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BLACK LAKE.
(Mary Florence Hamilton.)

BLACK LAKE lay in the June sunshine with scarcely a ripple on its mirror-like surface. It was closely surrounded by great, towering trees, which, throwing their deep shadows over the water, gave to it the peculiar name of Black Lake. There were no summer tents seen on the beautiful lake, however, and no houses were built on its shores. This seemed strange, as it presented a perfectly charming picture with its narrow, steep, sloping banks and the green forest trees surrounding it—a picture of peace such as an artist loves to paint. To one side was a small, grassy spot without sign of shrub or tree, the grass growing almost to the water's edge—surely an inviting spot for a swimmer, and yet no one ever went there to swim.

There was an old Indian legend of an old Indian chief who at one time brought his tribes to the shores of this lake, thinking that they would there find a splendid hunting ground. They busied themselves building canoes for the glassy waters of the lake and setting up tepees. Day by day the warriors went out after game, but came back disappointed unless they went a long distance. No deer or other game came to this lake to drink, and there were no fish to catch. At last the canoes were done, and although the majority of the tribe thought the lake must be enchanted by some evil spirit, the chief decided to go alone out upon the lake for fish. His people begged him not to go, but food was scarce, so, not heeding the protests of his people, he started, and was soon lost to view around a projecting point of land. His people waited long and anxiously, but the twilight shadows began to fall and then night, with its thick blackness, settled down over the silent forest, but yet the Great Eagle came not. Twenty 'braves went in search, but the chief was never found, and with great mourning and fear the tribe moved far from that
dark abode of the evil spirit, and no Indian tribe forever after ventured near the shores of the enchanted lake. Perhaps the white people got some of the spirit of superstition from this Indian legend, but it was true there was something very mysterious about its black, treacherous looking waters. Several streams fed it, but there was no outlet, and sticks thrown into the lake would slowly but surely drift out toward the center and never come back.

One fair June afternoon two young college boys, just from school and on a hunting trip, came unexpectedly upon the lake. "What luck," said Jack; "what a chance for a swim. I'm as hot as if I had just finished a half mile sprint."

"It certainly does look inviting; we'll just leave our game sacks here; there seems to be no one around," replied his companion. We can dive from that old log yonder; the bank seems to slope very suddenly."

Jack, always first, was almost ready for the plunge before Arthur, his more thoughtful companion, had placed the game bags against a tree and sat down to unlace his shoes.

"Guess I'll cool off a little before I dive; it's awful hot and we might catch cold."

But Jack only laughed.

"You always were an old crank about law and order, old chap, but here goes."

And off he splashed into the cool, deep water. He stayed under some time and then came up quite a distance from shore.

"I didn't know you could swim under water like that, Jack. Come on in nearer shore. You don't want to swim across, do you?"

"Oh, I say, Art, don't come in yet; there seems to be some kind of an underecurrent that carries you out."

Arthur saw he was struggling manfully, but he knew he was a powerful swimmer and had won many swimming races at school. He watched him with anxiety for a minute and he seemed to be going farther out. He grew very white; he seemed to feel he was in the presence of a great tragedy. He shouted again to Jack, "Can't you come in? Oh, what can I do to help you?" A far off weak call came to his ears. It was unlike Jack's boisterous tones:

"I'm afraid I'm a goner, kid," he called. "I can't do anything but float and the current is taking me out. Don't come in, for God's sake I —""

Here his sentence was broken in the middle and he was gone.

Arthur was paralyzed with fright. He ran wildly along the shore and called for help; but the echo of his own voice was his only answer, for there was no one within a mile around. He was a great, strong, brave fellow, but he trembled like a leaf and a strange horror seized him. He could do nothing at all, for he knew a like fate would be his if he went into the water. He started to run, and it seemed as if some evil one were pursuing him. After a wild chase through the forest he came to a little farmhouse and there told his horrible story. A party was organized at once, and as they searched for the body they told Arthur of the Indian legend, and he felt sure that his companion was lost forever.

At last, dazed and weak from his experience, he reached his home and told Jack's parents of the awful accident. They were almost crazed with grief for their only son, and sent parties out to search for his body, but each returned with disappointment in their faces.
One day about three weeks later some surveyors came to a lake some miles from Black Lake, and there saw floating the body of a young man. He was brought to shore, and one of the party, who had been one of Jack's classmates, recognized the body of his friend.

At last the mystery of the haunted lake was solved. It proved that an underground stream must connect the two lakes, and the bottomless Black Lake sucked its victims down with a deadly undertow and they were lost forever to their friends.

"Peck."

(Mark Freeman, '10.)

Peck was an ambitious young man of twenty years, just entering the academy. From the farm he had brought as capital stock a fairly strong body and money enough for two years' schooling, intending to make his expenses in part as he went; that his money might reach over the entire course.

On the second Sunday after his arrival he went to the First Congregational church to hear Dr. Humphrey preach. The minister centered his thought on the passage in which Paul told Timothy to stir up the gift in him. The sermon was a good one for students who had recently come to school without much purpose in coming, but not a good one for Peck. His fresh country mind was receptive and he drank in eagerly all the minister said. His ambition was fired and his determination strengthened. Indeed they were overstimulated. It would have been better if his ambition had not been aroused that day. He would have gone home from church with a better balance of mind had he heard some text like "Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature?" He did not see that growth is a gift and for ambition to try to command it is foolishness. "Grow" was not the paramount word in his plans. His one idea was "make."

After he had eaten his dinner he picked up the college catalogue and started to read and plan. The inspiration of the morning was upon him and so eager was he to plan that he could not let school affairs alone even on Sunday. He considered the matter of taking a second year study in addition to regular first year's work. On picking up the statement of the commercial department his former thoughts for taking a commercial course were revived. It would be a fine thing, he thought, for a fellow that had to work his way through school. A few days later he registered for general history and stenography as additional subjects to his first year's work.

In the December following he had a light case of the grippe, and though he missed but a week from
school, the catching up went slowly. He was troubled to find his recitations lacked in spirit. Often his confused brain would seem to forget a lesson completely when he came to class. As the first semester examinations were drawing near he tried to quicken his efforts and do a little reviewing, but his digestion was deranged and his mind not retentive. Ideas were dim to him—like objects you see when you open your eyes under water. Waking spells troubled him at night, and cold feet at bed time. Under these conditions it is not surprising that he barely passed in the examination.

Although he expected low grades it depressed him when he learned how low they were. He went to his room a despondent boy. He had a notion to go back to the farm and give up the whole thing. He saw little hope of becoming a lawyer, as he had planned. But if he went back to the farm what could he do but live a life that did not satisfy him? There was no chance to give up; he must go through. This decision he reached and reconsidered five or six times as he tried to go to sleep that night.

The second semester opened the next morning. Chapel service, which came early in the morning, was begun by the old song—

"Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve
And press with vigor on."

The half thousand singing students made the old chapel vibrate. They enjoyed the song as a wholesome incentive. Peck did not. It made the past semester roll before him and raised his spirits just enough to give him a fresh sense of his pain. There was no more "stretch" left in his nerves. How could there be? An occasional walk in the evening had been substituted for the gymnasium work, for in this school gymnasium work was not compulsory. The lack of exercise had made his stomach weak. His eyes had a kind of milky glare. The elasticity was gone from his step and his heels hit the floor with a dead thud. When he recited his clammy hands shook nervously. In this condition he dragged along toward spring.

Some friend might have given him a profitable suggestion if he had had a friend. During his first week in school he was too busy, he thought, to pay much attention to sociability. Now people were of little interest to him, and aside from an occasional short talk as he walked to or from the dormitory he had no conversation. Long ago he had dropped the Friday night social hour that he might have time to study. At times when seized by a desire to converse he found people little interested in what he had to say. At other times he saw them walk abruptly away and leave him. Finally he became considerably worried over the cold treatment his fellows gave him. He seemed to count for less and less in their estimation, so when the pastor called one evening he was really glad for a visitor.

Now the pastor had been watching Peck as one especially committed to him, studying his disposition and getting ready to give some good, solid assistance when time came. There was a preliminary conversation in which the pastor sought to lead up to what he had in mind.

"What do you weigh, Peck?" he asked after a time.

"One hundred thirty-four."

"One hundred thirty-four! Well, boy, you are thin, are you not?"

"Yes, for me that is very light. I weighed a hundred and sixty-one when I came."

"A hundred and sixty-one! What have you done with it?"
"I am sure I don’t know," Peck replied; "too much indoor life I guess." And he dropped his emaciated face forward over his Greek. The conversation had now run along for perhaps thirty minutes and he intended his glance at the book to be a hint to the pastor that the visit had been long enough. Overlooking this disrespect, the pastor proceeded. He was resolved he would make that boy see something besides books.

"What do you purpose to be?" he inquired when the boy appeared absorbed.

"Lawyer," he said, looking up and showing a shade of interest.

"How long will your course of study engage you?"

"Five years."

"I thought the academy alone required four."

"It does offer four years' work and the law school two, but I expect to do it all in five years. I must: my money cannot reach over six years and buy high-priced law books besides."

"Do you think a man is justified in making a hurried job of preparing himself for life by the mere fact that money is scarce with him?"

"My lack of money is reason enough for hurrying a little, and, anyway, I must get out into the world and do something." "You will be more apt to 'do something,' as you say, if you take more time to get ready. It is a squash vine and not an oak that is made in sixty days."

The boy's glance fell and lingered on the page before him.

"Now just take your eyes off that book and show me due respect and you will learn more in the next ten minutes than you are going to learn in a year if you follow your present habits. You spoke of getting out and doing something; you are not getting ready to do do anything. If you were lazy I could hope some day that you might be awakened, but being nervously ambitious I can hardly see anything before you but an early end. You have practically no influence among people and you are coming to have less every day. Your nerve for taking hold of a thing is gone. You had to leave your Sunday school class because your work was pressing you. You don't get out to Christian endeavor and church on Sunday evening because you say you have to rest for the work of Monday. In your school life you are not a model, I know, for in any line of work a man is not a model that exhausts his physical being. Your personality, or will I say any man's personality, when he is in your shape, appears insipid to a healthy person. You are losing vitality and vital association with——"

"You wait," the youth broke in. "What do you mean by all this talk? I have stayed right at my work since coming here, and the man that stays right at his job and minds his own business cannot be assailed."

The youth was standing bent over his study table, gripping its edge nervously.

"Take this one if you don't like the chair you had," said the pastor, pushing another chair toward him. "I'll sit down when I get ready."

Peck snapped back, but the reply merely changed the wrinkles on the pastor's face into a grin. Keeping his seat, he continued: "There is no occasion for hard feelings in my openly stating that you are abusing yourself. for you should know this: You are hurting other people by your frigid ways and secluded life. You should not feel hurt that I tell you you are injuring them. Sit down now and I will prove that I am right in this matter. You spoke of the man who
stayed right at his job being above reproach. That is only half the truth. Respect is due the man that 'does with his might,' but many men are consumed by the intemperate zeal with which they work. Not all good things are to be worked to their utmost all the time. We owe it to the task in hand to refrain from it at times. We owe it to other things associated with us to slack up or even drop our work at intervals, and when we feel strongly that we should give time to something else and don't, then we have abused ourselves and lost power for the very work in hand we are trying to do. I will not keep you away from your Greek any longer. Think over what we have talked about, for you are killing yourself by degrees and are too wrapped up in your books to know it. Good night."

The door closed and Peck was alone. He was in no mood to study, so he went to bed. For a long time he tossed and reflected, thinking of the evening, thinking of the past months, and trying to encourage himself. He thought of the pastor in particular, and wondered why a preacher had talked to him like that. Why had he not come with sympathy, as pastors are supposed to do? Then his thoughts ran on, broken and distracted, and they became dreams just as the clock struck eleven.

In sleep he dreamed a grand mountain rose before him. He felt the bracing coolness of mountain air as he saw the timber upon it just being lighted by the morning sun. He drew near the base and started to climb. Close to the starting point he entered a little opening, and here he saw a grave. At first he was pained that death could be suggested in the midst of such life and beauty. Then things began to grow dark before his eyes. There was a ringing in his ears like one hears when fainting. He knew the grave as his own. He struck his foot against the ground and seemed to feel himself rising. Presently he saw the mountain again, but now the sun just setting made the mountain satisfy his every craving for beauty. He moved to the inviting grandeur of the summit, and to a spot especially attractive. There he found another grave. He stooped and read the writing at its head: "This is for Peck if he wants it." He saw it was a good place to rest, and while stretching out upon it he awoke.

The sun was shining through the window on his bed, but he did not feel natural. It was morning. The thought gave a newness of life, for he seemed to be getting a new idea of what morning meant. All his past seemed to have been one long night. "Well," he said, interpreting the dream, "I almost thrashed myself out in the valleys without ever seeing the mountain top.

He had a new view of the student's life before him. He set a new value on his own vitality. He saw friendships and associations as blessings of student days, and that morning was the real beginning of his school life.

Prof. J.—"If any are going to drop out of class next semester, I want you to tell me."

Mr. Le S.—"I think you would better tell us, Professor."

Mr. Freeman (reading Livy)—"Hannibal was troubled by the marshy sky, and the sudden change from heat to cold on the elephant's back."

Why was it that when Elsie was given the word "j'aime" and Florence the word "donne," in French class, both girls were so confused?
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No doubt this year, the same as other years, we all have made our "New Year's Resolutions." Yet in the making of these, do we fully realize just what they mean to us? We are told that every resolution made and then broken weakens our moral strength. It were better never to have made a resolution than to make it and break it. We treat these grave facts too lightly. With us Americans promises and resolutions have not the solemn import that they have to the Scotch. Not meaning to be frivolous and careless, we violate some principles that should be held sacred.

It is not implied by this that resolutions should never be made. The value of a good resolution to the strengthening of our characters cannot be measured. Having carefully weighed it before the making, we resolve to take up some new task or more frequently to break off some bad habit. This resolution should be kept before our minds at all times, should be made a part of ourselves until the task, whatever it was, becomes a habit fixed and permanent.

Long lists of resolutions should not be thought of by an individual who has never tried his will-power by keeping one. Such a list may be possible to one grown old in the practice of doing such, but younger ones should not attempt so great a task. One good resolution strictly kept is better far than twenty made and broken. Then, too, many resolutions could not have the weight with us and be always in our memory as one can. So, shall we make resolutions on New Year's Day? Yes. Make resolutions, and then keep them.
Y. M. C. A.

The visit of Mr. C. D. Hurry, the international secretary for the West, on December 14, was made the occasion of one of the most enjoyable social events of the semester. About fifty-five young men gathered about the well-filled tables in the library where a splendid lunch had been prepared by the Y. W. C. A.

After all had joined in singing the grand hymn, "The Son of God Goes Forth to War," and Prof. Darrow had returned thanks, the boys attacked the viands with their usual zeal.

When all had done justice to the splendid feed, Mr. Allen, the president of the association, opened the speaking by stating that the purpose of the gathering was, in a measure, to increase the enthusiasm for every branch of our school life. Cook followed with an interesting discussion of Gearhart, and Le Sourd spoke on loyalty to the Maroon. Anderson told why he would like to go to Gearhart, and Reynolds spoke of our splendid basket-ball prospects. Lawson, our assistant state secretary, spoke of the work of his department in organizing and aiding the work. Prof. Darrow, who has been a member of the Y. M. C. A. for nearly fifty years, spoke of the work as he has seen it. These were followed by a most inspiring address by Mr. C. D. Hurry. All who heard it pronounce it the best that we have had at any of our "feeds." After making the acquaintance of a large number of the students, Mr. Hurry was our guest at the basket-ball game which followed.

H. C. S.

Once again has old Father Time added another mark to his age. The old year has passed away and the new has come with all its "resolutions."

During the past year the H. C. S. has progressed wonderfully. We believe that we have a stronger and better society today than we have ever had, and we are looking forward to the coming year for better results than the past has brought us. Every man is putting himself to the plow so that the harvest will be great.

In latter November, with the aid of H. C. S., patent hair restorer and genteel handling, Messrs. Block, Gaffney and Stewart were initiated into the secrets of our society.

Tuesday, January 8, the first program of the new year was held, with full attendance, having a jovial good time, preparing for the harder work ahead.

The preparation for the intersociety debate has greatly stimulated the interest in that line of work, producing satisfactory results, and, under
the kindly criticism of Prof. Pease, we expect greater things to take place.

BOYER NOTES.

Christmas vacation is over, and the Boyers are all back at school, ready for work again. We continue to hold our programs every Thursday at 3:35 p.m. Last Thursday our regular program occurred. An appropriate Christmas program was rendered just before vacation.

Santa Claus brought Mrs. Adams, our critic, a vase decorated with violets.

On Monday evening, December 10, the B. L. S. entertained their H. C. S. brothers at a progressive dinner. The first course was served at the home of Miss Ada Hooton, where the colors were lavender and green, the place cards being dainty college girls. The second course was served at the home of Misses Crumbling. The house was tastefully decorated, the place cards being bunches of violets, the B. L. S. flower. For the third course, the jolly crowd traveled to the home of Miss Mae Reddish. The place cards there were dainty ones, in the shape of our H. C. S. brothers’ pins. The fourth course was served at Miss Brown’s; and the fifth at Miss Ina Landen’s, where everybody assembled before the open fireplace and the Boyer quartet sang in their usual charming manner.

PHILOMATHEAN.

Literary programs for the past month have shown a decided and constant improvement, and have been of excellent quality.

The last evening before vacation was made the occasion of a Christmas frolic. The chapel was transformed with pretty decorations of Christmas greenery and a tree bearing the time-honored fruits of lighted candles and gifts. A short program preceded the distribution of the gifts by Santa Claus, which effected the transition to an informal party. A jolly good time followed.

A most interesting business meeting followed the program. Friday evening, January 4, 1907, when the annual election of officers occurred. Mr. James Milligan becomes the new president; Miss Stanbra, vice president; and an efficient corps of workers completes the list. An innovation in the ordinary regime and a decided indication of growth is the society’s decision to choose one of its own members to act as critic next term.

Enthusiasm and interest in the coming inter-society debate are running high, and all are waiting in anxious expectation for the event. Mr. Anderson, Mr. Marsh and Mr. Freeman, who will present the arguments for the affirmative are working with untiring energy. In these representatives the society reposes its utmost confidence.

“Three times three for dear old Philo; Three times three a rousing cheer! And the echoes will resound through these college halls again, As the name of Philo rings so loud and clear.

Miss Zaidee Bonney, who was a member of the class of ’08 and who is now teaching at Olympia, was a most welcome visitor at chapel on the 4th of January.

Miss Lena Wilson, who is teaching at Pe Ell, visited among her school friends during Christmas week.

Mr. Pflaum, who has but recently returned from Iowa, visited with friends here the first of the month. He intends to return to Iowa soon, where he expects to enter Cornell university at the beginning of the new school year.

Miss Farrell has been forced to give up her work with us because of the illness of her mother.
This year’s season of basket-ball has begun with a vigor and zeal that is going to make us win the championship of the Interscholastic League. We have already tried the mettle of some of the league teams, and defeat has not yet come to us. Although the team has been weakened somewhat by the loss of Brewer, still Nicol has been filling his place very successfully.

The girls have organized a basket-ball team, and played two games, both of which they won. Misses Hamilton and Burwell, although they never were on the team before, have played an exceptionally fine game as centers. With Gray and Hooton for forwards, Clulow and Beil for guards, the team is even stronger than before, and we expect great things from them.

On November 16, 1906, the first U. P. S. team met St. Martin’s college on the latter’s floor and defeated them by the score of 37 to 9. The line-up was as follows:

U. P. S.—Forwards, Donaldson and Brewer; center, Reynolds; guards, Nicol and Siler.

St. Martin’s—Forwards, Moderny and Wickard; center, Borst; guards, Thompson and Lanier.

On November 27, 1906, in the local gymnasium in a well-played game, the first team administered defeat to the Vashon team. Line-up:

U. P. S.—Forwards, Donaldson and Brewer; center, Reynolds; guards, Nicol and Siler.

Vashon College—Forwards, C. C. Tollman and C. A. Tollman; center, Burnell; guards, Thompson and Silene.

Score, 30 to 10.

On the same evening “our girls” met the Vashon girls and upheld their reputation by winning to the tune of 26 to 1. Line-up:

U. P. S.—Forwards, Hooton and Gray; centers, Burwell and Hamilton; guards, Clulow and Beil.

Vashon—Forwards, Kingsbury and Lovegren; centers, Roach and Foster; guards, Booch and Young.

On the evening of the 7th of December the U. P. S. team played Parkland in the latter’s gymnasium and defeated the team in a game replete with brilliant plays. As Parkland had not lost a game for the last two seasons, we were very jubilant over the result. Donaldson’s work was especially fine. The line-up:

U. P. S.—Forwards, Donaldson and Nicol; center, Reynolds; guards, Olsan and Siler.
Parkland—Forwards, Upstad and Petersen; center, Foss; guards, Severson and Storaasli.  
Score, 23 to 14.

The same evening the second team was defeated by the second Parkland team.  Score, 10 to 24.

St. Martin's College played us a return game on December 14.  It was an easy victory for U. P. S., the score being 45 to 14.

The same evening, in a closely contested game, the University girls again proved invincible, defeating the Parkland girls with a score of 9 to 3.

U. P. S.—Forwards, Hooton and Gray; centers, Burwell and Hamilton; guards, Clulow and Beil.

Parkland—Forwards, Leque and Sinland; centers, Teglund and Brotten; guards, Linn and Skattebal.

The girls' team of the U. P. S. will play a return game at Parkland on Friday, January 11, 1907.

**OUR TEDDY.**

This heading refers not to the strenuous occupant of the White House, but to a little yellow singer who is a happy prisoner in a gilded cage in the home of one of our Philo girls.

Teddie is no ordinary ear-splitting, nerve-racking canary, but an exquisite songster, whose notes of "linked sweetness, long drawn out," are the delight of all listeners.  He is a cunning bird, and kindly, and is quick to learn all sorts of tricks.  The act in which he seems to take most delight is kissing his mistress.  Although this little bird has had the very best training and care, yet, like another pet of the same happy family, he occasionally tries our patience with his inveterate perversity.

Teddie "dear" is a member of a Methodist home, yet he himself is a Baptist.  Each morning the mistress provides for her pet a dish of clear, fresh water, into which Teddie delights to plunge himself in the form of emersion.

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Reefers, Etc.
"FARMERS."

Let us first cast a parting glance at the typical old-time farmer. Two or three months in each year, there being practically nothing to do on the farm, he sent his children to the little one-room schoolhouse. There the pupils recited mechanically from textbooks saturated with city ideas and city ideals—books in which the beauties and wonders of agriculture found no place. The city lured the more ambitious boy; the others turned blindly to the tasks whose meaning was never to be revealed to them. The old farming methods remained unchanged, for the "Man with the Hoe" was content with the ways of his father. Four or five days in each year, the farmer helped to fill up the larger ruts in the road, but there was no permanent highway improvement. Season after season bad roads kept him from profitable trips to the market; because of bad roads his isolated family was kept from making needed visits to friends and relatives. Once a week, possibly twice, someone went to the little postoffice to get the letters and papers. Usually a trip to the station meant a loss of half a day from work, and this is one reason why the farmer wrote but few letters and took but few papers. Then, too, if he wished to summon a doctor, speak to a neighbor, or order from his merchant, a slow horseback trip over a bad road was the only means of communication. The rural telephone was not dreamed of. But the tragedy of this man's life was that he was a mechanical slave to the wheel of labor. He was blind to the beauty of rural life and ignorant of the wonderful natural forces with which he had to deal.

How different the farmer of today! At least five months in each year his children go to school, and the teaching has given them a new interest in
their surroundings and in their daily work. The old one-room schoolhouse has given way to an attractive modern structure. Instead of an occasional book bought from some agent or borrowed from a neighbor, the school library puts the choicest of literary treasures at the disposal of the whole family. The old rough road has been changed into a well-graded highway.

Instead of the weekly paper and the occasional letter brought from the old postoffice in the "country" store, the rural mail-carrier brings a city daily each morning, and letters and magazines in refreshing abundance. To confer with a neighbor no longer means a ride of an hour or two; one or two minutes at the phone suffices. Other advantages have followed. With better school methods have come more regular attendance and more enthusiastic pupils; better roads and increased travel have developed a new pride in the appearance of grounds and buildings; with better mail facilities there is more thought as to the quality of the periodical literature. On this man's farm there is no drudgery. Knowledge has enobled every task. The advantages of both town and country are his. Pan still pipes by the riverside, while the ring of the telephone and distant shriek of the "interurban" mingle with the music of his flute.

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Students will find in the study-hall a very interesting book entitled "The Junior Enterprise," printed by the juniors of the Snohomish High School. It is full of good things, wit and fact, and would be a credit to any school. Why can't our Junior class have an annual every spring? Certainly the Maroon management would consent to some such an arrangement.

The girls at the Ohio Wesleyan canceled all dates with the college-men during the football season, and in this way encouraged them to cheer and even to play the game. The scheme worked well. Girls, could you stand that for the basket-ball season?

"Whims" is a welcome visitor. The paper is interesting and neat and the illustrations good.

German Lady (calling for Central) — "Har!"
Central — "Well, what is it?"
German Lady — "Iss dis der middle?" — Ex.

Can a cow-hide in a shoe-store? No, but calfskin. — Ex.

Teacher — "Fools often ask questions which wise men cannot answer."

Boy — "I guess that's why I flunk so many exams." — Ex.

The statement has been made with good authority that one of the worst evils which has fastened its serpentine tendrils upon American college life, is that of cheating in examination. Such a statement seems startling and shameful. Yet facts must be faced. When the leading college papers comment, apparently with surprise, upon the news that the honor system is being tried in the economic department at Minnesota, is this not evidence enough that honor among college students is not respected as much as it should be?

— The Northwestern.

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LOCALS

Prof. B.—‘‘If there is no one here who is absent, I will put away the classbook.’’

Mr. M-g-n to Miss H—‘‘What would happen if your red hair should come in contact with my red head?’’

A Prep.—‘‘I put on that pair of socks a month and a half ago and they have hardly any holes in them yet.’’

Mr. A-d-n—‘‘You know, I’m not in the habit of going around talking to the girls, and finding out what they are thinking about.’’

Prof. J.—‘‘We will have examination tomorrow instead of last week.’’

‘‘Some of the bucking horses threw their riders and some didn’t. I was among those that did.’’

Prof. G. (to plane geometry class) —‘‘Any fool knows that; you ought to see it easily.’’

P.—‘‘What governs the will?’’

G.—‘‘Ask Miss T—y.’’

(From Botany Class)—‘‘Well now, Professor, cauliflower is cabbage in bloom, isn’t it?’’

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Prof. J.—"Does Parliament have any limitations, Miss H—?"
A. H.—"Not that I know of."
Prof.—"Are there any that you don't know of, Miss H—?"

L. B.—"Jimmy said I was a great big dear."
J. M.—"I didn’t. I said she was an elk."

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Mr. Knox to Mr. Nicol—'Prof. Grumblimg says you can’t do anything else while you’re courting.
Mr. Nicol—Oh! He excuses you, then, doesn’t he?

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