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Flamingo Vol. IV N 6

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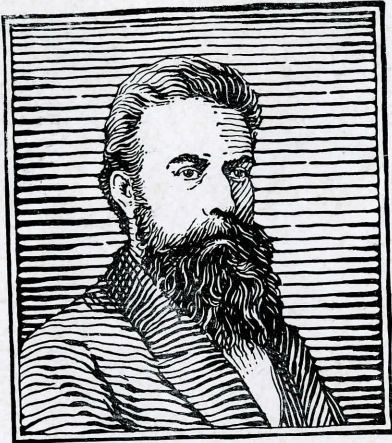
Flamingo



DECEMBER, 1923

"THE HOME-COMING"

25 CENTS



WILLIAM KONRAD ROENTGEN
1845-1923

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“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.

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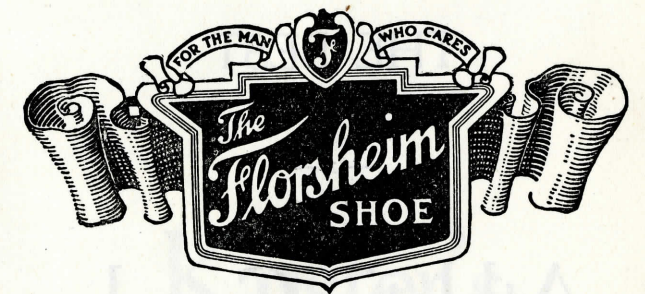
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Vol. IV

DECEMBER, 1923

No. 6



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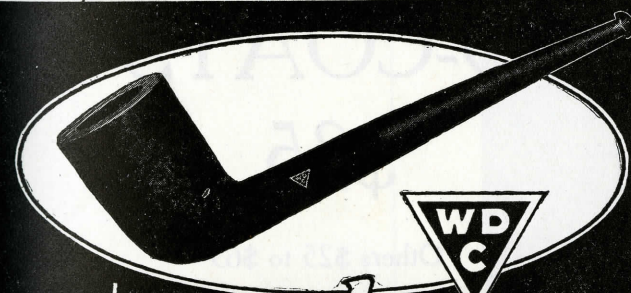
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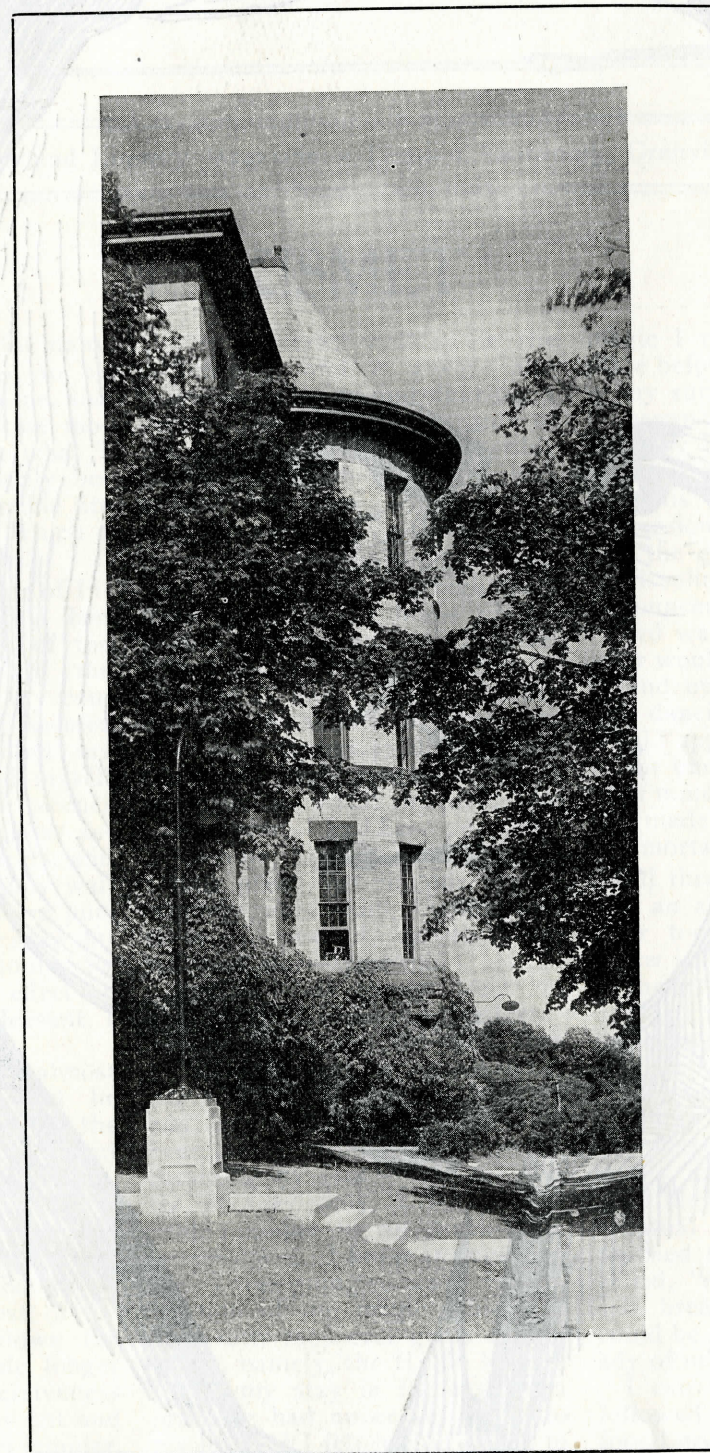
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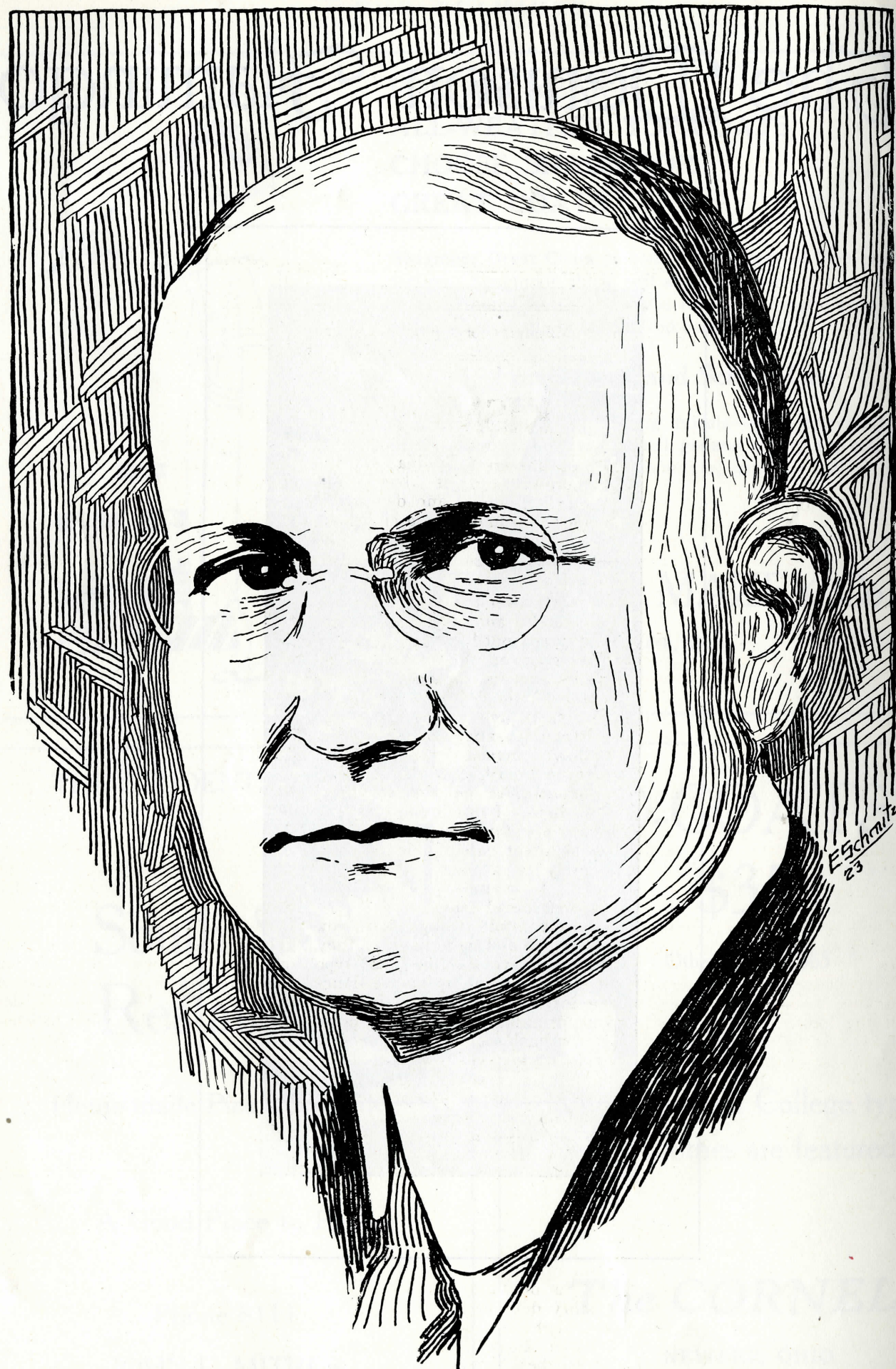
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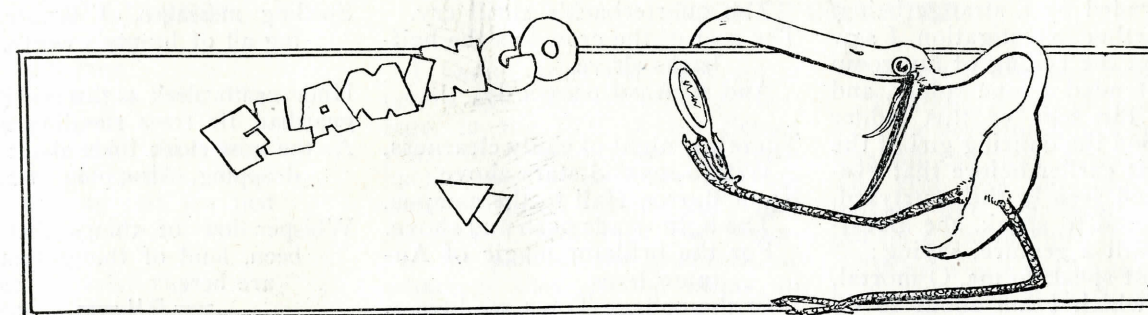
The CORNELL

NEWARK, OHIO





EDWARD A. DEEDS
The Colonel



A Humorous and Literary Magazine of Denison University, Granville, Ohio.

KISMET

I had been despondent for many days. All things seemed to be continually going against me, and I was never sure 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 burden 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 among the pillars of my verandah, and I could feel the chill drafts come up through 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.

I had not 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 here 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 supplication. I knew at once that now I was going to see a demonstration of the magic which so few white men ever get a chance to see, namely, the Hindu kismet. In all my stay in India such a privilege had never yet fallen to my lot, and I felt highly elated to think that now at last I was going to be able to witness this mighty demonstration of the pupils of the evil spirit.

Even as I looked there appeared before the eyes of the audience the figure of an old fakir. This must be the dispenser of the

magic I thought, as he took his place before us. Nor was I wrong in my surmise, for he immediately began a demonstration of his uncanny art. First there was a demonstration of snake charming, and this was quickly followed in succession by the old basket trick, and the growing of living plants from solid rock. Then came the announcement for which the crowd was eagerly waiting. The fakir would make a rope ladder to extend up to heaven, and one of the dancing girls of the Gods would appear. She was to grant to the one with the greatest power of mind, the wish that that person made during her stay among the mortals.

All through the audience there was an air of expectancy, as the fakir took a ball of twine and threw it into the air. Immediately there appeared before us a ladder of rope which extended up out of sight toward the one or two stars which could be seen in the heavens. Then, slowly descending the ladder could be seen the dancer 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 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 awakened by the sense of feeling that my bed chamber had

been invaded by a strange being. Upon further investigation, I saw that from the ceiling of my room there extended a rope ladder, and that at the foot of this ladder there stood the dancing girl of the Gods that earlier before that evening I had seen in the courtyard. As I started to speak, she arrested me with a gesture, saying:

"Do not speak to me, O mortal, or that which I am about to do will be of no avail."

With these words she advanced, to my bedside, and slipped on my arm, a bracelet of green metal made in the likeness of a snake. As soon as it was in place she stepped back to the ladder, and with the words, "Never allow that to be removed from thy arm, and thou shalt be forever blessed with peace of mind," she disappeared from my sight.

* * *

Several years later there was a celebration in my home. This time it was I who had been married, and on my return from England with my bride, I had invited several of my old associates to spend the evening with us. During the course of the evening I had been the subject of much leg pulling because of my insistence on wearing the bracelet. Finally I was goaded by the remark of an old Army captain, and in desperation I started to pull off the bracelet, with the remark that the magic of no fakir held any terrors for me. As I did so my wife stepped forward and begged me not to do it, saying that as I had worn it this long without any evil effect, she thought it wise for me to leave it on. For some reason this served only to exasperate me further, and with a curse I pulled the bracelet from my arm.

Immediately a hush fell upon my guests, and turning I beheld, not my wife, but the dancing girl of the Gods. H. W. B.

— DU —

AUTUMN IN GRANVILLE

There's the scent of an apple orchard,
Hung high on a nearby hill—
And the smell of November bonfires,
When the air is crisp and chill—
With a tang that forecasts the winter,
Although Autumn's with us still.

Comes the whirr of the punted pigskin,
As it spirals toward the sky:
And the barking of the coaches,

The quarterback's shrill cry.
The roar of the crowd as the half-backs drive,
And forward passes fly.

There's a night of chilly clearness,
With a myriad stars above,
From Burton Hall to the campus,
The light winds push and shove.
For the brilliant magic of Autumn lives
In the college Town we love.

By F. B. Tuttle, '27

— DU —



SHE LOVES SHE!

You are a dear—
I love each glance.
I'd love you, too,
If I had a chance.
You are pretty,
And adorable, too;
You little darling,
I'm glad I'm you!

F. R.

THE WINDFALL

Yellow leaves and brown are dropping down
In a gold windfall;
The tree world grieves, for in losing its leaves
It is losing all.
I hear the crying and groaning
And the sighing and moaning
Of the bare brown mothers.
I see the hustling and dancing
And the rustling and prancing
Of the little leave lovers.
Till the wind stops blowing and the leaves are rolling
And the rain comes down.
No more is leaf riot, now comes leaf quiet
In Granville town.

— DU —

SHEPARDSON CAMPUS ON A NIGHT OF MIST

Soft enfolding cloak of mist loosely wraps the night around
Circling slowly from the hills, falling, falling to the ground
Like a grey veil clouding all, dimming light and hushing sound.
Glowing through it, silvery starlets, shining eyes of dark'ing earth
From the halls of youth glad hearted, homing years of bright'n'ing mirth

Spelling messages of beauty, telling all of beauty's worth.

Underneath sleek pathways glisten, guardian fir trees standing near
As the mist cloak folds about them, dropping, dropping tear on tear

Whisper low of things that have been, loud of things that now are here. I. K.

— DU —
YOU

'Tis dawn.
Twittering birds call to and fro.
The cock crows yonder—
The world awaking.
The East's aglow—
For day is breaking.
But so is my heart,
"Though you do not know.

Full soon 'tis even.
The crickets chirp their song so drear.
The sun sinks slowly
Out of sight.
The stars appear,
And it is night—
Dark as my life without you, dear. F. R.

— DU —

AN AUTUMN DAY

I stood on the crest of a wooded hill,
One day in early fall,—
I was charmed anew by the glorious view
Below—the lake of rippling blue
With tree-girt shores left a warming thrill,
A thrill I will always recall.
The forest was decked in gala attire,
Her foliage painted bright;
I remember still the warble and trill
Of the winged folk of that wood-crowned hill,
And the chirp and cheer of the feathered choir
In the evening's waning light.
Of a sudden the carolers hushed their song,
A great calm filled the wood,
I thought it queer that the noisy cheer
Of a moment ago should disappear.
What meant this hush? What could be wrong?
An omen of evil or good?
The sky was flooded with light in the west,
The setting sun's last ray
Sent a rippling glow down the lake below,
A path of glory,—I cried, "I know!"
His world bowed reverent while He blessed
Another perfect day. G. W.

WE JANES!

Some fellers say
It takes a jane
To give a guy a heartache,
It takes a jane
To make a guy feel blue.
An' when dey winks
De'r big lamps at yer
You feel dat it's all true.

But de ol' folks say
It takes a jane
To make a guy real happy,
It takes a jane
To make a guy git out an' fight.
An' when dey whispers
Dat dey luv's yer true,
You know de ol' folks sure are right. F. R.

AIN'T LIFE AWFUL

I met her at a dance,
We were introduced by chance;
And she was very charming.
Her line was quite alarming,
As we wandered hand in hand
Thru the sea-shells on the sand.
I told her that I loved her more than Life.

She shook her head,
And smiled and said,
"Why, goodness, John,
I used to

be your wife!" F.

LITTLE BOY BLUE

There, Little Boy, don't feel blue,
I've broken your heart, I know.
But a broken heart
When lovers part
Is a thing of the long ago.
Oh, why don't you swear,
And say you don't care—
Why don't you,
Boy Blue? F. R.

—UNDER THEIR SKINS.

When you've beaueed her around for over a year,
Fall party, spring party, the show
Some hay-rides and formals, sent flowers to the dear,
And willed to the Masquers your dough,
When you know that she's different, so unlike the rest,
So dainty and pretty and sweet,
Of the world's perfect women
you vow she's the best,
From the hair to the soles of her feet,

Well, then on the porch, while the stars reel around,
And you, poor calf, stammer and blush,
You'll learn that she aint, when she looks at the ground
And that angel voice murmurs "Slush!"

SOONER OR LATER

I hadn't seen old Jack for a coon's age—not since he left college, in the first of his Senior year, to help out on the farm back home. The place had become too much for his dad's failing health, and Jack had swapped the pen for the pitchfork, or whatever they use on farms, in that impulsive way of his. We'd drifted apart since then, as the best of friends do, and sort of lost track of each other. But along came his wire that he was gettin' married, and needed help; so I left Old Man Gourney, the richest merchant in Emporia, with his hand poised above the dotted line, figuratively speakin' on what would have been the heaviest-loaded order sheet ever turned in by a Consolidated salesman, and hopped the next freight.

Yep, old Jack a-gettin' married! And him as happy as a baby with a brand-new bowie knife, and as careless of the consequences. And me a-standin' by, powerless to save him, except to warn him now and then when his grin was about to crack his foolish face. And how it didn't, I don't see.

As we drove out from the station over the ten miles of macadam to the farm—his, now—he told me all about her. When he'd run down, and it wasn't until we were within a couple of miles of the place, I says to him, "Well, Jack, it's agoin' to be an awful disappointment for you."

"What is?" he inquired sort of dreamily, and I saw that his body was attacked by a deadly disease, his brain and heart having sloughed away from it already.

"Comin' home from the station with me and findin' her gone," says I.

"Huh?" he jumped as if my comfortin' words had hit him in the other end, "What's that you say?"

So I repeated, slowly, and enunciatin' carefully, as you do when tryin' to make an infant or a half-wit understand.

"You're crazy!" says he, "She'll be there; over at her dad's farm, singin', maybe, as she feeds the chickens, or maybe a-swingin' in the hammock, with one of her Persian kitties in her lap. You wait'll you see her,—"

"She won't be there," says I. "The devil she won't!" says Jack, beginnin' to warm up around the collar.

"Well, she won't," I insist.

"Where'll she be, then?"

"I dunno," says I, gazin' out over the beautiful landscape. There was all of three trees in sight. The rest was flat prairie, and looked like an army blanket out on a round dinin' room table.

"Why won't she be there?" He looks carefully at me to see if my face is flushed, and does everything but feel my pulse.

"Well," I drawls, hesitatin' to let him have the bitter truth, "angels never stays long in one place, does they?"

That afternoon we drove four miles over some wrinkles in the blanket, and found her dad's house in a little cotton-wood clump down by the creek. And I'll say just this much; that if I hadn't learned to put no faith in the female species, havin' been taught by a little fist full of bobbed hair and burlap skirt down in Wenasokey, I'd a shot Jack and swiped her for myself. But I didn't. When he introduced me, I bowed like a puppet and wondered if the corners of my mouth were meetin' behind.

And then out came a huge white cat, lookin' like the ghost of one of Jack's muley steers that he'd shown me in the mornin', and she snuggles it up to her chin, and kisses it right spang on the mouth.

That settled her for me. I hate to see good stuff thrown away; maybe I inherit that trait from my mother, as she always used to keep the attic crowded with truck. And any woman—any woman—who'd waste kisses like that on a cat!

On the way home, I tried to make Jack see what he was runnin' into. I told him about all the marriage failures I could recall, or manufacture right handily, but it wasn't any use. He knew they'd get along fine—there was somethin' inside of him that assured him unutterably sweet matrimonial bliss—when he first saw her, he knew she was his eternal mate—wasn't the sunset glorious tonight—rot! And then, I remembered how back in college, he used to hate pets, and I brought up the subject of her fondness for kissin' cats. "Jack," says I, "Jack, don't you remember how you said to me one night, when we were discussin' the usual topic on the plaza, 'Bill, any girl that makes love to a Pomeranian pup aint going to make love to me.'"

"Bill," says Jack, "lemme tell yuh. When I came back from college, I had several years of pretty hard sleddin'. The place had been let run down pretty much, and there wasn't hardly anythin' on it but brush and mortgages. So I didn't have the time nor money for cutting social capers. Not that I didn't want to because Sweetie and her folks got their place within a year; and she was just as pretty then as now. And as I said, the first time I saw her, my heart did a triple reverse back somersault. It's a long way between places in this country, and the streetcars don't operate except on February 31st. There was a fairly presentable little buggy in the machine shed, and I gave it a coat of paint, re-stuffed the cushions with hay, and managed to scrape together enough cash to get a half-wild sparkin' colt from a hoss-dealer over in Snake Eye. And with that outfit I did the best I could."

"But about the time I'd just got to callin' sort of regular, a feller from beyond Snake Eye began an opposition movement. He was well off; college degree, only son of wealthy parents, and all

that. He drove a long blue roadster, and boasted that there wasn't but one horse on their place; all motorized. And it was the truth, b'gosh, because I took three days off, drove over, and saw for myself. They had machinery for everything but cleaning your teeth, and maybe I failed to notice that.

"You see, he had me out-classed. I was a hick college tryin' to bust in the Big Ten. And when I saw that, I sort of backed out, and decided to let nature take its course.

"That is, I decided to do it, and I did, for about a year. But makin' up your mind to forget a girl, an' forgettin' her, are two different things, Bill.

"Well, after a year of alternately cussin' and prayin', one night I busted loose, harnessed up the colt, brushed out the buggy, and set out for a box social over at Nellie's Apron school house. I got there as it was about over, managed to catch her away from this other guy, and we started home. I'd thought up several ways of springin' the question on the way over, but now that she was handy, they didn't seem quite



the thing. It was comfortable and quiet-like, joggin' along in the moonlight with her beside me, and I hated to spoil it all."

"Shut up," says I, "and go on with your story."

"Well, I didn't say anything particular until we got to her house. And as we drove into the yard, I knew I'd have to act quick. So, as we started to walk toward the house, I slipped my arm around her and said something or other that was foolish, but—well, she understood, and—well, we fixed it all up."

"That may all be," says I, "you appear to have the common symptoms, but what has all that got to do with her kissin' the cat?"

"Oh," says Jack, comin' out of his happy fog, "well, you see, I had the nerve to ask her why she'd take me in preference to the feller with the gas-buggy. And she walked up in front of my little clay-bank, and put her arms around his neck, and kissed him on the end of his nose, and says to me, with her face cuddled up to his, 'Why, silly, you can't hug an auto, nor brush its mane, nor blow in its ear!'"

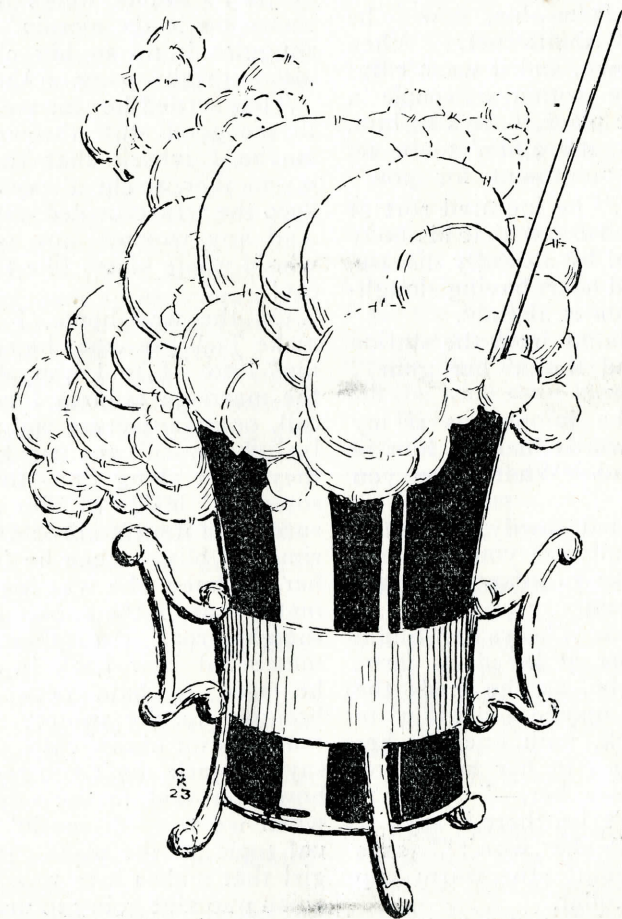
"And so," says Jack, "She can pet all the horses, and kiss all the cats in the world,—when she aint kissin' me.

"Get up there, Brownie!"
W. G.

— DU —

"What do you know about the language of flowers?"

"Just this; a five dollar box of rosebuds talks a darn sight more persuasively and to the point than a fifty cent bunch of carnations."



"Are you fond of music?"
"Not very, but I prefer it to popular songs."

— DU —

ROOM-MATES

Long have we been room-mates,
Mabel,
Long we've shared each other's joys,
(Yes, I know you got a B-plus,
Must you make that dreadful noise?)

We have worked and played together,
We've had bright hours, we've had blue,
(That's it, start the "Vic," you dumb-bell!
Can't you wait until I'm thru?)

Best of all our college mem'ries
Will our friendship be for aye,
(There! I knew you'd spill my powder!
That's the second time today!)

Pals that ever will be loyal,
'Til earth's feeble flesh shall fail,
(Say, how often must I tell you
That there wasn't any mail?)

We have trod the paths of learning,
Often weary, hand in hand,
(I'm not sitting on your math-book,
Have you looked beneath the stand?)

Room-mates now, but not forever,
Time will part us soon, alas!
(There's the first bell ringing,
Mabel,
Thank the Lord you go to class!)
V. F.

— DU —

Relief Solicitor—"He who gives quickly, gives twice."
Given-out Business Man—"Yes. Because he gets called on first the next time."

— DU —

"I don't believe in parading my virtues."
"No? It takes quite a number to make a parade."

"Hey, you! What are you running for?"

"I aint a-runnin' for! I'm a-runnin' from!"

— DU —

"Why do they have toothpicks at the entrance end of the cafeteria counter rather than by the cashier's desk?"

"Well, you have to pick out your own meal."

— DU —

Johnnie—"I guess my dad must have been a pretty bad boy when he was little."

Tommie—"Gosh! What makes yuh think that?"

Johnnie—"Cause he always knows just what questions to ask when he wants to know what I've been doing."

— DU —

Neighbor—"I hear your wife is sick. Not dangerous, I hope?"

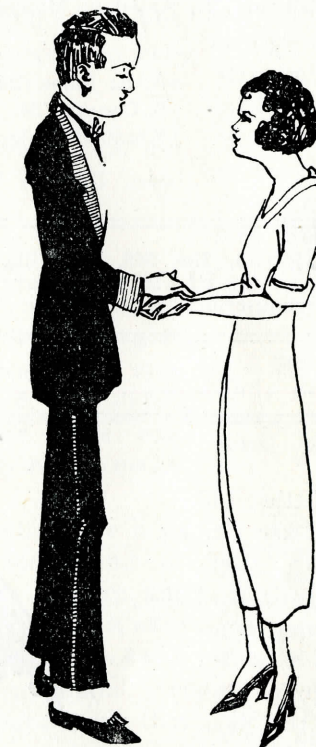
The Small Man—"No, she's not dangerous now. She's too sick."

— DU —

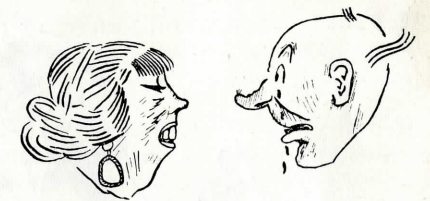
Nervous Woman—"Come back, little boy! That ice is too thin for skating!"

Small Boy, rushing up excitedly—"Taint fair, lady! I bet 'im a nickle he'd fall in."

— DU —



Him—"You used to say there was something about me you liked."
Her—"Yes, but you've spent it all."



She (after the proposal)—"What! Marry you—a drunkard and a gambler? Never! Go before I call my father!"
He—"And am I to take this as a refusal?"

— DU —

Spinster—"Do you remember, Jack, that once you proposed to me, and I refused you?"

Bachelor—"I sure do! You know, I always was a lucky guy!"

— DU —

"After courting awhile, young folks will marry, you know."

"Yes, and then go to court some more."

— DU —

"There's that foggy prof! He'd leave his head somewhere if it wasn't fastened on him."

"Yep! Why, last year he went to Denver for his lungs."

— DU —

"Do you see that woman over there? Is she a gossip?"

"Yes. She seems to have a keen sense of rumor."

— DU —

'PEARS SO!

Customer—"Pear."
Waiter—"One, sir? They're rather small."

Customer—"Pair."
Waiter—"Very good, sir. Shall I serve them whole?"

Customer—"Pare."
— DU —

"So you want my daughter, do you?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Have you any money?"

"A little. How much is she quoted at now?"

— DU —

"Yeh, I'd marry Anne if it weren't for the impediment in her speech."

"Didn't know she had any trouble that way."

"She can't say 'Yes'."
— DU —

"You didn't know who I was this morning, did you?"

"Who were you?"



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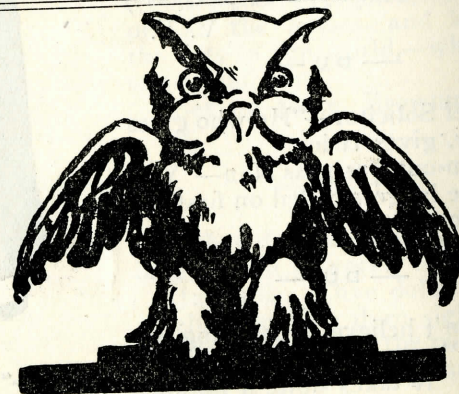
Two Dollars the Year.

Twenty-five Cents the Copy.

HOWD'Y, 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, aint it. 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 preps can double up, and She can find a place at the Sem. Take off your coat and sit down, you big stiff.

Hear 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 doin' now—bank president, or governor? Nope? Clerkin.' 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 neat football team this year. Fact! Nothin' sparklin', but a real good car. Began by knockin' off Hillsdale, 12 to 6. Jeff's coachin' there. Had a classy outfit, too. Then we took on Cincy—24 to 7. Oh, sure, we beat. 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 bad luck with Miami the next week—9 to 6, and us on the little end, but then—such things come in football, y'know; that's what makes it interesting. An' it somehow seemed to rouse 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, the team scrapped right on through to the finish. State was sort of thirstin' for blood, havin' been treated rather badly by the rest of the Big Ten, and had shifted her line and backfield, tryin' out a new combination on us. It worked. When the dirt and grass had settled, we found ourselves with the minority part of 42-0 score; but we're proud of that team of ours—there's no yellow in it, it's the Big Red—an' don't you forget it!

Well, gotta run along. You'll have to find out the rest of the news yourself—an' it's all good news.

— DU —

ONCE UPON A TIME

The Dean—not the present one, but another, that evidently didn't read much—wanted us to give him a written statement of our purpose and aims in publishing the Fowl sheet. Well, we didn't bother, but checked him off as one more who doesn't read editorials. Why a humorous magazine? I'll bite, why?

Life is a funny thing. Some folks take it as though it were a funeral in serial form, and go around looking like a cross between a stern and rock-bound Puritan and a fall rain. They do it even in college, too, when they're young enough to know better. Every time you see one of 'em comin', you feel like askin' 'em how many of the pups it was that their daddy drowned. Then, there are others, God bless 'em! who never seem to have any troubles. They have the smile that won't come off, and the

hand you love to touch. Even tho they're dead broke, owing for their room, flunking all their subjects, and some fool girl has shaken her head, they act as tho they had the world by the tail and a downhill pull—at least, in public. And they, dear reader, they are the folks for whom we print the Flamingo.

Everybody has troubles, so it's not worth while to brag about your own. On the contrary, a joke in time saves a funeral. That's our foolosophy, at any rate. And so the old fowl looks for the fun of life, and makes it his job to pass it on to you. Sure, some of the humor he puts out is old; if you only knew it, all of it is! There are just three reasons why he prints a joke;

- (a) It's so old everyone has forgotten it.
(b) Or else it's an old joke with a new turn.
(c) Or it's a classic, and shouldn't be forgotten.

There you are—who says we aint's frank?

And lots a times people—especially our Faculty 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 agooin' 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 aint human—why, many a chuckle is the crackling of a breaking heart. And many a laugh is the snap of a badly bent one straightenin' back in place.

And so, the Mystic Bird dons the cap and bells on the world's stage, and when he wipes his spectacles, wipes 'em in private. Not that he is siiiy enough to advocate the Automatic Smile and the Mechanical Hello, or that he belongs to the Cheerful Hypocrites Society. But it's a darn sight more pleasant, for the folks that have to live with you at least, to smile than it is to cry. Take your troubles out into the garden, dig a commodious hole, and bury them. Then plant flowers on top.

That is the why of the Flamingo.

— DU —

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 dyeing rapidly.

— DU —

Some man made a study of the sex and prohibition jokes in college magazines, and reported the result at a meeting that Prex attended in the East somewhere. He gave the Flamingo a particularly clean bill of health. We thank him for the compliments, and wish to remark that we admire his fortitude; we wouldn't drag our mind thru the sewer in a "study" like that, for a great big piece of cake.

What's more, we hope Prex doesn't get too chummy with people that make studies of such morally uplifting subjects.



INTRODUCING
Moses and the Queen of Sheba.

— DU —

A MUSICAL COMEDY

Part I.

It was one of those cold Rio Nights when you have to KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING to be comfortable. MR. GALLAGHER was spinning along in his BRIGHT AND SILVERY MOON to TIN-TEN-TENNESSEE. 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 window and looked out. "Oh, it's THE SHEIK," she groaned. "That rube's here again, but HOW'RE YA GONNA KEEP 'EM DOWN ON THE FARM? However, thinking he might have a new brand of chocolates, she slid down the water-pipe and flew into his arms.

"DEAR LITTLE BOY OF MINE!" she cried. "HOW'S MY BUDDY?"

"SWEET LADY!" he gasped. "KISS ME AGAIN!"

Finally they came up for air. "OLD FOLKS AT HOME?" he asked cautiously.

"NO NOT ONE," she replied.

Part II

While they were CROONING, he said to himself, "I WANT THE GIRL," and so began, "I CAN PICTURE TONIGHT—"

"—Don't get serious!" she interrupted, "or it will be long TILL WE MEET AGAIN." Then, in a softer tone, "Will you be here TOMORROW?"

He hesitated. "Why, I can't dear. I've got to see CAROLINA IN THE MORNING."

She jumped up. "I might have known you were a liar! YOUR EYES HAVE TOLD ME SO! Why did I believe you in the first place! It was all JUST A LITTLE BIT OF DREAMING!

But, then, I DON'T KNOW WHY I SHOULD CRY OVER YOU!"

"But DEAR OLD PAL OF MINE, listen to me! AM I TO BLAME because THEY GO WILD, SIMPLY WILD, OVER ME?"

"Go before I call the servant!"

"But TELL ME WHY—"

"Maggie!"

"YES, MA'AM."

"Sic those BOW-WOW BLUES onto LOVIN' SAM here!"

Part III

He sobbed. "NOBODY LIED when they said I AIN'T NOBODY'S BABY! I'm going. MY LITTLE SUNFLOWER, GOOD-NIGHT!"

"O-O-OH! COME-COME-COME-COME, can the STAR-LIGHT LOVE, boy! IT'S THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING! It's past your bedtime,—get going or the JAPANESE SANDMAN will get you! THERE'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL A-WINDING OVER THE HILLS TO VIRGINIA! GOOD-BYE FOREVER, GOOD-BYE!"

—Finis—

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."

— DU —

"Hello, Ikey! I hear you're going to marry Sara Rosenstein, aint it?"

"Sure, for vy not?"

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

"Vell, Hoboken aint such a very big place."

— DU —

Mae—"Why has your pin a moon and star, George?"

George—"That's to remind the brothers that not all the fun comes in the daytime."

— DU —

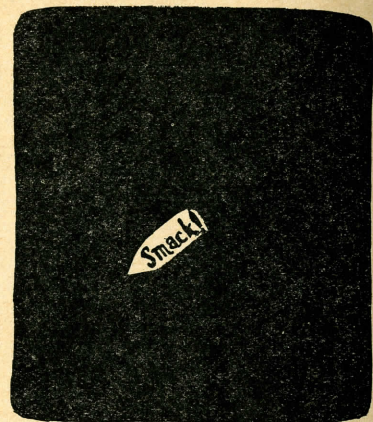
"Why do our profs make us do all our outside reading before Thanksgiving?"

"Because it's too cold after that."

— DU —

"Papa, mamma says half the world doesn't know how the other half lives."

"Well, she shouldn't blame herself, dear. It isn't her fault."



WHERE WAS MOSES
When the lights went out?

— DU —

ANYTIME, ANYFRAT.

"Hello! Hello, . . . Yes, this is Harry . . . What? . . . Nope, didn't getcha then . . . What? . . . Just a minute. Turn off that dam Vic! What was it you were saying? . . . Yes, I'll bite, who are you? . . . Never mind the compliments, if I knew I'd tell you . . . Oh, yes! . . . Sure, I remember that night. Why didn't you say it was you . . . Honest, Dot, I've called a dozen times but you weren't . . . No, I didn't! . . . What?—Turn off that victrola!—Well, I should hope so, kiddo! . . . How about Saturday night? . . . Nope, cross my heart, I won't . . . Say, I've got your whatchacallit . . . Sure, I can use it. It's fine to shine shoes with . . . Can you . . . What? . . . Sure, I meant it . . . —Leave that damned vic alone!—Now what was it? . . . Is she good-looking? . . . Yeh? . . . Oh, that's the one! sure, I'll make a prep take her . . . No, thanks . . . Huh?—Shut up!— . . . No I wasn't talking to you, Dot, honest I wasn't. Just a minute—Will you birds kindly go out and die?—All right, Dot . . . Hello! . . . Hello! . . .

— DU —

"Can I get off tomorrow?"
"You've been off a good deal lately."

"I want to get my eyes examined."

"Get a good job done. You'll be looking for work after the first."

— DU —

"What does college bred mean, Daddy?"

"Merely a big loaf, John."

— DU —

Mistress—"Look here, Susan, I can write my name in the dust on this table."

Susan—"Ah, mum, there's nothing like eddication!"

EPIC

She was sweet sixteen
And I
Had seen just twenty years
Go by.
We were betrothed
Near the garden gate.
Next day I went adventuring—
She promised to wait.
I came back the other day;
Five long years have passed away.
She still is sweet
But the sixteen has gone,
And she doesn't look the years
That Time has added on.
For she has bobbed her locks,
And she rolls her socks;
She smokes, she flirts, she swears.
She goes to races, and bets,
She goes to dances, and pets,
And oh, the short dresses she wears.
She has a heavy line,
And I think she has forgotten
She was once all mine.
But it's not my turn to be blue,
For I find I've forgotten, too.

F.

— DU —

Manager (to messenger boy)—
"You've been gone over half an hour on a little trip around the corner!"

Messenger—"Yes sir, but a man dropped a dollar in the gutter."

"And did it take you half an hour to find it?"

"Well, I had to wait until he went away."

— DU —

The President was investigating.

"So you admit that the freshman was dragged from his bed, his hair clipped, and he was carried to the Raccoon and thrown in. Now, tell me the truth; what part did you have in the affair?"

Sophomore (meekly)—"The right leg, sir."

— DU —

"How was your garden this summer?"

"Fine! The neighbor's chickens took first prize at the poultry show."



"Are they engaged? I heard him begging for 'just one,' behind the palms over there."

"Naw! They're married. He was askin' for a dollar."

"Please, Sir," begged the bum,
"Won't you give me a dollar? I have to sleep outdoors."

"You're lucky!" was the reply,
"I have to sleep outdoors myself, and what's more I have to pay the doctor for telling me to."

— DU —

"Hey!" yelled the policeman, brandishing his revolver, "Come out of that water! Bathing is not allowed after six o'clock."

"Doggone it!" yelled back the face in the water, "Can't a fellow commit suicide when he wants to?"

— DU —

"What do you think of the new acoustics?"

"Well, I can't say anything against 'em; if that's their idea of religion, they've got a right to it."

— DU —

"Did you carry out my suggestion for improving the magazine that I mailed to you last week?"

"Yes! That is, the office boy did, in the wastebasket."

— DU —

"Her folks are wealthy, and she's so brainy, too!"

"Yes—you see, they didn't make their money until she was just about through college."

— DU —

"How long can a man go without air?"

"I don't know. The longest Pullman trip I ever took lasted six days."

— DU —

"I dreamed last night I discharged my boss."

"They say dreams go by contraries."

"That's what I found this morning when I overslept again."

— DU —

Judge—"Here three times in a month! What do you make of this?"

Speeder—"Nothing, your honor. You people seem to be the only ones to make anything out of having me here."

— DU —

"I can't serve as juror, judge; just one look at that prisoner made me know he was guilty."

"Silence in the court! That's the prosecuting attorney."

SUBSTITUTION

I'm longin' to be with you all the time,
But what can I do instead?
I'm longin' to make every minute 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?

It's not enough to see you, dear,
But what could I do instead?
I'd like to have you right up here
But what can I do instead?
If you're agoin' I'll be around;
If not, well then I'm homeward bound,
For without you things are always dead.
Then what can I do instead?

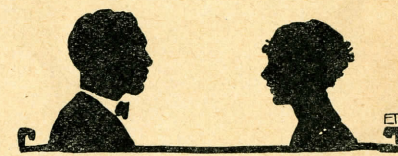
I wouldn't be living if it weren't for you,
But what could I do instead?
I get awfully anxious 'bout this livin', too;
But what can I do instead?

So now I write this feeble line,
For what could I do instead?
So all the misery won't be mine,
For what could I do instead?
I've searched in vain for a substitute
And failed to make a hit to boot,
But am satisfied with you. "Nuf sed."
For what could I do instead?
E. J. H.

— DU —

Victim—"W-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—"Y-you don't? Then go away, send me another doctor and my lawyer; I'm going to get all the damages I can."



"He's so clever! Always making so many original remarks!"
"I don't think so."
"No?"
"No. I read the Flamingo, too."



"I asked Bill if he had to choose between a million dollars and me, which he'd take. And the heartless thing said he'd take the money!"
 "That's all right. He knew if he had the money, you'd come easy."

— DU —

*I hope that William Bryan Noke
 Will dry up and blow away!
 When I tell him a real good joke
 He tells it to me next day.*

— DU —

The Spanish Eyes (no chaperone present)—"What is it a sign of when one's lips itch?"

The Greek Grind (polishing horn-rimmed spectacles)—"I don't know, but I imagine it is an indication of some cutaneous trouble."

— DU —

"Willie, nurse is going away for her vacation. Come kiss her goodbye."

"Aw, ma, I'm busy. Let dad do it!"

— DU —

Hubby—"That tramp was a fraud! How in the world did you come to give him so much money?"

Chubby—"Oh, John, he told me such a sad story about his wife, who was a helpless widow with nine children!"

"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 called 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, aint I?"

— DU —

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

"Pardon me," said the insomnia 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 of running off the edge!"

Constable—"Well, we did have a sign up there for nigh two years but nobody went over, so we took it down."

— DU —

"I don't see why you call Jim stupid—he says a clever thing quite often."

"That's just it—he doesn't seem to realize that it should be said only once."

— DU —

There was a young lady of Gloucester

Whose friends said "She's an impoucester,
 She was thin as a lath
 And when having a bath
 She fell down the drain and they loucester."

"THE PARDONED CONVICT"

(Just Released.)

Produced by.....Catamount and Lastic
 Loosed by.....Famous Slayers, Alaska.
 Overlooked by.....Ohio Board of Censures
 License No.....7734
 Misdirected by.....C. de Mille
 Obscenario by.....Y. Drinkwater
 Adapted by.....Iva Flatfoot
 Edited by.....Funk and Wagons
 Photographed by.....Raphael Baerski
 Art Titles by.....Izzy Nuts
 Sub-titles by.....Yess Heizz
 Scene Sets by.....Esau Redd

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 elevated train rushes toward Oak Park! Scenes like this, which carry you back to the lobby for a drink, will choke you so that you cannot find words to express yourself."

"What would you do if you found your eighteen year-old son playing marbles for keeps? A gripping, vital tragedy of domestic bliss in Pataskala."

What the Critics 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 perffianent home in Sing-Sing."—Newark Art Journal.

"The Masquers have met their equal."—The Denisoniaan.

—Coming—Wtach for it!—On February 30—Coming!—

STRANDED THEATER

"P-please, Mister Policeman," sobbed the little boy, "won't you come quick and lock a b-bad man up?"

"What's he been doing?"

"He-he broke up my c-coaster wagon w-with his g-ggreat big m-m-motorcycle!"

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

"He-he w-went straight up, an' they've carried him into th-that drug store on the corner."

— DU —

Teacher—"Johnny, go stand in the corner!"

Johnny—"I can't—I'm round shouldered."

— DU —

*Mary had a little lamb—
 You've heard of it, I'll bet;
 'Dja know she had a cute straw hat,
 The which the lambkin et?*



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 pidgeon-holed, pop goes the woman and lands our calculations in the mud.

No other one influence has broken more purses, caused the loss of more religion, inspired more profuse profanity, or made more truly assinine creatures of men than has she; none other has so rocked thrones, disrupted principalities, caused more bloodshed in duels, tournaments, and domestic jealousies than demure femininity. A man hitherto adjudged sane and discreet will

travel inconceivable distances, go through hardships otherwise unendurable, rob banks, murder rivals, bray under her windows with lamentable accents, commit suicide and in other ways prove indubitably the Darwinian theory—all these things at the nod and for the smile of a heartless girl, a being equipped with tiger's claws under the velvety skin, a Medusa's power in the guileless eyes, and the sting of an adder in her dulcet words. Truly a man ceases to be a man but a mere instrument of pliable putty when woman wills.

It must have happened that the good Lord left just a little part of Creation to Mr. Devil and the latter gentleman created woman thereby living up to his reputation and effectually clinching his authority upon men. If she was made from man's rib, he is fortunate to have gotten rid of such a sorrowful superfluity for by the law of heredity evil does not come from good. Woman exists and resigning ourselves to the inevitable we must endure with resignation our fates. Reach me that telephone and I'll see if she'll go to the movies tonight.

—W. V.

— DU —

Advertise in the Flamingo—it pays. Last month a man advertised the loss of a five-dollar bill, and in three days it was returned to him. Then, a week later, in the pocket of his vest, he found the original bill. What more could one ask?

— DU —

Student—"I want the "Life of Julius Caesar."

Librarian—"You're too late, Brutus took it a long time ago."

*In our class in economics,
 This bit has come to hand;
 Always the supply of trouble
 Exceeds the demand.*

— DU —

Imaginary Books by Imaginary Authors

When Winter Comes—

Ivan Astikoff

The Broken Window—Eva Stone

The Lover's Trump Card—

Ida Clara Hart

Enfer—Helen French

The Up-to-Date Lawyer—

Phoebe Forhand

The Comforter—

Justin Casey Howells

The Lay of the Land—

Countess of Ayr

The Cannibal—Henrietta Mann

A Pair of Gloves—Grace Wade

A Proposal—William Harry Mee

The Postscript—Adeline Moore

The Revellers—Titus Canby

An Appointment—

Simeon Monday

The Revue Girl—Seymour Legge

Twins—Commyn Pears

Sour Grapes—W. Upsharp

The Mother in Law—

George Orre

A Warm Spot—Helen Furnell

The Solid Truth—

Ebenezer Blackwood

Who Murdered Lord Helpus—

Ida Noe

Feed the Man—Elsie Knaggs

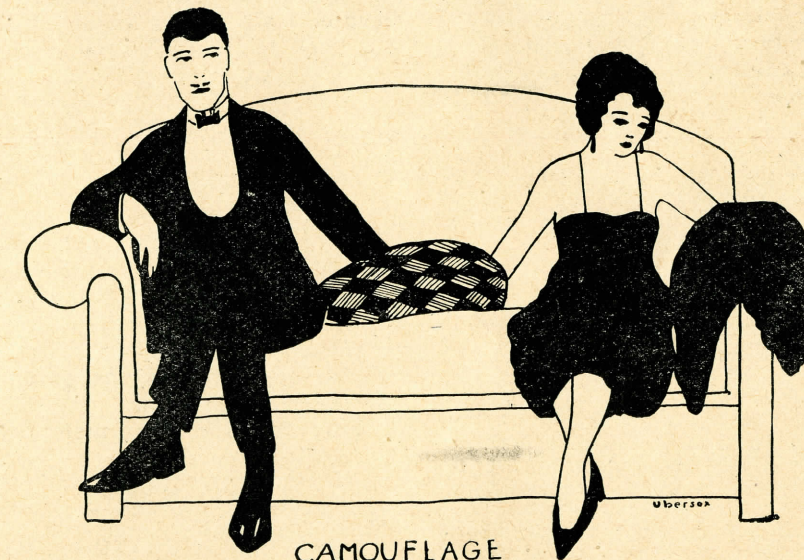
Saints and Sinners—

Ellis Fuller Parsons

— DU —

Excited man to policeman—"A dog just bit a piece out of my leg."

Policeman—"Calm yourself. There's a tailor shop right around the corner."



CAMOUFLAGE



"A person never gets all he wants in life."
"Nope! Nor all he doesn't want, either."

— DU —

SLANG

Freshmen women always,
Says Horace,
Have an attraction.
They're young and know
Just about enough
To be interesting.
That is, it looks as if
They did. But they don't.
Not MUCH!
Also they're young and full
Of pep and ginger.
But the slang they use,
Heaven help us!
They talk about
Buckets of blood,
And gore in the gutter
And torn hairnets,
As if there had just
Been another female
Scrap Day. Those
Female Scrap Days, by the way,
Are just like the five-ring circus—
Too much to see!
But to continue; I heard
The worst example of
Slang the other day.
Genevieve said she was so mad
She could spit! So there!
That made me disgusted,
So in my wrath I up and asked
How she could ever
Expect-to-rate
And still use such
Vulgar language!
I thank you.

— DU —

"I think that you were made for me."
Murmured the ardent lover.
She said the same, and so the two
Of them made for each other.

Dear Flamingo,
I have just graduated from the Conservatory, and would like to start a symphony orchestra among the B. 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 Schidfrxprymsl, M. D.
(Doctor of Music)

Dear Doctor,
I would suggest the following instruments:
6 First Anvils
10 Second Anvils
2 Vile Anvils
3 Bass anvils
10 Left-hand sweet potatoes
1 Right-hand sweet-potato

7 Shoe-horns
1 Victrola
2 Slide harmonicas
1 Set Granville Fire Bells
1 Cage Canaries
1 Gold Fish

For Music, you can't go wrong on any of these:
"Look for the Silver Lining"
By Hart, Schaffner and Marx
"If Your Wife Drinks, Liquor"
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 Coxe
"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 Ankele Floral Co.
"The Flower Girl"
by Pillsbury
"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 linoleum 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 miner keys, or you will get into union troubles. On the other hand, stay away from majors, as they are used only

in military bands.
Editor Musicale.

Dear Flamingo,
What is a B.V.D. orchestra?
Who wrote the "Sheik?"
With love,
Asa Spades

Dear Asa,
An orchestra of one piece.
Every female between the ages of eight and eighty.
Your love is returned,
Editor Musicale.

— DU —

I asked her if she loved me,
While the tower clock did chime,
And I've put her picture in my watch,
For she "might love me in time."

— DU —

R. O. T. C. officer at inspection—"Why haven't you shaved this morning?"
Private Door, rubbing his chin—"Gosh! Aint I shaved?"
"No! I want to know why!"
"Well, there was a dozen of us at the house using the same mirror, an' I reckon I musta shaved somebody else."

— DU —

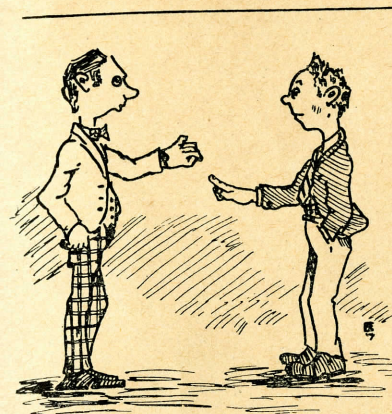
Psych Proughepsor—"There is a discussion at present as to whether the moving pictures are bad for the psyt. Mr. Sleep, what do you think about the matter?"
Mr. Sleep—"Well, my experience has always been that they bring a film before the eyes."
"Remember the recital the other night? When that artist sang that song going "Although I am in Texas, my heart is in sunny Tennessee, wasn't it great?"
"Yeh. And it wasn't the first time an artist couldn't keep body and soul together."

— DU —

There were two young ladies of Birmingham,
I know a sad story concerning 'em,
They stuck needles and pins
In the reverend shins
Of the Bishop engaged in confirming 'em.

— DU —

They called him a deserter,
He'd left his wife, you see.
He wasn't a deserter—
Only a refugee.



The One—"Will that watch tell time?"
The Other—"No, you have to look at it."

— DU —

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.

— DU —

"Ezry," said Hiram, "how come you tote around so many gals in thet ol' hoss an' buggy of yours, when we fellers with flivvers aint havin' no luck atall?"
"Well," said Ezry, "you see, it's this a way. The ol' hoss ain't never lost the way home yit, an' ef you got a flivver, you gotta watch it all the time."

— DU —

Rivers had come very late, in what would once have been termed a state of intoxication, and was stumbling over things in the dark hallway.
"What are you growling about, dear?" called Mrs. Rivers from the floor above.
"I am growling," he rasped in his basest voice, "to drown the barking of my shins."

— DU —

I'll say this for the movies,
Tho I'm no movie fiend;
They're very free from coarse jokes
As all the jokes are screened.

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."

— DU —

A dough-boy, 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 dough-boy registered innocence, and then said, "Well, Captain I don't know which one of us is the biggest liar, but I haven't any wife."

— DU —

"HA! I will fool the bloodhounds yet," and slipping on a pair of rubbers he erased his tracks.



Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
Sugar is sweet,
But dog-gone you!

— DU —

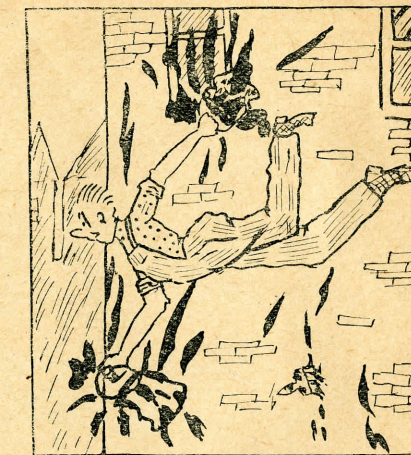
Fond Parent—"How are you getting along in Arithmetic?"

Jimmy—"Rotten! Every question they ask is, 'Find the Common Denominator.'"

F. P—"Great Scott, haven't they found that yet? I helped look for that when I was a boy."

— DU —

A goat ate all our Volstead jokes,
And then began to run;
"I cannot stop," he playfully said,
"I am so full of fun."



Falling Painter—"Well, I guess this is going down with flying colors."

— DU —

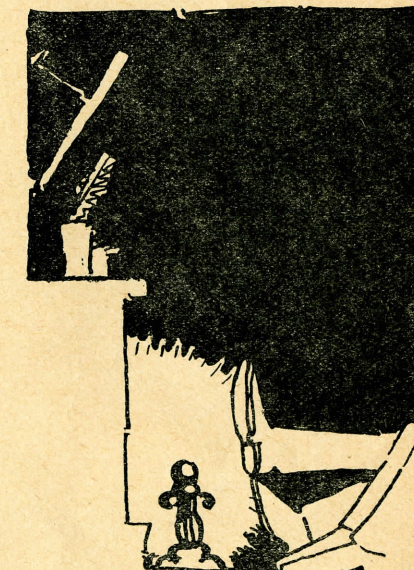
Wife (over bannister at 12 P.M.). "William, are you in?"
William (Crossly shutting the door). "No, out; ten bucks."

— DU —

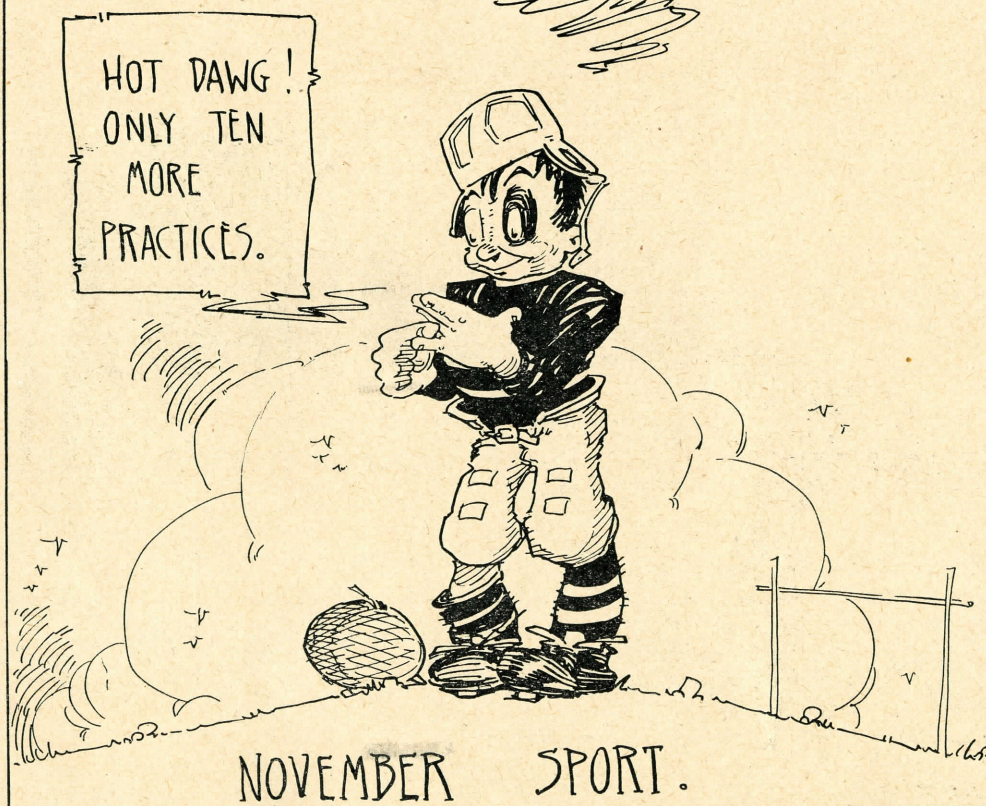
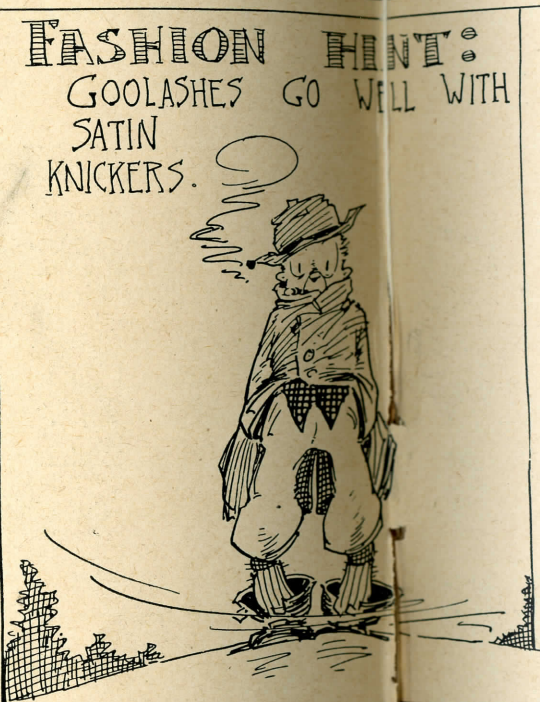
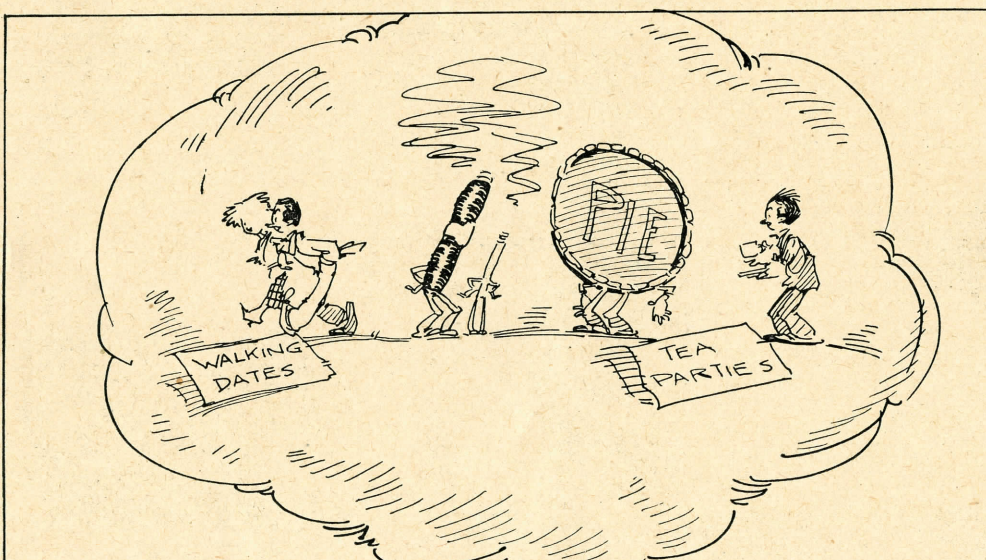
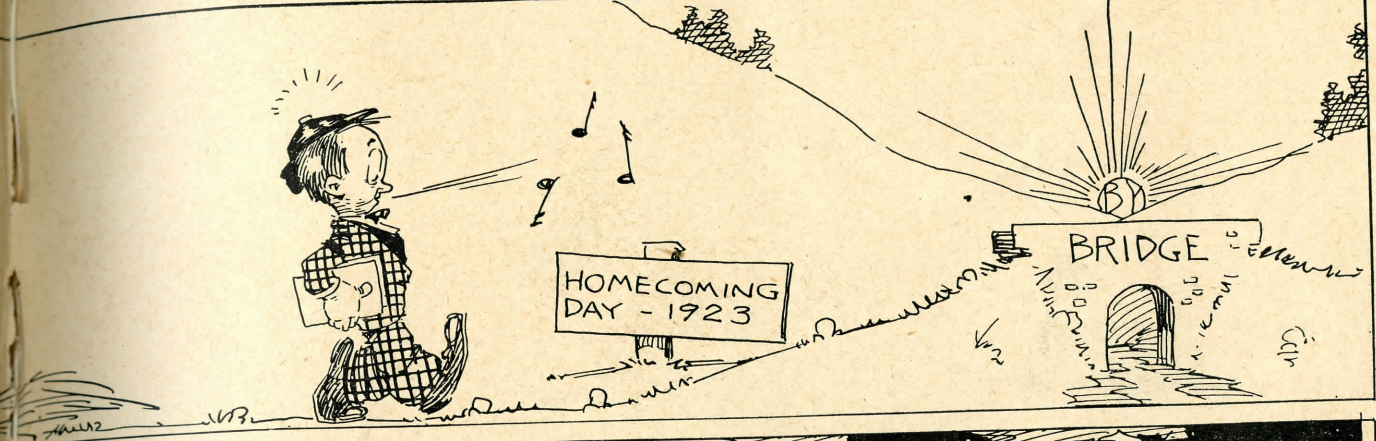
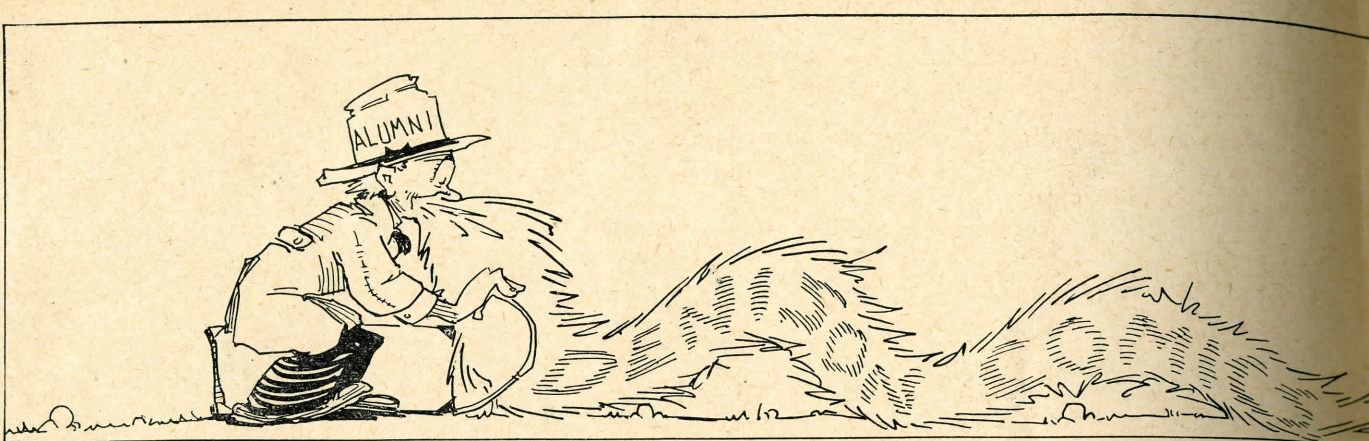
Soph. (to pea-green Freshman whom he had been ragging a bit) "Say can you guess my correct age?"

Frosh—"Come a bit closer so I can get a good look at your teeth."
Soph—"What for?"
Frosh—"Down on the farm where I was raised, we always guess the age of a donkey by counting his teeth."

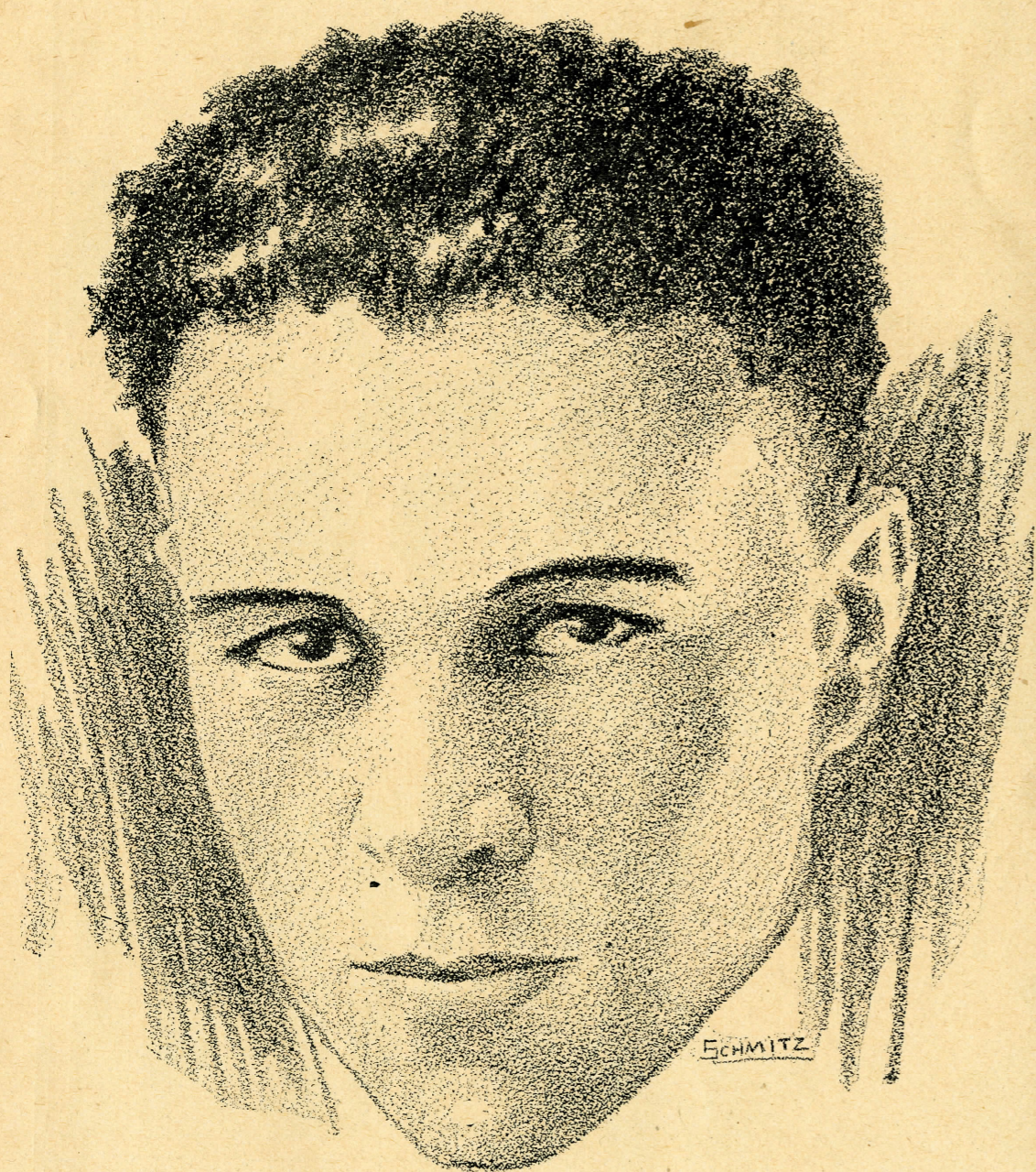
— DU —



"Once upon a time there were three children. Half of them were boys,—"
"Get out! I suppose the other one and one-half were girls, eh?"
"Oh, no! The other half were boys, too."



The Big Red



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.



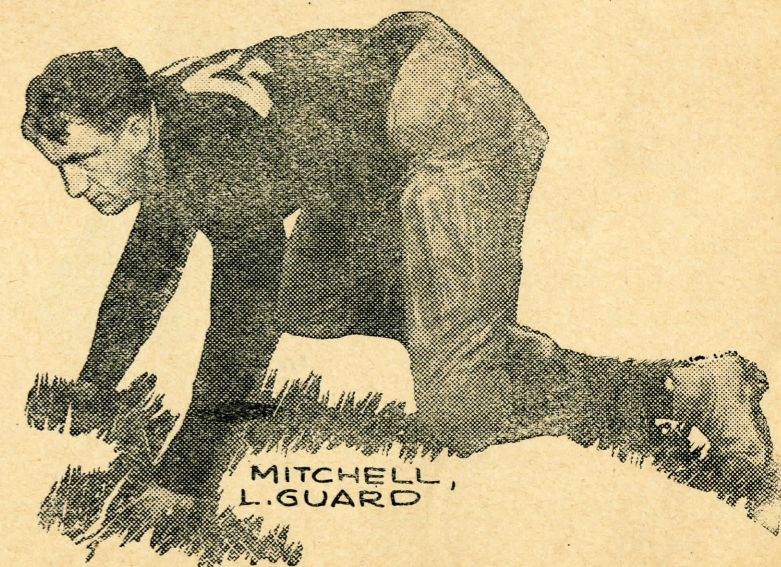
MILLER-FULLBACK

ROGERS-LEFT HALF

HUNDLEY-RT. HALF

Light and fast, "Tommy" Rogers, halfback on this year's eleven, has two years been the biggest ground-gainer on the squad. In the State 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.



MITCHELL, L. GUARD



Linesmen come and linesmen go and when they're as good as Bill McLain we're glad to see them come and funereally sorry to see them go. The tackle he vacates this year will be a big hole to fill when the 1924 season rolls around.

— DU —

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.

— DU —

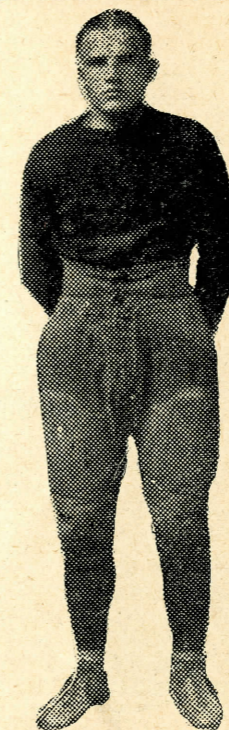
Lots of weight but with speed in spite of his beef is the big feature of John Becker, Sophomore guard. Sent to Denison by Steele High of Dayton Johnny has demonstrated so far this season that he will be a good gamble on the line for the remaining pair of years he has in school.

A dependable man at full and a constant bother to the opposition at end is "Bus" McMichael. A hard man to beat to the punch "Bus" fights every minute he is in the game.

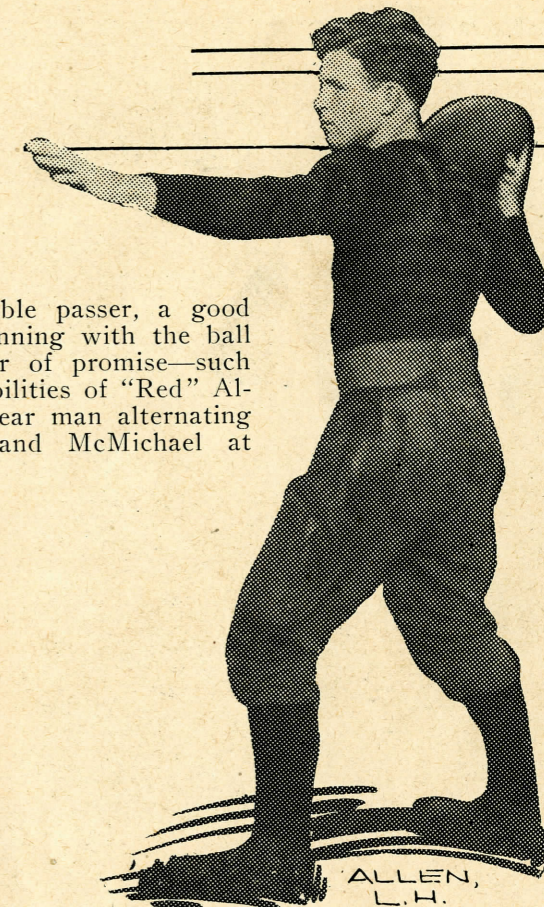
For three years "Dutch" Thiele has been following in the footsteps of his famous brother of the class of '16 as a moleskin warrior with the Big Red and in his Senior year has begun to blossom as a full-fledged end. Getting down under punts in the State game indicated his speed when he wants to uncork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

— DU —

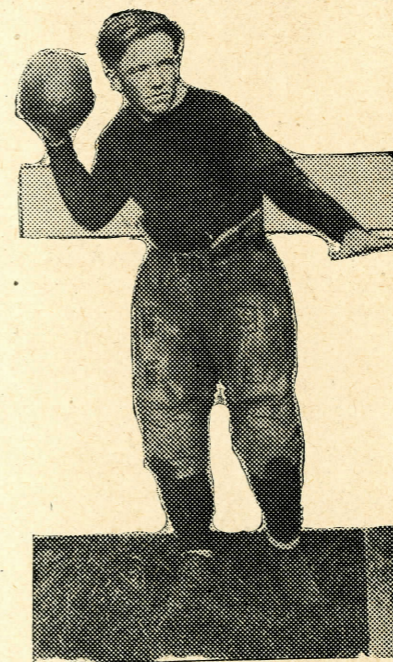
That defensive fullbacking was a job especially cut out for "Livy" Steadman was shown in the Ohio State game when the Scarlet and Grey passing system caused the Big Red no end of trouble. "Livy" is the third of the triumvirate of first-string linesmen to graduate this year.



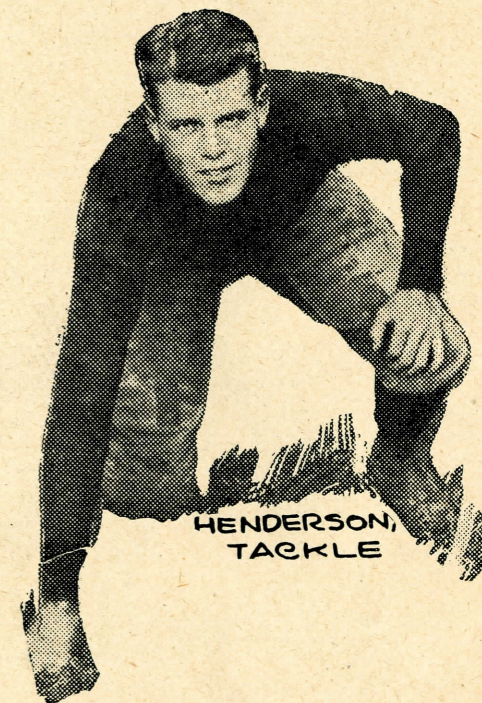
A dependable passer, a good bet when running with the ball and a punter of promise—such are the capabilities of "Red" Allen, second-year man alternating with Miller and McMichael at fullback.



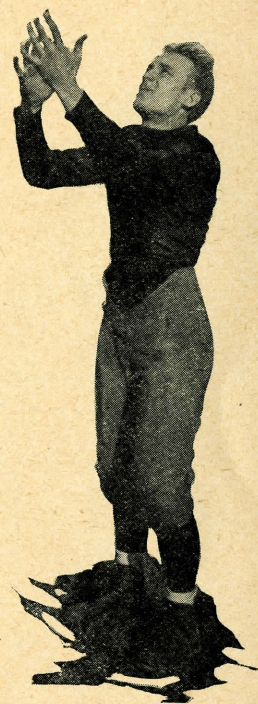
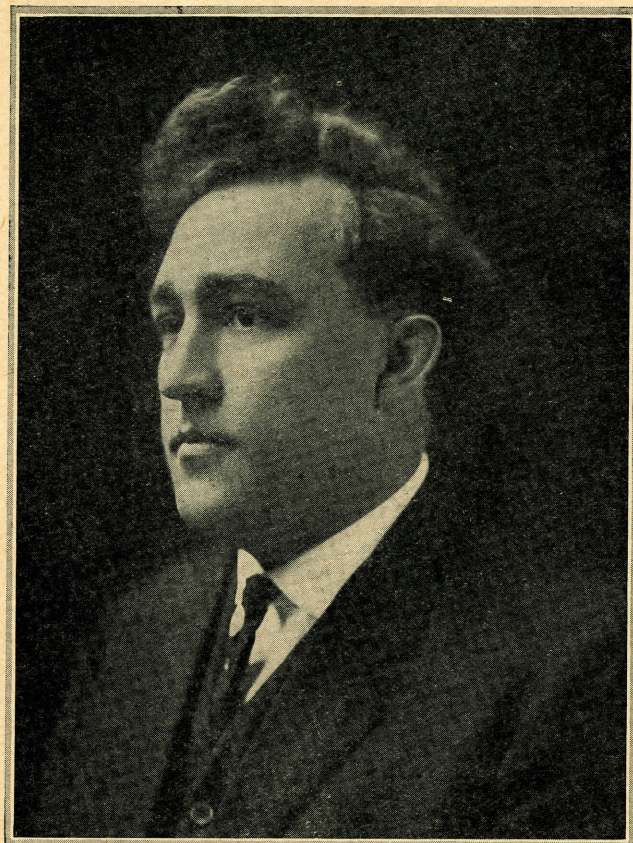
A football man from way back "Swede" Benson, Toledo, has shown more than one opponent this fall that the "bigger they are the harder they fall." With another year of college football before him "Swede" should see lots of service on the flanks before the final whistle blows on his athletic career.



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.



When an opposing back gets through "Bob" Henderson's tackle the back is more surprised than any one else in the field. His fight and scrap has added a mountain of strength to the left side of the line during his three years of play.



"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.



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.

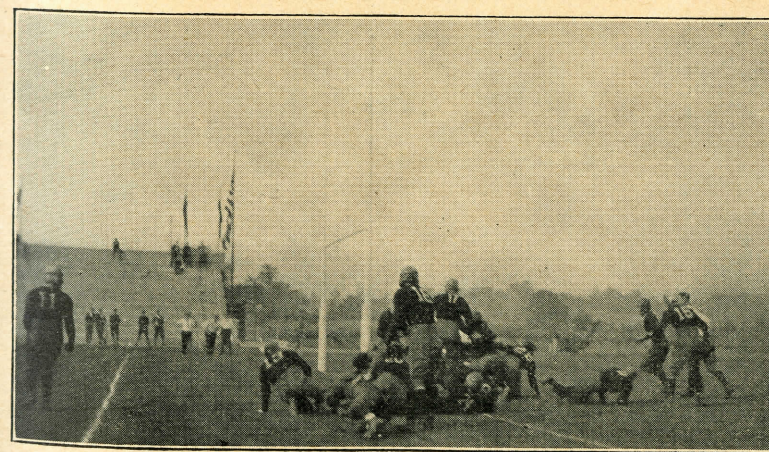
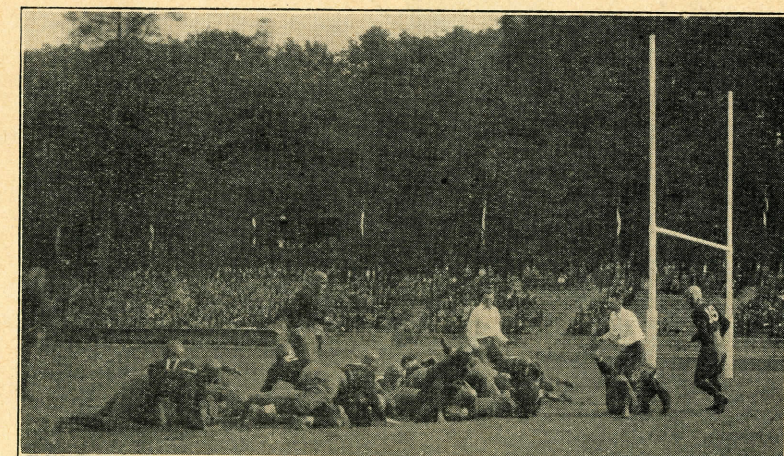
Walter J. Livingston

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,
 Raindrops swelling to a glorious stream,
 Each one adding to his life's sum total
 Something more than fitful dream;
 Honor then these new arrivals,
 Make them what they would be,
 Always true, enduring, noble,
 Natural sons of Varsity.

V. W.

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

— DU —

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

— DU —

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 cursed 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.

— DU —

SAME HERE!

Dumb—"What's your roommate like?"
 Bell—"Darn near everything I've got."
 Cougar's Paw.

— DU —

SOME TROUSERS

Small Son—"You know what short legs a
 daschund 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.

—Purple Cow.



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.

— DU —

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

— DU —

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

— DU —

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

— DU —

"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.

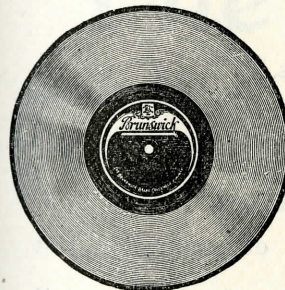
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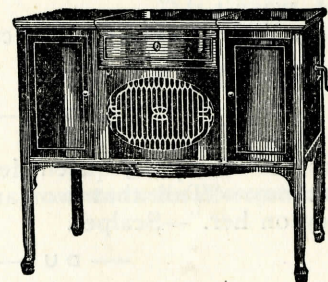
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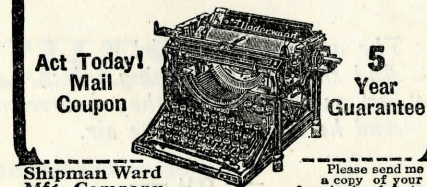
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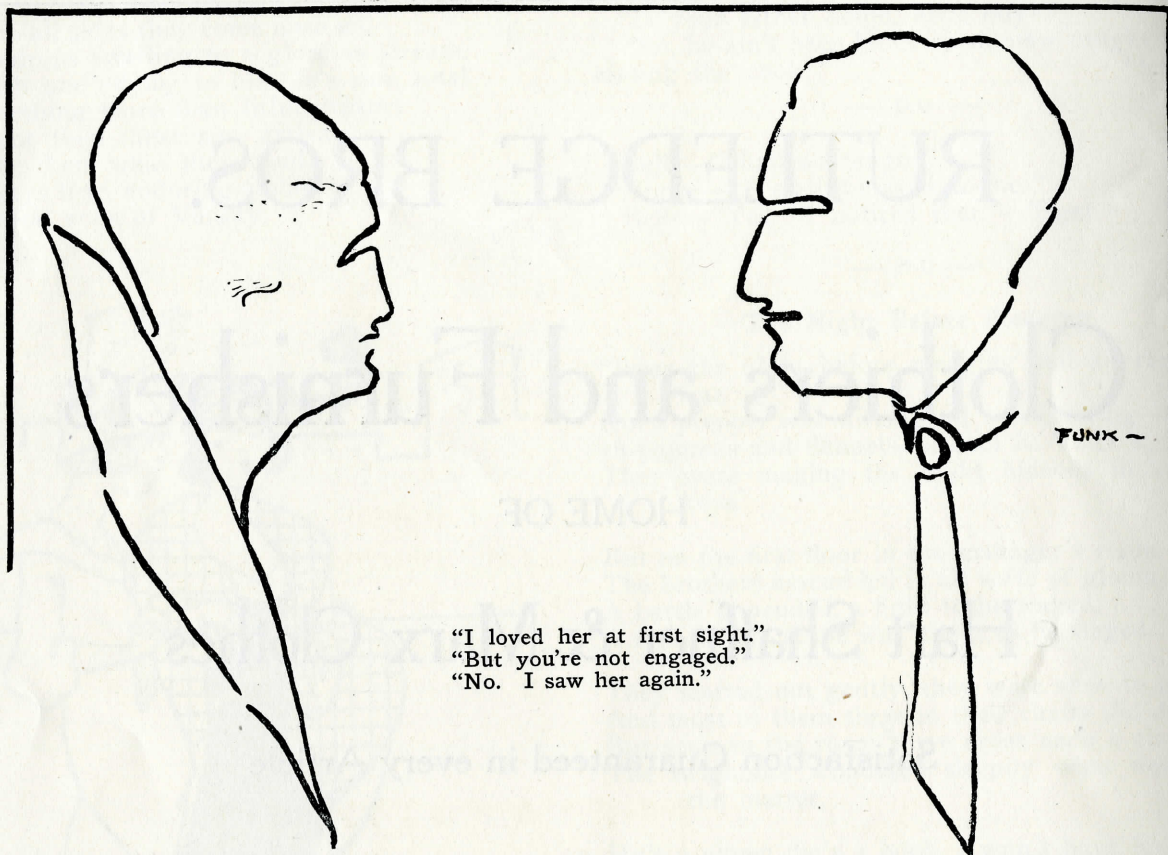
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 explaining bargain offer.

Name.....

St. and No.....

City.....State.....



"I loved her at first sight."
 "But you're not engaged."
 "No. I saw her again."

Cast: A maiden, a beautifully arrayed dumb bell companion, a farmer.

Setting: On the farm.

Dialogue: Farmer—"So ye're a'ter nuts, air ye miss? Wall, ye got a durn good decoy."

Froth.

— DU —

Stude—"I want to buy a make-up box."

Confectioner—"A make-up box? We don't keep cosmetics."

Stude—"It's a box of candy I want. I'm two hours late for a date." —Lemon Punch

— DU —

*The aviator had a girl
 And she was surpassing fair;
 But as lovers will, they quarreled,
 And he went up in the air.*

— DU —

Co-Ed—"Isn't it queer that the circumference of a girl's waist is exactly the length of a man's arm?"

Bashful Lad—"Let's get a string and measure it."

— DU —

Prof: "Smith, I believe your face is not clean."
 Smith: "Aw, that co-ed I just tried to flirt with gave me a dirty look."

Pitt Panther

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

— DU —

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.

— DU —

Rastus—"Suh, the queen desiahs yo' presents."
 Anthony—"Tell that woman I've spent enough money on her." —Scalper.

— DU —

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

— DU —

"It pays to advertise," said the skunk as he devoured the abandoned picnic luncheon.

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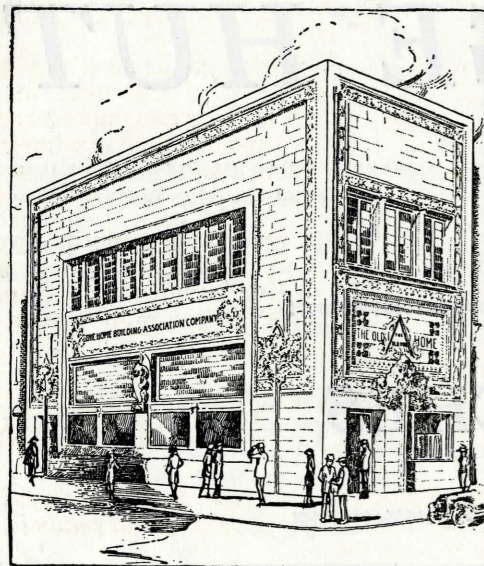
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ERNEST HARSCH

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

— DU —

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

Phoenix

— DU —

Suitor—Mr. Perkins, I have courted your daughter
for fifteen years.

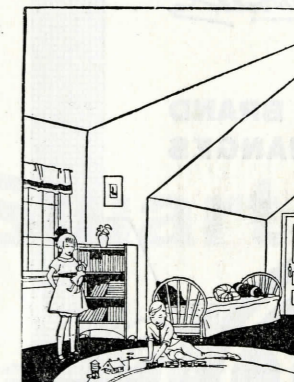
Mr. Perkins—Well, what do you want?

Suitor—To marry her.

Perkins—Well, I'll be damned. I thought you
wanted a pension or something.

—Puppet

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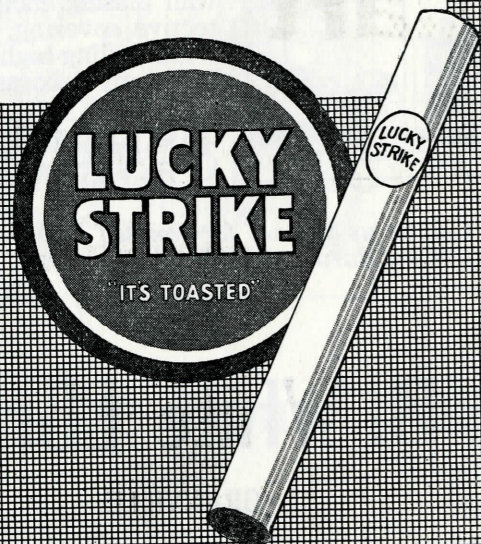
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Who puts me next to
MINERVA SWEETS
is a friend of mine.



"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."

— D U —

Call the Patrol
Gladys must be a wild girl.
How's that?
I heard her father say he could hardly keep her in clothes.
—Punch Bowl



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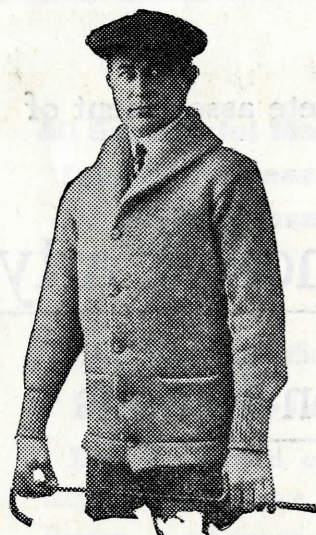
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"Gillette, sir."—Pelican-Chapparral.

— D U —

Skinny Chorine (despondently): "Gee! I wish I was a star!"
Perfect 36 Chorine (maliciously): "Well, you'd look better, dearie, if you was a little meteor."
Lord Jeff

— D U —

Young Wife—The postoffices are very careless sometimes, don't you think?
Friend—Why do you think so?
Young Wife—Fred sent me a note yesterday from Philadelphia where he is staying on business, and the silly postoffice people put an Atlantic City mark on the envelope. —Bison.

— D U —

A private soldier, walking arm in arm with his sweetheart, met his sergeant when about to enter a restuarant. He introduced her to him. "Sergeant, my sister."
"Yes, yes," was the reply. "I know; she was mine once."
—The Optimist.

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Professor: "Clergymen and soldiers appeal most
strongly to women."

'26: "Would that I were an army chaplain!"
—Lehigh Burr

— D U —

Late to bed,
And early to rise,
Keeps the "dear brothers"
from wearing my ties.

—Panther

— D U —

"Is this the second hand store?"
"Yessum."
"Well, I want one for my watch."

Swiped

— D U —

I call my sweetie Ketchup—she's pure but arti-
ficially colored.

Showme.

She—Who is that man wearing a black robe? Is
he a chimney sweep?
Naw, he's a Klu Klux Klansman from Pittsburgh.
Malteaser.

— D U —

"Are—ah—are—ah—are those people over there
in love?"

"No, little girl, this is college."

Siren

— D U —

Tailor: "Do you want a cuff on der pandts?"
Hard-boiled: "Aw—d'ya wanna poke in de nose?"
"They say Jesse James was a peach of a golfer."
"How's that?"

"Well, every time he lost his temper he was apt
to make a hole in one."

Siren

— D U —

Loretta—"What does that beautiful woman over
three do for a living?"
Oleda—"Husbands!"

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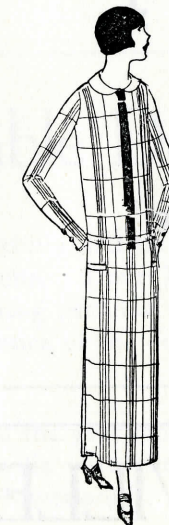
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