

# The Ashland Collegian

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## THE GOSPEL OF WORK

To every one at periodical periods there comes melancholy dejection. The greatest men as well as the lesser have been victims of the devastating "ennui." The letters of Lincoln are filled with misgivings as to his own ability and potency. His most veracious biographer tells of plateaus in his life, when burdened by the cares of state and humanity, he fiddled around for days and weeks accomplishing little or nothing.

Other men with intellects as great, and spirits as humbly human have likewise found themselves at times in utter despair. The great Carlyle was able to produce his electric thoughts only with the unremitting assistance and unfaltering devotion of his wife who was willing to waste her own literary talents that his own might be greater.

The power and scope of the human mind is so lacking and slender, the comprehension of even the greatest falls so immeasurably short of perfection that we often despair of our worth and efficacy. A hundred thousand sensations beat in upon consciousness each day, a myriad of emotions and feelings—pain, pleasure, sorrow, joy, mercy, tenderness, refraction and pugnacity, strike upon the plastic mind like fierce atoms striking the walls of their molecular prison. Desires, suppressed or gratified, may bring happiness or sour disgust.

"There is not a string attuned to mirth but has its chord of melancholy." The same mind may have in the same hour thoughts of paramount elevation or nadiric degradation. Melancholy attends the fullest joys of the most ideal life. It is a mental state, sometimes influenced by the physical, from which there is no escape.

Science can, and is doing much to relieve pathological conditions of the mind. What we do know about the mind is small beside the vast fund of information in other fields of science.

The matter of dejection however, is in our estimation, a matter

## Parnassus Breezes

(Not) BY G. K. STONE

### ODE TO THE COLUMNIST

Alas! The columnist has gone astray,  
We know not where, we simply reckon  
A lady's in the case by heck!  
For what other cause would his divagating be?

To forsake the Ed., when he  
Is pushed at best to gather news.  
Such vagrant wand'ring we do eschew  
And vent our scorn upon his frame,  
And with this protest do here declaim,  
That unless conducted with some better sense  
We soon shall repudiate his recompense.

### L'Envoi

What other cause we ask once more  
Could force this man to make Ed. sore?  
But knowing him for what he is,  
We say with the French,—"Cherchez la Femme."

### A BI-FORTNIGHTLY JOURNAL

The above might, if the Editor so desired, be captioned with, "Verse Written in a Publishing House." Inasmuch as we were unable to discover the whereabouts of the column conductor this week, and inasmuch as he has failed to deliver to us even the barest essence of his usually copious verse, we, with no skill at his manly trade, were forced to bethink ourselves and write the confound stuff ourself.

We have seen fit to style the above—"Ode to the Columnist," which while we do not pretend to know what an ode is, do so style it so that it may be graced with a subject.

Also, the peruser of this column will perceive over the last four lines the caption "L'Envoi." Somewhere, from the dim past, comes the recollection that those words (or word we don't know which) are (or is) French. We further recall that they are supposed to mean something in the nature of conclusion or farewell and so have appended them to the original free (very) verse which precedes them.

But yet, we are not quite through for we have thought up what we consider a very good, and a very veracious parody on the regular column conductor's weekly "Rubiayat." Here it is:

### RUBIAYAT OF AN UP-TO-DATE CLINIC

Oh! Here comes another patient,  
Who, me, wishes his ailments to appease,  
"Here, take these pills my man and be content."  
"My bill? Oh, yes,—Five Dollars Please."

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WED., THURS.

Jack Holt in While Satan Sleeps

FRI., SAT.

The Siren Call with Dorothy Dalton

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