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Perhaps the time will never come when we will not have empirics in professional life, quacks in medicine, and charlatans in education; for it does seem that Barnum was right when he claimed that the people love to be "humbugged."

It may be nearer the truth, however, to say that the people are easily deceived on account of their strong desire to get much for little, hoping to reap a large harvest from a small sowing. Only make them believe that this is possible and they are ready to embark in the enterprise.

In our childhood we have been taught that there is no "royal road to learning," "no excellence without great labor" and the observations and experiences of maturer years combine to emphasize the truth of these thread-bare quotations and yet we hope to escape the stern logic of facts and keep inquiring for "a more excellent way" than the old-fashioned road to honor, wealth, learning and usefulness.

No sooner are the merits of some superficial school set forth after the fulsome manner of a traveling circus, than many foolish parents are getting their sons ready to avail themselves of its superior advantages, when they ought to know that the work of seven years cannot be crowded into that of one or two.

While charlatanism of this kind needs rebuking there is still another in higher circles that needs it quite as much. I refer to the writers and lecturers on reform in education, the apostles of the "New Education."

The more able and influential of these are men whose very ability to abuse the colleges of this country as "medieval, cloistered, scholastic and monkish," is the result of the careful classical training received in them. Their keen, terse style of expression itself (as well as the flowers of their rhetoric) are all due to the disciplinary studies pursued in college—the very studies that are now the subject for scur-
rilous abuse and bitter denunciation. For the former charlatans there is some excuse; for many of them have never had the benefits of genuine scholastic training, and hence speak lightly of what they cannot appreciate, or affect to despise what they have never had within their reach.

For the latter charlatans, who have had the benefits of sound training, and yet are borrowing the methods of veritable montebanks for the sake of getting the ears of a deluded people for the purposes of further deluding them and thus taking advantage of their ignorance for personal gain and selfish interests, there is no excuse whatever.

These so-called reformers go about the country prating about the distinction between words and things, the usefulness of the practical studies and the utter worthlessness of the theoretical, assailing both the work of the public school and of the college, and worse than all finding ready access to some of our leading newspapers.

Writing on this subject Noah Porter, President of Yale College, once had occasion to say: "It is in the name and interest of true progress and of real reform that we protest against the supercilious and positive spirit in which the professed guides of the people—some of them graduates of colleges—have treated the aims and objects of education, as well as the contemptuous and ignorant appeals to the prejudices and ignorance of their readers which many have allowed themselves to employ."

"No argument, to our mind," said he "is so convincing that we need to retain the old theory and practice of liberal culture, if we would sustain high-toned thoroughness in the promotion of our principles and high-toned courtesy in the expression of them, as the lamentable lack of both these qualities which has been exhibited in many articles of the American press, upon the subject of college education and college reform."

After all, these criticisms are to be welcomed; for, in the end, what is good in our institutions of learning will be all the more heartily approved for the abuse that has been heaped upon them. Doubtless there are some imperfections that will come to light as the result of investigations stimulated by criticism although the criticism itself may be wide of the mark.

The charlatanism, however, which most needs rebuking is that within our own ranks as teachers. It grows out of that weakness in human nature that tempts us to make cheap bids for popularity or notoriety. It manifests itself in a variety of ways. It takes advantage of the excessive self-conceit of pupils so common at certain stages of their development as well as of the vanity of parents; and in order to gratify the conceit of the one and the vanity of the other innumerable expedients are resorted to for the purpose of displaying the
talents and graces of the children to their admiring parents.

So much time and energy is expended for the purpose of making these showy demonstrations that little of either is left for the more valuable and solid work of the school proper. And just in proportion as the scholastic attainments of the teacher are meagre and brains a scarce commodity is there a resort to "fuss and feathers." This may be the height of wisdom; for in some cities and towns the desire for superficial work and theatrical display is so great that there is no demand for modest, quiet work along rigidly scholastic lines, and those teachers who depend on solid work for recognition will often come to early grief.

But charlatanism does not vaunt itself alone in public but manifests itself even in the daily work of the school when the solid work of the day is pretended to be done, by stereotyped methods in which the letter of the law is everything and the spirit little or nothing; in which the form counts for much and the substance is of little or no account.

Work whose merit is estimated by "conformity to type"—the type from which the book was printed—and whose value is recorded in per cents, perhaps for publication. I mean work that admits of no elasticity, no spontaneity and is devoid of any inspiration.

C. M. GRUMBLING.

A CAPRICE OF IMAGINATION

I was weary and dejected, my head ached cruelly and my mind reeled from exhaustion. The amount of gray matter required during the test just finished was entirely out of proportion to the amount with which nature had endowed me. I must rest a few minutes and gather my scattered wits before the next test due in three-quarters of an hour.

I wandered out upon the campus west of the U. P. S., exercising some care, for my shoes were not water-tight. I seated myself upon a log and gazed with unseeing eyes upon the snowy crags of the Olympics in the distance. How grand they were, and how cool their snows! I longed to cool my feverish brain with them. A little bird perched himself in a bush near by and peered at me with his saucy little head cocked jauntily to one side. He began a queer little song of his own composition and rendered it with a sweetness and grace never equalled by human voice. Presently another bird joined him and took up the refrain, then another, and another, till the shrubbery was alive with
song, each feathered chorister seeking to excel his neighbor, as you have heard a flock of blackbirds do on a bright day in early spring. The music was taken up and passed along till every bird in the wood was pouring forth song in joyous melody. Groups of students idling away a few precious moments caught the spirit and started up a college song. Other groups were playing games upon the campus, their gay colored caps bobbing about like bees gathering the blossoms' honeyed treasures. A gentle breeze fanned the flushed faces, and toyed with the truant curls which played at hide-and-seek with the bobbing little college caps. Under the playful zephyrs the lake blushed like a maiden tasting her first love kiss.

I joined a group of boys who were going out for a canoe race. They urged me to take part and I consented. By the time we were ready a large crowd of students had gathered to watch the sport.

The breeze had fallen. Not a ripple stirred the surface of the lake which mirrored the trees and cloud-flecked sky in perfect symmetry. We started off together and none could say one led by so much as an inch when we passed the sixty-yard point. Side by side we paddled for another thirty yards, then I began to gain. Two inches, three, five, a foot! At the encouraging shouts of the crowd I redoubled my efforts. Repeatedly I heard my name called: Harland Harland! Harland! With a snap my paddle broke and I was lost. I sprung to my feet only to find myself ankle deep in the slush west of the University, and one of the boys was calling me in to the long-dreaded test.

H. N. '07

Three Days on the Limited.

"Arrived in St. Paul 2:30 p. m., Saturday. Delightful trip."

A telegram, thus briefly, tells it all, but how many interesting and delightful details of the journey are compressed into those two concluding words!

There is the leave taking. Of course, it is attended with a little homesickness and regret, but sometimes it is necessary to part with our friends just to find out how much they think of us, or to realize, perhaps, how much we really think of them. The warm, lingering hand-clasp, the tell-tale tears reveal their true feelings and leave a glow in the heart that dissipates the gloom of parting and makes us feel more kindly toward all mankind.

The train swirls into the night. It is too dark to get a parting glimpse of our dear old majestic friend, Mt. Tacoma, and gloom conceals the Sound from our regretful eyes. And so we ensconce ourselves in plush and occupy our
minds for the time with what is going on inside the well-lighted Pullman.

The first person whose acquaintance everyone makes is the porter, that jolly and true son of the South, who is always overflowing with stories and jokes. Of course he feels a personal interest in everybody; and his hearty laugh is enough to make the saddest feel glad, the most dignified and proper smile. Soon the berths are "made up" and all are transported to Dreamland—at least all who can accommodate themselves to their unusual surroundings. So the sleeping train speeds on, directed by the faithful engineer under whose watchful care no one need feel anxiety.

On the first morning "everybody gets acquainted." In berth number one is a school teacher from Illinois whose enthusiastic face tells how much she is going to enjoy the trip. Across the aisle from her are a bride and groom, just from Norway, who can speak but very little English, but who can smile in that sweet foreign way that is always intelligible. In berth number three is a brave little college girl who is going back to school after her summer vacation at home. In berth number four is a middle aged lady who looks real interesting. In front of them is a little old lady who keeps looking out of the window in a very nervous way as tho' she were afraid the train would not stop at St. Paul. In the opposite section is a family of four little children, together with their mother, who are returning to their home on Prince Edward's Island. They are extremely sociable and so kind that when the mother asks one of us in her sweet Canadian accent if we mind if the children eat their lunch in our section, since their own is so crowded, we smile and say "no," and try not to see the syrup dripping from their bread onto the floor and their sticky hands grasping the seats. And thus the car is filled with interesting people. Possibly the oddest personage on board is a little old lady originally from Boston. She wears a very short skirt (she calls it a habit) and a blue calico shirt waist. She is very well educated—a very encyclopaedia of knowledge — and very much interested in "those elegant Oriental theories." She talks of ascending the heights of this or that city of precipitating herself here and there. Theosophy is one of her pet subjects. After I had talked to her it took me fully five minutes to regain my poise. The unreality of it all surged over me like a black wave, until I realize that my foundation was sure and was not built on the sinking sands.

Those three days passed so quickly for there was much to see and do. The dining car demands so much of our time; it is fitted up so nicely, and it is a delightful place to while away the meal hours. The waiters are extremely polite and obliging. One can hardly decide whether it is her twenty-five cents or her good looks that calls
for this attention. Nevertheless we all accept it as part of our "de-lightful trip" and our due.

While we have been looking around and getting acquainted, we have not been forgetful of the beauties without - the train flies along at the rate of forty miles an hour—past towns and cities, farms and prairies, with here and there a little lone cabin, thro' tunnels and thro' imber land.

One evening we stopped for water at a wild, uncivilized looking place. Near by was a little shack with a group of men lolling about it. As the train stopped they shouted to us asking for papers and books, and they were so hungry for reading matter that those grown men actually tumbled over each other for a scrap of torn newspaper.

During the whole trip of three days the scenery is interesting but nothing is so impressive as the Rocky Mountains; they stand like sentinels protecting the fertile little valleys below. As we wind in and out past the walls of adamant, now and then coming unawares upon a little silvery lake reflecting the giant formations in its clear depths, we can say truly "God is great." As we gaze upon a sunset in this almost individual world we might think we were looking at a picture but the perspective is too divinely perfect for that—the dark ridges near by and the hazy blue peaks beyond and still beyond—the tinted sky, the yellow, the red and the orange, all the colors blended and toned to one beautiful shade; and then as night comes on instead of obliterating it all, as long as there is a little light it can be seen; tho' it grows fainter and more modestly beautiful and seems to "tremble away into silence as if it is loathe to cease."

But we must leave the mountains for the train speeds on past sage brush, with here and there an Indian tepee, and grain fields, past the beautiful country into the noisy city. St. Paul is finally reached and in a few minutes we are part of its great busy tide of life that ebbs and flows like the ocean, and breaks in mighty billows upon the shores of Eternity.

**Crataeaus Cordata.**

*The Tables Turned.*

An original story by a student.

During the three years of Phoebe Hawthorne's college life she had never been so occupied with her studies that she did not find time occasionally to indulge a spirit of innocent friskiness and play a joke on some of her friends. Hardly any one with whom she associated escaped her mischievous wiles.

Wallace Hill was a new student. He was a rollicking, jolly, good fellow who made lots of friends and soon came to know the captivating
Miss Phoebe. And thereby hangs this story.

They had not been long acquainted until young Wallace received an invitation to a student frolic, with the name and address of the young lady whom he was assigned to take, enclosed. Being still quite a stranger in the school he did not know who this Miss Watson was but presumed it was one of the many fair ones whom he had met at the student’s reception, whose names, in the enchantment of the occasion, had been only a confused blur in his dazzled memory. But nothing daunted, he promptly dispatched a note to her address asking for the privilege of her company on the designated evening, and in due time, with a whiff of perfume and a dainty note, he was accepted.

Promptly at the hour he repaired to the appointed place and was received by a very shy little maid whom he did not remember having met. But he noticed by the dim light of the evening lamp that she was quite pretty and that was sufficient. She said very little and seemed awfully demure, but Wallace was a big, breezy fellow who never lacked for something to say when there was someone to listen, and kept up a rattling talk until they arrived at the place of meeting.

Phoebe Hawthorne was receiving and gave Wallace and his companion a very effusive greeting. Wallace wondered why he was the object of such attention. With his arrival everybody ceased talking and regarded Miss Watson with roars of laughter. His astonishment turned to genuine rage when a lot of fellows came up to Miss Watson and, grabbing her rudely by the collar, dragged her off to a dressing room, from whence “she” presently appeared in the rightful garb of Miss Watson’s younger brother. Wallace stood frozen stiff for a few moments with commingled chagrin and rage, and then wilted into a corner amid the merry ha-ha of the festive gathering.

Wallace did not learn until long after that Phoebe Hawthorne had been the instigator of the whole thing. In the meantime, however, the relations between them had become so ardent that it thawed Wallace’s resentment, and, while he never forgot the joke, he secretly forgave her.

And so things went on toward the close of Phoebe’s college course. Both Phoebe and Wallace were good students and stood at the head of their respective classes. And both, too, were fond of literary work and excelled in the literary society to which they both belonged. This society had arranged to give a theatrical performance, a sort of comedy, hinging on the fortunes of two young people in love, and ending as all comedy ends, in a wedding. Chance or some more probable agent, had made Phoebe the leading lady and Wallace the hero of the occasion. To add to the reality of the affair, a young sophomore, who was studying for
the ministry and who had already been ordained, was to "officiate" as clergyman. After the performance, which was given with much talent, the curtain arose on the dénouement, presenting the scene of the wedding very faithfully. Indeed, it seemed a little too faithful to suit Phoebe who noticed that the minister was reading the exact words of the ritual, and thought the realistic was being carried too far. However, the play went on, ending with a slow curtain and soft music as the minister with irreverent solemnity pronounced them husband and wife.

After the curtain had fallen, the minister offered the usual felicitations and, as is usual, kissed the bride. "Why, you insolent," she cried, "you act like this is a real wedding." "Well, is it not?" said the minister with a look of well-feigned astonishment. "This document was given to me with the assurance that you had agreed to surprise your friends tonight with a real ceremony." Phoebe snatched the paper from his hand and saw with horror that it was an official marriage license.

"My wife," said Wallace, putting his strong arm about her, "the joke is on you this time and we are even." And Phoebe, seeing that it was useless to protest, submitted as prettily as a gracious woman can.

The General Committee of the World's Student Christian Federation appointed February the 14th, 1904, as the Universal Day of Prayer for Students. For several years the corresponding date, the second Sunday in February, has been observed in this way, and year by year an increasing number of universities, colleges, and schools have united in its observance. All the Christian student movements belonging to the World's Student Christian Federation, namely, those of Germany, Great Britain, the United States, Canada, the Scandinavian countries, Holland, France, Switzerland, Australasia, South Africa, Japan, China, India, and Ceylon, and of lands without national organizations, have officially endorsed and adopted this day for united intercession on behalf of students. These movements embrace over 1,600 separate Christian student societies with a total membership of 89,000 students and professors. What a source of spiritual blessing and power such a worldwide concert of prayer should be, provided the opportunity be wisely improved.

Never has there been a greater need of definite, fervent, believing prayer for students. The growing number of students in the different countries, the disproportionately great influence which they are to wield in after life, the prevalence and activity in student communities of the forces of evil, the remarkable success of the Christian student movements, the opportunities on every hand for extending the helpful influence of these movements, the urgent call of the Church for more students to dedicate their lives to the work of Christ at home and on the mission fields—all these and other considerations constitute an irresistible appeal for prayer for students.
A CANTICLE OF CHEER.

Let's not repine,
Dear friend of mine,
Nor prompt a plaintive word;
The world abounds
In doleful sounds—
Oh, let the songs be heard!

What though the way
Seem sad today,
Oh, why should mortal mourn?
For darkest night
There's morning's light,
A rose for every thorn.

Oh, let us smile!
'Twill cares begnile
And help us to be strong;
It gives life zest
To laugh and jest
And sing a joyful song.

Our God above
In perfect love
Forbids us to despair.
He strives to bless
With happiness
His children everywhere.

He wills that pain
Should be but gain
To bring his blessings near;
And we can smile
Through every trial
And count our sorrows dear.

For though the gloom
Of cross and tomb
Suffuse our eyes with tears;
Tears but suffice
To clear the skies—
Ascension scene appears!

Oh, consider, then,
What's done for men
To keep them always glad!
And feel the flush
Of burning blush
If still your soul is sad.

Then every sigh
Let's crucify,
Commit to joy our ways;
And thus good cheer
Will make the year
A train of shining days!

—ANDREW MARKER.
Concentration and Renunciation are words that should be written large in the vocabulary of every student. The one great prudence in college life is concentration. It is the serviceable, safe, certain, remunerative, sovereign quality. The student should know only one street between his home and his school. He should renounce the subsidiary and irrelevant, and spill down his soul into his studies. One hour of intense application is better than a day of mental meandering. The same force that plumps a projectile through an armored ship only spatters a charge of grape shot against its side. The essential function of education is to train the mind to marshal and discipline its scattered energies, and he who has learned to hurl his supreme strength at one point has learned the wisdom of the mightiest master of victory. The demand of the times is for men who can do things with dexterity and dispatch; men whose minds have the energy and flash of an electric current. Only those whose faculties are trained to precise and intense application are effectively equipped for the exacting exigencies of the day.

“In these common-sense days a good writer is known by the adjectives he doesn’t use,” remarks the Saturday Evening Post. Nevertheless it is true. We use too many adjectives. Every little noun bristles like a porcupine with modifiers. Our sentences must be, like Dalilia, “bedecked, ornate and gay.” Such indiscriminate use degrades the adjective and enervates
the noun. Study Ruskin and find how a great master of style shunned the vulgar overdressed. His naked sentences are thrust home like a keen knife. Never use an adjective unless you have to, seems to have been his rule. And that celebrated French writer who calls himself Pierre Loti seldom or never uses an adjective more startling than "good," "bad," "green," "light," and so on, and yet so orders his sentences that the adjective shines out like a rose on a briar bush.

An exchange, edited by a society of young women, remarks that today the only professions in which men excel women are those which require the exertion of more muscle than intellect. While we do not deny that men are sometimes stupid and often foolish, the mere fact that we do not excel our charming critics is proof that God made us to match 'em.

The slow student should not be discouraged. Did not Noah spend six hundred years in building the ark, even after the Lord had told him how to do it?

SOCIETY NOTES

B. L. S.

The Boyer Literary Society gave their first program on Friday evening the 15th, when their new society room on the third floor was formally opened. A choice program was rendered and showed that this society has launched out for some fine work in literary and musical lines.

M. R.

Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. has taken on new impetus under the inspiration of Miss Shields' visit which occurred on Thursday, Jan. 14th. Miss Shields is the secretary and organizer for the Northwest, and her encouraging, helpful talk will long be remembered by those who were privileged to meet her.

The first meeting of the term was led by Mrs. Whitney of the First Church, whose wide experience made her advice very acceptable and her encouragement helpful.

H. C. S.

The H. C. S. is just closing the second year of its existence. The last year has shown a marked improvement in its literary work. Additions to the membership have
been made in the persons of Roy Vaughan and Louis Cochran who were initiated on Tuesday evening Jan. 19th. After the initiation the regular meeting was held at which the new members were given a cordial reception. Mr. Warren Cuddy, the outgoing speaker, reports that the society is in the best of running order and the members are looking forward to the best year of its existence. G. L.

OWLS.

The Owls gave a "High Hoot" on the evening of Jan. 16th when Miss Zaidee Bonney, Miss Ethel Pearle, and Mr. John Long were initiated into the mysteries of the flock. Those present were: Misses Bonney, Pearle, Pease, Le Sourd, Rutledge, Davis, Holker, Berkman and Cotter; Messrs. Long, Rutledge, Sheafe, Beach, Nace, Anderson, Medcalf, Olsan, Cook and Nicholson. J. C.

GIRLS' ATHLETIC CLUB.

A number of enthusiastic girls attended the Girls' Athletic Club meeting on Jan. 19. This was the first meeting this year, and was for the purpose of reorganizing the former society and securing new members. The girls intend to make this a successful year. The officers for the ensuing term are Ada Holker, Pres., Zaidee Bonney, Vice Pres., Ora Bullock, Sec., Ethel Pearle, Treas. A. H.

RECEPTION FOR MISS SHIELDS.

Miss Alice Hawthorne very pleasantly entertained the Cabinet of the Young Woman's Christian Association at dinner Jan. 14th, in honor of Miss Shields, Association secretary for the Northwest. After a delightful repast Miss Shields gave a very interesting and helpful talk on Association work.

L. B.

On Friday morning, Jan. 15th, the students had the rare privilege of listening to an eloquent and inspiring address by Bishop Hamilton, on the subject of "Poverty Makes Rich Minds." Every one who came under the influence of his voice felt the enobling and uplifting power of this grand man.

Prof. Grumbling will superintend some interesting studies of the octopus and skates in the zoology class.

Dr. I. E. Hoska, a graduate of the Dental Department of the University of California, has purchased the office of Dr. W. E. Burkhart, at 930 Pacific ave., where he will conduct an up-to-date scientific practice.
A Course in Journalism.

The University of Chicago, under the impression that journalism can be taught like law or medicine, and being in some doubt as to how to set about the business, has turned in its perplexity to the heads of the profession for advice and instruction. In an open letter to the editors of some of our leading newspapers, it has fired off a volley of explosive conundrums. Should a journalist, it asks, have a college education or is a high school education sufficient? Which is of most value—the amount of knowledge gained in school, or the discipline and control of the mind? Is it better for a student to begin the study of journalism before or after twenty years of age? What is the value of Greek in a journalist's training, of French, of Latin, of German, of mathematics, of chemistry, of biology, of history, of English? If a student of journalism cannot go to college, ought he to study political economy, psychology, ethics or moral philosophy in a high school.

To these questions the able editors have returned an astonishing variety of replies, agreeing apparently only on this point—about which no information was asked—that it is impossible to teach journalism by any college curriculum. The best paper in America, the New York Evening Post, does "not believe Latin, Greek, or French or German, or mathematics, or chemistry, or biology, or history is of any value to a journalist, as a journalist, journalism being what it now is. All of these things are of high value to a man, as a man; to a journalist, as a means of obtaining a place, they are of no use whatever." Of the many virtues of the Evening Post, the most conspicuously agreeable is that it is always in hot water. No sooner had the above appeared in print than a score of able editors were denouncing it as the meanest and most paltry view of journalism that had ever come under their scandalized notice; not seeing that its whole pith is summed up in the clause, "Journalism being what it now is." The Post was not, of course, condemning the possession of knowledge by a journalist. It was only insisting that in the present condition of American journalism an acquaintance with ancient and modern languages is no passport to a position. And, indeed, it is to be gravely questioned whether a man would be refused a place on the New York Journal, simply because his knowledge of the Homeric controversy did not come up to Mr.
Hearst's standard. There are few papers in the United States in which literary subjects are treated editorially. In England, where Latin and Greek are still quoted, even in the House of Lords, and where men like Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. Justin McCarty, Sir Edwin Arnold and Mr. H. D. Traill are still regular contributors to the daily press, scholarship has a direct commercial value. There and in France it is still possible for a man, solely by his knowledge of literature, to make a decent living in journalism. Here, it is not possible, and Greek and Latin, mathematics and the sciences are of no more value to an American journalist than they are to every cultivated man, as means of strengthening his mind, broadening his sympathies, and accustomed him to the habit of strong intellectual exertion.

The Passing of Kipling.

The literary reviews say that Kipling, once most in request, is now less read than any one of twenty American authors.

Exactly what Kipling stood for in the essence of his writing was not revealed until the opening of the South African war.

Then it came upon men in a flash that this was the thing that he had always meant and always apotheosized—the strong arm, the dominance of brute instincts, the coarse, hard fiber of mind, the gross and material view of life, the love of cruelty and savagery, the negation of sympathy and brotherhood, the lust for power and land and wealth, the right of might, the cynical indifference to justice, the burden of strong races upon the weak, the thirst for preying and plundering.

They had not seen that under the wonderful brilliance of the man's style those were the springs of his faith; the war and his view of it and callous delight in it were all made clear. Men perceived that while he sung the Recessional, he was casting about for further feats of national brigandage and shame to exploit in verse.

The world has known a time when the singer of blood and battle and the glory of physical strength was the dearest of all lyrists. Thank God we have passed from that state. We do not delight in cruelty. We do not greatly care for brute force. We are not charmed by the savage spirit of aggrandizement, and we have no joy in battle for the sake of battle.

We are not of this man's race. We ask for literature, now, not so much the entertainment of cleverness as some note of help or hope. There is no such note in Kipling.

After all, it is only love that endures.

It is better that such a man should pass.

GENIUS.

Inspiration, with complacent ease,
Ambled on his careless way;
Perspiration rose at dawn, toiled terribly,
And won the deathless bay.
With a tail of exclamation points and scintillating in gold, The Comet arrives from Reno, Nevada. We are glad to place it on our roll of literary visitors.

"Yes, father, when I graduate I am going to follow my literary bent and write for money."

"Humph, John, you ought to be successful. That’s all you did the four years you spent in college."
—Echo.

"In the college football annals are the names of men who have risen in usefulness and power. There is irrefutable proof that the men who worked the hardest on the gridiron have been the hardest workers in the game of life."
—News Letter, Johns Hopkins.

"The undisputed champions of the Pacific Coast."
—Wa Wa. Of course the University of Puget Sound football team is referred to.

The initial number of the Houston Crimson arrives and is gratefully acknowledged. It is a creditable piece of work, and judging by its literary output, Houston is a first-rate local institution. But until it has achieved a national reputation it might be well to state somewhere in the paper just where Houston school is located.

INCIDENTAL

The Maroon is glad to notice so many strange, good looking faces among the students since vacation and extends to them the glad hand of greeting and good fellowship. The familiar ones are looking even more bright and beautiful than ever since the Christmas recess, and the work goes on serenely.

Messrs. Marsh and Pittmon went to Everett, Saturday, 16th, to assist Bishop Hamilton in dedicating the new M. E. church there.

WORK DONE SQUARELY.

The more of great men that I read,
The quality of greatness weigh,
The more I find its greatest meed
Is work done squarely every day.
Oh, what ennobling merit lies
In well-employed, unwasted days!
’Tis duty done that glorifies,
Though genius gets the praise.
—A. M.

FROM FLY-LEAF OF AN ALGEBRA

"If there should be another flood,
Oh, here for refuge fly,
Though all the earth be submerged,
This book would still be dry."
A suggestion for a cartoon: The figure of a young man hurtling wildly through the gloaming, with head down like a hound on a fresh scent, his long, tawny mane streaming straight behind and his legs a confused blur from the extreme rapidity of their motion. In the distant foreground a picture of Puyallup railway station, the midnight train just wistling in. Entitle it "A slow clock and a fast run," and submit it to J. O. for approval.

J. O.—"Does Dr. Rader charge less than the other ministers for performing the marriage ceremony?"

Student—"I thought you took Latin last year." Flunker—"I did but the professor encored me."

Speaker—"She told me that one look at my face was enough."

Miss — : "One look at my face is more than enough."

Miss Ness—: "Why, Miss T—, what have you in your head?"

Miss T—: "I don't know, I'm sure."

Mill—: Miss Osbourne is quite a burden on my mind."

A SENIOR'S PLEA.

"Dear Father:—Once you said, 'My son, To manhood you have grown; Make others trust you, trust yourself, And learn to stand alone!'

Now, father, soon I graduate, And those who long have shown How well they trust me, want their pay, And I can stand a loan."

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Mr. Marsh says that his brief experience as a teacher convinces him that it is, indeed, better to give than to receive — examinations.

Mr. M—sh has written a beautiful, though pathetic essay on "The Inspiration of Solitude."

P. H. D.:— "Oh, Eddie, don't you like me any more?"
(Answer suppressed, out of deference to the pleadings of "Eddie.")

E. A., in a letter written from Chehalis during vacation:— "I haven't started for the mountains yet on that deer hunt, and I am not decided that I shall. Game is quite abundant this side of the mountains."

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A sophomore, ruminating on the "Inspiration of Solitude," stood on the "Bridge of Sighs," paraphrasing Hood:

Oh, the rarity
Of feminine charity
Under the sun!
Truly 'tis pityful,
Of a whole cityful
Girls I have none!

Mr. Williams decided that he wouldn't play the last half, and, in the expressive parlance of the herd, "cut it out."

The joke column is sadly curtailed this month. The students seem too busy to think of funny things, or are too discreet to say them within ear shot of the reporters.

Mr. S. In Physics Class:—"Which is quicker, Professor, to heat water by putting it on top of the stove, or the stove on top of the water?"

Prof. McC.:—"Pressure makes thick skin."
Miss Cl—w:—"What makes thick lips,—pressure?

"What's hit is history.
What's mist is mystery."

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