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Christmas in the Little Brown House.

"O dear!" sighed Mrs. Ray, as she looked up from her sewing, "it is only two weeks until Christmas, and we haven't wood enough to last a week, nor money to buy any more, and because of that, to have to resign ourselves to the fact that we can have no Christmas, seems almost unbearable.

Mrs. Ellis, her next door neighbor, who had dropped in for a morning chat, nodded her head in silent sympathy.

Mrs. Ray's husband was a logger and he had been in the woods since the last of September. Heretofore he had been able to take good care of his family, but at present he was confined to his bunk in the logging camp, because of a broken leg. This left the family to take care of themselves the best way they could, because the logging camp was so far away, that Mr. Ray could not be brought home, but must spend his Christmas in solitary confinement.

The little town of Millbank where the Rays lived, had been cut off from the rest of the world for nearly a week, because of a severe snow-storm, and none of the residents had been able to secure food or fuel from the outside. No trains could reach the town, and consequently Mrs. Ray had not received the small allowance, which her husband had managed to send each week since his accident.

Mrs. Ray was not a woman who complained of her troubles, but Mrs. Ellis knew more about them than Mrs. Ray thought she did. She secretly resolved that Mrs. Ray and her three children should have some kind of a Christmas if it was in her power to help them to it. So after comforting her friend as well as she could, she went home, wondering meanwhile how she could help her neighbors who were not very much poorer than she.

As soon as she reached home, she sat down to think of some plan. She counted the contents of her small purse and found that she had just four and a half dollars, and she had not yet bought anything for Mary, her only child, a bright little girl eight years of age. She laid aside
two dollars for Mary's presents, and then set her wits to work to think how she might make the remaining money accomplish the most good.

Turkeys were twenty cents a pound and were out of the question, so she decided to get a small roast of beef. To go with this, she planned to have mashed potatoes and cranberries, and to have a plum-pudding for dessert. After paying for all this, there would be nearly a dollar left with which to buy Christmas remembrances.

Five days before Christmas she told Mrs. Ray that she was going to bring her Christmas dinner over to her house, because she thought both families would have a happier Christmas if they spent it together.

There was great rejoicing in the Ray home that evening, and the three Ray children, Harry, Mabel and George, aged ten, nine and seven years, respectively, immediately began to plan what they should do. They thought it would be great fun to hang up their stockings, even though they hardly dared to expect to find anything in them the next morning.

Mrs. Ray had knitted each of the children a warm pair of mittens; had made a pretty dress for Mabel's doll, out of some scraps of cloth which had been left when she made a dress for Mrs. Stevens, the richest lady in the town; and had bought a top for Harry and a whistle for George. When she heard the children's plan, she was glad that she had been able to do that much, and planned to put the things in their stockings.

Christmas eve Mrs. Ellis and Mary came over and brought the things for the Christmas dinner, and also smuggled in a few little gifts; a thimble for Mrs. Ray; a hair ribbon for Mabel; and a handkerchief for each of the boys. She also brought an orange and an apple apiece, and a small bag of cheap candy. They were going to spend the night there, and Mary was going to hang up her stocking with the Ray children. At last the house was quiet and everyone was asleep.

When daylight began to dawn, the mothers rose softly and took care of the stockings. Then they went back to bed and were soon asleep again.

Christmas morning dawned bright and clear, and the children were up at seven o'clock. They dressed as hurriedly as possible and rushed down-stairs after their stockings. Such screams of delight had not rung through the little brown house for a long time. Each one thought his or her own stocking was the best, though they admired the others.

When they had quieted down, they hustled breakfast out of the way as quickly as possible and ran out to have a snow-ball game, while the mothers did the work and started dinner. Then the mothers took their sewing and sat down at a window where they could see the children.

At twelve o'clock the children were called in and told to make themselves presentable, and at one o'clock the dinner was on the table. Such a glorious feast! The children had not seen anything like it for a long time. Their first helping disappeared in a remarkably short time, and they clamored for more. It seemed as though they never could eat enough to do away with that empty feeling.

The meal was over at last, and the children were told to go into the parlor and cuddle up to the stove and tell stories, while the mothers did the work. When they joined the young folks in the parlor and were immediately begged to tell stories, which they at last did. The sun was slowly sinking below the horizon and it was getting colder outside, but the people inside did not notice it, because Mrs.
Ellis was telling about a Christmas when she was a little girl.

There came a step on the porch and then a knock. Harry ran to the door and opened it, and was confronted by a man enveloped in a large fur coat with a collar that came above his ears, and with his arms full of packages. He said nothing but stood there a moment looking quietly at the little group before him. Suddenly Mrs. Ray gave a little scream and ran up to the man and pulled him into the room. Then the others recognized him and such a screaming of “Papa,” as there was.

When Mr. Ray (for it was he) had laid down his bundles and removed his coat, he told them how he had gotten home. The doctor had taken his leg out of the plaster east five weeks ago, and he was now able to walk about by the use of a stout cane. He then determined to get home for Christmas, if he possibly could, and had arrived on the first train that had come into Millbank for more than a week, and had walked all the way from the depot to the house.

After he had rested, he distributed his parcels, not forgetting Mrs. Ellis and Mary. When these were opened they were found to contain a pretty and useful gift for each one. Then Mrs. Ray and the children told him what Mrs. Ellis had done for them, and how she had furnished nearly all of the dinner, and had done many other little kind things.

His strong voice trembled as he, in turn, tried to thank their kind friend who had been a friend indeed. “Surely,” he said, “we never know what good friends we have until some misfortune overtakes us, and then we soon find out who are our false and who are our true friends. I can never thank you enough for what you have done for my family in their hour of need, and I sincerely hope that some day I may repay even a small part of our indebtedness.”

Later in life they had a chance to do this and Mrs. Ray and Mrs. Ellis still enjoy talking of that Christmas in the little brown house in Millbank.

Florence A. Higgins.

Mrs. Heath’s Vacation.

(Laura Goddard.)

There was consternation in the little household after the doctor left that morning. Even the little patient in the large spare room felt the subdued excitement and wondered. Old Mrs. Smith, coming in to smooth the pillows and raise the window, offered no explanation. Celia watched her curiously. Nobody else could arrange the pillows like Mother. No other touch was so gentle and soothing. Why didn’t Mother come? She had never failed before. Well, they could stay away if they wanted to. They could have all the fun and forget about her in that large, lonely chamber. How she hated that room, anyway! It had formerly been considered a great honor to be allowed to occupy the spare room, even for one night. But after seven weeks of undisputed possession, Celia decided that “it wasn’t the funniest thing in the world.” And didn’t she know that the girls had been having jolly times out in the
kitchen where she couldn’t hear. (The little Mother never allowed anyone to disturb Celia.) And this morning even mother had stayed away and sent old Granny Smith. Poor grandma! she had always been considered a great nurse, and had prided herself upon her accomplishment. But this fussy little girl gave her to understand that she had lost the art of pleasing.

Truth to tell, Celia was convalescing and everyone knows that at a certain stage of recovery, a patient will exhibit a surprising degree of temper. Celia seemed this morning to have just reached that stage. And grandma, noticing the state of affairs, remembered a little maxim about discretion being the better part of valor, and quietly retired from the room.

While this scene is progressing in the front of the house, let us go to the kitchen to see what keeps the little Mother. Isn’t she there? She may have gone into the pantry to prepare lunch for the girls. But no, the pantry is empty save for a child sobbing quietly behind the door. Little Jean seemed to have understood what Celia had failed to grasp. Perhaps we can find Mother drawing water for the chickens. The girls forget things so. No mother there. No one at all anywhere in the yard. Listen! there are voices out in the orchard. Let us go there. This is the scene that confronts us. Three girls ranging in age from 14 to 18 seated on the ground in earnest conversation. And they are talking about Mother.

"Now, Connie, you know that isn’t practical. How can you be so visionary? I’m just worried to death." This from Louise. "We’ve just got to do something now. Didn’t he say immediately?"

"O," interrupted Connie again, "you don’t suppose she will die? I never thought Mother could die."

"Don’t," whispered Mary. "Of course she won’t die. We won’t let her." And Louise pressed her lips tightly together and opened her dark eyes wide, as if she would defy death himself.

"O, if we only had money. We could send her on an ocean voyage or to a great sanitorium."

"I’ll tell you, girls," said Mary, in a shaking little voice (she had listened rather than suggested before — "you know that little farm Uncle John promised me years ago before father died? Well, the lawyer who is settling up uncle’s affairs wrote me that the deed had been found with some of uncle’s private papers. I’m going to sell that and we can send Mother away." Connie and Louise were silent. That property was to have done great things to help the girls through college. But who wanted to go to college if there was no little Mother to come back for? And so it was finally arranged.

Mrs. Heath protested, argued, coaxed. She would be her old self again soon. It was only the strain of caring for Celia through that long siege of typhoid fever. A few days’ rest would set her right again. The girls must not worry; she had often been tired before. The doctor was mistaken, as doctors often are. But to all her excuses the girls turned a deaf ear. The doctor had been more frank with them than with Mrs. Heath. He had spoken with seemingly needless severity. Perhaps he thought it was time the Heath girls were beginning to take some of the responsibility that had pressed so heavily on little Mrs. Heath’s bent shoulders. And so he had called all the girls together—all except Connie—in the dining-room and had said brusquely:

"You’re going to lose your mother soon if you don’t get her away from here. She has been overworking. Ce-
lia is convalescing now as rapidly as can be expected and will do very well with you girls. But Mrs. Heath must have a change immediately.' Then he had left them, and when they had recovered somewhat from the shock, they had slipped out to the orchard to talk it over.

So it was decided that Mother was to go to her old home for an unlimited time. She would consent to no other place. It would not cost so much, she said. But deep in her heart she had longed, ever since the death of her husband, six years ago, to go to her old home where she had spent her girlhood.

There was such a bustle and excitement for the next few days. The girls vied with each other in their zeal to see who could do most to help Mother prepare for her journey. Little Jean was to have stayed at home with her sister, but she cried so hard and begged so pitifully that Mrs. Heath decided to take her. And secretly, the girls were glad. It was quite a responsibility looking after Jean, for you never could tell what would happen to her next. She had a habit of falling into the rain barrel whenever Mother ran in to see a neighbor, and once she had slipped into the kitchen to get supper and surprise them all. She had set the house on fire and they were slightly surprised. So the thought of giving up Jean for a few months was a relief rather than a sorrow.

The morning of parting came, and four tear-stained faces watched the carriage drive away with Mother and Jean.

O, the loneliness of the next few days! But the older ones tried to be cheerful for Celia’s sake, and worked industriously in order to forget their sorrow. It was hard for them. Celia was so provokingly cross at times. She accused them of wanting to starve her. When they brought some one of the few things on her diet list, she would say spitefully that ‘it wasn’t cooked right. They were just too mean to fix things.’ Don’t think that Celia was more ungrateful than other human beings. She was naturally a sweet-tempered girl, but she found it hard to be starved and neglected and—motherless. If you have ever had typhoid fever, you know about how she felt, and if you have nursed a patient through that disease, you know how she made other people feel.

The girls, however, did their best, tried to feel grateful to Mrs. Maloney who stayed nights with them, and aroused them so early in the morning that Connie declared she went to sleep washing the dishes, and Mary thought it would be better to stay up all night and thus save the trouble of making the beds. The house must be kept spotless, for Mrs. Maloney had sharp eyes, and a tongue always ready to publish a body’s shortcomings. Mother must never hear that the girls had been negligent about their work.

By the end of the third week household cares and Mrs. Maloney had worn on their nerves to such an extent that the girls were nearly frantic. Something must be done. Celia was now able to sit up and even walk from room to room. They could live more economically—strange how the hills had run rip—if they were entirely away from the village. Why not hire a team to take them out in the hills to a stream where there was a pretty camping spot, where they could spend the summer with little expense and much fun? There was only one disadvantage in this plan—Mother’s letters would not reach them so often. But Louise proposed a way out of that difficulty. She would borrow Mr. Nates’ old horse that was too ‘antiquated’ for further use on the farm. Mr. Nates would be glad to accommodate them; in fact, he had
intimated that he would present the horse to anyone who was kindly disposed toward dumb brutes. Louise called upon Mr. Nates and was cordially invited to take old Prince and keep him as long as she wished. So plans were speedily made for the trip. Mr. Nates' oldest boy, Jack, was to take the girls and their camping outfit to their mountain camp. On Wednesday morning Jack came with his wagon, and in a short time had it packed with various things, principally sofa pillows and magazines. In the hurry and excitement the girls forgot to take food sufficient for even a few days' stay. True, Mary had made a five-pound pail full of fudge, and Connie concocted a delicious salad, which they ate before starting, as there was no room for it in the box of provisions.

Everybody clambered into the wagon except Louise, who was going to journey on horseback, and away they went, laughing, chattering, enjoying their frolic to the utmost. A cry from Louise brought the wagon to a standstill. "O, girls! girls!" she screamed, "we forgot to engage a chaperon." Sure enough, it had not occurred to them. Mary was appointed to run to Miss Brown's and entreat her to help them out of their difficulty. Miss Brown was a maiden lady of uncertain age and, while not very agreeable to young people, was a very dependable person. If she had had time for reflection, she would have positively refused to accompany any such expedition, but Mary's sudden appearance and incoherent entreaties so upset her usual state of calmness that she tremulously consented to go, and was hurried away before she had had time to change her mind (or her dress).

A long day of steady travel brought the party to a little stream about thirty miles from home. Everybody was tired and Louise especially complained of fatigue. She was not used to traveling on horseback and was hardly able to walk alone that evening. All set about to prepare supper and soon everything was done, and they had seated themselves around the table (if a few boards laid across two logs might be so called), when Miss Brown began screaming in terror. She clambered upon a log and stood there wringing her hands. Everyone hurried to her assistance, though they were in ignorance as to the cause of her fright. But upon being urged to tell, she sobbed out, "It was a snake, a great, horrid snake, and he was crawling quite near the table." Why the girls laughed they never could explain, but laugh they did, so long and so heartily that their chaperon has not forgiven them to this day. She could not be prevailed upon to come back to the table, though Jack gallantly volunteered to kill all the snakes in the country, and Mary humbly apologized for laughing. There was just one thing Miss Brown would do, and that was to go home as soon as possible. She wanted Jack to get the horses ready immediately, but he made the excuse that it would be practically killing the team to make it travel any more that day. But after an earnest conversation, however, he promised to take her back in the morning. Poor Jack, it was hard to earn the ill-will of the girls, but even that was preferable to having "that old maid tell pa about the night the apples disappeared from the choicest trees," which mystery Jack could have explained perfectly.

Much to the disappointment and grief of the girls, the morning saw them returning homeward. There was no laughing and frolicieing now. The only happy member of the crowd was Miss Brown and she dared not say much about it, for she felt an undercurrent of rebellion, under which circumstances silence was
The Washing Machine.

Once upon a time there lived in the fair city of Tacoma, a certain Happy Family. This Happy Family consisted of the Dear Man, the Fond Mamma, and the two Lovely Daughters, the elder of which we shall call the Young Lady Daughter, and the younger, Dear Daughter. Then there was the usual accompaniment of Small Fry, but these, of course, do not count.

Now this Happy Family did not have so much money, so the Lovely Daughters each Monday morning strenuously performed the weekly washing, turn and turn about. However, as this kind of labor is hard on the hands, to say nothing of the temper, Monday morning soon seemed to the Lovely Daughters to come entirely too often. The Dear Man hearing of this, conceived a bright idea. He would get a Washing Machine. So he plotted with Santa Claus, and on Christmas morning, a Washing Machine came down the chimney, and was gratefully received into the Bosom of the Family, and all the Family Friends stood round and gazed at the wonder.

Then on the next Monday morning the Young Lady Daughter arose early and daintily washed and sussed and rinsed the clothes on the back porch. When ready to empty the Machine she pulled out the stopper and the water flowed neatly into the iron hopper on the end of the porch. By 10 o'clock the washing was on the line.

That noon the Dear Man, from soup to mince pie, expatiated on the joys of the Washing Machine. He remarked between mouthfuls on the ease and celerity with which the work could be done. He waxed poetical over the beauty of the snow white clothes. He regarded complacently Young Lady Daughter's smooth white hands. His chest swelled with pride as he orated at length on the merits of the ball-bearing machine. Lovely Daughters assented in chorus, though ball-bearing was a word of which they knew not the meaning.

The next Monday Dear Daughter, her heart beaming with anticipation, was up with the lark. The morning was rainy and cold, so Dear Daughter decided to wash in the kitchen. Then she went to work with a will, carolling gladly, ‘Work for the night is co-o-o-ning!’ Things went along famously till she wanted to empty the Machine. Then the hopper not being convenient, she placed a pail under the hole and went to play with the kittens in the back yard.
Soon she saw a stream running out
the back door, and went back and put
in the stopper and mopped up the
water. She did not feel so jubilant
as before. Next she tipped up the
Machine to empty the rest of the
water, and the Machine slipped and
dfell to the floor. The wringer being
fastened to the edge, of necessity
grew down also. It smashed. Dear
Daughter, affectionately hugging the
wringer, went to the floor with it.
She was not entirely smashed. The
water flowed under the stove and all
the ashes which Dear Daughter had
not swept up, floated placidly
around. Dear Daughter tried to lift
the Machine, but it was too heavy
and went down again, this time catch-
ing one leg in the tub of clean clothes.
The leg broke off, and the soapy
clothes joined the ashes and the wa-
ter on the floor. Fond Mamma came
to the rescue, and together she and
Dear Daughter lifted the Machine.
Then Dear Daughter, sorrowing ex-
ceedingly, slashed around and cleaned
up. The Small Fry in the next
room danced a jig and sung joyfully,
"A life on the ocean wave a life on
the rolling deep." Dear Daughter
did not feel as though she loved them
as she ought.

That noon the Dear Man came
home and viewed the wreckage. At
dinner he spoke only of the beauty
of the weather and the recent rise
in stocks. "Tootkey."
stranger's features. The man raised his hands to his eyes as though to shut out the pain of that penetrating stare, but they slowly drooped limply to his side again. Try as he would, he could neither turn away nor advance. Gradually a mist swam before his eyes, and the earth and sea and sky blended into one indistinguishable mass, and all was dark.

Slowly the mist cleared and he saw again. The scene was new, but strangely familiar. There was still the sea and the shore, the stream and the trees, but they belonged to a scene in another land.

Far in the distance the waves dashed upon a rocky coast, while near at hand the sea was calm. The sands lay gleaming white and wet under the silvery rays of a full moon. The trees were of a strange shape and verdure; and the stream fell with a deafening roar upon the rocks and dashed angrily into the sea. A boat on the beach rocked slowly to the motion of the waves.

Full in the moonlight under the towering cliffs a man and a maid were walking hand in hand. They were talking earnestly; the man eagerly and appealingly, the maid bravely and hopefully. The roar of the stream deadened the words; yet they seemed to be heard by him who saw, for when the maid spoke he listened intently, and as the man replied, his own lips formed the words.

Nearer and nearer to the boat they came, and the voice of the man became distinguishable above the roar of the cataract.

"That is all of it. Nothing is omitted. Is it possible that you can forgive me now?"

Soft and nobly came words in reply: "O, boy, boy! Who am I that you should talk to me for forgiveness. Forgive you? Aye, a thousand times. But remember this; if ever you are tempted to do wrong, think again of me. Good-bye! O, Good-bye!" And with a close embrace and a parting farewell, he stepped into the boat and was gone.

The mist came before his eyes again. Again all was dark. Then as it came the mist disappeared and he stood gazing into the laughing stream at his feet. The waves rolled lazily on the shore and a light breeze wafted in from the ocean, for the sun had set. He was alone.
As Christmas time approaches our attention is probably centered upon the way in which we shall spend the vacation. The cosmopolitan nature of our student body is plainly demonstrated as each holiday season rolls around. Some of our students are already employed in the large stores of the city and more are finding places each day. We should be proud of the fact that the businessmen of Tacoma are recognizing the value of our students as employees and seeking them as such. And we should also be proud of the fact that the students are entering such pursuits. There can certainly be no criticism of an education that produces such men and women, and this very fact forms one of the best testimonials of the worth of our institution.

* * *

Many students will probably spend Christmas week in their various home towns, which will give them a splendid opportunity to show their loyalty. Let no opportunity go by to boost "Our University." Last year several of the students secured the privilege of leading the Epworth League meeting, making the subject the religious life of the University. Probably nothing is more effective in securing the students than the testimony of those actually in attendance. Go home prepared for work. Get a supply of Maroons and catalogues, and let every one in town know what a real live school we have.

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Query—Why did the Juniors and Freshmen delegate Mr. Green to “take off” Prof. Pease in their coming out?

Suggestion—Perhaps the association of the name.

Prof. (in Geology, discussing evolution)—“There is more difference between beef steak and Mr. Gambill than between a monkey and some men whom I know.”

Prof.—It began in 1870 and ended in 1890. How long was that?
A. H.—Ten years.

Heard at the girls’ basket ball game:
“Go it, Florenece, old boy!”
“That’s the stuff, Ada, keep right after your man!”

Lillian (before the girls’ game with the Vashon team)—“I hope I won’t hug to-night the way Carl does.”

Miss H-t-n (reading French)—“Dr. Wedell—Wedell—Wedellist!”

Conductor (stopping street car)—“Did you wish to get off here, lady?”
Miss H. (calmly)—“No, I just wanted to throw away this apple core.”

Prof. J.—“Mr. Marsh, can you make Miss Chulow behave?”

Loud lady (starting to bring in a step-ladder out of the rain)—“Oh, dear! I’m afraid it will get rusty.”

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Student—"Can you see under water?"

Prof. B.—"Just put your face under water and open it."

* * *

Miss Harlan—"Oh, say! have you got your 'Autocrat of the Breakfast table' yet?"

Miss Robinson—"No not yet; I don't want one."

* * *

"Do you ever stay up late, Miss Snell?"
"Yes, I didn't get home last night until this morning."

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The students here seemed quite untamed.
But since to me they closer came,
I found some of them to be quiet tame.
Although some may wonder how they do,
Remain to each other so kind and true,
This is just the reason why,
For they expect some day to dye,
And to that bright land to go,
Where joy emortal forever flows."

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* * *

Miss Reddish—“I never can talk where a crowd of boys are.”

Bessie Brown—“You have no difficulty in talking to one; do you?”

* * *

Prof. P.—“Explain ‘heartsick’.”

Miss Hitchcock—“I know what it is, Professor, but I can’t explain it.

* * *

Prof. B.—“I’ve found nearly every conceivable article of wearing apparel about the building in the past three years.”

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If you don’t mind just drop in and get prices on our 1906 Heaters and Tacoma made Ranges. Patronize home industry. If you live out on 6th Ave. boost 6th Ave. by buying from 6th Avenue stores.

Our prices are beyond competition and our goods are the best.

Dealer in Stoves and Ranges, Graniteware, Builders Hardware, Glass, Paints, Oils, etc. Bicycle supplies

Tel. Main 4331.

2803 6th Ave. TACOMA.

**BELL GROCERY Co.**

GROCERIES

Our Specialties are Tacoma’s Finest Butter and Steel Cut Coffee

Cor. 6th and Prospect Tacoma, Washington

School Stationery, Fountain Pens, Tacoma View Books,

Souvenir Postals, Kodaks and Supplies.

916 Pacific Avenue Central News Co.
Mrs. McP. (to beginning French pupil)—"Ask me in French how old I am. (I won't tell you though)."

* * *

Prof. B.—We don't know just where the soul is located, but its inside anyhow.

* * *

Mr. S.—Miss P—. and cupid celebrated Thanksgiving very appropriately. The Hall wasn't invited, but were at the depot, well equipped with 'Celestials grain,' and gave the happy couple an old time farewell. Mr. S—said it seemed too good to be true. (And the worst of it all was—it wasn't. They were Pe Ell visitors.)

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

TACOMA HOME LAUNDRY
C. E. Durr, Proprietor
Tel. Main 470 Cor. 9th and Tacoma

Students, Remember that

C. L. THOMAS SELLS Dry Goods and Notions
Cor. Prospect and 6th Ave., Tacoma, Wn.

TURRELL BROS., INC. 922 Pacific Ave.
Is the place for students to buy their winter Shoes and Rubbers

CORRECT DRESS FOR MEN AND BOYS

Christmas Cravats

That are the kind he can wear any time and feel assured that they're quality cravats. You'll find here, every style that is good, and every shading and color scheme that is good priced from 50c to $2.00.

Gloves

make splendid gifts, and the gloves we sell you make exceptionally splendid gifts, because of their excellent quality and correct styles. Fownes, Dents, Fisk Clark and Flagg and D. & M. Gloves Priced $1.50, $2.00 and $2.50

DEGE & MILNER 1110-12 PACIFIC AVE. 1109-11 COM. STREET
Homesickness is like sea-sickness; it shows what's in a man.—Ex.

To kiss the Miss you ought to kiss
Is not to kiss a Miss amiss;
But to kiss the Miss you ought to miss
And to miss the Miss you ought to kiss.
Is to kiss a Miss amiss.

Mr. Wood.—"Good morning, Mr. Stone. How is Mrs. Stone and all the little pebbles?"
Mr. Stone.—"Very well, thank you. How is Mrs. Wood and all the little splinters?"

A minister once posted a funeral notice which read thus: "Brother Johnson departed for heaven at 9:30 A. M." Underneath some sin-saturated wag had attached a telegraph blank filled out as follows: "Heaven, 11 p. m. Johnson not yet arrived; great anxiety!"

See Summertield

For Neckwear, Shirts, Collars, Hats, Etc.
The Little Specialty Store for Men's Furnishings.

1119 Pacific Ave. Tacoma, Wash.

Glad Tidings
(Of Good Things)

Jones Brothers can furnish you with anything in the Grocery line which goes to make up your Christmas dinner, from soup to black coffee. A large variety of fruit, candied and nuts, dates, figs, apples, oranges, etc.

Will call for your orders on request. Prompt Delivery.

Tel. Main 107.

Jones Bros.
Cor. 6th Ave. and Pine Streets

For novelties in men's and young men's wear for

Gift Giving
Call on

Menzies & Stevens
Clothiers, Furnishers, Hatters
913-915 Pacific Ave.

The
Square Deal Grocery
L. W. Daniels & Co.
832 North Prospect St.
Telephone Red 936
Tacoma, Washington
How I Got to Morrow.

I have been only a short time in Tacoma, but I must say I like it very well. It has many advantages and its beauty in some respects is unsurpassed. The people are very hospitable, kind and obliging; yet there is an exception which sharply impresses itself upon my memory.

One day I said to a policeman, "Please, sir, will you tell me the quickest way to get to the railroad station?"

"Run," he replied.

Now, don't you think that was rather impolite? Well, I started running and after about half an hour I met another policeman, who said: "Are you training for a race?"

"No," I gasped, "I'm racing for a train."

In the course of a few moments I reached the station and, walking up to the ticket agent, I said to him: "Is this my train?"

"No," he replied, "it belongs to the railroad company."

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Halsten's Studio

2503½ 6th Ave.

Students Notice

Finishing Brownies

- 25c per dozen

Finishing Larger Sizes

- 35 to 50c per dozen

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McCormack Bros.

1352-54-56 Pacific Ave.

The Big Clothing Store

of Tacoma is now filled with useful Christmas presents for men, women and children. Prices are always reasonable.

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Prospect Market

F. T. Phil, Prop.

Fresh and Cured Meats.
Fish and Oysters Fresh Daily.

Phone, Main 338 2410 6th Ave.
"But do I take this train?"

"Well, you would better not take it," he asserted. "There have been several trains missed around here lately and if you were caught with one of them it might go hard with you."

"Mister," said I, "you don't seem to understand. Does this train go to Morrow?"

"No," he answered, with an ironical grin, "it goes today and comes back tomorrow."

I sat down on truck and then looked up at him and said, "Are you the freshest thing they have around here now?"

"I may be," replied the worthy gent, "but that truck you are sitting on was painted about five minutes ago."

"I got up and the truck got up with me. It pains me to say that I haven't yet reached Morrow."

W. T.

Attend the Concert

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The University of Puget Sound

Delightfully located, well equipped, and maintaining an exceptionally strong corps of teachers can accommodate a few more students in College, Academy, Commercial School, or in its Schools of Music, Oratory or Art. For catalogue address

Joseph E. Williams, President,
Tacoma, Washington.
ARTEMUS WARD once remarked "there is one thing to be said in favor of tight shoes—they make a woman forget her troubles.”

It isn’t always the size that causes a misfit. It’s the make of the shoe, the material and the shape of it.

Your feet are “traveling companions” that carry you everywhere you want to go. They are valuable servants and ought to be treated well.

We suggest you trying a pair of LUCILE SHOES—because easy glove fitting shoes are the greatest comfort your feet can have.

No matter what shape your foot, we have a style in LUCILE SHOES that will fit you snugly and comfortably, and if you happen to think of your troubles you don’t forget everything else.

“Lucile” the Best $3.00 Shoe for Women

Rhodes Brothers