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I WAS A STRANGER AND YE TOOK ME IN

The snow had been falling all afternoon in fitful gusts, but toward evening a terrible blizzard had set in. Mrs. Cameron, a sweet-faced old lady, stood holding the heavy curtains back from the window with one hand, as she watched the raging storm. It was twilight and the light of the fire from the open fireplace cast a ruddy glow over everything. It seemed to envelop the little woman standing there with her snowy hair combed back from her forehead, her gray dress relieved only by a soft white ruching at the neck. Her kind face, deeply furrowed, signified character deepened by afflictions. One could read that she had borne these bravely, for there was left only a tender, peaceful look on her dear face, like a calm after a storm at sea.

As she was about to turn away a man, passing the gate, looked in. Mrs. Cameron smiled, although he was a stranger. He stopped and looked at the little lady standing at the window, the firelight casting a halo around her head and her hair a crown of glory. He did not linger longer for that smile seemed to him an invitation. Opening the gate he came toward the house. Mrs. Cameron met him at the door and as he began to speak she said: "Come in and talk; it is too bitter cold to stand out side." He stepped in and the snow fell from him as a mantle.

"Can you tell me the way to a hotel," said he, "the tracks are blocked, making it impossible for trains to get through. I started from the station to find a hotel, but being able to see only a few feet ahead I have lost my way and do not know where I am. I wish to find shelter before night sets in."

He looked at the fire. Noticing this she said: "You must be very cold; remove your coat and hat and draw up a chair to the fire and I will explain." While he did this she kept on speaking. "The hotel is about a mile from here but you can never reach there tonight. No one has passed today to make a path and
the snow is very deep. Excuse me, sir, we are just ready to sit down to supper and if you will stay and share it you are very welcome."

He thanked her and said "I will gladly stay, for this storm is not fit for a dog to be out in."

She ordered a plate set for the stranger and then sought to entertain her guest, who, strangely enough, had already won her sympathy. She chatted pleasantly, watching him the while. After a time she said "You remind me so much of my son who is dead now." Just then supper was announced and she led the way to the dining room.

A beautiful young woman stepped lightly about giving the finishing touches to the table. Mrs. Cameron introduced the stranger. Miss Parker bowed but did not speak. As he looked over the table laden with wholesome, home made food, he tried to forget the present and go back to his youth, when with sharpened appetite he had seated himself at his mother's table. He could see now his mother's loving face as he passed his plate for a second helping. While he was lost in reverie Mrs. Cameron noticed his dissipated look, and her sympathy went out to him. Miss Parker also noticed and involuntarily shuddered. He was richly dressed and conspicuously decked with flashing jewels.

After the meal was finished he again inquired, "Where can I find accommodations for the night?" For he did not wish to stay there even if they did invite him. Mrs. Cameron said, "Our next neighbor would be able to give you lodging. I would be glad to but my rooms are all occupied. Our chore boy Joe will take the lantern and guide you to the place and I will send my card with you."

He donned his coat and hat and when leaving Mrs. Cameron extended her hand and with a friendly clasp and a smile she wished him a safe journey. Joe stood waiting. They started out, breaking their own path through the blinding storm. As they struggled on the stranger asked Joe about the people whose hospitality he had just shared.

"Do those two women live alone?"
"Yes, sir."
"Have they no relatives?"
"Miss Parker is the only relative the widow has, and she lives with her and takes care of her."
"She told me she had a son who is dead," ventured the stranger.
"That's singular. She never wants any one to mention it. He was a great sport. Wild was no name for him, he was daring and reckless. His mother tried everything to get him to be good. It was no use. He got into bad company and was soon as bad as you make 'em. He was engaged to Miss Parker, but finally got so reckless that she broke the engagement. Seven years ago this winter he and another fellow were playing cards one night. Both had been drinking. A dispute arose and in the fight that followed her son was accidentally shot and killed. The fellow who killed him escaped and has
never been heard of since. This was a terrible shock to his mother and just about killed her. Watch out for that ditch stranger, don’t get too close to the edge or you’ll fall in.”

The stranger staggering almost fell, but grasping Joe’s arm excitedly said, “What was her boy’s name?”

“Well, I don’t know as I ought to tell you, but I guess it won’t hurt now that I’ve told you so much. He was called Charlie Cameron, but went by the nickname of ‘Sport.’”

The stranger reeled.

“Hold steady, stranger. Don’t give up yet for we’re almost there. Don’t grip me so tight.”

The stranger walked blindly along in silence. Soon they reached the house and Joe turned to go exclaiming, “This is the place. good night stranger.”

Through the rifted clouds the moon shone down for a few minutes upon the white upturned face of a man beaming against a post. Taking off his hat he mopped his cold brow. That was his mother and she took me into her home. She touched me and smiled at me. And I—I killed her son. Sport was it, and his face hardened at the words. “Those that set us on called it sport.”

His life passed before him as a moving picture and he thought “If I were only a boy again, healthy and happy with home and mother. I wonder if she still looks for me as she used to. I will go home. She will not turn her boy away. I will try to make up for the past. I will make up for it so far as possible.”

Standing there with only the cold, calm moon looking down upon his upturned face and uncovered head he murmured “Oh, God, this day be merciful to me a sinner.”

And at the same time a little mother locked in the closet of her humble home prayed, “Oh, merciful heavenly Father send back my boy. Give him clean hands and a pure heart and renew a right spirit within him.”

THE MAN WHO LAUGHS

THE AGE of Puritanism is long since past. The time was when to smile in church was almost a crime and to laugh heartily anywhere was levity. Instead of being bound by Puritanical ideas of religion today that would tend to keep us always serious, we are bound by the stress and pressure of business and life has become so strenuous that we have little or no time for relaxation and some of us have almost forgotten how to laugh. I would try to teach the gospel of cheerfulness.

Three things principally keep us from being cheerful—hurry, worry and ill health. The first two are
useless, and the third might sometimes have been avoided altogether and will always be helped by cheerfulness. Many a scowl has arisen from a disordered stomach and many a disordered stomach has come from scowling. We have our trials which if we meet aright, are stimulating. To be serious does not tend to help matters. Scowls will not disperse the clouds, but to smile is to ignore them. You might remember to take an umbrella while you smile.

There are at least three kinds of smiles. There is the vacuous, idiotic smile of the fool—the loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind. There is the shrewd, ingratiating smile of the gold brick man and the book canvasser, and there is the hearty, whole-souled, genial grin of the man who looks you in the face with a clear conscience, and laughs because he finds life worth living and his fellows lovable and because he sees still better things ahead.

If you are seeking a chum or a room-mate hitch up to an optimist. Find out how he laughs. Better is it to be stranded on an iceberg than to mate with a frigid soul. The girl with tears in her eyes that overflow at frequent intervals, is not usually the most popular. The girl with the haughty, icy, supercilious air is often a wall flower, but she of the sunny disposition, with a laugh like the merry pealing of the bells at Christmas time wins our admiration, and, yes, our love. “Low, gurgling laughter, as sweet as the swallow’s song in the south, and a ripple of dimples that, dancing, meet by the curves of a perfect mouth.”

Rain is a mighty good thing at times; snow is good for coasting, but we like the sunshine to predominate. The glories of the summer day are best.

The man who laughs is a public benefactor. Mark Twain has preached better and more effective sermons than many an ordained minister. Have you never been in a gathering where there has been an icy stillness, no life or merriment manifested? Someone has come in with a good story, a laugh has followed and the ice has been broken. When you hear a genuinely humorous story cherish it as you would a precious jewel, but do not hide it in a napkin. Few of us are humorists, but most of us can tell a story and it is worth while if we have to memorize it, word for word.

We were meant to be happy and we can make our own happiness. How much we have to be thankful for and yet we grunt complainingly. Epictetus, the slave, teaches us the lesson, “Look at me,” he says, “who am without a city, without a house, without possessions; I sleep on the ground; I have no wife, no children, no praetorium, but the earth and heavens and one poor cloak, and what do I want? Am I not without sorrow? Am I not without fear? Did I ever blame God or man? Did any of you ever see me with a sorrowful countenance? Oh, he is a brave man who can smile when his heart is breaking.”
Most of us feel that we would like to live as long as possible and it is a fact that laughter has a physiological effect upon our bodies. "Laughter is a most healthful exertion; it is one of the greatest helps to digestion with which I am acquainted," says Dr. Hufeland. You little thought when having a hearty laugh that you were staving off dyspepsia. Did you? It is a medicine that is cheap, pleasant, easy to take, effective, and leaves no after ill effects. "Care to our coffin adds a nail no doubt." And every grin so merry draws one out."

You can't afford not to laugh. Be an optimist. Yesterday was a great day, today is better, tomorrow will be the best. You will laugh at today's little trouble tomorrow. Why not laugh at them today? Whatever you do, keep your troubles to yourself and if you must tell somebody or bust—why, bust. You'll do less harm. Share your joys with others, but in your sorrows be lonely but for the unseen company of Him who went through great temptation alone in the wilderness. I like Mrs. Wiggs. Her cheery, homely philosophy has brightened life for many. One of her prayers has stayed by me: "Oh, Lord, whatever comes, keep me from getting sour." It might well be our prayer. Throw off the scowl; aim high, work hard, look for the good and laugh.

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ITALIAN STREET MUSICIANS

IN the pleasantest part of the Summer, a warm day in the beginning of July, I was walking along the main street of Everett when from over the brow of the hill I was approaching I heard the mellow tones of a cornet with some soft toned instrument accompanying it, which afterwards I found to be a large concertina and both instruments were being played in an attractive way by two Italian girls. Their attire was composed of rather faded blue suits, frayed at the edges, with hats that must have been gorgeous several years before this, but the beautiful bunches of grapes had lost their natural color and the roses had turned from roses to the appearance of wilted poppies. Under the hats, however, there appeared dark, but well formed features of face and head and the worn-out apparel faded into insignificance when the music drew my attention from it. After several selections were played one of the girls passed a sea shell among the crowd and by the frequent jingling of metal I judge they were well paid.

I have often wondered since if these girls were alone in the world or whether they were supporting loved ones in a humble home. What would be their future life, and what they might be if they but had the uplifting influences of "Our University."  

PERCY SCOTT.
When in the course of academy events it has become absolutely necessary for one class to break the bonds which heretofore have held them to an uneventful routine and to assume among the other classes of school a recognition to which the laws of reason and of justice entitle them, a due respect for the faculty and student body requires that they state the cause which impels them to this action.

We declare these facts to be unquestionable; that all classes are possessors of undisputed rights, among which are the rights of pursuing their school work unmolested by others. But when a long line of taunts are heaped upon them and they are called slow because they have been concerned with school work the class spirit will no longer remain silent.

First year Preps. in a fit of enthusiasm boasted that they were the only "live class" in school; they boasted, too, of achievements before they were won.

Then came a train of cutting, cruel remarks from the second year class, sounding far and wide, the notes of self-praise and looking with seeming contempt upon their upper classmen.

Next came the dignified, stately, stiff fourth years in all of their arrogance, calling themselves seniors and magnifying themselves with os-
tentatious manners that totally ignored the third years;
Therefore, Be it resolved by the third year class of the academy of the University of Puget Sound, in class meeting assembled, that we submit to this school and its patrons this issue of the Maroon as a material evidence of our ability and faithful work and as a testimony that we are wholly free from this odious charge.

Harm Done by Too Much Reading

At first thought it is a hard fact to realize, but it is true nevertheless, that we may read too much even in good books. In the first place it is injurious physically. Physicians all agree that a confirmed "book worm" seldom has good health, for he gets so absorbed in his reading that he neglects outdoor exercise and all means toward a healthy constitution. He often reads far into the night and thus becomes nervous and irritable; his eyes are ruined and he soon finds himself a physical wreck. Mentally, it is harmful in two ways. First, if a person reads book after book he does not have a chance to assimilate what he is reading. His mind becomes a confused mass of facts and he gets no definite idea of what he has been reading. As Bacon says, a book must be "digested." Again, if he reads in this way his own power of thinking will be lessened, for he will simply absorb the ideas and opinions of other men and not do any thinking of his own. Benefit from reading consists not in the amount read, but in what stays in the reader's mind and helps him to develop his power of thinking and doing.

Catherine Snell.

To Prof. Arthur L. Marsh, who is a great admirer of Greek goddesses, this poem is sincerely dedicated by the author.

A Wish.

Just to have been Endymion,
That shepherd young and fair;
That herdsman that Diana loved,
And to a cave did bear.

To have been sleeping on the sward,
In quiet, peaceful bliss,
And to have heard her airy tread,
And felt her gentle kiss.

Just to have been there when she found
That she had wakened him,
And to have seen her graceful form
In the moonlight soft and dim.

No, nothing else on earth I'd ask,
Nor would I care for more,
Than by a goddess to be loved,
As Endymion was of yore.

Dupe.

"Who gave the bride away?"
"Her little brother. He stood up in the middle of the ceremony and yelled, "Hurrah, Sis, you've got him at last."—Ex.

'09—Now, that was a finished discourse.
'12—Yes, but really, I thought it never would be.—Ex.
SENIOR HAPPENINGS.
The Senior class of 1909 has already had some of the best times that ever a college class could have. Many meetings have been held combining business and pleasure where no one outside of the class was present. Aside from these private, good-time gatherings, the sophomore class royally entertained us early in the year at the home of Miss Vera Richards. Later President and Mrs. Benbow tendered us a Valentine Tea which was highly appreciated, and Mr. and Mrs. Muckler, outside the school, gave a peanut party in our honor. Perhaps the event which gave us the greatest and most lasting pleasure and which served to bring us more closely together as a class was the house party which took place the week of spring vacation at Rev. Marlatt's summer home on Fox Island. This will be a happy memory to us as long as we live.

Back from the shores of Puget Sound On old Fox Island's fertile ground, Stands a square little ranch house, warm and dry, Which doth the cool, keen winds defy.

To this cozy spot with spirits fine Went the Senior class of 1909.
There was Edith Marlott, so full of vim, And Harry Allen, so tall and slim.
There was Mr. Pflaum and his faithful wife, Who never caused any trouble or strife.
Then came Charles Heinrich Wiese our "Deutscher" friend, Who to the mirth his aid did lend.
Ada, tall Ada, of course was there, With melodious voice and rollicking air; And Alta, the girl who hath such a way, That every one likes her at work or at play.
Small Elsie, the "fragment" was there in line With the Senior class of 1909.
The eating, be sure, was far from a sham, With spuds and tomatoes, bacon and ham, Gravy the finest, and hot cakes galore, With syrup a plenty and then some more.
Pie! Lemon pie graced our table so fair
And the best of coffee was made out there.
Oh, you’d class us as kings, could you but dine
With the Senior class of 1909.
We rowed down the beach in our trusty old boat
Bundled in sweater, blanket and coat.
We hunted for agates, often in vain;
Sometimes we were caught in the wind and the rain.
But then we built bonfires to keep ourselves warm
And the giant trees shut us off from the storm.
Oh what needed we to fear or re-pine,
The Senior class of 1909.
Tho Edith chattered the whole day long,
Tho Ada gave us song after song.
Tho the babes of the class each caught a cold,
And Daddy Pflaum was forced to scold.
Tho the weather man wouldn’t help a bit
And oft by the stove we had to sit,
Nevertheless twas a good old time For the Senior class of 1909.

SOPHOMORES.
The principal happening in the Sophomore class this year was the entertainment given to the Seniors as a "Comedy in Five Acts." The first act "Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us, to see ourselves as others see us" afforded much amusement and opened our eyes to our own peculiarities. During act two "Sport that wrinkled care derides" progressive games were indulged in. Perhaps the third act "Eat, drink and be merry" was the most popular. The fourth, "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast" was also much enjoyed. Act five, "As you Like It," brought the evening to a happy close.

FRESHMAN FROLICS.
The social life of the Freshman class began November 25th, when it was entertained with a progressive dinner at the home of our Puyallup members. Our hostesses received hearty appreciation for their royal hospitality.
In January the class was royally entertained by our junior friends and was ably instructed in the art of baseball. Here's to the class who so charmedly entertained us.

A goodbye spread was served at noon January 22, Miss Minnie Conklin being our guest of honor. In spite of the regret at losing one of our members everyone did full justice to the bountiful luncheon provided.

March 8 the Freshmen entertained the Juniors at the home of Miss Bessie Marsh. The Juniors proved themselves complete masters of art and poetry.

FOURTH YEARS.

Last month every member of the fourth year class received an invitation to be present at an informal evening affair to be given by the third year class in the library of our university. Every member willingly responded since a feed was expected. Games were brought out and an enjoyable hour was spent. The thoughtful third years then had all present seat themselves in a semicircle and each write a biographical sketch of the one sitting at his left. Hon. James Moore received the prize for the best production.

After this rather unique affair refreshments, consisting of ice cream, cocoa and wafers were served. With many thanks to the third years we took our leave and reached home at an early hour. Prof. and Mrs. Peace were chaperons of the evening.

The fourth years are planning to give a reception to the faculty during the month of April.

Faculty member: "That makes me smile."

THIRD YEARS.

Class motto: "Nullosecundus."
Class flower, "Madame Alfred Carrier."
Class colors, 'Brown and Gold.'
The third year class is bound together more closely this year than ever before. Under our capable president, Miss Pinder, we have had our class meetings frequently. They have been well attended and full of enthusiasm. We are working hard, all pulling together, striving to reach our high ideals and intend that the class of 1910 will prove a credit, indeed to our 'varsity.

Although we are very serious, we are to lively not to have any social stunts. Perhaps the most pleasant occasion was the unique entertainment given by the third years to our respected, dignified fourth years. We set about to decorate the spacious reading room in which to give the entertainment and Miss Hart's art of decorating was amply shown in beautifying the room. The windows were draped with the third year colors, while the center of the room was nicely decorated in the fourth year colors.

During the evening all class spirit was laid aside and the members donned their robes of mutual friendship. The amusements were such as are usually employed at such gatherings, with the exception of
one. This was for each to write a biography of the one sitting next to him. These were read aloud. James Moore carried off the prize for writing the best one. We were delighted to have Prof. and Mrs. Pease with us, who acted as chaperones. All felt well repaid for having attended.

SECOND YEARS.

The academy class of 1911 was organized soon after the opening of the fall term of 1907. In the early part of the second semester they "came out" by dressing up in infants' toggery and leading the chapel service. After chapel a lively scrap ensued in which the "Infants" came off victorious. In February the girls gave the boys a Leap year party at the home of Rev. J. P. Marlatt. Honors in the academy declamatory try-out of '08 were won by a representative of the "Infant" class, which scored another victory in the local inter-collegiate prohibition oratorical contest. The winner of that contest won in the state and represented the state in the interstate contest. Having passed from the stage of infancy as a second year class they are honored by having Daniel Dupertius as their president. Two of the academy debating team were from this class. The first prize in the academy declamatory contest was awarded to one of their representatives. In February the boys gave the girls a valentine party at the home of Roger Elder. In a fast

and exciting game of basketball the sophomore class succeeded in vanquishing the "First Years" and now, like Napoleon, are looking for more worlds to conquer and yet not like him, we hope, for he had not conquered himself.

THE FIRST YEARS.

Among the many social affairs of the year the party given by the Second Years, in honor of the First Years, entertained royally and altogether it was a decided success. The return party given by the First Years was also a very pleasant affair. The evening passed in games and music and at a late hour dainty refreshments were served.

Great enthusiasm was centered in the declamatory contest. The contestants were: Miss Nina Gawley and Mr. George Calkins, Mr. Calkins winning the second prize.

Colonel Hardy (in German)—"What is the meaning of Feiertag?"
Nichols—I don't know.
Colonel—Why, it means holiday.
Nichols—What's a holiday, Colonel?—Ex.

Teacher—What three words are used most in school?
Confused Freshie—I don't know.
Teacher—Correct.—Ex.

TO THE RESCUE.

"Writing to Charlie?"
"Yes."
"I thought he was engaged."
"He writes me his girl has thrown him overboard, so I'm dropping him a line."—Ex.
THE basketball season is over. Since our last issue our team has played two games, one with the Y. M. C. A. and with Parkland Lutheran academy, each game being played on the opponents' floor. We lost both games, the former 37 to 18, the latter 34 to 14. Our new line-up did excellent work. We finished a close third in the league. We probably had the best school team in the league at the close of the season.

Our baseball schedule is not yet completed. However, our manager, Mr. Turner, has arranged for a trip to Oregon. He has a game scheduled with the State University there and is endeavoring to arrange a game with the Agricultural College and others. He has two games scheduled with Whitworth, one with the Washington State University and some minor games. He is also trying to arrange a trip to Bellingham and British Columbia. So the boys have two nice trips at least in view.

Our team met the Tacoma Tigers in practice game on Tuesday, April 6, and also on the following Saturday on the athletic grounds. Although they trounced our boys to the tune of 10 to 0 in the first and 17 to 3 in the last, we made a pretty good showing. We have some good material. The editor saw the last game and he assures you that it was by no means slow. The main features of the game on our side was Coach Ward's base running and Watkins' pitching. The Tigers changed pitchers three times and catchers twice, while on our part Watkins pitched all but the first inning and Tully stayed by the home plate all through the game. The three Tiger pitchers struck out three men; Watkins struck out two and I'll tell you it made the hearts of the rooters for the "U." feel good to see those Tigers fan the air.

C. C. BLOOD.

"The Profs. seem to take a lot more interest in planting roses than they do in this part of the campus," remarked a baseball player to the editor as he shoveled a spade full of dirt off the diamond last campus day. The remark begat some comment as such things often do, and barring a quite strong feeling of the loyalty of the head of the Commercial department and a kindly word or two for the interest of our lovable professor of history the sentiment expressed was that "the faculty are not much on athletics." The interest of the others was considered rather spasmodic than certain.

From studies we get the main element of college work, mental training, but no one will gainsay that
DON'T FAIL TO DO IT!

WHAT?

Why, buy two tickets for the cleanest of college stories, told by Thetas of the H. C. S., in a III Act Farce, entitled:

"MOSE"

Watch for Place and Date
athletics is the largest factor in school sport.

A student without spirit is a stick.

Beautiful foliage certainly contains an element of inspiration, but another element surely is found in a hard drive to deep center on the third strike when there are two men out and the bases full, while the game stands 0 to 0 in the last half of the ninth inning, the home team at the bat. Wouldn’t that make your blood hurry up a bit? Huckleberry bushes and salals are said to possess the quality of usefulness as well as that of beauty, but of nine splendid specimens of physical manhood one could surely say “Are not these of much greater value than many huckleberry bushes?”

If you add Moore to Moore you have more, but what is it if you add Hooten’ to Fuss?

Notice to students: Never take the trouble to prepare a history lesson; history repeats itself.

Student translating Virgil, coming suddenly upon the passage where Dido exclaimed: “O, Jupiter, will you let him go, translated.”

“By Jove, there he goes!”

Florence H.: “When I get married I am going to—”

J. W. W. (coming up suddenly): “Do I get in on this?”

Said a student of one college to a friend who was attending a rival institution: “Your college never turns out gentlemen.”

“No,” was the reply, “Our college allows gentlemen to go right on and graduate.”

Prof. Pease thinks that Miss C. Snell is a good reader, especially when she stands and gets her blood to moving.

Prof. Marsh (watching class in physiology dissect a heart): “Don’t you wish you had my heart there?”

O. L. K.: “We’d have to use an X-ray to see if you had one first.”

A great many changes are noticed among students. For instance, Mr. Decker turned vegetarian soon after entering school.

A man who was asked for his marriage certificate quietly took off his hat and pointed to a bald spot.

Prof. Davis: “How did the men of the Armada get back home after their defeat?”

Weaver: “Well, some of them are not home yet.”
The local editor for this month's Maroon found a paper the other day belonging to Mr. Walters and on it were scribbled the words, "Thoughts of a Second Wife." We do not think this consistent with Mr. Walters' "Reveries of a Bachelor" which so delighted the Philos a while ago.

And the professor's eloquence was cut short. Prof. Knox (after a brilliant effort of Miss Kingsbury), "Now in order to read a thing effectively we must feel what we are reading. We must feel as the author does—have all his emotions, sentiments, etc. Now it is plain to be seen that Miss Kingsbury felt every word she read. Didn't you, Miss Kingsbury?"

Miss K.: "No—I felt like an idiot."

He—That's a beautiful song. It simply carries me away.
She—I wish I had sung it earlier in the evening.—Ex.
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Little Oak Barber Shop
A. M. Tripp
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.

Prospect and 6th Avenue,  
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Diamons  
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Fine and difficult watch-repairing a specialty

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West Side Grocery Co., Inc.
Dealers in Staple and Fancy Groceries  
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Spring days are here

So are we

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Nobby Suits
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$1.50 to $3.00

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DRUGS
CIGARS, CANDIES, PERFUMES, STATIONERY AND SCHOOL SUPPLIES OF ALL KINDS. CALL IN AND SEE OUR LINE

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Because of their authoritative style; they're not the "hodgepodge" conglomeration of "folded-roles" and buttons and "freak style-ideas" you'll see on so many garments that the average dealer offers you. These Spring Suits of ours have smart, distinctive, dignified styling that sets them head and shoulders above any others. With one of these suits on you're a well-dressed man in every sense of the word, but you're not a "sight." Many models here; handsome fabrics in all the season's prevailing shades and patterns.

Young Men's Suits, from

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