THE MAROON

November, 1907.

Published by the
Students of the University of Puget Sound
Tacoma, Washington
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Which keeps open Saturday evenings
A Result of the Game that was Not Published.

The grandstand glowed with color, ribbons, pennants and gayly decorated horns, all lending themselves to the brilliant effect, for the Thanksgiving game was on between Clinton and Rockford. The battle was a hard one for both schools were strong on the gridiron, but so far Rockford led with a score of 11 to 6. Just now Clinton rooters are wild with excitement, for their men are fast making their way toward goal, and there are three minutes of the first half to spare. Perhaps they can even the score yet!

An exultant cry from the grandstand! A Rockford man has the ball and without any opposition is making a long run. Time is called, but the touchdown was made and Rockford is hilarious.

Men from both schools come up to lean on the railing while they talk with pretty, enthusiastic girls. Congratulations for Rockford are heard on every side, but it is evident that the depressed Clinton players are not getting much encouragement from their friends; it is too plain which way the game will go.

The handsome young captain stands apart, wearing a dejected air; he is downcast over the turn things have taken in the game, but worse than that he sees a pale, sweet face, framed in soft brown curls, with a hurt look in the blue eyes, and he has caused that look.

Little Nell, his old playmate, and the sweetheart of his high school, and, until this year, of his college days, was not there today, cheering for him with all her might, and the reason was that a new girl, with rosy cheeks and laughing black eyes, had taken her place this year. He hadn't meant to desert Nell, of course, but Lottie was so jolly and attractive, and—well, it was nice to have everyone look back admiringly when you walked down the street with the prettiest girl in school. Nell needn't have taken it so hard, but what did he care if she did, anyway; he wasn't going to be tied down to one girl all the time. Hang it all! and the game, too, something must be done; it was almost time for the second half. A quick touch on his arm; he turned, and Lottie stood beside him, laughing up into his face.

"You're having hard luck, but cheer up; I have the remedy," and then in lower tones. "My brother
played in the Rockford team last year—I've been watching—they're using the same signals; I know them by heart; I've heard Tom go over them a hundred times—quick! listen! I'll give them to you."

He heard her tell them off, but only faintly comprehended, for all the while something kept saying, "Nell wouldn't have done that, not even for me."

Somewhere a whistle blew, and in a dazed way he walked across the fields and took his place in the line-up. Scorning to make use of the signals Lottie had given him, he played fiercely, but at the end of the half Rockford had won.

He answered Lottie's chatter half-heartedly on the way home, and with a hurried goodbye at the gate, strode off up the street toward a little white cottage where he had not been for some time. He quickened his steps as he entered the yard. Had the news of the defeat preceded him? Yes, it had; for when Nell came to the door, radiantly happy to see him again, her first words were, "I'm sorry you were beaten, Lawrence."

"O, well, what's the odds!" was the reply. "Say, little girl, can I come around tonight?"

\[\text{The Dedication.}\]

Five years! One can hardly realize that five years ago a partly constructed administrative building and a few acres of marshy ground marked the spot where now are five imposing buildings, standing on one of the most promising campus grounds in the Northwest. Surely we have a right to boast of our progress.

Sunday, Nov. 10th, will be handed down to future generations of students as a date marking a new era in the history of the school. Bishop McDowell, former chancellor of the Denver University, now of Chicago, delivered the dedicatory address. He presented the education of the youth as an investment which brings large returns. After the address Bishop Moore, who presided, made an appeal for funds, and $5,000 was raised within half an hour. A large share of this was pledged by the students, one student giving $1,000. In addition, the college has been presented with a $7,000 pipe-organ by the First Methodist Church of Seattle. Though the organ was not installed for the exercises, it is expected that by Thanksgiving its peals will ring out the response of gratitude of the students to those loyal patrons and friends who have done so much to make our school the pride of Tacoma and of the Northwest.

The dedicatory exercises were conducted in the presence of about 800 students and visitors. The chapel was decorated for the occasion with pennants, ivy, and ferns. The music was under the direction of Miss Lois Todd, the director of our College of Music. A double quartette, consisting of Ada Hooton, Junia Todd (sopranos), Florence Hamilton, Ethel Davis (altos), John Todd, W. Eugene Knox (tenors), James Knox and Raymond E. Pease (bassos), rendered appropriate music during the services.

If a certain young lady who was out camping this summer will look under the floor of her cottage she'll find something of interest. On hearing that vinegar was good for the hives, Edna proceeded to give Blanche B. a spoon-full.

Prof. Gr-m-l-g: "That's right, Mr. Lovett, now I have got you thinking. That's what I have been trying to do all along."
Self Effacement

Bert Lovett '08.

(Continued from October number.)

“No,” said Will, guardedly. “I don’t suppose it will make any difference to me. But if Grace is married, I for one refuse to believe she has married a fool. But it’s no use discussing a subject with such meager details.” And he hurried out of the tent.

Frank looked after his friend and exclaimed: “I wonder if he has been hit! I hope not. It would go hard with poor old Will, just as he is beginning to get a good start. I’ll keep my eyes open.”

However, he had little opportunity to satisfy his curiosity, for when Will returned he informed his friends that he had received a letter from Tacoma that called him back to the office at once.

Frank opened his eyes wide, but said nothing. He and Will had been fast chums and he knew that Will’s business—writing insurance—was only important when Frank himself was working at it. A commission basis does not necessitate close or constant attention.

But before the sun set Frank had packed his things and was on his way to Tacoma before dark.

CHAPTER II. The Search

A few days later, Will was pacing anxiously up and down Pacific avenue. By his demeanor one would judge that the business that called him to town was connected with the Pinkertons, for he peered anxiously into the face of every woman he met.

Day after day, all day long and far into the night, he kept up his restless search. Weary and footsore he would return to his rooms at night thoroughly disappointed and sick at heart.

A month passed by and still he kept up his search. Always the same beat, between Ninth and Thirteenth streets.

Of late, however, he had begun to give up hope.

“It’s no use,” he muttered to himself. “Either they did lie and he has got work or else she is afraid to claim the fulfillment of my promise to let me help her if ever she needed it. Little girl, how I loved you! Now all is over. Only her mother knows, and she will never betray my secret. But if she loves him better than she could love me I am very content.”

And so the days passed. One day as he was walking along the avenue he caught sight of a young girl ahead of him, and he stopped quickly. His face became pale and he grew faint. Recovering himself with an effort as she turned towards him, he hurried up to her. Her face was beaming with joy.

“Grace!”
“Will!”

He grasped her hand and forgot to release it until she reminded him.

“Gracie! Then it’s true, is it? I have been looking for you for six weeks. I despaired of ever finding you again.”

“Well, here I am now,” she laughed. “And I am going to make use of you as I have always done. “Give me a dollar to get some dinner for I have not eaten anything today, yet.” And she laughed so happily that Will wondered if starvation was something to be coveted.

“Come with me. I am just going to dinner myself. We cannot stand here talking. While we eat you can tell me everything.”
CHAPTER III. Partnership.

When they were seated at a private table, Will scrutinized Grace closely. It was the same girl-child he had seen a couple of months ago, but there was a change that he could not fully understand yet. The same bright brown eyes, with their long sweeping lashes; the same beautiful dark hair that crowned one of the most beautiful faces he had ever gazed upon. But the change? Yes, these was a change. While the eyes danced with happiness as of yore, there was a half-concealed expression of sadness about them that he could not understand yet.

"Now, tell me everything, Grace, and I will see what can be done," he said.

So she told her story. She had met George Mitchell at her home last fall. Neither thought of love at first, but when they met frequently, at first by accident and then by appointment, a friendship was soon cemented that ended in George's proposing and Grace's accepting him. He was poor and would not think of taking her from her home to an uncertain life. One day he got a brief that brought him a good start. He won his case and was well paid for his work. Thinking he was on the road to success, he decided to ask her mother for her consent to a union or at least to an engagement. But when Mrs. Miller was asked she refused absolutely to consider the matter, saying that she had made other arrangements for Grace's happiness.

Will trembled here and his hand shook so that he spilled his coffee. Muttering an excuse for his carelessness, he added: "What then?"

"What could mamma have meant? I suppose she meant to palm me off on some dandy who had a pretty face and curly hair. Whom do you think it could have been?"

Will couldn't imagine at all, and saying it didn't matter now anyway bade her go on with the story. "This is the result of it then?"

"No; it's only the beginning," she laughed. "George is in disgrace and he can't get anything to do, and we are broke. In a couple of weeks—in a month at the outside—George will have a case to defend, and if he can only win we will have plenty of money to go on with. But in the meanwhile he has nothing to do."

"Now, girl, it's up to me. I propose to lecture you, and then I will see what can be done. You have been very foolish in being in such a hurry—but what's the use of talking over what can't be helped. I haven't done any work lately, and am almost at the end of my money. But you know me well enough by now to know that what I have is yours, and that I will find some way of helping you out. I will come up to your rooms tonight and meet George and we can talk matters over."

That night Will called at their rooms. He was not long in deciding that George Mitchell was worthy even of Grace. He seemed to be a man in every sense of the word and did not flinch from the terrible responsibility that was confronting him. Will offered him his help frankly, and George as frankly and gratefully accepted the offer.

It was resolved that they should move into less pretentious rooms for the time being. Will would keep his old quarters, but the three were to dine together. A suite of inexpensive housekeeping rooms could easily be found, and they were to look around on the morrow.

(To be continued.)
It is with great regret that we notice the way in which the honor of our student body is degenerating. In the past years we have had but slight trouble in regard to the mislaying of personal property. We trusted our fellow students, as we would our mothers. Those who were inclined toward such dishonorable business soon caught the spirit of the student body and lost all desire to possess other people's property. It may be that those so inclined this year may do the same, but over two months of school has passed and they have not done so. Something must be done. It is hard to think of having one of our number branded publicly as a thief. Thief? Yes; for it is as much of a crime to take one dollar as one hundred dollars. The motive is the same. But while it may be hard it is either that or the honor of our student body must go, and that shall not be. We have a larger number of new students than we have ever had before, so our problem is greater. But no matter how great it is, we must solve it. Our school has always stood for unimpeachable manhood and womanhood. Do you wish to lower it? Each one of you has the power. But you also have the power of maintaining it. Let us all remember this and act so that we may look every man in the eye and be able to say, "I have helped to uphold the honor of our student body."
Junior Sing.

When it comes to something original in the way of expressing class spirit the Juniors lead the way. Parties are nice, and the Juniors will have some later, but to express real college spirit the Junior Sing on the campus one evening last month has never been equaled. For half an hour the campus resounded with such old familiar tunes as "Aunt Dinah's Quilting Party," "Vive l'Amour," and "Old Black Joe." The Sing ended with an enthusiastic

"Rah! Rah! Rah!
Ess! Ess! Ess!
We're the Juniors
Of the U. P. S.
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Ain't that fine?
We're going to graduate
In 1909."

BOYER ITEMS.

The Boyers, under the leadership of Mrs. Pease as critic, have a splendid start toward the year's work. Aside from our open program on the 22nd, we have given one along the line of politics and one on the Hallowe'en order. Our program committee has adopted the plan of having one extemporaneous number on each program, and these, besides being fine training for the members, add the spice of variety to the programs.

Miss Alta Hathaway opened her home on the evening of October 26, for the initiation of two new members, the Misses Lyle Ford and Lou Briggs. After various mysterious rites had been performed upon the candidates, all the girls gathered about the table for a jolly Boyer spread.

Social stunts have not been lacking this month, as far as the Boyers
were concerned. On Wednesday, October 16th, Miss Mae Reddish entertained fourteen of the Boyers in honor of Miss Georgina Clulow, whose marriage took place October 30. The affair was a kitchen shower, the gifts being suspended from streamers forming a canopy over the table. The society colors, violet and green, and the flower, the violet, were conspicuous in menu, decorations and place cards. During the afternoon the girls hemmed tea towels and dust cloths for the bride-to-be.

On October 30th, at the home of her parents, Rev. and Mrs. James Clulow, the marriage of Miss Georgina Clulow to Mr. Dix Rowland took place, witnessed by about fifty relatives and friends. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Lillian Clulow. White chrysanthemums were the flowers used in the large living room, where the service was read, and autumn leaves prevailed in the dining-room. Miss Vera Richards played the wedding march from Lohengrin, and several of the Boyer girls assisted in serving. Miss Clulow is the first of our members here to be married, and our society, for which she did so much toward founding and keeping alive when it was making its place among the organizations of the school, extends to her its best wishes for happiness in her new life.

We enjoyed the hospitality of our brothers of the H. C. S. on Hallowe'en, and the heavy eyes and curiously marked hands that we brought to school the next morning only bore witness to the good time we had had.

The members of the only exclusive girls society in school ought and do hold prominent places in every branch of school life and we B. L. S. girls are trying this year more than ever before to prove the truth of the words of our song—

"We've got a dose of college spirit
For we belong to the Boyers, Boyers;
We belong to the Boyer Lit."

H. C. S.

On Oct. 29th the H. C. S. took into its mysteries Messrs. Bruce, Davis, Rubin, Schaub and Stoltenberg. The goat is the oldest in school, but still maintains his reputation as the champion heavyweight of the Northwestern, and sent the captives through the usual requirements.

The annual Hallowe'en party was given at the home of Mr. Ralph D. Simpson in honor of the B. L. S. The place was prettily decorated for the occasion, and presented a scene that will not be forgotten very soon. Numerous Jack-o'-Lanterns were hung to the basement ceiling, and cast their weird light over the room. The walls were decorated with bats, black cats and other characteristic Hallowe'en symbols. White-robed "spooks" met the guests as they arrived, and under their guidance each visitor received the "mysterious cross."

Fortunes and ghost stories were told in the dim light of a bonfire, and sometimes they were so real the young ladies would actually shiver. The program was a great success, and everyone went home happy and looking forward to the next Hallowe'en eve.

The H. C. S. is determining to push on and put before its members the best methods of receiving a literary education along with a college. Let us not be narrow-minded, but free and unprejudiced to take and get all that our Maker puts at our disposal. Thus helping the world to grow brighter and better instead of sadder.

Our fraternity must be the kind that will send men to the front capable of doing and daring.
On the evening of Oct. 21, the girls of the Senior class entertained the boys at Barrett’s camp on Lemon’s Beach. The weather was a little cold, but the huge bonfire caused them to think that summer was not yet passed. Around this they spent a jolly evening eating apples, telling stories, and singing college songs.

ALTRURIANS.

The Altrurians’ organization is progressing admirably. So far the amount of new business before each meeting has necessitated short programs, but those given show that the material of which the organization is made up is very good; only lacking the polish which is expected to come from the training given by the society. A large number of important subjects have come before the organization, which required skill in being dealt with. The manner in which the members acted on the occasions proves that they are looking into the future, and are expecting the Altrurian organization to advance to the top, shoulder to shoulder with its sister societies.

When you hear the siwash yell refer to the following for its interpretation:

What’s the matter with us?
We’re all right.
Watch us grow.

PHILOMATHEAN.

Strawberry shortcake, blueberry pie—
V-I-C-T-O-R-Y!
Are we in it? I should smile.
We’ve been in it all the while.

The first social event in Philo circles took place at Miss Emma Terry’s when seventeen new members took upon themselves society obligations. An impromptu program given by two divisions while refreshments were being served added greatly to the pleasure of the evening. Hypnotic and magnetic stunts were performed, and even the organ-grinder with his monkey was present. Two humorous and much-appreciated
numbers were the alphabet oration by "James Milligan" and "Lazy Bill" by Q. Kendall. All voted the event a pleasant social success.

A beautiful and new idea in pennants was displayed on the bulletin board during the month. Take notice, fellow Philomatheans: If you have anything to contribute to the cause bring it along.

On Hallowe'en the Philo boys entertained the girls at the home of Miss Ora Bullock. Ghostly feelings pervaded the senses of all as they entered the house, dimly lighted with Jack-o'-Lanterns. Strings of apples hung from the doorways, ghost stories and fortunes were told and many were greatly surprised to hear of the nearness of the wedding bells. The young ladies won considerable money in the form of the Philo seal in games of skill, conspicuous among them being the guessing of the sizes of the udders.
of the boys' shoes. With this money they purchased the boys' baskets at auction. The baskets were beautiful souvenirs and contained delicious lunches. The Philos are hoping for many more such memorable occasions.

The new members received into the secrets of the "Star and Crescent" were the Misses Case, Davis, Green, Jones, Stevens, Beightol, Pindar, Hackett, Burna Miller and Clara Davis, and Messrs. Thompson, Walters, Fowler, Q. Kendall and Henry, John and Daniel Dupertius.

No Doubt.

Once a man went to a prof. and asked him to recommend a student for his office. The prof., highly pleased with the compliment, replied that he could guarantee one of his students, as he had trained him personally from his infancy. When the youth was introduced, the man asked him if he thought he was capable of filling the duties of his office, and the student replied: "There is no doubt about it."

The man thought this a bright reply, and engaged him on the spot, giving him the month's salary in advance.

At the end of the first week the employer visited the young man to see what progress was being made in his office, and found him lying asleep on a lounge. Awaking him, he asked him if that was the way he earned his salary, and the youth replied, "There is no doubt about it."

The man became angry, and said, "I believe you are an imposter." "There is no doubt about it," was the boy's reply. "Then get out of here. I guess I am as big a fool as you." And the youth replied, as he reached for his hat, "There is no doubt about it."

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A great deal of interest has been taken in the various sports this fall by the student body as a whole. Seemingly almost unaccomplishable tasks were accomplished, and our athletics are indeed making a marked advancement.

Mr. Chas. Olsen was elected captain and coach of the first football team. The teams, both first and second, were fitted out with fighting gear and are well able to give any opposing team a hard battle for victory.

What is to be noticed especially is the way the men turn out to practice, and the vigor and vim that they practice with is enough to encourage old Mars himself. We have engaged in several practice games, which have strengthened us materially.

The basket-ball season is almost here. Captain Donaldson is busy getting his men lined up, and from all appearances the U. P. S. will have two good strong teams. The Gymnasium is in much better shape than last year, by having the new floor and sides on.

The girls' team is organized, and the captain is planning for a second.

Mrs. Tswally has been elected by the board of control as coach, and everyone seems highly delighted. A medicine ball and a few minor necessities were added to Gym's equipment, which were much needed for the girls' calisthenics work.

Managers of the various sports are: For football, Ed. C. Rhodes; track, Ed. C. Rhodes; basket-ball, so far no successor to Mr. Harry Allen has been elected.

Everything seems to be moving along nicely for our teams, and we can rest assured that when the time comes for action none will be lacking, as the spirit is high. We wish to encourage every student to participate in as much athletics as possible, and help boost our teams as much as in you lies. Be a Booster—not a knocker.
The Maroon exchange list is growing. We shall be glad to exchange with every school that would like to place their paper on our table.

Query—Why does a blush creep up a maiden's cheek?
Answer—Because if it ran it would kick up too much dust.

Notice the cut heading the Exchange in the Whirlwind—a very good one.

Success is not a thing of chance, nor is it due to genius. Thomas A. Edison, when asked for his definition of genius, said: "Two per cent. genius and 98 per cent. hard work." And at another time when asked if he did not think genius was inspiration, said: "No, genius is perspiration." We study the lives of great men and find they attained success only by hard work.

The October number of the Kodak was well developed. We hope the rest of the Films will be even better.

Read the stories in the Review. Don't stop there; read the rest of the paper—all good.

When a Freshman doesn't hear plainly the professor's question, he says, in a subdued tone: "Pardon me, Professor, but I didn't understand you." The Sophomore says: "Will you please repeat your question?" The Junior says: "What, sir?" The Senior says: "Huh?"

REVISED VERSION.

My Bonnie lies under the auto,
My Bonnie swears, under the car:
Please send to the garage for someone,
For 'tis lonesome up here where I am.

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SCANDINAVIAN COMMERCIAL AND SAVINGS BANK
Which sells Foreign drafts at the lowest rates
The Willamette Collegian reports a victory for Football. Keep it up. The Willamette has an attractive cover for Hallowe’en.

“For the First Time the Senior Academy of Simpson Give a Term Reception”—“The gentlemen wore white shirts and trousers under these the ladies wore white dresses.”

The Norton County High School Quill reports that their “Football is dead.” We extend our heartfelt sympathy to the “chief mourners.”

A professor at a neighboring college, while conducting chapel one morning, turned to the Freshman section and said: “O ye simple, understand and have prudence; and ye fools, be of an understanding heart.”

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**SCANDINAVIAN COMMERCIAL AND SAVINGS BANK**  
Which is one of the most liberal Banking institutions in Western Washington
"NOW, students—"

"It does one good to be here and look into your happy and smiling faces." The old story, but for once it had a new meaning, when Messrs. Hart and Magann visited Chapel last month. It was worth while being in Chapel that morning, for never before in the history of the school, perhaps, have any visitors received such a welcome by the students. These two gentlemen have left behind them a feeling of gratitude that cannot be expressed in a few words, and it would be invidious indeed to try and do so. Yet many students owe them a debt that will never be wiped out. We remembered this when they came to see us, and if a greeting can speak, surely they carried away with them some knowledge of our attitude towards them. "Good-bye, gentlemen, and God-speed."

The football team wants us to show our loyalty to the school by wearing a tag intimating that there is to be a game played on such and such a date. Aforesaid tag is fashionable amongst the students just now. It is a sort of miniature sign, like one sees in a boarding-house window bearing the information that one may obtain board and room at reasonable rates, home cooking a specialty. All this is not on the tag, but at first glance it looks as if it might be. It is hung on the lapel of the coat, in the case of the men, and over the heart, in the case of the ladies, by a delicate crimson

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Prof. Gr-mb-ng (in Astronomy): "Now we’re on the road to density."

Prof. Bender (in Geom.): "You had to bend line AR to make it perpendicular."

Miss Torr: "There are twelve in the class; no, Mr. Marsh is gone, so there are thirteen.

A Class aside: "Jacob couldn’t marry Rachel first because she could not marry until the older ones were married."

Miss W-ls-n: "I’m glad I’m the oldest in our house."

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G. S. (a few minutes later)—Edith, why do you look so sad? Are you in love?
E. M.—Oh, mercy, no!
G. S.—You must be, for you have a pennant you like best.
Then G. wondered why the girls laughed.

Leola B: “I can keep secrets pretty good. I know lots of secrets and nobody knows them except—”
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G. S.—We can’t; you are always in bed when we come home.

Miss Hamilton (reading Chaucer): “They heard a bell ring, which was carried by a corpse that was going to the grave.”

Prof. Benbow: “I wish you’d all sit on the front seats. I know when I used to go to my sweetheart we could always do better work the closer we got together.”

Prof. Bender (the day after a test): Well, how many of you got through?”

Mr. Lee: “I did. I fell through.”

Miss Ump—lby (in English): “Her lips were anxious as if she were expecting something.”

Mrs. Pease: “What nationality was Geoffrey?”

J. K.—“Why—er—he was a monk.

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