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CONTENTS

A Wish ...........................................................
The Cave Man ......................................................
The Stick That Lay in the Road ................................
Review of Silas Marner .............................................
Van Dyke on Christmas ............................................
M. Eleanor Brackenridge Club Report of State Federation...
What the Y. W. C. A. is Doing
Editorial Department .............................................
Athletic Department .............................................
Society ......................................................
Alumnae Notes ...................................................
A WISH.

At Christmas-time long years ago
"Good will to men," the angels sang,
And peace on earth, "their message rang"
Across the sky's celestial glow,
At Christmas-time
Long years-ago.

At Christmas-time that comes today
This message of good will we send—
The loving wishes of your friend
That happiness may have full sway
At Christmas-time
That comes today.

At Christmas-time in future years—
And all the other days besides—
May life for you always provide
Its laughter all unmixed with tears.
At Christmas-time
In future years.

W. R. Murphy.
VAN DYKE ON CHRISTMAS.

Of all who have written about Christmas, the one who has written most beautifully and helpfully is Henry Van Dyke. Below is an extract from his essay on "Christmas Giving and Christmas-Living."

"But how seldom Christmas comes—only once a year; and how soon it is over—a night and a day! If that is the whole of it, it seems not much more durable than the little toys that one buys of a fakir on the street corner. They run for an hour, and then the spring breaks, and the legs come off and nothing remains but a contribution to the dust heap.

But surely that need not and ought not to be the whole of Christmas—only a single day of generosity, ransomed from the dull servitude of a selfish year—only a single night of merrymaking, celebrated in the slave-quarters of a selfish race! If every gift is the token of a personal thought; friendly feeling, an unselfish interest in the joy of others, then the thought, the feeling, the interest, may remain after the gift is made.

The little present, or the rare and long wished-for gift (it matters not whether the vessel be of gold, or silver, or iron, or wood or clay, or just a small bit of birch bark folded into a cup), may carry a message something like this:

'I am thinking of you today, because it is Christmas, and I wish you happiness. And tomorrow, because it will be the day after Christmas, I shall still wish you happiness; and so on clear through the year. I may not be able to tell you about it every day because I may be far away; or because both of us may be very busy; or perhaps because I cannot even afford to pay the postage on so many letters, or find the time to write them. But that makes no difference. The thought and the wish will be here just the same. In my work and in the business of life, I mean to try not to be unfair to you or injure you in any way. In my pleasure, if we can be together, I would like to share the fun with you. Whatever joy or success comes to you will make me glad. Without pretense and in plain words, good-will to you is what I mean, in the Spirit of Christmas.'

It is not necessary to put a message like this into high-flown language, to swear absolute devotion and deathless consecration. In love and friendship, small, steady payments on a gold basis are better than immense promisory notes. Nor, indeed, is it always necessary to put the message into words at all, nor even to convey it by a tangible token. To tell it and to act it out—that is the main thing.

There are a great many people in the world, whom we know more or less, but to whom for various reasons we cannot very well send a Christmas gift. But there is hardly one, in all the circle of our acquaintance, with whom we may not exchange the touch of Christmas life.

In the outer circles, cheerful greetings, courtesy, consideration: in the inner circles, sympathetic interest, hearty congratulations, honest encouragement; in the innermost circle, comradeship, helpfulness, tenderness.
‘Beautiful friendship tried by sun and wind
Durable from the daily dust of life.’
After all, Christmas-living is the best kind of Christmas-giving.”

THE CAVE MAN.

When a new man loomed over Delia’s horizon, Delia’s parents sighed and Deliah’s father said to Delia’s mother: “My dear, don’t you think you should advise her—” and glanced rather vaguely over his glasses while Delia’s mother would fold her sewing with a lady-like snort and remark emphatically: “He really ought to be warned—I can do nothing with the child. She’s innocent as a spring lamb.” And Delia’s brother would say, “Confound it; Delia ought to be retired to a convent beyond the ken of susceptible males!”

For the truth of the matter was that Delia wore her heart on her pretty sleeve at intervals just long enough for a mere man, enraptured by Delia’s soft glances and softer smiles, to reach forth his hand and claim it as his own. Then came the inevitable tragedy—the heart was withdrawn to the rocky fastness of Delia’s inner superior little self, the poor man surprised and hurt was left to recover from the shock of surprise and hurt as best he could while Delia wept awhole o’er a shattered ideal. And e’er long the heart again adorned the lingerie sleeve. At each new victim the indignant family scolded, threatened and plead with Delia in vain. She wasn’t a flirt, she plaintively responded, she hadn’t led them on, how could she know a man was in love till he proposed? And then her guileless blue eyes would fill with tears and the sympathies of the family would again be enlisted as she confessed that “indeed she had thought she was really in love with Tom (or John or Don as the case might be) until he asked her to marry him and she just knew it couldn’t be.” Or perhaps she assumed an injured air and held that Arthur had really deceived her and only had the real man cropped out when he proposed and she had just decided that all men were villains. Or else Delia’s eyes danced and Delia’s adorable lips pouted and she seemed the incarnation of mischief as she gave for the gratification of the family, a bona fide reproduction of the latest proposal and laughed her mentors into a helpless good humor and plunged headlong into her next love affair with bitter experiences and memories forgotten.

The family had begun to ‘tag’ the number of suitors of Delia and it was just as number twelve limped off the scene of action and number thirteen, dapper, immaculate and confident, advanced into the fray that Delia saw the Cave Man. Distractingly pretty and in consequent as she seemed, Delia, beneath all her susceptibility to passing masculine charms, possessed a lively discrimination and a quick
aptitude for drawing comparisons and parallels from her varied reading. Duly the day before she and number thirteen had sat in the garden reading passages from old translations and Delia had grown hot over this description of the wooing of primitive man.

“She was his to do with as he pleased, this slim, sweet creature of rounded curves and dimpled cheeks. Since he had won her in fight, she was his slave. He took up wondrously one of the heavy strands of roped hair that hung far past her waist, her strong teeth flashed and almost met in the fleshy part of his arm. She was off at once like a deer, running free and strong toward the hills. He leaped after her with the quick tigerish lope of the forest, swinging up a broken grape vine of convenient length as he ran. He thought her splendid, superb in the blaze of her anger. But he knew what to do now, and he was ready to do it the more because he loved her. She led him a long chase but he ran her down at last and she turned on him in panting fury. He lashed her with the grapevine until with a cry of submission she fell to his feet, told him she was his and asked him to be good to her.”

Delia’s cheeks blazed as she shut her book and declared she would read no more and she and her companion were soon in a heated argument, number thirteen maintaining that there were in the present civilization men as primitive of emotion as the cave man and women who waited to be wooed after such a fashion.

“No,” maintained Delia, her cheeks flushing again” the man a woman loves is tender in his wooing, chivalrous and gentle in his attention—no woman loves a barbarian.” So number thirteen was content to let the argument rest there for he smiled to himself because of the first given him by her words. Thereafter he was tender and chivalrous and his eyes rested evidently on the heart just above Delia’s dimpled elbow.

And the next night Delia looked across a sea of faces at the Hunt Ball right into the compelling eyes of a man whose shoulders towered above the rest. “That,” she said to number thirteen, “would make an ideal Cave Man. I don’t want to meet him.” But she did meet him, and because, several times before she had looked up, annoyed, to meet his compelling glance across the room, she was provokingly cold toward him and provokingly honey-sweet to the other men that made up the coterie about her.

There was something about his inscrutable eyes that bewildered her. He was big and ugly but his glance held hers and she was furious. Conscious of the delicate beauty that was hers, she directed her fusillade of glances on number thirteen and grew angrier when the Cave Man strolled carelessly away humming under his breath.

“If she be not fair for me What care I how fair she be.”

Before the end of the evening, however, he came like a pirate and swept her into the maddest of three-steps with a calm assurance that took her literally off her feet. Her eyes blazed into his as she shut her lips tightly...
determined not to speak, but curiously enough, there was, in her anger, a sort of fierce pleasure that frightened her into farther silence and she did not reply when he handed her over to her next partner with a tense goodnight. She meant it to be goodbye.

Delia's dreams that night were troubled by a dark, ugly man, broad of shoulders, whose dark eyes met hers inscrutably; and for the next week number thirteen lived in a seventh heaven, while Delia's family shook their heads despairingly. "The same old story" they said.

But Delia wondered what had become of the Cave Man—not that she cared—only she was interested. And she walked in the beach to be alone with some very disturbing thoughts that had come to mar her peace of mind. Around the corner of a jagged cliff where a mysterious cave opened to the sea, she met a man. Delia was always meeting former lovers but this man had really never had that honor, he was only a worshipper from afar off whom Delia had recognized from afar, as a cad and very promptly discouraged. And now in the brief scene that followed the yellow streak became evident, for with an exclamation of pleasure, a quick glance in all directions he seized the girl in his arms. "Toll, fair lady, toll," he exclaimed, and Delia, limp with terror, was unresisting.

At this juncture there emerged from the cave, where, from the collection of weeds and shells in his hands, he had evidently been exploring, a man broad of shoulders, dark and ugly. With a growl of rage he sprang at the girls tormentor and fought and fell on him. Then he turned to Delia, standing straight and slim against the jagged cliff. The faint color was returning to her cheeks against which the wind whipped golden tendrills of her hair and her eyes met his compelling ones with wonder but without fear. For a moment they stood there with a few quick strides he reached her and held her fast.

His eyes now glowed—no longer inscrutable and hers blazed no longer unresisting. Bending he kissed her lips, her hair, and as she struggled he said tensely: "You are mine. I knew it and you knew it from the first—" but suddenly she bent her head and buried her teeth in the strong hand that held her. It was a new feeling that enveloped her. Exultant, glorying in her new-found savagery she faced him unafraid.

But the steady look from his blazing eyes cowed her and she fled—fled when she knew he would follow. Joyful in the freedom of the race with a fleeting thought that this was the Cave Man. Down the firm white sands they sped, on and on into the glorious sunset red. And, when her strength failed her she faltered and would have fallen had he not caught her there and held her till she told him she was his. Then hand in hand they went back to the world that would never know the truth of their wooing.

And number thirteen ourayed on to be tender and chivalrous to some other and Delia's brother said:

"I always knew when a big man came along Delia could love big too."
And the world went to the wedding where there were frock coats and silken frocks and a demure bride and an embarrassed bridegroom. But Delia—radiant, happy, Delia, gloried in the thought that he was still a Cave Man. Angie Ousley.

At Christmas-tide the open hand Scatters its bounty o'er sea and land. And none are left to grieve alone, For Love is heaven and claims its own. Margaret E. Sangster.

What a day may bring forth is a question ever pending in the minds of the faculty of C. I. A., as well as in those of the imbibing students. This, recently, has been brought to us more forcefully than usual, in that various means from time to time, have been proposed by which the blood in our veins might be kept from freezing. The members of the Athletic committee have arranged relay races, basketball games, tennis matches and other active sports; Miss Smith, in addition to our usual gymnastics, has led us in various juvenile games; and even Mr. Banks, one cold day, dismissed chapel with the injunction that we assemble in front of the college to run races. Though he challenged Mr. Work to run with him, dared Mr. Adkisson to join, insisted on all the faculty entering the lists, and otherwise engaged enthusiastic runners, he did not calculate on the geometric figure one of our faculty would describe on the driveway, nor on the tangents, secants, and co-secants she would inscribe on her hands and in that same race. She, however, had a painful reckoning with these mathematical inscriptions, and the next day in chapel held up a stick and, prompted by the muse of limericks, told us about it, in mock tragic air in the following lines:

HIS IS THE STICK THAT LAY IN THE ROAD.

This is the stick That lay in the road On Thursday.

This is the stick That lay in the road— The scene of the race, On Thursday.

This is the stick That stuck in my shoe, When I ran in that race On that road— On Thursday.

This is the stick That stuck in my shoe, That caused my fall, When I ran in that race On that road— On Thursday.

This is the stick That stuck in my shoe, That tore my sleeve. When I ran in that race On that road— On Thursday.
This is the stick
That stuck in my shoe,
That caused my fall,
That tore my sleeve,
That s-c-r-a-p-e-d my bones
When I ran in that race,
   On that road—
   On Thursday.

This is the stick
That stuck in my shoe,
That caused my fall,
That tore my sleeve,
That s-c-r-a-p-e-d my bones,
That snagged my skirt,
When I ran in that race,
   On that road—
   On Thursday.

This is the stick
That stuck in my shoe,
That caused my fall,
That tore my sleeve,
That s-c-r-a-p-e-d my bones,
That snagged my skirt,
That bruised my side,
When I ran in that race,
   On that road—
   On Thursday.

This is the stick
That stuck in my shoe,
That caused my fall,
That tore my sleeve,
That s-c-r-a-p-e-d my bones,
That snagged my skirt,
That bruised my side,
That cut my hands,
When I ran in that race,
   On that road—
   On Thursday.

This is the stick
That stuck in my shoe,
That caused my fall,
That tore my sleeve,
That s-c-r-a-p-e-d my bones,
That snagged my skirt,
That bruised my side,
That cut my hands,
That skinned my knuckles,
When I ran in that race,
   On that road—
   On Thursday.

This is the stick
That stuck in my shoe,
That caused my fall,
That tore my sleeve,
That s-c-r-a-p-e-d my bones,
That snagged my skirt,
That bruised my side,
That cut my hands,
That skinned my knuckles,
And made me sore ALL OVER
When I ran in that race,
   On that road—
   On Thursday.

Whenever you run in a race
Be sure your shoes are mended.
Else you might have a worse fall
And your happy life be ended.
LYCEUM COURSE.

The Lyceum Course is under the management of the Student's Organization this year. The manager has arranged a very attractive series of entertainments.

Mr. Booth Lowry:

"A humorist who is not coarse;
A satirist who is not crude;
A scientist who is not tedious;
An orator who is not Sophomoric" appeared on December 9, and met the full expectation of all.

On December 14 Mrs. Francis Hughes Wade, the noted harpist of Boston will give a recital.

Mr. James Morrison Totten, magician, humorist, and impersonator, will give a lecture on January 17. His subject will likely be "The Magic of Sunshine."

On February 1, the noted clay modeler, Mr. Willard Gorton, will be with us.

The last number will be some time in March. Mr. Edward Baxter Perry, the noted blind musician, will be here. These all promise to be especially fine.

A REVIEW OF "SILAS MARNER"

(The following address was delivered by Mr. Allen before "The Chaparral Literary Society" Saturday evening, November 27.)

I am glad to be with you this evening to talk to you awhile upon George Eliot. I have long thought that the value of the study of literature in our schools is in cultivating the fondness for reading. The great evil of college training in these days lies in the tendency to undertake everything except this, one of the greatest of all the things for which the college exists, and I shall be glad if I can in any way stimulate you to the reading of George Eliot, the greatest English woman novelist.

I have selected "Silas Marner" because, altho’ the shortest of her novels, it is probably the most artistic, while the simplicity of the plot makes it easier for me to set it before you as a specimen of her work.

It is a very slight and simple story, and it all goes in one small volume. The tale concerns but the neighbors of one quiet village. Yet the quaint and idyllic charm of the story, the perfection and harmony of tone, and the deep and true humanity of it, make it an exquisite work of art.

Mary Ann Evans, or Marian Evans—she spelled it both ways—did not publish her first story. Scenes of Clerical Life, till she was thirty-eight years of age, and her first novel, Adam Bede, until she was forty. If it had not been for the encouragement of Mr. Lewes it is probable that she never would have never have written any novels. Now, this is curious. It is singular that at thirty-eight she discovered a gift within her she had never dreamed of possessing, and that it was another who discovered it for her. And this marks one of her limitations. There is no doubt of her artistic gift, nor of her learning and profundity, but she is not a born story teller, like most of our novelists. Her first novel, Adam Bede, is, I think, her
greatest. It was followed by The Mill on the Floss, which is particularly interesting as being in part a picture of her own girlhood. Next came Silas Marner. Let me run over these titles again—Scenes of Clerical Life, Adam Bede, Mill on the Floss, Silas Marner. If you read George Eliot, read these first. Her other novels, Romola, Middlemarch (by some considered her greatest), Felix Holt, and Daniel Deronda, grow heavier and heavier, more and more sad, until they are weighted down with a burden of philosophy and ethical teaching that injures their literary value. I do not mean they are not great works; I am only advising you, for I fear if you begin with Middlemarch, you may be discouraged.

George Eliot is in the novel something as Wordsworth is in poetry. Wordsworth said: "I am a teacher or I am nothing." Now, some people think that it is no part of a poet's business to teach; that his only duty is to sing. George Eliot is a teacher, like Wordsworth. She found her inspiration for her Choir Invisible from Wordsworth's Prelude, lingering, she says, over such lines as these:

"There is
One great society alone on earth:
The noble living and the noble dead."

There are some who hold that a novelist's only duty is to tell a good story for the story's sake. I read not long ago in one of our magazines advertisements of current fiction. One novel is recommended as "A rattling good story;" of another it is said, "There is thrill in every line;" another is "Wild with adventure to the very end;" while another is "a dashing love story." Now, however we may enjoy the romance of adventure. It is an undoubted fact that the stories that portray the real life of real people, and especially those that analyze human character, are on a much higher plane. George Eliot's characters are living people, intensely real, subject to change like ourselves, and acted upon by others and acting on others. We are made to see the growth or the degeneration of their souls. Nor does she depend upon outward eccentricities of manner and dress and speech, like Dickens, to produce the feeling of reality. George Eliot is a thinker; she searches into the motives and consequences of conduct; she reads the human soul. Of course she is more than this; she is an artist, or she would not be a great novelist.

The tale of Silas Marner, the weaver of Raveloe, of which of course I can give you only a slight sketch, a few representative episodes, brings out all these qualities, and is moreover an excellent story, full of humor, pathos, and philosophy.

The period of the story is in the early years of the 19th century.

Silas Marner was a poor weaver, in a town in the north of England. He belonged to a church assembling in Lantern Yard, the members of which took a peculiar interest in him ever since, to use our author's words, "He had fallen, at a prayer meeting, into a mysterious rigidity and suspension of consciousness, which, lasting for an hour or more, had been mistaken for death." In other words, Silas was subject, as we would say, to trances. These his fellow members, ignorant.
like him, but very religious, regarded as spiritual visitations. He was a young man of ardent faith and most upright life, reared in a narrow atmosphere. His mother had taught him acquaintance with medicinal herbs and their preparation, but he discontinued the use of them, believing that they would have no effect to work a cure without prayer, and that prayer might cure without the use of the herbs. So he gave up going into the fields for fox glove and dandelion, regarding it as a temptation. Add to this that Silas Marner was very near-sighted. Note these seizures, or trances, and this near-sightedness, for the story largely hinges upon them.

Silas had a friend, William Dane, who was so close to him that the brethren of Lantern Yard called them David and Jonathan. William Dane, although regarded as a shining example of youthful piety, was very self-complacent, and very severe on the shortcomings of his brethren. For some months before the cataleptic fit occurred in the prayer meeting, Silas had been engaged to marry a young servant woman, whom he often took William Dane to visit. Unlike the other brethren, William suggested that the trance looked to him like a visitation of Satan, and he exhorted Silas to see that he hid no accursed thing in his soul. This, coming from his bosom friend, was a great grief to Silas Marner, and to this was added the fact that Sarah, his affianced, after his trance began to show an involuntary shrinking and dislike.

About this time the senior deacon was taken ill and William and Silas took turns in watching over him at night. One night, long after the time when William should have relieved him, Silas discovered that the deacon had been dead for some time. Repraching himself for having fallen asleep, he called the minister and other members of the church, and then went home to his work. In a short time he was summoned to a meeting at the church, where poor Silas was confronted with his pocket knife, which had been found by the dead deacon's bedside, in the place where the little bag of church money had been kept. Someone had removed the bag, and who could it have been but the owner of the knife? The minister exhorted Silas not to hide his sin, but to confess and repent. The astonished weaver acknowledged the knife, but denied knowing anything of the money. "God will clear me," he cried, "search me and my dwelling." Search was made, and it ended in William Dane finding the empty bag in a chest of drawers in Silas's room. On this William urged his friend to confess and hide his sin no longer. Then Silas recalled that William had borrowed the knife, and realized that the money must have been taken while he was in a trance. It flashed upon him that his beloved and trusted friend had stolen the money and charged the crime to him. But he only said: "I am sore stricken. I can say nothing. God will clear me.

It was against the principles of the Lantern Yard brethren to resort to legal measures. Besides, there was the scandal to the church. And Silas protested his innocence. So they re-
solved to pray and cast lots. Silas knelt with the brethren, relying upon the Divine power to clear him, but feeling that even if he was cleared, there was sorrow and mourning for him ever after, that his trust in man had been cruelly shattered.

The lots declared Silas Marner guilty! He was solemnly suspended from the church and called upon to render up the stolen money. Only upon confession and restoration could he be received back into the fold. Let me quote our author’s words:

“At last, when everyone rose to depart, he went towards William Dane and said, in a voice shaken by agitation:

‘The last time I remember using my knife was when I took it out to cut a strap for you. I don’t remember putting it into my pocket again. You stole the money, and you have woven a plot to lay the sin at my door. But you may prosper, for all that; there is no just God that governs the earth righteously, but a God of lies, that bears witness against the innocent.

“There was a general shudder at this blasphemy.

“William said meekly, ‘I leave our brethren to judge whether this is the voice of Satan or not. I can do nothing but pray for you Silas.’”

“Poor Marner went out with that despair in his soul, that shaken trust in God and man, which is ‘little short of madness to a loving nature. In the bitterness of his wounded spirit he said to himself, ‘She will cast me off too.’” And he reflected that, if she did not believe the testimony against him, her whole faith would be upset as his was.”

Sarah believed him guilty, for soon the minister came with a message from her that she considered her engagement to him broken. In a little more than a month she was married to William Dane, and not long afterward it was known to the brethren in Lantern Yard that Silas Marner had departed from the town.

We find him next living in a stone cottage among the hedge-rows, not far from a deserted stone pit, near the little village of Raveloe. We have a charming description of Raveloe. nestled in a snug, well-wooded hollow, an hour’s journey from the main road, where the mail coach never came: with its fine old church, its few old homesteads, the Rainbow inn, the purple faced farmers jogging along the lanes, the farm houses where men supped heavily and slept in the light of the evening hearth, and “where the women seemed to be laying up a stock of linen for the life to come.” For all these things (and George Eliot excels in description) I must refer you to the book itself. You will want to read it all, for she does not weary us with long, tedious descriptions.

The people of Raveloe were totally different from the mechanics of Lantern Yard, so different that Silas seemed to be in another world. They were superstitious, too, in their own way. The Raveloe boys could not comprehend that Marner’s large, protuberant eyes did not see anything distinctly that was not very close to them, but thought that his dreadfull stare could work them evil. Then they had heard their mothers say that
Silas Marner could cure rheumatism if he had a mind, and that if you could only speak the devil fair enough he might save you the cost of a doctor.

He had cured a baby once when the doctor could do nothing for it, but after that he was so beset by mothers who wanted him to charm away the whooping cough, and men who wanted him to drive away rheumatism, that he would never again try his healing art. No one would believe him when he said he used no charms, and so everyone who had an accident or a new attack laid it to Silas Marner's ill will. Another cause of suspicion was that Silas never went to church. But he had lost his faith in God and man.

So he lived in solitude, avoided by his neighbors, hating the thought of the past, with nothing to call out his love and fellowship toward the strangers he came amongst, and the future was all dark, for there was no Unseen Love that cared for him. But he got plenty of work to do as weaver, and his earnings were larger than in Lantern Yard. There he cared little for money, but here the love of money—the necessity for something to love—grew upon him, and he worked sixteen hours a day, heaping up golden crowns and guineas. He took up one bricks in the floor underneath his loom and made a hole in which to set the bags containing them, covering the bricks with sand whenever he replaced them. The thought of robbery hardly entered his head. To hoard up money was common in those days. In fact, George Eliot humorously remarks, the country people then did not have imagination enough to lay plans of burglary. How could they have spent the money in their village without betraying themselves? They would be obliged to run away—a course as dark and dubious to them as a balloon journey.

So year after year Silas Marner toiled at his loom, his life narrowing and hardening, his face and figure shrunk and bending with toil, the big eyes that used to look so trusting and dreamy, now looking as if they had been made to see only one thing, for which they hunted all the time—money. He was so withered and yellow that although he was not yet forty, the children always called him "Old Master Marner." But at night came his revelry. At night he closed the shutters, fastened the door, and drew forth his gold. He spread it out and bathed his hands in it, set it up in piles and counted it over and over. It was his one love; his one passion.

Such was the history of Silas Marner until the fifteenth year after he came to Raveloe, when his life became blent in a singular manner with that of his neighbors.

The greatest man in Raveloe was Squire Cass, a typical, hard drinking, fox-hunting country gentleman, such as we find only in English novels—we seem to have nothing just like him in America. His wife had died long since and he brought his sons up in idleness. The second son, Dunstan, was a spiteful, jeering, dissipated fellow, with a taste for swapping horses and betting. Godfrey Cass, the eldest, was a fine, open-faced young man, who, unhappily, had of late seemed to
be taking the same road as his brother. He had been away from home a good deal the last year and there was much talk about him. It was plain that if he did not turn over a new leaf soon he would lose Miss Nancy Lammeter, whom everyone expected him to marry.

We are now introduced to a stormy scene between the brothers, who cordially hate each other. Godfrey had collected a large sum in rent from one of his father's tenants, which he had lent to his brother, who was always short of cash. The Squire does not know this, and is threatening the tenant with suit, so, to avoid detection, it is absolutely necessary that Godfrey replace the money. Dunstan has spent it all and is unable to make restitution. To Godfrey's threats he replies that he will tell the Squire of his brother's secret marriage to Molly Farren, and that the Squire will turn his son out of doors, and he will lose the estate: (You will remember that in England the eldest son always inherits the land.) Worse than all, he will lose pretty Nancy Lammeter. In desperation, Godfrey commissions Dunstan to sell his favorite horse, Wildfire, to raise the money necessary to replace the rent.

Godfrey's secret marriage was an ugly story of a low passion, of delusion, partly due to a trap set for him by his worthless brother, and of awakening from delusion. His wife was a victim of drink and opium. It was impossible to live with her; impossible to acknowledge her. He loved Nancy Lammeter, who represented to him all that was good and noble. He could not marry her. He could not bear to break away from her. His one desire to ward off the evil day when he would have to bear the consequences of his father's anger, and when he would have to be banished from the side of Nancy Lammeter. So, the good humored, affectionate Godfrey Cass—not a bad man, but a boy brought up without restraint, whose easy disposition led him into evil courses—was caught in the toils.

In almost every novel George Eliot has some such character. There are few downright villains in her books, but, as in real life, people who fail through selfishness, or a weak inability to deny themselves things that seem pleasant. We human beings all crave happiness, and in the young and undisciplined the desire for pleasure regardless of consequences seems inherent. But we have to learn to sacrifice our desires for the good of others, else we will make a moral shipwreck. George Eliot repeats over and over the hard lesson that the weakness which prompts us to thoughtless self gratification is wickedness, which brings with it inevitable retribution. Whatever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

To return to our story. Dunstan sells Wildfire for a large sum, but instead of delivering the horse and taking the money, he starts off for the day's hunt, having taken a good deal too much brandy in making the trade, and succeeds in killing the horse by jumping a hedge. Without the money and without the horse he is forced to walk home. It was late in the afternoon of a thick, misty day, and his
THE DAEDALIAN

way lay by Silas Marner’s cottage. He had often heard of the weaver’s miserliness and had often thought of persuading or frightening him into lending Godfrey money. Darkness was settling in so thick as he neared the stone-pit close by the cottage that he could hardly find his way. Seeing a light in the cottage he determined to go in and have a talk with the weaver, hoping to borrow the money to pay Godfrey. Marner was not at home. As Dunstan dried his clothes by the fire he wondered where Silas could be, and where he kept his money. It does not take him long to find it, and he staggers out into the darkness and runs with the two bags in either hand, to disappear from our story.

The awful shock which awaited Silas Marner on his return I can not describe to you, nor the excitement in the village over the robbery. One of the best chapters in the novel is the description of the villagers at the Rainbow inn, where Silas, with pale and unearthly face, appears like an apparition with the news of the robbery. The conversation of these people, the butcher, the farrier, the parish clerk, the tailor, the landlord, is rich with humor and local color, for George Eliot excels in depicting the manners and the talk of the common people. Where did she ever learn—she a woman—how such men talk?

Time went on and Dunstan did not return, but as the loss of Wildfire was soon known, Godfrey supposed that his brother had disappeared for a few days, to avoid the storm that he knew his father would raise. Of course he had to break the news to the Squire about the rent, and of course his father was very angry and swore to take it out of Dunstan, but Godfrey got off cheaply enough, hoping that if Dunstan stayed away a few weeks the whole thing might blow over.

And poor Marner. He sat desolate at his loom, weaving, like one stunned, evey now and then moaning low like one in pain as he thought of the empty evening time and his lost treasure. And all the evening he sat by his lonely fire, clasping his head in his hands and moaning. However, dull his life may have seemed, it had been in reality an eager life, filled with a purpose, a clinging life—a life which clung around his treasure. Now that was gone and his life was empty. In George Eliot’s vivid words, “He filled up the blank with grief.”

Yet he was not utterly forsaken. His sorrow had drawn him closer to his neighbors, partly because they pitied him and partly for the reason that now, instead of thinking of him as a cunning man, too cunning to be honest, they saw that he was not cunning enough to keep his money. He was now spoken of as “a poor mushed creature,” and that avoidance of his neighbors, which had before been referred to his ill-will and to a probable addiction to worse company, was now considered mere craziness.

But we must hurry on to the coming Christmas time, which brought a new crisis into the affairs of Silas Marner and Dunstan Cass.

On New Year’s Eve a party was given at the Squire’s, the most brilliant social celebration of the season. There we meet the gentry of Raveloe,
and the sweet and upright Nancy, and Godfrey, forgetting his anxiety in her presence. He is very anxious, for his father is pressing him to ask Nancy in marriage, and how can he refuse without the truth coming out? Then, too, he is dreading daily the return of Dunstan. He will spend one more happy evening with her, then he must never see her again. And while he is forgetting with Nancy the ties that bind him to Molly, Molly is walking through the snow-covered lanes, carrying her child in her arms, the child that has its father's hair and eyes. She knows there will be a party at the Squire's on New Year's Eve, and she will go in her dirty rags, with her faded face, once as handsome as the best, and disclose herself to the Squire as his son's wife. As night drew on she was not far from the Squire's house. She was cold and wretched. She needed comfort, and she took it from her usual resource—the black bottle she carried. As she plodded on a freezing wind sprang up, she grew drowsy, the opium did its work, she felt a desire to sleep, and lay down against a hedge, in the soft snow. Her arms relaxed and the child rolled from her grasp. A bright light on the white ground caught its eye. The child followed the gleam, trying to catch it with her hands, into the open door of Silas Marner's cottage, where she soon fell asleep before the fire. The weaver was in a trance. When he came to and saw the golden haired child at his feet, to his blurred vision it seemed that his gold was on the floor in front of the hearth—his own gold brought back to him as mysteriously it had been taken away. He went down on his knees to grasp it and found the sleeping child.

I will not have time to tell you of his amazement; how it seemed a dream to him at first; how he thought his little sister had come back to him from the dead; how this little child revived the tenderness in his heart. Nor can I tell you of his arrival at the Squire's house, in the midst of the party, with Godfrey's child in his arms, of Godfrey's recognition of his dead wife, and of the struggle between his sense of duty and his weakness. I am sorry to tell you that after all he had the moral courage to face his misdeeds, to own his miserable wife, and to fulfill the claims of the helpless child. He had only conscience and heart enough to make him miserable—not enough to make him do right.

The wife was buried in a pauper's grave and Silas Marner, to the astonishment of the village, determined to keep the child. The softening of feeling toward him ever since his misfortune was now followed by active sympathy, especially on the part of the women. Of course their hearts went out to him and the child. I will not have time to tell you of the rearing of the little girl—christened Eppie—of her little naughtinesses and of Silas' total failure as a disciplinarian. It is a charming recital.

And now began this lonely man's redemption. As angels in the old days came and took men by the hand and led them away from the city of...
struction, so the hand of a little child led Silas Marner into the land of hope and joy and sunshine.

There was one person, you may be sure, that watched the growth of Effie with keen interest—her own father. He did everything he could do without acknowledging her, and gained a reputation for generosity and tenderness that he did not deserve. Godfrey felt that he could be a better man now. No one knew that the woman who perished in the snow was his wife. Dunstan did not come back. He felt that he was delivered from temptation. He felt that he was a reformed man.

Let us go on sixteen years. Effie, a lovely girl of eighteen, devoted to the humble man she calls her father, who is a happy man once more. The old squire is dead years ago. The young squire, Godfrey Cass, is a handsome man of forty, not much changed, and married of course to Nancy Lammeter. There is only one shadow in their married life. They have lost their only child, and Godfrey has in vain urged that they adopt Effie. But he has felt that it was impossible to confess the truth to his wife—so truthful, so sincere, so upright, so devoted to him. It might be fatal to her love for him, and he could not lose her, for he sincerely loved his wife. You see, he was a good-hearted man, but very, very human.

But there came a fatal day, when, through drainings on the squire's land the stone pit has gone suddenly dry, and the body of Dunstan Cass is found where it has lain for sixteen years with Silas Marner's bags of gold beside him. Godfrey, horror struck, breaks the news to his wife, and convinced that God brings all things to light, tells her of his marriage, and reveals that Effie is his daughter. I must read to you the scene between the husband and wife.

It was too late. Effie refuses to become a "lady," she turns her back upon the wealth that is her birthright; she will not leave the poor among whom she was reared, or desert the man who had been a father to her for sixteen years. She could not feel toward Godfrey as a daughter should, and she liked the working folks and their ways. Besides, she had promised to marry a working man who would live with her father and help her to take care of him. All this is presented a touching scene.

Godfrey realizes that it is too late to mend some things; that Effie thinks him a worse man than he is; that she must think it; that she can never know the truth about her mother; and that it is part of his punishment for his daughter to dislike him.

So we say farewell to Silas Marner on Effie's wedding day. She will not leave the old stone cottage, and her last words are: "Oh father, what a pretty home is ours! I think nobody could be happier than we are."

At Christmas play, and make good cheer.

For Christmas comes but once a year.

Tusser.

* On account of its length the reader is referred to Chap. XVIII for this touching scene, with its revelations of the depths of Nancy's character. Note how Godfrey's error "was not, simply futile, but defeated its own end," and that Nancy's words sum up the "moral" of the story. "I was not worth doing wrong for—nothing is in this world."
FIRST PREP REPLY TO JUNIOR ILLUSION.

Grass that is green
Has sap at the root.
Our class may be green,
But it has snap to boot.
Fruit, when it is green,
Has juice at the core
That'll make it mellow and sweet.
Our class, if green,
Has the stuff in store
That can't be beat.
We understand Dame Nature kind
Forgot to give the Junior mind
Its chlorophyl. No doubt that's why
It is so sadly stunted.

Washington Irving has called
Christmas the season of regenerated
feeling—the season for kindling not
merely the fire of hospitality in the
hail, but the genial flame of charity in
the heart. Let us keep this Christmas
flame alive throughout the year.

JUST A JOKELET

Here's a true one:
Mrs. Newlywed had eggs for break-
fast, which Mr. Newlywed found to be
hardboiled.
Upon telling his "better-half" that
he preferred soft boiled eggs, she ex-
claimed:
"Aren't they soft yet? Why I boil-
ed them an hour and a half!"

REPORT OF FEDERATION OF
WOMEN'S CLUBS.

By Annie Andrews, delegate of the M.
Eleanor Brackenridge Club.
A cold norther was blowing over
the Texas prairies the morning we ar-
vived in Denison, Nov. 16, but that
was the only sign of coolness that
could be found in that enterprising
town that in point of years is young
compared to other Texas cities. It
boasts of the first public school
building erected and also the first
woman's club house which was the
gift of Mr. Munson, an enterprising
citizen, who foretold the great work to
be done by women's organizations.
There were ninety-five delegates in
attendance, but only two college clubs
represented—Kid-Key and the M.
Eleanor Brackenridge Club of the Col-
lege of Industrial Arts. The animated
discussion of the delegates brought
out many new ideas on all lines of
work.
After the report of the officers, a
paper was read by Mrs. Hardy on
"The Formation of Parents Friends'
Clubs in the Rural Districts." This
work was taken up at the suggestion
of Dr. Caswell Ellis of the State Uni-
versity.
Tuesday night was President's
night and Mrs. Debrrel in her address
reviewed the work of the past two
years touching only on the points of
state and national interest. The great
lines of work taken up by the organi-
zation, the civic, the educational, the
mothers' club movement, household
economics, the qualities that consti-
tute a good club woman, the advance
women have made in the professions and the recognition which the work of club women has received in the national affairs.

Mrs. Threadgill, president of the Oklahoma State Federation gave a short talk on the work done in her state. Miss Kate Friend, who is recently home from her summer abroad, closed the evening with one of her characteristic talks on Shakespeare.

Wednesday morning, Mrs. G. R. Scott's report on civics was heard, after which Mrs. McKnight reported that nearly 400 play grounds had been established in America, and the influence had been most beneficial to the children. In Miss Effie Fowler's report on municipal art, she urged that the state be made more beautiful as well as cleanly and sanitary. Some of the school boards have found that beauty of environment ranks high in discipline and training. One school in Galveston has $700 worth of pictures.

Mrs. Cree T. Work's report on Pure Food brought out much discussion as it was a subject of interest. Mrs. Work pointed out that commercial caffeine was not the same as found in coffee, but it is found in coca-cola and it is injurious and dangerous. The dangers of this drink were so strongly emphasized that a resolution was passed to the effect that clubs work with the legislature to pass laws against the use of adulterated drinks.

Wednesday evening was given to the Mothers' Council. "Organized Motherhood for Home and School" was the subject for the evening. Dr. A. Caswell Ellis of the State University made a strong plea for the clubs to work more zealously for the club extension, especially in the rural districts. Leading educators are everywhere working to bring parent and teacher into closer relations. The speaker noted a number of cases where men had tried to carry certain things through for the benefit of the schools but had failed. When the women took them up they succeeded. In Austin men have tried in vain to increase the school tax but failed, now the Mothers' clubs have taken it up and he is certain they will succeed.

Dr. Ellis strongly advocated the clubs taking up the work of organizing mothers' clubs either through a salaried field worker or by the voluntary efforts of club members. During the Mothers' Council a telegram of greeting was received from Miss Brackenridge, who ten years before had worked with Dr. Ellis, inaugurated the mothers' club work.

Mrs. E. E. Bramlette gave a very interesting account of the young women who had availed themselves of the scholarship and loan fund. These young women who have left school are now occupying honorable positions.

Thursday morning was given to the subject of Industrial training. Mrs. E. P. Turner gave a ten minute talk after which Miss Retta Carroll, of the M. Eleanor Brackenridge Club gave a talk on "Student Life at the College of Industrial Arts." Miss Carroll was the youngest speaker at the Federation, but she delivered her talk so well, that she was highly commended. Miss Carroll pictured the student life at the college in a manner which re-
ected great credit to the college and its noble faculty.

Hon. John Terrell of Fort Worth spoke for the trade school, especially making a plea that manual training be introduced in the Gatesville school, as now the boys are only taught farming.

Mr. George Kissler's talk on town and village improvement was the feature on Friday morning's program and Friday afternoon was the election of officers.

During the meeting, receptions were given the Federation by the Officers of the Federation, the High School teachers of Denison, the business men, and the Elks.

An exhibit of the work of the students of the College of Industrial Arts was held in the Methodist church.

I will honor Christmas in my heart.
Dickens.

THE Y. W. C. A.

The purpose of the Y. W. C. A. is to develop Christian character in its members and to further Christian work. The meetings of this association are well attended and everyone is cordially invited.

In November, two delegates were sent to the State Y. W. C. A. convention which met in San Marcos. They were greatly benefited by what they heard while there and have endeavor-

ted to impart something of those meetings to the association here. From now on, the chapel exercises on each Wednesday morning will be conducted by members of the Y. W. C. A.

Recently, the association sent a Christmas box consisting of dresses, candles and candle holders to the poor children of Monterey, Mexico. Aside from these things, they are making other plans by which many others may be made happy at the joyful Xmas time.

"Peace on earth, good-will to men."

A CURE FOR LOVESICKNESS.
(Recommended by Dr. R. M. Evans.)

Take 12 oz. indifference, 1 lb. resolution, 2 grains common sense, 2 oz. experience, a large sprig of time (thyme) and 3 qts. of the cooling waters of consideration. Set over the gentle fire of friendship, sweeten with the sugar of forgetfulness; skim with spoon of melancholy, and place in the bottom of your heart. Cork with clear conscience and let remain, and you will quickly find ease and be restored to your senses again. These things can be had of the druggist at the House of Understanding, next door to Reason on Prudence Street in the Village of Contentment.

Jewel D. (to merchant)—"Miss Markham has appointed me to collect this bill.

Merchant—"You are to be congratulated upon securing a permanent position."
A merry Christmas and “A happy New Year”—is an old saying, and yet, other words fail to express what we wish for you, the students of the College of Industrial Arts.

**Christmas Greeting**

Do you realize what Christmas stands for? Or do you merely look forward to it as a release from tiresome school work and a means of getting home?

Christmas, the season of peace and good will, the season of many sacred memories “comes but once a year,” and although it brings with it joy and pleasure, these should not be carried to an extreme. Students are prone to wear themselves out during the holidays, returning to school with little mental or physical energy, thus causing their studies to be a burden to them. Can not you bring some of your Christmas spirit back with you so that joy and happiness will walk hand in hand with you throughout the remainder of the year?

Have you, who have refused to purchase Lyceum tickets, paused long enough to consider of what value, educational and otherwise, this course would be to you? This, like other opportunities, once lost can never be regained; and since the town provides so little entertainment, and the college has arranged the Lyceum for your benefit, you should take advantage of it. It should not only be a pleasure, but a duty to yourself and others to develop yourself along broadening lines, and to perfect in every possible way—mind, soul, and body. Music is a food for the soul even as literature is for the mind. If you have no taste for good music and good literature, now is the time to cultivate it. One evening’s enjoyment and bodily relaxation will refresh you, and give you strength for your week’s work.
Athletics.

Officers.
President .......... Grace Watkins
Secretary ....... Laura Brihan
Treasurer .......... Ella Harper

Coach of Basket Ball, Donna McQuinn
Coach of Tennis ...... Juana Hudson
Coach of Golf ........ Mr. McMillen

One of the most interesting features of the College of Industrial Arts is the Athletic Association. Almost every student and a few members of the faculty take their place in one of the various departments, and a few take part in two of the different departments.

The faculty and students met on the campus November the nineteenth at 4:15 and entered into many different sports. The first being the tug of war in which the strength of the different classes was tested. The First Preparatory class succeeded in being stronger than the Second Preparatory class, and the Second Preps were stronger than the Juniors. Then the Middlers and Seniors were asked to come out and try their strength, but as there were so few Seniors they declined.

The last and most interesting game was the relay races, in which every class was represented. At the end of the race the First Preparatory class had won and therefore as a reward, had the honor of carrying off the college colors presented by President Cree T. Work.

Second Preps! Juniors! Middlers! and Seniors! if you don’t watch out the First Preps will win in the Basket ball and Tennis tournaments that are to begin after Christmas, so you had better practice now to meet your little enemy.

The worth of a gift is not the money, but the blood you put into it.

Mrs. Hen-Peck—"This paper says married women live longer than single ones.
Mr. Hen-Peck—"Mercy, woman, can’t you find anything pleasant to talk about?"

Miss Whitten’s middle class has adopted a system of reform spelling all its own. Examples—mail (male) and femail (female). For further examples and information see Miss Whitten.

The 25th of December is neighbors’ day for humanity.
Society.

PHILATHEA ENTERTAINMENT

The members of the Philathea class of the Methodist church were royally entertained at a party at the home of their teacher, Professor Williams, on December 4th.

Though the evening was dark and stormy, the Philathea girls, well knowing the hospitality which awaited them, started out in their storm coats with parasols and braved the storm.

The bright interior of the house formed a striking contrast to the gloom left behind and the girls were ready for fun and a good time.

Everything being carried out in threes the guests were furnished with 1-3 of a postal card and told to find their two partners. Mr. Williams then requested that each group of girls write all the slang expressions that they could remember in a given time, after which it was announced that Miss Irene McQuinn and Miss Allie Smith's papers contained the fewest slang phrases and they were presented with a carnation as a reward for the purity of their speech. The other girls began to wish that they had written only a few of their many expressions when Mr. Williams announced that Miss Christine Woldert and Miss Ruth Baldwin had won the prize for having the most slang phrases, whereupon their 68 words were read and they were presented with a jumping jack.

After this feature the guests were given slips on which were written a number and the name of some song and as the numbers were read the three girls came forward to the middle of the room and sang a trio. Then came a cracker contest each of the two rooms choosing three representatives who were to eat three crackers apiece and then whistle. Much merriment followed as each side wanted her three to be victorious and hurried the girls until they nearly choked. The prizes were awarded Miss Louvenia Reibe, Christine Woldert, and Margaret Sackville.

After delicious refreshments of gelatine, whipped cream and cake cut in triangular shape were served. The guests after playing a few more games bade Mr. and Mrs. Williams a goodnight, declaring they had the "time of their lives." — R. B., '12.

After Miss Lacy's excellent reviews of "The Taming of the Shrew," for which we will ever be indebted, we were able to appreciate the play very much, when presented to us by Mr. Hanford on December 2.

Miss Eula Wood and C. J. Minter of Fort Worth visited Miss Margaret Minter last Sunday.
MASQUERADE DANCE.

On November 24 the Students Council entertained with a masquerade dance. Promptly at eight the halls of the college began to fill with queer looking objects, which doubtless would have frightened some passerby who knew nothing of this masquerade. The “witch” floated in on her broom stick and filled all the “giggling girls” with awe. The “Jolly Fellows” flirted with the “flowers.” The “market woman” in her calico dress gave several individual waltzes. Two C. & A. girls were present. One was so bashful that we hardly recognized her as one of our classmates, while the other was just “too stunning” with all her puffs and curls. “Priscilla and John Alden” walked about so placidly that we all wondered where “Miles Standish” could be. There were two “knights” present, but this was not enough, because “morning” came too soon.

After the guests unmasked, they were ushered to the Auditorium where they were delightfully entertained by several famous performers, among whom were Pelowalask. Mme. La Conaveilla and The Apollo Quartette. After this dainty refreshments were served and again the guests returned to the first floor where they danced until time to say good night.

SEAY-WILSON WEDDING.

On Wednesday evening at the home of Dr. M. C. McBride, 156 West Oak street, J. Edwin Wilson, Jr., and Miss Gene Seay were united in marriage. The parlor was tastefully decorated in palms and ferns. To the strains of Mendelssohn’s Wedding March the bridal party entered the room, preceded by H. B. Seay, the brother of the bride, and Miss Ollie Matthews of Piano. Rev. M. T. Andrews of the First Baptist church performed the ceremony. Only the immediate relatives of the contracting parties were present.

The bride wore a white messaline satin, trimmed in Princess Louise lace and pearls.

The bride and groom are both prominent in Denton society and have a host of college friends, as the bride was a popular student of the College of Industrial Arts, the ’09 class historian, and ex-President of the M. Eleanor Brackenridge club. Mr. Wilson was a member of the ’09 class of Castle Heights college, Lebanon, Tenn., and captain of the baseball team of that school last year.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson will be at home to their friends on North Locust street — Record and Chronicle.

Mrs. Cox and Miss Annie D. were guests of Miss Vera Cox last week.
Alumnae Notes.

A letter from Miss Norine Hunt, '09, gives us some very interesting accounts of her school in Blum. She says she is profiting by her experience and is “working her pupils to death.”

Miss Hattie Miller, '09, is teaching at Valley View.

Miss Inez Sherrer, '09, is at her home in Anahauc.

We were glad to welcome Miss Eva Blace, '08, who paid C. I. A. a visit last week.

A very interesting account of an Industrial Club formed in Cisco, mentions that Miss Sue Hughes, '08, of Cisco High School has favored the ladies with several talks on Industrial Education.

Miss Alma Shuddemagen, '09, is teaching in the Sabinal High School.

Miss Ellen Cover, '09, writes from Galveston, where she is attending the Medical University: “For a while I was the only girl in a class of fifty-five boys, but now there are three girls in this ‘interesting’ class.”

We are glad to hear from Miss Lucille Talley, '09, who is teaching school in Flatonia.

Miss Ethleen Bain, '09, is teaching music in Silverton and reports a good class.

The M. Eleanor Brackenridge Club received last week two new books for their library. One especially “The Plays of Shakespeare—Founded on Literary Form,” and sent by Miss Stella Elmendorf, has already proved its value to club members who are studying Shakespeare this year.

Miss Gertrude Strickland, '08, who is teaching in Kingston, Okla., was at home for the Thanksgiving holidays.

Miss Cora Reynolds, '08, visited the College last week.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS
A Beautiful College Souvenir Spoon, sterling silver $1.50
College Pennants 75c
Our line of Jewelry is very complete.

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West Side Sq. W. J. McCRAY, Jeweler
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Meet me at BEYETTS'

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THE PALACE RESTAURANT

Fresh Fish and Oysters Daily

Regular Meals 25c. Short Orders and Cold Lunches of all Kinds At all Hours

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