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G. T. LORD

DENTIST

940½ PACIFIC AVENUE
The morning mail had just come in and the girls, returning from the chapel, were crowding the doorway, eager for letters from home.

"Beth Courtenay," said the preceptress, and Beth stepped up, received her mail and went on up to her room.

"I ought to have gotten a letter from mother this morning," she said to herself, "but I guess Aunt Mamie's will have to do."

She dropped her books on her table, seated herself on a stool by the window and began to read her letter.

"My Dear Beth: We are very sorry, but I am afraid that you won't get home till Easter. John came home from high school today, with a severe headache and fever, and by six o'clock we had to call the doctor in, who pronounced it scarlet fever and quarantined the house. Your mother is too busy to write, but I told her I would write for her. She thinks you had better stay at the Hall during your holidays. I will keep you posted from time to time about John, but don't worry, dear, for the doctor thinks it will be only a very slight case.

"Lovingly,
"AUNT MAMIE."

Beth dropped the letter in her lap, while the hot tears filled her eyes. What a disappointment it was! She had never been away from home on Christmas before, and then, too, all her plans for the holidays would be spoiled.

But Beth was not a girl to be overcome by a disappointment, and hastily wiping away her tears and brushing back her hair, she picked up her books and bravely trudged across the campus to old Bennett Hall to her French class.

A few days before Christmas there came another letter from Aunt Mamie, with a check for a Christmas dinner and a concert to be held Christmas night in the music hall downtown. Then just two days before Christmas, when all the girls were packing up and going home, the expressman brought two boxes to the Hall, addressed to Miss Elizabeth V. Courtenay. One box was from Aunt Mamie and the other from Grandmother Courtenay, away out in Michigan. With all the delight and expectancy of a college girl, when she receives a box from home or friends, Beth examined the contents of her two boxes. They were filled with dainty gifts and candies and other good things and the love that prompted the gifts brought the tears to Beth's eyes.

That night by eight o'clock all the girls had left for home, and Beth was alone in old Hutter Hall, except for the janitor's family downstairs in the left wing of the building, the cook who knew no other home save Hutter Hall, and Carrie, a little black-eyed girl, who was waitress at one of the
tables. Surely this was poor company for the next eighteen days. Beth wrote a long letter home that night, and although she tried to make it cheerful the one word Mother had a blot on it where a tear had fallen.

The next morning at eight o'clock Carrie brought Beth's breakfast up to her, saying in a trembling voice, as she placed the tray on the table:

"Mrs. Minniss thought you would rather eat your breakfast here than in the big dining room alone."

Beth started to thank her, when she stopped. Seeing tears in the big black eyes, she said:

"What is the matter, Carrie; you have been crying?"

Then Beth dropped her comb and came toward Carrie, who was already crying and sobbing out her story.

"Mother is sick, and I haven't money enough to go home, and brother Ben is going to Manila New Year's day."

Beth's sympathetic heart was touched, and with one last regretful thought of her Christmas dinner, she took her cheek from her purse and gave it to the sobbing girl.

"Take it, dear, as a Christmas present from me," she said, and as she stood in her doorway, watching the now happy girl go down the stairs, she thought to herself:

"Surely, 'it is more blessed to give than receive.' I did want to hear Herr Krunstein on Christmas night, but I'd rather let poor little Carrie go home and be happy. It's bad enough for one girl to be kept away from home, and I'll eat my Christmas dinner out of my box from Grand-ma's."

In the afternoon, when she was starting out for a walk around the campus, she met the janitor, who told her his wife was sick with the la grippe. Beth hurried back, and, going up to her room, went to her box and took out a jar of preserves and a loaf of Aunt Mamie's delicious brown bread, to take them down to the janitor's wife. There were many little things she found there to do, and Beth went to bed that night a tired but happy girl. She was awake early the next morning, and, hastily dressing, she started out for a brisk walk across the snowy campus. When she reached Bennett Hall she saw a tiny newsboy sitting on the steps crying. The poor little fellow had started out on his early morning route without a breakfast, and now he was cold and hungry. Beth led him gently by the hand back to Huter and up to her room, where she spread him such a feast as he had never before seen. Then she packed the rest of the things in a basket for his sick mother, and sent the little fellow on his way.

"I guess I can live on plain fare today, and he needed the things," and she smiled as she watched him go whistling across the campus. A few minutes after breakfast the cook came running up to her room.

"Please, miss," she said, breathlessly, "there's a young man downstairs wants to see you, but he wouldn't tell me his name. Just a friend," he said.

Beth hurried down to the parlor, and there, in the middle of the room, stood her cousin, Jack Martin. Beth stopped amazed.

"Why, Jack!" she cried, when did you get back? I thought you weren't coming till April."

"Well, Beth, truth to tell, I got a little homesick over there at Oxford, and so joined father and mother in London, and we all came home. We only got home night before last, and found a letter from Aunt Mamie there, and so I started out in the sleigh to get Cousin Beth and take her home to her Aunt Margaret for the rest of the holidays. This Hall is no place to stay after everybody is gone."
As Beth and Jack finally started out to the sleigh, the postman handed her a letter, which told her that brother John was better, getting along nicely and expected to be up in a week or so.

Two hours later Beth was snugly seated in the big chair in Aunt Margaret’s room. Jack came in and told his mother about Beth’s box, and as Aunt Margaret pushed back the wind-blown curls from the rosy cheek, she said:

"Not what we give, but what we share—
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three—
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."

Edith Field Marlott.

A LOVE STORY.

A crowd of young people, High School students, were gathered together on the platform of the depot at Horton. In their midst stood a fine looking, brown-eyed lad, who seemed to be the center of attraction. Richard Herrick had graduated from the High School of the little town in which he lived, and was now starting to a medical school, probably not to return until his four years’ course should have been completed. "Dick" was the favorite with everyone, a lover of sports, a good student and an all-around good fellow.

All his young friends were loathe to have him leave, but the saddest ones that day were Ina Sutherland and Marian Heath. Ina and he were sweethearts, such as are always found among young High School graduates. Her dancing grey eyes and merry ways had won his heart, and all through High School circles the names of Ina and Dick were classed together.

Marian Heath was of a different style of young girlhood. She was kind and pleasant to all whom she knew, but to be a particular friend of Marian was to meet with an influence that helped to shape the whole life of the one who came under it. She and Richard had grown up together, they had been constantly thrown together all through their school life, and although they were not quite out of their teens, they felt that they had gone through many trials and tribulations together. When the train pulled out that day with Richard standing on the steps and waving a last good-bye, a close observer could have noticed on looking into the faces of the two girls that, of the two, Marian Heath was the saddest at having to part with her old friend whom she would not see again for so long.

But the four years flew by as in a dream. It was now only three weeks until he should have completed his work, yet those three weeks were destined not to be spent in the same way as the previous ones. A telegram came from his father, who was the owner of a large factory. It ran thus:

"Come at once. Accident to one hundred employes." He lost no time, but took the first train home to Horton. As it carried him along he had time for many reflections. Four years would surely not see many changes in the little town, but would the friends he had know be the same? To be sure, the dear father and mother would; they could never change much, it seemed to him, but what about the little crowd with whom he had associated in his High School days?
All this time he had regularly received letters from Ina; cheery, talkative little messages written on the daintiest of perfumed note paper. How eager he was to see her! He knew she had had scores of other admirers while he was away, but he thought that, perhaps, he was not too late yet. Marian, too, had written to him; not so often, but such letters as helped him to pursue his studies with added zeal, that he might not disappoint the little girl who as a friend expected so much from him.

At last he arrived at the same station where he had once bid them all good-bye. It seemed but yesterday. But he must hurry home to his father's aid. As the home of Mr. Sutherland was right in his way, he pondered whether he should stop a moment to see Ina. He would probably be so busy that he would not have a chance soon, and he would now only go to the door to tell her that he was home. He accordingly ascended the steps of a large stone house and rang the bell. Ina herself answered it, and as she opened the door and the light from the hall streamed out he thought he had never seen anyone so beautiful. She was dressed for a ball in a beautiful gown of pink silk, her wavy brown hair was done high on her head, and so changed was she from the young girl he had known that it almost took away his breath.

Though surprised, she met him with her old merry, gracious smile and seemed glad to welcome him back. Yet why was it that as he walked on to his own home, he felt, in a way, disappointed. Was she not more beautiful, more stately than when he had left her? Was it not right that she should have beautiful clothes and enjoy life? Why, then, should he not feel more joyous when he had counted on this very moment all the way home on the train?

At his door his father and mother met him and after telling him in detail of the terrible accident, took him down to the factory which had now been turned into a hospital for the dead and dying men. They turned away and left him when they had reached the door.

Down the long rows of cots his eyes wandered, until in the dim light he saw a fair-haired young girl going to and fro, smoothing out a pillow here and there, or attending to some want of an injured man. He did not disturb her, but stood waiting for her to discover him. At last she looked up and a deep blush overspread her face. She started quickly toward him, and as he gathered her in his strong, manly arms, he said, "Marian, Marion, why have I not known my own heart sooner."

The smile that she gave him as she looked into his face was not the smile of a doll, but the smile of a true loving woman, and this time he was not disappointed.

*****

**IRON MAKING.**

The state of Pennsylvania, renowned for her vast mineral resources, is also the state of iron manufacture, and the center of this industry lies in the lower Allegheny valley around Pittsburg. Having a great desire to know more of this branch of human industry, I visited one of the many mills.

One of the office men kindly consented to show the party around. As we passed out of the office we entered
a large l.t., in which were several large piles of ore, from 30 to 50 feet high, and these were being carried away to the mill proper by giant cranes, there to be emptied into a chute. As we passed into the door of a large building we saw the ore falling from this chute into an immense iron elevator and carried up an inclined plane to the top of the furnace, 110 feet above the ground. One load out of every five was coke.

From here we were conducted through the engine room, where the engines, throbbing with life and energy, send the power to all parts of the mill, and through two heavy doors which our guide was careful to close behind us, into an atmosphere which at first made us gasp. Before us was a row of pipes covered with frost, which two men were engaged in knocking off into a vat of water below. Two great revolving electric fans caused a breeze, without which we would scarcely have been able to breathe, as all the air which goes into the furnace is pumped through this room, and the moisture removed by the ammonia process, to assist in perfect combustion. The furnace itself is a large cylinder of steel sheeting, strongly braced and lined with firebrick. Into this the dried air is pumped until the pressure is very great, and when the ore is sufficiently heated a nozzle is inserted and the gas allowed to escape through this. The result was tremendous. The air, with a roar like that of a cannon, rushed out, carrying with it ashes, cinders, refuse and sparks, until it sounded like the bombardment of Manila, and looked like a Fourth of July celebration. The furnace was built on a platform of fire brick, and trough ran from the furnace opening to the edge of the platform. After the nozzle was removed a six-inch stream of molten metal issued from the mouth of the furnace, flowing like milk and glowing like fire. Men wearing face shields ran hither and thither, some with spades and crowbars, others with testing irons and tongs, testing the ore and directing the ore into the proper channels, which conducted it into huge pots waiting on the track below.

When filled, these pots were carried to another part of the mill, and there emptied into an endless chain of slowly moving molds, which passed under numerous water jets, thus cooling the iron into "pigs," or ingots. These emptied into cars, which carried the ingots to the rolling mill, where it is melted to form large ingots. The ingots thus formed were moved while still almost at a white heat, by electric cranes, and rolled into a long bar. This bar was cut up into lengths and again heated, rolled and tempered by a secret process, until sheets of any required thickness were made. These sheets were cut by steam shears and rolled flat while cold, and sent to an oven for reheating. After being reheated, the iron boxes, in which they were packed, are brought out and set upon a layer of sand to cool. When cooled, they are ready for shipment to large factories and navy yards, and used to protect our battleships. From the time the small ingots were removed until the time for shipment, only four men were seen, besides the overseer, and a few visitors, who, like ourselves, were learning more of man and his works.

Adin E. Marlott.
CHRISTMAS IS COMING.

As soon as Thanksgiving is over, we begin to look forward to Christmas. The shop windows put on the holiday garb of holly and evergreens. Ducks and turkeys, southern fruits and country vegetables are displayed for the merry Christmas shopper. The toy stores have a more glittering, bewildering array, which furnishes wee ones many ideas for their letters to Santa.

It is a pleasure to be jostled about by the good-natured crowd. Our country’s good times insure everyone a prosperous Christmas. Between the extremes of Uncle Sam’s domain, from “Maine’s icy mountains” to the land where “December’s as pleasant as May,” various refreshments will be enjoyed—from plum pudding to ice cream.

In Europe, the poor are generously entertained by monarchs and various charities. The czarina gives some four hundred Christmas trees and accessories yearly.

Peace and good-will will beam on all, from every side. The cheery people never seem more happy than when they have such a splendid opportunity to “lend a hand.” Though our more brilliantly winged bird friends have left us, messages of love, hope and cheer have filled our hearts and tuned them to the air which vibrates with “Christmas is Coming.”

The physical director of the Y. M. C. A. is working toward the worthy end of organizing a local athletic league. This combining of forces, as it were, gives us a chance to work for the basket-ball championship, according to a prearranged schedule. Young men and women are practicing regularly in “our new gym,” and teams will be chosen soon to compete with the local and visiting teams.

As the new year approaches, we remember that a leaf is turned in our lives. Our University might think “Men may come and men may go, But I go on forever,” helping the new influx of students to live in deeds, not years, and to live the most by thinking most, feeling the noblest and acting the best.

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H. C. S.

The strength of a fraternity lies in its unity. Whenever they take in new members these must come into harmony with the aims and purposes of the fraternity. In this we have been singularly successful. All of the new members have entered into the work most heartily and zealously. We at the beginning of the year set a goal for ourselves, towards which we shall strive. As in the past, we have never allowed anything to turn us from our goal; so this year we shall be faithful. We shall always be found as a unit, working for and co-operating with all the interests of "Our University" and her student body.

B. L. S.

Riggety! Roggety! Ruggelty! Rit! We're the good old Boyer Lit! Can you squelch us? Nit! Nit! Nit! We are strictly i-t, i-t!

Boyer! Boyer! Lit! Lit!

I-t! I-t! It! It! Boyer Lit! It! It! It!

Squelch us? Squelch us?

Nit! Nit!

The Boyers are more enthusiastic than ever this month. Under the direction of the society critic, Mrs. McProud, a marked improvement has been made, and the literary work has been most gratifying. Two new members, Misses Sylvia Grinnel and Frances Frame, have been added to the ranks, and the society spirit is running high. On Monday evening, December 11, the Boyers and H. C. S. presented a splendid open program in the chapel. The Boyers are planning other interesting things, which they hope their friends, as well as themselves, may enjoy.

---

PHILOS.

Not so slow, not so slow,
Watch them grow, see the show,
P-h-i-l-o.

Surprise! Everyone delighted!
What over? Why, of course, about the neat and artistic bulletin board which the Philos have placed in the hall, and is already filled with taking posters.

The open meetings the past month have been very much enjoyed by the public. It has become necessary for the Society to appoint ushers to seat the visitors.

The programs before your notice at present will be given on the eighth and fifteenth days of December, the former by the young men and the latter by the young ladies. Much interest is attached to these two programs, as all the arrangements are a profound secret, except to the participants.

We wish to mention, as a special feature of one of the open programs this month, a character symposium, in which those having parts dressed in appropriate costumes. Roosevelt, Bryan, Carrie Nation and Marietta Holly, better known as Josiah Allen's wife, entertained the company in a most agreeable manner.

Watch for the next Philo news. And come to Philo meetings (we mean the open ones), to note the progress of your literary friends who are members.
The Y. W. C. A. is improving in every way. Miss Kyle, one of the national secretaries, who was with us a short time ago, helped and inspired the girls to higher ideals in Y. W. work and in personal experience. She met each member of the cabinet, and gave great assistance in systematizing the work of each department. On Wednesday noon the girls gave a luncheon in the chapel, after which Miss Kyle gave them a heart-to-heart talk. Every girl present was benefited.

Y. M. C. A.

On Wednesday, November 22, we had the pleasure of another visit from our coast secretary, Mr. H. O. Hill, who led the college prayer meeting that evening. The next day he spoke to the Y. M. C. A. at twelve-thirty and to the volunteers at one o'clock. This is possibly the last visit we will have from Mr. Hill, as he is to go east the first of January to enter the volunteer work and expects to sail for Japan or China next fall. His visit was full of inspiration, and as usual filled the Association with new vigor for additional work.

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O Love as Long as Thou Canst Love.

Translated from the German.
O love as long as thou canst love!
O love as long as thou mayest!
Soon at the graves of thy dear ones
With head bowed in sorrow thou waitest!
Keep aglow in thy heart Love's warm fires;
Love cherish and foster with care,
As long as the heart of another
Responsively beats to thine there.
And when to thine eyes one revealeth
The heart's depths—the innermost soul—
With happiness fill every hour
Nor ever with sorrow condole.
And guard well thy lips as thou lovest;
Harsh words from them oft idly slip;
They wound deep with meaning thou
meant not,
And o'er them thy loved one will weep.

O love as long as thou canst love!
O love as long as thou mayest!
Soon at the graves of thy dear ones
With head bowed in sorrow thou waitest!
There at the grave thou kneel'st,
Hiding thine eyes, dimm'd and sad—
Ne'er again will they look on thy dear one—
In the long, damp churchyard grass.

"Open thine eyes and behold me
As here at thy grave I weep!
Forgive me the wrong I have done thee,
That not against me keep!"

He sees not and hears not and comes not
Again to thy happy embrace;
The lips that so often have kissed thee
Speak not the answer thou crav'e st.
He forgave long ago—yes forgave you,
Though many a hot tear fell
As thy bitter word rankled within him—
Yet still!—he rests now at life's goal!

O love as long as thou canst love!
O love as long as thou mayest!
Soon at the graves of thy dear ones
With head bowed in sorrow thou waitest!

—Grace L. McGandy, '07.

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YALE AND NATIONAL BICYCLES

Tel. Black 1381 920 Tacoma Ave.
During the weary months since the gymnasium has been under construction, we have had hopes that some day we should see the building in such shape that it might be used. The committee has never promised us a completed building at a definite time, but those in charge have never relinquished the thought of a well-equipped "gym" for the use of the students of the University. It has been a big undertaking. At times it seemed as if no progress was being made, yet large amounts of time and material were being used.

It was, therefore, a much-needed stimulus to renewed activity to be told that the building could be put in condition to be used by Thanksgiving, if everybody would do a little extra work during the interim. The students rallied to the aid of Professor McProud; the gallery floor was laid, the roof rafters were put in place, the sheathing nailed on and everything put in readiness for the shingles. Had the shingles been laid as fast each succeeding day as they were the first day, and had the lumber company delivered the flooring when ordered, the promise would have been fulfilled before Thanksgiving.

But when we returned from our vacation, we found the building ready for use, and our thanks are due to some of the many whose energy and perseverance have made possible what has been accomplished. Basket-ball practice has begun with a vim that promises much in the organization of a good team. The young women are practicing, and express the hope that a good organization may result.

The gymnasium is not completed by a great deal, but the work will be pushed as rapidly as funds will permit. We notice from the bulletin board that only seventy out of the hundred have responded to the call, "twenty-five cents from one hundred." Professor Barton says no further public appeals will be made for funds. But it is hoped that unpaid pledges will be paid as promptly as possible.

This semester the only condition to be met in order to have such privilege as the gymnasium affords is to belong to the Athletic Association. Last year the Athletic Board passed the following resolution, which will undoubtedly be acted upon favorably by the Board of Trustees: "Resolved, That seventy-five per cent of each semester's "gym" fee be credited to all students who have subscribed money or labor to aid in the construction of the gymnasium." Our donations were then "bread cast upon the water," which is returning to us "after many days."

Rogers Baking Powder

Makes light biscuit,
Light biscuit make light hearts; light hearts make easy lessons; easy lessons make happy students.

Moral:

Students use
Rogers' Goods,
known for their purity and strength, and you will be A 1 students.

Made by The Rogers Co.
Tacoma, Wash.
The exchange list lengthens.

Your exchange column is very good, Comet, but is not "Yours truly" a new way of signing one's name to a literary production?

Seconded by the Maroon exchange editor: "Wanted—A formula for writing comprehensive 'exchanges' by merely glancing at the covers of these papers."

Two copies of the Weekly Willamette Collegian lie on the desk. Each is brimful of news from the gridiron. Does your literary enthusiasm keep pace with your football record Willamette?

"We don't want to buy your dress goods—
We don't like you any more;
You'll be sorry when you see us
Going to some other store.

"You can't sell us any sweaters,
Four-in-hand or other fad;
We don't want to trade at your store,
If you won't give us your ad."

The Enterprise this month is bright and interesting, as usual.

The Simpsonian reports an addition to their college library. Just you wait! We'll have some new books, also, before long.

Lives of football boys remind us
That they write their names in blood,
And departing leave behind them
Half their faces in the mud.—Ex.

"The rain it raineth every day
Upon the just and unjust fellows;
But chiefly on the just, because
The unjust takes the just's umbrellas."

The Baker Orange tells of orations already handed in for contests. Let's profit by Baker's example and have some rousing contests.

We wish to extend our sympathy to the Senior Class of the Bellingham State Normal School. The following

---

**MENZIES & STEVENS**

We are prepared for

Christmas Shopping

and are showing a very complete line of the **BEST** of everything in

**MEN'S WEAR**

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**MENZIES & STEVENS**

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tells of their luck:

"Little we ask for our wants are few,
Our one great want is now well known;
Just one very plain little boy will do,
A boy we can call our own."

Read the true story in the Tahoma.

Pullman has time for study, work and play, but none for loafing, so the Evergreen says.

From Bozeman, Montana, comes the news of a new club just organized, one in domestic science.

The Adrarin College World does just as it says—to do everything well.

Rah! Rah! for the cover of the Wa-Wa.

Review, if your paper'd been stronger, my story of you'd have been longer.

BEFORE.
There are meters of accent,
And meters of tone;
But the best of all
Is to meet 'er alone.

AFTER.
There are letters of accent,
And letters of tone;
But the best of all letters
Is to let 'er alone.

—Clarkesville Index.

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STUDENTS . . . .
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MEN AND BOYS

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We give below a list of articles, selected from our stock, suitable for gift-purchases:

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Linen Handkerchiefs,
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Suspenders,
Gloves,
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Walking Sticks,
Umbrellas,
Shirts,
Scarf Pins,
Mufflers,
Bath Robes,
Smoking Jackets,
Cuff Buttons,
Cuffs,
Collars,
Pajamas,
Night Shirts,
Suit Cases,
Hand Bags.
DOOLEY ON THE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

Apologies to P. F. Dunne.

“I say, Hinnissey, was ye ever in a nooze paper office?”

“Shure an’ I was onc an’ the printer’s divil aither thryin’ to upset me.”

“Ah, Hinnissey, if all the people in this country was like the loikes av ye they’d be little enough appresheashun av wan av th’ most unanimously counted schoolin’ promoters av this lan’.

‘The throuble with ye, Hinnissey, is ye think ye an’ the ‘divil’ can set daoun an’ run off the ed-dition, but ye can’t. Ye forgit the printer has rollin’ irons an’ his unthrue typewriter. An’ thin thar’s th’ reporters, they git th’ nooze.

‘An’ thin they get it agin, Hinnissey. Begorra, but it’s great sport to be hearin’ the nooze f’r it happens almost, ye know, by the tiliography.

“For ivry column thar’s an editor-r.

“What’rer we goin’ to do with thin’ says ye. That shows, Hinnissey, ye’re a knocker. A knocker’s a man who always knocks the pegs out of ivrythin’, ye say. Well, some av these men whrite’s th’ soectay plays—all aboot th’ sub-er-reenen events.”

“My mother’s great uncle was Reuben,” remarked Hennessey.

“The looliest toimes an’ most charmin’ events av the saeson, an’ another wan av that brutality football or av Casey at the bat.

“But the man I feel f’r is th’ editor-r-in-chief. I didn’t see his tomahawk, but he lookt worrit loike an’ I was made to understand how he was troubled with spring poets, ho was as much of po-ets as sheep are go-ats—an’ sthories. He sed how he’d he’d dream of sthories by night. Long, short, lean, fat bulvin’ out fr’m ivry spider’s web in th’ den an’ furnaces full, so thet the chimney —

“What’s that?” says Hennessey.

“I’ll tell ye what Hinnissey. If I wus editor-r av the nooze, I’d broadcastly pooblish a word as to say, ‘No more sthories till th’ millenium, an’ not thin, come to think av it, as that’s a truth spakin’ toime.’”

---

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The girls glide thro' th' halls.

"Long, long ago"
There was a hoot.

"O, dear, what can the matter be?"
With writers for the Maroon.

"A hundred years to come,"
Where will this be?

"What fairy-like music"
Rings thro' the halls from the U. P. S. quartette.

"Over the water to Charlie,"

"I'd leave my happy home for you,"
  Birdeen.

"I ain't got no happy home to leave,"
  Crocket.

"Her bright smile haunts me still,"
  H. W——.

"I can't tell why I love you."

"Christmas time is come again,"
  To you.

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Merry Christmas.
* * *
C. D.—“My heart is cold.”
* * *
“Bessie” and “James” have gone out for a walk.
* * *
A Junior (speaking of Prof. Barton)
—“The chairman is engaged.”
Another Junior—“Are you sure?”
* * *
Miss Birl (in English)—“A foot is a little dash and then a little caper.”

It is reported that Prof. Abbott became so absorbed, when returning from the second number of the Star course, that he forgot to get off at Fife street.

Student—“Are you sure that this is your paper?!”
Miss Boyd (sighing)—“Oh, yes, my name is still Boyd.”

Marsh (in Greek)—“Now in this sentence, ‘I struck the table,’ is tabic

---

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a fictitious object?"
G. T. C.—"I'd call it a fractured object."

Miss L—in Greek)—"Then Cyrus went up."
Marsh—"Yes, straight up."

Hereafter, if Mr. W. Foreman wishes to hold girls' hands in English class, let him apply to the professor in charge.

M.—d H.—"Who is Quimby?"
M. M. R.—"That pretty boy."

L. B.—l (to Prof. Grumbling)—"If you were to weigh yourself or something really valuable on the top of Mt. Tacoma, would it weigh the same as here?"

Crockett (in Greek)—"Well, if my mother-in-law was sick, I wouldn't send for a doctor."

Once Miss T—ry, as she took a back seat in the English room, exclaimed, "Oh, this is too far away," and immediately took a front seat.

Prof. McProud—"Miss Richards, give the Latin word for guard."
Miss Richards—"Custos-odis."
Prof. McP.—"Never cuss in Latin."

Prof. A.—"Then would you call him versatile?"
T. C.—"I would, if I knew what that meant."

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M. M. R.—"Every time I look at Professor Knox, I'm surprised to think that he is a real man."

* * *

Barton—"Which side is right?"
H. W.—"The right side."
B.—"Yes, the right side is right. Thank you, Miss W."

* * *

A.—a H.—"What do you have in Junior English, anything?"
E. P. M.—"Nothing but the learned professor, my love."

* * *

Prof. Barton's definition for hunger—"That woe-begone feeling in the pit of the stomach."

* * *

J. R. Ball, Esq. (in Solid Geom.)—"Isn't this a frustrated pyramid?" (Loud laughter!!!)

* * *

Virgil Student—"We are studying a delightful story about Amor."
Miss T.—"Yes, I know all about that."

---

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Prof. Crumbling (in Geom.)—
"You should take as much pleasure in
Geometry as a lamb on the plain,
scampering about in the mountain."

Marsh (in Greek)—"I don’t intend
to proclaim from the housetops that
I am teaching Greek."

B. L. L.—"Well, when we get
through we’ll proclaim it for you."

Marsh—"I hope you do—er—I
mean—I hope you do get through."

Y. Z.—"I don’t want to see James
now. He’s lost his heart, and that is
all I wanted."

Abbott—"Why are his writings
called romantic?"

Crockett (brightly) —"Because
they were written in Rome."

Prof. B.—"What is on the end of a
plum-line?"

M. F.—"A plum-bob."

M. M-r-g-n—"Logic is all I know."

Prof. Abbott—"If you know logic,
that is enough."

Prof. Barton—"The wasp has that
very attenuated body which is so much
sought after."

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To the Shopping Public

We take a great deal of pleasure in announcing that the Holiday Stocks are now ready for your inspection. We regret however that we are obliged to celebrate this Christmas in the old store. We had hoped to be properly established on "C" Street by this time. The old store is almost uncomfortably crowded with much merchandise, in fact a great deal more than in any previous season, so that many special prices will be inaugurated to relieve that condition.

We shall be glad if you will help us and help our salespeople by shopping as early as possible this season. Your consideration in this respect is always highly appreciated by our force and ourselves.

Respectfully,

STONE, FISHER & LANE.

916 and 918 Pacific Avenue

Tacoma, Wash.

The Seniors are busy people. They held a class meeting in chapel one morning this week. Don't tell Dr. Williams.

Abbott—"In this sentence, 'the monster held in one hand a knife and in the other a ham;' now where would you put the dash?"

J. Mell—"I'd make a dash after the ham."

Prof. A.—"I suppose, though, the Idealist would step off the track if he should hear the street-car coming."

Bright Student—"If he didn't, it would spoil his ideas."

Miss Davis spent the Thanksgiving vacation in Bellingham, that beautiful city of mud.

Mr. Sheafe returned from somewhere, Tuesday. We don't know where he spent his vacation.

Mr. Long probably put in his time from Wednesday until Tuesday near a "dell," and was most likely "seeing."

The Juniors are not so slow, after all. At least, they have their orations ready at the scheduled time, which is better than some people do, who sit just behind them in chapel.

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