HELLO EVERYBODY! This month we are introducing a new feature that has been duly christened, consisting of bits of this and that from here and there about the campus. The gods willing, the teachers approving, and the students sufficiently interested, it will become a regular monthly feature. Hence, after perusing this column let us know your opinions of it, caustic or otherwise, so that we may know whether to continue or not. With our fate hanging in mid-air, we proceed:

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THINGS WE never knew till now: (Apologies to Winchell)

That the person who plays the chimes every day at noon and at five o'clock is a mining engineer. (Laugh that off, you arts students.)

That the Engineering College of Ohio State ranks third highest among the technical schools of the country with regard to equipment, personnel and curricula.

That our Engineering Drawing Department is rated as the finest in the country, bar none.

That the steel framework for the Engineering Experiment Station was originally designed for a power house at Langley Field, Va.

That the post just across from University Hall marking the point where the fortieth parallel passes through the campus is in the wrong place.

That a large number of people sleep normally with their eyes wide open.

WE are sure that the entire engineering student body joins us in welcoming one of the most famous members of our faculty back to the "fold." We refer to Professor French of the Engineering Drawing Department who has been laid up for the past six weeks recuperating from a major operation performed at the University hospital.

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When Floyd Gibbons returns from China, we are going to endeavor to arrange a talking match between him and Mr. Russ of the Engineering Drawing Department to determine the world's champion fast-talker. There has been a lot of speculation by students as to the merits of each man and a contest between the two should draw a large crowd. Watch this column for further details.

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Have you ever noticed that the flagpole in front of the former site of the barracks has not borne a flag since last spring? There is a story behind this. It seems that during the freshman cap-burning "exercises" last spring quarter, a few valiant freshmen unhooked the rope, drew one end up to the top of the pole and tied the other end high up in a nearby tree. In order to make it possible for the pole to bear a flag again, it was necessary to climb the pole and retrieve the end of the rope. Evidently the military department has not yet reached a state of ambition that includes climbing flag poles. Will some athletic fellow oblige them and climb a flagpole for this country?

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Quer, isn't it, how habit clings to people? During the recent spell of warm weather when the thermometer reached a temperature of 70 degrees, about half of the students were going about clad in overcoats. Wonder what they do when it gets cold.

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James Aswell, well-known New York columnist, recently published the following puzzle in his daily column. We found that it was not so very easy to solve and consequently are passing it on to you engineers to see how much benefit a course in algebra has done you. The problem is as follows: A piece of rope weighs four ounces per foot. It is passed over a pulley and on one end is suspended a weight and on the other end a monkey. The whole system is in equilibrium.

The weight of the monkey in pounds is equal to the age of the monkey's mother in years. The age of the monkey added to the age of the monkey's mother is four years. The monkey's mother is twice as old as the monkey was when the monkey's mother was half as old as the monkey will be when the monkey is three times as old as the monkey's mother when the monkey's mother was three times as old as the monkey.

The weight of the rope or the weight at the end is half as much again as the difference in weight between the weight and the weight plus the weight of the monkey. How long is the rope?

There is no catch in this problem and it can be solved. The solution will be published in next month's issue.

With this parting shot to think about, we take our departure, hoping that you have enjoyed our little piece.

—J. E. B.

A gang of men were working on street repairs in front of a woman's house. She seemed quite interested in them and asked one of them, a big, burly Celt: "Which is the foreman?"

"Oi am, mum," he replied proudly.

"Really?" continued the lady.

"Oi kin prove it, mum," replied the Irishman. Then turning to a laborer at hand, he added: "Kelly you're fired!"

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"Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever,—
One foot in the sea and one on shore
To one thing constant never.

(Shakespeare—Much Ado About Nothing).