times a silly out-and-out effort to draw attention to the particular scribes person.

The other day a student called to the editor's attention the singular fact that the walls of the buildings on the campus were unblemished and undefiled by marks. It is strange that this has not been noticed by more of us before. It speaks even better for us that we have not noticed it for it then appears that even the possibility that we might have been engaged in such a useless activity is the more remote.

The locker rooms which were completed last fall and have been occupied for about a year have yet to show one mark upon their white surface.

Ashland students may well look with pride upon this fact, which, although in itself not of sufficient moment to make or break an institution, bespeaks of an underlying tenor of thought and action of which is creditable wherever found.

WORTHY OCCASIONS

Ashland College has this year made an auspicious start. In the first place the enrollment of the college has increased from one hundred twenty to one hundred eighty, a gain of fifty per cent.

Among the notable occurrences this year has been the Home Coming Day which made many new friends for the college even if it did not draw so many of the old graduates back to their Alma Mater.

Dad's Day is another occasion of which the school can well be proud. That as many as sixty parents would evince their interest in Ashland activities by visiting the school on this day we can note with extreme pleasure.

We are glad that they were able to visit the school and hope that when the time for the next Dad's Day rolls around they will again cheer our hearts with their presence.

The editor wishes to call the attention of the students to the fact that the editorial columns of the "Collegian" are open at any time to any student or member of this institution who has some sentiments to express or an opinion to aver.

MIGHT HAVE BEEN WORSE

A horse bit off a Long Island man's ear and the doctors sewed it on, which is something that couldn't have been done if the horse had bit off the man.

An engineering company, which was laying a railroad in Alaska, had occasion to employ a number of foreigners on grade work. In some cases, these men through the scarcity of more competent workers, became sub-foremen, who were instructed to take charge of their particular part of the job in case of the death or illness of their imemdiate superiors. It was from one of these that the company received the following telegram:

"Boss dead. What to do?"

"If you are sure he is dead, bury him. Will send another boss," wired back the company. The next day they received a telegram from the obliging alien:

"All right, buried him. Made sure he was quite dead. Hit him on head with shovel."

WITHIN REASON

Just as the guards were leading his client away, the lawyer stopped and shook hands sadly with the recent defendant.

"I'm sorry I couldn't do more for you, old man," he apologized.

"Don't mention it, sir," replied the prisoner politely. "Ain't five years enough?"

Many self-made men are top-heavy.

A guest hurried up to the hotel clerk's counter. He had just ten minutes to pay his bill, reach the station and board his train.

"Hang it!" he exclaimed. "I've forgotten something. Here, boy, run up to my room—Number 427—and see if I left my pajamas and shaving kit. Hurry, I've only five minutes now."

The boy hurried. In four minutes he returned, out of breath.

"Yes, sir," he panted. "You left 'em."

series of poems of a miscellaneous nature from **De Lyrious** the first of which we hope will be nearly enough completed to print by next week. Philip Space also promises us more of his delightful lyries in the near future.

Yet, in spite of this imposing array of talent, we are still looking for more of it. For instance, we should dearly like to number among our list of contribs several of the subtler sex, as women are usually more apt at the gentle art of versification than men are anyway. Who knows but that we might discover a Horatia or a Pinafore in this group of potential poetical possibilities?

As a precaution against any possible violence that might be directed at anyone who wishes to take advantage of the opportunity that we are offering herewith, we have taken all necessary steps to insure strictest privacy, and will treat all contributions of a poetical nature as strictly bona fide in every case where such a course appears necessary. We therefore designate Box 119 in the Central Office as the official repository and collectory for articles of this nature, and no one need fear that his identity will be disclosed unless he should specifically desire it.

We wish to know how to properly stress the great advantage that verse has over prose as a medium of expression, but since we happen to be writing in prose at present, we shall not be able to explain it properly. Now very few really important things can be expressed in prose at all! Prose was made for telling about such things as how pencil-sharpeners are operated, about how to study, etc., but for the adequate expression of really worth while and vital ideas it is lamentably inefficient. "Prose," says a favorite author of ours, "is Pegasus, shorn of his magic wings to draw a peasant's hay-wagon." Let us at least, even if we do not soar so high at first, unhitch him from this unworthy vehicle and see where he will carry us. It will be a delightful ride anyway.

RUBIAYAT OF AN UP-TO-DATE CYNIC

V.

I dreamed last that Gabriel's Bugle blew And I'd gone down the Road of Darkness,

And every time I came unto a Door I found, alas, that You had just passed through.

THE EDITOR'S WAIL

To thee, O Columnist, I must impute Originality, sagacity, and good repute; To he who scorns thy tender art I answer that thee my mainstay art.

Each week I seek for noise and humor To liven up this sheet with other than vacuous rumor,

Then thee I call on and thou respondees With words and rhymes which satisfy my reader's appetitees.

ED.

Frank B. Downs

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