The Maroon

November, 1905

Published by the Students of the University of Puget Sound
Tacoma, U. S. A.
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Tacoma, Wash.

Write to President L. L. Benbow

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Believing that we are on the eve of a very busy season we have lately doubled our press capacity and added a large amount of new type and other material, making our outfit one of the very best in the city. We are in a position to handle your business in the most pleasing manner and at prices that are right. When in need of something that is neat and appropriate give us a call. We make a specialty of stationery, cards, booklets, invitations, programs and wedding work. Come and see us or call A 2669 and ask for Jacobs.

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RHODES BROTHERS

Patronize Our Advertisers and Mention The "Maroon"
Montaigne advises young men that if they will fall in love, why, to fall in love with women older than themselves. His argument is that a young and pretty woman makes such a demand on a man’s time and attention that she is sure, eventually, to wear love to the warp. So the wise old Frenchman suggests that it is the part of wisdom to give your affection to one that is both plain and elderly—one who is not suffering from a surfeit of love, and one whose head has not been turned by flattery. “Young women,” says the philosopher, “demand attention as their right and often flout the giver, whereas old women are very grateful.”

Whether Samuel Johnson, Lichfield, ever read Montaigne or not is a question, but this we know, that when he was twenty-six he married Widow Potter, aged forty-nine.

Johnson in his youth was a Grind of the pure type. The Grind is a fixture, a few being found at every University, even in this day and age. He goes to school because he wishes to (no one ever sent a Grind to college). He has a sallow skin, a shambling gait; his clothes are outgrown, his coat shiny and his hand clammy, but he has the facts. He was so nearsighted that he fell over chairs in drawing rooms, and so awkward that his long arms occasionally brushed the bric-a-brac from mantels. No lady’s train was safe if he was in the room. At gatherings of young people if Johnson appeared, his presence was at once the signal for mirth, of which he was the unconscious object.

Shortly after his marriage, Johnson opened a private school for boys. Only three pupils were secured, and but one of these received any benefit from the tutor. This pupil’s name was David Garrick.

The meeting of Garrick was a turning point in the life of Johnson. Garrick evidently was the first flint that tried his steel. The nimble wit and companionship of Garrick saved his ponderous and melancholy mind from going into bankruptcy.

Johnson and Garrick thoroughly respected and admired each other,
yet they often quarrelled—they quarrelled to the last. But when David Garrick laid down in his last sleep, it was Johnson who wrote his epitaph.

Among Johnson’s first literary tasks in London was the work of reporting the debates in Parliament. In order that the best possible results might be obtained he resorted to the rather unique, but not entirely original, method of not attending Parliament at all. Two or three young men would be sent to listen to the debates; they would take notes giving the general drift of the argument, and Johnson would write out the speech. His style was exactly suited to this kind of work, being eminently oratorical. Some of Johnson’s best work was done at this time, and in several instances the speaker allowed the matter to be reissued as his own. Long years after, a certain man was praising the speeches of Lord Chesterfield, and was led on to make explanations. He did so, naming two speeches, one of which he zealously declared had the style of Cicero, the other that of Demosthenes. Johnson calmed the speaker by agreeing with him as to the excellence of the speeches, and then adding, “I wrote them.”

The precision of Johnson’s English cannot fail to delight the student of letters who cares to interest himself in the subject of sentence-building. Johnson handles a thought with such ease. He makes you think of an athlete, who tosses an iron ball marked “weight 100 lbs.” What if the balls are sometimes only wood painted black! Have we not been entertained? Here is one of his paragraphs:

“Criticism is a study by which men grow important and formidable at a very small expense. The power of invention has been conferred by nature upon a few, and the labor of learning these sciences which may by continuous effort be obtained is too great to be willingly endured; but every man can exert such judgment as he has upon the work of others; and he whom nature has made weak, and idleness keeps ignorant, may yet support his vanity by the name of ‘critic.’”

This man tasted all the fame that is one man’s due; he had all the money he needed, or he knew how to use; the coveted LL.D. came from his Alma Mater, and the patronage of Lord Chesterfield was gained. He was the friend and confidant of the great and proud, deferred to by King and sought by those who prized the far-reaching mind and subtle imagination.

But old age came—a disease that has no cure save death. Johnson accepted the issue as a brave man should—thankful for the taste of conscious life that had been his. His life passed painlessly and quietly into the sleep that knows no waking, pleased at last to know that his dust would rest in Westminster Abbey.

Thus ended, as the day dies out of the western sky, this life, seemingly so full of tempest and contradiction. The hours of his life were full of enjoyment, and no day passed but that someone, weak, weary, and worn, arose and called him blessed. In his great heart were wild burstings of affection, and a hunger for love that only the grave requited. There, too, were fierce flashes of wrath, smoothed in an hour by the soft dew of pity. His faults and follies were manifold, as he oft lamented with tears, but the soul of the man was sublime in its qualities, world-wide in its influence.
A GENTLEMAN OF THE ROAD

LAST week, I saw the first typical tramp that has ever come under my observation. It was late on Monday afternoon and the rain had been drizzling down all day. We were all assembled in the "Dorm" tailor shop, wishing that something would happen in the way of a diversion. I had grown so tired of sitting down that I hardly knew what to do with myself, when my attention was attracted by an odd figure coming from the "Gym." He carried over his shoulder a dirty sack, which contained his earthly possessions. I learned later that they consisted of a piece of canvas and two cans, each holding about two quarts. One of these contained some potatoes, the other a few apples.

His hat seemed to have no more ambition than he, for it drooped so dejectedly that streams of water ran down on all sides. What had been his coat and trousers were held together by almost every means imaginable excepting buttons, and his feet appeared to have made several successful attempts at escaping from his shoes. Everything about his person was covered with an evil-smelling combination of dirt and grease. This mixture matted by rain-water gave him an extremely repulsive appearance, which was enhanced by a very heavy growth of bristles, about one-half inch in length, which covered his face.

When he got to the "Dorm," he asked for food. Burford took him out to the woodshed and told him that if he would split a sufficiently large pile of wood, he might have something to eat. It was apparent that this offer was not especially appreciated by the visitor, but after some consideration he decided to accept it, and slowly lowering his sack, he picked up the ax and went to work.

Burford stayed in the shed to talk to him—at least that is what he said—but I think it was because he was afraid the ax would slip into the visitor's sack, since it was worth more than the meal.

The visitor was very talkative, and it wasn't long until he had told his whole history. Burford asked if he didn't get wet at nights.

"'No,' replied the visitor, 'I never got wet before last night. You see, that piece of canvas is large enough to cover one person, but last night another fellow came along, and I had to let him sleep with me. The canvas wasn't big enough to cover both of us, and we got pretty blame wet before morning.'"

"Get plenty of grub, do you?" asked Burford.

"Oh, yes; times are prosperous, you know, and everybody has lots of grub lying around. Of course, I never take anything without asking for it, you know. That wouldn't be right. I used to do it, but I have reformed now. The last time I hooked anything was a week ago yesterday. I found some potatoes in a field. I guess they had been lying there two or three days, for they were all sunburned; but I was hungry, so I swiped them. That evening, I made a fine supper on them potatoes, but along toward midnight I got a terrible stomach-ache; I guess sunburned potatoes ain't good for a fellow, anyway; but that learnt me a lesson, and I ain't never stole any-
thing since then. Say, ain’t I split enough wood? I ain’t extra strong these days, and I got a sort of rheumatism in my arm.”

“Yes,” answered Burford, “that will do. What shall I get you to eat?”

“Oh, anything, anything,” he answered. “Give me some raw grub and I’ll cook it for myself.” (Of course, he didn’t knew he was going to the “Dorm.” where the cooking is so good.) “But I say,” he added, “if you got any bacon handy, it will go fine with these potatoes I got. I could just make an elegant supper if I just had some bacon.”

Burford took him down to the “Dorm.” and told Greene to give him a hand-out. So Greene went into the kitchen, rummaged around in the pantry for some time, and finally found a small chunk of bacon, that had apparently been laid aside last summer for use in poisoning rats, or to flavor the Monday evening stews. He then got a loaf of bread that had been lying around so long that it looked and felt as if it might have been made of plaster of paris. To these articles he added a small handful of coffee in a paper sack.

As the tramp turned to leave, Greene happened to think that perhaps he might like something more. He told him that if he wanted additional food, that he should go to a nearby house which he pointed out to him. He informed him that a very kind old lady lived there who would be sure to give him a splendid hand-out. He neglected to tell him that she kept a pet bulldog that has a slight antipathy for gentlemen of the peripatetic profession. He has undoubtedly discovered the fact for himself by this time, but, after all, he should be duly thankful for the food he did receive.

GEORGIE’S ESSAY ON THANKSGIVING

THANKSGIVIN’ is a grate day. I wus first instituted ether in Masschoosets or in the May-flour or some plais. The best authorities differ on this point. This is the only point regardin’ American history not fully settled by Professor Davus. Anyway the grate day was set apart, as pa says, bi our puritan 4 fathers to give their descendent time to be thankful for the grate wurk they accomplished. Sum clame the memorial survise took plais on plymouth Rock. According to Hendrik Hudson, Columbus dropped a nickel in the slot and wade ankor at 207 Wall St., but others, commentin’ on the same subject, clame that Hudson lied.

As soon as the puritins completed the grate wurk of forein’ slavery and relijun on the rebelyus Injuns, they set apart a day to be thankful that they had been saved from the terribul savage, and now sum folks spend the same day, pa seys, in bein’ thankful that they was saved from the puritan.

But now in this grate enlightened age, all this noble thanksgivin’ spirit of our grand Republick has, like the evenin’ sun in all his buty, as pa seys, gone down, and instead of a spirit, we have the turky bird. You take away the turky bird and they ain’t no use tryin’ to be thankful. I’m thankful i ain’t a boy any more.
I'm goin' to start to the U. P. S. next week and lern to rite essais. Pa seys Profesor Peas can lern me to rite quite good.

But i must pursu my subjick. I think we ought to be mor thankful harted. It's a good habit to cultivate. There is lots of things besides the turky bird to be thankful fur. Be thankful that ye are as well off as ye are. If ye will compear yer condition with the other feller's who is wurs off than yerself, ye will find plenty of reson to be thankful on this grate thanksgivin' day. G. T. C.

ALUMNI NOTES OF THE CLASS OF '08.

The class of 1908 claims to be the most loyal that ever graduated. Last summer Cuddy and Le Sourd gave a practical demonstration of their loyalty by giving the university yell on the top of Mt. Tacoma. They gave the class yell, too, which certainly was very appropriate,

O, we never will stop, stop, stop,
Till we get to the top, top, top.
We'll get there, get there sure as fate,
For we're the class of 1908.

The Reverend James Edgar Milligan, A. B., '08, better known as "Jim" was returned to Ruston. The people out there just simply couldn't let him go—that was all there was to it. They never had the pleasure of having a pastor's wife before, and since Mr. Milligan was fortunate enough to secure Miss Lois Rutledge to preside over his parsonage, it really would have been a shame to have moved him. By the way, when "Jim" preached at Epworth one Sunday last summer, about half the people said he gave them the best sermon they had heard for six months. Mrs. Milligan has a host of friends at the University, all of whom wish her the greatest success, and agree that Mr. Milligan is to be congratulated on securing such an accomplished bride.

Another college love story had its most important chapter added this last summer, when Mr. Raymond E. Cook, '07, was united in marriage to Miss Leola A. Barrett, '08. Mr. Cook was elected principal of the high school at Chelan, where he is having great success. The wedding ceremony was performed by Rev. James Milligan, '08. Mr. Earle V. Sheafe, '06, acted as best man.

Miss Ethel Cotter, '08, is teaching in the city schools of Puyallup. She is evidently making a great hit, as the children present her with so many apples that she is thinking of opening a fruit stand to dispose of them.

All the students know that Arthur L. Marsh, '08, is now professor of Greek in the University of Puget Sound. We are all proud of him.

Mr. Bert Lovett, '08, is a star reporter for the Seattle Post-Intelligencer. He visited the "U" while reporting the events of the Puyallup fair.

Miss Ora Bullock, '08, broke down in health while serving as principal of the high school at Ashford, and was compelled to resign. She is somewhat stronger now.

Miss Pearl Stanbra, '08, is helping her father in his store at Bellingham.

Mr. Warren Cuddy, '08, is advertising manager of Rhodes Bros. and draws a salary that makes the rest of us wish we were "Ad Alen" too. Incidentally he works like blazes and earns every cent he gets.

Mr. Willard B. Anderson, '08, entered the Puget Sound Conference this fall. He was appointed pastor at Barneston.

Mr. Gilbert Le Sourd, '08, the "enthusiasm" expert, has entered Association work, being assistant secretary of the Tacoma Y. M. C. A.
HANKSGIVING! What visions of turkey, cranberries and plum-pudding the word brings to mind! What an anomaly of word-usage that such a strong Anglo-Saxon word, one of the few of the forceful compounds left in our modern speech, should become so exclusively applied to one day of celebration that the word presents the idea of gratifying appetite before that of rendering thanks! In many ways the service of thanksgiving is one of the most Christian of our holidays. Even in our Christmas celebration, too often the selfish spirit, which survives from the Pagan origin of the custom of gift-giving, creeps into our motives. But in thanksgiving we humbly acknowledge our indebtedness to our All-Father for His goodness and entreat His guidance of our paths in the future. So many appeals have been made to induce people to realize the true significance of the day, that any further utterance, especially one as weak as this, would seem superfluous. But on this day, let us pause to reverently thank our God for the wonders He has wrought; for the progress our school has made and is making; for the work that the students have had the strength to accomplish, and for the increased interest of the people of the state at large. We may well give thanks for the unmistakable evidence of God's hand in the politics of the nation, for the greater interest in the things of righteousness, and the progress of the whole world toward a higher moral and spiritual plane of living. Then let us take a comparative inventory of our stock of the things which go to make life worth while and add a new spirit to our singing in chapel: "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

Certain faculty members have complained that the students are showing a disposition to use too much license.
in exercising their prerogative to study or not. We hope that no student will give grounds for such a complaint. The standard of scholarship ought to be kept up, and we feel sure that it will be. It can be done only, however, by each student faithfully preparing each lesson each day.

It is not too late to sell tickets for that lecture course. When we get the chapel seated, there still remains the fence around the field to be worked for.

"Nothing is easier than fault-finding. No talent, no self-denial, no brains, no character, is required to criticize. Isn't it about time to quit this grumbling business."

DEBATING.

Prospects are decidedly favorable for the success of our Academy in debating this year. A lively tryout on November 6th gave Daniel Dupertius, Fred Pflaum and Wm. Fusselman places on the team. The whole school looks forward with interest and confidence in our team, and expects to win first place in the debating series this year.

Arrangements will probably be completed within a short time for an intercollegiate debate with Willamette University. We hope that negotiations will be satisfactorily closed, and feel sure that our college can put out a team that will compare favorably with the Academy team and will win victory for "Our University."

SOCIETY

We have been very much interested in the presidential election and it has of late been one of the favorite subjects of conversation in the halls, on the campus and in the class room. At the chapel period, November third, a straw ballot was taken resulting in one hundred and twenty-one votes for Taft, eighty-five for Chafin, forty-four for Bryan and five for Debs. A part of the time was taken up by a speech from Mr. Brown, a National Secretary of the International Collegiate Prohibition association, in which the students were much interested, owing to the fact that "Our University" has one of the largest Prohibition clubs in the United States.

The most important event just now, inside the school, is the lecture course which opens Saturday, November seventh, with a lecture by Hon. F. W. Cushman. The object in giving this course is to enable us to provide comfortable seats for the chapel and every student is doing his best, we hope, to boost the undertaking. Besides Mr. Cushman, we have as lecturers, Rev. W. H. W. Rees, Rev. M. A. Mathews, Rev. Henry Rasmus, Prof. L. M. Daggy and Dr. E. T. Dunstan. In addition to these, an entertainment by the departments of elocution and music is to be given. All this for the small sum of one dollar and fifty cents to outsiders, and one dollar to students. Surely we can make it a grand success.
KAPPA SIGMA THETA.

Although the Kappa Sigma Thetas have been heard but twice this year in open programs, they have been doing good steady work behind closed doors. They aim to come before the public once a month and those who hear them always come again. The next open meeting, the International program, which is to be given November tenth, we hope will be unique, interesting and instructive, giving a glimpse into the life and customs of the different nations. The impromptu programs which the committee sometimes sees fit to have, are not only beneficial but the promptness of each member to do her part is certainly creditable.

The sorority has not been lacking in events of a social nature. On October tenth, there were initiated into its mysteries Bessie Marsh, Agnes Adams, Alice Latshaw, Frances Towne, Clare Friedly, Florence Anderson, Sue Wiggins, Dora McCrea and Marguerite Warren. After initiation a genuine Thea spread was indulged in. The H. C. S. entertained the girls on October thirtieth with a Hallowe'en party.

Here's for Kappa, Boom!
Sigma Theta, rah! rah!
Aint she great?
Kappa Sig Thet
Zoom, Zoom, Zoom, Zoom,
Yah! Yah!

PHILOMATHEANS.

The Philos have lost no time in getting down to business for they have had a literary program every Tuesday evening since the second week of the school year. The majority of the members have exhibited a deep interest in their work, although there is room for improvement. The new members, as rapidly as they have a chance, are proving themselves to be just what the Philos hoped they were; their work is gratifying in every sense.

The Philos pride themselves upon the fact that they are to have so many representatives in the try-out for the academy debating team. They have certainly found some excellent debaters.

On Hallowe'en a pleasant evening was spent at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Brix, when the second degree of initiation was conferred upon the new members. Everyone had a good time, even if it was somewhat at the expense of the new ones.

Just remember Philo programs are usually open to the public every two weeks. Watch their bulletin board and pay them a visit when you can. All are welcome.

ALTRURIANS.

Hearts beat high, blood ran cold, cold chills raced up and down the back, horrid images arose in the mind, dragons actually crawled across the floor and all the terrible mysteries of the unknown realm, vividly presented themselves when the sound of approaching footsteps fell upon the ears of the awaiting candidates for membership in the A. L. S. The society goat was being led forth from his place of keeping for the first time in 1908, to be introduced to several fair maidens and gallant young men.

The goat was in excellent condition, and though never in his career did he get such a trouncing from his riders. He was first mounted by a fellow who was not only courageous, but strong and hearty as well, and what followed was certainly an initiation for both. Such riding as he did would be a credit to any broncho "buster" on the plains.

After having been ridden in this manner by several young gallants, he was somewhat tamed, so that it was
a pleasure for the fair ones to pace
him across the hail. “It’s certainly
great.” Only the A. L. S. members
know just what this means.

Watch our bulletin for open pro-
grams and be sure to attend.

H. C. S.

The new members of the H. C. S.
have stood the test of initiation in a
satisfactory manner. By their liter-
ary work they have proven their
ability to make the H. C. S. an honor
to “Our University.” Hallowe’en
was fittingly celebrated with our sis-
ters of the Kappa Sigma Theta. Jack
O’Lanterns, ghost stories, pumpkin
pie and milk helped to make the
evening pass pleasantly.

The H. C. S. claims, in view of the
fact that the Philomatheans have re-
 fused to debate us since they de-
feated us three years ago in the only
inter-scholastic debate ever held in
our school, although they have twice
been challenged by us since, that we
hold the school championship in de-
bate. We are willing to defend this
title and will welcome challenges
from other societies.

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COMMERCIAL REPORT.

The former students of the Busi-
ness School gave a Hallowe’en party
in honor of the new students, last
Monday evening, November 2nd, in
the Commercial rooms. The invita-
tions, a very pretty creation of Miss
Mamie Mitchell, were designed in the
form of an owl and written in rhyme.
The rooms were tastefully decorated
in cedar boughs, autumn leaves,
pumpkin and Jack-o’lanterns and
candles furnished the dim light,
which added to the weird condition
of the surroundings. Miss Ethel
Sprague and Miss Helen Grumbling,
presided at the refreshment table,
which was bountifully supplied with
delicate cakes and ices. The usual
games appropriate to the occasion
were indulged in and all unanimously
voted it one of the most enjoyable
events of the year.

Mr. L. D. Eustus, president of the
commercial student body, has been
put in charge of the commissary de-
partment of the new club recently
organized.

Mr. G. F. Smith of Barneston, a
former student, returned November
3rd to resume his course in book-
keeping.

Miss Lou Briggs has entered the
Business School intending to take up
the stenographic course.

Mr. Earl Mitchell of Montesano, a
cousin of Miss Mamie Mitchell, has
entered the bookkeeping class.

Mr. Alfred Farnham of North
Yakima, has entered for commercial
work.

Mr. Walter Cady of Fern Hill, a
former student, entered November
3d. Mr. Cady has just returned from
the mountains, where he was one of
a party in search of the men who
were lost on Mt. Tacoma, but whose
bodies were found recently.

Mr. Albert Case was absent sev-
eral days last week on account of ill-
ness.

Miss Cora Anson has been on the
sick list for several days.

The regular work of the depart-
ment is progressing very satisfac-
torily.

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THE MAROON
ATHLETICS

As time goes on, the value of our coach becomes more apparent. The first team is making a good showing and before the end of the season will be able to meet any team in the state. They met the O. A. C. team at Corvallis, and although that team was very much heavier than ours, and in spite of the fact that they changed their lineup so frequently that their men were always fresh, our boys managed to hold the score down to 26-0.

In a game which was played with snap and energy, in spite of the wet field, they defeated the Sans Souci's 21-0 on Oct. 31, 1908. The team shows constant improvement and deserves the support of every member of the student body.

The second team is making even a better record, so far as scoring goes. In hard fought games they held the Puyallup High School team down to 5-5 and the Lincoln High School second team of Seattle down to 0-0. The Sumner high school came to our ground and did some hard playing, but were no match for the U. P. S. "scrubs." When the whistle blew for the end of the first half, there was one touchdown in favor of U. P. S. second team, with none for Sumner. In the second half Mr. Utter covered himself with glory by making a glorious sprint for a touchdown, making the final score 10-0.

The second team is negotiating for games with the second team of the Washington high school of Seattle, and the second team of Tacoma high school. They expect to go to North Yakima on Thanksgiving Day to meet the first high school team.

Henry Donaldson, basketball manager, reports that everything looks bright for a good season of basketball. Arrangements have been made for a league comprising the Pacific Lutheran academy at Parkland, Whitworth college, Tacoma High School, Y. M. C. A. and U. P. S. The season opens January 9th, and we have every reason to expect a winning team.

We are glad that our athletes have a competent director to oversee their activities, and look forward to even greater improvement in years to come.

EXCHANGES

We are pleased to note the many interesting exchanges that have found their way to our desk during the past month. Among the best of these are: The Recorder, Wheat, The Poly-High, Calendar, Kyote, Cynosure, Monnmal, Tripod and Tahoma. The Pacific Daily Wave is a welcome
visitor and is a credit to the State University. It would prove a convenience to our exchange editor if all our papers would publish their location on the cover.

Say, Latin is easy; just hear me read "Forte dux in aro"—forty ducks in a row. "Boni leges Caesaris"—the bony legs of Caesar. "Caesar sic dicat inde cur egessi lictor"—Caesar sicked the cat on the dog. I guess he licked her.—Ex.

I stole a kiss the other night,
My conscience hurt, alack;
I think I’ll have to go tonight
And put the durn thing back.—Ex.

Teacher (shaking pupil)—I think Satan must have hold of you.
Pupil (gasping)—I think so, too.—Ex.

Mule in the barnyard, lazy and sleek,
Boy with a pin on the end of a stick,
Sneaks up behind him, quiet as a mouse,
Crepe on the door of little boy’s house.—Ex.

"Mama, may I get on the donkey’s back?"
"No dear, but if you are good papa will take you on his back—that will be the same."—Ex.

Overheard—"My dear, you really must not use so much slang. I never did it when I was young and it sounds most unladylike. Now, remember—I want you to cut it out."
—Ex.

Father—"Who is the laziest boy in school?"
Tommy—"I don’t know, pa."
Father—"I should think you would. Who is it that instead of working sits idly in his seat and watches the rest?"—Ex.
Tommy—"The teacher."—Ex.
Teacher—"Did you study your lesson today?"

Student—"No ma’am."
Teacher—"But why not?"
Student—"Because I studied it last night."—Ex.

Beware of a stuttering girl, she always breaks her word.—Ex.

Lives of football men remind us,
We can write our names in blood—
And departing, leave behind us,
Half our faces in the mud.—Ex.

Teacher—"John, conjugate ago."
John—(to classmate)—"What was the verb?"
Classmate—"Dumbed if I know."
John—"Dumbedfina, dumbedifinare, dumbedifinavi, dumbedifinatus."—Ex.

Wife—"Do you know you talk in your sleep, Henry?"
Henry—"Do you begrudge me even those few words?"—Ex.

DEFINITIONS.
Latin—A dead language, though, unfortunately, not buried.
Lunchroom—A place where unsuspecting students are relieved of surplus coin.
Study hour—A snooze.—Ex.
"Ouch! I’ll never be able to put these shoes on till I wear them a day or two."—Ex.
"Have you any question on the lesson today?"
"Yes, where is it?"—Ex.
"What is a synonym?"
"A word to use in place of one you can’t spell."—Ex.
He—"Did those flowers come on time?"
She—"No, they came C. O. D."—Ex.
S. S. Teacher—"I am afraid, Johnny, I’ll never meet you in heaven."
Johnny—"Why? What you been doing now?"—Ex.
The Boy—"I don’t see why I can’t keep my room as clean as the girls do theirs, I sweep twice a week."

The Girl—"Why, I sweep mine twice a day."

Moral—Buy two tickets for the lecture course. You can never tell what might come of it.

Mr. Crockett in class—"Did he expect to escape death by suicide?"

Miss Day (discussing marriage)—"Well, girls, just wait until you get to teaching, then you’ll get lots of chances."

Mrs. Simpson—"I don’t know about that."

As James K was leaving for the night, his voice rose hopefully on the night air, "Just one," he said, "just one."

At that he heard a grumbling at the upper window. "Just one! No, it isn’t one yet, but it’s close on to twelve, so I think you had better go."

Ada Hooten (in Greek)—"That vowel is long by nature, and this one is long by disposition.

Miss Day—"Mr. Utter was coming but pshaw! he breaks every single date he makes."

George C.—"I put in a good word for you, old kid. I told Helen that you had more brains than money."

Rolla—"And what did she say then?"

George—"She asked me if you had any money."

"Mr. Jameson, are you busy?"

Mr. J.—"Yes, I’m trying to think."

Stray notes from the Glee club.

Mr. Luke—"I have trouble where it says, ‘the hearts of all the girls.’"

Crockett—"Yes, and I have trouble in my first (em)brace."

Miss Horner—"Go soft till you get up to ‘her neck.’"

Ask Prof. Glazier what his wife says that he will do.

We wish Prof. Davis would bring that wife of his around and let us see her.

Mr. Utter, while visiting the Hospital for the Insane at Steilacoom recently, was approached by a man, who glanced around furtively, then grabbed him by the arm and said: ‘Come on, let’s escape.’

Miss Torr is reported to have said that the German class ought to have their flower bed in front of the building so that it would be on the south side all day.
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