sometimes, in our pessimistic moments, we are inclined to agree with him—and to doubt the acquisition of polish.

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"Five Bandits Hold Up Train in Oklahoma;" from the Columbus Dispatch. They must have been pupils of Lionel Strongfort.

Lest the fair co-eds should be led into temptation, they are forbidden to go at night among the evil lights of the confectionaries with a college man, and so forced to stroll about the pure darkness of the shady walks. Consistency, thou art still a bed-bug!

Address all communications to THE FLAMINGO, Box 568, Granville, O. Contributions may be mailed to this address, brought to the office, or placed in the FLAMINGO Box on the hill. The editor reserves the right to make minor changes in accepted manuscripts.
"Oh, George! When I visited the town three years ago our sociology class saw a case of the rankest injustice—there was a man in there for three years for forging a check, and a negro who had killed his wife was in for three weeks!"

"Great Scott! You don’t mean to tell me that such a thing could happen nowadays?"

"Yes, it’s the truth—he’s in for only three weeks. After that they’re going to hang him."

In the first place, let it be understood that this is not a story. Stories are written by hungry-eyed, flat-chested young men, smoking long black pipes as they sag over their clicking Olivers. They love to discuss. This has no other reasons why. It might best be called a simple chronicle of this is not a story. This is not—it’s a Remington.

A young man, a college youth, was homely, but because she was average girl. So, we shall call her Mary—her last name does not matter.

When the Ceremony of the Bouder was completed to her satisfaction, she whisked out of the room, down the stairs, and joined a group of her classmates, chatting at the foot of the steps to the campus court. Although she seemed to be absorbed in the trifling scandal of the moment, she kept a vigilant watch upon the students passing and repressing along the walk. One of the fraternities, the Mu Kow Mu—what difference does it make?—was having a hazy ride on the coming Friday night, and although she wouldn’t have admitted it to herself, she sort of hoped that somebody would happen a long and come toward him. Embarrassed, and angry with himself for his own embarrassment, he made a date for the coming Friday night.

A short time before John Doe set out upon his mission, a girl piloted before her mirror in one of the dormitories, and did the little sniffings and fluffings that make up so large a part of a girl’s Ritual of the Dress. She was a girl of medium height and weight, and medium beauty; she would not attract more than a passing glance anywhere. Not that she was homely, but because she was an average girl. So, we shall call her Mary—her last name does not matter.

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Registration Day Greetings!

Sorority Sisters:

A few days at this act oughta set me pretty with my pro's.

Don't forget the horn-rimmed glasses and books - you may meet a member of the faculty.

This snappy chatter will fix you ace with the dear co-eds.

And yes, we have a nice reception for this part the university.

Don't worry, I have a little red tape frame for the university.

General Jam:

We can hardly wait 'til the night you don the glad rags and come out like a million dollars and say it yourself.

Well! Well! So this is Denison!

Proper pose while extending solicitations at the treasurer's office.

To the Granville bus.
revolving uncertainly about the common center of wealth or even of aristocratic birth. In point of fact there was no aristocratic birth, either in lineage or in personal attainment—and, for the most part, hence no aristocratic social Garrisons—births that were possible, by the fastest route, with the throat open and the muffler cut loose. What phlegmically aristocratic she was of the school of Epicur- us; their religion, apparently, the precise art of the snap, was the latest mode. A famous quips- ter on the staff of the leading local periodical of the “Suicide Club De Luxe,” and the title had clung, as nearly as Upton could determine, deserved- }

(Continued from page 9.)
HEADACHE CURE

At this time of the year, until you have definitely broken your resolution to get nothing but As, this term, you will find that along about three o'clock in the morning your head will begin to ache, making the type of your Greek book very hard to read, and producing a quaint effect upon the curious symbols in the Chemistry lesson. By a happy accident we discovered a simple, inexpensive remedy that anyone can apply, and will relieve completely the most stubborn headache in a very few moments. The procedure is:

Fill a large bucket with water, preferably wet; dip your head well under the surface of the water for a few moments. The procedure is:

1. If your little boy says "hell"—I really am not rash.
2. If your boy goes in swimming without a TUXEDO and riding a RED HORSE—For I could winter in the South, and spend no cash .
3. If the child complains of a stubborn headache in a very few moments. The procedure is:
4. If your little boy says "hell"—do not reproach him. He probably heard the minister say it at church.
5. If the child complains of a headache so that he can't attend school, take a two-inch slice and break his leg. He'll forget about the headache.
6. If you find a young hopeful standing on a box in the panorama, try massaging his tussles with jam, place some three-inch spikes on the floor near the box, business end up, and pull the box out from under the little dickens. He'll fall notwithstanding.
7. If some young children make a practice of squalling from one to three o'clock, get a large bottle of soothing syrup and give them as many as you can take hold of at the druggist's. Then when the little scamp begins to come out of the neighbor's loud-speaking radio, take a double dose of the syrup and put on ear-muffs. If none of these suit your particular trouble, send $0.25 for free booklet entitled: "Kid Culturage."

SOCIETY FOR SPEEDY SUPPRESSION OF SWITCHES

presents

"Noisy Hairs"

HALF ACT TRAGEDY

featuring

FRAU ZEE—Late village belle
HEERR SUTE—Somewhat later

SCENE I

(Frau Zee is caught improvising a home-made cofiure before the mirror in expectation of the arrival of Herr Sute.)

BACK HAIR—I'll be switch-ed! Here I am under a pin again!

SIDE HAIRS—contemptuously—Ok rats!

TOP HAIRS—At least you're not always having a falling out like Side Hairs. They're always snarling.

(Side Hairs stand on end and look down on others.)

S. H.—Snarling, is it? Isn't our fault. The Prats' always splitting hairs. (They brush slickly by.)

B. H.—Some pull they have! Always parted in some fuss and never even get the hairbrush!

Switch—She's double-crossed us all. I'm dropping out every time.

FRAU ZEE—(Exasperated)—SCHRECKLICH! (cutting them all off short.)

SCENE II

ENTER Herr Sute

HERR SUTE—What a transformation! (Asbestos Curtain)

TOBACCO ENSEMBLE

As I was seated under the BEECHNUT tree reading an OPEN BOOK I had found in my MAIL POUCH, I saw a RED MAN emerge from his WIG WAM, leap upon a RED HORSE and seat a YANKEE GIRL, he was drugging, on a POLAR BEAR. Stealthily as a TIGER I approached him. He saw me and we had an HONEST SCRAP. After an EIGHT-HOUR scrap I quit being a UNION WORKER. I was glad I had for just then I saw PRINCE ALBERT, the UNION LEADER, wearing a TUXEDO and riding a BROWN MULE. With him was one of the FIVE BROTHERS playing a BAGPIPE. The CLIMAX was over, and the girl gave me her BANKROLL in gratitude.

Dr. Lagrange—It was a long time before I could persuade my patients to accept the patient's advice. I am unable to do so until I have seen the patient's face and heard the patient's voice. I cannot persuade the patient to accept the patient's advice until I have seen the patient's face and heard the patient's voice. I cannot persuade the patient to accept the patient's advice until I have seen the patient's face and heard the patient's voice.

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I really was a dunce!

Last year I wasted ten dollars,

know who he is. Go away!

"Is this a band?"

A Sophomore just told me that she was going to Casey's to catch her some suckers. Do they have many students from Illinois here now, and why should she chase them? Perhaps they are men, and she's a bit vampish.

"I didn't know that they had autos in heaven until I heard them sing that song in chapel about: 'We'll go to our heavenly homes on high.'"

"The girls were telling me that it was terribly crowded always at the General Jam so when a man asked if he could date with me for the celebration I said no, because I didn't care to be squeezed."

"When I whistled for my roommate to open the screen to let me in late one night after a scheming date, she asked in a whisper if it was me. I wonder who else she could have been expecting?"

"A senior named Oswald asked me for a date this afternoon, and I wasn't quite sure whether he went with me or not. He wasn't very well dressed. He didn't have side burns or his hair wasn't shiny with stoicism, and he didn't wear those silk trousers or anything."

"Oswald asked me if I didn't want to take a walk to Lover's Lane. But I was real firm, and I told him that I didn't think I had known him long enough to go there.

"Sweetheart, did you make this pudding out of the cook-book?"

"Yes, my love."

"I thought I tasted one of the covers."

"Thank yuh, Cuhnil!" said the porter to the traveling man in Dixie.

"Sup?—I ain't a Colonel. Where do you Southerners get so many Colonels, anyway?"

"Well, sah, Ah don't know 'bout de rest of 'em, sah, but any man what gives me a dollah is a Cuhnil to me, henceforth an' forever!"

The little Freshman across the hall says:

"My Big Sister is just darling, but I do so hope that my Big Brother will be cute."

"I saw in the newspapers that German marks were cheaper than ever before. I'm glad that American students don't buy their grades, for it isn't honorable to bribe ones teachers."

"I'm not sure she is the kind Who'd 't honor and obey."

The Editor slapped his brow.

"What is it? You breathed the Sweetest Girl: 'an inspiration."

"No, darn it—a mosquito!"

"How should she get rid of the bore?"

Finally she asked, "Do you like music?"

"Yes," he replied, "I am carried away by music."

Immediately she flew to the piano and played. Then she turned to look—and he was still there.

"You are not gone yet?" she asked in feigned surprise.

"No."

"But you said that music carried you away?"

"Yes, but I said music."

"The darky was badly slashed with a razor."

"Why don't you keep out of bad company?" asked the Doctor as he dressed the wound.

"Deedy, Doc, an' ah'd like to—but Ah ain't got money 'nuff fo' a divorce."

"Oh, John! The pantry is just over-run with ants!"

"Fine! Let's have a picnic right here at home!"

The college student, dressed in the latest fad, his hair gleaming, sat down in the dentist's chair. The dentist called his assistant.

"The General Jam so when a man asked if he could date with me this afternoon, and I said no, because I didn't like that kind of squeeze."

"Give him the gas," he said.

"I'm afraid to," she replied.

The college student, dressed in a broadcloth, what is a geometry student?"

"I'm a bookworm, what is a geometry student?"

The second evening came, and Upton, listening from his seat on the platform to the close words of Dr. Wentworth's address, received not the bewildered reluctance of the immediate response from the audience. He was no doubting Thomas, but his own experience and common sense told him that there was something unnatural about this concerted enthusiasm so unfailingly repeated each night. It was too good to last. In a flash the old baseball maxim came to him: "Three strikes and out!"

(To be concluded) E. B.

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Latest year I wasted ten dollars, I really was a dunce! I bought a few extinguishers, And haven't used it once.
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Hon—"I'd hate to be coming down without it."
-Octopus.

Customer—"This skunk coat is very fine; will it stand the rain?"
Salesman—"Madam, did you ever see a skunk that carried an umbrella?"—Yale Record.

Klanamen—Dog, you are about to be hanged as an alien. Now tell us your nationality if you would have a last chance.
Victim—I am an Indian.
Klanamen—Pull the rope, men! I never heard of an Indian on the Mayflower—Juggler.
'Twas in the trolley yesterday; a sweet young thing across the way. She coyly looked and heaved a sigh. I almost tried to wink my eye. Hurrah. The fellow by her side I knew in college—Jim McBride.
"Hello there Jim," (I'm on my toes) "Hello there Jack," (he ar rose) "Allow me to present," he said (a toothpick could have knocked me dead. Emotion in my soul was rife) "Allow me to present my wife."
-Froth

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BUT WAS NOT LOST.
“She asked me to kiss her on either cheek.”
“Which one did you kiss her on?”
“I hesitated a long time between them.”—Burr
Bub—“He’s a great artist isn’t he, paints anything?”
Dud—“Yeah, everything but China.”
Bub—“Well, that’s quite a ways to go.”—Chapparral.

ADD A COUPLE “D’S”
Simple—“How many ‘f’s’ are there in professor?”
Flunked—“Oh! About a dozen.”—Frivol.

INFANT FOOD
Her—“Don’t you think Gorma Nish is just thrilling in “Wild Oats?”
Him—“Yeah. That’s her best cereal.”—Beanpot.
Bella—“Mother hasn’t kicked about petting for a long time. Wonder what’s up?”
Donna—“She’s too busy with the Girls’ Morals Society to worry about us.”—Punch Bowl.

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"She might if she knew about it but I always beat mother in."

—La Crosse Tribune.

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