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The Rhine.

(A Translation from Victor Hugo.)

Saint Goar, Aug. 17.

You know, I have often told you, I love rivers. Rivers carry ideas as well as merchandise. Everything plays its magnificent part in creation. The rivers like immense clarions sing to the ocean of the beauty of the land, the culture of the fields, the splendors of the towns, and the glory of man.

And, I also told you, among all the rivers I love the Rhine. The first time that I saw the Rhine was a year ago at Kehl, while crossing the pontoon bridge. Night was falling, the carriage was going at a walk. I recall that then I experienced a certain feeling of respect while crossing the ancient river. I have longed to see it ever since. It is never without emotion that center into communication—I almost said into communion—with these great things of nature, which are also the great things of history. Add to this the fact that objects the most unlike present to me, I know not why, strange affinities and harmonies. My friend, you recall the Rhone at Valserine? We saw it together, in 1825, on that pleasant trip to Switzerland which is one of the bright memories of my life. We were then twenty years old! You recall with what a fierce roar the Rhone hurled itself into the gulf, while the frail wooden bridge trembled beneath our feet. Well, since that time has brought to my mind the picture of a tiger; the Rhine brings that of a lion.

This evening, when I viewed the Rhine for the first time, that idea did not leave me. For a long time I contemplated this fierce and noble river, violent but majestic. It was at high tide and magnificent. Its tawny mane—its marshy beard, as Boileau says—it was waving at the bridge of boats. The two banks were lost in the twilight. Its roar was powerful but peaceful. I found in it something of a great sea.

Yes, my friend, it is a noble stream, feudal, republican, imperial; worthy
to be both French and German. All the history of Europe is there considered from two great aspects in this river of warriors and of thinkers.

The Rhine unites everything. The Rhine is as rapid as the Rhone, as large as the Loire, walled in like the Meuse, winding like the Seine, limpid and green like the Somme, historical like the Tiber, royal like the Danube, mysterious like the Nile, spangled with gold like a river of America, buried in fables and fantoms like a river of Asia.

The imagination of man, like nature, will not accept a vacuum. Where human noise becomes silent, there nature makes the birds to chatter, the leaves of the trees to whisper, and a thousand voices of solitude to murmur. Where the certainty of history ceases, there imagination brings to life the spirit, the dream, the apparition. Fables spring up, grow, intermingle and flourish in the gaps of broken down history, as the hawthorne and the gentian in the crevices of a palace in ruins.

Civilization is like the sun; it has its days and nights, its times of fulness and its eclipses, it disappears and reappears. From the time that the new-born civilization dawned over the Taunus Mts. there has been upon the banks of the Rhine a charming chatter of legends and of fables. While they builded of beautiful new basalt on the site of the Roman ruins the Saxon and Gothic castles, today torn down, an entire population of imaginary beings in direct communication with beautiful ladies and handsome knights scattered itself abroad through the Rhingan.

However, the sixteenth century was approaching. The Rhine had seen in the fourteenth century at Nuremberg the birth of artillery, and in the fifteenth at Strasburg on the same bank that of printing. In 1400 Colonge invented the famous culverin, fourteen feet long. In 1472 Vindelin de Spire printed his Bible. A new world was arising, and it is a remarkable and worthy thing that here upon the borders of the Rhine there should come to take new form those mysterious tools with which God unceasingly works for the civilization of man, the catapult and the book, war and thought.

The Rhine has a sort of providential significance among the destinies of Europe. It is the great transversal moat which separates the south from the north. Providence has made it the river-frontier; fortresses have made it the river-wall. The Rhine has reflected the shadow of almost all the great warriors, who for the last thirty centuries have cultivated the old continent with the plough-share called the sword.

Caesar crossed the Rhine coming up from the south; Attila crossed the Rhine coming down from the north. Clovis won there the battle of Tolbiac. Charlemagne and Bonaparte have ruled there. The Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, the Emperor Rudolph of Hapsburg, and the Emperor Frederick I. have been victorious there. From the height of the sentry-box of Caub Gustavus Adolphus commanded his army. Louis XIV. saw the Rhine. Enghien and Conde passed it! Alas, Turenne also. Drusus has his monument at May-
ence as well as Marceau at Coblenz and Hoche at Andernach. To the eyes of the thinker two great eagles circle continually over the Rhine, the eagle of the Roman legions and the eagle of the French regiments. For Homer the Rhine did not exist; for Virgil it was a river of ice, Frigora Rheni; for Shakespeare it is le beau Rhin, the beautiful Rhine. For us, until the day when the Rhine shall become the question of Europe it is the picturesque excursion of fashion, the promenade of Ems, Baden, and Spa.

And now, to conclude, the Rhine, a river providential, seems also to be a river symbolical. In its thought, in its course, in the thousands who cross it, it is, so to speak, the image of civilization which it has served so well and which it will serve still more.

Pearl Stanbra, '08.

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The Excursion to the Mountain Lake.

(From the Trompeter von Sakkingen.)

Blue heaven, warm sunshine, humming of bees, singing of larks, mirror-clear stream of the Rhine. From the mountains the snow flies away, in the valley the fruit tree blossoms; May comes into the land.

Before the door of the castle Hiddeigei the cat lay in the sand lazily comfortable, taking care that the May sun should shine upon his fur, pleasantly warming him. Through the garden came the Baron with his daughter, and he looked upon the young buds with a well pleased air and said: "If I had still a hundred years to live, I would ever revive myself anew in May and in its wonders.

There is a singular charm in the young May. My weary bones have felt heavy touches of the gout with the storms of April. Now it is as if blown away and I feel something of my old strength, almost as if I were again a spruce, beardless standard bearer, just as when, formerly, in the field of Nordlingen, I exchanged blows with the blue-coated Swedish troopers. I believe that it would be well for us to make a holiday today, although it is not inscribed in the calendar in red letters. Up and away! Out in the pine forest I shall breath the spicy May air and the young folks may see if fishing in the lake brings luck. Today I shall enjoy the pastime. Anton, have the horses saddled!"

He spoke and his orders were carried out accordingly. In the court yard, awaiting the rider, the horses, neighing, pawed the ground. The young people of the little city, joyfully prepared for the excursion and took from the Rhine the large net used for fish catching. The faithful Anton invited many of the Baron's friends, he also invited the Abbess and the noble ladies over at the
Abby, while many other came uninvited. When the host of the Golden Knob received the news he said to his wife: "I entrust to your care the management of the inn and the household. I place in your hands the keys to the cellar and the store room, for I myself am going to the fishing excursion." He said it slipping out, for he never failed if there was any hunting or fishing going on.

Now there was a loud commotion, running, calling, laughing, jesting, underneath on the shore of the lake. Like a general in the crowd of young men stood the cunning host of the Knob, experienced in fish catching. And to the right and left he distributed his knowledge so that they might now prosperously begin the fishing.

They took a boat from the sheltered nook where it was concealed and merrily the good innkeeper stepped in now with five others and gave one end of the large net to those on shore, so that they might hold it firmly and carefully; then, rowing sturdily, they pushed out from the land. Far out in a semi-circle the net sank to the bottom. Then they rowed back carefully dragging after them the heavy meshes, so that the fish might be caught in them without an outlet. They sprang onto the shore then and pulled the net along toward themselves until they were near those on the bank; then, with a heavy pull on both ends, they lifted it out of the water, already awaiting a rich booty.

The innkeeper cast a sharp glance round about in all the meshes; all around only water met his gaze; still no little fish appeared; only a disreputable old boot and a flattened toad which looked with wondering eyes upon the sunlit pine forest and upon the people, and thought, "It is truly inconceivable how with such a sun and under such a sky man can enjoy his life. It shines so that those up here have no conception of the marsh and of its magnificence. Oh, that I might sit again in the elementary ooze of the depths!"

Now, another time they sought a trial of their lucky star. They loosed the tangled meshes, then threw the net carefully to the bottom and lifted it. Many a strong pull and tug was needed to lift it. A loud hurrah and hallooing greeted the prosperous fishing. From the hillock the Baron came to the fishers and even the ladies wished to see the spoils. Over rock and underbrush they sought a path to the shore. Marguerita, in spite of her long riding habit, climbed down. She beheld young Werner; tremblingly he dared to offer her his arm and his mind was strangely confused. Thus once may Sir Walter Raleigh's heart have beat as he laid down his cloak for a carpet at the feet of his royal mistress.

But thanking him in a friendly manner Marguerita leaned upon young Werner's arm; out in the green forest many a needless thought was banished which elsewhere gave much care to the master of ceremonies, and the path was really steep, and no other arm was near.

On the lake they serenely perceived the booty of the fishing excurs-
sion, struggling, those caught slipped in the meshes of the net, many a one sought to free himself by lashing about, yet he fell into the sand of the shore and escape was in vain for him.

Well pleased, the baron spoke: "After work comes refreshment, and it seems to me the fresh booty will taste best here in the pure forest." And in a short time the fire roared lustily on the rock hearth; in the pans there were frying those which a short time ago were swimming happily in the lake.

Up above, in the meantime, a fine, costly May wine was prepared. In a massive dish Margerita had expertly mixed it, and mild and fragrant as the young May itself was the drink. She poured it graciously in the glasses and passed it around to them. No one was slighted, and, drinking joyfully, the crowd sat by the fire.

The schoolmaster also stretched himself there in the grass. Dismissing school he had slipped away to the lake, and he bore a sweet secret in his heart, for he had laboriously composed a song today. May wine, May wine, magic little drink! Suddenly his cheeks began to glow, and his eyes shone glistening. He sprang spiritedly upon the rock and said, "Uninvited, I shall sing you something." Laughing, the others listened to him, and young Werner stepped forward; he sounded his trumpet lightly and blew a little piece as a prelude. Then the man on the stone-block raised his voice and sang with ardor. Young Werner accompanied him clearly and joyously, and the chorus sang the refrain, and in the pine forest resounded the May song:

"There comes along through the world a strange boy, and wherever he goes up hill, down hill, a beauty and splendor arises. In fresh green, stand field and valley, the birds sing all together, a snow and rain of blossoms falls down all along the way. Therefore we sing in the forest this song, with huzza and tra-la-la, we sing it while things sprout and blossom, as a greeting to the young May. A humming and buzzing delights the May, there is always a good humor; therefore the brown May beetles buzz about through the pine forest, and out of the moss quickly springs up the most beautiful ornament of spring flowers; the white bells ring in the May with joy, etc."

Now, whoever can, think of pastime and jesting and love; many a good old man becomes young again in spirit. He calls over across the Rhine, 'Dearly beloved treasure, oh let me in!" And on this side it sounds and on that side.

In May it is good to love, etc.

Elsie Grumblin, '09.

Prof. Bender (in Geometry)—By what proportion is A B to A C?
Donaldson—By conversion.

Miss A.—Whom did Miss C. go with last night?
Mr. B.—O—er—um—me.
Miss A.—Why, I am surprised at you!
Mr. B.—Well—er—this is leap year, you know.
The Big Debate.

Probably the biggest and happiest event of the year occurred on the evening of March 27, when the Academy debating team won its fourth successive victory by defeating the Colfax High School. It really looks like our team has so thoroughly acquired the habit of winning that it can't possibly stop. In fact, we are going to win the series—"there is no question about it."

The team from Colfax came to us with a reputation for ability and "gameness," and they proved that they deserved it, every bit. The debaters, Mr. Walter Strickler and Miss Katherine Ryan, accompanied by Miss Marsh, their coach, arrived on the afternoon of the 20th and were given a hearty welcome at once. Everything that could be done to make their stay a pleasant one was looked after and the best of feeling prevailed at the debate.

The victory of our team is particularly pleasing in view of the fact that the debaters supported the opposite side from that held in all the previous debates. The ability to change from the affirmative to the negative proves conclusively that genuine debating ability and not luck has been responsible for our continued victories.

Miss Katherine Ryan opened the debate for Colfax. Her presentation of arguments in favor of the affirmative was strong and her delivery pleasing. She referred to many recognized authorities to support her statements and throughout her entire speech showed careful preparation and clear thinking.

Mr. Ralph Simpson introduced the negative for the home team and made his usual brilliant record. He made good use of information gathered on his recent trip of investigation to Portland, and by wit and sarcasm pointed out the drawbacks to the initiative and referendum.

Mr. Walter Strickler, the second speaker for Colfax, is an orator of no mean ability and he did himself proud that night. With vigor and vim he assailed the negative and piled up arguments for the affirmative.

As in every other debate, Miss Helena Willett captivated the audience with her charming delivery and splendid argument. Her rebuttal of the affirmative's points was telling and the way in which she clinched the points that Mr. Simpson had merely touched upon showed not only her own ability, but the spirit of team work that is so essential to good debating.

Mr. Simpson's rebuttal for the negative was the great speech of the evening. He attacked successfully the authorities quoted by the affirmative, thus destroying a large part of their arguments. In all probability, Mr. Simpson's strong rebuttal was largely responsible for the decision.

Mr. Strickler closed the debate and the decision of the judges was soon announced as two to one in favor of the U. P. S. Academy.

The judges for the debate were Dean Condon, of the Law School of the U. of W.; Prof. Kraegar, super-
intendant of schools at Olympia, and Prof. Storey, superintendent of schools of King County.

After the debate a banquet was given by the students in honor of the debaters. The debating teams and coaches of all the neighboring high schools and academies were also the guests of the students at the banquet. The schools represented were Tacoma, Puyallup, Whitworth, Auburn, Olympia, Orting, Chehalis. Prof. R. B. Pease acted as toastmaster and impromptu speeches were heard from representatives of all the visiting schools.

Seniors go Camping

The Seniors have decided that college life is all too short. To look out into the distant horizon of the Senior year from the Freshman class is a disheartening task and seems as if the years will never evolve its members into a Senior class. But now! Each individual member looks back to the beginning of things and says it’s all too short, and of all the last year is the shortest.

These sentiments were born since the end of the spring vacation. Friday, March 27, the Senior class, as one man, shut its books and vowed not even to peep between their covers for a week. And the resolution was kept.

On Saturday the first contingent left Tacoma for Moselle Cottage, Stone’s Landing, where they were the guests of Mesdames Cotter and Bullock. It was not long before everything was made comfortable and before night a schedule of duties was drawn up for each during the entire holiday. During the afternoon a boat ride on the Sound was enjoyed and the beginning of the holiday on such a glorious day gave promise of an ideal vacation.

On Sunday two services were held and as rain fell part of the time all were content to spend the day indoors. When Monday dawned all were up early to receive the second contingent of the class. When the boat hove in sight it was greeted with the '08 Rah! Rahs! and the contingent by this means identified the campers; otherwise it were difficult. The correct styles of the ladies and the natty appearance of the gentlemen of a Senior class were altogether wanting. But the Rah! Rah! imbued it with an atmosphere peculiar to itself and all conventionalities of civilization were easily forgotten.

Who could doubt that a change had come over the class? Mr. Anderson—subdued and dignified—lost his accustomed reserve and played—"Ruth and Jacob." O, Mr. Anderson! Where now is thy philosophy! But a change had come over all. For the rest of the week there was but one family in camp.

But I must not deceive you, dear reader. Wednesday, April 1, saw a division in the camp. One fair member of the party was to leave us. Another less fair became implicated in terrible complications. The less fair one carried the fair one’s grip down to the boat and on board. As the pair ascended the gang plank they
were assailed from behind by a deluge of rice and old shoes. All on board became aware of a bridal party. Those of the party left behind cheered lustily and those on board, thinking the joke a reality, grinned lustily. The less fair one disappeared.

Such was the tenor of the whole week. Fun of every description was enjoyed. Boating, clam digging, bonfires at night, walking parties—what was there that was not done? Mr. Milligan shot the chutes at first ungracefully, but more successfully later.

Yet how can we be told what really happened? Those events that are the life of such a party as this mean little when read by those who did not enjoy them. When the soft glow of the evening gives place to dusk and dark and all gather around the bonfire and pop corn, now and then some draw away from the heat of the fire and their conversation becomes subdued. Then some one starts to sing and all join in the refrain. Were you ever at camp? I can't believe that ever such a camp was so perfectly ideal as was this one. Then when day dawns bright and the sun shines in a cloudless sky. The tide is out. We must go fishing. All want to go in one boat. We can't bring the boat to shore to embark the ladies. Do we leave them behind? Certainly not. Then they wet their—hem—shoes? No, how absurd! Then how do they get aboard? Go camping and find out—but stay, Mr. Le Sourd will tell you.

Yes, we went fishing and Mr. Marsh caught a sole. The rest of the party caught a starfish. But what cared we for fish. We didn't want fish; we just wanted to fish.

Only one drawback could be remembered. One of the fair damsels talked in her sleep one night. Of course, that didn't matter much, but it is aggrevating to hear, "Dear—yes!—" and a lot of mumbling in between and you wish you knew if it were you she were talking about or not. The boys all say they distinctly heard their name mentioned, but nobody believed them.

And the chaperons. Did a party ever have its welfare so cared for as this? When the right time came all cheered them lustily and vowed the party had been nothing if they were away.

But the week ended and with it the camp. Few classes ever had such a time as this. And certainly that week in camp will be the landmark of the '08 class through all the years that the world will harbor it.

MACBETH UP-TO-DATE.

Wing of an owl,
Leg of a gnat,
Horn of a cow,
Tail of a bat,
Bag of peanuts,
Bale of hay,
U. P. S.,
Hip, Hip, Hooray.

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F. H—n. (Reading Chaucer)—Then they kissed each other a hundred times. (Reminiscently) There's nothing like it.
THE MAROON

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Now is the critical time of the year. We are wearied somewhat with our work. The days are bright and sunny. Nice long walks with congenial friends are far more inviting than the study room, and long, hard lessons. Just here is a chance to prove of just what stuff we are made. Just here we may make or unmade our record for the year.

While the weather was bad it was an easy matter to stay indoors and study. Now we may show our strength of will by remaining inside out of the sunshine. Study we must, but if we can do our work full justice and then have time for walks in the brisk, spring air, take them by all means. Walking furnishes exercise and a diversion—and rest from our studies. So if possible with our work let us mingle some play to keep ourselves cheerful and pleasant for others.

Spring sports come in for consideration also at this time of year. Track and baseball furnish outdoor sports for the boys, but tennis seems to be the only available diversion for girls. Where has our tennis club gone to? We had a club organized and rackets and balls were procured. The tennis court could be fixed ready for use with little work. Girls, get up a little enthusiasm and let's have a tennis club.

We wish to thank our associate editor for the able way in which she edited the last number. Mention was made of it in the city papers and the credit given to the editor. We desire that the credit shall be given to one who actually did the work and take this means of rectifying the mistake.
KAPPA SIGMA THETA.

On Friday evening, March 20, the "H. C. S." entertained the Kappa Thetas at a decidedly novel and delightful "Mid-Winter Picnic," in the "Old Chapel Grove," or, in other words, in the new society hall. The room had been converted into a veritable woods, with large trees here and there, small trees everywhere, and fragrant green boughs literally covering the floor. Hammocks and charming little cozy corners were arranged most invitingly in every nook and corner, although, probably, the one canoe, rocking peacefully (?) on the waters of the lake, was the most popular retreat.

The evening was spent in playing outdoor games, in races, and—need it be said?—in eating, for a sumptuous picnic spread had been prepared and was served in the most approved picnic style.

After giving some rousing college and society yells, the crowd broke up, all the guests agreeing that it was the most enjoyable event of the year.

In honor of Miss Ina Landen, of Centralia, a former member of the sorority, who has been the guest of University friends for two weeks, the Kappa Thetas enjoyed a picnic at Point Defiance Park on Saturday afternoon, March 21. Mrs. Grumblino, Mrs. Pease and Mrs. Briggs chaperoned the party. Nearly all the Sorority girls were present and all report a delightful afternoon on the beach.

A "Scotch evening" was given as our March open program. During April no open meeting will be held, probably, as plans for the "Commencement Program" are now well under way.

PHILO NOTES.

The Philomatheans have been unusually quiet this month. No social gatherings have been held, but a month of good hard work is behind us. Outsiders are beginning to take an interest in the way we are "doing things." The programs of the past month were the best ever given in regular society meetings. The society was highly honored in the program rendered March 24, with two solo numbers sung by Miss Sarah Ghormley. We are glad to have the students of other schools come in and see the work we are doing. Our piano has been found even a greater aid to our programs than we had expected, and has also helped to arouse the spirit of enthusiasm which has dominated every effort put forth to push our musical program of April 10 and make it a success. Mr. John Dupertis deserves special mention for the capable way in which he has directed the chorus and brought up the musical standard of the society.

We were very much helped in advertising for our program by the various posters so ably drawn by Miss Etta Saar. Although vacation tended to hinder our regular weekly programs, "the Philos never sleep." The Philo entertainers, consisting of the Philo quartet, Messrs. Kendall, Marsh, Kendall and Pfauhm, and Mr. Terrel Newby, reader, have been quite busy. On April 3 a program
was given by them in Buckley. While there they were entertained by Rev. J. L. Kendall and wife, of the Methodist church, and Prof. and Mrs. Glazier in their camping home. On April 4 a program was given at Midland. They enjoyed many unique experiences and report good crowds and many requests for engagements in other places. We are justly proud of the work they are doing.

Inasmuch as Mr. Edgar Smith and Mr. Charles Rubin have sustained serious injuries in the recent display of college spirit in our University; be it therefore

Resolved, That we, the students of Table No. 1 of the U. P. S. Boarding Club, since they are members of our table and in good standing, extend to them our deepest sympathy for the suffering they have endured and our heartiest joy at their recovery; and be it further

Resolved, That we will support them by word and deed in any similar event which may take place; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to each of the heroes and be published in The Maroon.

BLANCHE BEIGHTOL,
FRANK TURNER,
Committee.

AMPHYCTIANS.

Our new society is growing in membership and interest. The good attendance shows that the members are taking a lively interest in the work of the society.

The last two programs were excellent considering the time of preparation and the small amount of practice that our members have had. The earnestness shown in the preparation of the numbers of the program is very encouraging.

We have secured Prof. Prichard as critic, which means a great deal to the society. It is evident that through his criticism and advice we will be sure of progress more rapidly.

After a long discussion and much consideration our bulletin board committee have decided on a plan for our bulletin board. The design will be the most artistic and original in the hall, and one which will attract the most attention of newcomers. On account of last winter’s panic our society was not able to secure a bulletin board, but good times are coming now and the society will be coming to the front.

ALTRURIANS.

The past month has been a very broken one for the society and the usual amount of work has not been done. But what has been done has been of a high standard and gives promise that the Altrurians will be heard from before the end of another year. The material the society possesses is second to none in the school, and as most of the members are academy students the opportunity for a high standard society is excellent. The year has been a hard one for all the members on account of each having to do double work in preparing for programs and drafting and perfecting the constitution.

Since the members have stayed so valiantly by the society so far their reward is sure. Next year the constitution will be established on a solid working basis and all will be able to devote full time to literary work. The success of the academy debating team has shown us what sort of a standard to aim for, and the desire to emulate, if not surpass, our fellow students in this work is creating an ambition that will before long be crowned with success.
The situation as a whole seems satisfactory. Baseball is coming to the front; the only thing confronting us is practice and systematic work. Although our field is greatly deficient and needs leveling and rocks raked off, yet the men are lining up in genuine "get-there spirit" to make a showing.

Manager Logsden is a booster from "boostersville." He already has a fine schedule arranged. Several good games have been scheduled and practicing is now on in earnest. We expect to meet some strong teams within the next few weeks. What has greatly strengthened the spirit is giving the men the apparatus and material to practice with. The only thing now to be provided is the leveling of the campus. We expect to have this done in a short time.

At a meeting of some of those interested in athletics, Frank Turner, as chairman, with a committee of five others, was appointed to look more carefully into raising money. The budget fixed was $500. The committee, consisting of Turner, Burford and Moore, went at the proposition to make it a go. So far they have progressed well, and things are showing up in good shape. They expect to cover the amount.

What we need is finances to carry on the necessary work pledged by the students some time ago.

In regard to track, "Prof." Kendall reports everything healthy and vigorous.

We expect to be at the Seattle meet in good shape. The men are putting up a show that ought to pull down some rewards. Our "miler," Christiansen, was laid up for a week or so on account of overwork, but at present writing is again on the field at work.

We wish to call the student body's attention to the fact that our men are steadily practicing and are lining up in good shape. There is no doubt but what we will be able to send a winning team.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

The Academian, Cordell, Okla.; West Side Doings, Manitowac, Wis., and The Maverick, Bryan, Texas, are the latest additions to our exchange list.

The Academian presents a plain but neat appearance. Two contributions, "The Crime of Child Labor" and "Value of an Education," are excellent.

West Side Doings is an attractive little paper.

The Maverick is all right in many ways, but could be improved by the addition of more literary material.

"Shylock," in the March number of The Comet, is a well written character sketch.

It is a real pleasure to read "Blue and Gray." The literary department is above criticism.

Acroama is interesting all the way through.

The Collegian has no exchange column this month. Why?

We are much pleased with the cover designs of our exchanges this month. An attractive cover design adds to the value of any paper.
CORRECT DRESS FOR MEN AND BOYS

Whatever clothes you buy for Spring, for whatever use or occasion, you'll be more likely to get the right thing, if you buy where "right things" are the rule, not the exception. This store is the right place for right things to wear, its the home of Hart Schaffner and Marx and Alfred Benjamin clothes. The new Spring fabrics are very attractive; a greater variety of patterns than ever before, richer in color, finer in weave.

Young Men's Suits

$10 to $25

H. S. & M. & Benjamin Suits

$18 to $40

Other good things to wear: Hats, Shirts, Neckwear, Hosiery, Underwear, Gloves, etc., etc.

Copyright 1908 by Hart Schaffner & Marx

DEGE AND MILNER
TWO ENTRANCES

1110-1112 Pacific Avenue 1109-1111 Commerce St.
THE MAROON.

THE FRACAS.
March 4, 08.

Gowns and caps,
Class scraps.
Freshmen make debut.

Gowns and caps,
Class scraps.
Sophomores butt in, too.

Gowns and caps,
Class scraps.
It was a thrilling sight.

Gowns and caps,
Class scraps.
Sophomores start the fight.

Gowns and caps,
Class scraps.
You should have heard the roar.

Gowns and caps,
Class scraps.
 Sophomore hits the floor.

Gowns and caps,
Class scraps.
See the Freshmen win!

Gowns and caps,
Class scraps.
Don’t butt in again, Sophomores,
—Beulah Jones, '11.

~ ~ ~
THERE IS NO QUESTION ABOUT IT.

Submitted by a Prep.

Of all the schools the world around,
There is not one like Puget Sound—
There’s question none about it.

In football games, with half a show,
Our foes find always they must go—
There’s question none about it.

In basket ball we’ve shown before
That we know how to top the score—
There’s question none about it.

With ball and games of every sort,
Our interest’s shown in healthy sport—
There’s question none about it.

Our work in class, our contests keen,
We always strive to keep right clean—
There’s question none about it.

Wherefore, kind friends, it’s clear to see;
And hoping you’ll all agree with me—
There’s question none about it.

SCANDINAVIAN COMMERCIAL AND SAVINGS BANK
Which desires your open account or Savings account.
Prof. Davis' definition of single women: "Unappropriated blessings."

Prof. Grumbling (illustrating): "Let some one strike a log—or let someone explode."

Flemming (translating Virgil): "The snake opened its mouth with its forked tongue."

Prof. Davis ascribes his loss of hair to his strictly adhering to the prohibition laws. The water which he drank during twelve years went to his head and some of the hairs fell in and drowned. Does this theory apply to Prof. Benbow and Prof. Prichard?

**Agents Wanted!**—You can make 400 per cent profit or $36.00 per week. 16x20 Crayon Portraits, 40c; Frames, 10c. Sheet Pictures, 1c. New photo-colored stereoscopic views, 1-2c. No experience or capital required. 30 days' credit. Catalogue and samples free. Frank W. Williams Co., 1208 W. Taylor St., Chicago Ill.

Get your flowers of

**W. H. MANIKE**

**FLORIST**

1219 6th Avenue Phone Main 419

The dependable store

**West Side Grocery Co.**

FRESH, CLEAN GROCERIES Full Weight.

Phone Main 702 2502 Sixth Ave.

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**Men's Toggery**

It's a man's toggery that makes or unmakes him. The man we outfit will wear furnishings that are right and different.

**Handsome Spring Shirts, $1.00**

**Exclusive Neckwear, 25c to $1.00**

**New Ideas in Hosiery, 25c to $1.00**

**Thin Underwear in great variety...**

**The Best that's made, 50c to $2.00**

**We Have Your Suit**

Our spread is the best ever! We want you to see our Swell Suits at $15 and $22.50.

**The Good Clothes Store**

**McCormack Bros.**

Cor. 15th St. and Pacific Ave.

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Which sells Foreign drafts at the lowest rates
Order Bread, Cakes, Pies, Etc.
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T. C. Ryder, Prop.
2306 6th Ave. Tacoma, Wn.

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Bakery and Coffee House
Millionaire’s Club
Ernest F. Thaden, Proprietor
916-918 Commerce St. Tacoma, Wn.
Phone, Main 3011. A 3012

A. M. Tripp
Little Oak Barber Shop
When you wish an easy shave,
As good as barber ever gave,
Give me a call at my saloon,
At morn or eve or busy noon.
Shaving 15c Hair Cutting 25c Shampooing 35c
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If you want a good time at that
Launch Party
For your Launch go to
Foss Boat House Co.
Largest and most complete establishment in the Northwest.

We also have a full line of Camping Boats
Tel. Main 189. Commercial Dock St.

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Watches
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Trunks, Househod Goods and Mdse. moved.
TACOMA, WASH.

STUDENTS...
GO TO ESTERMAN FOR
SHAVE OR HAIR CUT
And be satisfied. If your razor
will not cut let him hone it.
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Staple and Fancy Groceries
Satisfaction Guaranteed....
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G. T. LORD
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Central News Co.
Books, School Supplies, Souvenirs, Etc.
916 Pacific Avenue

SCANDINAVIAN COMMERCIAL AND SAVINGS BANK
Which extends every courtesy to its depositors
In all the term implies—Coffee that possesses the proper flavor and aroma, fresh roasted and just about the acme of coffee perfection. Of course we have cheaper grades; a fine 25c kind, for instance, top quality, too, at the price asked, but for a superior article we can recommend this grade as being all that you could desire, and the price, per pound, is only 40c. Just give us a trial order and be convinced.

COFFEE

JONES BROTHERS GROCERS
6th Ave. and Pine St. Phone A 1070; M'n 107
Store closes at 6:00 p. m. except on Saturdays

SWEATERS AND
JERSEYS

and everything for
Base Ball, Tennis and Track use.

THE KIMBALL GUN STORE
1303 Pacific Ave., Tacoma

MUEHLENBRUCH

RETAIL MANUFACTURER OF
HIGH GRADE CHOCOLATE BON BONS AND HOME MADE CANDIES

HOT CREAM CHOCOLATE, COFFEE, TEA AND BOUILLON

Ham and Cheese Sandwiches

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COFFEE

JONES BROTHERS
GROCERS
6th Ave. and Pine St. Phone A 1070; M'n 107
Store closes at 6:00 p. m. except on Saturdays

Model Barber Shop
Jack D. Heinrick, Prop.

Hair Cutting A Specialty
903 Pacific Avenue. Next door to Chilberg's Restaurant

Special attention given to Crown and Bridge Work.

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930 South C Street

Phones—Residence, Main 5333
Office, Main 9250 and A 2628
TACOMA, WASH.

You know the story about

"Dutchess" Trousers
10c for a button and $1.00 for a rip.

We Pay.

The price: $1.50 to $5.00

The place:

Dickson Bros. Co. 1120 and 1122
Pacific Avenue
There are no DOWNS in
U. P. S.

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Tacoma, Washington

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Office: 109 So. 9th Street

Hacks, Carriages, Baggage Wagons
Tally-Ho at all Hours, Private Ambulance
Perfect in Every Detail.
Hand your checks for baggage to our messengers, who
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The Vegetarian Cafe
"A Meal Without Meat"
"There's Science in Cooking"
"There's Science in Eating"
Hygienic Cooking. Moderate prices.
A $5.50 Meal Ticket for $5.00
924 Commerce St. Tacoma

Bell Grocery Co.
GROCERIES
Our Specialties are Tacoma's Finest Butter and Steel Cut Coffee.
Cor. 6th Ave. and Fife St. Tacoma, Washington

Scandinavian Commercial and Savings Bank
Which originated the 4 per cent. system in Tacoma
It is with unusual pleasure that we call attention to our showing of new Spring Oxfords. Their perfection is shown in the attention paid to detail—the excellence of style and finish and the comfort to be obtained by wearing them. We note several popular styles.

Women's Russia Calf, 3-button Oxfords made on swing last, a pair........ $4.00

Women's Russia Calf Leather Bow Pumps with turn soles, a pair .......... $3.50

Women's Demi Glaze Calf Oxfords in lace or button, a pair.............. $4.00

Women's Patent Colt Oxfords, either button or lace, a pair ............. $4.00

Women's Golden Brown Kid Oxfords Blucher cut, ribbon lace, a pair .... $4.00

Women's Brown Kid Oxfords, lace or button, a pair ..................... $3.50

Grover's Hand Sewed Sole Oxfords in brown or black, a pair .......... $3.50

Women's Patent Colt and Vice Kid Oxfords, a pair...................... $3.00

Women's Brown Kid, Black Vici Kid, Patent Colt, light and heavy soles, a pair... $2.00