

The Ashland Collegian

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CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

Christmas comes but once a year. It brings with it immeasurable joys. The feeling which dominates at this time is known as the Christmas Spirit and carries with it a certain cordiality and heartiness that no other season of the year possesses. The greetings of "Merry Christmas" and "Happy New Year" which old and new acquaintances pass between each other seem to mean more than the usual banalities of "Good Morning" and "How Do You Do?"

Christmas brings with it a spirit of cheeriness that we prize and treasure. The very aspect of the home and store decorations are enough to warm the heart of even the most hard pressed provider.

There are some misanthropes who each year declare that the Christmas Spirit prevails as only a sort of custom which we all keep because we fear that if we fail to keep it we will meet with disfavor from our friends. They also claim that its chief value, if it be a value, lies in the stimulation which is given to business during that season. It is true that Christmas is a custom that has lost its original meaning to many of the participants in the holiday activities, but it is also true that as a custom, if it be only a custom, it is indeed a worthy one. Also it needs but little persuasion to convince that the impetus given to business at this time is only an outgrowth of the spirit and not the spirit itself.

"It is better to give than to receive." This statement is taken for granted by many of us but at Christmas there are few of us who would not, if it were within our means, rather give presents costing fabulous sums than to receive the same gifts. We have the joy of planning what the object of our gift would be pleased with, and anticipating the pleasure of the presentation. Then there pervades all of us the feeling that the gift, be it great or small, is a token of friendship, respect, love and a host of other feelings and sentiments.

Parnassus Breezes

(Not) BY G. K. STONE

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A BIOLOGICAL LABORATORY

The last pale streaks of light fade from the wall
And twilight doth embrace the dying sun;
Another day is gone beyond recall,
Another night has now its course begun.

Now sink the turtles into dull repose—,
The gleaming knives are hidden from their sight;
But all too soon a new day shall disclose
Their blades with diabolical delight.

The pigeons, too, within their crowded cage
Against their barr'd prison cease to rail,
But soon their placid calm will turn to rage
And find expression in a piteous wail.

For them no more the amorous breeze shall blow,
No more shall they return their mates' soft call.
Tomorrow to the guillotine they go,
The next day they shall not exist at all.

A score or more of students shall conclude
Their obsequies with neither heed nor thought;
Like great fierce gods they shall at last denude
Their lovely forms and waft them into naught.

Let not vain pity mar their youthful joy,
This is a fine and noble work, I think,
But ne'er can any do aught but destroy,—
The paths of science lead but down the sink.

THE EPITAPH

And you, when you came up the shining road
That leads from glorious birth to blasted dreams
Be not too sure the net that snares the toad
Has not enmeshed you too in its taut seams.

But never mind, no scientist shall dare
To probe you when you reach that far-off brink;
No cogent lab.-assistant shall be there—
The paths of science lead but down the sink.

EPIGRAM OF THE FAT FLAPPER

Auto-suggestion is great stuff
To make the torso trimmer;
For every day,
In every way,
I am getting slimmer and slimmer

HUB Wishes You
A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND
A PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR



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Palace Programme



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"THE SIREN CALL"
With Dorothy Dalton

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Merry Xmas

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