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—Arizona Kittykat.

THE FLAMINGO
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He calls his former roommate Dempsey, because he didn't come back.

—flamingo—

Once upon a time a student took an examination. It was a chemistry exam, than which there are none more absurd. One of the questions was, "Give in detail the process for making mercuric bichloride." In answer to which the student wrote, "God made all things even mercuric bichloride." Imagine his surprise when he received his corrected exam book and read, "God gets the credit. You don't. F—."

—Dartmouth Jack o'Lantern.

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A co-ed may love a boy from the bottom of her heart but there is always plenty of room at the top for at least one more.—Illinois Siren.

One: "Lend me five on account."
Another: "Whaddye mean, on account?"
Some One: "On account of a date."
—Kitty-Kat.

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Her (at dance): "Wait right here for me, Bill, while I go powder my nose."
Her (three dances later): "Been waiting long?"
Him: "No, but I've been looking all over for you to give you your compact."—Sour Owl.

Click: So Smith's wife made him fire his red-headed stenographer?
Clack: Yes, and he sends his letters out now with "Dictated, but not to Red" at the bottom of them!—Brown Jug.

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"I don't feel like my old self," declared Lame Ike, as he pinched his new cork leg.

—flamingo—

She: "Meet me at the library tonight at seven o'clock."
It: "All right; what time will you be there?"
—Wabash Caveman.

—flamingo—

"You're wanted on the telephone."
"Tell 'em I'm taking a bath."
"I did, but they said they didn't believe it."
"Then I'd better answer it; it must be somebody who knows me pretty well!"
—Ohio State Sun Dial.

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Fearing the worst
Hoping for the best

This issue of the Flamingo is expectantly dedicated to Leap Year—on our campus.

Volume IX, No. 6
THE FLAMINGO

"Hank should be a baggage man."
"How come?"
"He knows all the fraternity grips."

GRIPES AND GROANS

Our idea of an embarrassed person is the lesser half of the first couple to "announce" this year.

Remember girls, a little yearning is a dangerous thing.

Eve had the best husband in the world—at that time.

One-half the world may not know how the other half lives—but it has its suspicions.

If marriages are actually made in heaven, it's a strange coincidence that the rich guys always happen to get the prettiest girls.

Many brides will find that Leap Year has its shortcomings as well as the others.

Some women look like a million dollars and are just as hard to make.

Our idea of a perfect chaperone is one who permits kissing right under her nose.

Our prize this month goes to the Newark belle who insisted we hadn't given our right names after she saw a volume of "From Beowulf to Thomas Hardy" on the desk and thought it was a Christmas present.

We wonder if another sorority will appear on the campus after the recent quarantine has been lifted.

It's time to take a year off—so remove that 1927 calendar from the wall.

Many a self-made man knocked off work too soon.

Most fraternity troubles start over a blond or a brunette.

Most women would rather be envied than educated.

Pretention is the confession that you are ashamed of what you are.

We wonder if the arms of Venus were cut off because of the homely elbows.

By this time next year, all co-eds should be happy.

This is the day of aviation. Let studies fly where they may.

We suppose there will be a maple sugar shortage this year since the Vermont sap does not choose to run.

A job-seeker, like a football team, is often handicapped by a rotten line.

We hear that the reason Lindbergh didn't fly over Scotland is that the air-pockets are too tight.

A thick head turns out many thin ideas.

One of the strictest of modern conventions decrees that when a youth and a maid are sitting out a quiet smoke, the youth at least should furnish the cigarette lighter.

THE FLAMINGO
A LITTLE VOW FOR LEAP YEAR

That comes, a model Leap year's day.
This year, and make each single day
To be more heartless, wise and gay
Since it is Leap Year now—
So let us take a little vow
To give no man the opportunity
And constantly to be on guard
And land pins of each fraternity,
To play the vicious glee
To the college men ensnare,
Possibilities for co-eds fair
And each single one of these
Has a leap year's day tucked in it,
Is packed with possibilities—

(Continued from next page)

THE FLAMINGO

Gwendolyn Strikes Out

—SET 'EM UP IN THE OTHER ALLEY—

Gwendolyn Kline

A man wearing knickers came busting out of
one of those Greek places and winked at me, but
I paid no attention to him. I started to return
down on College street, for Ollie hadn't passed me
yet so I knew he must have met with an accident.
Imagine my surprise, when I stopped to look
inside the Wigwam, to see Ollie's hack parked
right in front of the place, and in the gathering
dusk to see Ollie pumping up a tire. This
embarrassed me no end for I could see that he was
trying to force his attentions upon me.
I started to powder my nose, but I was so upset
that my compact fell with a clatter to the side-
walk. Ollie heard it fall and before I could reach
it, he ran over and picked it up and started a con-
versation.
Before I could stop him, he told me I was a
swell broad and asked if there were any more like
me down at Stone Hall. This set my pulses racing
and I protested against his mad love-making but
they were of no avail, for he was not to be put
off. I was confused, sort of, and before I knew
what was happening, he had enticed me into his
car.
As soon as we were out in the country, I began
to wonder if he really was a good driver and asked
him if he could drive with one hand. He miscon-
strued my meaning and put his arm around me.
I would have protested against this familiarity,
but I was afraid he would smash into something
if I resisted, so I leaned my head on his shoulder.
However, I was afraid some one on the student
government might see us out on the main high-
way and talk, so I suggested we turn down a side
road. I was sorry after he did for it was so dark
I was frightened, so I asked Ollie if he had ever
heard snipes at night. He said he hadn't, so I
said we might hear some if he stopped the car.
He did and turned off all the lights, as snipes like
it nice and dark.
Just then, in the starchy stillness, a male chop
sounded shrilly to its mate in a hoarse baritone.
I was so frightened that I grabbed Ollie with both
arms, and I guess he was scared, too, for he
clasped me tight in his brawny arms and kissed
me behind the steering wheel. I had never been
kissed like that before. I tried to fight him off
and I guess he was scared, too, for he
tried to force his attentions upon me.
I asked my husband about it, he became confused
and I guess I was, all right.

(Continued from page 10)
LITERAL YOUNG LADY

"Darling, you are the most beautiful woman in the world."

"Oh, Harold, how quick you are at noticing things."

31: "Is it true that all good-looking seniors are conceited?"

28: "No, I'm not."

FALL BEAUTY

American Stude: "Why is a perfect diamond like a one-story house?"

English Stude: "Because it has no flaws, of course."

Willard: "I got 50 in my intelligence test."

Exide: "That makes you a half-wit, doesn't it?"

Chemistry Prof: "Wednesday we will take arsenic and Thursday, chlorine."

Stude: "We won't need the chlorine."

Sweet Nothing: "Are you leaving the room?"

Hard Guy: "Does yer expect me t' take it with me?"

THE FLAMINGO

Woman's glory may be in her hair,
But it's her legs that get her there.

Four-Legged Cops

Country Kid: "Beat it, the bulls are comin'!"
City Kid: "Aw, stan' yer ground. We ain't done nothin'."

Mrs. Diogenes: "I haven't found one yet, either."

But probably you never heard of the second Ponzie who went over the country buying up old, dry wells and splitting them up into post holes for indolent farmers to purchase.

She: "Are you from the north?"
He: "Why do you ask that?"
She: "You dance like you had on snow-shoes."

"I thought you loved a fair-haired girl?"
"I did, but she died."

She: "When you married me you used to call me a little dear."
He: "Perhaps I did, darling, but since that time you have developed into a big expense."

Gardner: "Can I see the Secretary of Agriculture?"
Clerk: "Well, he's very busy, sir. What was it you wanted to see him about?"
Gardner: "About a geranium of mine that isn't doing very well."

"One of the Siamese twins at the Palace spoke to me."
"That's nothing—I had a date with one but she couldn't get away."

THE CO-ED THORN

Frosh: "Gee, that's a swell statue. It's alabaster, ain't it?"
Senior: "Hell, no, that's Venus."

Father: "Dear, I am happy to announce that young Johnson has asked for your hand."
Beautiful Young Nothing: "But, papa, I don't want to leave mama."
Father: "Don't let that bother you. You can take her along."

Ichabod: "Look how my teeth are worn off."
Crane: "Tell me how it happened."
Ichabod: "Shifting gears on an all-day sucker."

The co-ed's 1928 motto: Leap, Love and Lie.

OUR LEAP YEAR POEM

Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
You chase me
And I'll run slow.

Say, honey, do you like fraternity dances?
"Yes, indeed."
"Thanks, lots. I'm getting statistics for a Denisonian feature story."

Emily Post adds the following in her revised edition of "Etiquette." When lifting a cocktail, always address the host with, "Here's looking at you. It may be the last time for me."

THE FLAMINGO

The nearest that most college men will ever come to a sheep skin is one that is fleece-lined.

"I pair and re-pair male and female," quoth the Reverend.
"I pair and re-pair male and female," quoth the Reverend.

One cold wintry day a Scotchman was discovered strolling down the street in his BDV's carrying his suit over his arm. He had not gone far before he was called into custody by the city police. "I am," said the Scotchman, "looking for the Detroit Free Press."
A Bird in the Hand Is Worth About Ten on the Newstand

WHAT HO! and other expressions of royalty. Here we are back from vacation—and the girl, or were there two?—for a nice quiet rest until Easter, but look what happened.

FINALS By the time we had allayed the suspicion of our local co-ed, finals, and a brand new calendar were staring us right in the face. Of course, some continued their gay life as ex-Denison students, but most of us knocked the thirteen weeks' quizzes cold and are now making preparations for a little high-powered cramming. This really hurts us, for nothing gripes quite so much as finals—unless it is the fact that we are obliged to take them because we averaged B-plus instead of A-minuses. The room-mate crashesthrough with the flattering remark that we're too short-winded to make the grade anyway, but just the same it's nice to think about.

BUT that calendar bothers us. When we perceived the extra figure in the rank and file of numbers arrayed under February, we were apprehensive the fact.

LEAP YEAR that we had taken the precaution to saw our jewelry fast. Back in the days when Fanny was a girl's name, the twenty-ninth of February was the added incentive for grass widows and co-eds to do their stuff. At present, however, we are not so much concerned about what the Shepardson woman might do as we are about what she hasn't done. To date, we have not even seen a guy. The girls who necks is usually the noisy type while the quiet type.
A PHOTO FOR THE VISUAL-MINDED

CANDY

Time may tell if love is phantom,
Time may tell if love is true,
Time can never tell completely,
All the love I have for you.

I may fail in things material,
I may fail in things divine,
I could never fail completely,
If your love was wholly mine.

INTRODUCING—MISS 1928

FIVE feet, two; eyes of—she fooled you that time—brown; and wonderfully propitious smiles hint meagerly at the comely queen the Seniors have elected for the Flamingo Beauty Contest. Not to be outdone by the three underclass winners, Miss Williams is also a Margaret, although she is known as Helen. Helen admits a weight of 112, and has beautiful auburn hair, unbobbed. She was born in Massillon on March 9—twenty-one years ago—and is still proud to claim it as her home. Her enchanting smiles are accentuated by dimples—two on the right and one on the left, to be statistical. Dramatics is her hobby, and we can't pass up this chance to say she's not a bad actor.

And she attributes her beauty to the use of Ivory Soap! Lots o' luck, Helen!
THE FLAMINGO

"I KIDNAPED AND MURDERED HER SO I COULD GO TO COLLEGE"
(Confession from News Item)

"WELL, I guess I'd better get myself some hearin', be a college graduate, get my name in 'Who's Who,' be a somebody," remarked Forfingered Sickman as he discarded his "Wheezy Stories," thumbed the side of his .45, and reached for the city directory.

Baker, Baldwin, Ball, Balber, Banten, Barber, Barker—aw, hell, them labels don't listen like money, and I need lots of it. Let's see, I'd like to be an engineer; that would take a thou a year for four, five years—five grand would just fix me. Or mebbe I'd better be a doc—soft hours, soft pay—that would take seven years. Hmmm, seven grand, well, I'd have to get a real kid before the old gent would kick hose with that much.

Guess I'll be an engineer.

"Culp, Culver, Cummings, Cunningham, Curry, Curtis, Daly—"

THE FLAMINGO

FEATHERS FROM OTHER BIRDS

Anthony: "Want to see a little Devil?"
Che: "Oh! I'd love to!"
Anthony: "Well, go to Hell!"—Jester.

Amherst (over the phone): "Is Miss Smith there?"
Smith (phonetically speaking): "No."
Amherst: "Then who are you?"
Smith: "Oh, just one of the girls on the floor."
Amherst: "Then why the hell don't you stand up?"

"The first night I caught her in my arms. The hands I held last night."

—Lord Jeff.

She: "My! you are so strong! where did you get such arms?"
He: "In the gym—did you ever go out for track?"

—Sniper.

She: "You look like a modern girl; let's get married."
Roberta: "Chase yourself . . . I'm as modern as I look."—Sun Dial.

THE FLAMINGO

IT'S A-RAININ' TONIGHT.

It's a-rainin' tonight like six black hells A-rainin' out there on the sea, And somewhere my ship is a-salin' the blast, A-salin' and gone without me.

It's a-RAININ' tonight and I'm parched for the rain, For the raindrops a-coolin' my hair, But somehow the raindrops can't reach where I am, It's a-pourin' it's drops down out there.

Oh, God! And I thought how I'd love me a home— A home settin' back in a cove, Where the wind and the rain and the storm couldn't reach And I'd cease from that longing to rove.

But, oh, how the rain is callin' my heart, A-callin' my heart to the sea, Where my ship is a-salin' the storm and the blast Gone far out from the parching lee.

It's a-rainin' tonight and there's rain in my heart, And rain out there on the sea, And somewhere my ship is a-salin' for port, A-salin' for port without me.

—Purple Parrot.
The Separation of Hans and Feet
A Story by Eugenia Bibby
Hans and Feet

PART III

At the beginning of the second semester a prize of two hundred and fifty dollars was announced for the best three-act play written by a Sutton student. The play was to be presented by a cast composed of university students, and the author was to be revealed on the opening night. Several weeks later the play committee announced that they, a comedy, had been selected, and that tryouts for the parts would take place immediately.

"Feet, why don't you try out for the university play?" asked Bill Carroll from across the dining room table. "I understand the plot centers around a fellow with enormous feet. Prof. Pitts says its deeply clever and that the author is a born genius."

Accordingly Feet sauntered into Academy Hall that evening to compete in the try-outs. There were practically a hundred other eager for parts in the play which was to be the biggest thing that Sutton had ever offered in the way of dramatics. Professor Pitts took one look at Feet and asked him to read the parts that belonged to the leading character. The lines seemed easy and natural to Feet, and his deep, clear voice filled the auditorium of Academy Hall packed

with students and alumni of Sutton. The play was to run in Westcott for four nights, and every seat had been sold. Then it was to tour several nearby states.

The orchestra was playing "The Walls of Old Sutton," and the large room was gayly decorated with college colors. The music stopped abruptly, the lights were dimmed, the heavy green and gold curtains were drawn back slowly, and the play began.

The success of "The Comeback" was evident from the beginning of the opening lines. When the curtains closed on the first act, the audience was weak from laughter and bright with the expectancy of what was to follow in the next scene.

Professor Pitts stepped from behind the curtain, and in his pleasant and deliberate voice began: "Ladies and gentlemen, you are perhaps anxious to know who is the author of this clever and entertaining comedy. Sutton is indeed fortunate to number among her students, a young dramatic genius whose play will be quoted all over the country in a few months. (Applause) When the university offered a prize for a play written by a Sutton student, the committee had no idea that such undeniable talent would be discovered. I am happy to introduce the author, Mr. Hans Bromberg."

The ovation which greeted the hushful Dutch youth was deafening in its sincerity. He smiled boyishly, bowed hastily, and ducked behind the curtains. Feet turned by the stage hands unceremoniously, grasped Hans by the shoulder, and in a strained voice said: "I see now, Hans, why I got the leading role. You wrote it specially for me, old pal, to show the world how much there is of being hard-fighting, hard-riding, hard-headed."

"Aw, Feet, I knew you could do it," protested Hans.

Several Chi Deltas rushed up, interrupting their conversation.

"You're a witch," cried Pete Riby, catching Feet by the hand, "and we're sure proud of you."

Hans was backing away from the group noiselessly, when Chuck Madison saw him and caught him by the arm eagerly. "Say, Bromberg, you're great stuff and a credit to the university. Where have you been hiding yourself, Hans? I've been coming over to the Chi Delta house after the play!"

"Why, thanks awfully," said Hans. "Feet, you wait for me, will you?"

Hans left the stage, a smile lighting up his homely Dutch countenance. The lonely ache was gone somehow from his heart. Sutton was a great school.

THE END

The Passionate Plumber
(Continued from Page 19)

Who should sit down beside her, but Ollie, all dressed in green.

"Beaver!" cried Ollie.

Now, Ollie, friends of radio land, had no lumps in his style, although handicapped by an upholstered euphleticus. Nevertheless they all responded when Ollie threw big time.

Gwoldyn gaze at Ollie with the weather-clear-fast-track look, but Ollie was there and put up what he thought was a good guard.

"Have a peanut," suggested Ollie, "take two, they're small."

She quickly perceived the wind was agin her, for, was he not a Dayton boy, and always present on windy days. He was always a step behind her on the stairs, and his old war wounds didn't cause this either.

Speaking of good looking girls, ladies, which we weren't, our Gwoldyn Garfinckle looked plausible even in her undies. The boys even noticed her face. She was a chapter ahead of what every girl should know, and boy, didn't the Phi Gams rush her.

Ollie, smooth knave that he was, with all his devilish ingenuity, booked her for the all-Denison play, and thereby hangs our tale.

With this end in view, Ollie suggested a good old fashioned game of bobbing for butts. This is played by the time three-fourths of the host's gin punch bowl for the bay of Naples. He or she, as the case frequently is, will duck his head and try to come up with a cigarette butt in his teeth. This can be done from four to six months. Sometimes a player will bring up a meerschaum pipe, a garter, or a pair of chiffon stockings. These articles count ten. The game may be played indefinitely or until the police arrive. (Send a two cent stamp for a catalogue of other good games.)

And so, in conclusion, you jolly girls with the big incomes and fur coats, let's hear from you. (Apologies for the rhyme.)

---flamingo---

ONE LAMP LOUIE, great explorer and adventurer, started bloody-mindedly at the admiring group of Y. M. C. A. students before him. He proceeded to relate the harrowing adventures undergone in capturing the only ring of its kind in existence.

"High up in the Andes dwells an Aztec tribe, ancestor of the gold, gold, gold, inaccessible, to say nothing of being hard-fighting, hard-riding, hard-headed."

He began. "I am the only white man to lead a party into their sacred cities and return to tell of it," he boasted. "From an altar in one of those cities, he continued, "I took a sacred ring—the only ring of its kind in existence as I have just mentioned, but before you see it, I must tell you its story."

"From the meek inherited the earth today, we suppose they would give a parade tomorrow.

---flamingo---

THE ENVOI

Oh Quarantine, where is thy sting, When such a group is under you? I'll swear I'm sick of everything, If you will place me in there, too!

---flamingo---

LE QUARANTINE BALLADE

Fourteen girls in quarantine, Windows closed, and doors locked tight Boys outside from noon to night. And—each little brow serene For there's no relief in sight.

No base studies that demean, No requests to see the dean, (Darwin must be partly right).

Eat and sleep, and sleep and eat, Let the piper pipe and pay, They live on from day to day, Careless, each new morrow meet.

Other souls to chapel stray, They conserve their wind and feet, And in lazy leisure greet The envious souls that pass their way.

---flamingo---
THE FLAMINGO

Blue Voyage

A POETIZER, a poemifier, a lyricimist gone noveling. Hail Conrad Aiken of "Blue Voyage" fame!

One doesn't know why, but it seems so poets must write novels occasionally. Maybe it has something to do with pay-checks. Maybe every novelist is an unconscious poet, (you can see that by the way they quote their own poetry), and then poets are novelists that haven't come to. Maybe—but why worry about it? Mr. Conrad Aiken has succeeded.

Aiken's poetry is musical, sad and touched with whimsy. And the rhyming danger of such characteristics—boozical, mad and muched with flimsey—menaces, but subjectivity is to the rescue! Introspection is a bulwark against too smoothness, against a probable cloying and sweet crying.

Thus in the novel, "Blue Voyage," Aiken is an excursionist of the mental insides. Demarest, the inferiority-complexed hero, sails from America to England; that's all, but it's enough: magnitudinous are the crowded reactions of his mind. Reactions to fellow passengers, especially to women, more especially to himself. Cynthia, Fabian, the Irish girl, the girl with the slobbering lips and slobbering soul, Fabian, Cynthia, the Irish girl, Fabian. There are dreams awake, (not seasickness, possibly). There's a good drunk. There are pages of confused, twisted, tortured, dirty scintillating reactions. The subconscious brought to life!

Aiken seems to know his languages: he mixes fragments of Latin, fragments of Greek, fragments of French and German and Italian. Aiken is evidently a poet: he weaves in a long poem about the marriage of heaven with earth—not bad, either. Aiken is also a novelist: "Blue Voyage"—Lord Jeff.

The Gilded Caravan

Alice Woods

"The Gilded Caravan" is a very interesting novel of American Rich in the World's society playgrounds. A young, rich couple transplant themselves to the sunny Riviera to drink with diligence and youth of that lively cup of sophistication. They had a beautiful daughter, one of these "mature at fourteen" type, who falls into a rather interesting role as the balance wheel. There are scads of characters, but they are so clearly identified that they are not lost "over the week-end sort of."

Mrs. Woods has lived for us in a new phase of novel backgrounds, and has brought us a near-sighted picture of the satirical, indolent life of America's rich. The novel ends rather happily owing to a double plot, but does not conceal the beauty of itself within itself.—Brown Jug.

Camels!

Daniel W. Streeter

Dan Streeter and his friend, Lake, "cameleering." Camels to carry their burdens and donkeys for their personal comfort. Fung Province in Sudan and the Binder River. Elephants, lions, Abyssinian poachers, and buffalos. "Why do men do it?" Why do men who can't read about those who do? "Life seems very complex at times ... as a protest we are apt to break out at seasonal intervals with 'horizon fever,' 'wander lust' or merely the commonplace desire to go somewhere." And may Streeter never lack an interesting place to go nor his present pen to tell us about it afterwards. He had his brothers deremable humor, he has an appreciation for Sudan's material beauty as well as its annoying details, he has a style as fresh as going to the upper Nile when one's tired of Paris. All this without mentioning the real reason for camels—Adventure.—Brown Jug.

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AGE WISDOM

Miss Sixteen:
"Yes, Dick, I will marry you, but I am so young! Mother says that I ought to wait at least two years."

Miss Twenty-one:
"Yes, John. I will marry you, but this is only January; I couldn't possibly get ready for a wedding before the middle of June."

Miss Thirty-four:
"Yes, Jim, I'll marry you. Wait a minute until I put on my hat."

"This is where I shine," said the girl as she discovered she had forgotten her vanity case.

Co-ed's New Year Toast: "Here's to bigger and better fraternity pins!"
**WRECKED ROMANCE**

I went down by de brewery de other night wid de purpose of pickin' meself up a rib, an' I tools de chariot up to de edge of de street, an' gives dis comely wench de magnify.

"Howdy, little poppy," says I, "what's de dope?"

"Aw, go have a puncture," says she.

"Wanna came for a little gallop?" I persist.

"How's de gas?" she comes back.

"Plenty," says I.

"W'ell step on it," she quirps.

Boy I ain't been so putrified since de first time I wore pajamas.—Brown Jug.

"Sir, I want your daughter for my wife."—Satyr.

A humble elevator boy am I,
But girls from every city—
Are loudly praising my new way
For making women pretty.

Now if these beauty treatments,
You ladies feel you need;
I'm sure you'll welcome my advice,
Which really you should heed.

Some places say they'll lift your face,
While others raise your chin;
But faces, girls, are nothing—
That's where I begin!

So come to me with confidence,
If beauty is your aim,
For with my "Ele-Vator"—
I'll lift your whole damn frame!—Lord Jeff.

**Announcing the Removal**

In the spring of 1928—Roe Emerson will move to No. 11 Third Street, to the location known for many years as “THE KING SHOE STORE.”

The building has been completely remodeled and enlarged. Four floors, two hundred feet in length, will be occupied. The first floor will be arranged for Men’s, Young Men’s, Boys’ and Juvenile Furnishings; also Juvenile Suits, and The Boy Scouts' Department.

The second floor will be the Clothing Salesrooms—where Suits and Overcoats for Men and Boys can be seen in splendid arrangement and perfect daylight.

On the third floor will be Clothing Specialties—such as Tuxedo and Full Dress Suits, Lounging Robes, Bath Robes, House Coats—also a large showing of Trunks, Suit Cases, Bags—a complete Luggage Department.

A much larger basement Salesroom than at present is provided where will be concentrated a most complete Work Clothes, Hunting Outfits, Khaki Goods Department, besides all kinds of Raincoats.

The four floors will be served by a modern passenger elevator and every detail of the store has been planned for the better service and comfort of hundreds of loyal patrons and new friends, who will be welcomed to the new location—No. 11 Third Street.

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"I mean my dear I think this new FLOOD of inDECent jokes in our MAGazines is perfectly TERRible and I really mean it is hardly POSSible to pick one of them up without perusing perfect FILTH and YOU know, dear, that ACTually it has become a SORry state of aFairs when we can't have HUmorists that can't write without getting FILTHY and positively I BLUSH to think of some of these perfectly ATROCious publications. Oh, dear, I mean to tell you that diVINE one that HARRY pulled at the CLUB last night— I mean it's SIDE-splitting and of course, dear, it's a little risQUE but I know you'd LOVE to hear it." —Mink.

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SUBJECT TO CHANGE
A freshman told us he was so fast that whenever he made up his mind to do something, he always did it, and at the same time he made up his mind to change his mind from what he made up his mind to do the first time but by the time he changed his mind from what he made up his mind to do, he finds that what he made up his mind to do is done, so he had to change his mind from the state of a changed mind back to that state of mind which he was in when he made up his mind to do what he inteded to do in the first place.—California Pelican.

—flamingo—

LOGICAL
"Am I the first girl you ever kissed?"
"Well, you're the last, and the last shall be first."—Yale Record.

—flamingo—

When a girl says, "You're so different," you know she has been experimenting. —Minn. Ski-U-Mah.

WOTTA SIGHT!
"Just got back from a trip around the world."
"Great! Did you stop in Egypt?"
"Oh, yes."
"Go up the Nile?"
"Sure! Swell view from the top." —Western Reserve Red Cat.

—flamingo—

"Have a drink?"
"No, thanks."
"Smoke?"
"No, thanks—sworn off."
"Then how about a game of poker tonight?"
"Sorry—but I can't."
"Tell me about her—blonde or brunette?" —Texas Ranger.

—flamingo—

Then there's the Scot who fired a gun in the back room, and told the kids that Santa Claus was dead. —Sniper.

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NEW LOCATION—PERRY'S BUILDING

Fair One!

Mary Edginton, in the February College Humor, begins a novel that is a rich and genuine study of a girl on her own, Fair One. It begins with simple people... an English village... streets with the sunset bloom in them... men and women who knew life was somewhere about, but didn't much want to find it out. It quickens in pace; employs many glamorous, cosmopolitan elements; ends in an arpeggio-like manner that is certain to delight you.

Also in this big February issue you will find Sailor Love, a story of shore leave by John V. A. Weaver, soon to be released as a feature photoplay. And Richard Connell, John Gunther, Mildred Cram, Jim Tully, O. O. McIntyre—besides a penetrating article on the University of Chicago, by Samuel Putnam.
The wind was blowing very violently on a street corner and a young lady's dress was blown up around her neck, when a man standing near began to laugh, she irritably said, "I see you are no gentleman."
"No, and I see you are not either," was the reply. —Kitty-Kat.

Suggestion for an opening sentence for a novel depicting college life: "A small coupe drew up in front of a fraternity house and twelve passengers alighted!" —flamingo—

Here's to the girls—the young ones—
Not too young,
For the good die young,
And nobody wants a dead one.
Here's to the girls—the old ones—
Not too old,
For the old dye, too,
And nobody wants a dyed one!
—The Old Maid.

A few things we noticed after Xmas: About 11 new cigarette lighters—several young ladies with new fur coats (very good looking)—a few (1) fraternity pins missing, just the first night of vacation—Ralph Wise with a new fur coat, goes well with the Jordon playboy roadster—don't forget Marian Pierson got a good looking Boston bulldog, they call him "sig," but we think it should be "Sig Alph." Anybody notice Dick Shanley's mustache? (Neither did we but he told us about it.)
The girls uphill were all kicking about not being quarantined about 10 days ago—you uphill girls, how do you like it? The Hut has a big supply of candy. Let's see you girls beat the downhill pound record. WHITMAN'S, PAGE & SHAW, JOHNSTON'S.
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