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WILLIAM KONRAD ROENTGEN
1845-1923

The General Electric Company manufactures everything electric—from fans to powerful locomotives, from tiny lamps to mighty power plants. Its products are used around the world.

"I did not think—
I investigated"

One day in 1895, Roentgen noticed that a cardboard coated with fluorescent material glowed while a nearby Pluecker tube was in action. "What did you think?" an English scientist asked him. "I did not think; I investigated," was the reply.

Roentgen covered the tube with black paper. Still the cardboard glowed. He took photographs through a pine door and discovered on them a white band corresponding to the lead beading on the door. His investigation led to the discovery of X-rays.

Roentgen's rays have proved an inestimable boon to humanity. In the hands of doctor and surgeon they are saving life and reducing suffering. In the hands of the scientist they are yielding new knowledge—even of the arrangement and structure of atoms. The Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company have contributed greatly to these ends by developing more powerful and efficacious X-ray tubes.
In order to commercialize and to better merchandise our Ice Cream which is of our own manufacture we are desirous of adopting a suitable Trade name under which our product can be advertised.

Therefore in order to benefit from the suggestions of our Patrons—we are asking you to make our interest your interest for awhile and suggest a name to us—for which Prizes will be given.

We will give away to the person suggesting the best name one five pound box of candy—to the person suggesting the next best name one two pound box of candy—to the person suggesting the third best name one one-pound box of candy.

Kuster's Restaurants

Newark: Arcade Annex
Zafesville: Elk's Building
FOR ALL-YEAR
ALL-WEATHER TOP-COATS
CHOOSE SHAGMOOR-GREAT COATS

Shagmoor Great Coats personify the height of Top-coat perfection. Shagmoor, thick, soft and light in weight, is peculiarly constructed, so that it keeps out the cold and is moisture proof, ideal qualities for the top-coat.

For College and School Girl

You may choose from striking models—some extremely mannish—others the much wanted general utility top-coat. All silk lined, and trimmed as some are, with fur collars of raccoon, opossum or fox.

The W. H. MAZEW Co.
Newark, Ohio

THE STUDENTS CHOICE

South Side Restaurant

Home-made Pies a Specialty

A Good Place to Eat

Phone 8111

JOHN F. MITRES

O-COATS

$35

Others $25 to $65

Where the real College type of Clothes are featured

The CORNELL
NEWARK, OHIO
I had been despondent for many days. All things seemed to be continually going against me, and I was never once from one moment until the next but what I would find myself suddenly besieged with one of the terrible fits of insane morbidness to which I was occasionally a victim.

I had been in the interior of India for some months this last time, and the oppression of the jungles, the hardships of the march, and the lack of any congenial companionship had seemed to be a bane far beyond my ability to bear. I found myself continually remembering scenes in the jungles. The peculiar actions of some of my bearers, and the almost childish, uncanny wail of the Jackals as they were pursued through the jungles, or interrupted in their amours by some arch enemy. The effect on me had been far from pleasant, I assure you.

This evening had been almost unbearable. Outside could be heard the long, low wail of the wind as it whistled in and out of the cracks in the floor, as I paced to and fro in my den. So far, we had been spared the unpleasantness of the rain which usually follows the Monsoon winds. Unable longer to bear the dismal oppressiveness of the house, I seized my hat and dashed past my surprised jemidar, and out into the night.

This must be the home of the bride’s parents, and as I knew that I should defile the place by entering it, and yet as I was determined to satisfy my curiosity, I allowed myself to drop behind the crowd until I was able to seize an opportunity and slip inside the gates before I had been perceived by anyone. Once within the gates I took great care to hide myself securely in a dark corner, and enter the court, I beheld the dancers of the Gods, swaying gently as the wind of the Monsoon blew thru the rungs of this spiritual ladder. As her feet touched the ground the old fakir called, ‘Wish,’ and I found myself breathing the hope that I could be forever freed of my malady of mind.

I could be forever freed of my malady of mind.

I had been out long before I found myself in one of the crowded streets of downtown Calcutta, in the midst of a gaily dressed holiday throng. There had been a wedding, I was told, and as a wedding calls for an almost universal holiday in the community, and is always followed by feasting and dancing, I decided that there was a chance to try to rid myself of the terrible morbidness with which I was cursed.

Shortly after I joined the crowd they turned and entered a courtyard surrounded by a high wall. This must be the home of the bride’s parents, and as I knew that I should defile the place by entering it, and yet as I was determined to satisfy my curiosity, I allowed myself to drop behind the crowd until I was able to seize an opportunity and slip inside the gates before I had been perceived by anyone. Once within the gates I took great care to hide myself securely in a dark corner, and there I waited quietly and watched developments.

For a while things went on very much as I had imagined they would. There was the usual type of entertainment by native dancing girls, and the usual feasting and drinking. Presently, however, a hush stole over the crowd. Straining my eyes toward the center of the court, I beheld the bride’s father in an attitude of prayer. As her feet touched the ground the old fakir called, ‘Wish,’ and I found myself breathing the hope that I could be forever freed of my malady of mind.

I can remember little of what followed, except that I presently found myself being borne through the gate by the crowd all around me, and I immediately set out for my bungalow. I was tired, and I needed to rest.

During the night I was suddenly awoken by the sense of feeling that my bed chamber had
As I started to speak, she arrest
that from the ceiling of my room
Upon further investigation, I saw
As soon as it was in place she
made in the likeness of a snake.
to my bedside, and slipped on my
had been the subject of much leg
ried, and on my return from Eng-
stepped back to the ladder, and
for me. As I did so my wife
magic of no fakir held any terrors
old Army captain, and in desper-
the bracelet from my arm.
not to do it, saying that as I had
my guests, and turning I beheld,
And adorable, too;
If I had a chance.
And the sighing and moaning
Of the bare brown mothers.
I hear the crying and groaning
I'm glad I'm you! F. R.
And the barking of the coaches,
No more is leaf riot, now comes
SHEPARDSON CAMPUS ON
Circling slowly from the hills, fall-
ed, homing years of bright’n-
ing thrill,
and then when his grin was about
save him, except to warn him now
a brand-new bowie knife, and as
me a-standin' by, powerless to
blanket, and found her dad's
but feel my pulse.
last of frost ball of
bed hair and burlap skirt down in
Wenasoke, I'd a shot Jack
and willed to the Masquers your
and sweet, and delicious,
And smiled and said,
And the rustling and prancing
Of the winged folk of that wood-
Her foliage painted bright;
I remember still the warble and
cheer.
A thrill I will always recall.
The forest was decked in gala
cheer, and it is night—
Dark as my life without you, dear.
And the wind stops blowing and the
leaves are rolling
And the rain comes down.
No more is leaf riot, now comes
some quiet.
In Granville town.

THE FALL

Yellow leaves and brown are drop-
ing down
In a gold world;
Three world grieves, for in los-
ing its leaves
It is losing all.
I hear the crying and groaning
And the sighing and moaning
Of the bare brown mothers.
I hear the rustling and dancing
And the rustling and prancing
Of the little leaves lover.
Till the wind stops blowing and the
leaves are rolling
And the rain comes down.
No more is leaf riot, now comes
some quiet.
In Granville town.

SHEPARDSON CAMPUS ON
A NIGHT OF MIST

Soft enfolding cloak of mist loose-
from the trees standing near
Circling slowly from the hills, fall-
ing, falling to the ground
Like a grey veil close still, dim-
ing light and hushing sound.
Gliding through it, silvery strata,
shining eyes of darkling earth
From the balls of youth glad-hea-
ted, honing years of bright’n-
ing mirth

Spelling messages of beauty, tell-
ing all of beauty's worth.
Underneath sleek pathways glister,
From the trees standing near
As the mist cloak falters about them,
ควน, quaking, dropping tear on
tear
Whisper lowest of things that have
seen, lowest of things that are
here.

AS I

I Tis dawn.
That birds call to and fro.
The cock-crows yonder—
The East's aglow.
For day is breaking.
By my heart.
Though you do not know.

du

FULLS

The sun sinks slowly
Out of sight.
The stars appear,

Ain't Life Awful
I met her at a dance.
We were introduced by chance;
And she was very charming.
Holding her hand for me.
As we wandered hand in hand
Thru the seas-shells on the sand.
I told her that I loved her more
Than life.
She shook her head,
And smiled and said,
"'Tis dawn.
For the brilliant magic of Au-
ning thrill,


SOONER OR LATER

I hadn't seen old Jack for a cou-
years ago—not since he left col-
lege, in the first half of the pas-
t year, to help out on the farm
back in a myriad place.
practical place, perhaps.
be much for his dad's fail-
health, and Jack had swap-
pod, and perhaps whatever they use on farms,
in that diff'rent apart since then, as the
best of friends do, and sort of lost track of each other.
But then came his wire that he was get-
her hair, and deal'd
You know de of folks sure are right

A NIGHT OF MIST

I stood on the crest of a wooded
hill.
That day in early fall,—
I was charmed anew by the glorious
view
Beyond a lake of rippling blue
With tree-girls sklearn'd a warm-
ing cool.
A thrill I will always recall.
The forest was decked in gala
cheer, and it is night—
Dark as my life without you, dear.
And the wind stops blowing and the
leaves are rolling
And the rain comes down.
No more is leaf riot, now comes
some quiet.
In Granville town.

THE WINDFALL

I stood on the crest of a wooded
hill.
That day in early fall,—
I was charmed anew by the glorious
view
Beyond a lake of rippling blue
With tree-girls sklearn'd a warm-
ing cool.
A thrill I will always recall.
The forest was decked in gala
cheer, and it is night—
Dark as my life without you, dear.
And the wind stops blowing and the
leaves are rolling
And the rain comes down.
No more is leaf riot, now comes
some quiet.
In Granville town.

SHE LOVES SHE!

You are a dear—
I love each glance.
I'd love you, too,
And a chance.
You are pretty,
And adoral, too;
And that angel voice murmurs
"Slish!"

I hear the crying and groaning
Of the bare brown mothers.
I hear the sighing and moaning
Of the bare brown mothers.

"SHE LOVES SHE!

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THE SMELL OF NOVEMBER BON-
"Bill," says Jack, "lemme tell yuh. When I came back from college, I was about six years of age, and my heart was pretty hard to plow. I had spent all the money I earned on my college studies. But when I got back, I had to make a living. I had to earn my own way. I had to become a man." 

"And what did you do?" asks the young lady. 

"Well," says Jack, "I found a job at the local library. I worked there for a few years, and then I started my own business. I opened a small store, and I sold books and stationery. I had to work hard to make a living, but I was happy." 

"That's wonderful," says the young lady. "I'm glad you were able to make a living. And you must have been very successful." 

"Yes," says Jack. "I had to work hard, but I was able to make a living. I was able to support my family and save some money. It wasn't easy, but I was happy." 

"And what did you do after you closed the store?" asks the young lady. 

"I retired," says Jack. "I was very happy with my life. I had a good family, and I had enough money to enjoy myself. I didn't need to work anymore." 

"That's wonderful," says the young lady. "I'm glad you were able to retire. And you must have been very successful." 

"Yes," says Jack. "I worked hard all my life, but I was happy. I was able to support my family and save some money. It wasn't easy, but I was happy." 

"And what did you do after you retired?" asks the young lady. 

"I traveled," says Jack. "I traveled all over the world. I saw many beautiful places, and I met many interesting people. It was a great adventure." 

"That sounds wonderful," says the young lady. "I'm glad you were able to travel. And you must have seen many interesting things." 

"Yes," says Jack. "I saw many beautiful places, and I met many interesting people. It was a great adventure." 

"And what did you do when you returned home?" asks the young lady. 

"I stayed at home," says Jack. "I was very happy at home. I had a good family, and I had enough money to enjoy myself. I didn't need to work anymore. It was a great life." 

"That's wonderful," says the young lady. "I'm glad you were able to stay at home. And you must have been very successful." 

"Yes," says Jack. "I worked hard all my life, but I was happy. I was able to support my family and save some money. It wasn't easy, but I was happy."
HOWDY, BOY!

Glad to see yuh back. How's little old N'Yawk, or Philly, or Chic, or Podunk? Darn glad hear it! And Mary—did she come too? Well, well! It is Homecoming time. The Mystic Bird is sure tickled to see your bright and shining faces once more. Hope you're stayin' with us a while? There's plenty of room—some of the pesky can double up, and she can find a place at the Sem. Take off your coat and sit down, you big stiff.

Heard anything from George lately? He that was such a big stick, y'know—no good a tall. He has? The devil you say! Always had a sneakin' suspicion that he'd disappoint the faculty and amount to something. And Bob—he was a "big man," when the Office Dog was a prep; what's he don't now—bank president, or governor? Nope, Climkin. Well, the world don't measure a man by collegiate standards, does it? An' I reckon it's a good thing for the country.

Pull your chair up closer to the fire an' forget the cold cruel. Y'know, we got a pretty next football team this year. Fact! Nothin' sparklin', but a real good car. Begun by knockin' off Hillsdale, 13 to 6. Jeff's coachin' there. Had a classy outfit, too. Then we took on Cincy—24 to 7. Oh, sure, we heat. Wasn't so easy tho. But the boys showed up fine! Akron came on the 20th, and we pulled loose with a 7 to 0 score; and it was a game! They're a hard-hittin' bunch, but Livy's coachin' told in the last quarter, an' we got 'em. Had a little bit luck with Miami the next week—9 to 6, and us on the little end, but then—which things come in football, y'know; that's what makes it interesting. An' it somehow seemed to roose the old fightin' dander in the boys, like nothin' else could.

So, last week we ran over to Columbus and tackled Ohio State. Several of the boys were still laid up from some bad knocks caught in the Miami game, an' it crippled us a little. But the old pep was there, and the team scrapped right on through to the finish. State was sort of thirstin' for blood, somehow seemed to rouse the old fightin' dander in them, too. Then we took on Cincy—24 to 7. Oh, sure, the cracklin' of a broken heart. And many a laugh is the snap of a badly bent one straightenin' in the boys, like nothin' else could.

Two Dollars the Year.

There's plenty of room—some of the preps can tickled to see your bright and shining faces. Man," when the Office Dog was a prep; what's he good a'tall. He double up, and she can find a place at the Sem. When the dirt and grass had settled, we found tryin' out a new combination on us. It worked.

Statistics show that blondes are disappearing. Only one out of every fourteen girls is a blonde now, and the number is steadily decreasing. It must be that they are dying rapidly.

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THE FLAMINGO

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December, 1923

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W. FORREST LOVELESS, '25, Business Manager

PROFESSOR ERI J. SHUMAKER, Faculty Filter

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WILLIAM G. MATHER, JR., '24, Editor-in-Chief

RICHARD SWARTEL, '24, Service Manager

rtly Filter—wanta know why we print so many jokes about the women, and love, and so on. That's easy! Didn't we say we were looking for the fun of life? Well, you pick roses and thorns off the same bush, don't you? In the same way, you get giggles and sobs of the same spot in life. The one thing that enables Man to keep goin' is the fact that he makes fun of his troubles. It's a knack worth cultivatin'. Just because you laugh isn't any sign that you ain't human—why, many a chuckle is the sign that you aint human—why, many a laugh is the snap of a badly bent one straightenin' in the boys, like nothin' else could.

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Two Dollars the Year.
**INTRODUCING Muses of the Queens of Sheba.**

**A MUSICAL COMEDY**

**THE FLAMINGO**

---

**Part I**

It was one of those cold Win-

ter nights when you have to keep

the fire burning to be comfortable. Mr.

Galagher was spinning along in his 

Bright and Silver Moon to Tin-Ten-Ten-

Nessie. There was a light in her window. 

"Ah," he mused, "my Wild Irish Rose is waiting 

for me. When he stood beneath her window he called softly. 

"Aint you comin' out, Malinda?"

Hoping it was Barney Google, she opened the win-

dow. "Ah," he mused, "my Wild Irish Rose is waiting 

for me."

"Dear Little Boy of Mine!" she cried. "How's My Baby?"

"Sweet Lady!" he gasped.

"Kiss me again!"

---

**Part II**

While they were crooning, he said to himself, "I want to see the girl," and so began, "I can picture this."

"Don't get serious about it," she protested. "Old Folks at Home?" he asked cautiously.

"No, don't be silly," she replied.

---

**Part III**

He sobbed. "Nobody lied when they said I ain't no- 

body's baby! I'm just my little sunflower."

Good-Night.

"Oh, oh! Come-com-e-com-e-com, can the star-

light love, boy! It's three o'clock in the 

Morning! It's past your bed-

time get going or the Jap-

anesse Sandman will get you! 

"There's a long, long, tail a-winding over the 

Hills to Virginia! Good-bye forever, good-bye!"

---

Prof.-"Why did you use that expression, 'pale as a door-knob,' in your last theme?"

Stude.-"Well, you see, door-

knobs are indoors so much."

"Hello, Hey! I hear you're going to marry Sara Rosenstein, ain't it?"

"Sure, for vy not?"

"Ohy, she's been engaged mit every fellow in Hoboken."

"Well, I had to wait until he 

was in his hair clipped, and he was car-

ried to the Raccoon and thrown 

in. Now, tell me the truth; what 

happened?"

"I 'm longin' to make every min-

ute, every hour, every half hour, every six days."

"I can't serve as juror, judge; 

what could I do instead?"

"What could I do instead?"

"Are they engaged? I heard him 

say so, but I didn't getcha then."

"He'll be looking for work after the 

first of May."

"What do you think of the new 

acoustics?"

"Are you engaged? I heard him 

say so, but I didn't getcha then."

"Are we engaged? I heard him 

say so, but I didn't getcha then."

"Please, Sir," begged the bum, 

"Won't you give me a dollar? I have to sleep outdoors, 

and what will I do?"

---

**EPIC**

She was sweet sixteen.

And I

She was looking for work after the 

first of May."

"I can't serve as juror, judge; 

what could I do instead?"

"What could I do instead?"

"Are they engaged? I heard him 

say so, but I didn't getcha then."

"He'll be looking for work after the 

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"What do you think of the new 

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"Won't you give me a dollar? I have to sleep outdoors, 

and what will I do?"

---

**SUBSTITUTION**

I'm longin' to be with you all the 

time.

"But what can I do instead?"

I'm longin' to make every min-

ute sublime.

But what can I do instead?

There's something about that 

"you" of yours 

That calls and begs and cries and 

lures

Until I'm with you heart and head.

For what can I do instead?

---

There's something about that 

*you* of yours.

That calls and begs and cries and 

lures

Until I'm with you heart and head.

For what can I do instead?

I wouldn't be livin' if it weren't for 

you.

But what can I do instead?

I get awfully anxious 'bout this 

livi', too.

But what can I do instead?

---

So now I write this feeble line, 

what could I do instead?

So now I write this feeble line, 

what could I do instead?

But what could I do instead?

---

Victim—"Where am I?"

Doctor—"You have been hurt 

in a street car accident, but I don't 

think your damages will amount 

to much."

Victim—"You don't?

Then go away, send me another doctor 

and my lawyer; I'm going to get 

all the damages I can."

---

**THE HILLS TO VIRGINIA!**

"Good-bye forever, Trail a-winding over 

the hills to Virginia!"

"I get awfully anxious 'bout this 

livi', too."

"Just a minute. Turn off that 

radio!—Leave that damned vie alone!—

Am I to go before I call the servant!"

"What do you think of the new 

acoustics?"

"No, thanks. . . . Huh?"

"What do you think of the new 

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**THE FLAMINGO**

E. J. H.
"Why did you strike this man?" asked the judge.

"Because he called me a liar, your honor," replied the accused.

"Is that true?" inquired the judge of the man with the messed-up face.

"Yes sir," was the reply, "I call him a liar because he is one, and I can prove it."

"What have you to say to that?" asked the judge of the defendant.

"That has nothing to do with the case—even if I am a liar, I've got a right to be sensitive about it, ain't I?"

"Here," said the doctor, "if you take this medicine according to the directions, you will sleep like a baby."

"Pardon me," said the insomniac sufferer, "But if you mean like my neighbor's baby, I guess I won't take it."

Motorist—"Why don't you put up a sign at the corner there by the precipice—why, I came within an inch running off the edge!"

"Yes sir," was the reply, "I called him a liar because he is one, and I can prove it."

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There was a young lady of Gloucester.

Whose friends said "She's an imposter."

She was thin as a lath

And when having a bath

She fell down the drain and they louse-cutter.

"P-please, Mister Policeman,

sobbled the little boy, "won't you come quick and lock a bad man up?"

"What's he been doing?"

"He's broke up my coaster wagon with his gigantic big m-m-motorcycle!"

"He did, did he? Which way did he go?"

"He went straight up an' they've carried him into that drug store on the corner."

"Mary had a little lamb—

You've heard of it, I'll bet—

D'ja know she had a cute straw hat,

'Which the lambkins of!"

"THE PARDONED CONVICT"

(Just Released.)

Produced by

Loosened by

Veteran Slayers, Alaska.

Famous Board of Censors.

Overlooked by

C. de Mille

License No. 7734

Misdirected by

va Flatfoot

Obscenario by

Y. Drinkwater

Adapted by

Raphael Baerski

Photographed by

Art by

Yess Heinz

Sub-titles by

Essl Reid

Scene Sets by

What the Playwrights Say of it—

A throbbing, pulsing, teeming, melodrama of sordid life in the Indiana mining camps.

"A dull roar! A blinding flash! A terrible crash! A heart-rending shriek and a bitter moan! A blood-curdling yell—and another woman wills. Truly a man ceases to be a man but a mere instrument of pliable putty when woman wields her dulcet words. Truly a man wills.

What the Critics Say of It—

"What the Playwrights Say of it—"

The theater program was the most tastefully gotten up we have seen.—Camp Knox Bugle.

"The play swept the audience to its feet, as with choking voices a thousand gasping throats called for 'Manager! Manager!' Chicago Harassed Examiner.

"The author should be given a permanent home in Sing-Sing.—Newark Art Journal.

"The Masquer have their equal."—The Denisonian.

"—Coming—Watch for it!—On February 30—Coming!—"

WOMAN

Woman! We love her and we hate her, but most of the time we tolerate her. We spend valuable hours trying to analyze her and when our analysis is achieved and the heartless thing said he'd take. And the heartless thing said he'd take. And the heartless thing said he'd take.

Ptomaine sufferer, "But if you mean quite often."

"Dja know she had a cute straw hat, the lambkins of!"

"THE FLAMINGO"

"Is that true?" inquired the judge.

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"THE FLAMINGO"
Dear Flamingo,

I have just graduated from the Conservatory, and would like to publish a symphony orchestra among the E. and O. employees. (a) What instrumentation do you suggest? (b) What pieces shall we play? (c) What men shall I pick to play in it?

Yours for Harmony,

Percival Schiffspryns, M. D. (Doctor of Music)

Dear Doctor,

I would suggest the following instruments:
1. First Anvils
2. Second Anvils
3. Vile Anvils
4. Bass anvils
5. Left-hand sweet potatoes
6. Right-hand sweet potatoes
7. Shoe-horns
8. Violets
9. Slide harmonicas
10. Set Granville Fire Bells
11. Cage Canaries
12. Gold Fish

For Music, you can't go wrong on any of these:

"Look for the Silver Lining"

By Hart, Scharfner and Mars

If Your Wife Drinks, Lippnor

by Anheuser Busch

You Can Ride Out With Me, But You Can't Ride Back

Official Undertakers' Song

"She's My Moonshine Girl, I Love Her Still!"

by Gen'l Cosey

"I Didn't Like Her Apartment, So I Knocked Her Flat!"

by I. D. Kline

"Seven Days Without Food Makes One Week!"

by Helen Berlin

"Love Sends A Little Gift of Roses"

by Andy Keeler Co.

"The Flower Girl!"

by Pillbury

"Oh, It's Great To Get Up In The Morning!"

by Shepardson and Granville

To pick your men, have competitive try-outs. The natural born musicians will stand out clearly; some may have played on the lidemum when young; others may be adept at playing foot-notes. Give the latter the shoe-horns. Get men that are sharp, or the project will fall flat. Never play in minor keys, or you will get into union troubles. On the other hand, stay away from majors, as they are used only in military bands.

Flamingo, What is a R.V.D. orchestra? Who wrote the "Blade?"

With love,

Asa Spades

Dear Asa,

An orchestra of one piece.

Every female between the ages of eighty and eighty. Your love is returned.

Flamingo, Editor Musicale

The Other—"No, you have to look at it.

Flamingo, Editor Musicale

A dime and a penny were having an argument as to which was the best coin.

"I'm biggest," said the penny.

"Yes," said the dime, "but I get ten sticks of chewing gum when I go to the store, and you get only one."

"Well," the penny came back, "I go to church oftener than you do."

And the dime had nothing to say.

R. O. T. C. officer at inspection—"Why haven't you shaved this morning?"

Private Dor, rubbing his chin—"Gosh! I shaved this morning."

"No! I want to know why."

"Well, there was a dozen of us at the house using the same mirror, and I reckon I musta shaved somebody else."

Psych Progpositioner—"There is a discussion at present as to whether the moving pictures are bad for the psyt. Mr. Sleep, what do you think about the matter?"

Mr. Sleep—"Well, my experience has always been that they bring a film before the eyes."

"Remember the recall of the other night? When that artist said that song going "Although I am in Texas, my heart is in sun-, my Tennessee, wasn't it great?"

"Yeah, and it was the first time an artist couldn't keep body and soul together."

Dear Flamingo—"What instrumentation do you suggest?"

Flamingo, Editor Musicale

"Ehry," said Hiram, "how come you tote around so many gals in that old 'hoss an' hangy of yours when we fellers with flivvers ain't got no back stall?"

"Well," said Ehry, "you see, it's this a way. The ol' hoss ain't never lost the way home yit, an' if ef you got a flivver, you gotta watch it all the time."

Rivers had come very late, in what would once have been termed a state of intoxication, and was stumbling over things in the dark halfway.

"What are you growling about, dear Mrs. Rivers?"

"I am growling," he rasped in his lowest voice, "to drown the barking of my shins."

"Get out! I suppose the other one hasn't found that yet? I helped look for that when I was a boy."

Dear Flamingo—"Agoat ate all our Volstead jokes, and then began to run. I cannot stop, he playfully said, 'I am so full of fun.'"

Asa Spades

A Chicago lady had been sent South for a change and a rest by her physician. She was talking to some one down there, and she said, "The railroads got the change and the hotels the rest."

A Doughboy, wanting to leave camp told the captain that his wife and child were sick, and that he was needed at home.

The captain thought a moment and then said, "Well, you know the last time you had a furlough your wife wrote and told me that you beat her and were drunk and abused your child."

The doughboy registered inexcusably for music, and was said, "Well, Captain I don't know which one of us is the biggest liar, but I haven't any wife."

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HOT DANG! ONLY TEN MORE PRACTICES.

November Sport.

Fashion Hint: Goolashes go well with satin knickers.

Hoo-RAy!

Let 'em Warble another ditty before you heave the water.

Lo' Mabel!

Say! What time does our date begin tomorrow night?

Hail! Hail! The Gang's all here!

If Shepardson women serenaded the Rah! Rah! Boys.

Thanks giving Vacation.
Captain Enoch Calhoun, All-Ohio center of Livy's eleven is a combination of football brains and fighting defensive strength that has dropped many an opposing back for a loss. It will take a good man to fill Enoch's shoes at the center of the line next fall.

Line-plunging and punting have been Mike Miller's specialties on the Big Red grid squad and that he does both well goes without saying. Every major sport but basketball gets Mike's support. Track and baseball squads will miss him next spring for he takes his degree at the end of the present semester.

Curtis Mitchell is one of the Sophomore linemen who will have to be depended upon to fill the holes left by the graduation of three first-string forward wall men this year. "Mitch" plays a guard.

Light and fast, "Tommy" Rogers, halfback on this year's eleven, has two years been the biggest ground-gainer on the squad. In the Slate game "Tommy" was unlucky enough to sustain a bad cut over his left eye. If the injury does not affect the sight we predict a banner year for him.

One of the most consistent ground-gainers on the squad, "Bernie" Hundley has been handicapped considerably by injuries. A hurdler of Big Six note he passed up the track squad last spring to save himself for the present grid season. "Bernie" has been the forwardpassing ace on the Big Red squad since the opening game this year.
Linesmen come and linesmen go and when they're as good as Bill McLain we're glad to see them come and funerally sorry to see them go. The tackle he vacates this year will be a big hole to fill when the 1924 season rolls around.

Varsity quarterbacking has been in charge of Tom Hundley this fall and his consistent work at the job is his idea of keeping up the family's already excellent athletic reputation. "Tommy" has another year to spend on the Big Red.

Lots of weight but with speed in spite of his beef is the big feature of John Becker, Sophomore guard. Sent to Denison by Steele High of Dayton Johnny has demonstrated so far this season that he will be a good gamble on the A hard man to beat to the punch line for the remaining pair of "Bus" fights every minute he is years he has in school.

For three years "Dutch" Thiele has been following in the footsteps of his famous brother of the class of '16 as a mole skin warrior with the Big Red and in his Senior year has begun to blossom as a full-fledged end. Getting down under punts in the State game indicated his speed when he wants to uncork it.

That defensive fullbacking was a job especially cut out for Livvy Steadman was shown in the Ohio State game when the Scarlet and Grey passing system caused the Big Red no end of trouble. "Livvy" is the third of the triumvirate of first-string linesmen to graduate this year.

Newark's sole representative on the grid squad, "Shorty" Quinn is serving as second-string quarterback. His football disposition and his speed have stood him in good stead so far this season. As he is but a Sophomore he has two more years to devote to pivoting the squad.

A dependable passer, a good bet when running with the ball and a punter of promise—such are the capabilities of "Red" Allen, second-year man alternating with Miller and McMichael at fullback.
THE FLAMINGO

One of the ace-high aggregation of athletes that Washington C. H. has sent to Denison, "Jiggs" Rine, one of the regulars at a flank position is holding up well the reputation of his home town. He still has another year to give to the Big Red.

"Boob" Imhoff has capered around one of the ends this fall during his first year in intercollegiate football and his ability at the game speaks well for Denison prospects in the flank positions in the two seasons to come.

Walter J. Livingston

Livy has for years been the hardest-working coach in the Ohio Conference. Schools that were formerly our own size have grown far beyond us; and with their greater student bodies they have much greater freedom in the choice of their gridiron men. But Livy believes there is always a way; and the performance of his squad annually shows that he is right. A relentless advocate of clean athletics, he has built for Denison an enviable reputation of fair-playing and true sportsmanship, and kept our Alma Mater high in the respect of the sporting world. In such an athletic director, Denison is truly fortunate.

The BIG RED Squad

We skin the Cincy Bearcat, 24 to 7. We get a touchdown at this end of the field, and then,

Shove the ball over the line at the other end three times. It's easy—if you know how.
From all sides they come unto us,
Rainedrops swelling to a glorious stream,
Each one adding to his life's sum total
Something more than fitful dream;
Honour then these new arrivals,
Make them what they would be,
Always true, enduring, noble,
Natural sons of Varsity.

V. W.

GIVE 'EM ROOM

"Schuyler has married the girl of his choice, but
he can't find an apartment."
"Lass but not lease, eh."
—Town Topics.

First Roomie (dressing): Have you a pin you
could spare, honey?
Second Roomie (the popular one): "There are
three Beta pins, one Sigma Chi and one Delta pin in
that little box there. Help yourself." —Frivol

Here's to the picture upon my desk,
That I love throughout the year,
Though it's not so sweet as the girl herself,
It's a darn sight more sincere. —Lyre

Movie Director (to old maid): "Shove the vil-
lian away. Don't let him kiss you!"
She: "Aw, let him get just one."
—Lyre

"Get up, Clara; get up at once. A man has just
broken into the house."
"I'm up, dear, I'm up! But what have you done
with the rouge box, I'd like to know."
—Purple Cow.

"Is your father home, little boy?"
"No, he ain't been home since maw caught Sally
kissing the cook."
—Octopus.

Belle—"Shall we tango?"
Hoppie—"It's all the same to me."
Belle—"Yes. I noticed that."—Tiger.

The Night Before Pledging
'Twas the night before pledging and all thru the
frat
Not a prepper was stirring, all were snoring—G flat,
In pajamas and flannels, or cool B. V. D.'s,
They were making the night hideous in various
keys.
But on the first floor in the manager's room,
The brothers assembled in all sorts of gloom;
A battle impended, a fight to be waged,
A real bloody scene was about to be staged.
They started out gently, they were slow to arouse,
And most of them there in their chairs did drowse,
But soon in the room there arose such a clatter,
The neighbors wondered sleepily what new was
the matter.
He's a clown, he's a boob, I won't have him in,
Were some of the things one could hear in the din.
What can he do? What can he bring?
Were the questions that thru the frat house did
ring.
Now Tommy, now Sammy, now Jerry and Pete,
The poor pestered prexy for peace did entreat.
But he's a prince, he's a track man, he's a rare foot-
ball star,
And besides his dad's rich and he'll bring down a
car.
Thus the boys struggled and cussed and discussed,
And got sore and disgusted—sure a terrible bust,
And nearly had fights and threatened best friends,
But as everything else, even this sad show ends.
They, ironed out troubles and finished the work,
Made up their pledge list and stopped with a jerk,
Dragged off to bed, glad to finish the fight,
Each thinking the other man's prepper a fright.
—Lemon Punch.

SAME HERE!
Dumb—"What's your roommate like?"
Bell—"Sure near everything I've got."
—Cougar's Paw.

SOME TROUSERS
Small Son—"You know what short legs a
dachshund has?"
Father—"Yes, I know."
Son—"Well, how is it, father, that their pants are
as long as our big airdale's?"
Father—"Run along, son; father is busy." —Burr.
FOOD FOR THOUGHT

"By the way, Frank, whenever I see you in Bert-rick's you are always feeding some co-ed. What's the idea?"

"That's right in my line of work."

"What's that?"

"Accounting."

"What's the connection?"

"Practice in filling out forms."

—Sun Dial

AN AWFUL REIGN

Harry: "Quite a Klu Klux demonstration last night, wasn't it?"

Jerry: "Yeah, even the rain came down in sheets."

—Sun Dial.

Rastus—"Suh, the queen desiahs yo' presents."

Anthony—"Tell that woman I've spent enough money on her."—Scalper.

UP IN THE WORLD

"It's not my fault, it's the way I was raised," he wailed when asked to pay his poker debts.

—Purple Parrot

"It pays to advertise," said the skunk as he devoured the abandoned picnic luncheon.
WALK-OVER - Shoes for All Occasions

WE HAVE THOUSANDS
in our "Thrift" Classes.
They find it interesting and profitable.

The Home Building Association Co.
"The Old Home"
Newark, 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
Phone 8841

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

NEW-WAY SHOE REPAIR SHOP
Modern Prices and Quick Service
ERNEST HARSCH
115 North Prospect St.

Sunday School Teacher—What happened to Lot's wife?
Small Boy (with large spectacles)—Ahem, she was transmitted into chloride of sodium, sir.
Black and Blue Jay

I kicked a skunk as he went by;
The skunk was incensed—so was I

Suitor—Mr. Perkins, I have courted your daughter for fifteen years.
Mr. Perkins—Well, what do you want?
Suitor—To marry her.
Perkins—Well, I'll be damned. I thought you wanted a pension or something.

Candy is always Acceptable
Make your choice from our line of Homemade, Lowery's, Apollo, or Reyner's Chocolates.
BUSY BEE
Geo. Stanek, Proprietor
Phone 1433

A New Room in the Attic
ARE you getting full value out of the attic in your home? You can make an attractive, useful room in what is now waste space, and do it at little cost, by the use of Sheetrock.
Sheetrock is genuine gypsum wall plaster encased in a protective covering. It comes in wide ceiling-high sheets and takes any decoration.

Call on us and see for yourself how wonderful this standard wall and ceiling material really is.

The R. B. White Lbr. Co.
GRANVILLE
THE FLAMINGO

All Successful Men Use the Toasted Process in Their Business!

THEY CALL it Efficiency.

But it amounts to the same thing.

Because, stripped of its purely technical significance, the Toasted Process is efficiency by another name. It represents the last ounce of effort which, in all the production of men, distinguishes the isolated examples of quality. Toasting the tobaccos in LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTES adds 45 minutes to the cost of production, but it seals in the flavor!

And we would rather save the flavor than the time.

CHANGE TO THE BRAND THAT NEVER CHANGES

For the Best that Money can Buy — go to —

Wm. E. Miller Hardware Co.
25 So. Park Place

BEAUTIFY YOUR HOME — with —
Chi-Namel Varnishes and Stains

Volumnia Flat Wall Paint
Alabastine Wall Tints

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

“Judy Gottrox and I are strangers now—I've been asked not to call there again.”

“The deuce you say! I suppose old Gottrox had a hand in that.”

“Well, not exactly a hand.”

Call the Patrol
Gladys must be a wild girl. How's that?
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