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The Thanksgiving of the Wileys.

November had set as usual with dull gray skies and chilly penetrating winds. Up the broad avenue that led to the Cunningham home the tall trees tossed their snow white boughs as if anxiously waiting to be clothed again in their rich, green robes. Everything was covered with snow and here and there tall snow men stood as monuments of happy children.

In the house beyond all was bright and cheery with glowing fires. James Cunningham and his wife sat in the library, she with a beseeching look in her gentle eyes, he with a sight annoyance in his.

"So you wish me to invite your people here for Thanksgiving," he said harshly. "I tell you, Myrtle, it is impossible."

"But why, James?" returned his wife with a little catch in her voice. "just think we have been married seven years and you never have asked them yet."

Mr. Cunningham frowned and turned to his book. But he was not in an attitude to read and suddenly turned and faced his wife. "If you please, Myrtle, we will drop the subject. You have me, what more do you want."

Mrs. Cunningham heaved a sigh and left the room giving up all hopes.

When James Cunningham first saw Myrtle Wiley she was a girl of eighteen, living in a plain old-fashioned cottage. Wealthy and aristocratic as he was he determined to win her love. The thought of placing the proud aristocratic name of Cunningham with that of Wiley went greatly against his pride, but Myrtle was so beautiful and pure, he determined to give up his pride for a while, at least.

The second time he saw his prospective father-in-law, the old man wore a large well-worn straw hat, a poorly fitting and very shabby coat, an old pair of overalls that were at least two inches short, rough heavy shoes, and to brighten all a red bandana handkerchief was folded about his brown neck. He was sitting on an apple box telling stories to a crowd of loungers as young Cunningham went by, holding his head high, and looking neither to left or right. His clothes were well fitting and a splendid diamond sparkled on his finger.

Joseph Wiley and his wife were decidedly common people. He was a little man, pretty well advanced in years with a kind, wrinkled face and a back somewhat bent. He could turn his hand at almost anything, however. When a good housewife wanted a screen door fixed or a stove put up she always sent for Joseph.

If he was lacking in pride for himself he had an abundance for his daughter, with her long, brown, curls which fell on a face and throat like a "creamy lily that had been touched by sunset," and the brightest blue eyes that ever looked out of a maidens soul.
Where she got her beauty no one could understand. All the family pinched and saved to clothe and educate her properly. She studied hard and meant to be a teacher, but the year she was eighteen James Cunningham, a successful lawyer, won her love and married her.

James Cunningham never could recall his wedding day without a shudder. The plain little room with its cane seated chairs, chocheted tidies and cheap pictures. How one by one the tear stained faces had come out of the low raftered kitchen, with its shiny pans hanging on the walls and kissed the beautiful bride good-bye. The thoughts of the two awkward boys in their ill fitting suits and gaudy neckties always made him ill tempered.

He gave a sigh of relief when the ceremony was over and he was free to draw his lovely bride to his side. Myrtle threw her arms around her father's neck, before the carriage started and sobbing said: "You'll come and see me won't you, father. I'll write and tell you when to come."

It had been seven years since that day and that long promised letter had never been written. Myrtle had only been home a few times on short visits, but when she did come her old father never went to tell stories on the street corner. He would sit and watch his beautiful daughter for hours.

"I would like to see Myrtle's home," he said one day as he looked across to the hills far away, "but it may be all for the best that I shouldn't."

So the years rolled by. Kind old Joseph's back bent more and more and the mother's hair grew white.

A few days before Thanksgiving Joseph came home carrying a large bundle of willow boughs.

"For goodness sake's, father," cried his wife, "what do you want them for?"

"I am going to make Myrtle a chair for a Christmas present. She can buy everything she want, but something that father made will please her more than anything else."

Myrtle Cunningham grew paler each day and one night when her husband came home she complained of being cold.

"You better go to bed, dear," he said tenderly. Before the morning she was in a high fever. As the fever grew she became delirious and talked continually of father and Jim and how she wished she were home.

Now for the first time James Cunningham realized what a wrong he had committed, the miseries he had caused his wife by keeping her away from her parents.

He walked over to the window. The sun was setting and the bay was like a huge rose, each wave an upswirling petal, paling from its edges rich copper pink to a delicate hue at the centre. Low in the west, the mountains towered high, each one being wrapped in fire, behind which the sun was slowly hiding. All this beauty only seemed to bring his cruel actions more vividly before him.

"They loved her, too. What would he do if she were taken away from him now?" He turned and hastily went down stairs and in half an hour's time a telegram was on its way to the plain little Wiley cottage.

Father Wiley was sitting in the back yard bending the willow boughs for his chair when Mrs. Wiley came out and held up the yellow paper, and trembling, cried, "Myrtle's got lung fever and isn't expected to live. James says we can come."

They reached the Cunningham home that night, but Myrtle did not know them. All that night Joseph Wiley watched over his lovely daugh-
ter. His son-in-law asked him to his home, but wasn’t it too late? It was the father’s hand that smoothed the eury hair and that gave the medicine. James could see nothing but ood, in the once despised old man.

Night passed slowly. In the early morning the doctor came and saw the change for the better. He looked across to the father tenderly. “This can indeed be a day of Thanksgiving for you, your daughter will live.” The old man dropped the pale limp hand and sank on his knees sobbing for joy. It was James Cunningham who lifted him up, and said, “Come, father, come.”

That day Myrtle lay upon her pillow exhausted, and worn but at peace with all the world. “And you are all here,” she whispered happily—father, mother, Jack and Jim.”

---

Tim’s Turkey.

Aw, no yere don’t! Yere needn’t link dat I ain’t got no sense, just ’cause I look green. Naw, dot am ’t no go, yere needn’t tink dat you can palm a dead turkey off on me, ’cause I won’t have it. You give other people dead turkeys—naw, you don’t stuff me, I won’t be stuffed. I tell yere I want a real, live turkey, like dat one in de window. On what? Ex what? Exibition! Well, I don’t care. I’ve sold enough papers to buy the ex-exibition the turkey’s on, even if I don’t see it. Carry it? Under me arm, ’spose it’s going to eat me? Put it in a sack? Not on yere life. Here—dere’s yere dough.

The turkey was almost as big as the thin, little lad and I smiled at him as he passed out of the door.

A crowd of waiting newsboys, besides me, began to yell, “Say Tim, what’s yere going to do with dat turkey?”

“Eat it, you galvanized freak, what’s yere take me for?”

“You’d better watch out, it don’t eat you before yere git it to yere shanty. It’ll run away wid yere.”

“Aw, g’long. This is a tame turkey ’cause it’s got its exhibtion on,” was Tim’s reply to his pursuers.

Tim went on up the street, followed by the crowd, until he came to the corner of Fifth and Engel streets. People, here and there, turned and looked after him as he passed, bravely hugging the huge turkey in both arms. Just as he reached the corner, a bootblack suddenly appeared from the other direction and a collision resulted.

“Hey—looke out! Keep still—aw, what’s yere doing? Help! help! my turkey’s kicking. Oh, it’ll get away from me.”

And get away it did and started down Engel street, among the throngs of rushing people, followed by an ever increasing crowd of newsboys and bootblacks.

Suddenly there is an awful shock, as of an earthquake. An earthquake, no, no, it was only a very fat man, suddenly hitting the earth, who wondered greatly, what flying demon it was that had flown between his legs. But the race was on, and the ever increasing crowd left him with a, “Say, mister, there’s no ice this mornin,” and was out of sight.

The turkey was fast gaining when suddenly a stout washerwoman appeared in the way. The poor turkey in its mad flight, tried to fly over her, but with its speed, it couldn’t fly high
enough and the result was, that a much bemuddled turkey went on recklessly and a much bewildered washerwoman devoutly crossed herself, and as she gathered up her clothes, wondered what she had done, that Satan's imps should be sent to punish her. This interruption gave Tim an advantage and he gained a half block when—woe, woe, a dog, lazily meandering down the street, blocked the turkey's way and with one of its wild leaps, it landed square on the dog's back and fastened its claws firmly in him. The dog velped with fear and started away with a speed that made Tim's heart sink. Finding that running brought no relief, the dog suddenly stopped and made a quick roll. This was effectual in freeing him from his unwelcome burden and the turkey again pursued its mad flight alone.

Still, a turkey cannot run for a lifetime and neither could Tim,—so it was with thankfulness that Tim, half a block away, saw the turkey make a weary leap into an empty carriage, standing by the curb.

Hope sprung up in his breast and gave fresh impetus to his speed. He had almost reached the carriage when—

"Why, what is the matter, my little boy? I know you didn't mean to run into me, but why were you running so?"

Tim, out of breath and almost in tears, could only stammer out.

"Oh! my, my tur—my turkey—my turkey!"

"Your turkey, why, what do you mean?"

"He'll—he'll get away—he's in your carriage," answered Tim, between sobs.

"Why, no, there is no turkey in my carriage. Alright then, let us get in and see."

Tim eagerly jumped in and found his turkey, almost dead, under the seat in the corner.

"Oh! turkey, turkey—you ran away from me—and I didn't think you could when you had your exhibition on. I got yere now, though and I'll take you to the shanty for the boys for—oh! turkey, I can't eat yere now when yere had to run so far."

By degrees, the lady prevailed upon Tim to tell her of his buy and loss and why he wanted it in the first place.

"Why, yere see, tomorrow is Thanksgivin' and I saved me dough to get a turkey fur de gang and de man wanted me to take an old dead turkey—but I wouldn't have it, even if he did say dat dis one had its exhibition on. Relation to me. Naw, de gang ain't no relation to me. Yes, we live in a shanty. De gov'ner and me mither was drowned in East river and I've just lived 'round. Like de gang. Course. Naw, I won't go back on de gang fur tomorrow. You'll have'n all, you say. Yere worse tan de man fur stuffing me. Mean it?—well, you'll have to show me, yere dandy if yere do. Sure, I'll take yere to de shanty. I'll tell de stiff up on de box where it is—'cause it ain't very far. Gee, won't de gang be surprised when de see me and you—such a grand lady."

But the invitation was delivered alright for the boys understood Tim's language, even if the lady didn't.

Next day, at the dinner hour, the boys, looking shiny and clean, after an unaccustomed wash, presented themselves at the door of a grand house on Philadelphia avenue, with Tim at their head, almost bursting with importance. The door was opened and Tim's benefactor appeared.

"Say, lady, I didn't find dis turkey's exhibition, so I tied its legs and brung it to yere anyhow and de gang wants ter give it to yere as a present."

And Tim deposited it on the rug.

It was accepted, of course, and carried away. But I must pass over that
and the dinner, too—with its crowd of boys and the grand lady at the head and the grand gentleman at the foot—for I must tell you the biggest thing that happened.

After the regular Thanksgiving dinner was over and the pumpkin pie had been eaten, the grand gentleman said, "Boys, how would you like to live here and go to school and help me out of hours. Little Tim, you're not as strong as the rest, how would you like to stay here with "your grand lady" and take care of her and your turkey while I am at the office."

The boys looked at him with a wondering stare until, at last, Tim, overwhelmed at his good fortune burst out,

"Say, mister, I'll stay, if yere'll only looked at dat turkey and find dat exibition and den, maybe, he won't run off again. What do yere say, guys—?"

And "de gang" answered, "Yep."

---

**Thanksgiving in Colonial Times.**

It was with an anxious heart that Mary Ellis busied herself with her morning work. It was the day proclaimed by the governor for thanking for the blessings of the past year, but this plain little Puritan woman could scarcely think of offering thanks. As she busied herself about her work she sent up a prayer to her Father to be near and guard her and her little ones from all danger. Not an hour before Jonas Pemberton had stopped long enough to tell her of the destruction of a village by the Indians a few miles down the river, and to warn her to be prepared against a possible raid.

"We do not know which way they have gone, but it is as well to be prepared," he said, and then he was off again on his errand of warning.

The mother turned and looked at happy, innocent babies, little six-year-old Constance and three-year-old John, and with tears in her eyes she murmured, "Oh, my Father, protect me and mine today."

Well did she realize her helplessness for she was three miles from the nearest village, and baby John was just recovering from an attack of measles so that it was too dangerous to take him out. Early that morning her husband and her two brothers had shouldered their guns and gone out in search of game, feeling confident that the young wife was safe, for the last heard of the Indians was that they were farther south.

But this brave little Puritan woman was not the one to lose courage in time of danger. She hastily bolted the cabin door and then took down the one remaining flint lock and loaded it. By good fortune the men had left a small amount of ammunition. Then she went about her house work, singing all the while to keep her courage up. She was sitting by the big log fire rocking little John and telling him and Constance stories of her own childhood days back in sunny England when she heard a peculiar grunt—"he knew too well to be the voice of a Redskin.

Never for an instant did she hesitate from fear. She put the two children on the floor and hurriedly gave them their playthings. Then she picked up her gun and looked out through a crack between the logs. There were three Indians standing
there nodding and grunting to each other. Finally one of them started toward the house and rapped on the door. The noise startled the children, but a smile from their mother set their little hearts at rest again as the brave woman took aim at one of the Indians and fired. The Indian fell and, upon seeing this, the one at the door began pounding harder. It seemed as though the rude door would break in, but Mary Ellis aimed at the second one and fired. She did not know how many more of them there were, but she would make a brave effort for her little ones safety. All thoughts of her own danger had fled. Just as the second Indian fell, the door broke in and a huge Indian in war paint and feathers bounded into the room brandishing a tomahawk. Instantly the mother sprang in front of her terrified children expecting every moment to feel the blow of the dreadful tomahawk. She had had no time to reload her gun and now the Redskin stood between her and her little supply of powder. Hastily snatching up the poker she raised it to defend herself and it struck the lowering tomahawk from the Indian's hand and sent it flying across the room where it stuck in the logs. The Indian seem dazed by its sudden flight and stood motionless for an instant, but Mary Ellis was not dazed and breathing a prayer for her Father's help she hurled the heavy iron poker at his head. By the almost superhuman force of the blow the Indian fell to the floor unconscious.

At that minute George Ellis and the other two men rushed in, terrified by the sight of the two dead Indians in the snow and expecting to see Mary and the children murdered. With a sob Mary rushed to her husband while her brothers quickly dispatched the unconscious Indian. There was no great feasting of the game the men had caught, but the simple little meal was blessed by a spirit of thanksgiving such as we is our abundance of things never feel.

Bettie.

Cordelia, the Dutiful Daughter.

In merry England, in the days of the Saxons, before the roving Normans had conquered the Isle of Brittany, there was situated on the banks of the Thames a castle. Here in this low, rambling building, consisting of a square tower, surrounded by inferior buildings and court-yards, lived Lear, King of Brittany. His kingdom was youthful but prosperous. Many lords, who were the owners of rich and broad fields, owed their allegiance to him. His home, though more pretentious than the others, was very rude and simple. The roof was so poorly constructed that the wind and rain damaged the rich draperies hung on the walls. The floor was of earth and lime, packed hard, while the furniture was massive, simple and scarce. The dining-table was of oaken unplanned timber, but its cloth was of rich velvet. Many vessels were made of precious metals. Thus magnificence and elegance were mingled with rusticity and discomfort.

Three little girls might be seen running around in the castle and its yard. The two elder usually left the younger to her own resources. Her's was a happy existence. "If fortune brag of two she loved and hated, One of them we behold," Kent said of her later. Her very birth had been under aus-
precious stars, which the astrologers said predicted a good, kind, useful life. Cordelia, as she was called, had a vivid imagination. With her thoughts for company she would wander out into the woods, talking to the flowers by the wayside, imagining what the birds meant by their chatter, and listening to the babbling brooks. Being of an optimistic temperament and kind to everyone in the castle from the courtiers down to the servants, she was loved by all. Even the horses in their stables and the dogs in their kennels welcomed the appearance of the baby into their apartments. Cordelia had a faint recollection of a woman whom she had called Mamma, and she distinctly remembered a faithful nurse who had gone to the "better land" a month previously, who with her dying breath had said: "God bless little Cordelia." Now an aunt had come to be housekeeper. Slight attention was paid to Cordelia by her spinster relative, who was silly and thoughtless. Regan and Goneril, following in her footsteps, thought only of dress and of having a good time, and grew up to be vain, selfish women. Cordelia often traveled through the kingdom with her father, as she was his constant companion. And so with her father and nature as her teachers, she grew up to be a good, true woman, as pure and fair as a lily.

Fourteen years later, at the age of twenty, Cordelia was a young woman of medium height, with delicate features, clear blue eyes, and an abundance of curly, golden hair, which she wore loose to indicate her free birth. Her voice was "ever soft, gentle and low." She was kind, proud, modest, loving and truthful—her father's "best object, argument of praise, balm of age, most best, most dearest." Lear was now three score and nineteen years old. The impetuous and fiery activity, which had distinguished men in his younger days, was now changed into restless childishness. Continually thinking of new projects, he at length conceived the idea of dividing his kingdom among his daughters. On a fair day in autumn the court gathered in the large hall. Each of the daughters was to tell of her love for her father. Cordelia was disgusted upon hearing her sisters' glib, smooth, heartless speeches, and decided to love and be silent. Lear, being old and crabbed, could not stand her apparent coldness and disowned her, giving her truth as her dowry.

Many unsuccessful suitors had sought the hand of the younger girl. The Duke of Burgundy and the King of France were at court. The former, being a mere fortune-hunter, would have nothing to do with the girl who had only truth for her dowry, but the king loved her, so he took her home to be his Queen of France. The lovely Saxon princess soon won the hearts of the French people, but half her heart, affection and anxiety had remained in England. Upon receiving Kent's letter telling of how her father had been out in the storm and had at last found shelter in a hovel, she cried and smiled, attempting to overcome her grief, and at last sought solitude. France, sympathizing with her, sent her to Britain with an army. She found Lear half crazy, but there was "reason for his madness." Lear, being ashamed of his conduct, attempted to elude her, but illness brought them into the French camp. Her tender solicitude at his bedside was beautiful. She, who had been disowned, who had no dower, who had every reason to be angry, was kneeling beside her sire, ready to perform his slightest wish. The forces of Cordelia were defeated and they were taken captive. But for herself she did not fear. In the presence of Edmund, with her gentle dignity, Cordelia asked with irony: "Shall we not see these sisters and
these daughters?" But Lear, being aroused, answered: "No, no, no, no-Come; let's away to the prison. We two, alone, will sing like birds i' the cage!" In this happy state of mind, he and his favorite daughter were led to their cell.

A council was being held in the camp. The wicked lives of Cordelia's sisters were ended. On his deathbed, Edmund, repenting of his order to have Cordelia and Lear killed, revoked the death sentence. Lear, with staring eyes and trembling limbs, came tottering into the group. Cordelia, white and still, was carried in his arms. Her spirit had flown with the cares and anxieties of this life. A solemn hush fell over the crowd. It seemed as if they could see the angels hovering around, and, looking up, see "The bridges running to and fro.

O'er which the white-winged angels go,
Bearing the holy dead to heaven."

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WE ARE WON,

Heard from H. C. S. (ten years later).

Oh, we are won, and who presumed
To sever hearts like ours?
It was the B. L. S. who tried
On us their new, learned powers.
Now bonds that cannot broken be
Bond us eternally.
A living death we now endure
Till ends this misery.

Yes, in the joyous hours of youth
We all loved one another,
In H. C. S. and Boyer Lit
Each one was as a brother.
We ne'er did dream the time would come
That it would bring us woe,
But as the years have come and gone,
Indeed they proved it so. — "Dolly."

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Last month the MAROON management offered a two dollar prize for the best Christmas story to be handed to the editor by December second. Competitors please hand names to editor immediately.

THANKSGIVING.

As the scarlet and gold leaves answer the wind’s loud call and Jack Frost sends his withering breath over the harvested fields, a spirit of thankfulness should possess us as it did our Puritan fathers of old.

Since the white man first set foot on Plymouth Rock, days of fasting, when Indians menaced, or days of thanksgiving, upon the timely arrival of ships from home, have been observed in New England homes. In the good old days the pastor’s sermon on local and general government, preached on Thanksgiving Day was looked forward to with interest.

During the Revolution the Continental Congress recommended the observance of special days; after the constitution was adopted the president appointed special days to be observed on account of special happenings, as the conclusion of treaty with Great Britain.

But President Lincoln instituted the custom of proclaiming an autumn festival day, the governors follow with their proclamations, (except when the Populistic governor was in a hurry and issued his proclamation weeks before the president did), thus making Thanksgiving Day the “only religious festival observed at instance of civil authority.”

Fortunate indeed is that “Westerner” whose grandparents crossed the plains. He perchance may dine with the other relatives in a half-century-old homestead.

Snow and blizzard are lacking as the western limit of Uncle Sam’s possessions are approached. An Hawaiian
city indulged in a festive automobile parade last Thanksgiving. Neither was the notice “if weather permits,” attached to that announcement in that climate where you may pick luscious strawberries from the vine, nine months of the year.

* * * *

WHO DOES IT

That college students well advanced in languages or mathematics should be in need of primary instruction in goodmanners seems strange; but a mere glance at the pillars of the upper porch show this to be the case. Just why some students use this place to display their hand-writing is unknown, but may be attributed to one of three causes.

First, failing to secure public mention in chapel or to get their names in the Maroon, they have taken this means of making themselves conspicuous.

The second may be explained by the old rhyme:

“Fools’ names like fools’ faces
Always appear in public places.”

The third and most probable reason is simple thoughtlessness. But should this stand as a sufficient excuse? College people are supposed to be able to think; and no doubt would feel much insulted if told they had no brains. We are told, however, that “by your works you shall be known,” and if a student acts as though unable to think of the most common civility, what can be the estimate of his brain power.

Nothing should separate the college from the grammar school more than the absence of scribbled walls; and yet some of our thoughtless students are fast destroying this distinction in our own institution. Nothing should be more disgraceful than to see our walls or desks covered with initials, society emblems, or senseless scrawling. But after all who does it?

G. Q. L.

Not every Clothing House, you might be surprised to learn, is really eager for the young men’s trade. “Too finiky,” they say; “too difficult!”

No, that isn’t so; the gist of the thing is this: the garments they offer are not really Young Men’s Clothes; they’re not prepared to fit him. Then he has ten ideas about clothes to his father’s one. Ourselves, we are young enough to like him, old enough to be helpful to him, and, most important of all, we have the clothes he is looking for.

Young Men’s are priced
at from $8.00 to $25.00

Overcoats, $10.00 to $25.00

DEGE & MILNER
In a recent chapel talk Rev. O. R. Miller spoke concerning legislative work accomplished and the bills which the National Temperance Society hope to have brought before Congress. His vigorous speech inspired us to hope for better government when the public becomes educated in right thinking.

* * * *

The first number of the Y. M. C. A. Star Course was witnessed by an appreciative audience October thirty-first, when Lorada Taft gave his lecture, "A Glimpse of a Sculptor's Studio." We are here to obtain the best possible education, and enjoy this opportunity.

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SOCIETY

PHILO.

The Philomathean Literary Society has been doing most excellent work this last month. Two open programs, which have been very much enjoyed, have been presented. The new members are as enthusiastic as the old and show much ability along literary lines. Four students were initiated into the Society—Miss Burt and Messrs. Kendall, Walker and Ward. Just "Watch the Philos grow," not only in membership, but also in ability and strength to perform their work more creditably as time goes on.

* * *

B. L. S.

The Boyer Literary Society are fast approaching the high standard of literary work which they have set. The new members are proving to have great ability and take great interest in the meetings. The plan has been adopted of having a special topic for each program. The two programs rendered this month took up as their subjects; the first, the Japanese; the second, Roosevelt. The old members and the new still enthusiastically support their motto, "Be faithful to Boyer."

* * *

Y. W. C. A.

The principal work of growth in the Association is the daily prayer-meeting. This service is held for ten minutes at noon on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, and has been remarkably well attended. In addition to their daily meetings, the regular weekly service is held each Tuesday. The change in time of meeting from 12:30 to 1:00 allows the Dormitory...
students to be present, and has proven very beneficial. Mr. Harry O. Hill, our coast secretary, spent Thursday, October 26, with us, and gave a great inspiration to the Association work.

* * * *

VOLUNTEER BAND.

The Student Volunteers for Foreign Missions have begun work in earnest. Under the efficient leadership of Mr. Carl Nichol. The interest in the band has been greatly stimulated. Several new volunteers have been added to last year’s membership, and are doing much to make the organization a success. Much practical work will be taken up this year which will prove of great value to the volunteers. Mr. H. O. Hill addressed the Band on the day of his visit and gave a very strong talk on the needs and opportunities of the field. Mr. Hill is especially interested in this work, as he expects to go to the field next year.

* * * *

PROHIBITION LEAGUE.

The Prohibition League has had a remarkable growth this year. From fourteen charter members it has increased to nearly forty. A text book has been adopted, which will lend interest and help to the work. On Monday evening, Nov. 27, there will be a Rally in the University chapel. An enjoyable program will be rendered.

Domestic is the correct finish.
Gloss is out of date.

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THE WHITE HOUSE

1527 Pacific Avenue.
On Monday evening, Oct. 30, the H. C. S. fraternity entertained their sister society, the B. L. S., at the home of Adin Marlatt. On the glass in the front door appeared the emblems of the two societies. Inside grinning jack-o'-lanterns were in every dark corner. After a number of games, each guest was given a string and after following its mysterious guidance around dark corners, upstairs, through doors and arches, the attic was finally reached. There amid the dim lights of jack-o'-lanterns the guests met "His Majesty, Mephistopheles," and from him learned their future fate. Nuts and roasted apples were served during the evening.

The H. C. S. is paying especial attention to its literary programs, making them occasions of unusual interest.

Mr. Karl Shehan and Mr. Gilbert Newland were initiated into the mysteries of the society on Nov. 7.

The Faculty and Freshmen of "Our University" were most delightfully entertained at the home of Miss Ora Bullock by the Junior Class on Hallowe'en. The entire Junior Class were garbed as ghosts and witches. In the dim light they presented a very weird appearance. The amusements were the "Ships of Fate" and bobbing for apples. The most interesting features were the Expressionist, who read the fortune by the countenance, and Gypsies, who brewed tea leaves and read therefrom the fate of those present. Light refreshments were served at different times as the guests were unravelling the skein of fate and telling ghost stories.

Don't forget the DeMoss Family entertainment at the First M. E. church, Nov. 27th. Admission 25c, reserved seats 35c, children 15c. Given for the benefit of the University library.

The Underwood typewriter can be seen at E. H. Hoover & Co.'s new store, 909 Pacific Ave., where they will be pleased to welcome the University students at all times.

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Graduating Suits a specialty.

411 Eleventh Street.
Our exchange list is somewhat short this month, a condition probably arising from the fact that it takes time to get a school paper into running order. Next month it will be longer and more to our liking.

The *Simpsonian*, from Simpson College, Iowa, announces that each of its literary societies meets every week. We are always glad to find out what other colleges are doing in this and all other lines of work.

The *Willamette Collegian* is full of news from the foot ball field. There is evidently great enthusiasm manifested in this school in all kinds of athletics.

Exchanges are to be found on the shelves next to the art room, the third shelf from the top in the corner nearest the door. Let everybody read them, enjoy them, and then put them back where they belong.

"Absence makes the heart go find 'er."—Exchange.

The *Comet*, from Reno High School, Nevada, sneaks for more debating, a

---

**EXCHANGES**

---

**Menzies & Stevens.**

A shipment of the LATEST NOVELTIES in SOFT HATS has just arrived. This lot includes the celebrated

*Crofut & Knapp College Hats at $3.50*

Also a number of VERY NEW STYLES in SOFT HATS at $3.00

If you want a Hat that is entirely new and up-to-date in style, it will pay you to see us.

**Menzies & Stevens,**  
Clothiers—Furnishers—Hatters  
913 Pacific AvenueProvident Building.
request which we heartily second.

* * * *

The Enterprise, another high school paper, we find fulfills its name. It contains little nonsense and few locals, but much interesting reading and original work.

* * * *

To prove that a cat has three tails.

Given: A cat and no cat.

To Prove: A cat has three tails.

Proof—No cat has two tails and a cat has one tail more than no cat.

Hence: A cat has three tails.

—Tacoma Exchange.

* * * *

We consider the Hyak a very interesting paper, but would like to know from what school it comes.

* * * *

The Baker Orange brings news of frequent class scorns. Class spirit, and indeed every other kind of spirit, seems to run high there.

---

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1018 Tacoma Avenue.

If our solicitors fail to call Phone your orders to Main 466

We sell

Jabrow’s Blue Mottled Naptha Soap (made in Tacoma—none better), Medicated Toilet, Imported Castile, Tar and Pumice Soap, Face and Tooth Powders, Mme. Dreyfus’ Hair Tonic (the best on the market), Toilet Creams, Perfumes, Toilet Waters, Bay Rum, Egg Shampoo, German Green Soap, Etc., Etc.

Our Premiums: Mission and other Parlor Clocks, Pictures, Jardeniers, Vases, Imported China Ware, Candelabra, Toilet Sets, Musical Albums, Fine line of Pottery, Carpet Sweepers, Dolls, Children’s China Sets and other useful articles.

Coupons for valuable premiums are given with all goods sold by us. Save them. Our goods are the best on the market. Give them a trial.

TESTIMONIALS FOR MME. DREYFUS’ HAIR TONIC.


Gentlemen: I have used Mme. Dreyfus’ Hair Tonic and find it cures dandruff and stops falling hair, and cures scalp eruptions or itching. I have never used a tonic that made my hair grow as Mme. Dreyfus’ has. I can recommend it to any one who has trouble with their hair or scalp.

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MRS. G. W. WILLIS.

Tacoma, Wash., Oct. 21, 1905.

Gentlemen: I take pleasure in telling you what Mme. Dreyfus’ Hair Tonic has done for me. For a number of years my hair was falling out and I was getting to be bald. I only used two bottles of your Mme. Dreyfus’ Hair Tonic and one box of German Green Soap and I have already an excellent growth of new hair. The dandruff and itching has entirely disappeared.

Yours truly,

M. M. BROCK.

OTHER TESTIMONIALS ON FILE.
For the Freshies from Simpsonian Exchange:

"There, little boy, don't cry;  
You've fluked today, I know.  
It wasn't a bluff,  
And you bucked hard enough,  
But you're green my son, you know.  
You'll learn how in the sweet by and by;  
So there, little boy, don't cry.

"There, Freshie, dear, don't cry,  
She smiled at him, I know.  
And the one you adore  
Smiles at you no more.  
Have you lost your drag? O no,  
For you'll win if you only try;  
So there, little boy, don't cry."

---

Baker Orange also states that Baker girls are experiencing difficulties because of someone with sticky fingers. We sympathize with them deeply (ours is sympathy born of experience, too), and we agree that persons guilty of such work ought to be sought out and punished.

C. S. Barlow, Pres.  
G. C. Barlow, Sec.

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Oh, tell me, my darling, I speaky; spikey, spokey. 
Oh! why is that tear on your cheeky, chikey, chokey; 
Oh! give me the answer, I seeky, sikey, sokey; 
Or I'll drown myself in the creeky, erkey, erokey.

* * * *

The following shows that Miss H-m-l-t-n--- is progressing beautifully in Geometry:

Given—A girl six feet tall. 
To prove—That a girl who is six feet tall is a fool. 
Proof—Her head is a sphere, Her body is a plane, Her feet form right angles. 
Hence, she is a fool. 

* * * *

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**Pianos for Rent**

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1111 C Street.
Prof. McProud (in Latin)—"Mr. Waldron, give the word for leader."
Mr. W.—"Dux; it's feminine."
Prof. McProud—"Well, yours may be."

* * * *

It is reported that the unruly freshman class has elected a sergeant-at-arms. Wouldn't that grab you?

* * * *

We've got a new stove in the chapel
And we won't have to freeze any more.

* * * *

Marsh (in Greek)—"I see, Miss H-t-n, that you can decline one young man and more than one, but you can't decline two."

* * * *

Mr. W. G-n-e—"Miss Snell, do you play?"

A. S.—"I can play only one hymn."

W. G.—"A young lady is not supposed to play more than one him at a time."

New Student (day after Junior and Freshman party)—"Why do the Olsan boys look so cranky this morning?"

Old Student—"Marsh does the ocksåing at their bachelors quarters."

* * * *

Prof. Grumbling (calling the roll)
—"Mr. Marlatte."

Miss Chulow (in a confident tone)
—"He's coming."

* * * *

We are proud of the way in which Mr. Long acted last Saturday in regard to the knife he found. A Junior would have kept it.

* * * *

Miss H-n to Mr. N-w-d—"I always think that you are going to cry when you laugh."

* * * *

Mr. G-b-l (speech in history)—"Demosthenes—Disraeli—and I."
(He isn't a Sophomore, either.)

* * * *

E. N-y—"The flunky may be a man, woman or Chinaman."
Marsh (in Greek)—"Miss S-I, what is an enclitic?"
Miss S-I—"An enclitic is a word that comes after the preceding word."

J. M. to A. H-t-w-y—"You don’t know how it makes me love you when you look like that."

Prof. A.—"Even after he was dead he refused to divulge the source of his poetry."

Pres. Williams (in chapel)—"Don’t borrow somebody else’s ideas and come to class with them."
Prof. G.—"Amen!"

Miss Bellis to Barton—"But, my dear—Oh! excuse me."
Barton—"That’s alright; I don’t object."

---

ECHOES FROM THE SHINGLE PILE.

"If a boy hasn’t got nerve enough to kiss a girl, he doesn’t deserve a kiss."

"Crockett needn’t love me ’cause I got other people (singular) loving me."
‘Well, he can love me if he wants to."

And Lillian doesn’t see why everyone loves Birdeena.

---

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Everyone get a copy of Dr. Brook’s famous poem — “Basking in the Smiles of the Sun (son) by the Single Pile.”

Prof. A.—“After the crops are in, where would the poet naturally go in his fancy?”

G-m-l—“Go fishing.”

N-y-s (in History)—“Then Pippin got scared and took to the woods, didn’t he?”

Prof. A. (reading “The Seasons”) —“And the feathered tribe wait the approaching sign to strike at once into the general choir. What is the reference?”

Senior Sh-f—“To the chickens.”

Prof. A.—“Discordant music. I fear.”

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Warfield—"What is the name of the man Miss H.m.l-n wanted to use and couldn't?"

When all my thinks in vain are thunk,
When all my winks in vain are wunk,
What saved me from that dreadful flunk—

My pony!

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