

## THE HOLIDAY SPIRIT.

The holidays are upon us. The spirit of St. Nicholas is in the air about us. In the cities the Salvation Army Santa Clauses are vigorously ringing their little bells, trying, ineffectually, in this manner to keep the cold without their thin, red uniforms. Harried husbands and fretting fathers have assumed the pre-Christmas faces, frowning, worried, and with just a trace of desperation, bearing the signs of many a strenuous shopping campaign upon their faces and clothing, tired women stand in groups on every corner, vacant-eyed and mumbling such senseless phrases as, "Pair sox for John, size 11½, garters for aunt Louise, candy for Willie—um, now let's see—." Small boys have long since begun to bring in the wood and study their lessons without being told a half-dozen times.

Here at college the boys have just about recovered from the Thanksgiving "hang-over" and are beginning to sit up and take nourishment again. The mere mention of "three more days" brings a happy grin and a blissful expression to their faces. Each night strange rites are held on the top stoops of the various halls, and wierd chants that bring an understanding grin to the face of the night-sergeant, wail across the drill field. A spirit of unrest is abroad and the oft-repeated warnings of the Profs to "study, Study, STUDY!" go all unheeded. Everyone's thoughts are upon the coming holidays and the presents to be given and received. And that brings us the white meat, as the cannibals said when they began to fricassee the missionary. All the magazines are offering gift suggestions now and we wish to offer a few ourselves—suggestions, not gifts. We would suggest that some kind-hearted person or persons give:

To "Prexy" a large lunch basket, fully equipped, to be used during his next "six-long-hours" conference so that he may not suffer for nourishment this time. We realize that this will eliminate a very important item from the next "talk" to the corps, but it will be his loss and not ours and we feel that our President should not be compelled to go unfed—in conference or out.

To Dean Puryear, a handsome red pen-staff—equipped with pen-point—and engraved "Put it in writing" so that he may have by him always a constant reminder of the high esteem with which we humble petitioners regard him.

To Mr. Sbisa—good ol' Bernard!—a plate of that most excellent corned-beef hash which usually graces our Thursday morning breakfast table. This should be served piping hot and brought in as a prelude to the regular Christmas dinner. (nb. The Chef need not trouble himself to fix anything else. After preparing the hash he can call the hospital and take the rest of the day off.)

To Mr. Cheatem, that amiable post-graduate of the Wallingford school of fiance, a flat-topped derby, papier-mache nose, and an abundant set of whiskers, so that he may more aptly look his part and possibly give some hint of warning to innocent strangers who may chance to stray unsuspectingly into his lair. A yid-dish accent should also be thrown in. (We suggest this gift in the interest of fair play—give the freshmen and other strangers a fighting chance!)

To the Baylor "Lariat" a poison pen" engraved Baylor Uber Alles" in recognition of its undoubted flair

for malicious and untruthful propaganda. Sever rolls of saffron tinted paper to be used in the succeeding issues of the 'Lariat' would also be appropriate, as this color so aptly fits the nature of the sheet.

To our ex-freshmen, wherever they may be, who were unable to feel at home in a MAN'S school, and to the sympathetic but not overly-bright editors who learned about A. & M. from hearsay, a book of Grimm's "Fairy Tales" to assist their imaginations and furnish them inspiration for yet more harrowing and pathos-filling stories of "brutality."

And, last but not least (by a dern sight!) to the Corps, a priceless gift, a boon which has been sought after for lo, these many years, but has not as yet been attained. We pray thee, great Giver, just ONE ratny Thursday morning.



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