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Thos. L. Jacobs, Mgr.

We print the Maroon
Clothes don't make the man--
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Our special offering this month gives you a suit or overcoat at $3. to $10. less than usual.

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In the vicinity of Cleveland, Ohio, on Christmas morning, 1845, a woman lay dying. At her bedside sat a neighbor, Anna Beardsley. During her long illness Dan Beardsley and his wife had cared for Agnes Clark, and now, all night this faithful watcher had sat beside her and ministered to her wants with more than sisterly love. As the bells on Christmas morning rang out upon the world their message of peace on earth, good will to men, the spirit of Agnes Clark, free at last from its earthly prison, went to its long home. "Take care of my baby," had been Agnes' last words.

The Christmas bells, as they rang the knell of Agnes Clark, heralded the birth of her infant son. Dan Beardsley's great, tender heart filled with compassion for this orphaned waif, and he promised the dying mother a home for her boy as long as one remained to him. In spite of his unpropitious advent into the world, the youngster grew strong and healthy.

"I guess I'll give him my name," said Dan one day. "I might as well do something handsome by him." And so Dan he became, and under the name he throve wonderfully.

When Dan was six years old, a maiden aunt in Alabama chanced to hear of him for the first time. Here, she thought, was an opportunity to get a boy of her own blood who would soon be old enough to help her in many ways, and who would become the support of her old age. She wrote to the Beardsleys, urging her claims upon the boy and sending money to pay his fare to Mobile.

Poor Danny, and poor Dan! The two had become almost inseparable companions and chums, the more since Beardsley had no children of his own. But he and his wife were too unselfish to keep the child when they knew his aunt could educate him and give him a start which they could not. The happy home was saddened by his departure as little Dan started on his way South. But though he was distant in person he was close in thought to his old Northern home. The teachings of his foster-father ever remained with him, and freshest of all was the story I have recounted of the death of his mother that sad Christmas day. Ever on Christmas morning he sat and listened for the bells, and ever as they rang he tried to picture in his mind that sweet mother face that he had never known.

When Dan was fifteen years of age the war broke out. Fired by the stories he heard of brave deeds of arms and the justice of the rebel cause, he was anxious to enlist at once. However, the wise counsel of his aunt restrained him and he contented himself for several months by organizing
and drilling a company of his companions. The next year the Confederacy saw the task she had before her and Dan had little trouble in getting into the army, after receiving his aunt's consent.

What a proud moment it was when he stood in his new "butternut" uniform and waved his aunt farewell from the car platform. But the soldier's life that had seemed so glorious from a distance was a very different life from the soldier's life he found upon his arrival at the front. His neat new uniform presented a striking contrast to the dirty, nondescript clothes of the veterans.

"Jes' wait, Bud, till ye see a skirmish," said one of them. "When Uncle Sammy's bluejays gets after ye, ye won't feel so fine and gay," and the old compaigner laughed in appreciation of his little joke.

The prophecy was destined to be fulfilled sooner than any of them guessed. That very night, ere Dan had slept an hour, someone seized him rudely by the shoulders and dragged him from his blankets.

"The Yanks are after us," said his bunky in a hoarse whisper, and the words were scarcely spoken when the orderly serjeant poked his head through the tent-flaps and commanded: "Turn out o' there and fall in. Be mighty quick about it." Dan barely had time to slip into his clothes and take his place in the company when they were marched off in double time in pursuit of a party of Federal foragers who had unwittingly blundered upon the sleeping camp. After a short chase they captured the party and all returned to camp. Although the affair was nothing but a "brush," as one of the fellows said, Dan felt considerably chagrined that he had torn his new uniform and tumbled into several mud puddles. Such was his initiation to military life.

Just before Christmas, Dan's division had a series of skirmishes with the Yanks under General Schofield near Columbia. The battle began on the 24th and lasted all day. Wearied and worn after his hard fight, Dan slept that night as one dead. But before daylight he was wakened by a musket volley, followed immediately by the call to arms. Then there was hurry and bustle and confusion, for the outposts had been driven in by an irresistible charge and the enemy swarmed into the camp. Dan and the rest of his regiment were in the very forefront of the repulsing Confederate line. Stabbing right and left with their bayonets, they drove the Yankees back in confusion and compelled them to retreat. As the boys in gray received the order to fall back and form for another charge, Dan and several of his comrades were engaged in a hot little scirmmage with a few Federals who were exerting every effort to escape. Dan raised his bayonet and was upon the point of stabbing a man when, from the church steeple of distant Columbia came the clear notes of the Christmas bells. In a flash Dan remembered that it was Christmas day. The thought came over him with overwhelming force. He, Dan Clark, on the anniversary of his dear mother's death, had lifted his hands to slay a fellow-creature. Then he remembered that it was his own birthday. His musket dropped; his jaw relaxed. For a moment there appeared a boyish, far-away look on his face. Then recovering himself, he seized the man and, wrenching his musket from his hands, he started his prisoner toward camp. As the companies had been somewhat scattered in repulsing the attack, so there were many stragglers as they fell back over the contested ground. Dan was one of these. As he passed through a little grove the prisoner said: "Say, sonny, ain't you Danny Clark?"
"Yes," said the lad. "How did you
know me?"

"Well, sir, it was that look on your
face when you dropped your musket.
It looked like Agnes Clark's dying
face, and I've seen it on your face
when you were thinking of her. I'm
Dan Beardsley. You are so big now
I never would have known you but for
that look."

"Then you are the kind father who
cared for me when I was a baby. I
see now I did wrong in leaving you.

If I'd been a little older I'd never
have done it. You were always so
good to me I can't take you prisoner.
I'd die first."

This is how it happened that as sev-
eral of Dan's companions came in
sight they saw a man in Union blue
wrench the gun from Dan's hand and
dart away, followed immediately by
Dan, who tripped and fell heavily,
and was forced to abandon the chase.

"Hard luck," said one of the men,
"but there's plenty more Yanks
where that one's gone."

* * *

Her Revenge.

DESSA DAVIS.

(Second Prize Story).

Amy Sheller was nearly fifteen
years old when her father died. She
was the oldest of three children, thus
many of the home cares fell on her
shoulders. Her mother was a frail
woman whose time was usually occu-
pied with the care of Freddie, a child
of four years and a cripple. He had
never walked and, as much time and
money had been spent that he might
be helped, yet without success, it was
feared by his friends that he never
would walk.

When his parents came to their new
home, two years before this story
opens, a new physician had taken the
case and the child seemed to improve
wonderfully; a new and beautiful life
seemed to be dawning for the patient
little sufferer.

But, as so often happens when our
hopes are brightest, sorrow came to
this family. Mr. Sheller was taken
ill during the winter and died the fol-
lowing autumn. Life in their new
home seemed very sad and lonely for
the ones who were left. But much
work was to be done, and while they
missed the husband and father sadly,
they took courage and put aside the
sad thoughts and worked with a will.
The farm was a good one, and Har-
old, their twelve-year-old, was a great
help to Amy and her mother.

Both the older children had been in
school up to the time their father
bought this place and then, not wish-
ing to be separated, they left their
school and came with their parents.
Of course farm life was new for them,
but both grew strong and healthy in
the free out-of-door work. Amy learn-
ed to love the farm as much as her
brother did. She felt that gloves were
a trouble to her while at work and her
hands, though never large, were brown
and very strong, while her wrists were
like steel.

Mr. Sheller had put all the money
he had into this farm and, having been
on it so short a time nothing had been
saved as yet, so of course Freddie's
case was discontinued. Daily Mrs.
Sheller watched those delicate fea-
tures and the wasting form. Her
heart ached for her boy and she longed
for some way that she might save
him. His patience and loving touch
as he would say, “Don’t worry, Mamma, sometime Jesus will make me well,” made her almost desperate, and one October day she started for the small town which lay two miles west of their ranch. She went direct to the office of Mr. Wilson, who she had heard loaned money on farms and other property. He seemed much interested when he learned that she was Mrs. Sheller and wished to borrow money on the Sheller ranch. After talking for some time the interview was ended by his giving her $300 for a year and thereby enlisting her to mortgage her home. This with what she had saved from the farm would be sufficient, and some way, she was sure, would come whereby she could pay off the mortgage when the time came.

The treatment was resumed, and in six months Freddie was almost well.

Spring was here once more, and as things looked so bright, Mrs. Sheller began planning for the payment of the mortgage. The farm, during the previous year, had done very well, and they had been able to save some money, but this year things seemed to go wrong. The season was late and nothing prospered, so that October found her with not half enough money to pay the mortgage alone, not including the interest for a year, besides winter was coming on and so many things were needed.

Amy was old enough to teach now, and she had tried many times to obtain a school, but whether because she had no friends to recommend her or because of her inexperience in teaching her efforts were fruitless.

October came and went at the Sheller farm. So did Mr. Wilson. He called again in two weeks and during his third call he told Mrs. Sheller that he would foreclose the mortgage unless the money was forthcoming soon. What could she do? Too late she learned the disposition of Mr. Wilson. He was a hard, close old man. Late in life he had married a woman proud and as selfish as himself. Besides she was convinced that he wanted the Sheller ranch. He had intimated as much to his friends in town. Of course he could readily sell it for a good price. What would become of them if he should keep his word and foreclose. Yet she knew he could do so at any time. Worry and toil brought on sickness, and such was her frame of mind that it seemed as though death would be a blessing.

During this time Amy was a source of cheerfulness and comfort. She tried in every way possible to lighten and soften the burden of their misfortune with her beautiful Christian life and words of encouragement. She had tried faithfully up to this time to get work, but now that her mother was sick she decided to give it up and stay at home, doing her duty there and trusting Jesus.

On Wednesday, December 23, Mr. Wilson came to say that they must prepare to go away as he meant to settle everything up on the day after Christmas. Amy sat and watched his hard, cold face. He looked as though nothing would move him. She had tried to reason with him, but he grew impatient. It was not his business that they had no home but this, and that her mother was ill seemed not to trouble him in the least. Such a worldly nature, she concluded, could not be appealed to directly.

The next day she determined as a last resort to go to Dr. Morris, the physician who had been so kind while treating little Freddie. The day was as beautiful as can be imagined. The air was crisp, the sun bathing everything with a light almost divine. It seemed that all nature was preparing for the next day. The way to the village led past the home of Mr. Wilson and while passing the house Amy saw that his carriage and beautiful team
of gray ponies were waiting by the gate. The ponies were impatient to be off, and as she walked on she noticed that the lines were lying carelessly on the ground. She had gone some distance down the straight road when she was startled at hearing a cry, and looking around saw the ponies coming towards her. She knew at a glance that they were running away, though as yet they had not reached a high rate of speed. The lines were dragging and Mrs. Wilson was clinging wildly to her husband. Amy stepped out of the road and watched the team. Why not let them go and make no effort to stop them. Had not Mr. Wilson made life miserable for her dear ones for some time? Anyway he would never dream that he could stop them. She was not so sure that she could, but she could at least make an attempt. Her mind was made up as to what she should do and when the team came opposite she seized the lines firmly and wrapped them around her steel-like wrists. For some distance she ran with the team, causing them to slacken their speed, then coming to the stump she had hoped and knew she would come to, if it only might be near enough the road, she went on the inside of the tree while the horses were, of course, on the outside, and thus brought them to a sudden standstill. She knew no more until some time later she opened her eyes in a strange and beautiful room. Looking up she saw Mr. and Mrs. Wilson and Dr. Morris bending over her. "Thank heaven she isn’t dead," she heard Dr. Morris say, and then she felt hot tears on her face and Mrs. Wilson’s arms around her. She heard their words of praise and tried to remember what had happened. Soon she began to think again, and all the awful experience of those few minutes came back to her. She asked for her mother, and an hour later Dr. Morris took her into his carriage and drove to her home. Her mother was much frightened when she saw her daughter being carried in to the house, but Dr. Morris soon convinced her that the danger was past. There was an ugly gash across her noble white forehead and her hands were bandaged. After making her as comfortable as possible, Dr. Morris went home, promising to come the next day.

That evening there was a rap at the Sheller home, and when the door was opened, there stood Mr. and Mrs. Wilson. They explained the accident as well as they could and spoke in high terms of Amy’s bravery and her daring. Mr. Wilson said that soon after Amy passed the house he and his wife and son came out to the carriage. He helped his wife in, then he stepped in, forgetting the lines. The boy started to hand them to him when the horses became frightened and started to run. He said that what had frightened him most was the thought that the railroad track was only a short distance beyond where the horses were stopped.

When they were ready to go, Mr. Wilson went to Amy’s lounge and handed her an envelope, telling her not to open it until the next morning, as it was a Christmas present. When she opened it Christmas morning, it was found to contain the receipted mortgage.

No stronger friendship exists anywhere than that between the Wilsons and Shellers. Amy teaches in the village school and she often begs Mr. Wilson to allow her to pay the debt, now that she is able, which she still feels she owes him. But he says that every time he looks at that scar across her forehead, he feels like a brute, and so that the debt is more than paid.

Dr. Morris is still a frequent visitor at the Sheller farm, but he always asks for Mrs. Sheller.

* * *

Prof. W’s advice: “If you can’t find it, make it up.”
On December 1 the management of the Maroon offered a prize for the best Christmas story to be written for this issue, and a large number were handed in, showing that the students have an interest in and a taste for literary work as well as a relish for friendly rivalry. Mr. H. W. Nicholson wrote the winning story, entitled “Dan,” which appears as the first article in this number.

The story that ranked second also appears under the title, “Her Revenge.” We trust that our readers may enjoy these two stories and that the writers of them may, in days to come, entertain large numbers with the product of their pens.

As that time of the year draws nigh when the heart of all mankind is most open to the benign influence and the beautiful spirit of giving, it is well to pause a moment from our busy effort and careful choice on the behalf of those we love to consider just a few of the many blessed feelings and valued thoughts that lodge within our own breast and nestle so sweetly in that life in which we dwell alone with God, our Father. And as our spirit wanders in its musings from the sordid things of life and is caught up by the Holy One, back into spirit land it drifts o’er the ages past, ’till filled with silent awe and welling thoughts of purity and holiness it rests again in fancy upon that Gift of gifts Divine, a little babe so wondrous sweet and pure.

His Gift to man holding within the delicate being of a Child the Spirit that had made Heaven fair to Him, but now in sublime spirit of self-sacrifice and loving kindness He gives to
the weary and sin-laden earth to proclaim in tidings of joy the nearing close of the secular reign of error and oppression and the dawning of a new and everlasting era of truth, justice, and spiritual liberty.

The heart of all mankind is touched by the story of this first glorious gem of Christmas gifts and man’s spirit lifts in the yearning of a holy love to bestow some little token in emulation and appreciation of the Father’s Gift.

So throughout the world on Christmas eve, hearts are opened as at no other time in generous bestowal of Christmas cheer and kindness on those who perhaps have been less favored in life and less fortunate in possessions. Who can reckon the joy to those poor ones to whom by the gracious giving of some more prosperous fellow there comes a grateful opportunity to feast to the full their pinched and scented beings, or to the little one who for the first and only time perhaps is permitted to press to her fond embrace a wee doll-baby all her own?

How her eyes will dance with pleasure and the sunshine of her child-face beam forth her gratitude as she lisps forth that wondering hopeful question, “Is it mine?” But, ah, to him who in this picture plays the part of Santa Claus, what sweet and wondrous joy, filling the heart and breaking forth in joyful Christmas carol to which his springing step keeps time in many a path of future life that without this blest remembrance would seem dull and dreary! Ah, the blessings of those baby lips, how wondrously availing at the throne of Him who said, “Suffer the little ones to come unto me,” and how eloquently shall they plead the cause of him who gave them in the name of Jesus.

All the world seems kin. E’en to that poor heart that finds chief pleasure in the sordid and material things of life and knows little of happy sentiment in some way unaccountable to himself and all, perhaps, catches a sweet breath of the pervading spirit and behind a cold and even sneering frost warms his heart by its cheering glow with an inner consciousness of joy.

How dear, too, is Christmas to the bonds of family and friendship! Happy is the man to whom Christmas is a time of family cheer and who in joyful anticipation of the coming of Saint Nick begins in the early days of December to spend his spare moments in selecting and storing away small parcels and large for the wife and little ones at home.

His smile is cheery as he greets his fellow and his heart is merry as he plans for the happiness of his dear ones. With fondness he looks forward to the home-coming of the older ones at school, and with his wife they plan together the day of family gathering.

And she whom all good Americans hail as their queen uncrowned, whose generous heart is ever planning for the good of loved ones, ever forgetful of self, through many an hour of weary toil and patient effort has been weaving the story of a mother’s tender care or a sweetheart’s constant love into the fabric of her gift.

To her, God bless her, and to him who is the object of such devotion, Christmas means much. To speak of
it in terms of value is to put a price on that which all the riches of earth's kingdom cannot buy nor the power of its ruler command.

But to none, perhaps, has Christmas just the significance, does Christmas mean so much as to the little ones whose every plan and purpose for days and weeks ahead involves the coming of Old Santa. The joys of childhood are many, the happiness of innocent youth is proverbial, but without the story of Santa Claus and the babbling bliss of Christmas times that life would be robbed of one of its fondest and richest recollections.

As an institution of efflorescent love and crystal sentiment, of perfect joy and universal goodwill, Christmas of all the days of the Christian year stands pre-eminent. Representing the anniversary of the Gift of our Lord Jesus Christ it seems His spirit of noble self-sacrifice and cheerful giving has permeated its celebration till even to those who neglect to receive Him as their own, His day of birth is a day in which the heart unconsciously, it may be, is lifted for the time above human greed and selfishness to the ideals of Jesus Christ and is gathered with all the world about the throne of the Giver of all good gifts to there receive as some slight token of what might be a fleeting revelation of God as a Father and some small conception of the time when He shall rule on earth.

F. L. T.

Prof. Bell has received the following letter from Prof. Daniels, Professor of Greek and Librarian in Olivet College, Mich., where Prof. Bell prepared for college.

Prof. Daniels, who was Prof. Bell's first teacher in Greek, learned of his former pupil's present location through The Maroon's first appearance this year in the Olivet College Library.

OLIVET COLLEGE LIBRARY
Olivet, Mich., Nov. 10, 1904

Prof. Leon E. Bell,
Tacoma, Wash.

Dear Friend:
I was glad to receive a copy of "The Maroon" and to learn that you are Vice-President and Professor in The University of Puget Sound.

I wish to congratulate you on your new position of honor and usefulness. I am a firm believer in the great future of Washington, and in the unspeakable value of the Christian college in founding and molding our great states. I wish you and your co-workers great success in your undertaking.

Sincerely,

JOSEPH L. DANIELS.

P. S. stands for Pop Smith.
P. C. stands for Pure Candies.
We make 'em. 1146 Pacific Ave., Tacoma.

If you will call at

Theodore's

You will find some Xmas things in the Burnt Leather Goods
Freak and Funny Books that will make it worth while
SIGMA TAN SIGMA.

The first open meeting of the Sigmas was held in the chapel December 3. It was a matter of regret that President Williams was unable to be present. Mrs. Williams proved herself a charming chaperon and the evening passed pleasantly. The program was well rendered. At the banquet following, toasts for "Our Guests," "Our President," and "Our School" were made. Miss Barrett scored the hit of the evening by her happy response to the first toast.

H. C. S.

The literary work of the H. C. S. is showing a marked improvement, and we are looking forward to a splendid year's work. On November 26, Messrs. Crockett, Marlatt and Nicol were initiated into the fraternity.

B. L. S.

The B. L. S. have started upon a prosperous year's work. By the initiation of eight young ladies on December 12 they have received a splendid impetus to future success. We are looking for great things from the Boyers.

HOOTS FROM THE OWLS.

The girls of the Owl Society gave the November 21 program at the home of Miss Bonney as a surprise to the boys. An unusually pleasant evening was spent by all.

Miss Ora Bullock very charmingly entertained the Owls at a Literary and "Fads" evening at her home December 5. Each of the Owls came representing a particular fad, and much amusement was caused by the various displays. After a book contest, dainty refreshments were served.

The Owls celebrated their fourth birthday in a unique and mysterious way on December 14. Mr. Walker made a very nice birthday present.
Y. M. C. A.

We were pleased to have Mr. H. O. Hill, Pacific Coast secretary, at chapel, November 29. He met the association at noon, and we voted to send Messrs. Crockett, LeSourd, Nicol and Turner to the Bellingham convention. Mr. Hill met the cabinet December 8 and planned to hold a Bible Study convention on January 13, 1905. The Bible and Mission Study classes are making good progress. Several new members were voted in at our last business meeting and we expect a good year.

Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. is progressing splendidly. Our noonday prayer-meetings are well attended, and our membership growing. On December 2 the Ladies Aid of the First M. E. church, gave a reception to the girls and their friends, and in connection with it the girls sold candy. A neat sum was the result. The girls hearti-

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YOUR BEST

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Suits from $20 up.
Trousers $4 up.

Remember
No Fit -- No Pay
ly thank the ladies for their kindness. The Bible Study class under Prof. McProud, is still a source of inspiration to each girl, and our lives are richer for his teachings.

The fourth year preparatory class has succeeded in electing their officers as follows: President, W. D. Olsen; vice president, Lena Wilson; secretary, F. Hamilton; secretary, Mr. Nicoll.

We were pleased to have with us this month as chapel visitors, Dr. Fisher of Portland, and Dr. Todd, with his board, of Bellingham.

* * *

At E. V. Cooke's reading, some young couples strolled in late as Mr. Cooke was reciting "And the young man waited."

Mr. Hill: "I believe in enjoying life as we go along." Echo answers, ditto.

Greene, in chemistry: "An atmosphere pressure is about fifteen square pounds to the inch."

LeSourd (reading): "He, nothing loath, drained the foaming schooner."

Translating Greek: "With her right hand she chucked his chin—"

Prof. Marsh (asking constructions) "What sort of an arrangement was that?"

WALLACKER

For Pictures that always are neat, permanent and handsomely finished. See what we offer for $3.00. Come and look at them.

1127 PACIFIC AVENUE.

Get your Christmas Candies at

Josselyn's

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We are showing our Fall Suits, Over Coats and Rain Coats,—made by H. S. & M. and Benjamin — The World's Best. Largest and most complete line of Furnishings and Hats for men and young men in the state. Popular in price.

Dege & Milner,
111C-1112 Pacific Ave, Tacoma
It says in the exchange column of the Purple and Gold, that a college paper is a great institution. The editor gets the blame, the manager the experience and the printer the money—if there is any.

* * *

"Nonparatus" Freshie dixit,
Cum a sad and doleful look.
"Omne recte" Prof. respondid,
Et "Nihil" scripsit in his book.
—Ex.

The attendance at Harvard this year numbers 4,086, while the attendance at Michigan is 4,100. Harvard shows a loss of 205 over the previous year, while Michigan counts a gain of 441. The educational center seems to be moving westward.—Ex.

* * *

If you want to keep up on the news of the college world, read the Wade.

* * *

We wonder if the U. P. S. students could present Dr. Williams with any such good excuses as are published in the exchange column of the Purple and Gold.

Miss Brown — Pleas excuse Fritz for staying home; he had the measles to oblige his father.

Miss — Please let Willie home at two o'clock. I take him out for a little pleasure to see his grandfather's grave.

* * *

The Weekly Willamette Collegian has just come in. We have hardly had time to look it over, but it looks very interesting.

A youth went forth to serenade

The lady he loved best,
And by her house at evening
When the sun had gone to rest,
He warbled until daylight,
And would have warbled more,
But morning light disclosed the sign
"To let" upon the door.
"Very touching."

* * *

This month's exchanges have not come in as fast as is wished. So far there have been received only the College Independent, the Orange and Black, the Purple and Gold, the Wade, the Comet, the Simpsonian, the Evergreen and the Iowa Wesleyan. We have over thirty-five on our exchange list.

* * *

The Comet, from Reno, Nevada, High School, has a good story on the first page entitled "For Friendship's Sake." The Comet comes to us regularly and we are always glad to see it.
Ask the Bellingham girls why Turner didn’t sit on the platform with the delegates.

Crocket (in his sleep)—“Not that I cared anything about the girl, but I wanted to get that Seattle fellow.”

Read the ads. for Christmas suggestions.

C. O. (morning after Cook recital)—“All I could hear in my sleep was Wa-Wa!”

E. C.—“The soldiers not yet sufficiently affected by sea-sickness—” (translating Livy).

Jack Ball recently inquired where he could find Trafton.

Read the ads. before buying. The best houses advertise.

When a boy, H. Nicholson took after his mother. Since he has become a man he takes after the girls.

Prof. Knox—“Miss Cotter, I’ll begin with you as you’re the oldest.”

The H. C. S. took a Nicol for its society.

Why does Mr. Long carry marbles in his pocket? He plays with them in Economics.

Patronize the advertisers. It will pay you.

**Tacoma Stocking Factory**

If you want hose that fit; hose that wear well and look well, at reasonable prices, leave your order with us.

**Hose made to order.**

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**U. P. S. SPECIAL**

We have two souvenir books with cuts of the University building. They sell for 25c and 50c. Don’t overlook us on Xmas gifts.

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"Now hold your breath forty-five minutes."

J. C. about J. O's. paper: "I didn't know that paper was due this week."

Prof. MeP—- when Reynolds knocked: "If I had known who wanted in so bad, I'd let him have a chance to recite."

E. C. to E. G. in Greek (Mr. Olson obseuriring his view): "What new student is that?"

E. G.: "Why that's not a new one, that's Mr. Ball."

E. C.: "Oh —-, ye-s."

"Merry Christmas."

"Your eyes and your ears are large."

P. S.: "My eyes are weak," and then copious tears stood in her shining orbs.

J. O. (pitifully): "Many a young man has been called to get married but cannot find a girl to have him."

A. L. M.: "There is a poem in an exchange which is two-thirds Latin and one-half English."

In history: "There is one other book."

"The Owls, the Owls, are very fine fowls."

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Mrs. McProud: "Had he only one very dark hair?"

"Love's flame is brightest in the darkness of the night."

Mr. Nicholson: "I never fell in love but once, and—Oh, my, it was fine!"

Mr. O.: "How's that? The knave of hearts stole the queen of hearts, or—yes, tarts."

There is to be a debate: "Resolved, that the clergy should have reformed (should reform) by not marrying."

Mrs. Mc: "Who are the persons in a 'strange travel'?"

E. Pearl: "Ein Man, ein Sohn, ein Esel."

Prof. Walton: "I was washing a window fifty feet high."

Pride and vanity are fittingly illustrated in the Soph. English class, as the boys all carry looking-glasses.

"I will comb my hairs."

Prof. War.: "An assessment once paid is paid for all; but an example of dues might be a marriage license, as you have to pay for it every time you get one."

Prof. Knox: "Give us the laugh."

J. O.: "Jack, I hear you've gone and done it. * * Did you draw her close and tell her that you loved her? So did I. What! you rejected? So was I."

Heard in the dark: "My knees are wearing out."

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While discussing the possibility of sending delegates to Bellingham, Mr. Noyes expressed a perfect willingness to excuse Prof. Bowersox from all of his (Mr. Noyes') classes if the Professor wished to go.

Who’s who?

“Just wait a minute.”

“At its first blush.”

“You think you are smart, don’t you.”

“Keep still!”

“O Horrors!”

“Very good.”

“This day and age of the world.”

“That’s it, precisely.”

“O joy!”

New student: “Is there any other society in school besides the Owls?”

Oh, the joy of pockets!

One of the boys: “Would it be a good plan to give a hair-ribbon sale?”

Miss LeS—: “Just bring ‘beaux’ to school and we girls will jump.”

President Williams does not believe in elastic characters, but he does believe in rubber soles.

In English: “He chose a lady to fight for.”

J. O.: “Is that the first thing to do?”

Mr. Noyes has publicly expressed a wish for a button-sewer, “so they say.”

The other day Prof. B-n was heard asking Miss M. D-n to smooth his way for him.

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Prof. (addressing college class): "Very concentrated—that is, very weak."

Who wishes to be a "good man?"

Mr. M— (at the Owl party): "My dad is barking."

Miss M-l-t: "Oh, I'm so sorry!"

Mr. M—: "So am I."

Mr. K-ne: "Becket became the worst kind of a Christian."

Mrs. McProud: Pupils come round about examination time weeping crocodile tears."

Student: "Who are you trying to slam now?"

Prof. K— in elocution: "The band is playing, so no one can hear us."

Talking about Mr. Noyes, it is said that after his fervent speech in the Sigma open meeting, a certain young lady was afraid to have him escort her home.

German girl: "My heart is yours."

German boy: "Your heart is mine."

"Isn't it queer that girls give taffy!"

E. M.: "I'll have to die (dye)."

Miss B—n: "Which end of the hair came out?" (Probably the root-end).

Miss C.: "I will never hire a man with his hands in his pockets."

Mr. L.: "I'm not looking for a job."


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Angie Markham—a beau.
Amy Snell—a green carnation.
L. Barrett—more compliments.
Chas. Olsan—4 in Cicero.
Lena Wilson—a Marsh-mallow.
(Marsh approves, and "Barkis is willing.")
Earle Sheafe—"a knocker."
Edith Marlatte—a pennant.
Zaidee Bonney—some Smiles.
To all—the merriest possible Christmas.

You had better see

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