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Patronize Our Advertisers and Mention The “Maroon”
"I think I will go into the mountains, mother, and try to shoot a goat for Christmas. It is only a week and we haven't anything for Christmas dinner."

The speaker was a youth of about twenty-one, with black hair, and eyes made keen by that constant perceptiveness so essential in frontier life.

"I am afraid for you, Herbert, for you know this is a stormy season in the mountains, and what would we do if you were lost in a mountain storm, with Fred gone these long years, we know not where?"

"Why mother there is no danger; I have been in the mountains quite often and am well acquainted with the country, and besides there is a cabin at the old Mowich mine that I can stay in."

"Well suit yourself, but be careful."

Early the next morning found Herbert with a rifle in his hand and a pack on his back wending his way through the dense forest to the Mowich river. The trail wound its way up the canyon. For away it would follow the stream, then as the current would turn and come rushing and foaming against the neighboring cliff, Bert would be forced to ascend to the plateau above. Here the forest consisted of a dense growth of stately fir; a few huckleberry bushes and a thick carpet of moss. As he descended again he would proceed along a gravely bar, which had once been the bed of the stream. It was here he got a glimpse of grandure, which thrilled him with awe and wonderment. Up the canyon that deepened and narrowed as he proceeded, the mountain stood out in its majesty. The foregrounds were robed in a tapestry of dark green fading into a lighter hue, and as he looked higher the panorama changed abruptly into a mantle of white blending with the blue of the heavens.

Bert reached the cabin at the mine in the evening. This cabin is located in a narrow gorge between two gigantic cliffs. The one of frowning black rose abruptly for nearly a thousand feet hanging over the cabin
like some dismal castle of old seeming to threaten the destruction of everything beneath. The other was more retiring, and displayed the architecture of the all powerful Creator in massive masonry. Beyond the cabin less than a mile lay the great Mowich Glacier, which at times rumbled like distant peals of thunder.

As Bert entered the cabin he was somewhat surprised to see signs of recent occupation. On the table were some victuals, and on the wall a freshly dressed bear hide.

"Who is wild enough to be staying here this time of the year?" thought Bert. "It must be an Indian. But whoever he is I guess there is no danger. He hasn't been here for a couple of days and probably won't be back again while I am here."

The next morning he climbed to a picturesque plateau called Sprey Park. To the Southwest, the mountain towered thousands of feet into the heavens. To the East and North lay a series of broken ranges; a continuous expanse of deep chasms and jagged peaks. This district was almost impenetrable, with only here and there a narrow ledge. Out to the West spread the rolling foot hills, with the river like a silver thread winding its way among them, and in the distance the placid waters of the Puget Sound mingling with the lowlands. The sky was clear with the exception of a few fleecy clouds and even these seemed to be filled with the beauty of this bright December morning.

Bert soon ran across some fresh goat tracks which led him back into the broken range on the East. He traveled on with some difficulty for several hours, climbing to the top of an elevation only to find a chasm below. Presently he noticed the clouds were gathering in the North, but being interested on getting his game he clambered on, always expecting to see the goats behind the next crag. As he climbed up to the edge of a seemingly impassable gorge he saw the goats on the other side, about half a mile away. It was not until he began to look around for a passage that he noticed the black wall of clouds which had been gathering for some time. He looked longingly at the goats, then at the threatening clouds. Knowing the quickness with which a mountain storm gathers, and remembering his mother's words, he hastily retraced his steps.

But too late, he had heeded the threatening clouds. They were getting darker and closer every moment, and before he had reached the park again the snow came in blinding gusts. It was quite evident that he would not find his way back to camp that evening. For with the blinding snow and on-coming night, he must soon lose his way. The thought of spending such a night in this black place made him fairly shudder. He stumbled helplessly on, often on the point of giving up. But knowing what it would mean to stop, and thinking of those at home dependent upon him he kept moving. The sharp
driving snowflakes cut his face and hands like chisels, and as the night wore on the loose snow made the walking exceedingly tiresome. But he stumbled helplessly on, often falling full length in the snow, only to get up again and go wandering blindly on. Thus for fear of freezing, he wallowed through the whole long, weary night, never stopping for more than a minute or two.

Toward morning the storm began to slacken, and by day light, had ceased. Bert soon got his bearing, and was making his way back to the cabin as fast as his tired limbs would carry him, when he saw something moving on a ridge at some distance. Thinking it might be game he turned in that direction, keeping in cover of a large rock. But as he drew nearer he saw it was a man crawling on hands and knees. The thought flashed to his mind that it was the Indian from the cabin crawling that he might slip upon him. Bert raised his gun to shoot, but a queer feeling come over him, and almost unconsciously he let the gun fall to his knees. "I'll not shoot till I find what I am shooting at," thought he. So he crept closer concealed by boulders. As he drew quite near he could see it was a white man who was crippled. Bert then walked up to him causing the man to look much surprised, for he had not seen Bert till then.

"You seem to be in trouble, how came you in this place?" asked Bert.

"I am the ranger, I slipped coming through that range yesterday and sprained my ankle, and am trying to crawl to the cabin.

"Rather hard luck, so far from help, let me carry you down. The ranger consented, and after several stops they arrived at the cabin.

Each now was naturally curious to know who the other was, and while Bert bandaged the sprained ankle as best he could, the conversation turned in that direction.

"Where are you from?" asked the ranger. "I used to be pretty well acquainted in this country myself."

"I live down in the Carbon Valley," Bert replied. "My name is Spencer."

"Why Bert is it you? You have changed so I didn't know you. You were just a lad when I left home."

"Well Fred! How came you up here."

"In order to tell you that, I will have to tell the whole story. You know I left home about seven years ago because of that trouble up the valley. Everybody thought I was at the bottom of it, because circumstantial evidence and my own wild life pointed so strongly to it. Even father was positive that I committed the deed, and in his anger and regard for the family name, told me to leave, and never show my face there again.

I went to Chicago, and soon got employment. But the bad environment and the tendency for evil that I had developed led me down and down. The months and years rolled
by, and in continued to grow worse. Drunken brawls and nights spent in the city jail were becoming common. But one night as I was going down the street to one of the dives for my usual night’s revelry, I was attracted by the sweet singing of a girl in a band of Salvation Army workers on the street. As I came opposite I stopped, and those sweet, but pathetic strains of 'Where Is My Wondering Boy Tonight?' turned my thoughts to mother. I wondered if I had been the cause of so much grief in her heart. As the army went away I followed, and it was in this hall that evening that my life was changed.

As months passed the longing to get even a glimpse of those who were dear grew upon me, and about six months ago I started West. I walked out to the ranch and stood for a long time in cover of the thicket of willows back of the house watching mother and the girls as they went in and out, but did not dare make myself known. Under an assumed name I got this position up here as ranger. But Bert you must never let anyone know that you have seen me, or even show it in your actions.’

"Fred! You are free," exclaimed Bert, "You remember John Simpson? Well he was convicted of murder about two years ago, and then confessed the deed you were blamed for."

"And now I can go home with you! Father has forgiven me?"

"Yes, long ago, he never was the same after Simpson’s confession, and often wished you might come home again. His last words were: 'Ah! that I had not been so harsh with him.'"

"What! has he gone, and I’ll never see him again?"

The next day the boys started on their homeward journey. Fred managed to hobble along slowly, and in many places had to be carried by his strong and willing brother. As they approached the old homestead, Bert called to his mother waiting at the door, "I have a Christmas present for you mother."

W. J. GREEN.

~ ~ ~

LEMONA BEACH

It has been a cold, gray, quiet Christmas day, beautiful beyond expression. In the West, the sun had dipped behind a bank of pale gray clouds, and the sky above was touched with a dull light. A dreary stillness filled the air. Far to the Northwest lay a dark, smooth sea, and a faint, cold breeze came stealing over the tide. In the distance a seal was barking in a low muffled sound that traveled far over the water. Occasionally a slight splash of a jumping fish disturbed the
smooth surface. All nature slept, breathless, silent. It was Christmas night at the beach, and there the windows of an old log cabin could be seen a broad fireplace, ample enough to take into its warm embrace all who might gather round it. With an abundance of dry sticks glowing on its andirons, this comfortable old shack was often a restful resort for many a wayfarer on the sea shore.

Here lived with her daughters, an Indian woman, old Aunt Lemona, after whom the place was named. About their pleasant hearth the family spent many happy hours, the old lady weaving, the cat playing with the grass and the strings, the children wishing they had as many beads and rings and other things as there were sparks going out to join the cold.

In this quiet place on the beach the old woman liked to live, for here she was best at the unmeasured and unrimed style, which she used in writing letters to both her old and new acquaintances. Often when trying to write, her mind would be full of a kind of poetry which welled up freely out of her heart, but which was blocked into dull verse when she attempted to put it on paper. At such times, no companion could be more delightful than she, for the smouldering backlog called out all those soul-qualities that make peace and goodwill in the hearts of those about her. The life of this old Indian mother had been full and rich, for she had filled it with joys and sorrows of others. Hers was a life exalted with low and sympathy and service. She lived continually so close to nature and to God that her soul was ever immersed in the spirit of sacrifice. Yet much of the life she had been frayed and soiled in the hard toil she had suffered before she found a place of rest in the old cabin on the beach. Regardless of this, however, she seemed to know how much a beautiful art transcends such kind, unselfish acts, that her best letters were only dim reflections, when compared to her kind acts of service. On many and especially Christmas nights, when winds were sighing, then these the great trees that flung their green mantle of foliage over the old house, and shielded it from the cold blasts, Aunt Lemona would say: "Let's gather around the fire and git better acquainted with one another. We don't spend time enough in gettin acquainted with the best qualities in our friends, we just learn to know their faults an' don't wait fer their virtues, and are more modest and retirin' to introduce 'emselves. The fireplace when our selfish worse parts are all overthrow'd an' made silent, so that we ken listen to the better parts in one 'nother. Theire's somethin' about the dim embers an' the dim light they throw on the floor, make our eyes grow misty with tears of half-forgotten feelings and memories. Ther's the time when the ol' friends we used to know, come back to us an' sit by us and talk to us jest as
they used to. They wear their ol'-time looks an' face and greet us in the same ol' way. Ther's nothin' that time makes so beautiful as the face of a friend. My man John used to say 'at the best think about git-ting in trouble is that it show what stuff our friends is made uv. The ones that melt from us in the first gust uv misfortune are like the leaves 'at drop away in early fall, but the ones that stand by us are like the leaves that cling tighter in the cheerless, windy days of Autumn or like the wood-thrush that sings an song of cheer to you when its growin' dark an' the other birds are silent. It is such friends as these we can't never fergit, an' years don't never seperate y's from. We can't help being' faithful to their memory, and when we're dreamin' by the fireside, is the time when these true friends seems to get the closest to us and linger longest around y's. An' as we dream, the light that the fire sheds into the shaders around it, is like some great joy smiling our sorrows into a tender light of quiet happiness again. If it wasn't fer our sorrows, we wouldn't appreciate our joys. It's the twilight shaders uv sorrow that bring out in the clouded sky uv our souls, the stars uv faith an' hope, liften our hearts heaven-ward. Yet ther's some folks as can't believe in heaven. They take good, solid comfort in bein' miserarable an' mak-in' others share in the bliss uv their misery. They yoke all their smiles with sighs and wear black crape round all their thoughts like it wus a sacrilege to be happy. Happiness seems to be a lost art with them, fer they don't seem to know nothin' about turning their crosses uv disappointment into crowns of triumph.

"There's jest lots and lots uv people as can't know that the best way to add to their is to keep givin' it away to others.

"There's a few that perhaps hev kind feelin's, but they don't let em out of captivity often enuf to let enbody know about em. When they put in a good word for their friends, its generally fer them it's deal like dyin' improved their moral character. I don't see why we all ortin more often speak as good a word for the livin' as fer them as haz passed in their cheeks an' had them honored. When we're toilin' heaven-ward, its a bit selfish to go all by ourselvs, never stoppin to cheer them on at are lingerin' by the way and sad harted."

This is something our dear old Aunt Lemona is always doing, and she makes the straight and narrow way easier for others by following it so beautifully herself. She is always sounding with her golden plumment line of sympathy the grief of some lonely, lowly one, whom the rest of us have overlooked. There is nothing nearer the gates of heaven than such divinity of love and kindness. When we see what she is doing for others, it seems as if some of our lives are like idle streams, flowing by some old broken millwheel. We don't seem to be of much use to anybody.

G. T. C.
More than nineteen centuries have passed since the angels appeared to men to bring to them glad tidings. A multitude of the heavenly host sang the greatest chorus the earth has had the opportunity of hearing. The burden of their song was “Glory to God in the Highest, and on Earth Peace and Goodwill Toward Men.” The massage appealed to the heart-hunger of the humble Judean shepherds, and the Magi as well. The shepherds came to worship in their heartfelt though unpretentious manner, and then returned to their work, albeit with such an inspiration that even while engaged in looking after their flocks, they spread the news of the coming kingdom, with its glorious King. The Magi, who represented the power, wisdom and riches of the world, came to do homage and to give rich gifts to the “Prince of Peace.”

With this example and the nineteen centuries for development, which have been granted to men, it surely seems that men everywhere ought to have learned the lesson of peace and goodwill. In the light of the life of Him who proved his teachings by his life and death, it seems that strife and envyings and selfishness ought to have disappeared from the face of the earth. Yet in spite of all this, we still hear of wars and rumors of war, our newspapers are filled daily with stories of murder and every manner of act unworthy of man. In fact, judging from our commonest sources of information, we might easily infer
that the world is going to the bad at a breakneck pace.

There are still, however, innumerable evidences all about us of the life of Him, who was in a spirit of contempt, called the Nazarene. In celebration of His birthday let us not neglect to think of the immeasurable heritage he left to men. Our churches, schools, libraries and hospitals, all show in visible manner the influence of the Christ. But deeper than this, is the trace of His influence on the literature and the grandest music ever composed. Deepest of all, however, is the silent, unobstructive and sometimes seemingly lost tendency of the world to better and nobler things. We often make the mistake of the apostles, who looked for immediate fulfillment of prophecies and forget that since the Lord Jesus came to conquer sin and death, the world must advance and is progressing toward the place where it will be ready for His Glorious Kingdom.

The outlook is still bright for a successful debating season. The academy team is hard at work, and "there is no question," but that they will win. The Altrurians and Amphyctons are locking horns, and promise a very interesting debate. Negotiations have not been successful for an intercollegiate debate with Willamette. The Badger Debating Club of the University of Washington Freshman Class has challenged our Freshmen to debate. We were very glad to accept and elected Bertha E. Day, J. W. Whealdon and Ralph D. Simpson to defend our honors. We expect a hard contest, but hope for success.

We are rather hampered in publishing this paper by a lack of material. We thank those who have so kindly contributed, but we feel sure that many more of our students have bright ideas which ought to be given to the student body. Bring in your stories, poems, jokes, etc., and receive the heartfelt thanks of your editor.

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Y. M. C. A.

We were especially favored on the 8th of this month by the visit of Gale Seaman, one of our international secretaries. At the noon meeting, he gave a very interesting talk on the claims of the Christian ministry as a life work. The attendance
was good and everyone was impressed by his address.

In the evening an oyster feed was given in the study hall. Everyone take notice! There were no beans served. About eighty-five men were present, and enjoyed themselves to the full. Mr. Seaman again demonstrated his power as a religious worker in his stirring address on Bible study. After hearing this, we surely ought to redouble our efforts to emphasize the study of the Book of Books in our school.

SOPHOMORE - SENIOR PARTY.

On November twentieth at the home of Miss Vera Richards, the Senior Class was delightfully entertained by the Sophomores. The decorations, the programs for the evening, and the refreshments were artistically carried out in the Senior colors, pink and green. Progressive games furnished entertainment for the evening, and the guests appreciated several piano solos given by Miss Emma Terry. All the Seniors departed voting the Sophomores royal entertainers.

THE FRESHMAN CLASS PARTY.

Since the day was November "23" the Freshmen took the hint and "skidoo-ed" from Tacoma to Puyallup. A more completely enjoyable time can not be imagined than that given to the class by the "Bachelor Maids." A progressive party was the plan of entertainment, but the plan of action was very apparent, when twenty famished Freshmen were seated at the tables creaking with "Puyallup Goodies." The decorations were in the class colors, purple and white, and the table pieces were made of violets, the flowers of the '12's. The color scheme was further carried out in the pennant place cards. The evening was spent in music, games, gossip and candy pulling. In spite of the fears of Bubonic plague all were delighted by the royal good time given us and Puyallup rang with the U. P. S. songs and yells. Freshmen, three cheers for our "Bachelor Maids" of Puyallup.

GLEE CLUB.

Our Glee Clubs are doing splendid work under the direction of Miss Horner, our vocal instructor. On December the 4th the clubs gave a successful concert at Fife. The solosits of the evening were: Miss Emily Foote, Miss Sue Wiggins and Mr. Ernest Jones. The quartette numbers were well rendered. Miss Lois Beil gave two readings. We all know when Miss Beil appears a good program is assured. The piano solo work of Miss Lela Rossman of our instrumental department, deserves special mention. Miss Rossman is a true musician.

Miss Horner is much pleased with the work of the students in her department, and anticipates greater achievements before the close of the school year.

On Saturday, Nov. 21, the Iota Tau Kappa Fraternity entertained
the members of the football team at
dinner. After dinner speeches re-
garding football matters in the "U"
were made by Coach Ward and Cap-
tain Turner. Our star tackle "Fat"
Sheller presided at the table and
Manager Decker acted as toast-
master.

THE KAPPA SIGMA THETAS EN-
TERTAIN.

One of the most important college
affairs of the year occurred Friday
evening, December the 4th, when the
K. E. O. Sorority girls entertained
for the football teams of the univer-
sity, Coach Ward acting as chap-
neron.

The Sorority Hall was gay with
college pennants, pillows and posters
and the football used in the season’s
games was suspended in the center
of the room.

In the college contest game Mr.
Decker won first place, the prize be-
ing a miniature football.

The favors were dainty little foot-
balls, done in water colors, with the
program for the evening upon them.
A chafing dish supper was served
after which all gathered around the
piano and enjoyed a genuine college
sing.

H. C. S.

This organization is running along
as usual, doing consistent work in all
its varied lines of activity. We have
one man on the academy debating
team, and two others on the Fresh-
man College Debating Team, while
other members are distinguishing
themselves in athletics. In the midst
of these varied outside interests, the
members show remarkable faithfulness
to the regular literary work
which is receiving the best attention
it has for years. We hope that be-
fore the end of the year we will be
able to give open programs, second
to none, either in interest or instruc-
tion. Our membership has increased
so much this year that it has seemed
necessary to meet once a week, in-
stead of fortnightly as heretofore.

PHILOMATHEAN PHACTS.

The Philos are endeavoring to live
up to their standard and are striv-
ing to attain excellence in every-
thing undertaken. Our programs
show an increase in interest and a
more wide awake spirit.

During the month, Miss Elder en-
tertained our society at her home.
After the program, we laid aside our
accumulated dignity and sharpened
our eyes and tightened our grips, as
we tried "to have and to hold."

Many thanks, Miss Elder for the
"homey" good time!

The winter is here in earnest, but
Philos, do not let that keep you from
our meetings. A little rain is good
for the best of people, so Philos don’t
fail to get your share. But come
regularly and promote the interest
and add to the strength of the order.
Thus far our attendance has been
fairly good, but Philo boys, isn’t it
in your power to insure a more per-
manently good attendance?
Not only are the Philos proud of the fact that two of our members had the honor of gaining places on the Academy Debating Team, but several Philos are entered in the Declamatory contest. If these facts do not attest our ability as "literary lights" we would be very much pleased to have you visit us on even-ings of our open programs. Come, see and believe.

ALTRURIAN.

During the past month the work of the society has progressed under the guiding hand of our very able president, Mr. Christensen, even though many difficulties have been encountered. Three regular closed meetings were held in our hall, and one open program was delivered in the presence of a goodly audience, principally of the Amphyction constituency.

We wish to extend our thanks to the Amphyction Society for the expression of their interest in our work by setting aside their regular work and turning out in full force to attend our program. And we are also more than grateful to them for the hospitality in assisting us over an unexpected disappointment by rendering such valuable service in the time of need.

Here's regards to them for accepting our challenge to a joint debate, the date of which is Jan. 18.

New members are being initiated at each meeting, which makes everything lively, though no special stunts in a social way have occurred recently.

"If there be anything in life worth while, let us think on it."

AMPHYCTION SOCIETY.

The two inphant societies are waking up. The Amphyctions have accepted the challenge of the Altru-rians to a debate to take place on Jan. 18, 1909. We anticipate a profitable and enjoyable evening, as the two societies are quite evenly matched.

That beautiful and costly piece of architecture on the west wall of the U. P. S. Hall is the Amphyction Bulletin Board. Much credit is due Mr. Eichholtz, as it was largely through his efforts that this board was obtained.

There are fifteen new members in our society this year.

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The football season of 1908 is past, and now it is fitting that we adjust our spectacles and take stock of the things it has taught us. In the first place, we know that a good coach adds immeasurably to the strength of a team. While our men won no games against the strong college teams this year, it is a significant fact that the Bellingham High School team, which wiped us up last year, was not at all anxious for a game this season. Moreover, the Bellingham Normal saw fit to cancel their game, and Everett High School did likewise. That the season saw us far advanced beyond anything done in late years at this institution cannot be questioned. We are far beyond the high school class.

That we should attain to the class of the larger college teams at a single bound was hardly to be expected, even by the most enthusiastic optimist; that we have made a substantial gain toward this goal must be admitted, even by the most conservative pessimist. Our team was young and raw in experience, but, barring the last disaster with Whitworth, they made a creditable showing in every game of the season. There are some very strong men on the team. Lack of consistent practicing had much to do with the bad showing against Whitworth, but this was due to a poor schedule, which left us three weeks without a game. The arranging of a good schedule will be a problem here for some time. As stated before, we are too heavy for the secondary schools, and the colleges will think us too light until we have demonstrated the contrary. Let us hope and work that the ground gained this year will never be lost, but that the 'varsity shall steadily advance to the front rank in athletics among the colleges of the Northwest.

The second game of football with Whitworth this year turned out to be a calamity. Friday, Nov. 13th, (notice the date); score too big to count.

On Thanksgiving day the boys had a very nice game at Aberdeen with the Athletic Association there. It was an off day with our men and the opposition played a very heavy team. Score—Puget Sound, 0; Aberdeen, 10.

The second team has finished the year with a remarkably good record. This augurs well for next year's 'varsity, and reflects great credit on the enthusiastic spirit of the younger fellows.

On Nov. 7th they met the Puyallup High School team, and after
really outplaying their opponents, were beaten by the narrow margin of 6-5.

Friday, Nov. 20th they defeated the Tacoma High Second team on our grounds, 5-0. It is this team that earlier in the season approached manager Green for a game with our first team.

The Whitworth Second team defeated us on their grounds by a score of 16-0. The boys report the Japanese to be as progressive in football as in other marks of civilization.

The defeat at North Yakima Thanksgiving Day was the result of an accident and an ignorant referee. Knox was put out of the game very early, and Utter, who went in, was not familiar with the signals. He did well, but his training had been for playing on the line, rather than as fullback. Score, 2-0.

The basketball season is opening up in good shape. About thirty men turned out to the initial practice on Tuesday, Dec. 1. The girls began work Friday, Dec. 4, and everything looks favorable for a strong team.

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**EXCHANGES**

Exchanges have been received during the past month from fifteen states which including our own, are: Montana, Michigan, South Dakota, Oregon, California, Iowa, Arkansas, Illinois, Texas, Kansas, Maine, Tennessee, Pennsylvania and New York, and from the Province of British Columbia. We are especially glad to note this latter and wish our exchange table could be piled higher next month.

A woman on the death of her husband telegraphed to a distant friend: "Dear Joseph is dead. Loss fully covered by insurance."—Ex.

Teacher (severely)—Take that gum out of your mouth and give it to me.

Fredie—"Wait a minute and I'll give you a piece that ain't been chewed."—Ex.

Oily to bed and oily to rise, Is the fate of a man when an auto he buys.—Ex.

College boy to father—"Roses are red, violets blue. Send me a fiver, P. D. Q."

Father to son—"Roses are red, carnations pink. I'll send you a fiver, I don't think."—Ex.

Angry teacher—"How dare you swear before me."

Pupil—"How did I know you wanted to swear first?"—Ex.

When you see a bumble bee Bumming o'er the sea The thing you want to do Is leave that bumble bee.—Ex.

Professor—"You are the biggest fool here."

Excited student—"You forget yourself."—Ex.
Senior (to professor)—“I’m indebted to you for all I know.”
Professor—“Pray don’t mention such a trifle.”—Ex.

Teacher—“What’s the matter with you? Can’t you speak any louder? Open your mouth and throw yourself into it.”—Ex.

“Doctor, give me something for my head.”
“My dear sir, I wouldn’t take it as a gift.”—Ex.

Black—“What is steam?”
Page—“Search me.”
Black—“Ice water gone away with the heat.”—Ex.

Hans—“Father, de palmist wat examined me hand said I was very economical about some dings.”
Father—“Did he say vat dey vere?”
Hans—“Ja, soap and water.”—Ex.

When girls say a man is heavenly they generally mean he isn’t any earthly use.—Ex.

Professor—“Please strain out the flies. The vinegar is all right.”—Ex.

Jack—“When did Franklin die?”
Reid—“I don’t know. Look in his autobiography.”—Ex.

Professor—“Give me the principal parts of mitto.”
Newton—“Mitto, mittere, misi, missus.”
Professor—“Ditto, McCormack.”
McCormack—“Ditto, dittere, disi, disus.”—Ex.

Girls in college halls have occasion to recall those lines from Shakespeare:

“Her voice was ever gentle and low—an excellent thing in woman.”—Ex.

Wallace—“You are the breath of my life.”
Elva—“Why don’t you hold your breath once in a while?”—Ex.

Lines of Virgil all remind us, We have wasted lots of time, And departing leave behind us, Zeros stretched out in a line.—Ex.

Freshman (filling out registration blank)—“My father is dead; do you want his address?”—Ex.

Girl (entering music store)—“Have you ‘Kissed me in the Moonlight’?”
Clerk—“Well—er—ah—It must have been the other clerk.”—Ex.

“Tommie—“Can you decline to eat?”
“Yes’m, but I don’t like it.”—Ex.

Youngwed—“I want accommodations for my wife.”
Clerk—“Suite?”
Youngwed—“You bet she is.”—Ex.

“Give an example of a quantity approaching zero as a limit.”
“Dormitory pie.”—Ex.

“Write on one side of the paper, please.”
“Which side?”—Ex.

TOO TRUE.

The soul of an editor, who had died of starvation, was being conducted to the Elysian fields. As they passed the portals of the infernal regions, he asked his guide if he might go in and look around. The guide consented, but warned him to stay but a few minutes, as he could not wait long.

A long time passed, and the editor had not returned; so the guiding
angel went in search of him. He found him before a cage in which a number of the doomed wretches were being toasted on red hot griddles. Over the cage was the sign: "Delinquent subscribers."

"Come," said the guide, "we must be going."

"Don't wait for me," replied the editor. "I'm not going. This is heaven enough for me."—Lippincott's.

Did you ask Professor Glazier what the locals told you to? Well, anyway his wife says that the professor will be clean shaven after the first of the year.

Professor Davis, (looking over the freshman class, when they appeared with their new caps)—"They say that a boy becomes a man, but a hat becomes a woman."

Minnie Conklin, pathetically (as she bottled up a frog while on a biology expedition)—"Oh! I wish we could find its affinity."

Professor Pritchard—"I get my dinner down on 'K' street."

Mrs. Simpson—"Why, where is Mrs. Prichard?"

Miss A.—"Elsie, is James going to play in the game today?"

Elsie—"I don't know."

Mr. F.—"Well! how in the world are we going to find out then?"

Professor Davis—"What was the fate of Hypatia?"

Mr. Utter—"I forgot whether she died or got married."

Miss Haering—"The more I see of Mr. Bemis the better I like him."

Orpha Cook—"Same here."

When the Freshmen were returning from a party at Puyallup an onlooker asked if they were the U. P. S. Seniors.

Professor Glazier—"What should Miss Anderson do with that flower she received in chapel?"

Answer—Crock it.

Mrs. Simpson (coming late to class)—"I was held down stairs by a professor."

First girl—"Does Blanche get letters from Mr. Rubin?"

Second girl—"No, they're newspapers."

Edith M. (at a football game)—"If I could see a man with a tag I would get one."

Man or tag, Edith?

Crockett (reading place card at Freshman dinner)—"Ella hold on, you bet that's what I'm going to do."
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