

tence. Our friend is not dead, but has passed into the great beyond to which we all with abiding faith lay claim.

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

LAUGHING—WITH RESERVATIONS

The modernly educated person is often astounded and amused at the absurd and fallacious beliefs of the ancients. A laugh is often had at the expense of sages who during their time were supposed to embody the acme of erudition. Strangely enough, the ignorance displayed by the old timers was only upon physical subjects. Some of the roundest, most profound thoughts of the ages have been bequeathed to us by men whose knowledge of the world about them amounted to almost nil.

Precious stones were often regarded as unfailing cures for all kinds of ailments. Powdered sapphires were prescribed as a positive cure for hemorrhages, inflammatory diseases, "collicke," and even "goggly eyes." Another stone whose lower value made it much more easily available as a medicine was the coral. Pliny recommended it for a cure for gall stones and Avicenna suggested that, for those suffering from melancholia, the coral should be made into a cordial which he found "singularly productive of joy." Another medical expert recommended that, as a cure for epilepsy, coral should be worn about the neck or drunk in powders at the patient's option. In the Family dictionary of one Dr. Salmon—1696—the following prescription is given: "Coral, to prepare—Take such a quantity as ye think convenient. Make it into a fine powder by grinding it upon a porphyry or an iron mortar. Drop on it by degrees a little rose water, and form it into balls for use. After this manner crabs-eyes, pearls, oyster shells and precious stones are prepared to make up cordials compounded of them and other suitable materials for the strengthening of the heart in fevers, or such violent diseases, or to restore the decays of nature."

The Greeks considered the diamond as deadly poisonous and for that reason an excellent antidote provided that it only touched the skin. An interesting story relates that a diamond was selected for poisoning Benvenuto Cellini, the famous Italian metal worker, and was to be mixed in his salad. A cunning apothecary, however substituted a cheaper stone which was unrecognized by the conspirators and of course the trick failed. A proof of the magnanimous and all pervasive healing powers of the diamond, when properly used, was believed by many to lie in the fact that the poor died in such numbers of the plague.

We cannot fail to be amused by these delicacies of mature reasoning but we are apt to forget two things which if we remember, make our laughter honest. First, that altho the ancients knew little of the world about them, they were wise in things moral. And second, that inasmuch as it is estimated that we know less than one-half of one percent of all knowledge, it slightly behooves us that we laugh with moderation so that perhaps in later ages other sages may show us the same consideration.

FUNNY BONE TICKLERS

Student (writing home): "How do you spell 'financially'?"

Room-mate: "F-i-n-a-n-c-i-a-l-l-y," and there are two 'r's' in embarrassed."

Small Boy (at zoo): "Gee, mom, that giraffe looks just like papa."

Mamma (in horror): "Willie, aren't you ashamed?"

Small Boy: "Aw gee, the giraffe didn't hear me."

"Aw, they're just stringing me," thought the poor fish as he was reeled in.

St. Peter: "You say you contributed to the 'Collegian'?"

Applicant: "Yes, St. Peter."

St. Peter: "Step into the elevator please."

Applicant: "How soon does it go up?"

St. Peter: "It doesn't go up; it goes down."

corum letter from a large electrical company complimenting the school on having trained such a brilliant young man as the herein-before-mentioned. The Dean, being at a loss to appreciate this praise and to discover a justification for it, began to investigate. To his utter amazement he discovered that the supposedly delinquent student had just sold the electrical company a patent on a new kind of electrical device, for the which he had been paid a fabulous sum.

Nor is this the first example of youthful prodigy that the profs have given up as hopeless. Isaac Newton was classed as a dunce in school. Gibbon, author of "The Decline and Fall," was pronounced to be dreadfully dull, and John Dryden was summed up as a "great numbskull." Oliver Goldsmith was also a famous dumb-bell in his collegiate days, whilst Sir Walter Scott was denounced by a university professor in the phrase, "Dunce he is and dunce he will remain."

All of which would seem to suggest that it is at least possible that the profs MAY be mistaken occasionally. However, we come to no conclusion.

OMIGOSH! CURRENT OPINION

Here's a consolation for the Freshman who has trouble in making his antecedents agree properly. "An American doctor told me that nobody would be evil if their brain molecules were normal." The quotation is from no less an authority than the current issue of "Current Opinion."

SOCIETY NOTE

Miss Evalyne Rensselaer Van Tuyl is now the upstairs maid at the winter home of Mrs. Nora Higgins.

APOLOGY

WANTED: The public to know that the poem in last week's column entitled "Theorization" was from the pen of one "Uncle Bill." The omission of this information was not intentional on our part and we hasten to rectify any impressions that may have been made to the effect that we wrote the piece ourself.

SPEAKING OF COINCIDENCES

We have recently added three new names to our forthcoming Directory of Self-Recommended Business Concerns. They include: Mark Sapp, Tailor, Columbus, Ohio, Whalen Dry Cleaners, Columbus, Ohio, and O. C. Grabber, General Merchandise, Wadsworth, Ohio.

Census Taker: "Have you any brothers?"

Little Boy: "One."

C. T.: "Does he live here?"

L. B.: "Naw, he goes to college."

C. T.: "Any sisters?"

L. B.: "One."

C. T.: "Does she work?"

L. B.: "Naw, she don't do nothin' neither."

FRANK B. DOWNS

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