JANUARY, 1924

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They couldn’t destroy the work he did

“The Republic has no need for savants,” sneered a tool of Robespierre as he sent Lavoisier, founder of modern chemistry, to the guillotine. A century later the French Government collected all the scientific studies of this great citizen of Paris and published them, that the record of his researches might be preserved for all time.

Lavoisier showed the errors of the theory of phlogiston—that hypothetical, material substance which was believed to be an element of all combustible compounds and to produce fire when liberated. He proved fire to be the union of other elements with a gas which he named oxygen.

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Make everybody happy with some practical and attractive gift, selected from our big display of Christmas gifts. There are gifts for Dad, Mother, Sister, Brother, Sweetheart and the tiny Tot.

DO YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING early in the week and avoid the rush of the last few days before Christmas.

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The CORNELL
Newark
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The Denison Flamingo
It was Christmas Eve in Greenwich Village at the sign of the Pig and Whistle. It was crowded, and the air was blue with smoke and sharp with the smell of coffee. Yet the thicker the air the sharper cut and more hair-splitting the discussions, especially at the table by the far window where a group of five men were arranged four against one in animated argument. They were all hotly advocating the new Tchizt school of straight line impressionism and rallying rather earnestly their opponent, who still clung to the ancient doctrine that the curve is the line of beauty. The enemy was much older, perhaps thirty-three; he was known in the Village as the Rebel—perhaps because his name, Tell, was suggestive of the Swiss patriot; more probably because he was intolerant of any and all domination, even of intolerance itself.

A good-natured laugh from the vanquished followed him as he turned to thread his way between the tables, now and then stopping to answer long-distance greetings, or pay back a hilarious sally. In the shadows he almost passed by without noticing the slight figure waiting in the shelter of the area-way. But he heard his name spoken in a soft, low voice with a decided accent, and turned to see a lanky lad of fourteen years standing beside him, cap held respectfully under one arm, his shaggy thatch already gleaming with rain.

"Hello! That you, Whiz?"

"Yes, suh. May I walk with you, suh?"

"Sure thing. Were you waiting for me?" asked Tell abruptly, turning quickly to look at his companion.

"Well, the question is, suh—would a gentleman be justified in making off with a bit of lady's personal property—something she wouldn't mind selling, you understand, but without her knowing it or telling him he could,—so she could,—well—p'raps enjoy Christmas a little more?"

"It's—it's stealing isn't it, Mistah Tell?"

Several moments passed before the man answered. Not that he needed time to decide the question. It had decided itself while he listened to the carefully impersonal but to him obvious problem. He was merely wondering why Fate dealt some square players such a rotten hand.

"Yes, I guess it is, Whiz. Most people would call it that anyway. But in the case of a gentleman concerned for a lady's happiness I should prefer to call it 'unauthorized appropriation.'"

"Yes, suh, so should I. I'm so glad you think so, tho, because that's just what I've done."

Tell chuckled. "So!—the mischief's already committed, is it? And now I suppose you want me to harbor the stolen goods until the danger of discovery is passed,—eh, Whiz?"

Witchell laughed good-naturedly. "Not exactly, suh. But I suah would like your advice about disposing of 'em—unless you-all would be 'criminally implicating' yourself."

"Can't tell till I see the goods, Whiz. Come up and let's have a look at them."

"Thank you, suh."

But as Tell followed his guest into the light he forgot entirely the present errand in thinking of the boy himself.

Tell could well believe the odd history of his life that by now was well known in certain picked circles. He had been living in the Village now for six years, but he

(Continued on page 11)
CHRISTMAS EVE  
(Continued from page 9)

was a Southerner, the only son of an old Virginia family, by his father's second marriage. His mother had died at his birth leaving only his half-sister, Mary Lee, then a girl of twenty, to care for him, for Mr. Ames was too buried in his grief to think even of his son. Mary Lee's own girlhood had been motherless and lonely, the carefully regular routine of governesses and tutors that a wealthy, abstracted father is likely to provide for his only child in such circumstances. Contrary to tradition, therefore, she had been well written with the prospect of acquiring a stepmother. For this one was a woman much older than she, who had lived near her and been her soundest counsel and comforter for many years. What her feelings must have been then, after two short years, to know herself again motherless, Tell could only imagine. In the whole household she seemed the only one who cared except whether Witchell lived or died. For the old housekeeper and her staff had always strongly disapproved of Mr. Ames' second marriage. Perhaps this acted as an unusual stimulant to her natural affection and craving for companionship. At any rate she appointed herself Witchell's jealous guardian. And when, as a result of his own protracted neglect and utter indifference to living Mr. Ames' financial affairs collapsed, Mary stayed on in the old home, now fast falling into dilapidation, her father's chief comfort and the real head of the house.

Her early girlhood had been too carefully sequestered to admit of many friendships with young people of her own age. And in the brief two years between her stepmother's advent and death Mary Lee had been too happy reveling in the new life of her father's home to think about one of her own. And since Witchell's birth she had devoted herself heart and soul to caring for him and her father until there had been no time to think of marrying.

Even at that there had been opportunities,—plenty of them, sons of Virginia's oldest and most distinguished families, with a few rivals from foreign parts (with credentials ready at hand) who had wanted her to marry them. Some of them had had quite the courage to accept her terms,—to let her stay on caring for her father until his death, and permit her thereupon to keep her. Perhaps from her suitors' standpoint she had been a little heartless about it—the very young are likely to be. But Mary Lee was not without heart herself,—a sensitive, loving heart eager for realized dreams. But it was coupled with a ruthless sense of duty and a determination to spend herself in the service of others that was absolutely imovable. She alone knew what suffering the unhappy combination had cost her,—for the victory over self once achieved didn't hold she seemed the only one to realize her decision as in any other love than Witchell's. This lie certainly lavished upon her, and in it she grew radiant, too absorbed in the business of making money for both of them and educating him properly to realize her decision as in any way a resignation. And before long the business of being an artist,—painting water-colors, miniatures, gift cards, anything that offered,—began to fascinate her and absorb whatever energy and interest was left from her devotion to Witchell and whatever other needy ones the Village had to offer. These of course were legion.

Tell himself could never decide how he had learned all this. He never tried. Indeed he had a reputation for being impenetrable and indifferent to society, the more moved in it a lot. Everyone who brought his troubles to the artist did so under impression that he was the only one who knew the real Tell, under the satirical and indifferent smile. And Tell let them think so,—not from a desire to deceive, but from sheer necessity. It was not only his business to study people, as an artist,—but it was his passion of his life, outside the studio even more than in. So it had been with Ames, quietly reticent as they were. And they never knew that he did really know.

Of course he could see well enough what Whiz wanted now,—the shy, proud kid! The market for small artists' work slumped regularly every Christmas. Gift cards were a help as pot-boilers but they were not enough. And Mary Lee was too proud to ask help or even favors from her fellow-artists, well as she knew them and well as they liked her.

With a start, Tell realized that Witchell was speaking to him—and came out of his reverie to find himself in his own big, cluttered studio, and to see the boy opening up a shabby little portfolio, and inviting under his coat, and lifting from it carefully, one by one, water-colors, etchings, even a few miniatures which he spread out on the table.

"Heah they are, Mr. Tell, suh. Scuse mah hurryin' so. Mary Lee's likely to come home any minute now."

"So soon?"

"Yes, suh. She's only going to stay at the ball till ten-thirty—for the benefit-booth, you know. Corley'll bring her home. We—" We always go to the service at St. Andrew's togeth—" tell, suh, on Christmas eve." "I see. And you're afraid she'll come over to find you if you're not home?"

"I'm such she will, suh. So if you wouldn't mind looking at these sketches and giving me a bit of advice about disposing of them—"

But he never finished the sentence, for Tell suddenly exclaimed with surprise and seizing a small etching from the miscellaneous array before him demanded:

"Did Mary Lee do that?"

Witchell nodded soberly. It was a little thing, not more than six by eight inches, done with crude tools and finished on rough paper, showing only the head of a white-haired man. But among a dozen or so delicate, mediocre water-sketches and purely conventional miniatures it stood out in bold contrast, unfinished, only a promise,—but imbued with life.

"First hand, eh?—I mean, from real life?—" Tell knew it. And turning away he muttered half to himself: "Why in thunder doesn't he have something more like it and drop those pot-boilers?"

(Continued on page 19)
Awgawan! You are sweet, you are dear, Your virtues are extensive. And yet I feel it ever rolling there, As you really too expensive. There is a lonesome river in my heart, Flowing along midst sunlit fields. When you can bring the sunset bloom along its banks, As you drive the frothy waves, I may be a pain, But oh, do not drop it. Away from me. Any you—like it—'drifting To the edge of the wide sea. And ever after be a pain, For it would break too true. And with such an ache—for you.  

DOGGIES’ LAMENT

(With all due regard for the author of the famous lyric from “Maud.”) Dogs on the high hill campus When darkness was paling, “Phi, Phi, Phi, Phi” They were howling and wailing.

Where was Phi? Neath the moss, Where tiny green boughs above them, Dreaming of merry hunts When cloaks flowing Drifting the white-washed fences and Punkin husking time to get local fruit, But oh, do not drop it. Away from me. Any you—like it—'drifting To the edge of the wide sea.

A Reasonable Doubt The pessimists have it that their creed Is based on Life—whoever is foot Death; For as Life grows dicky—like a stringed treacle. New shoots and leaves of “knowledge” and “experience” Are the symbols of departing Youth. The only part of Life that’s worth living Until at last Life has become a drum trunk With sapless core and barren, naked limbs Waiting idly, the torch, to light it to oblivion. To me: if only Life ran backward Like the hands of a calendar clock. And Death deprived us of our Youth. The only part of Life that’s worth the living; Their philosophy would have more reason. But oh, do not drop it. Away from me. Any you—like it—'drifting To the edge of the wide sea.

LOVE CHANT

My Love is a lamp-shade A purple-spotted lamp-shade With fringe around its neck. A golden fringe with beaded drops One on either side. Her ears (I suppose she has them) Are like the handles of two Tiny : Chinese : cups Round, and curved, and smooth. And that to which they are attached (Her head, I mean) Is just as empty and as soiled within As one of those same Tiny : Chinese : cups When the shirt-washer who owns it Has drained it to the dregs.
The night the Little Baby was born, out in a barn a long time ago, maybe two thousand years, almost. We almost forgot him. But he doesn't mind—he's used to being forgotten, by now. Put him back behind the tree, and let's light the candles. There, now! Pretty, aren't they? Wonder who first thought up the idea of putting candles on a Christmas tree, and in the windows? Awfully clever, don't you know. They mean something or other; supposed to represent a star some shepherds saw about—oh, a long time ago, maybe two thousand years, almost. The night the Little Baby was born, out in a barn somewhere. Those foreigners have such low standards of living.

The tree's a whiz, don't you think? Lots of presents on it. From Fred, and John, and Mary, and Dad and Mother, and the Smiths—you know, folks that care for us. The Baby had something to do with that, too. When he grew up he said that we ought to care for more folks than we do; not just for our own family, and the Smiths, and maybe the Joneses, but for those snobbish Steinbocks down the street, and the nasty Morinis across the alley, and the Chinese and Hindus and all those queer people a long way off. Fancy that! Oh, yes, grandad came over in the steerage, but—well, we're different, now.

It made everybody mad when he said that, too. So he killed himself—encircled him on a big wooden cross. The tree—it might be, now, that's what the Christmas tree is for; it's to represent the cross they killed him on. You'd never think it, would you; all sparkly with mica snow, and fixed up with candy and stuff, and tinsel all over it.

The Denisonian is to be congratulated; no longer is it an amateur paper; more and more it is exhibiting the highest types of professional inaccuracies. But—who started the rumor that it is published on Monday?

There should be a village ordinance passed requiring college men to wear mufflers with these new-style loud coats.

But—try to say it that way yourself.

The boys stand around in the old Chapter House, on a wintry Christmas Eve; and gladly they sing as their paddles they swing, 'Til everybody, old and young, is it an amateur paper; more and more it is exhibiting the highest types of professional inaccuracies. But—who started the rumor that it is published on Monday?

That sets the whole town tipsy. Old Santa is a bally guy, isn't he? There's just one way our sober nation; and nations that forget him disappear. Maybe what he said is true. But as long as it's His birthday, let's bring Him out from behind the tree.

The tree's a whiz, don't you think? Lots of presents on it. From Fred, and John, and Mary, and Dad and Mother, and the Smiths—you know, folks that care for us. The Baby had something to do with that, too. When he grew up he said that we ought to care for more folks than we do; not just for our own family, and the Smiths, and maybe the Joneses, but for those snobbish Steinbocks down the street, and the nasty Morinis across the alley, and the Chinese and Hindus and all those queer people a long way off. Fancy that! Oh, yes, grandad came over in the steerage, but—well, we're different, now.

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Our Walking Date Primer
For Students Enrolled in the First Year of Denison's Great Outdoor Sport

This is a cow. Cows give milk - butter and buttermilk. They are peaceful and will usually stand patting on the head for the entertainment of the dear co-eds.

This is a rooster. Roosters do not lay eggs but are valuable for their feathers.

Here are birds. Birds live in nests and on birdseed.

Here is a duck. Ducks swim - quack - and strut their stuff.

And here is a pig - pigs root - grunt - wiggle their tails. They often have dirty feet so don't try to pick 'em up.

Gosh! And I was late to both of 'em!

Hi! This you do? Yeh! Well I figure wed better call off all our dates beginning now. Yeh! Sure! Because! Yeh! Perhaps we can agree after New years again - Yeh!

Pre-Xmas Sport.
Special Announcement!

Beauty Contest: For 䍊 years we have had our Beauty Contest. Last year the winners were gorgeous. You all are beauty. Step up with your portraits and don't crowd the Committee.
CHRISTMAS EVE
(Continued from page 11)

"My father, suh," said Witchell quietly, half guessing Tell's train of thought.

"I— I only wanted you to see it, suh, because I wanted your opinion of it. Of course it's not for sale. Mary Lee'd be very angry if she knew. She wouldn't care about my swiping the others. But I'll have to smuggle this home somehow so she won't suspect."

Tell, still studying the etching with a quizzical expression, had not once raised his eyes from the table. There was a brief pause awkward for the boy. Then Witchell asked timidly:

"Do you like it, suh?"

"No, Whiz," answered the artist slowly, "I don't like it. I mar-vel at it, as I always do at the work of a real artist. I was begin-nning to think that nobody knew how to make etchings any more. I'm glad Mary Lee has disillusioned me."

Witchell stood dumb with de-light.

"Is she busy with etchings now, Whiz?"

"Not right now, suh.

"Well, I'm glad. We need some studies from life for the next issue of 'Art'. I wish she'd try some studies from life for the next issue of 'Art'. I wish she'd try some studies from life for the next issue of 'Art'."

Witchell grinned back slyly. They were brown.

"Tell, I'm glad. We need some studies from life for the next issue of 'Art'). I wish she'd try some studies from life for the next issue of 'Art'."

"Tell, I'm glad. We need some studies from life for the next issue of 'Art'."

Witchell said quietly, "Tell, I'm glad. We need some studies from life for the next issue of 'Art'."

"Tell, I'm glad. We need some studies from life for the next issue of 'Art'."

"Tell, I'm glad. We need some studies from life for the next issue of 'Art'."
"THE GLOVER ROAD"

or
"The Trail to Happiness and a Bushy Head"

The Characters
Domino, a valet
Lord Len, Bald at twenty-six
Dick, Getting bald at twenty-five

Scene—Lord Len's Bachelor quarters

Act One. (and only)

is prepared.

D.—Lord Len? Why me Lord?
L.L.—Bring me my breakfast.
D.—Hamilton sandwiches?—Ham sandwiches me Lord.
L.L.—Yes Domino. Give all the boys ham sandwiches. Make absolutely no exception, treat them all the same.

N.—Morning Domino. What's this, arguing about the boys ham sandwiches?—Well it don't feel good.
D.—Does your head feel bad?
N.—Well it wasn't cold.
D.—Does your head feel bad?
N.—Well I'm not glad. I was tho until I looked in the mirror.
D.—Lost another hair, Mr. Nick.
N.—Well, I haven't found one. It is the best, but I'll use this Glover's under protest. How will it make my hair look?

N.—And I have a date with Annie Rooney at ten o'clock. What shall I do?
L.L.—You must use the Glover's, tho of course Herpicide is under protest. Absolutely Ed. Pinaud's best. (Sets bottle of Ed. Pinauds best.)

D.—But Mr. Nick, it says on the bottle, "Dandruff dances daintily..."
N.—Stop, that's enough. Cease desist, quit, I'll hear no more.

Leonard.—(Entering from bathroom) What's this, arguing about a hair tonic? Let me tell you, Herpicide does the work. "Going, Going, Gone,—if you don't use it." Look at me, a shining example. I used Herpicide. And what happened? What do you think happened?
N.—Nothing as far as I can see.
L.L.—But why? That is the question. Simple answer to it. Too late, too late. Therefore use Herpicide now!
D.—But me Lord the Herpicide is gone and we have none of Ed. Pinauds best. (Sets bottle of Grovers down on tray next to bottle of catsup.)
N.—And I have a date with Annie Rooney at ten o'clock. What shall I do. (Wringing hands.)
L.L.—You must use the Glover's, tho of course Herpicide is under protest. Absolutely Ed. Pinaud's best. (Sets bottle of Ed. Pinauds best.)

N.—I have a date with Annie Rooney at ten o'clock. What shall I do?
L.L.—You must use the Glover's, tho of course Herpicide is under protest. Absolutely Ed. Pinaud's best. (Sets bottle of Ed. Pinauds best.)
D.—Pretty fuzzy Mr. Nick.
N.—Serve all the boys ham sandwiches. Make absolutely no exceptions.
Annie loves the red-haired Irish.

sandwiches Domino. Make no
exceptions, serve them each and
everyone.

(>Domino leaves room.)

X.—(With eyes closed he lifts
the bottle and tips it above his
head as if expecting to see any-
thing, when once he opens his
eyes. Pours and then once more
opens his eyes.) Well I'll be
dammed. RED HAIR! Hurrah!

Annie loves the red-haired Irish.

sandwiches Domino. Make no
exceptions, serve them each and
everyone.

(>Domino leaves room.)

X.—(With eyes closed he lifts
the bottle and tips it above his
head as if expecting to see any-
thing, when once he opens his
eyes. Pours and then once more
opens his eyes.) Well I'll be
dammed. RED HAIR! Hurrah!

Annie loves the red-haired Irish.
"Oh, Shoot!"
"Understand the girls are taking up International Law."
"Huh?"
"Yeh. Rifle practice."

"The flowers that bloom in the spring—"

What they mean, I cannot guess.
The only posies in our spring
Are bugs and water-cress.

Woman at the Door — "You say you're an educated man?"
Weary Willie — "Yes, mum. I'm a roads scholar."

BUT

A lad a-fishin' In the brook;
The day is spent, And so is he.
The bait is gone, Ditto, the hook.
Life ain't what it's Cracked up to be.

September's nigh,
The schoolma'am's nigher
The chill'un's happy,
So is she.

BUT

A frosh in English was reading.
"Upon the horizon," he stammered, "appeared a beautiful—er—ah—"
"Barque," prompted the prof.
"Huh?"
"Barque!"
"Bow-wow!"

I've got a Latin pony,
And—listen to me, my brother!
It has cut my work in half,
So I'm going to get another.

Judge—"I understand you and your wife had some words."
Prisoner—"I had some, but I didn't get to use them."

"French Without a Struggle
Love makes full many a man do brave
And noble things, tres utile.
When I'm in love, alas, it seems
Only to make me futile."

Aussi.

No Place for a Union Man
Sam and Rastus had been the closest of friends on earth, but when they died, they went to opposite places. So one day, Sam called up Rastus and asked him how he liked it down there.
"Like it fine!" said Rastus; "All Ah has to do is wear a red suit with horns on it, shovel a little coal for about an hour with de rest of de gang, and 'den jest set aroun'. Oh, it's an easy life! Whut has you-all got ter do?"
"We's jest worked ter death," replied Sam; "Get up at fo' in de mawnin' an' bring in de stahs, an' one gang hauls de sun aroun' all day whiles de rest ob us exercises de clouds, an' when night comes we got ter hang out all de stahs again an' de rest of us stands again an'; den we spends de night ridin' herd on de cornets. We don' get no rest at all.

"How come youall work so hard? Ah tho't youall must nab it pretty easy."
"Well," said Sam, "ter tell yun de truth, Rastus, we's awful short o' help up here."

"The boss offered me an interest in the business today."
"The dickens he did!"
"Yes, and he said if I didn't take it pretty soon, he'd fire me."

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—Brown Bull.

Question—What color is best for a bride?

Answer—Matter of taste. Better get a white one.

—Voo Doo.

On a Cook's Tour we went to Hamburg, Bologne, Sardinia, Chile, Sandwich Islands, Bermuda and Swiss Mountains and by the time we reached Russia we were extremely hungry, Soviet.

—Dirge.

To tell whether or not a man is married, notice whether he carries a baby like a lighted lamp or an overcoat.

—Chaparral.

Prof—"How many kinds of poetry are there?"

His Victim—"Three."

Prof—"Name them."

H. V.—"Lyric, dramatic, and epidemic."

—Bison.

Kidney: "Let's eat here."

Stew: "No, let's eat up the street."

Kidney: "No, I don't think I could digest asphalt."

—Log.

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She: Are most football players fraternity men?
He: Yes, they are nearly all Phi Taus.
—Witt.

Freshman—What is love’s labor lost?
Senior—A bunch of soaks pulling off a serenade outside a deaf and dumb seminary.
—Chaparral.

Ruff—My feet’s wet.
Tuff—Do they?
Ruff—Naw—they is.
—Chaparral.

Suggestion for popular song: She may be my Venus de Milo, but she’s anything but armless.
—Tiger.

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Youth will be served," said the cannibals as they speared the young missionary." —Ranger.

Athletic—I have a chance for the track team.
Pathetic—are they going to raffle it off?

“Do you know, he tried to hold my hand the first time I met him.”

“No, only fair.” —Siren.

She: "Kissing affects the brain,”
He: "You're crazy.” —Virginia Reel.

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