Flamingo Vol. IV N 5

Edward A. Schmitz
*Denison University*

Virginia E. Follin
*Denison University*

Dick Davis
*Denison University*

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When Henry rang the bell

If any bell was ever heard around the world, Joseph Henry rang it in his famous experiment at the Albany Academy. The amazing development of the electrical industry traces back to this schoolmaster's coil of insulated wire and his electro-magnet that lifted a ton of iron.

Four years later when Morse used Henry's electro-magnet to invent the telegraph, Henry congratulated him warmly and unselfishly.

The principle of Henry's coil of wire is utilized by the General Electric Company in motors and generators that light cities, drive railroad trains, do away with household drudgery and perform the work of millions of men.
The gift your friends enjoy

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At Substantial Savings.

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Rexall Store
W. P. ULLMAN and SON

The

Milano
Fifth Avenue’s Favorite Pipe

"There is something
fine about it"

$3.50 and up
at the better
smoke shops
Wm. DEMUTH & Co.
NEW YORK

Soda
Grille

The Gift That Gives the Greatest PLEASURE
The box that is like a treasure chest with bags of
"plunder"—chocolates of new designs and flavors.

Footwear of Distinction
For Every Purpose

Newark: Arcade Annex
Zanesville: Elk’s Building

Kuster’s Restaurants
Announcing a most interesting display of New winter fashions from Wooltex

Slim slender coats they are, for though the Parisian may admit a circular skirt, a flare here or there, mostly she demands the slenderizing tube-like silhouette. Wooltex fashions introduce many interesting style features; big sleeved dress models like the coat pictured; more snugly fitting styles either plain or fur trimmed.

Our showing includes many distinctive models; all exquisitely tailored.

The winter fabrics are delightful
Of soft velvety texture like Lustrosa, Bonivoine, Fashona, or of the deep piled bolivia type such as Francino, Excello, Granada.

The coats are most interestingly trimmed
Fur first of all, for collar, for cuffs, ably assisted by cording or inset bands of the material, by embroidery or silk stitching.
SYNOPSIS OF FIRST CHAPTER

Heywood, the conservative New England suburb is waked one day by a double shock. The young Congregational minister, Eustace Upton, publicly accuses the members of a powerful secret organization of the city—known as “Motley”—of leading unworthy lives and of deliberately working against civic betterment of Heywood. The challenge is promptly taken up by the forces of Motley, of which Miriam Gardiner is leader, and a closed forum is set to all the ministers involved in a cooperative revival which is to be launched that same week. To date no hostile move has been made by the opposition, but Upton, after observing the phenomenal success of the first three meetings is shrewdly watching for a swift change.

* * *

COINCIDENCE or not, a very reasonable basis for his dread was furnished at the next meeting. The house was just as full, the speaker just as gifted, his message just as earnest and appealing. Yet from the first something went wrong. It was indefinable but it was there—very obviously in the atmosphere—a false, or a missing note. As usual at the end of the address the meeting was opened, the speaker just as gifted, his message just as earnest and appealing. Yet from the first something went wrong. It was indefinable but it was there—very obviously in the atmosphere—a false, or a missing note. As usual at the end of the address the meeting was opened, the speaker just as gifted, his message just as earnest and appealing.

His audience usually applauded vigorously and sincerely. Yet from the first something went wrong. It was indefinable but it was there—very obviously in the atmosphere—a false, or a missing note. As usual at the end of the address the meeting was opened, the speaker just as gifted, his message just as earnest and appealing.

Mr. Aldernay was crushed by it. He was an extraordinarily gifted and brilliant preacher—beyond the measure even of Upton—but sensitive and conscientious to a fault. Even the heartiest pro-tests of his fellow-clergymen failed to reassure him. He was “not a whit to blame,” he was the “best talker among them”—as in truth he was—”it was a planned coup” etc., but it required another week of forums like the one through which he himself had suffered to convince his conscience that he was not to blame.

From that time on the stage seemed hopelessly set for failure. The first restrained forensic wrangle brought others at its heels, less restrained and—too often far from forensic. Night after night the strike went on, night after night the speaker exerted himself in vain to quell it. He might do his utmost, in dict, appeal, challenge, and reason with arguments and an eloquence calculated to convince the coldest intellectual before him. His audience usually applauded vigorously and sincerely. Yet try as he might to prevent it, when once he had opened the forum his message was sure to be lost in a trackless quagmire of controversy.

So the deadlock continued, with Upton chafed to the raw at this and, in the course of a two-minute acknowledgement of the debt he owed the revival for renewing his faith, etc., this latter subtly managed to undermine every basic fact in the testimony of his predecessor. Between and around them the audience gradually took sides (almost, it seemed to Upton, as if by rearrange ment). Very sportsmanlike and well-bred they were, to be sure, in their attacks but before they had finished they had hopelessly muddled the real purport of the speaker’s message none the less.

In the atmosphere—a false, or a missing note. As usual at the end of the address the meeting was opened, the speaker just as gifted, his message just as earnest and appealing.

And day after day exasperated clergymen met in a forum of their own to seek a remedy if not a cure for their ailing campaign. Upton was openly furious. He knew more of the moving power and contributing causes behind the blockade than any of the others. He had had a glimpse, at least, of the inner machinery working to construct it, for he had received an illuminating and very personal postscript to his official warning that had hinted at much. And by a deftly non-committal process of comparison he had assured himself that he was the only one so favored. Yet a strange hesitancy made him reluctant to tell all he knew, though he was faithful enough in relating every detail that might be of consequence. So his fellow-workers—who were all considerably older than he and fond of referring to him affectionately in his absence as “that boy Upton”—said his implacable anger to the charge of his greater youth and to an accident of temperament. To this cause, too, rather than to his extraordinary gifts of intellect, they preferred to ascribe the peculiar pertinacity with which he had been singled out as target for the choicest barbs of the opposition. Motley’s whims were proverbial.

Yet the deadlock continued, with Upton chafed to the raw at this obstinate blocking of a long-cherished dream, so near its realiza-
tion. Nor did it help in the least
of a curtsey. 

"Noblesse oblige! I sometimes
A heap of smouldering ashes,—
gold and cold.

"I have your permission to pass, sir-Tolkerpe.

"Certainly, if you pay the toll in
the right way, I shall be pleased to open the
have been slipping too easily of

"Messiah." Then with the clos-

"Have I your permission to pass, sir-Tolkerpe.

Can not stay from you but straight

"Oh Great Physician, heal her
wound!

October

Raindrops falling on grass blades,

D U ——
A bonny bonny lass but wary.
Like a fool whose stripes at best
Love to her's a trite old jest,
A lovely lovely, gentle fairy,
Burns them, yet's too cruel to kill,
Oh, a cruel cruel wretch is Mary,
And leaves in its wake new won-
The tide of the Fall ripples over
Oh, a lovely lovely lass is Mary,
Ere she knew her hands were tied.
And the- foam of tide, the chrys-
The tide of the Fall sweeps over
And covers the green as the sea
Of drowsy silence, drunk with
Stolen from the sleeping South.
Love walked blindfold by her
der of ways ;
the land
the moon,
coming trees,
Mellow 'stains on languid
Gay Mary;
Flitting, airy.
Cold Mary!
So chary.

THE TIDE OF THE FALL
The tide of the Fall ripples over
Leaves in its wake new wonder-
ways;
Oh, my mother, and no bee's hum.
Of red roses gone, and blue asters come
And the foam of tide, the chrys-
amethem.
Of drowsy silence, drunk with the sun.
Stolen from the sleeping South.
The tide of the Fall sweeps over
And covers the green as the sea
does the sand.
It drenches with color the dreaming trees.

IRONY
I found myself along a shadowed walk
Screened from the glare of day,
So cool, and dim, and silent that
I said:
"Shall I come home this way?"
I turned along a dusty street to help
A lad with heavy load;
When plain, came back 'twas night and chill and tired
And I took the nearest road.

NIGHT ON SUGARLOAF
Three knoll anvil,
Rivers on rivers on embers.
Preen ocean melons would the laurel aid?
Name a high name high,
Over and over and under.
Wing a leafy almonette with a blue, a new blue.
New, a perhaps and a will trill;
A fury cream.

TO YOUR PICTURE
Dear boy, upon my dressing glass,
Where, every single time I pass,
I see your familiar smile.
Your darling patent leather hair.
Your brown eyes, it isn't fair
To tantalize me all the while.

When'er I stop to dust my nose
Before my mirror, how it grows,
That lonesome feeling, bit by bit.
To see you there, so gay and free,
And sassy, winking back at me.
As if you didn't care a whit!

I wonder where you are tonight,
And what you're doing as I write.
These lines. Ah picture mine, you laugh,
You're out with someone else, 'tis
Perhaps your arm's about the Jane,

REVERSES
Oh, a bonny bonny lass is Mary.
A bonny bonny lass but wary.
So wary!
Love to her's a trite old jest;
Fit for laughter when 'tis dressed
Like a fool whose stripes at best
Ever vary.

THE FLAMINGO

THE FLAMINGO
and above all, a real team, not just a bunch of play-
a good team, a dependable team, a steady team; comfortable

outstanding men, usually sees its team blow up

Two Dollars the Year.

Two of which are suppressed, it be changed to

united in attack, dependable.

Such a gridiron squad Denison is proud to dis-
back it up!

A REAL GOOD TEAM

The game with Hillsdale last Saturday, with its com-
fortable 12 to 6 score, showed us that we have a real
good team, a dependable team, a steady team; and
above all, a real team, not just a bunch of play-
ers, individually starring or flunking. And what
more could we want? Football is a team game; and
a school that depends for victory upon a few
outstanding men, usually sees its team blow up
when those men get unsteady or are disabled. The
enemy’s offensive breaks through the weaker men,
the stronger go up in the air, and the result is a
mess. But a team of evenly sound men, working
together without gallery-play, is steady in defense,

O HENRY

Had to begin somehow, and the only reason why
he didn’t begin on the Flamingo staff was because
he didn’t come to Denison. As it was, he started
under a big handicap—but look where he landed!

That is an example of how a man can overcome
in spite of difficulties. But that which he has done
can be duplicated—yes, and surpassed by anyone
with the requisite pluckiness. (And discretion as
to whom to pluck.) Why, George Eliot was but a
poor, humble, unknown lad when he wrote his “Silas
Marner;” and by a judicious use of pull, thru his
brother-in-law who was president of the school
board, hundreds of thousands of copies have been
sold to high school students. We bought one our-
self for “outside reading.” It was outside, too; that
is, outside our usual range of reading-matter. And it
can stay there. Who said that the door of opportun-
ty was marked “Push?” Nonsense! Walk around
the other side and you will see it inscribed “Pull.”

But, you can’t just run out into the street and pull
something to pull; you’ll get no more results from just
going through the motions of pulling, with nothing
to pull on, than you do from shadow-petting. Now
here’s the place where the Filthy Fowl gives you a
chance to pull, “to pull one’s leg,” which has much the same significance as our

"Hey!" yelled the Baggage-
master into the baggage room,
"Cut out throwin’ them trunks around like that!"
The nervous traveler thanked
him. "That’s all right," replied the
Baggage-master, "I never let ‘em
heave ‘em around like that in
there—why, they’d tear the life
outa that floor!"

It was a bright October morn.
Deep blue the cloudless sky;
Snapping with life the very air
As I climbed swift and high.

The natives of Great Britain, (just south of the
Shetland Islands,) have a phrase, "to pull one’s
master into the baggage room,
"Hey!" yelled the Baggage-
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there—why, they’d tear the life
outa that floor!"
“When an irresistible force meets an immovable object”—no gain, but all kinds of action.

Hillsdale tries to punt out of danger in the last quarter. Gettings, fullback, is reaching out for the ball, which is in the air above the crouching player in front of him. Gettings was rushed and the attempt failed.

Mike Miller punts in the middle of the third quarter. Note the perfect interference given him by the rest of the team.

LOVE ALL (Cont. from page 11) with religion and could henceforth stray, ever so little, from the narrow path with salved consciences—until the next revival.

Only to Upton, who had been so prominent in bringing it about, the glorious victory of the past fortnight was the real. He knew, as no one else did, who had really been the instrument of victory, and he wrote at the truth. It rose to confront him—a grinning ghost—whenever an enthusiastic partisan met him by chance on the street and stopped to congratulate him afresh. This was happening every day now—try as he might, desperately but unbearingly, to prevent it. And each time the malevolent voice cooed in his ear:

“Hypocrite! Hypocrite!”

Again and again he wondered why she had done it—why, with victory gained and guns still loaded to destroy what they had already demolished, she had chosen instead to withdraw. Not honor, surely—not the respect of the feller for the fallen who still struggles to regain his feet? Another evening, another forum but yesterday, the shadow of Sunday’s, and the revival had been hopelessly smashed. She might easily have done it, he had expected her to do it—why, then, had she refrained? Was it perhaps because another plot was even in the making—at last ready made—more insidious, more hideous, farther-reaching? Yet the week slipped along without a sign.

Upton’s nerves grew taut with the strain. Alas, at this busy season he went about his numerous duties more ceaselessly than ever. But for once his heart was not in his work. The old joy in it had faltered away. Perhaps in the end this was for the best—perhaps this further displacement of the soul served only to let the divine will and spirit operate more completely through him. But for himself alone, the man apart from the minister, he knew, as never before, the meaning of the victory: “Stern Duty, daughter of the voice of God.”

On Friday afternoon Upton was waiting in the rear of a book shop for a copy of a certain rare biography which he had previously ordered. It was nearly four o’clock; the shop, which was long and narrow, faced east, and had arrived at that particular stage of dimes in when the proprietor still hesitates to turn on the lights yet must look a little closely to read the titles on his books. Just now old Harvey had gone back to his store room to unpack Upton’s order, and the young minister, while waiting, stood reading an old book of ballads, picked up at random to while away the time, and afforded, perhaps, some mild amusement. (Old Harvey was a sort of naturally David, take it and wear it with my heartfelt well-wishes—it was hard work to keep the score tied.)

“Thank you, Miss Gardiner, for the frank admission. It makes up for a number of losses, including a loss of—shall we say ‘understanding’—of the motives of a foe who retreats from the field with guns still loaded.”

Upton stopped abruptly, in sheer amazement at the cynical hardness of his own voice, at its treachery in baring his most carefully hidden thought. But the shock was done now, and from the medley of emotions reflected in Miriam’s face he could glean the questionable satisfaction of knowing that he had astounded her. It was the last thing she had expected—that damaging truth from his own lips.

But you don’t understand at all, Dr. Upton! They weren’t loaded—not as you mean, not with ammunition you know anything about. Those shots were never intended for the Heywood revival. If you hadn’t attacked us first we’d have been alongside of you on the firing line; your allies against the real opposition I don’t believe you understand yet the full measure of. But for the first time in their ac- quaintance Miriam seemed un

(Continued on page 21)
October

Saturday - 20th
Dad's Day.

Saturday - 27th
"Classes" at Dayton - Don't Forget the Clean Collar - Tickets To The Game - Et Cetera.

Dayton

Among Those Present Most Every Week-End

Doggone! Wish I Had About Six Hours UV English Under This Lush English Prof.

Parlor Football.

The Kick-Off!

"First Down."

"Penalized 15 Yards For -"

"Water!"

Yep! Som'body Have All The Luck.
"Well, honey?" chirped the recent groom to the occupant of the frilled apron. "And what is it now? Bread, or cake?"

She lifted a tremulous dimpled chin, and sobbed, "I don't know! It isn't finished yet."

"The doctor told me to drink hot water thirty minutes before each meal."

"Yes."

"But it's awfully hard work to drink hot water for thirty minutes."

"Who's that fish?"

"Sardine."

"Judge—Your wife charges but you broke a chair over her head."

Defendant—"It was an accident your honor."

Judge—"An accident!"

Defendant—"Yes, your honor. I had no intention of breaking the chair."

"If you refuse me," he swore, "I shall die."

She refused him; and, sixty years later, he died.

"You naughty boys. And you won?"

"No."

"But can you manage lions?"

"Yes."

"If you go near them, I'll whip you."

"Well, I suppose he meant that but what he really said, was that it was unearthy."

"Wake up, John!" whispered the minister's wife, "there are my two strong arms in the house."

"Well, what of it? Let them find out their mistake themselves."

"Jack is such a wonderful mechanic, even tho he has such gobs of money—why, he hasn't paid a cent for repairs on his Stutz Wampus Cat."

"Yes? The garage man told me the same thing this morning."

"So James said that my singing was heavenly."

"Well, I suppose he meant that but what he really said, was that it was unearthy."

"I shall die."

"If you refuse me," he swore, "I shall die."

She refused him; and, sixty years later, he died.

"The doctor told me to drink hot water thirty minutes before each meal."

"Why, I'd rather have him eat the tiger, of course."

"Mandy, how come youall named your boy Demus?"

"Why, that's a Biblical name, don' yo' know dat?"

"Gwan! Dey ain' no Demus in de Bible?"

"Yes, dey is—sin' youall heerd bout dat nigger Demus?"

"Who's that fish?"

"Jack is such a wonderful mechanic, even tho he has such gobs of money—why, he hasn't paid a cent for repairs on his Stutz Wampus Cat."

"Yes? The garage man told me the same thing this morning."

"Then, there! Don't cry over a few little mice."

"The lion tamer of the circus was ill, and his wife volunteered to do his job for him."

"But can you manage lions? the chief of the menagerie asked."

"Didn' my husband manage them all right?"

"Yes."

"Well, you ought to see the way I manage him."

"Great Scott! An Octopus!"

Maria—"Thanks, Squire, but I shall die."

The Squire, after the ceremony "Now, Maria, if your husband beats you, just tell me and I'll have him locked up."

Maria—"Thanks, Squire, but if he beats me, you'll have to come to the hospital to arrest him."

"Irate drill sergeant, to the dum—boy—"Brown, did you ever drive a donkey, back on the farm?"

Brown—"Yes, sir!"

I. D. S.—"What did you say to him when you wanted him to go ahead?"

Brown—"Get up!"

I. D. S.—"Allright. Squad, forward march! Brown, get up!"

"I'm afraid I'll disagree with you," said Jonah to the Whale. "I suppose," replied the whale, "but it won't be anything to the way preachers will disagree two thousand years from now when they discuss this incident."

"I've been thinking ever since I write all my thoughts every night," said Jonah to the Whale.

"By now, you must have the first page pretty well filled."

"Now, you must exercise and eat plain food."

"Yes, doctor, that's just what I've been thinking ever since I got your bill."

"Oh, the fellows down at the garage told me—" you're sleepy, you'd better go to bed, all means."
REAL TEXT:

Oh dear! I'm in an awful fix,
I lost my Sig pin just last night;
To wear, or Phi Belt sword and "For the hurt of losing that Beta
(I always get "in dutch")

THAT FLIRT

Brown on fishing trip—"Boys, the boat is sinking! Is there any one here who can pray?"
We Study.
(Cape, Leroy!)
Columbus crossed the ocean in
fourteen ninety two . . .
Columbus crossed the ocean—
Her eyes, were they brown or blue?

A lady named Ethel McDow
My carresses would never allow
She said with a smile,
"You're nothing worthwhile!"

JAPANESE HATUS
(Inspired by the Following Profound Quotation:
"An old pond, and the sound of frogs leaping into the water.")
Dedicated to
And Sundry Officers of S. S. G.
Hart Shaffner & Marx Clothes

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Dedicated to
And Sundry Officers of S. S. G.
whispered in the wind, and struck up from the pavement with his steps:

"Fool—fool—stubborn—fool;—Loved and—lost—her—STUBBORN—FOOL!" At last he faced it, with a mirthless laugh.

"Stay quits?—Never!" he cried, turning on his heel in protest. "Not if I can help it! I'll make her forgive me—make her love me."

Then he stopped with a shock—realizing for the first time that she had said nothing. Finish.

"Have you subscribed to the Adyson? What's that?" "The college annual. How often does it come out?"

"Tell me, when is a man called old? At fifty, or sixty, or not so soon? Ah, child, a man is old indeed, when he's learned to come in out of the moon."

"What's the idea of the alarm clock under the pillow? Are you hard of hearing?"

"No, that's so I can turn the darn thing off without getting out of bed."

"They urge us to "Say it with flowers," And I'll say with pleasure,

"Ma, can I go out and play?"

"What? With those holes in your trousers?"

"Naw, with the kids across the street."...
**WALK-OVER** - Shoes for All Occasions

**NEWARK WALK-OVER SHOE STORE OHIO**

---

**The Granville Filling Station**
GASOLINE, GOODRICH TIRES, VEEDOL, MOBIL,
FREEDOM AND SUPREME AND QUAKER STATE OIL
FOR YOUR FRANKLIN CAR

"Service" Is Our Motto
Corner of Broadway and Cherry

Grove B. Jones, '98, Proprietor

---

**James K. Morrow**

Funeral Director
MOTOR AMBULANCE SERVICE
Mortuary 129 E. Broadway

Phone 8126 Granville, Ohio

---

"It's great to be an athlete,
With a "D" upon your chest;
It's great to be an athlete,
But I much prefer to rest.

---

"I don't like that girl—she's all the time talking about herself."

"Well, that's a lot better than talking about other people."

---

"Are you unmarried?" asked the census man.

"Oh, dear me, no!" she blushed,
"I've never been married."

---

"Are you a regular communicant?" asked the pastor or a man whom he did not recall having met before.

"Oh, yes," was the reply, "I take the 7:15 every morning."

---

**The Home Building Association Co.**
North Third and West Main Sts.
Newark, Ohio

---

THE HOME OF
20,000
SAVINGS ACCOUNTS

---

**The LADIES EXCHANGE**
Who puts me next to MINERVA SWEETS is a friend of mine.

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A WORD TO THE WISE
Agony—No Roswold, I can never be any more than a sister to you.
Roswold—All right—kiss brother "Good night."
—Yellow Jacket.

Waiter," said a customer after waiting fifteen minutes for his soup, "have you ever been to the zoo?"
"No, sir."
"Well, you ought to go. You would enjoy seeing the turtles whizz past."
—Juggler.

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DON'T GIVE UP
Waitress, (Hurrying up to customer)—"D'you wish coffee or tea?" Customer—"Huh? What's Jewish coffee?"
--- The Optimist

My boy, beware of the baby stare
Because if it's a bluff she knows too much,
And if it's not, she doesn't know enough.
--- Sun Dial

AT THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING
Irate citizen (from his bedroom window)—"Say you down there; who are you talking to?"
Intoxicated Romeo—"Nobuddy n'perticerler. I'm jesh broadcashtin.' "
--- Awgwan

He—"Oh, the girl has her good points allright."
Him—"Yes, all of them have, you either get stuck with 'em, on 'em, or by 'em, and any one is about as bad as the other."
--- Mugwump

Chances Are He Didn't—A girl in Johannesburg recently ran for 56 miles. The report doesn't say whether the man got away or not.
--- London Daily News

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Feed anglerworms dynamite. Feed fish the
worms. Throw rocks at the fish. Results excellent.
Dive down to bottom. Tell bed-time story.
Fish go to sleep. Grab fish without waking.
Tie mirror on line. Fish see how they look and
laugh themselves to death. Gather in baskets.
Dig ditch, running stream through swamp. Fish
catch rheumatism in damp swamp. Haul away in
trucks.
Take family along. Feed family on crackers.
Thirsty family drink stream dry, leaving fish.
—Life.

And That's No Durham!
Arent you losing flesh lately?
Yes, I've bought a safety razor.
—Witt

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NEWARK, OHIO

STARTING RIGHT
A hebrew came home and found his wife with
little Ikey in her arms, singing him to sleep with
a lullaby like this, "By-low, baby; by-low, baby.
The Jew on seeing this was all smile and proudly
said to his wife, "Dat vas right, you teach him to
buy low and I'll teach him to sell high."
—Burr.

—DU—
His Neighbor: "Why are you wearing so many
coats on such a hot day?"
Pat: "Well, ye see, I'm goin' to paint me barn;
an' it says on the can, 'To obtain the best results
put on at least three coats.' "
—Drefred

Pursuer Pursued
Courtship consists of a man running after a
woman until she has caught him.
—Boston Transcript

THE girl who goes to
the average co-edu-
cational school must
be formally dressed every
hour of the day—the for-
mality of the campus, the
presence of men every-
where, the parties and teas
of rushing or invitation
season etc., demand for-
mality of her.

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type clothes at moder-
ate prices.

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