

DR. DINK DEPARTS DECIDEDLY DISGRUNTLED

Goblin Chase Proves to be Impeccable Fiasco

Dr. T. McCafferty Dink, who has been in Ashland for the past few days in the interests of the Psychical Research Society investigating the manifold rumors and stories relating to the supposed phenomena of supernatural and spiritistic origin which has been observed by many students and others of undoubted veracity for the past few weeks in the northern half of Allen Hall Dormitory at certain very late hours of various nights thus arousing considerable suspicion and much interest left today for his home at 16 Raspberry Lane, Kensington Gardens, London S. W.

At his hotel last night Dr. Dink positively refused to be interviewed but a representative of this paper succeeded in waylaying him at the depot this morning

while waiting for his train. We regret very much that we are unable to publish this interview as after all objectionable and abusive language had been blue-penciled out there is nothing left.

From the context of Dr. Dink's tirade, however, it was perfectly clear that he discovered nothing pertaining to spiritism. So far as we could make out, his theory was that the inmates of Allen hall themselves were responsible for the peculiar phenomena produced and moreover that they did it deliberately and intentionally. Furthermore, there seemed to have been some pre-arranged collusion between them and certain parties on the outside. Just who these parties are it can not at this time be definitely divulged although it is understood that several persons of comparatively high standing are involved.

MY SOUTH SEA VOYAGE OR, HOW I PLAYED WITH DEATH

The sun was just rising when we rose on May 1, 1920, and scampered aboard the "Yellow Dog," our ocean-going yacht which my wife had given me for an Easter present. When the anchor was hauled up there were six of us leaning over the taff rail, chewing gum and bidding good-bye to our native land. Soon these were only five for the cook had gone to prepare our morning repast.

Scarcely was breakfast over, in fact I was just finishing my third egg sandwich, when the dog-watchman cried out in his shrill soprano "Island Aboy!" With one accord we threw our egg sandwiches on the floor and fled out to view our first tropical isle. And what an isle it was! Trees and grass grew wild everywhere—the shore was literally covered with sand with here and there a rock with a wild cannibal sitting on it. All the birds were wild. It was really a wild scene. Suddenly several other cannibals came dancing out—then more and more till there must have been seventy-five or eighty-five of them lined up on the beach. Of course all this was dangerous. Some especially playful islander might at any time shoot a poisoned arrow at us or swim out and kill us all with his war club. Realizing this, my wife and daughter immediately fainted. I had told them before starting that they would probably be fainting all the time but they had said no and insisted on going, so no one can blame me for becoming irritated and throwing them both overboard.

The remaining four of us now sailed up to the dock. Two of us got out, the cook and the barber being too seasick to venture forth. Smiling broadly and dangling several ropes of bright colored beads in front of us we advanced toward the natives. One

chief a Hershey Bar or as he told me afterwards, he would probably have killed me. The chief talked pure Cannibalese and when he thanked me for the candy, it was a pleasure for me to listen. After he had introduced me to all the leading cannibals, we went up to the Capitol where the senate was in session. They had evidently copied our method of electing senators somewhat: Any male over 45, weighing not less than 200 pounds is elected senator if he has enough wampum. The populace, the chief told me, had been disgusted with the Senate for some time, but today the senators had passed a bill which had made the people very happy. We procured two copies of the bill to read. I could read faster than the chief so by the time he had perused the bill, I was safe on the yacht, out of breath to be sure—but safe. Here is a copy of the bill:

May 1, 1920.

Immigration Act No. 1234

Art. 1. All people coming to our shores after the date of this bill shall be shot in the head until dead at sunset on the day following their landing.

Art. 2. This is no joke.

I had the barber pull up the anchor and we had just pushed off when we heard the natives chanting their national shout and then suddenly through the underbrush they leaped—singing the fourth verse, I think it was the words of which I don't recall but the sense of it was that they were to have dinner at six. The last thing we saw as we skimmed away was the disappointed group of crestfallen natives with their chief, standing on a rock, violently shaking his finger at us.

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Dec. 14—Ashland 26, Kent 18.
Dec. 20—Ashland 22, Lorain "Y", 42.
Dec. 22—Ashland 19, Elyria "Y" 17.
Dec. 25—Ashland 41, Ohio Brass, 33.
Dec. 26—Ashland 43, Polk Gold Links 18.
Dec. 29—Ashland 31, Canton Grottos 19.
Jan. 1—Ashland 36, Wooster Korner Klub 27.
Jan. 5—Ashland 23, Kenyon 26.
Jan. 12—Ashland 23, Baldwin-Wallace 32.
Jan. 13—Ashland 29, Hiram 31.
Jan. 19—Ashland 38: Dayton U. 23.
Jan. 27—Ashland 19, Mount Union 28.
Feb. 2—Ashland — 47, Bowling Green—31.
Feb. 9—Ashland 23, Baldwin-Wallace 21.
Feb. 15—Ashland 30, Hiram 33.
Feb. 23—Ashland 20, Capital 33.
Mar. 2, Ashland 27, Findlay 21

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