

as the ability of the players itself. Each student has an important part to play in the games and the members of the squad look for and appreciate support when it is accorded them.

At the time when this edition goes to press the team has played ten games, six of which have been victories. Nine of these games have been played with little or no backing and the absence of the united support of the students has been missed by the players. Now that school has been resumed after the Christmas recess the team expects the students to turn out and fervently support them in the games.

The team constantly makes efforts and undergoes rigid training in order that Ashland College may be respected in athletic sports. They wish to make records that future students will not be reticent to look back to. Students who are not privileged to participate in the contests are privileged to support whole heartedly the team which represents them. Teams which are brought here for contests carry reports back to their schools as to the kind of a college they have visited. They will judge Ashland College, as Ashland players judge other colleges, by the spirit exhibited at the game.

Let's get together, students, and give the team our whole support!

FUNNY BONE TICKLERS

"Twas near the end of the period and the head of the department was in despair for the class, so she hurled this at them: "I've told you all I know and you don't know anything yet."

WHY "FOR"?

"Woteha gonna do this summer?"
"Work for my dad."
"You used an extra word."

"It's too deep for me," grumbled the absent-minded college prof, as he fell into the open man-hole.

THE INQUISITIVE SEX

Husband—"Who is that letter from?"
Wife—"What do you want to know for?"
Hubby—"There you are! 'What do I want to know for?' Honestly, you are the most inquisitive person I've ever met."

Hubby—"You're three-quarters of an hour late. What do you mean by keeping me standing around like a fool?"

The Wife—"I can't help the way you stand."

The parlor was dark.
The hour eleven-thirty.
Her father came to the top of the stairs and called.
No answer.
He came to the bottom of the stairs and called.
Again no answer.
Angrily striding to the parlor he switched on the light.
There was no one there!

They sat on the piano bench.
"Play with both hands," she suggested.
And her mother wondered why the music stopped altogether.

They stood close together on the edge of the precipice. The roar of the angry waters below them was softened to a love whisper,—so high were they above its rushing course.

Standing,—silhouetted against the moonlight of the sweet-scented night,—oblivious to the beauty around them,—they were conscious of only one thing: the ecstasy of the other's nearness.

She knew that she was going to be kissed, and trembled in expectancy.
She slipped her arms around the great bulk of his shoulders, lifted her face, and closed her eyes. She knew that he was looking at her.

"Dear," he said.
She waited.
"Dear," he continued, "your nose shines."
She kicked off her shoes and leaped into the abyss.

Rhetoric Prof.—Your themes should be written so that even the most stupid of people can understand them.

Frosh (humbly)—Yes, sir. What part don't you understand, sir?

GRAVEYARD BLUES

Here lies my spouse,
Pray let him lie,
For he's at rest;
So am I.

Prof.—Which are the uttermost parts of the earth?

Stude.—The parts where there are the most women.

Prof.—What do you mean,
Stude.—I mean that where there are the most women there is the most uttered.

"I'll beat you up," said the wife as she arose to get breakfast.

private opinion of him. We are content, however, to leave the matter rest, as to bring proceedings against him would be contrary to the spirit of one in our New Year resolutions.

Our other New Year's resolution is this: We are going to stop razzing the make-up man. We discovered the other day that the make-up man is a woman.

An unknown carper claims that he catches Abraham Lincoln saying that he would "tell the world" in a copy of one of his Civil War speeches. This was a new one to us but we suppose that if all the modern slang expressions could be traced back we should find that they have come from very respectable ancestry. Just the other day we discovered in "Prince Otto" that Stevenson makes Ottilla exclaim, "That's what they all say."

Another example of the respectable parentage of an expression which is now considered to be plain low-brow slang is to be found in the "Cato Maior" of Cicero where he says, "Recte vero te," which being interpreted and translated into United States would read, "Right you are."

P. D. wants to know why we don't print better jokes and sends us one which he says, represents his idea of funniness. Now, look here, P. D., of course we could print a lot better jokes than we do but we da's'n't. We suggest that you subscribe for either the "Police Gazette," or "Jim Jam Jems."

RUBIAYAT OF AN UP-TO-DATE CYNIC
You know, my Friends, as I have often said

I have divorced the Old Grape from my Bed
And when the suit was settled I besought
The Gentle Weed and married her instead.

SAD, ISN'T IT?

Miss Francis Stein, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Stein, resident near Kimball, and Walter Ellis, of Kingston town were married Tuesday morning at Kimball. The body will be buried at Kingston cemetery. —Litchfield (Ill.) Review.

THEORIZATION

When I'm in controversial atmosphere
I welcome every argument I hear;
When evolution comes within my view
DeVries and Osborne I review:
Bryan comes with an argument to say
That man from apes came not away.
Darwin said that man evolved,
But Bryan seems to be resolved
That whatever it was that Darwin meant,
That straight from heaven man was sent.
And nor our dear friend Parnassus Breezes
Cith customary steam hot air and wheezes
Hunts his ancestors in slimy bog,
While SHE came from Paradise—HOT DOG.

* * * * *
* **THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK** *
* If you must smoke, roll your own, *
* you get the benefit of the exercise. *
* * * * *

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