

and debater to the nervous serap heap. Ashland must have prominent debating teams as well as prominent athletic teams. The lack of attendance on the part of the students last Friday night proved a miserable lack of interest in an important activity.

TERPSICHOREAN NONSENSE

C-r-r-imently—What next? No sooner does the public get back to normal after a series of hammer murders, sudden elopements and sensational divorcees than along comes a dancing craze that fades all else into insignificance. Presidential elections, international affairs, social problems, education, religion, are backed into obscurity when the newspapers proclaim that a certain miss achieved the Herculean feat of dancing continuously for some fifty-two odd hours.

Yes sir! That's what she did and now that she has written her name indelibly on the pages of history, several dozen equally profound persons all over this great and good land of ours set out almost simultaneously to eclipse her record by dancing for a longer stretch of hours.

A Cleveland girl immediately broke the record set by the first girl, twenty-two persons in Baltimore broke her record and were only halted by the interference of the police, a girl in Huston, Texas, transcended the Baltimore triumph by completing sixty-five hours and thirty-five minutes of continuous dancing and would have gone further only her parents, who had reared her so carefully, prevailed upon her to relax after all other contestants had dropped out. And now up in Cleveland a very intellectual young woman has set her mark for eighty hours of continuous, non-stop, dancing. At the time when this is written she has worn out three orchestras, five pianists, one talking machine and whistled herself out of breath. She was accompanied by a youth, whose chin was not yet razorable, until he was forced to retire, which he did in tears.

Such caperings are reprehensible to extremity. The value of a genuine athletic contest can be seen but the value of a long distance dance record which exhibits nothing but weak minds and strong feet is certainly not easily discernible. Not much less disgusting is the avidity with which the American public gobbles up such news. Such personalities constitute a drag upon progress that requires able persons to exert themselves doubly to bring about advancement of any kind. Perhaps this frivolity is but one side of America. Are there other, deeper sides and is this propensity for the "craze" after all only America at play? At any rate let us hope so. As a nation and people we cannot hope to exist upon frail superficialities.

A QUESTION IN PHILOSOPHY

In Brooklyn last week a child was born dead. Scientists administered adrenalin by means of a hypodermic needle, the child came to life, and is expected to continue its life the same as an ordinary individual.

Now the question is: Where was the soul of the child? Did it leave when the child died, or had it not yet arrived?

Also in Chicago men have been brought to life by the use of adrenalin that have been dead for some time. What did their souls do when death occurred? Did their souls leave their bodies upon death and return to them with the reappearance of life? Just when does the soul leave the body? When the heart stops or, when decomposition sets in?

When we stand at the side of a person who has entered the realms of death is the soul there also? Perhaps it is. Without the soul there can be no life as we know it.

At any rate the question is very puzzling. Atheists and agnostics will grasp these facts to support their systems saying, "There is no soul—there is no God." Such persons agree that what they do not know is not so. Allowance in the interpretation of facts must always be made for the paucity of human knowledge. We can no more accept the judgment of such men upon such questions than we can accept the judgment of a moron upon a question which an intelligent man understands clearly.

All of which brings to mind the reply of Rishell when confronted by a group of scientists who claimed that altho they had dissected the human body they had failed to find a trace of the soul. "Perhaps, gentlemen, you have not looked for it in the right place—or with the right instruments."

bers might be acquired. It is our sincere and confident conjecture that this terrible implication is utterly unfair and that there are literally thousands of women in this country of ours that are absolute teetotalers and will resent this innuendo that they are all save one chronic alcoholics. We call upon the many public-spirited women who are interested in this important question to lose no time in joining this excellent organization so that the name might be changed to the "Women's Christian Temperance Union," thereby removing the opprobrious stigma of inebriety from our American Womanhood.

QUEER STREET

A Novel in 4 Parts

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE: Peter Binney, a young tea-hound just out of college is ambitious to attain fame as one of the leading American architects. But his ambitions are suddenly frustrated by his precipitous marriage to Miss Jones, a handsome but impecunious debutante. John Percival Binney is the only result so far of this concourse of events.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

Part One—Continued

A cold, drizzling rain enveloped Queer Street in a bleak damp mist. The fire escapes of the smoky-looking and dingy red brick tenements along the river-front were for once entirely devoid of drying unmentionable wearing apparel, and as the street wound itself about into the more respectable sections of the city, here and yon an occasional solitary pedestrian might be descried shuffling homeward under a medium-priced umbrella. Miles and miles farther on, how far hardly anyone knew, rose the imposing green-roofed and turreted domiciles of the city's benevolent despots, Boosters and Go-getters. Even to these the glumness continued as the weather is not cognizant of the great disparity between the denizens of Queer Street.

On the side-walk near the grimier end of Queer Street a small child who appeared to be lost was crying. A luxurious limousine upholstered in mauve and old rose gabardine with lovely curtains to match drew—

(To be continued in next number).

HOT DOG

This from the Newport News, Va., Times-Herald: FOR SALE: One bull puppy, one U. S. Slicing machine, one top wagon and harness. J. E. Wood, 2515 Roanoke Avenue.

Everything but the pepper.

* * * * *
* "THAT STATEMENT COVERS *
* A LOT OF GROUND," SAID THE *
* PREACHER AS HE WENT ON TO *
* THE NEXT FIELD. *
* * * * *

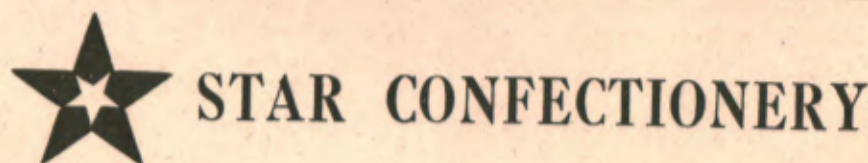
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