

HESPERIAN

The program conducted by the Freshman Class last Friday night bespeaks great things for the Class of '26. The Freshmen conducted themselves like veterans and showed that they had brought great literary ability with them.

The next program will be featured by an impromptu debate on the question: "Studies and textbooks should not be allowed to interfere with the social life at Ashland College." The speakers will be under the two minute limit. At the following two programs, a debate and a short play will be presented in turn. The following program will be given Friday night:

Solo Mildred Lichty
Short Story Maurine Hostetler
Reading Hulda Walz
Paper Carl Helser
Impromptu Debate ... Four Members (?)
Solo Shirley Price

The next meeting will be held December 8, owing to the vacation.

Snowdrop White, the organist, made a terrible mistake at the funeral of Rastus Smith. Instead of playing the Funeral March, she struck up—"Where do we go from here."

A certain young man had an amazingly large mouth, which he contorted into an all-pervading smile whenever he wished to make a good impression. His sweetheart had persuaded him to "ask father" and the youth was determined to show himself to good advantage.

"Mr. Jenkins," he began, stretching his principal feature to the utmost of geniality, "I have come to ask for the hand of your daughter. I—"

"Just a moment," interrupted the old gentleman, mildly; "would you mind closing your mouth for a moment till I see who you are?"

PHILOMATHEAN

The attendance at Philomathean last Friday evening was especially large. A number of visiting friends were present and the program which was rendered delighted the audience.

Following the regular program a parliamentary drill was held and the question put before the house was, "Resolved, that college men should be compelled to bring ladies to each regular session. Admittance to be refused if any masculine appears alone." The question was hotly contested and in the final balloting ended in a deadlock and was laid upon the shelf.

The program for this Friday is as follows:

Quartet Four Unknown Quantities
Dissertation on Freshmen Mr. Hoot
Paper Mr. Starn
Impromptu Class Conductor Unknown

SLIGHTLY DAZED

Speaking of white mule, two rustic sports were uncertainly flivvering their way home from the county seat.

"Bill," said Henry. "I wancha to be very careful. Firs' think y'know you'll have us in a ditch."

"Me?" said Bill in astonishment, "Why I thought you was drivin'."

The wife of an army officer was very hold. It was almost impossible for her to keep a maid in her service more than a few days. Finally, she employed a young colored girl, who was very industrious but had a habit of forgetting certain duties about the house. The mistress believed that she could stop this by a few gentle reminders, and one day, finding a coat of dust on the parlor furniture, called the girl to her.

"Annie," she said, "look here! I can write my name in the dust on this table."

"Yassum," replied the girl, with a broad grin, "ain't it swell to have a edication?"

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Wit and Humor

Blondine—"What is your favorite hymn?"

Georgette—"Well, I like Percy Brown best, he is a good dancer."

Lawyer (to witness—"Married?")

Witness—"Yes, twice."

Lawyer—"Your age?"

Witness—"Twenty-eight years."

Lawyer—"Also twice?"

And what time did the robbery take place?" asked the lawyer. "I think—" began the witness.

"We don't care what you think," said the lawyer, "we want to know what you know."

"Then, I might as well get down off the stand," said the witness, "I can't talk without thinking; I'm no lawyer."

"I cracked a lawyer's house the other night," said the first burglar disgustedly, "and the lawyer was right there with a gat all ready for me. He advised me to get out."

"You got off easy," commented his pal.

"Easy nothing!" exploded the other. "He charged me twenty-five bucks for the advice."

A TENSE MOMENT

"Will you," he asked in a trembling voice, "Will you give me a kiss?"

Gently, but firmly, Annabelle thrust him from her. "I think you had better see father."

He started, his face pale. Could her love not stand the test of parental anger?

"Why," he anguished, "what do you mean?"

She caressed her soft young cheek with her slender fingers. "Father is a barber," she answered gently.

NOTHING IS PERFECT

The litigation over the estate of old Samuel Small had dragged out over a period of eight years, growing more and more involved all the while.

One of the prospective heirs, Peter Small, sat in the office of his attorney listening to a detailed explanation of why nothing more could be done for at least a year, and perhaps not then. When the lawyer was through, he heaved a sigh of utter weariness.

"Do you know," he said sadly, "there are times when I almost wish father hadn't died at all."

EVENING THINGS UP

Two friends from a small town, one of whom had tendencies toward exaggeration, were starting for a visit to the city. Joe, who knew the other's failing, cautioned