

for the friendly business men all the student would receive for his money would be a two page paper about the size of a healthy postage stamp. The student is indebted to the business man and the man on Main Street is in his turn obligated to the student. The "Collegian" gives the advertisers value received in space but that space can only be productive if the student is alive and patronizes the man who advertises.

The "Collegian" is as yet an experiment and in order for the student to insure its permanence he must work with the staff and patronize the men who patronize the "Collegian."

The advertisements which appear in this publication are pointed and interesting. A weekly perusal of them can be made with profit. Let the student who has the College Spirit and who has the interests of his school at heart, buy wisely and from the advertisers.

The firms whose advertisements appear in these columns are of long standing and reliability, and the student can supply his needs at the smallest price where there is the greatest reliability.

The "Collegian" since its inception has so far been successful. It can only remain so with the loyal and intelligent co-operation of the students.

### PINE NEEDLE SCRATCHES

The guy who always jims the schedule is usually the bird who tries to hog the studies.

Sell your hammer, buy a horn, collect your brains and your money, and cultivate your voice, we all go to Wooster Saturday.

Outyelling a rival college has its distinctions but outpunting helps on the season's yardage.

A wise student knows the class room record of the fellow he copies from.

### HONESTY

#### A Play in Seventeen Acts

The first sixteen acts are here omitted on account of lack of space and because of the fact that they are not much good anyway.

Characters:

Diogenes, lantern in hand, still looking for his honest man.

First Student.

Second Student.

Highwayman.

#### ACT XVII

The stage setting shows a scene in heaven. St. Diogenes is offering a prize of a diamond-studded halo to the most honest person that he can find and is examining the applicants for said prize.

Diogenes and First Student

F. S.—I was always quite particular about being scrupulously honest. I paid my bills on the first of every month and never skipped one. Why, I never even rode on a street car without paying my fare.

Diog.—Just a minute, please. (He opens a great book which is marked in gold lettering with the words, "Who's Who in Heaven," and proceeds to look for First Student's name. After a prolonged pause he continues). No, you won't do. Here I find an account against you for a year's subscription to the "Collegian" which you have not paid. Next. (Exit).

Enter Second Student.

S. S.—When I was a dweller upon the earth I was so honest that I acquired the familiar pseudonym of "Honest Percy." Also—

Diog.—Never mind, I've got you down here, too. Just a moment, please. (He looks in the book again). I'm sorry, but I find that you have not paid your subscription to the "Collegian."

S. S.—Surely that must be a mistake, as I never subscribed for this publication. My worthy roommate subscribed for it and I read his. Nothing especially dishonest about that, I fancy.

Diog.—That makes it all the more serious, on the contrary. Instead of a mere monetary liability you owe a moral debt to your school which you have neglected to dispatch.

Enter Highwayman, who looks around dazedly.

Diog.—Are you competing for the honesty prize, too, sir?

High.—Nope, I aint in on dis, guy. I just lost my way. Could you direct me to the infernal regions, please?

S. S.—You—(Makes a tackle and catches Highwayman by left foot). Hey, call an officer. This is the guy that bumped me for twelve bits once.

Diog.—(Pulls back his coat to show his official badge). Is this charge correct, Sir?

High.—Yep, I'm the guy. But I used the stuff for a good purpose, I paid my subscription to the "Collegian" with it.

Diog.—You win! (Hands him the halo). This contest has been on for 87,000 years and you're the first honest man I've found yet. I heartily congratulate you. Come along and have a drink of grape juice on me.

High.—(Blinks his eyes). Honest, guy, d'you mean that,—on the level?

Diog.—Absolutely on the level. (Highwayman puts halo on his head at 45 degree angle and they go off stage arm in arm. Second student staring after them in horrified amazement).

(ASBESTOS CURTAIN)

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pleasant & pleasant person, it necessarily follows that, according to all known biological laws and precepts, the men who are now being admitted to college, are likely to represent, not the best intellect of the nation, but rather, the average intellect. This, naturally has the effect of reducing the standard of scholarship of our colleges and of contributing materially to the glory and honor of the much-talked-of American God of Mediocrity. According to President Hopkins, this great army of for the most part mediocre men, those who have more ambition than ability, stand in the way of those who are "destined" to become the country's leaders a few years hence.

If men were willing to pursue this higher education for its own sake, and to take the place in the economic structure for which their natural abilities and talents are fitted, there would be no cause for alarm from this source, but while human nature remains what it is we can hardly hope for that. Men (and women) go to college because it pays. That is, an education enables them to get more money for less work. These mediocre people are, of course, totally incapable of idealism, and naturally, what they demand is a "white-collar" job. It is quite clear that if this thing is allowed to go on and if college graduates increase in the future in the same proportion that they have increased during the last few years, that before long everybody will be educated. Then there will be nobody left to dig the coal or raise the spuds and beans. In which case humanity will either freeze or starve to death.

It is, to say the least, a gloomy outlook.

### ON BEING OBSERVANT

It is always a good plan to be in an observant attitude. Even in the most unassuming places one often makes discoveries of grave portent. A poet once declared that he found "books in running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." However, we go him one better. From a sign board along a public highway we extract the following priceless information: "Eternity, Where Will I Spend Eternity? Gospel Hall, Corner 2nd and Church Streets, Ashland, Ohio." We had to stop our car and go back and reread it before we could believe our eyes, but we are glad that we did as this settled a question that had been troubling us for a long time.

### CONCERNING HE-MEN

The Goard's and Sheller's Progressive Club met at the William Sample home, Friday evening, September 29. The men furnished the program which consisted of two songs by the male quartet.—(Ashland Times-Gazette.) All of which goes to show that Douglas Fairbanks, Bill Hart, and Tom Mix have no monopoly on this sort of thing.

THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK'S MEDITATION: Beware of the woman who kisses you without closing her eyes.

**Frank B. Downs**

## BURRIS & FASIG Tire Hospital

327 Orange St. VULCANIZING Ashland, Ohio

Phone 110 for Tire Ambulance

We will call for your tire, repair and replace it on your car

## M. M. MUMAW

GROCERIES, FRUIT

COLLEGE AVE.

PHONE 3789

## Washington Lunch & Cafateria

The Home of Good Cooking

We wish to announce to the College folks that we have opened a Cafateria in connection with the Service Restaurant where you can select your own food and pay for what you get

The best foods the market will afford

COME AND VISIT US

WOODS & NOGGLE, Proprietors

## H. B. VANOSDALL & BRO.

FURNITURE, PIANOS, PLAYER PIANOS, COLUMBIA

GRAFONOLAS, SEWING MACHINES, RUGS, ETC.

ASHLAND, OHIO

## Andrew & Paul Sponsler Meat Market

Phone 206

City Market House

HOME KILLED MEATS

Fresh & Smoked Meats of All Kinds

Home Made Wieners and Bologna a Specialty