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The Origin of Thanksgiving Day.

Thanksgiving in the United States is an annual festival and was not instituted to celebrate any single event but to show proper gratitude to a bountiful Father for the blessings of the closing year. It gathers in thought all the bounties of harvest, and all the mercies and gifts of Providence for the foregoing twelve months.

The first we hear of such a festival is the Jewish Feast of Tabernacles. The Hebrews, under the old Mosaic law, celebrated the mercies of God in a harvest festival under the branches of the trees.

But there are national and local festivals which bear a closer resemblance to our feast than did the Feast of the Tabernacles. We find that in Holland, on October 3, 1575, the Dutch celebrated in a feast of thanksgiving the deliverance of the city of Leyden from seige. In the service of the English church, on the fifth of November they celebrate the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot. The German Protestants have the custom of "Harvest Home," which they celebrate with religious services as well as with feasts. This custom was brought into the United States by the German immigrants, and it is supposed that out of this grew our thanksgiving day on Long Island.

But our American Thanksgiving is historically traced to the earliest settlers of New England. The first real celebration in the United States that we hear of was in 1621, at Plymouth, one year after the landing of the Pilgrims, and after the first harvest, which proved to be a very abundant one. Governor Bradford sent four men out fowling, and in one day these men killed enough wild fowl to serve the whole company of Pilgrims and their friend, Massasoit, the Indian chief and his ninety followers. This feast lasted for three days. The next Thanksgiving was in July, 1623, when, having had a long drought, the people assembled to pray for rain. While they were praying, the rain began to fall, and their prayer and fasting was changed to thanksgiving and feasting. In 1623 there was another appointment of Thanksgiving, because of supplies sent from Ireland. Also, we find record of Thanksgiving appointments in Massachusetts in 1632, 1633, 1634, 1637, 1638, and 1639; and in Plymouth in 1651, 1668, 1680, when we find it has become a fixed custom with the Pilgrims. Dutch Governors of New Netherlands in 1644, 1645, 1655, and 1664, and English Governors of New York in 1755 and 1760, appointed days of thanksgiving. During the Revolutionary War Congress annually appointed days of thanksgiving. In 1784, there was a day of praise and thanksgiving for the return of peace and liberty to the United States. Then in 1789 President Washington called for a day of rejoicing for the adoption of the Constitution. In 1795, he issued a second call for a national thanksgiving, on account of the prosperity and welfare of the nation. This celebration was on the nineteenth of February. In the same year, Gov. Jay of New
York issued a call for thanksgiving which was but slightly attended to. A second trial was made in 1817 by Gov. DeWitt Clinton, and to this call there was a hearty response. Since 1817 the State of New York has celebrated the annual thanksgiving with scarcely a break. Soon after 1817 the State of Pennsylvania adopted this custom, but the Western States were more slow in taking it up. The Southern States did not favor this custom which originated in New England, and did not adopt it until 1858. During the great crisis before the Civil War the appointing of this day was left to the will of the governors of the States. During the Civil War President Lincoln appointed several days of thanksgiving for national victories. In 1863, he issued a long proclamation, appointing the last Thursday of November as the day of thanksgiving, and commending the people to pray for those who were left widowed or orphaned by the war. Ever since then the presidents have appointed the last Thursday of November as a day of national Thanksgiving, and nearly all the governors of the States have followed with proclamations for their respective States, and today we find it has become a fixed, national holiday, and is observed by people everywhere that the stars and stripes are found.

Edith Field Marlatt.

Manda.

Miss Mary lived alone, not by reason of selfish longings for an old maid’s paradise, nor because of disagreeable characteristics setting her apart as one to be avoided, in the sweet familiarities of home life—but merely as we do most things in this world, from force of circumstances. Her parents and only sister died, leaving her heir to much loneliness and a big house. There seemed to be no one, not even a poor relative ready to share her home. As she liked to read and paint, her solitary life did not cause her much inconvenience, but for the “servant problem.” Woman after woman, girl after girl came, found the house “too terrible lonesome” and departed.

There was one middle-aged, “daent ould Irish cook,” who did well, sure for the space o fa week, then “tuk to her bed wid the lavins of an ould faver, she got off the ship,” and she too followed in the wake of her predecessors.

Miss Mary was much cast down, but not despairing. She advertised, and received applications with noble fortitude and sound judgment. And one fine spring morning, she welcomed a tall, angular, hard-featured woman of forty or more, dressed in rusty mourning garments.

“My name is Manda. No, not Amanda, if you please. I was brought up to despise affectation, and I don’t purpose to put on frillings at my time o’ life.”

“Very well, ‘Manda, I’d like you to set the kitchen in order today and have dinner ready at one,” and Miss Mary went back to her work in peace. The dinner was punctual and satisfactory, and Miss Mary heart was happy. But as she sat reading, she glanced out of the window and saw a sight that made her heart sink low. She despaired a gaunt figure, wearing scant skirts and a shawl, topped by a bonnet with a rusty crepe veil, sitting stiffly on the edge of one of the long
Miss Mary was no coward. She opened the windows and begun boldly on the attack.

"'Manda, what does this mean?"

"O, nothing to scare you ma'am. I belong to the Society for the Cultivation of Repose, and one of our rules is to sit in some pleasant nook and rest for an hour every day." She stopped and looked at Miss Mary, then seeing a smile of growing understanding, she continued, "I come out here, because it is so soft and pleasant, but I reckoned I'd better wrap up, or I'd get neuralgy in my head bones. You needn't worry about the work. That's my business."

Miss Mary was not without a sense of humor, and she crept back to her own "repose" to enjoy the situation. A few days observation proved that Mandy did her work well and life seemed all luxurious ease.

"If Manda were young," her mistress used to soliquize, "I should know she could not last, some man would snap her up. But with her face, her age and figure, I'm sure, yes, sure, I have nothing to fear."

She said this many times, but alas, for the assurance of words.

"Miss Mary, have you got a piece of black cloth you can loan me to wrap around these shoes? I am sending 'em to the cobbler's to be fixed."

"Why—perhaps. 'Manda, but why don't you take paper? Here's some."

"Oh, Miss Mary, you forget I'm in mourning. I always have my parcels done in black. I couldn't carry a bundle of yellow paper! It wouldn't look decent."

"Oh!" Miss Mary's tone was questioning. "'Manda, you never told me who you were in mourning for?"

"I am a widow," was the dignified reply. "That is—he broke it off before we actually stood at the altar—but we were as good as married. He led another woman to the altar. An inferior one. She never had sense to wear black for him, but I always knew his heart was mine." She paused a moment meditatively, then continued, "Well, the undertaker has been looking at me a good deal on prayer meeting nights. I've sometimes wondered what he's thinking about. But there! It doesn't become a widow to be premature!"

Miss Mary's house was spotless, and how could she hear this faint warning without alarm?

"Miss Mary, would you be willin' to let me off for the whole afternoon today?" asked 'Manda, one soft September noon. "I belong to the Society for the Cultivation of Beauty Among the Masses, and I want to go with a friend to visit a little scenery on the other end of town." And Miss Mary gave the desired permission. 'Manda finished her work early, and Miss Mary was reading on the piazza when a sound of wheels made her look up. She saw a hearse slowly advancing, not an unusual sight, but yet enough to fill her boa ot w'ith painful memories. To her surprise and dismay it stopped at her own gate, and before she knew what to do the undertaker walked solemnly up and asked if "Mrs. Amanda Knight was ready." It was like a summons to the grave, but when Manda came out arrayed in her best, Miss Mary saw it was only a pleasure trip for the two lovers. They drove away, side by side, chatting with solemn joy and happy, even in the face of such adverse circumstances.

"You see, Miss Mary," she explained, on her return, "He had to do to the cemetery on business, so he took the only carriage he had and it kep' us mindful, too, that life aint all courting and sparkin'."

Soon a subtle change came over the household, not that the work was less well done, but a transformation came over 'Manda. The hour devoted to repose found her reading poetry.
She occasionally sang wild, queer songs and once Mary heard her whistling Annie Laurie. The crisis was reached one prayer meeting night, when she came to the parlor and said: "Won't you please tie this veil for me. I can't reach the pesky thing."

Miss Mary could not believe her own eyes. Could this maiden in a blue calico gown and white hat be Manda? Was the world coming to an end?

"I see you're surprised at my clothes. That's natural. But I come mostly to tell you I'm engaged to the undertaker. Oh, you needn't be scared, I'm not goin' to leave you! I ain't in any hurry to marry. And, besides, his old house ain't healthy. I belong to the Society for Sanitation of Homes and I ain't goin' to get dipthery of typhoid."

But Miss Mary's fears were not so easily allayed. It would be impossible to find any one equal to 'Manda! These anxieties were freely discussed with 'Manda herself, who easily saw the difficulty of finding a suitable successor.

"Not, but what some others have got abilities as good as I have, but they don't have my sense of duty," she said, modestly. "But don't worry, I belong to the Society for the Protection of Single Women and Widows, and its one of the rules not to give in too much to a man, so I ain't a goin' to leave you in the lurch."

"I've often wondered, 'Manda, how you happened to belong to so many societies," said Miss Mary, questioningly.

"Well—" Manda smiled, "Down where I come from, we ain't pushed for time, and we git together winter nights and form societies to benefit ourselves. I don't mind telling you," she added, "that there is some times but one member to mine!"

Miss Mary's face showed a comprehending appreciation, but just then the grocer came.

It was just two weeks after the startling announcement of Manda's engagement when Mary was startled to see a tall familiar figure arrayed in black, slowly walking home from church one Sunday noon. Miss Mary could hardly wait till she invented an errand in the kitchen.

"I trust you haven't heard any bad news, 'Manda?"

"Well, that's as folks take it," was the philosophic reply.

"From home, I mean?"

"O, law! no."

"I was afraid some one might have died?"

"My dress, I s'pose. No, I've broke my engagement, that's all. And it throws me back into that state of feeling for Joe Knight as I had before."

A swift exultation filled Miss Mary's heart.

"May I ask what was the trouble?"

"Whty, yes; I'd as lieves tell you. You see, he was in such a hurry, to have me come and make him comfortable. He'd heard I could cook. I told him I wouldn't come till I see you settled, but he was bound he wouldn't wait. I told him I wouldn't stand such selfishness. And the upshot of it all was—we parted."

"But, 'Manda, I can't let you give up your life happiness for me. It wouldn't be right."

"Oh, don't worry," she returned, laughing. "I don't deny but I am some disappointed, but there is others. I know a kind and honorable woman when I see her. To tell the truth, that old hearse kind of palled on me! I b'lieve I'll get up a Society for the Promotion of Proper Manners in Courting."

Miss Mary was still pondering the question when she left the kitchen.
NEW STUDENT'S EXPERIENCE.

It was on a never-to-be-forgotten September day that we for the first time saw the University, and we cannot say that we advanced with light hearts, but rather with a feeling of fear and wishing that the first ordeals were over.

We came to the building to enroll, anticipating all kinds of trouble and embarrassment, but how different things were than we had expected, for on entering the building some of the old students met us and gave us the glad hand, told us how glad they were to see us and we really forgot that we were among college students. When we entered the office we met Prof. Bell waiting for us. After having a little talk with that kindly gentleman a great deal of that burden we were bearing disappeared and we began to feel somewhat at home. Then Prof. Bell kindly assisted us in getting our work arranged.

Now came the time to meet President Williams. Well, when we met him and felt that brotherly handshake, we just said in our minds, "Now, I know I can't help liking that man."

Yes, Dr. Williams is the largest man in school, but that is not all, he is a man with a big heart and somehow he got a warm place in our hearts right away.

Next came the awful job of clearing of conflicts. For a number of days (so Dr. Williams said), the faculty was trying to work out some plan by which a student could be in two places at the same time, but this had to be given up. However, all the troubles were finally settled and everything is going along nicely.

We met the Y. M. C. A. boys in their first meeting, and they made us glad we were here. Then came the reception, with its welcome and good cheer that made us feel first at home. However, we find our Seniors more genial and sociable than the one Dr. Williams described for us that night.
The next event of interest, that removed the last bit of estrangement, was that dirt-hauling bee and that lunch that the young ladies furnished the boys who worked. Of course the lunch was the best part of the affair.

Well, really, to say the least; we new students are glad we are here. We consider ourselves fortunate to be in a school where every member of the faculty is not here simply to aid the student in mental development, but to be a help to him in the way that will count most for life, and we are sure that we have already learned to know the Father better because we know them.

In fact, the school as a whole has won our hearts.

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**SOCIETY**

**H. C. S.**

On the evening of Oct. 31st, the H. C. S. gave a Hallowe’en party to some of their young lady friends at the home of Mr. Gilbert Le Sourd, in South Tacoma. Those present were: The Misses Cook, Osborne, Grumbling, Elsie Grumbling, Hathaway, Snell, Wilson, Larden, Hamilton, Messrs. Anderson, Le Sourd, Cuddy, Therkelson, Tuttle, Rollin Tuttle, Berry, Reynolds, and Sheafe.

**B. L. S.**

The Boyer Literary Society gave its regular monthly program Saturday evening, Nov. 5, at the home of the Misses Grumbling. The numbers were exceedingly well rendered, and it is plain to be seen that the standard which the society has set for itself will be easily maintained. The members, although few, have begun work with a zeal which means success to the society.

**HOOTS FROM OWL HAUNTS.**

On Oct. 29, the home of Mrs. Adams was the scene of one of the jolliest of Hallowe’en Hoots ever given by the Owls. Later in the evening all ye Owls adjourned to the Owl Roost to initiate Miss Edith Marlatt into the solemn mysteries of ye Owl fellowship. Afterwards several members of the faculty were given ample demonstration of ye Owls ability to give yells and sing college songs.

**SIGMA TAU SIGMA.**

We are making ready for a more prosperous year and one that shall be crowned with a larger degree of success than we have heretofore known. In the election and initiation of Messrs. Gambill and Green, the Sigma has not only received an augment in number, but also in intellect.

**Y. W. C. A.**

The Y. W. C. A. is growing both in spirit and in numbers. A large number of honorary and student members have been formally received into full membership. The work in Bible study, under Prof. McProud, is a source of much profitable pleasure. The November week of prayer is being observed by special daily prayer meetings, and each girl is deeply conscious of a stronger spiritual development.
Y. M. C. A.

The Young Men's Christian Association reports a very successful month. The attendance at the weekly devotional meetings is very good. Here as nowhere else, we meet on a common plane, and each man feels that the meeting is essentially his. Those attending these meetings feel that they form a vital part of their education. The work of the Bible class is advancing. No one should fail to enroll in one of these entertaining and instructive courses. At present there are three classes: "Studies in the life of Christ," Mr. Milligan, leader; "Studies in the Acts and Epistles," Mr. Walton, leader, and "Person Work," with Mr. Ball, as leader.

- ATHLETICS -

FOOT BALL.

The first game of foot ball participated in by the U. P. S. team was played Saturday, October 22, with Whitworth College, the University boys being beaten by a score of 6-0.

Whitworth won the toss, and kicked off to Olsan of the University, who carried the ball to the 20 yard line. As the first signal was called it was seen that Whitworth, thanks to the coaching of McMasters, who played substitute on last year's team here, knew the signals as well as the University boys did. In spite of this fact the ball was carried to Whitworth's 20-yard line before they were held. Whitworth was forced to punt, and again the University advanced, only to be held, and so the half ended, University's ball on Whitworth's 30-yard line.

At the beginning of the second half Clark took Walton's place at right guard, while Colbert went in at full for Whitworth. Early in the half the University forced the ball to the Whitworth 5-yard line where, Delany fell on a fumbled ball and Colbert punted out of danger. After an exchange of kicks Whitworth secured the ball on the University's 20-yard line and a brilliant 20-yard run by Norton placed the ball behind the posts. Colbert kicked goal, and the game ended, Whitworth, 6; University, 0.

The best ground gainers for U. P. S. were Merrill and T. Green, while C. Olsan put up a splendid game at full. Every man in the line played the game from start to finish. Mathews generated the team with exceptional ability under the circumstances. The officials, Boggs and Nultey, gave general satisfaction.

The following Wednesday our boys went out to Fort Steilacoom, beating the team there by a score of 6-0. Although, merely classed as a practice game, it was the real thing, for when the smoke cleared away, T. Green had gone to the baths with a broken nose, Nick also retired with a bad knee, while our star half-back, Fred Merrill, after playing the whole offensive game for the team was laid out with a fractured ankle.

Under these conditions the team was rather badly disorganized when they went to Aberdeen the following Saturday. However, the boys were only beaten by a very scratchy safety, and on the whole played an excellent game. The team was invincible on the defensive and the only way Aberdeen got
the ball was on fumbles, or by breaking through the line before Mathews could kick. On the defensive Noyes played a star game at end, while C. Olsan was the most consistent ground gainer on offense.

The boys had a fine time at Aberdeen and nothing but the highest praise is heard for their treatment there. Captain Cook wants to go back again for some reason unknown to us.

November 12, the Multnomah Athletic Club, second team, of Portland, gave our team a beating to the tune of 22-0. The game was by far the fastest seen on the home field this year.

The University boys started out like winners and carried the ball forty yards down the field, before they were held and forced to kick. Here both teams held for a time, and after an exchange of kicks, Austin, the Multnomah full back, made a 50-yard run on a fake kick. They were then forced to kick, and securing the ball on a fumble they drove it over for a touchdown, but failed to kick goal. By this time Multnomah had discovered our weak spot and by spectacular end runs, she sent Austin, Harder and Folley around for long gains. The final score was 22 to 0 in favor of the Portland lads. Foley in the second half ran 60 yards for a touch down.

For our own school, Mathews, Charles Olsan and T. Green played star games. There was much dissatisfaction expressed over the holding and slugging tactics of the Multnomah team.

Owing to the destruction by fire of the club house containing all the University suits, last Saturday evening, the management have been forced to cancel the Whitworth, Astoria, and Portland games and disband the team. Although we have failed to win a championship game this year we do not feel that we have made a bad showing for a team of new men. On the contrary, we are inclined to feel very good, about the team’s record under the circumstances. It is hoped that as many of the boys as can will be back next year and we will try again and hope to do better. Thus the season of 1904 will end for U. P. S.

DROP-KICKS OF THE ABERDEEN TRIP.

Dr. and Mrs. Williams accompanied the team as far as Olympia to see that the boys did not get lost. They were roundly cheered as they left the train.

That pie Cook gave us at Gate City was "out of sight." Pearson’s light lunch in Aberdeen only cost $2.00.

The way Clark handled Philips, the crack guard from Northwestern University, wasn’t so bad.

Cook and Williams won homes in Aberdeen to hear them tell it, but Nicol was too fast for our coach with the hotel clerk.

"Guess" and "One of the boys" spent the evening writing very touching messages to the home folks.

Several of the boys got lost on the sawdust pavements of Aberdeen.

SPORTLETS.

The boys say the average weight of the Steilacoom team is not less than 500 pounds.

Le Sourci and the rooters club certainly make life miserable for the other teams. The way they give the U. P. S. yell is certainly enough to win any game.

There are no fishes on the foot ball team, but there is a lobster that tries to play basket ball.

Well, its basket ball next, and we wish better success to the basket ball boys.

The Hindoo Hoodoo certainly has left the Tigers and settleed on the U. P. S. foot ball team.

Pay your Athletic Association dues to Cook. W. A. R.
BASKET BALL.

The Athletic board met on Tuesday, November 15, and after a short discussion of the season's work in foot ball, the basket ball prospects were taken up and discussed in full. A committee consisting of Messrs. Walton, Noyes and Le Sourd was appointed to look into the matter of securing a hall or place to practice. Earle V. Sheafe was elected manager, and as soon as a hall is secured will begin to arrange his schedule.

The basket ball prospects are particularly bright this year, as there are several old players in the University and many new men who should develop into good players. Mathews, Clark, Pearson, Crockett, Reynolds, and Nicol have all had more or less previous experience, while there are many others who should make these hustle for places on the teams.

Not only the boys will have teams, but there should be at least two good girls’ teams in the school. Besides, the student teams the faculty will have a good strong team in the field, and class and fraternity teams are in prospect.

With such excellent prospects the University should make a very creditable showing in this line of sport.

W. A. R.

THE MOCK TRIAL.

On Wednesday, Nov. 9, the Owls gave their first open program in the form of a mock trial. The charge was one of petit larceny, brought by Leola Barrett against John Long.

After due deliberation a unanimous verdict for acquittal was brought in. The court was drawn up as follows:

Judge, John Olsan.

Attorneys for defense, Gilbert Le Sourd and V. A. Pease.

Attorneys for prosecution, Jas. E. Milligan and Zaidee Bonney.

Witness for defense, John Long, prisoner; W. Reynolds, a freshman; Betsey Trotwood, Ethel Cotter; Myrtle Brown, a prima donna; Lois Rutledge, a sophomore.

Witness for prosecution, Leola Barrett, plaintiff; Josiah Strong, Mr. Walton; Jennie Cotter, a senior; Raymond Cook, sedate student; Patience Praiseworthy, Adah Holker.

Court Officers: Clerk of Court, Earle Sheafe; Bailiff, Warren Cuddy; Sheriff, H. Nichelson.

Jury, Mary Le Sourd, Edith Berkmann, Ora Bullock, Ethel Pearl, Edith Marlatt, Vernon Hamilton.

A. J. H.

EXCHANGES

Last month the Maroon had no exchange column. It is true our space is limited, but such a column is necessary to all college papers and the Maroon must not fall below the standard.

A large number of college magazines will be found on the shelves in the study room. Read them and know what other colleges are doing.

Last month's Tahoma came to us marked, "please exchange." It is an exceptionally fine number. Their athletic and exchange columns show a marked interest on the part of those in charge.
He killed the noble Mudjokinis,  
Of the skin he made him mittens,  
Made them with the fur side inside,  
Made them with the skin side inside,  
He, to get the warm side outside;  
Put the inside skin side outside;  
He, to get the cold side outside,  
Put the warm side fur side inside.  
That's why he put the fur side inside,  
Why he put the skin side outside,  
Why he turned them inside outside.  
—Ex.

Biff! Bang! Bing!  
Kerswhiff! Kirswhat!  
Wow! and likewise Boom!  
An echo from the Jap-Russ war?  
No,—only the study room.

The Purple and Gold and the  
Orange and Black are slightly color  
blind. However, the reading matter  
surpasses the covers.

One of the most interesting papers  
we have received is the Red and Black  
from the Wendell Phillips H. S., Chicago.  
A great deal of space is taken up in poems, witticisms, etc., but the  
whole tone of it is good.

Rocking chairs are desired in the  
dining room for Messrs. Beach, Marker, Elliott, Long, and Rader.  
—Weekly Willamette Collegian.

We are glad to see the “Oracle,”  
from Hamlin, among us.

It's too bad a little bunch of girls  
had to do all the rooting at the foot  
ball game Saturday. (Ditto, U. P. S.)  
—The Simpsonian.

Among our exchanges are the Ever-  
green, U. A. C.; the Wave, U. of W.;  
the Comet, Reno H. S.; the Oracle;  
the Enterprise, Snohomish H. S.; the  
Exponent, Montana Agricultural Col-  
lege; the Red and Black, Wendell  
Phillips H. S., and the Orange and  
Black, Spokane H. S.

HOW TO KILL A COLLEGE  
PAPER.

1. Borrow a class mate's copy—be a sponge.
2. Look up the advertisers and trade with the other fellow—be a dis-  
courager.
3. Never hand in news items, and criticize everything in the paper—be a coxcomb.
4. If you can't hustle and help make the paper a success—be a corpse.  
—Ex.

The September issue of Education  
tells editorially of the changed stand-  
ard by which Northwestern University scholarships are awarded. The  
faculty has decided to: “Lay emphasis in the awards of scholarship  
not so much on purely intellectual attainments but rather on character,  
and this term is not left with a vague general meaning, but it is specified  
just what it is to stand for in this connection. The candidate must be  
proved to possess energy, truth, courage, temperance, chastity, devotion to duty, sympathy for the weak, kindness, unselfishness, good-fellowship. Class standing is to count for no more, perhaps for less, than good physical health, polite manners, even disposition, force of character, powers of leadership and real manhood.” In short, Northwestern is trying to make men instead of grinds. It is the same plan used in the Oxford scholarship. It is a movement highly commendable, for, as Education hints, it puts a premium upon the best manhood—the manhood and the womanhood that the world needs.—Ex.

Girls and boys, don't fail to try our chocolate chips, for sale at fruit and candy stands, 10c a box.  
Pop Smith, Candy Man.
HOW SHAKESPEARE FORESAW THE U. P. S. STUDENTS.

"Verily a paragon among maids."
—Miss Brown.

"You are ever boots in love."
—Milligan, to be sure.

"When I was young, I was a goodly youth."
—Walton.

"She means mischief."
—Who but Gertie Osborn?

"A little, tiny boy."
—And Carl Richards.

"Clubs cannot part them."
—Mary Le Sourd and Jennie Cotter.

"Oh, but he's a learned man."
—Why, it must be Marsh.

"Here is a man."
—Long, of course.

"I am Sir Oracle."
—I believe this must be Cuddy.

"A learned linguist."
—Ina Landon, none other.

"Repair thy wit, good youth."
—This must be Nicholson, the joker.

"Well spoken, neat, and fine."
—Pflawn.

"Tis a fair young man, and well attired."
—Mr. Nichols.

"Full o' the milk o' human kindness."
—Everyone knows Vinnie Pease.

"A very, valiant man."
—Le Sourd, of course.

"A lion among ladies."
—John Olsen, to be sure.

"Is she not passing fair?"
—Vera Richards, I am sure.

"As merry as the day is long."
—Who but Jack Ball.

"Everything handsome about him."
—Prof. Warfield, isn't it?

"Beauty's ensign yet is crimson."
—Our Bonny, of course.

"He was a scholar."
—Noyes, indeed.

"His life was truly gentle."
—Mr. Walker wouldn't harm anyone.

"I bear a charmed life."
—Florence Hamilton needs not to study.

"He wears the rose of youth."
—You know how John Anderson blushes.

"Here comes the lady."
—Helen Grumbling.

"Benedict, the married man."
—Gambill, of course.

"How sweet a thing it is."
—Little Amy Snell.

"So young, so wise, they say."
—Senior G. Clulow.

"The very soul of goodness."
—Our Leola Barrett.

"Merry heart goes all the day."
—Isn't it Hermie Williams?

"Hang out our banner."
—The Freshman class.

"I see them stand, like greyhounds in the slips, straining upon the start."
—The football team on the field.

"A precedent of wisdom."
—Hurrah for the Owls!

"Oh, she is a pride, the glory of all the earth."
—Our dear U. P. S.

A. J. H., '07.

You should visit French's ground floor studio, 905 1-2 Pacific Avenue, which he has remodeled and made the most attractive in the city. He has new ideas and styles for the holidays at reasonable prices.

A good Combination sold at TAHOMA GROCERY Rockton Pure Buckwheat Flour And Log Cabin Maple Syrup.

K. PETERSON, Prop.
ORVAL OVERALL.

Cecil Robinson.

The subject of this sketch was born in Visalia, California, on February 2, 1881. He graduated from the Visalia High School, whereupon he entered the University of California. It was in this school where he became conspicuous for his athletic propensities. For three years he was on the baseball team and for four years he played right guard on the football team. All the goal kicking was accomplished by Overall, besides necessary block kicks. His last year in college found him the captain of both baseball and football teams.

Although Overall is taller than the average man, his broad shoulders and pronounced physical features show a well rounded and almost ideal man. Because he tries to lead an upright life he is respected by his fellow-men. At present he is the star pitcher for the Tacoma baseball team, the Tigers, but he does not intend to follow this occupation. Besides having a fruit farm in California he has large interests in the hotel and mining business, to which he soon expects to give his whole attention.

Good and plenty. That’s what you get when you buy candy at Pop Smith’s, and it is always fresh.

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Fruits and Vegetables . . .
... Fresh and Salt Meats . .

Poultry and Game
In Season.
Stal ol’
Joke ol’
High ol’
Local!

Olsan—"And in his arms he lifted them all up."

M-g-n.—"Never."
In German (E. P.)—"Oh, live as long as you can."

J. O.—"How’s that?"

His profession.—Milligan was walking along the street one day recently and passed a group of very small boys playing marbles; one of them called out:

"Hello, Dickie! Hello, Dickie! Say, Mister, you look like a preacher."

Needed information, by A. L. M. Am I a student or a member of the faculty, when I buy a ticket for an entertainment?

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605½ Pacific Avenue.
“Don’t slight the smile-box.”

M.—“People have feeling in their arms. That’s why young people lock arms.”

Chas. Olsen, with his scars from a recent football encounter, came into chapel the other morning just as Prof. Knox was reading—“* * * be ye not as the hypocrites which disfigure their faces.”

B-O-Y-E-R L-I-T.

H. C. S. See, see!
H. C. S. We, we!
H. C. S. Rah, rah!

Subscription list:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Names</th>
<th>Tickets</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>R. Cook (if he can Barret)</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. Olsen (when he has Cott-er)</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. Reynolds (no Grumbling)</td>
<td>2</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

In Chapel.—“Take care that the patches don’t leave you.”

V. Pease (walking between J. E. M. and L. R.)—“Sorry to part you.”

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Tel. Black 1388 920 Tacoma Ave.
R. E. C.—“I wish that I could have all the girls that I want.”

Sigma Tau, Ha! Ha!
Sigma Tau, Ja! Ja!
Sigma.

Play Basket Ball, girls.

Prof. McProud (on child culture)—“If any one were to trot me up and down first on my head, then on my feet, and pound me and shake me up all day, I would holler too.”

Prof. Crumbling—“It almost shakes me when I think how near my anatomy is to that of an ape.”

W. Rend-s (on way to H. C. S. party)—“Every time the car stops, the lights go out—wish it would stop for good.”

---

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952 Pacific Avenue
Welcome back, Mr. Morrill.
The members of the Junior class are not Democrats, for they all hold office.
Miss Hamilton—"Please let me by."
Mr. Reynolds—"Have you the price?"
Miss H.—"Will my face do?"
J. M. (in Latin)—"Hello, there, young man! have you seen any of my sisters ranging around here loose?"
Reading Latin, G. L.—"They placed their limbs on the beach dripping with the brine, and then went and prepared the breakfast food."
In chemistry—"This table combination is easily broken down."
"Marsh 'gas' is a stable compound."
"Ask Gambill about Chlorine."

Reading Latin, G. L. — "They placed their limbs on the beach dripping with the brine, and then went and prepared the breakfast food."

In chemistry—"This table combination is easily broken down."
"Marsh 'gas' is a stable compound."
"Ask Gambill about Chlorine."

Prof. Barton—"I will be gone only a few minutes, but if Miss Larden comes, don't let her get away until I get back."
Prof.—"You may have some of the pieces in your throat."
K. C.—"There's no peace there, anyway."

And the gas burns merrily on.
Mr. Noyes' sweater is padded with the hide and hair of the Sigma Tau goat. Judging from the goat's fate the last candidate was not so Green as he might have been.
Prof.—"Give Latin word meaning head."
H. K.—"Aper."

To be able to do

**YOUR BEST**
you must not be worried about outside affairs. One of the worst is to feel you are not dressed just right. Your brain will be clear and your mind bright if you are wearing

**Perfect Fitting Garments**
Made by

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321 So. 11th St. TACOMA, WN.
"Tread softly."

Walker (being remonstrated with for tardiness)—"What can you do if the Professor holds you?"

Prof. W.—"King Ludwig wished to enter the monastery, but his ministers advised him to get married instead."

Sheafe (in trig.)—"I fumbled."

Overheard, C-k-t to E. G.—"No, it isn't from that verb, my dear."

"Take note."

Prof. Knox—"Just keep on breathing."

Der dich, dear Dick.

Dr. Fisher—"You either dig the ditches or superintend the man who does it."

Zoology—"Where is John Anderson?"

Prim G. Osburne—"I can't keep track of my little boy."

Prof. McProud—"You know we obtain the best results when we are close together."

After the trial, G. O.—"Wasn't it splendid! I just love Gil."

"Nothing at all to say."

Miss Markham says there is more work making bread for a hotel than for herself and one other.

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THE MAROON.
The question among some of the girls after the Aberdeen foot ball trip was, "Did you get one?"

Prof. Knox—"Do you sing?"

J. O.—"Yes, sometimes."

Prof. McProud—"Do you think of the translation or the pure meaning of the Latin word?"

Crockett—"I usually think of the translation, but take the word 'puellae' and I always think of the original meaning, because I have had more experience with them."

Heard in the grand stand, when Charles made that brilliant tackle, "Oh, you dear, old, curly headed angel!"

As we have been seen by others, "Across the narrow beach we flit." Zoology class.

"All grim and soiled and brown with tan."

"Art thou weary?"—B. B. girl.

"Bachelor's hall, what a queer looking place it is."

"Between the dark and the daylight" initiation occurs.

"For many, many hours together."

"How beautiful is the rain, How sweet and clean,"—the floors.

"They'll talk of him for many years to come." Who?

E. Pearl—"A canary bird is as yellow as a pumpkin."

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard," read Prof. Bell, the morning half his Psychology class was late.

---

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