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Crossing the Line.

By Byrtelle.

No, I didn't see the equator. I had been looking forward to seeing it for some time past, and had affairs turned out differently I suppose I would have seen as much of it as anyone else does. The day we cross the line is always more or less of a holiday, and that is the real reason why I never saw it. For had the sailors been on strict duty I would have been left alone to see all there was to see. But I am anticipating.

Yes, I suppose it's fun; that is if it is not you who are crossing the line for the first time. When I crossed I was the only one on board who had never seen Neptune; and had a vote been taken as to his visit being entertaining there would have been fifteen ayes.

We were a crew of sixteen. We had left the Austral group about two weeks previously and had got into the tail end of the trade winds. Sometimes we would bowl along in a twelve-knot breeze and at times we lay becalmed, rolling about lazily on an oily expanse of seemingly limitless water. We were making for Honolulu, and expected that if fortune favored us we would spend the Fourth in port. I didn't particularly care whether we got there on the fourth or the fortieth. I was having a good time, but as I had heard so much during the past month about the glorious Fourth I was hoping that I would see something of that great day on American soil.

The night previous to June 20th we were on the forecastle-head spinning yarns—sailors' yarns. One only hears sailors' yarns and appreciates them in their fullest significance when he is bowling along under full canvas and a cloudless sky.

The officers had told the sailors that the "bump" would come on the morrow, and they tried to explain it to me. A sailor tells his best stories to a land-lubber, for then he has little risk in being de-
tested if he departs from the path of strict veracity. All the stories of Neptune and the equator I heard that night only made me more anxious for tomorrow to come. I wanted to see this magic line which was caused by the sun shining down perpendicularly upon the face of the water and causing evaporation to such a degree that it made a bulge of some feet in height above the level sea. (This was one of the explanations I heard that night.)

I turned in at about four bells that night and dreamed of Neptune and the mermaids until two bells next morning. When I came on deck the sailors greeted me warmly, and told me that we would soon be over on the other side. One of them had a glass to his eye and declared that he could distinctly see the Line on the horizon, across the starboard bows. I took the glass from him and scanned the horizon until my eyes were dim, but could make out nothing. I put it down to my ignorance of the sea.

We had breakfast at six bells (7 o'clock) and when I returned on deck the sailors seemed to be acting suspiciously. Sly hints of Neptune and the Mermaids were whispered to each other, but I thought that it was just their sense of humor, and didn't pay much attention to them. Towards eight bells (8 o'clock) the wind was blowing gaily. The sails were all snug and well set, and the sailors had mysteriously disappeared.

This was unusual, for the starboard watch should have been on duty, and I was beginning to wonder what was abroad. Suddenly the bell aft rang out eight chimes and was echoed by the forward bell with eight taps. Then the bell aft took up the measure and it was repeated by the bell forward, and I knew that we had got the "bump."

I was leaning over the lea bulwarks looking anxiously for the Line when the bells rang. The unusual occurrence of the bells ringing so often called my attention away from the water and I turned around.

Immediately I was grasped in the embrace of ten sturdy seamen. I was thoroughly surprised, but found very quickly that it was useless for me to struggle. I was bound and blindfolded and hustled to the after hatch where I was seated on a tub covered with boards.

Then the bandage was taken from my eyes and I saw one of the most grotesque characters it has ever been my experience to witness. Before me rising over the forecastle stood Neptune in his war paint. His head was covered with a tall conical-shaped hat, and under this was a gruesomely painted mask with two holes in it to see through. He wore a beard made from oakum and a canvas frock fell from his shoulders and hung loosely about his knees and was girdled with a belt around his waist. In the belt he carried a long wooden, razor-shaped instrument, and in his right hand he held a brush made from an old whisk-broom. His left hand held a pot which I very soon discovered contained a mixture of the most vilely
smelling fat, lampblack and flour.

I looked around me in amazement. The captain and his wife stood on the poop behind me holding their sides and laughing heartily, and all the sailors were in uproarious merriment.

Then Neptune descended from the forecastle and approached us with as great a show of dignity as was possible under the circumstances. When he had advanced within two paces of me he began to speak.

"By right of my jurisdiction over the waters of the ocean, I have upon this vessel to inquire if there be any runs of von who is not a sailor. You will please answer me with circumspection and expedition, for I see on the other sheep which I must visit today. Please answer!"

One of the sailors appointed himself as spokesman for the crew and replied:

"Your Serene Majesty, this is an honor for which we are unable to justly render thanks, but which we nevertheless fully appreciate. We have at all times endeavored to render to you the highest praise for your unceasing care and protection of your subjects. It would be invidious, therefore, at such a time as this to deny you any request you might make of us, and in the name of my companions and fellow subjects I reply to you. Sire, we have aboard one landsman whom your noble eyes have never before been permitted to gaze upon."

"Do him the honor of introducing him to me," said Neptune.

I was done the honor, and bowed as well as my bonds would permit.

"What is your name?" said Neptune.

I remained silent.

"What is your name?" repeated his majesty.

I would not have answered then, but was persuaded by a pin from behind, and the voice of the spokesman whispering "Answer!"

"George Watson!" I said.

"How old is your age?" he asked.

"Twenty," I replied.

"How long was it dat you was nod boardt a shib, since?"

"Six weeks."

"Haf you effer crosst my line vunce before?"

"No."

"Den you musd pe shafed by me. I always shafe effery vun vat crosses my line vunce, for de virsdt dime. Gentlemans vait ofer me!"

He then waived his brush and dipped it in the pot of grease, and lathered my face with it. When it seemed to him that I was sufficiently lathered he drew out his wooden razor and scraped off what he could. Evidently he was not satisfied, for he again lathered my face, less carefully this time. The grease entered my nose and mouth and I could only splutter out expostulations, for otherwise I was powerless. Then he scraped at my face again.

"Dot iss vairly goot," he said. "Bud I dink you vas nod brobbery vanished yed." And he began lathering again. This time he covered my face, head and neck with the
awful preparation and scraped again at my face.
"Id iss done!" he said, and I breathed a sigh of relief. But it was premature.
"Now," he continued, "you will promise do swear alleegunse do me vile you are on my seas, eh? Yenneffer you cross my line again next dime you vill giff me all de assistance in your bower do aid me in maging new sailors, eh? Vat?"
I spluttered an assent.
"Ferry goot," he said. "Now, dib!"
"Hail Neptune!" shouted the sailors and they lifted me from my seat and pulled away the boards covering the tub. It was full of salt water.
"Dib!" commanded his majesty.
Down I went into the tub head first.
"Dib, dwo!" again came the order.
And again I was dipped.
"Bid, dree!" he yelled, and I was "dibbed, dree."
"Now," said Neptune, "you vas a sailor, sworn do aid and assissted me in all of your journeys agross my seas. I vill now dehart myself."
And he "deharted."
I didn't see where he went. I didn't care. My bounds were cast off and I rushed for the galley, where I got some hot water. I was using hot water for two hours after. I didn't comb my hair for two weeks—I couldn't.
That's how it was that I didn't see the Line. Had the sailors but left me alone for only a few minutes longer I must surely have seen it, and then have had something worth the telling to talk about; for I have never yet seen a written description of the Line, and am sure there are many who would like to know what it looks like.

The Tale of the Sick Cow.

LAST summer when I arrived at Mr. Lewis' farm to begin the season's work I found that one of the cows, old Whitey, had been ailing for a week or more. Instead of being her usual determined and independent self, she was very gentle. All her favorite pursuits had lost their charm. Breaking into the wheat field was no longer any temptation. Her appetite was gone; she would scarcely nose over the choicest wisp of hay. Day after day she stood about the barnlot with roughened hair, down-hung head and a general expression of settled melancholy on her countenance.

Mr. Lewis spread the bad news of Bossy's illness through the community and asked everybody for advice. He got it. All the neighbors were more than willing to assist a suffering fellow creature by recommending medicines, telling what they thought
perhaps was the matter, and what might possibly do some good. Every mode of treatment that anyone suggested was duly tried, except one—that advised by a German friend who told Mr. Lewis, "Dot cow have her stomach fast to her ribs stuck, and her skin have grown tight to her backbone; she vill nefer get vell again till you gets de skin from de backbone loose; to do dot you pulls first her horns at, and den goes around and pulls her tail alretty yet." This simple and reasonable treatment was not attempted, but the patient was given no opportunity to complain of lack of medical care. The following is a truthful clinical history of the case.

The first medicine Whity took was the old standard remedy, castor oil; the second a prescription for horses, supplied by a kind neighbor; then a course of a patent mixture called Kow Kure. It took three of us to make her take her medicine—Mr. Lewis and I, assisted by Jimmy Lewis, a grinning lad of fourteen. The mode of drenching the sufferer was as follows: The medicine mixed with water was poured into a large, long-necked bottle. I seized Bossy by the horns (she was too weak to make much resistance). Jimmy and I held her head as high as possible. Mr. Lewis pried open her jaws and forced the neck of the bottle in. Then we all held everything in position till the medicine had gurgled out of the bottle, part down her throat and part out the corner of her mouth; the latter happened when she had to cough.

In this way the patient took the castor oil, the horse medicine, and the Kow Kure; also a whole bottle of fiery colic remedy at one dose, quinine in liquid form as a stimulant, and notwithstanding her strict temperance principles a good bracer of Holland gin.

But in spite of all this assiduous attention Whity did not seem to appreciate what was being done for her, and still refused to eat and continued to grow weaker. Clearly something must be done to stimulate her appetite and to give her strength. Accordingly Mr. Lewis burned a quart of flour until it was thoroughly black. This stirred into water till it had the consistency and appearance of thin mud made a most appetizing mixture. When the time came for her to take her medicine, only Mr. Lewis and Jimmie happened to be on hand. She resisted. When the two physicians came away from the barn they looked as if they had been stuck in the mire, and her white face was like a negro minstrel's. When the burnt flour gruel failed to have the desired effect, the next thing attempted was a breakfast of raw eggs from the bottle; even these did not tempt her appetite; very few of them went down her throat, but she bore some resemblance to an abolitionist orator before the Civil War.

The neighbors were generally agreed that for giving a cow an appetite and increasing her strength, there is nothing quite so good as raw salt pork. Unfortunately Whity had an almost Jewish aversion to
pork, and we had to use very strong persuasion to induce her to take it. The argument was as follows: Jimmie held the pieces of meat and also a stick two feet long broken from the end of a pitchfork handle; I elevated her head as usual; Mr. Lewis pulled her tongue out with one hand; Jimmie dropped a long slice into her mouth; Mr. Lewis seized the stick with his other hand, and, after half a dozen short jabs to get the pork in front of the stick, jammed stick and pork eighteen inches down her throat. We gave her time to gasp and then rammed down another charge, and repeated the action till she had taken enough to improve her appetite and strength. This was done three times a day throughout her illness, and thus we disposed of $3 worth of pork.

The neighbor who had supplied the horse medicine was much concerned over Bossy’s illness. Every day or two he would come to visit the invalid and to see if he could be of any assistance. Mr. Lewis greatly respected him for his wide experience with sick cows, and gladly listened to his advice. During one of his visits, when the case seemed to be growing very serious, the two men, after much earnest consultation, decided that the trouble was all due to a disease in the bone of the tail, and that the fly-brush must be amputated. So, fastening Whity’s head in the stanchion and sharpening up a pocket knife, they performed the operation without the use of chloroform or ether. The surgeons, however, were dissatisfied with their work, and the next day they cut off an inch more. Still Bossy didn’t seem to feel any better.

So time wore on. The end, when it came, was very sudden. One night just after we boys had gone to bed in the barn loft, we heard a great struggle in the stable below. “I guess the old cow’s kicking the bucket,” remarked Jimmie. Sure enough, she was. Next morning there lay Whity beyond the help of medicine and surgery. The post-mortem examination showed that in her extreme weakness she had fallen down against the wall with her head doubled back, and strangling had ensued. We had failed to feed her enough pork to make her strong.

This melancholy tale may justify us in drawing a few conclusions for our guidance in life, for mankind learns chiefly from experience. First, when any member of the family gets sick, be sure to make him eat what he won’t touch when he is well. If in health he despises mush, then in illness mush will suddenly become the most appetizing food possible for him. Second, in case of a cold or any other indisposition, always make use of the combined wisdom of the whole neighborhood. If one person fails, some one else will surely know how to kill the patient.

W. B. A.

Prof. B.: “What is the difference between myself and a globe?”

Miss ———: “I don’t know.”

Eulah H——: “My soul has thin places in it.”
THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Pussy-willows have come. The sight of their downy coats and their faint bitter-sweet odor set one's pulses a-throbbing with the thoughts of the approach of spring. Lessons may suffer, for, "warmed with the new wine of the year," it will be hard for us to tamely stay indoors and study when all nature is calling us to the fields and forests. That seems the only natural way of living. We want to be merely a part of the great happy whole. We want to wander alone in the woods and breathe in the damp, earthy smell of the mosses and springing ferns. We want to watch the budding of the trees and time returning of the birds. We could even be supremely happy just to sit still and feel the stirrings of the awakening of life, for "Whether we look or whether we listen, We hear life murmur, or see it glisten."—MARThA SNELL.

THE OBSTINACY OF A FOUNTAIN PEN.

Fountain pens have not as yet reached a state of perfection. I do not refer in particular to the one which I now use, but to one of its predecessors and to some which I have seen in the possession of others. An obstinate pen may be very aptly compared to a mule. It seems to possess all the cunning and malice, which is popularly ascribed to that much-maligned animal. When you wish to write, not a particle of ink will flow, but the minute you put it back into your pocket the ink begins merrily to ooze out. This makes a rather unique but hardly artistic decoration upon your shirt bosom and in your pocket. Then the pen will work so well for a while that you suspect mischief, but in an unguarded moment you take it out to show a friend and you are chagrined to find that it won't make a mark. After that you neglect it for a while and the next time you start to use it to write an examination, it writes along finely until you are about half way through. Then the ink gives out. A good fountain pen is a great convenience, but a poor one is a temptation to profanity.—RALPH D. SIMPSON.

MARThA SNELL.

I love violets because when I breathe their perfume they bring me memories of childhood days. They were the first, sweet messengers of spring and when the warm sun had opened their deep blue petals, I would go each morning and gather a great handful of them. These dear little flowers were my friends and they seemed almost human to me; when I looked down among their petals they were like so many little faces gazing up at me, and their delicate perfume seemed to breathe of all that was good and pure. Each spring they came to greet me and each spring I gathered them, and now that I am so far away I often wonder if they wait for me to come and if they miss me as much as I miss them.—ELSIE FULLER.

VIOLETS.
EDITORIAL

One of the characteristics of every college should be its songs. Not only should all the students be thoroughly familiar with the standard college songs, but each school should have certain songs that are essentially its own. This is one feature of our school life that has been sadly neglected. Aside from one or two pertaining particularly to athletics we have no school song of our own and only a few students are familiar with those sung in all colleges. There are few things that add more to a college party than appropriate singing, and for launch parties or tally-ho rides rousing music is indispensable.

If college songs are so necessary to the best life of the school we should consider what can be done to stimulate interest along this line among our own students. One of the literary societies has taken a commendable step toward the solution of the problem by providing a song by the society as a regular number of each program and by devoting some time at the close of meetings to an informal "sing," when that is practical. It would certainly be a great help if each of the other societies would take some definite steps to arouse interest on the subject. Original poems are common features of our literary programs. Why not have an original song or parody instead? A little work will produce songs that we will be proud of and familiarity with the standard college songs will do much to increase our school spirit.

As the time for spring elections of the Student Body approaches, it
is wise that we should turn our attention to the choosing of proper officers. The temptation to indulge in school politics is a strong one, but every loyal student should vote purely on the question of merit. We must have efficient officers if our college life is properly managed. Every student should consider it his duty to vote and base his decision purely on the ability of the candidate as shown by his past record.

WISE AND OTHERWISE FROM PROF. JOHNSON.

(In Economics): "I've had a year's work in marriage and divorce."

"I can give you a study of the family. Of course it will have to be abridged." (Study or family?)

"Men don't want to marry college-bred women, because after the girls have been in class with the boys for three or four years they don't regard men as divine beings."

"Most rich men work as long as they live and feel sorry to die so soon."

"Miss Gray, point out the fallacy in Webster's argument. You couldn't have done it in 1830, but you can now."

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Y. W. C. A.

Although the Y. W. C. A. has not been doing such noticeable work, in many ways it seems that more of real vital Christian work has been accomplished this past month than any time this year.

The only discouragement is the fact that the budget does not grow as thriftily as is desired. The girls have received numerous orders for pennants, but have been greatly hindered in not being able to get the necessary materials for work. They hope soon, however, to fill all orders and supply every one in school with a U. P. S. or "Our University" pennant. By this means and others they hope to make rich gifts to the Gearhart fund in the near future.

Finances are only "necessary evils," however, and should not and do not hamper the real work of the association in school. The personal workers' class, of which Miss Mary E. Brown is leader, is increasing each week and each meeting is a source of real pleasure and help to the girls.

The text books, "Hints for Fishermen," have come and though small are filled with splendid helps and hints. This class is inspiring much personal work among the girls and very effective work has been done. Still better things are looked for during the next month.

Y. M. C. A.

During the past month the Y. M. C. A. has been steadily progressing along the lines laid down at the opening of the semester. The Bible classes are meeting regularly and are rapidly completing their courses. The mission study classes are well attended and are doing very satisfactory work. The devotional meetings have been up to the usual standard, and the joint meeting addressed by Dr. H. J. White was particularly helpful.

As usual, plans are early being laid for Gearhart. At the March business meeting the president named a committee to start working up the delegation, and already a large number have indicated their purpose to attend the conference. We hope to again have the banner delegation. The association will be able to help about ten men, and there will probably be several that will be able to bear their own expense.

B. L. S. NOTES.

To-kas-ta! To-kas-ta!
To-ka-we-sig-na!
Ho-ee-ee-ta! Ho-ee-ee-ta!
Walla-walla-wa-hoo!
Boyer!

Some of the B. L. S. girls are proudly displaying new society pins.
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COME at your convenience—we'll show you the most comprehensive assortment of high class clothing ever offered here. Fashion's foremost features are perfectly reflected in the cut and finish of every garment and if you are at all interested as to "what's what" in Men's Wear, you will certainly derive great pleasure from your examination of our new offerings of Suits and Overgarments at $10 to $30.

Special attention is directed to our large and superb collection of Smart Sack Suits in the "Atterbury System" at $20.00 in single and double-breasted cut of advanced fashion, artistically hand tailored at every point and made of rich worsteds, cassimeres and cheviots in handsome and exclusive weaves, fully worth $22.50 and $25.

Our Ladies' Suit Store Leads Them All

We have in this department more than double the stocks found in any other store. As a consequence the styles are more varied and needless to say the prices are always less here.

We would be pleased to show you a line of beautiful Eton and jacket style suits in fancy checks and stripes, also including in the lot a line of plain Panamas, newest shades. They are neatly trimmed with fancy braid, buttons and silk, and self strapped. The skirts are the full pleated style and the coats taffeta lined. Think of a suit in this class being sold at $14.98.

Just a little higher priced is the line of 100 suits, all different styles and shades, modeled after the famous Gibson lines—trimmed with silk braid and cloth buttons, vesting of contrasting braids and silk ornaments down fronts, taffeta lined throughout, very full cluster pleated skirts. We might mention that we have them in the grays, champagne, brown, navy and black, and here again we show our price superiority by offering this line at $17.50.

THE PEOPLES STORE
The regular monthly open program of the Boyer Society was given in the University chapel Tuesday afternoon, March 19th, to a large number of friends. The program for March 12th was entirely impromptu and gave results exceedingly gratifying to the members. The next open program will consist entirely of musical numbers. The society is fortunate in possessing a great deal of talent along the lines of both vocal and instrumental music.

H. C. S.

The work of the H. C. S. during the last few weeks has presented many interesting features. The meetings have been well attended and the literary work has shown a decided advance. Particular attention is being given to the debates which have been unusually strong. A new feature has been introduced in the form of a song by the entire society at each program. We have a number of good singers and believe that a very creditable male chorus will be developed. Musical numbers in the form of solos and quartette selections are also frequent features. The open program, given March 19th, was pronounced by critics as one of the best of the year. The original farce was particularly enjoyable.

We feel very proud of our new pins, which are slightly smaller and of better material that our old ones. We don't want to boast, but 'pardon the egotism,' we think they are the neatest in school.

PHILOMATHEAN.

The prophecy that the youthful Philos would "cut their wisdom teeth this year" bids fair to be amply fulfilled. We are the only society to be represented in the graduating class of '07, seven of the eight members being Philos. We are proud of every one of them; for they go out from among us as a credit to the school and an honor to their society. As leaders, active workers and loyal comrades we shall miss them from our ranks. While they remain with us, however, we shall strive to catch their spirit and trust that when they depart a "double portion" will rest upon us.

Miss Hope Fuller decided to discontinue her studies after the Easter recess. We regret to lose her, but, inasmuch as "our loss is another's gain," we cheerfully submit and wish her happiness.

Mr. Geo. Iverson received his first degree in the mysteries of Philomatheanism during the month.

Mr. James Milligan, president, is displaying commendable efficiency as a capable parliamentarian, a dignified chairman and an inspiring leader.

Despite the handicap under which we labored during the early part of the year, our work has been fruitful of splendid results, and every member of our society is proud to be a Philomathean.

 Whereas, in the disposition of Providence, bereavement has come to Miss Hope Fuller in the death of her mother; and

 Whereas, Miss Fuller, by her association with us as student, friend and sister Philomathean, has won our affection and esteem; be in therefor

Resolved, That we, the Philomathean Literary Society of the University of Puget Sound, extend to Miss Fuller our deepest sympathy, and pray that the loving Father will strengthen and comfort her in her sorrow; be it further

Resolved, That copies of these resolutions be sent to Miss Fuller,
CORRECT DRESS FOR MEN AND BOYS

If you select your Spring Clothes with any reference to the way they look to other people, you’ll get them in this store; Spring Suits at $15, $18, $20, $25, $30, $35.

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ROSAMOND HARLAN,
MARTHA SNELL,
ARTHUR L. MARSH,
Committee.

JUNIOR PARTY.

One of the most delightful affairs of March was the party given in honor of the Freshmen at the home of Miss Barrett. Most dainty souvenirs of the occasion were given in the shape of score cards of pretty design which were used in a "Flower Contest." Contests in nail-driving tested the "hitting" abilities of the girls while the genius of the boys was tested by a "clothes hanging contest." Prizes were won by Miss Grey and Mr. Lovett, while Miss Hamilton was the victor in the flower contest. Speeches by the Freshmen, college songs and so forth filled the remainder of the evening. After dainty refreshments had been served, the merry crowd departed, the Juniors with much love for the baby Freshies in their hearts, and the Freshmen with strange thoughts concerning the goodness, so long hidden, of those Juniors.

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"Jacob Ruseh's Experience," in The Coyote, is very interesting.

An English Dude's version of "Everybody Works But Father": "Everybody works but our paternal progenitor,
And he reclines in a recumbent position with his feet on the bronze of the radiator,
Extracting nebulous fumes from his pipe of clay.
Mother takes in soiled linen for the purpose of cleaning it,
And with this connection I might mention Ophelia Ann.
In fact, everybody labors at our domestic domicile,
But our paternal progenitor."

Senior to Freshie: "Last night I dreamed my watch was gone, and at last I got up to see."
Freshie: "Was it gone?"
Senior: "No, it was going."

Ohio State is one of the few colleges in the United States that have added a course in Esperanto to its curriculum. Esperanto is a new language devised by a Polish professor for scientific purposes. It is claimed that the average man can master it in a week or two. The idea is to translate all valuable scientific works into this language, and thus open up a new field of literature to the scientist who is not a linguist.

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Chapter II.—Maid won.
Chapter III.—Made one.
—Exchange.

"Great Aunt Lucretia’s Valentine," in the Acroama, is very interesting.

The following is only printed to show the meanness of some college editors. No self-respecting girl should read it:

read the paper will turn it upside down and say we are insignificantly small, but everybody.
—Exchange.

The Megaphone is neat and well written, but there is a lack of illustrations.

The man who is worthy of being a leader of men will never complain of the stupidity of his helpers, of the ingratitude of mankind nor of the inappreciation of the public. These things are all a part of the great game of life, and to meet them and not go down before them in discouragement and defeat is the final proof of power.—Exchange.

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Prof. J. (to Prof. McProud, who looked much the worse for wear): "You don't look very intellectual this morning."

Pearl S—: "I did not like his note."

Miss ——: "Was it sentimental?"

P. S.: "No; that is why I didn't like it."

Physiology Quiz—"Where is elastic cartilage found in the body?"

"In the neck."

Prof. B—: "Our paths may not cross again in this world—and perhaps not in the next." (Inferentially ambiguous, Professor.)

Prof. A— (in Physiology): "I must go down to the slaughter house and get a supply of fresh brains, so the class can do better work."

Miss H—lk—r: "Forwarned is forearmed."

Miss K—u—d: "Two arms are enough for me."

____

**Students,** Remember that

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Miss Landen (in French): "Mrs. McP—, will you please read that again? 'My dear' is all I got."

Mrs. McP—: "Isn't that enough?"


Miss Clulow: "A dervish is a man who wears a kind of 'Happy Hooligan' cap."

Bible Student: "Sampson tied the foxes together by their tails."

Prof. B.: "Well, never mind details."

Miss Snell (in Biology): "Professor, I can't remember all those names."

Prof.: "You're not surprised at that, are you?"

(Overheard.) "Who is the boy in the brown suit?"

"He is a minister's daughter."

Metaphysics might be compared to a blind man in a large room looking for a black cat that isn't there.

Mr. Milligan: "The older you get the less likely you are to die."

Miss Dawes (reading in English): "I put my foot in the tracks of our forefathers."

Miss Beil (sotto voce): "More than I can do."

Lovett: "A good land agent then would have to be a good sociologist."

Prof. J.: "Yes, Mr. L—; you will have to study pretty hard to be a good land agent."

Prof. J.: "We will take up the study of marriage and divorce."

A. M.: "Will we use the 'laboratory method'?"

Prof.: "You may, if you wish—outside of school, but you won't get any credit for it."

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