Flamingo Vol. IX N 5

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THE FLAMINGO

Phi Delta Zeta

December 1927

"Three Wise Men" 1928 Number

Complimentary
FUR COAT SALE
ALL FUR COATS 1-4 Off

Fur Coats that sold from $79.50 to $295.00, now—
$59.63 to $221.25

29 Different Sale Prices—at Newark's Big Christmas Store

MEYER LINDORF CO.
NEWARK, OHIO

"SEEK NO MORE, MY LADIES!"
The Same Men on Your List Are Always on Ours.

Why bother your Yuletide thoughts when the worry of choosing for a man can be swept away—quickly—just like that.
The very men who are on your mind now are on our customer list.
He chooses this for his own store—we know his likes and dislikes—that's why he likes us.
No study over sizes—WE KNOW HIS. No apprehension when the gift is delivered.
HE KNOWS US.

Shirts, Neckwear, Mufflers, Hosiery, Bath Robes, Gloves,
Luggage, Jewelry, Golf Sets, Sweaters, Handkerchiefs

THE HERMANN CO.
CLOTHIERS
NEWARK, O. "The Store where Quality and Service count!"

Diner in restaurant looking at a dish waiter has just brought in—"What's that, waiter?"
Waiter (thinking he refers to a portion of the music being played)—"That's a portion of the 'Merry Widow,' sir."

THE FLAMINGO
Published by Students of Denison University, Granville, O.
Office at Jolley's
Nine issues per college year
Subscription Price:
Two dollars the year, twenty-five cents the copy.

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Engraving by Newark Engraving Co., Newark, Ohio.
VOL. IX DECEMBER, 1927 No. 5

EAGLE'S
"GOOD SHOES"
IN THE ARCADE NEWARK, OHIO

R. B. WHITE LUMBER CO.
Phone 8166 Granville
"Famous for Service"
Classy co-eds in frisky fur suits seen dragging their lesser halves along to the aeroplane station and gruesomely greeting their passive parents. 2 o'clock (a. m.) classes hold forth.

Xmas—a dim half-forgotten celebration of the long ago. Its vague pleasures are now being replaced by bigger and better festivities in the summertime. Students get a half-holiday only, making a convenient time for parents to pay their yearly respects to heedless children. No longer exists the time-worn custom of giving gifts. Holdups are staged instead. The only feature still remaining is the passing of drinks around in the respective families and getting to know “Who’s Who” in the kinship. No more Santa Claus—fireplaces are out of style!

For the holiday’s entertainment—the young bloods of the school stage an aeroplane tournament featuring short flights to Mars and 15-minute races across the Atlantic. A radio program follows with Station SUN broadcasting harp music in the most approved fashion. The parents are then served with toasted Eskimo pies and the usual drinks. As it is then growing late (past 7:00) the collegians send their parents home so that they can get to bed early. Holidays do take up so much valuable time!

A woman was greatly shocked when her neighbor sent over to borrow her lawn mower on Sunday.

“Why the very idea of cutting the lawn on Sunday, the Sabbath. Tell them we haven’t any.”

Wife: “Women are not extravagant. A woman can dress smartly on a sum that would keep a man looking shabby.”

Husband: “That’s exactly what happened in this family.”

Fast quarterback to interference: “Keep ’em, off, fellows, while I stop and tie my shoe string.”

Christmas is coming

Phi: “I’m afraid Jack and I are going to quarrel.”

Phi: “Why?”

Phi: He’s Scotch, and this is December.”

A CO-ED’S XMAS GIFT LIST FOR 1927
For “The Man”—the Sweetest of Kisses.
For “The Occasional Dater”—an Inviting Smile.
For “The Good Old Stick”—a Heartly Handshake.
For “The Persistent Pest”—a Forbidding Smirk.
For “The Campus Flirt”—an Answering Wink.

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Phi: “Why?”

Phi: He’s Scotch, and this is December.”
When Xerxes wept

The great Persian ruler gazed from a hill-top upon his vast army of a million men. It was the largest army that had ever existed. And he turned away with tears in his eyes because in a hundred years all trace of it would be gone. That army was a symbol of power, destructive and transient.

Today in one machine, now being built in the General Electric shops, there is combined the muscular energy of two million men. This great machine, a steam turbine, is also a symbol of power—a new power that is constructive and permanent.

Its unprecedented size, a record in construction of such machines, is a pledge to the people that the electrical industry is on the march, ever on the alert to supply plenty of electricity at a low cost to all.
THE CHOICE CHRISTMAS GIFTS

To remember the folks at home. A store filled with practical and useful gifts for young and old.

We suggest—

HANDSOME LOUNGING ROBES—COOLIE COATS
SILK LINGERIE—SPANISH SHAWLS
SILK SCARFS—SILK HOSIERY—KID GLOVES
FANCY LINENS—SILK PILLOWS—MIRRORS
SERVING TRAYS—FUR COATS
EVENING FROCKS—COMFORTABLES and ROBES

THE W. H. MAZEY COMPANY
NEWARK, OHIO

Attention—Denison Students

PHOTOGRAPHS
ANYWHERE
ANY TIME

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THE MH
Muller Studio
Steckard
Residence 24675

TO—
THE LI'L SOCK BY THE FIREPLACE
AND
THE GOOD OL' SOCK WHO FILLS IT
THIS ISSUE
IS GRATEFULLY DEDICATED

Volume IX, No. V
I just shot a dog.

Was he mad?

Well, he wasn't very pleased.

After a man loses so much sleep he becomes a humorist.

Many persons are a little backward about going forward.

And now someone is trying to burn the new Colly Jut!

At parties one is served punch with lady fingers! Page Gene!

As the cynic would have it: "Life is just one fool thing after another. Love is two fool things after each other."

A student might as well join the suicide ranks now as the faculty is bound to kill him anyway.

Now that H. F. has his new models out we hope we shall still be able to see some of the buildings on the campus, through the density of newly-purchased tin.

Now that All-American selections are out we wonder how many sudden changes of address we'll hear on the campus.

Mistletoe used to be a prerequisite, now an introduction is enough.

The absent-minded professor's daughter puts out the boy and turns on the light.

There are two kinds of widows, grass and sod.

Never rouse a sleeping germ.

College students find that one cannot rest until after steady practice.

College men have she-faring eyes.

We hear that all one co-ed wants for Christmas can be held in a man's shoes.

Our dear friend, the absent-minded professor, returned his vest to the tailor, saying there was a button too many at the top and an extra button-hole at the bottom.

We can't understand why the Alpha Thets didn't beat the Pi Kaps to the North Cottage site. It's near the Tri Phi house.

We suppose the Greater Denison program will bring Judge Lindsay, H. L. Mencken, Upton Sinclair, and Sinclair Lewis to the campus as speakers.

Some people think a bridle path is where married people walk.

Fraternity preps are like the typical Scot—they even keep the Sabbath.

When a man calls his wife "Dear" during the holidays he means in two ways.

The head of the house says this is one time of the year when he thanks his lucky stars he isn't a Mormon.

"And after Christmas, the second semester," groans the pledge.

Friendly warning to those men who are leaving their loved ones to go home to their loved ones: Don't hold Julia's hand and call her Kate. Christmas wouldn't be Christmas after that.

An ice man may be a nice man.

A blotter: the thing you hunt while the ink is drying.
## THE INSIDE DOPE

1. Don't lie awake Christmas eve waiting for sounds of Santa's arrival. It's just your mother and father.

2. Be sure to examine carefully all your gifts on Christmas morning; count noses to make certain that no member of the family has overlooked you and that you have received value for value.

3. Surprise yourself and be original. Forget that handkerchief and stationery are always acceptable. Make your grandmother happy with a cigarette case.

4. Advice to men: Candy, books and flowers are no longer the only approved gifts for platonic girl friends.

5. Advice to girls: Your "friend" already has a complete assortment of billfolds, scarfs and neckties. If you are engaged, surprise him with a set of china.

6. Advice to parents: If your kids insist, permit them to trim the Christmas tree. When they have gone to bed, retrim it yourselves in accordance with your own ideas of beauty. Remember that the result will be a little less irritating if you place the decorations on the tree artistically than if you stand back and sling them. When trimming it, keep the following suggestions in mind:
   - (a) It is preferable that icicles hang straight down from the branches, not looped over a couple of times;
   - (b) customary gilded star at the peak of the tree;
   - (c) tarnished tinsel draped droopily in regular lines;
   - (d) four grimy popcorn balls on one side and one near the top;
   - (e) colored ornaments tied on the limbs with heavy white wrapping twine in all available spots. After you have piled on the tree all the junk which your attic contains, if there is still an uncovered space one inch square—

7. When you attend the Christmas exercises at your home church, unless you are a freshman, try to have strength of character enough to refuse your home church, unless you are a freshman, try to have strength of character enough to refuse your home church, unless you are a freshman, try to have strength of character enough to refuse the gift and box of hard candy to which you are really entitled.

8. Fool your friends by sending Christmas cards just before Christmas day so that they will be obliged to send you New Year's greetings.

### THE FLAMINGO

#### THE INSIDE DOPE

When great double-great-grandpap was a kid
He wanted:
- A BIG ORANGE
- A NEW PENCIL
- A DOLLAR BILL
- A NEW SUIT OF RED FLANNELS.

Now they want:
- A NEW BEAVER SKIN
- A NEW ROADSTER
- SOME JACK
- A PEARL-INLAND FLASK
- MORE JACK.

- Flamingo—
  - Zo: "What insect lives on the least food."
  - Ology: "The moth. It eats holes."

- Flamingo—
  - Our dreams are all rose-tinted these last days.
  - Our minds stray from our books, our hearts are light.
  - We snuggle way down in our trundle beds,
  - And softly murmur, "One week from tonight."

- Flamingo—
  - Father: "Why, daughter, that fellow only earns ten dollars a week."
  - Daughter: "Yes, but daddy dear, a week passes so quickly when you're in love."

### In days of old

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Singers</th>
<th>Sang</th>
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<tr>
<td>Songs of love!</td>
<td></td>
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<td>To maiden, fair,</td>
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<tr>
<td>With golden hair,</td>
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<td>Or otherwise.</td>
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<td>Then afterward</td>
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<td>A kiss—</td>
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<td>Mayhap.</td>
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<td>Then to the Inn</td>
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<td>With ales</td>
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<td>And plum pudding.</td>
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<td>Want not a knight</td>
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<td>Elated,</td>
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<td>On such a night?</td>
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<td>Cheers, Knight,</td>
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<td>Art not serenaders</td>
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<td>Noble men?</td>
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#### THE FLAMINGO

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He wanted:
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- A DOLLAR BILL
- A NEW SUIT OF RED FLANNELS.
The more you know the more you forget,
The more you forget the less you know,
The more you study the less you know,
The more you study the less you know.
THE FLAMINGO

THE FLAMINGO

Our triumvirate

The three Wise Men are here. Note the Bird as a prominent figure in the trio. His co-triumvirs, Old Nick and the New Year cherub rightfully deserve their places, the former by right of his annual prominence at this season, and the latter because we've always disliked to see him lonesomely adorning cover pages alone. He's a wise boy for his age and one year from now will be an old man.

Now what do these three seers purpose in their visit? Our gaunt-winged creature is giving Nicholas and the kid a knockdown to the good embryo, Denison. "Some day it will be Greater," he states. "We plan a massive gym and hope to erect a new library where students will have reading room while studying."

"I'll see what I can do, too," pipes the "28 cherub.

Then adds the red-garbed gift-dispenser: "I hear you want national sororities here. I don't know whether I can bring them to you this year or not but will keep the idea in mind. Perhaps I can bring them down your chimney next December 25."

"Ah, that alone would be the most valuable gift you could bring," replies our web-footed wader. He had waded into a problem and believed he saw support.

Thus, having interested the jovial toy-sack toter and the child '28, our ornithological representative flaps his scant wings in a gloating over his latest crusade.

A mercenary slant

Scene: Any Greek-letter abode. Time: The Bird has fluttered down to the campus for his monthly visit. Member of same Hellenic group enters the abode. Next: Mad gathering of studes to peruse the issue.

The wader likes popularity but he hates to be jumped by so many. Ten Greeks trying to read one issue is too much, he says.

Difficulty in obtaining adequate circulation among students themselves is the bane of many a college humorous publication. Two and a half berries for a year's siege or even two-bits for a single spasm appear unreasonable to some students, who willingly scan some other individual's copy then wildly criticize its contents.

Only when a student body, by actual cold-cash subscription supports a publication as it should be, can it approach perfection. The age-old custom of ten to twenty persons getting along on one issue is needless.

If the individual doesn't want to subscribe, there may be friends back there who might want it. A bloody-good issue without circulation is impossible. Why not 1000 percent, for The Bird.

—flamingo—

To the faculty, student body, and all friends of the College on the Hill, here and elsewhere, the Feathered Fellow extends wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Address all communications to THE FLAMINGO, Granville, Ohio. Contributions may be mailed to this address, brought to the office, or placed in the FLAMINGO Box on the Hill. The editor reserves the right to make minor changes in accepted manuscripts.

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Cover by Orville Smrcina.

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Do you know the touch system?

"Yeh, but 'm mostly too rough and then she bawls me out."

—flamingo—

SAD CASE NO. 1

Listen all you people To the story I relate, Of Andrew Burns MacDougall, A grown man, tall and straight; O hark to what I tell you That you may avoid his fate.

Dim deep in Andy's boyhood He heard the people say, "The Armenians are starving, 0 help them while you may;"

And now an Armenian actress Was "making" the town that day. His friend called Andy on the phone- He for a date was set; How's for a dinner date tonight? But Andy scoffed, "All wet"

The Armenians were starving once, She may be starving yet. Moral: Even Scotchmen observe Christmas.

They were seated together at the football game and their side was losing. The players started throwing off their helmets. "Ha," he said, "they're shifting their gears; now maybe they'll show some speed."

"But they didn't," she said.

She was an electrician's daughter and she shocked them all.

Parasina Becomes Parisian

Parasina Green knew her onions. But then, why shouldn't she? She came from the perfume country of New England where onions are the chief agricultural product and r's are the crime unforgivable on the statute books. But even though she knew that overallrs are passe for dinner and that ripe olives aren't always poisonous, according to George Jean Nathan she was a nice girl. She had got her early education at Wayward Corners, and in spite of that, no one held it against her and she was still a nice girl. When she went to Wayward Corners father said to her with a tear in his glass eye, a diamond stud on his bosom and a roll of green in his hand, "Little girl, papa wants you to reach for higher learning, even so-high as Elmer Gantry, but if it teaches you to dislike the onions that send you to school, Wayward Corners will never smell us again. If you still like onions when you graduate, you can go to Europe and spend what's left of the onion money after I've paid for your going astray at Wayward Corners."

"Papa," said little flaxen-haired Parasina, "Put her there, old top. You're on."

So Parasina came out of the iniquitous place of learning, pure and untouched as far as Emily Post goes, and she still liked onions.

The scene shifts to Christmas eve, at the Moulin Rouge in Paris, where we'll do the Anatole France act and look on.

But hist! Can that be little Parasina? The once flaxen curls have now degenerated into a smooth black expanse, projecting in two handles on each cheek. The one-time limpid blue eyes have become greedy green slits, and the sweet little lips that once made Harry Hayseed bring boxes of candy every Saturday night to dangle before her temptingly, he said, like he angled with a worm for fish, are an angry red line. But she's eating onions, so we can't go wrong."

"Madame," says the slim-waisted youth with a mustache, altho there's no point to it And Parasina slithers into his arms like a young Josephine College. As they neck to American jazz, in the intricacies of the latest Paris dance, known as the Taxi Turn, in which the object is to go fast and bump everybody on the floor at least once, Parasina breathes a prayer of thanksgiving, and says, "Thank God, I escaped before Emily Post got me!"

When the gigola had deposited her in her chair with an effort (for Parasina always was the clinging vine type), he holds out a hand and says, "S'il vous plait, Madame." "Whazzat for?" Parasina manages. And it takes the combined efforts of the manager and orchestra and a raucous audience, to explain. "Bah jove, he's pulling your leg," says (Continued on page 19)
THE FLAMINGO

STILL HUMOR

About the morning of January 2nd, father will decide again that the only ones who really benefit by Christmas are all the storekeepers, who sold the gifts, and all the daughters, who gave and received them, charging them to father. But he's forgetting the bootleggers, whose bills won't arrive until afternoon.

—flamingo—

Srig: "What would you do if you were in my shoes?"

Alph: "I think I'd shine 'em."

AN EXPENSIVE SUP

"Don't jump! Stop!" cried the old lady in terror as she saw her daughter poised with cupped hands over the bottomless spring. The girl paused a moment to cast a scornful glance at the agonized mother. Once more she leaned over the edge and still more piercingly the horrible cry reached her ears.

Finally, as the woman fell fainting to the ground, the girl dipped the cupped hands into the cool water and drank thirstily.

—flamingo—

FEATHERS FROM OTHER BIRDS

"Is Bill's family growing?"

"No, it's standing stork still."

- Cornell College Ollapod.

—flamingo—

Kind old lady to blind beggar: "Ah, my poor man, how did you become blind?"

Beggar: "Oh lady, I went out on a blind date and got my eyes full."

—Arizona Kitty-Kat.

—flamingo—

man, how did you become blind?"

—University of North Carolina Buccaneer.

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—flamingo—

"What is the state of your finances, my man?"

"Aren't my trousers a shining example?"

—Amherst Lord Jeff.

—flamingo—

Is he dumb? Why he thinks the pole vault is where Poland's unknown soldier is buried.

—Annapolis Log.

—flamingo—

She was just a brakeman's daughter, but how she could handle the fast males.

—Nebraska Aqgwian.

—flamingo—

We wonder, if, after he was expelled from the Garden of Eden, Adam turned over a new leaf.

—Washington and Lee Mink.

—flamingo—

Some people make hay while the sun shines while others make liquor while the moon shines.

—Randolph-Macon Old Maid.

—flamingo—

Prof.: "And what was the most important date in this period?"

Co-ed: "Cleopatra and Mark Antony."

—Ohio State Sun Dial.

—flamingo—

Scotthorn, to wife committing suicide: "Ye won't be forgivin' to turn off the gas whin ye're dead-wi' you, dear?"

—Harvard Lampoon.

—flamingo—

Our nominee for the dumbest guy in the R. O. T. C. is the lady who asked the captain where he could find feathers for the machine gun nest.

—Washington University Dirge.

—flamingo—

Girl (to occupant of upper berth who stepped on her face) "Where's your berth control?"

—Lehigh Burr.

—flamingo—

PARASINA BECOMES PARISIAN

(Continued from page 16)

THE FLAMINGO

the raw-looking Englishman. "Help! Help!"

screeches Parasina. "Leggo. That's my leg. And it's not nice."

"Young America," says a man who looks American, because he lists port and starboard impartially, "Are you an I. B. F.?"

"No. Whazzat?" queries Parasina, who's read the book "Fifty Ways to Keep From Being Taken In," "some more of this Carrie Nation stuff?"

"Now, baby, don't get worried. I won't get you mixed up with nothing questionable. Trust papa for that. Do you know what the I. P. A. is?"

"Yeh. It's that washout club—the International Prohibition Association, isn't it?"

"That's right, sister. You got the idea but you don't say it right. It's a wipeout. They want the country dry. Well, the I. B. F.'s like that only on a little different principle. You wanna be informed on international affairs, so he's go."

Half an hour later we see Parasina at the I. B. F.—one foot chummily twined about the rail, wasting alcoholic stimuli at a rate that would break a stay-at-home American's heart.

"Just sign on the wobbly line here," says her friend of the moment, "and you get this little red book that's a free pass to the best Sunday schools in all the principal cities of the United States. And here's a little button that really takes the place of that Dorcas button you're wearing now."

That's a stir as the entrance as a crowd breaks through the door, and by their football methods Parasina knows that they're American college boys.

"Friends, soaks, countrymen!" she gushes forth as she swims through her tears to embrace them.

"Tell me," one of them says—spokesman for them all, as they stand waiting for her answer, still breathing, too, why do you wear a red dress?"

"I can't keep it from you. I'm a scarlet woman; I've gone to the dogs because Santa Claus is only a bed time story."

—Ohio State Sun Dial.

—flamingo—

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The Separation of Hans and Feet

An almost suffocating happiness surged in the heart of Feet as he walked down Fraternity Drive, whistling "Side by Side." He was going to like college he knew. He had had no idea that Sutton was such a democratic institution. The exclusive Chi Deltas had evidently overlooked the fact that he was an awkward country boy whose clothes looked shabby and old-fashioned compared to their college elite apparel. He suddenly bubbled over with school spirit and began singing "Sutton, My College," improvised to the tune of "Hampton, My High School."

When he came in sight of the Log Cabin he remembered for the first time Jonathan Blake's car. It was parked where he had left it. Feet got in the handsome car, drove it to Finley's garage, and left it there in care of the manager. Just as he was leaving the garage, Hans pulled up in front.

"Gee, Feet, I surely am glad I ran into you so soon," he called out jovially. "I had lunch with Mr. Blake and then went around to get some junk for our room."

Hans left his little roadster at Finley's, and the two boys started out to find a rooming house. They located a comfortable and inexpensive room some distance from the campus and carried their belongings there. Then Feet accompanied Hans to the Administration building to register. He said Chuck Madison there, ushering another promising freshman through the long lines.

"Hey, Chuck," called Feet, "I want you to meet my friend, Hans Bromberg."

Chuck eyed the small Dutchman carefully, taking in every detail of his homely, irregular features, his ill-fitting clothes, and his apparent embarrassment at being introduced to a man of Chuck Madison's importance.

Glad to meet you, Bromberg," he said curtly. Then he addressed Feet in a deferential tone. "By the way, simms, you might as well come on out to the house. We eat promptly at six."

Chuck drove his smart little car, parked it near his dormitory, and left it there in care of the manager. Hans felt better than he had felt since school started. "I'm a miserable failure," he choked, looking around at the sobbing Dutch boy into his confidence.

"And I see that we can get along without a smart Aleck like you," roared the coach. He was Scotch, and did not waste words in explaining what he meant.

A half hour later Hans saw his friend enter the barber shop. Feet looked very downcast, but his eyes brightened when he saw his old chum. "Gosh, Hans," he said, and there was a sincere ring to his voice, "I wish you were my old friend. "Gosh, Hans," he said, and there was an inexplicable hunger in his heart at times. There seemed to be no one in whom he could fully confide. He missed Hans, his understanding and his cheer, but they seemed worlds apart now.

The Chi Deltas liked Feet, but they were often terribly disgusted with him. He just managed to make his fraternity average; he was a conspicuous social blunder; and he contributed nothing to the group in the way of activities. True, he had made the freshman football squad, but he had lost his position in two weeks. The coach had signalled to Feet for a pass during one of the practices on the athletic field. To the surprise of the players, he completely ignored the instructions, and dashed around the end of the line for a touchdown.

"I saw I could do it all right," he said proudly as MasDougal approached him.

"And I see that we can get along without a smart Aleck like you," roared the coach. He was Scotch, and did not waste words in explaining what he meant.

In the seclusion of Hans' room he unburdened his heart. "I'm a miserable failure," he choked, "and a misfit in the fraternity."

"You'll do something big yet," encouraged Hans. "The boys just don't know you as I do."

They talked for more than an hour, and Feet felt better than he had felt since school started. Hans had always exerted a helpful influence over him.

His voice was husky when he said good-bye to his old friend. "Gosh, Hans," he said, and there was a sincere ring to his voice, "I wish you were a Chi Delta."

Hans smiled wistfully. "It wasn't a fraternity pin that he wanted, but he did long for the friendship of the fellows."

(To be continued.)

HANS AND FEET

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(To be continued.)

OPEN ALL NIGHT— FOR MONKEY BUSINESS.

Tourist: "I thought this was a co-ed school?"

Froshman: "Yes, sir, it is."

Tourist: "But where are the girls?"

Frosh: "Oh, they keep them locked up in the dorms."

---flamingo---

THE FLAMINGO
Granny, ninety-nine and looking forward to her hundredth birthday, and Boney, her Hindu parrot fond of Hindu curses, preside over all in the Jalna of Mazo de la Roche. Renny, patriarch of the family though hardly over forty, is the oldest grandson. Then there are Piers, the young farmer and husband of Pheasant; Eden, the poet; Finch, an awkward music-loving adolescent; Meg, who having been disappointed in love never eats—at the table; and Wakefield, the voluble and amusing youngest. Besides, there are two uncles, both over seventy, but still Granny's boys.

Renny finds his position as master of this varied household complicated when Eden marries Alyne Archer, for she and Renny fall in love, while Eden finds that he cares more for Pheasant, the young wife of Piers, than he does for Alyne. The turmoil ends—though not in an entirely satisfying fashion for the author is too much of an artist to bring about the opportune death of a character—with the celebration of the hundredth birthday of Granny. Then all who have taken part in the story realize that Eden, now fled, has left an ineffaceable change in each life.

It is very much the thing, at present, to take some great man of history and point out that—well—things might be said. However, Gertrude Atherton has done rather the opposite in writing of the love affair of Pericles of Athens, and of Aspasia, a "modern" woman of old Greece. She has made of what the ancients thought an intrigue, a marriage that is glorious in spite of calumny, that is immortal.

At the same time she has made live again: Pericles, fiery leader and marvelous orator (likewise marvelous lover); Phidias, impulsive sculptor; Sophocles, winner of dramatic contests; Socrates, ugliest and wisest of Athens; Alcibiades, arrogant lisping boy, a beauty and a future leader; and the matchlessly beautiful and intellectual Aspasia, around whom centers this society of great men both before and after her marriage with Pericles.

The book is a fascinating and enlightening story of an age which was glorious for the glorious, but rather terrible for the ordinary man and woman.
TO BE NOTED AT CHRISTMAS DANCES
1. All gymnastics are not done in the gym.
2. All anatomy is not learned in the classroom.

—flamingo—
Smith: "How's your son getting along at college?"
Jones: "Good. He spent three months' allowance the first month."

—flamingo—
Judge: "Can't you settle this case out of court?"
Murphy: "Sure, your honor, that was what we were doing when the cop arrested us."

—flamingo—
Lady Customer: "What piano do you suggest?"
Salesman: "The Belvedere."
Customer (haughtily): "How much do you ask for the Belva?"

—flamingo—
"Harry learned to play the piano in no time."
"Yes, I heard him playing it that way the other day."

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ESTABLISHED ENGLISH UNIVERSITY STYLES, TAILORED OVER YOUTHFUL CHARTS SOLELY FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE IN THE UNITED STATES.

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Suits $40, $45, $50 Overcoats
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Bearly Camel Hair Coat $165

EMERSON
ALL SET FOR THE HOLIDAYS
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The Holidays bring so many social engagements, you'll want a smart looking
OVERCOAT — SUIT
The kind that will give service. That's the kind you pick from Emerson's selection.
GLOVES, HAT, MUFFLERS, consistent matches for these overcoats.
SHIRTS, HANDSOME NECKWEAR, LEATHER NOVELTIES
FITTED BAGS FOR TRAVELING

ROE EMERSON
NEWARK'S CLOTHIER, HATTER AND OUTFITTER
CORNER THIRD AND MAIN NEWARK, OHIO
Once upon a time there was a little boy from Manitoba, who had never seen a negro, riding with his uncle in New York, when he saw his first colored lady.

"Why does that lady black her face?" he asked his uncle.

"That's her natural color," said the uncle.

"Is she black like that all over?"

"Yes," replied the uncle.

"Gee, uncle," said the admiring lad, "you know everything don't you?"

---flamingo---

Hostess—"Please sing something for us."

Tenor—"It's nearly twelve o'clock; I might disturb the neighbors."

Hostess—"I hardly think so and I really don't care anyhow. They poisoned our dog last week."

---flamingo---

During a dust-storm at one of the army camps, a recruit sought shelter in the cook's tent.

"If you put the lid on that camp kettle, you would not get so much dust in your soup."

"See here, my lad, your business is to serve your country."

"Yes," replied the recruit, "but not to eat it."

---flamingo---

"Hey, whatcha doin' down there?"

"Building the new subway."

"How long before it will be finished?"

"About four years."

"Oh, well—I guess I'll take a cab."—Life.
THE FLAMINGO

JOHNSON'S PASTRY & DELICATESSEN SHOPPE
MERRY CHRISTMAS
— AND —
HAPPY NEW YEAR

Our Old Fashioned English Plum Pudding for Christmas

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THE FLAMINGO

WILLIAM F. EILBER
MEN’S TAILOR
Suits personally designed for you
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NEWARK
Arcade

TACT

A certain young girl of a none-too-high family decided to become a lady, and she therefore purchased and studied many books of etiquette. She knew whether to invite him into the house, what to order instead of chicken salad, and knew that filet mignon wasn’t a horse. Faithfully indeed did she adhere to the instructions in her etiquette books, and at last she became such a polished young lady that fellows began to invite her out.

One day she was passing through a crowd with a young man, when a burly stranger bumped into her and almost knocked her over. Her gallant escort immediately asked, “Who did that?”

Not for a second did the girl’s training leave her. “It’s impolite to point,” she said. “A lady never points, you know. But it was that (censored) of a —— over there.”

—Punch Bowl.

—flamingo—

Visitor (at fraternity)—“You boys must have a wonderful time all here together?”

Brother—“Yes, just like a big congenial poor farm.”

—Carnegie Puppet.

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—flamingo—
THE FLAMINGO

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THE HUT BARBER SHOP

When your best girl says your whiskers stick;
Go to O. C. Wells, and have them fixed.

Slapstick Director—"Hey! Hold that second.
Actor—"I'm sorry. The pie is cast."—Record.

"Are you an Elk?"
"No, but I don't mind drinking."—Voodoo.

"I hear that Harvard is going to give up her crew."
"Yes, the water is getting too rough."
—Yale Record.

Talkative Woman (on board ship): "Can you swim?"
Sailor—"Only at times, ma'am."
Talkative Woman—"Only at times! How strange! And when do these moments of ability come to you?"
Sailor—"In the water, ma'am."—Virginia Reel.

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High Grade Repairing
Quick Service
Shoes Dyed and Shined
Satisfaction Guaranteed

MEET YOUR FRIENDS
—at
THE SANDWICH—SHOPPE

NEW LOCATION—PERRY'S BUILDING

O my dear please don't try that any more! O my dear please don't try that any! O my dear please don't try that!
O my dear please don't try!
O my dear please don't!
O my dear please!
O my! O!

—Shi-U-Mah.

Child: "Oh, mother, I'm tired of this sex-appeal stuff." Mother: "Why, child, what do you know of sex-appeal?"
Child: "Well, we've been playing tag and I've been 'it' all morning." —Bison.

First Working Girl: "I've been on this job now for five months, and the boss has never got fresh with me once."

On, Wisconsin!

Jack McGrath gives a vivid picture of Wisconsin in the January College Humor. All about its students, fraternities, problems, its great and near-great.

Other special features include Back to Mother, by Wallace Irwin, a complete novelette of two young people which shows all the tenderness and dismay of the first year of marriage.

Peter B. Kyne's first story for this magazine appears. Grantland Rice writes on All-Americans of All Time, and there are many others.

$2,000 art contest closes January 15, 1928. Important announcement in College Humor following issue. Send drawings now!

Two Gift Subscriptions for $5
A Scotchman and a Jew were brought before the magistrate on a charge of insanity.

“What makes you think these men are insane?” asked the judge of the policeman, who made the arrest.

“Yerhonner,” was the reply, “I seen the Scot standin' on the sidewalk throwin' handfuls of dollars in the street, and the Jew wuz pickin' it up and bringin' it back to him.” —Whirlwind.

INFORMATION

“What wonderful monument over there. Whose is it?”

“The university’s.”

“No, I mean what is it of?”

“Marble, I guess.”

“But what does it represent?”

“About ten thousand dollars, I guess.”

“Thanks.” —Juggler.

Jolley's

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Suits        Overcoats        Leather Coats
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