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A DARE, AND WHAT CAME OF IT

Rouble F. Hohman

Margy slowly tramped through the snow pulling her sled along in an aimless sort of way. She didn’t know what to do with herself, it was so lonesome without anyone to play with. She wished she could go down on the river to slide, but she was strictly forbidden. Then her sled caught in a crack in the sidewalk; she gave it a vicious little tug and it landed bottom side up in the snow.

“Hello, Margy! Come over to the rink and slide.”

“Oh, there are too many over there. Its dangerous to slide when the boys are skating. Let’s go over to our hill we made yesterday and see if its frozen yet.”

Margy and Nellie had taken possession of an old sand pile and had remodelled it into something, which, while not as graceful as a natural hill, yet served their purpose beautifully.

Now the sand pile stood in the vacant lots next to a vacant house owned by Mr. McDonald. But he had never lived there, in fact, nobody had, for ever and ever so long.

The girls always lowered their voices when they spoke of it—the house was haunted. But there was a good high fence on the side next to the sand pile, so they felt safe to play there.

As they were coasting down they heard a jolly whistle from the street, and Billy Westline came plodding along with his sled.

“Come on, kids, let’s have some fun,” he shouted. “Come on over to the rink.”

“No, we don’t want to. We’re having lots of fun here.”

So Billy came over to try his powers of persuasion at closer range.

“Aw, come on. Its a jolly lot of fun poking round there, ain’t it?” and he fired a well aimed, soggy squishy, snowball at them. The girls returned the courtesy two-fold, but not with such telling exactness. Billy good naturedly gave it up. Then he said as if struck with an inspiration, “I’ll tell you! Let’s go over to the haunted house. I dare you,” he added, seeing the look of amazement on their faces.

Now, this was a very diplomatic move. The week before Margy had dared Billy to climb up on top of Nellie’s woodshed and jump off into
a snowbank, and, to make it a double
dare, she had done it first. Billy was
rather a corpulent lump of humanity
and, while he didn’t like to refuse
her dare, yet, when his mother had
called him just as he had reached the
roof, he found it more convenient to
climb down by way of the rain barrel.
Again I say, this was a very diplo-
matic move. Here was his chance
to get even with Margy.
Silence fell on the little group,
while Margy considered. She was
the one to say “yes” or “no.” This
was usually the case anyhow, but
especially was it so now.
“All right, Billy Westline! But
you’ve got to go in first ’cause you
dared us.”

Billy blinked. He hadn’t expected
this; but after a moment’s hesitation
he deemed it wise to crawl through
the place in the fence where a board
had been pulled off, and led the way.

They crept cautiously through the
old back door. Margy almost
wished—or ee - ee - eek, mercy,
what was that! She grasped Nel-
lie’s arm, but suddenly recollecting
that to show fear would mean that
she was stumped in the dare, she let
it go. Summoning all her courage
she remarked aloud to Billy, who had
also stopped at the sound.

“Well, what’re you waiting for?”
How hollow and small her voice
sounded! It trembled a little too,
but she didn’t mean it to, though.

Billy led on. The cobwebs in the
windows and the little drifts of snow
on the sills and floor looked so lone-
some. The plaster was hanging
loosely on the walls and as Billy
walked in clumsy stillness across the
room a piece fell and hit him on the
head. The sunlight of the late win-
ter afternoon filled the rooms and
cast hazy shadows around them.

They grew bolder as they went
from room to room and found noth-
ing save the dilapidated condition
generally found in unoccupied
houses. Billy was satisfied.

“Huh! This house ain’t haunted
any more’n I am. What’ve you girls
been afraid of all this time? Come
on, let’s go now and have some fun,”
and he started to open the front door.

But Margy spied a flight of stairs
and was determined to investigate
further. Poor Billy was compelled
to meekly follow. Upstairs was in
even a more deplorable condition
than down below. Margy was pok-
ing around among a pile of rubbish
to see if she might find some dishes
which would do service in her play-
house. Billy, who had moved into
another room, came scuttling back
with an agonizing look of fear on
his face. “Come on quick, kids,
there’s something in there,’” and he
made for the stairs.

“Pooh!” Margy stepped in front
of him. “If there is, then let’s go
and see what it is!”

She pulled Billy along with one
hand and Nellie with the other.

Sure enough, there was something
moving. In the dim light they could
hardly distinguish what it was!
Then, as they watched, a little figure
rose from the floor and cried, “I want
my mamma!”
Margy forgot her fears and ran across the room to the little child.

"Where is your mamma? What's your name, dear? How did you get here?"

But the little one began to cry and call for her mamma. Margy exerted all the strength of her ten summers and finally got the baby down to the lower floor and out on the porch. It was a beautiful child, but very poorly dressed and had no wraps at all. Billy gallantly pulled off his overcoat and wrapped it around the little one, and in his awkward way tried to comfort it.

"What on earth will we do with her?" he asked, appealing to Margy.

"Why, I'm going to take her home."

"You ain't either; I found her first!"

Then Margy's warlike spirit asserted itself, and with a scornful look she said,—

"Well, Billy Westline! The idea! You were just scared to death and you wouldn't have gone up stairs at all only I made you. And then to claim,—well, the idea!"

Billy was withered, but he soon revived.

"I should think," he ventured, that we ought to take her over to Mr. McDonald's 'cause its his house we found her in."

After a short parley, Margy decided that that was the best plan too, so they proceeded to take turns in carrying the baby over to Mr. McDonald's. After a time she was adopted by them, for her parents could not be found.

But Margy and Billy haven't yet decided exactly as to which one found her first.

A NOBLE WOMAN

Before her, who possesses something of true womanhood,
Who has enough of loneliness to make a bad soul good,
Whose patient eye, though human is, bespeaks a light divine—
With downcast eyes and blushing face, I'll bare this head to thine.

To her, whose soul akin to God, goes out in sympathy,
Nor asking aught return for deeds of love's humility,
Whose general nature melts a heart iced o'er with selfish pride,
Whose raptured soul, though modest is, swells toward a flooding tide;
To her I look with eyes aglow, for sake life's golden dream
And gathering all the flowers I know, lining the silver stream,
Sweetened with early morning dew, freshened in sun and showers,
I'll shape a wreath of fairest hue to crown this queen of ours.

Ah! well 'twas said of her of old, "with rubies passing fair,"
For in her face all gems at once shine 'neath her flowing hair.
Oh! why should I attempt to praise a creature so endowed
Or cast a perfume on the rose, or brighten light with cloud.
There's something in the human heart anon to reason's eye
Wells up a gushing fountain there, in life nor death can die
For while a human form she wears in life and character,
There's something Christlike in her love that lifts a soul up higher.

MARVIN WALTERS.

FORSAKEN, BUT NOT PAID FOR

From the shaded, mysterious spot in the garden where the sobs of the weeping willow joined in a soft symphony with the mournful fear that his footsteps might be heard, he cautiously stooped, and walked across the lawn on his hands.

Arrived at the ivyed corner of the summer house he quietly lay down and gazed longingly at one of the windows in the great building before him—the window of his love, Angeline.

At that moment a slender young form glided from the summer house. It was, in all her pale beauty, Angeline! Horrors! In the darkness she placed her foot upon the face of her prostrate lover. So delicate and sensitive was her nature, however, that she instantly recognized those familiar features through the thin sole of her shoe. "It is Angeline," she breathed.

"I think so," replied he boldly. "Yet you might take a look and see, if you really cared." She flashed a dark lantern, and the rapier-like gleam traveled over his supple figure.

Her face went white to her finger tips.
"Do not move, for your life!" she whispered. "My father's fearful bulldog has fastened himself upon the tail of your coat. He is now asleep. If you awaken him, we are lost!"
"Fear not, darling," he replied, with that superb calmness which always distinguished him in moments of extreme danger. "I took the precaution of sitting down in a basin of arsenic before I started upon this perilous adventure—the brute is dead."

(Tommy—
(To be continued)

NEW YEAR'S REVOLUTIONS

I shall earnestly endeavor to attend to my work and quit dreaming of the future.

E. MATHEWS.

I shall major in astronomy and make "Star" study my specialty.

THOMPSON.

During the year I shall write a book entitled "How I Became Famous."

A. MARLATT.

I shall keep my hands out of my pockets, at least during chapel.

DR. RICHARDSON.

We shall all try to do better in getting to chapel and will not whisper or read letters during devotions.

FACULTY.

Prof. Davis (in Ancient History class): "None of you should ever want to be step-mothers."
Geo. Calkins: "I won't."
FAVORITE SONGS

Bertha Day—'Over the River (sound) to Charlie.'
Mary White—‘I Need Thee Every Hour.’
D. Dupertius—‘A Charge to Keep I Have.’
Duet, L. M. and R. H.—‘Charlie, He’s My Darling.’
Duet by heads of Y. M. and Y. W.—‘Together We Will Go.’
Percy Scott—‘Absence Makes the Heart Grow Fonder.’
Lewis Benbow—‘I Want to be Big Like Papa.’
A. Brix—‘Little Dog Tray.’

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF J. CHAWSER

J. Chawser like C. J. Seezer wuz a grate man. He wuz 1 uv the fellers that nu Rip Van Winkle when he dropt off to sleep far 94,360 days. He wuz borned abowt wun thousend B. C. in Noo Ham’shire. 1 day he went to the top uv the Himmelayuh mountanes and as the gease past over his hade filling hi ssao with their de-liteful noats he rote his preembl to the Huckleberry Tails. He wuz a poit by traid. There wuz no um-berlius when Jeff wuz borned but he invented sum. When J. Chawser wuz a lettle bye, him and Cristy Columbus went to a naybers farm and stole sum watermelons. When Joe Folk herd abowt this he had ‘em per-sec- tioned far boddling. Jeff sade a grate many wize things. He wuz the feller that sade, ‘Carthage must be distroyed’ an dalso, ‘I will fite it out along this line if it taiks all summer.’ He also sade this pro-verb: ‘A rolling stone maiks lots uv noyes.’ In his Huckleberry Tails are meny idyottle fraises which are very hard to get cence ut uv. He had sum good wun line diskryp-shuns. He disliked hisself thusly: ‘I am lean az enny raik, but mi feat are big I undertaik.’ This gives us a perfekt pictur uv him. Jeff lived a good while and then dide. He dide lying down. Mister Chawser wuz ball-headed when he dide, but in spite uv this he wuz berried into Wessminster Abbey.

Mr. Warren, not long ago, wrote a paper defending college slang. It must have influenced Prof. Grum-blung, for he endeavored to squelech a group of chattering girls in the study hall by telling them to ‘cut it out.’

Dr. R. was obliged to return to the laboratory after having locked it up. ‘You have forgotten something?’ said a student.
‘No, I have remembered some-thing,’’ said he.

Dr. R. remarked, when the two Fuller boys filed into class late: ‘The room is getting fuller and fuller.’

Green (in Philosophy): ‘Then a chicken ought to be more affectionate than man.’
Crockett: ‘Some old hens are.’
CALENDAR

December 7—Annabel Walker quits school.
December 8—Classes elect basket-ball managers for tournament.
December 9—Percy Scott elected as delegate to Rochester Convention.
Culbertson elected football captain.
December 10—Recital of vocal department.
December 11—Dr. Richardson lectures in chapel on Nicaragua.
December 12—Mr. Kendall takes charge of Second Church.
December 13—Crump and Fowler form mustache club.
December 14—Dr. Elliott visits chapel for the first time.
December 15—Rev. Benadom leads devotions in chapel.
December 17—Theta wins unanimous decision in debate over H. C. S.
December 18—New Gloria Patria song. December Maroon appears.
December 19—Students miss church to prepare Monday's lessons.
December 20—School. Dr. Harrington of Seattle conducts devotions in chapel. The Revs. Ludwick, Cuddy and Marsh are chapel visitors. Santa Claus visits Amphictions.
December 21—Prof. Benbow instructs the class on poaching eggs.
Philo Christmas party.
December 22—Last day of school. Cuts count double. Good class enrollment. Poor lessons.
December 23—Students skidoo.
December 24—Percy Scott leaves for Rochester.
January 3—Students return with full pocket books(†)
January 4—Rev. Foster conducts devotions at Chapel.
January 6—W. O. Pflaum '09 leads devotions in chapel and visits classes.
January 7—Wagner elected football manager.

THE BANQUET

We are looking forward to the banquet Feb. 22nd as one of the greatest occasions of the school year. It is to be an "All University" affair, and, as near as we understand the plans, it will be all that any one could wish, to have the privilege of attending. All phases of the University is to be represented, both in the planning and in the partaking of the good things. An executive committee composed of faculty members will have oversight of three other committees on program, arrangements and finance. These will each be composed of a chairman from the faculty, two members from each of the college classes, and two from the Academic department. A man of prominence will be obtained to act as toastmaster, and the following will be represented with a toast from one of their own number: Board of Trustees, Faculty, each one of the Collegiate Classes, and the Academic department. This, with the reception, program and (samples of) eatables, promises to be a veritable feast. Everyone go. You will say it was worth ten times the money, and it will boost our "U."
Hurrah, for the banquet! Are you going?

**SERIES OF SPECIAL MEETINGS**

Beginning on Wednesday evening of the first week of the second semester, will be held a series of special meetings at the Chapel. The meetings will be conducted by the Rev. C. A. Bowen, Ph. D., pastor of Madison Street Church, Seattle. The meetings will extend over the Day of Prayer and continue throughout the second week of the semester. Let us plan our work so that we can attend all of these meetings. It will be the harvest time of our school year. During this season of religious effort put first things first and work for our Master’s Kingdom.
The local Prohibition Oratorical Contest will soon be here. We would like to see a goodly number of contestants. This is the place where there should be friendly rivalry among the different societies of the University. Let us all boost for our orators and help them to win. In a contest of merit, decided by unbiased judges, the best of feeling will prevail after the contest is over, and the whole school will stand by its representative.

ROCHESTER CONVENTION
As we go to press, Percy Scott writes that he is on his way home from the National Student Volunteer Convention, at Rochester, New York. Though it meant the spanning of the continent, we are proud of the fact that Puget Sound had a representative at this great convention. Percy will no doubt give an account of himself in the next issue.

LIBRARY IMPROVED
Through the influence of our Librarian, a new Book Alcove, containing eight sections and extending the full height of the Library, has been obtained. This will give our many new books a much needed home. Prof. Grumbling is working hard classifying the books of the entire Library, and already its appearance has been greatly improved.

U. P. S. MORE FULLY RECOGNIZED
We are glad to note the recognition given our University at the Washington State Education Association, held in Tacoma during holiday vacation. It shows that the work done in the various departments is up to the standard, and as such has been recognized by the highest educational society in the State. Prof. Benbow, at the head of our Normal School, has been a member of the Association for many years, and for the past six years has acted on the Legislative Committee. Last year he spent much time, at Olympia, as the committee’s representative. Using his influence the adoption of the new school code, as written by the Association’s Code Committee, was made possible. Puget Sound was more fully recognized, now making it possible for third grade teachers to spend one year in our Normal department and receive a second grade certificate; while one coming with a second obtains a first grade after the year’s work. Upon graduation from the department a professional state certificate is received. The College and Academic departments are on the accredited list. For the first time in the history of the University our president was made an ex-officio member of the Educational Council. Dr. Zeller is therefore a member of this most important council. Other members of our faculty were recognized. Prof. Davis was made
President of the History Section of the Association, newly created this year. Dr. Buland was elected Secretary of the High School Section. We are glad for these and other recognitions which mark another step in our march toward the "Greater University."

RESOLUTIONS

Be it resolved, that we, the students of the University of Puget Sound, do hereby desire to express our sincere sympathy to Professor and Mrs. Hanawalt in the loneliness that they cannot help but feel over the departure of a beloved father, who has gone to his rest.

Be it further resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to Professor and Mrs. Hanawalt, that a copy be spread upon the secretary’s book and upon the pages of the Maroon.

GUY W. KENNARD.
ESTELLA BURWELL.
Committee.

SOCIETY

PHILOMATHEAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Every passing week finds some worthy achievement accomplished in the Philomathean Literary Society. We are hard at work and our programs show marked improvement.

Our ranks are enlarging and at a recent meeting we initiated the Misses Gilchrist, Erp, Wright and Mr. Hughes.

One of our honorary members, Miss Elizabeth Ewing, has been a welcome visitor. We thoroughly appreciate the interest which our former members still hold in our progress and welfare.

On December 22, the Philos had a Christmas party at the home of Miss Florence Knoell. The pretty decorated tree was the center of interest,
at least until the gifts had all been distributed. Jolly games and music made the evening pass all too quickly so that every one was sorry when the time came for leaving. Miss Druse and Professor Davis were our welcome guests during the evening of good cheer. For our happy evening we are indebted to our gracious hostess, and we hope for many gatherings there in the future.

The new officers who have been elected for the next semester are: Charles W. Blanpied, president; Bertha E. Day, vice president; Florence Knoell, secretary; John Dupertius, treasurer; Iva Braun, chaplain; Ernest Mathews, critic; Byron Wehmhoff, sergeant-at-arms.

We are looking forward to a brighter, better and more successful year in our work; the standard of the "Star and Crescent" is high but we, the "Lovers of Learning," hope to gain by patient effort the greater things of life. To the other societies of our school we extend hearty good wishes for their success. May the new year be one of which we can justly be proud.

AMPHICTYON LITERARY SOCIETY

We are glad to see the Amphictyons all back from their vacation ready for a good year's work.

A Happy New Year to all.

On Monday evening, December 20, 1909, we gave our regular literary program, at the close of which our president, Mr. Metcalf, had the honor of presenting to our esteemed critic, Professor Pritchard, two volumes of poems in appreciation of his work.

The recess time was spent in singing Christmas songs and then the jingle of bells announced the arrival of Santa. All eyes were turned with anticipation to the gaily decorated tree, from which Santa proceeded to distribute toys and playthings to all present. Even the professors were remembered with toy watches, jumping jacks, etc.

After Santa had left, amid much tooting of horns, laughter and eating of popcorn, Professor Benbow suggested having an impromptu debate on which was the more useful—the cow or horse. After the debate was over we knew no more about it than at first, for the judges decided that both were necessary.

Thus ended a merry evening and one which we hope will be repeated every Christmas.

As we enter on the new year, let every member do his utmost to make this the best year of our society. We can do it.

On January 4 the regular program was not rendered, but the time was given to Professor Pritchard, who gave an excellent talk.

We are planning to give an open program in the chapel the first of next semester.

It will be worth your while to hear it.

Prof. D. (in History A, in talking about the Mohammedan religion): "What is their chief book, Mr. Koran?—I mean Mr. Hungerford?"
ALTRURIAN NOTES

No year has ever dawned with a brighter aspect for the Altrurians than that of 1910. Looking back over the past few months we feel greatly encouraged with our progress. Our greatest handicap at present is a lack of members, but this is being speedily overcome as new members come in from time to time.

We are having splendid programs. Come and hear us, the first Monday evening of each month being open to the public.

Monday evening, January 3, we elected our officers for the coming term, who will commence their duties the first Monday of the second semester.

The officers for the following term are: Hans Christensen, president; Lily Swanson, vice president; Ethel Rash, secretary; Ingomar Hostettor, treasurer; Grace Carlson, society reporter; Pearl Brewer, chaplain; Edwin Fuller, sergeant-at-arms.

H. C. S.

No report.

KAPPA SIGMA THETA

The Kappa Sigma Thetas are looking forward in high expectation to the work to be done in the year 1910. Although the past year has been one of very good results, the new year is to be made very much better. One of the best things accomplished in the past year was the victory over the H. C. S. in the debate concerning Government Ownership and Control of the railroads. We are proud of our team, Bessie, Alma and Stella, for the boys put up a splendid defense for their side of the question and we know it required considerable skill to win.

Although many things seem bright since vacation, we are very sorry to have lost two of our members who had been so popular with us. Miss Lederle will not return. Our best wishes go with her, and even though she had been with us but a short time we will always feel that she was truly one of us. Another member, Ada May Robinson, has left us for a short time as she intends spending a few months in California with her mother. We wish her many good times, but not so many that she will forget to return to her Theta sisters in the spring. The Thetas have another new member to be taken in soon who will fill the place of the one who has left us permanently, although we felt that there was plenty of work and room for both Miss Lederle and Miss Shever, who has not yet been initiated into our ranks.

A Short Poem by Academy Sophomore

What makes a scholar in the school?
Is it the one who stops to fool
Away his time, instead of burning midnight oil,
As others spend their weary hours in toil?

Who comes out best when college days are o'er?
The one who answered all the questions, taking just a glance to find
Them in the book at night, or he who spent the hours in steady grind
And comes to class to fail in quite a few, but holds what answers
He has made, securely in his mind.
Some students who are classed as bright,
Allow their thoughts to wander and take flight,
While others use their powers of concentration right.
The man who towers above in after life,
Is not the one who pressed the foremost in the strife,
But he who steadily pressed on, accounting nothing small, no words of learned men,
Or thoughts that came from some bright scholar's pen.

He who would build a mind, must find a spot,
That's advertised as Wisdom's Lot,
And for material none can spare
When once they start to build, true character.
Some men when building near the top get dizzy and of't fall,
While some are dashed to earth while lis'ning to the siren's call.
But he with praise repelling wax put in his ears
Will sail the journey on, of life's few years.
No one can reach his zenith, or his goal
Until God takes back what he gave—a human soul.

PERSONALS

The fence is all but completed.
"Y. M. C. A. at 12:20 today."
If you want to see Bertha smile say "Seattle."
Eloise Rush was a welcome visitor in our halls recently.
Miss Ewing, a former student, is frequently seen about the U.
Professor Collicot lectured to the class in Theory and Practice last month.
Frances Lauderdale was visiting friends at the University before the Holidays.
Rev. Ernest Mathews spent Christmas vacation in Spokane. Marvin Walters took charge of his church at Gig Harbor during his absence.
“Hart” lost; finder please return and receive reward. No questions asked.

Miss Bessie Satterthwaite is with us again. She has been sick at her home in Seattle.

Miss Buland went to Centralia last month to act as judge in the inter-high school debate.

George Calkins of the Sophomore Academy class, has taken up work in the Tacoma High School.

Professor Davis acted as judge at the inter-high school debate between Vancouver and Castle Rock.

Professors Davis and Pritchard were guests of Professor Pease of the U. of W. one day during vacation.

Miss Anabel Walker had to stop school this year on account of her health. She will be back next year.

Mathews (dreamily):

“The lofty mountains do us part,
Yet in Spokane abides my heart.”

Miss W. (in English I.): “Give an example of an adverb expressing the idea of instrumentality.”

Student: “The boy dug a well with his father.”

Prof. Eichholzer (dictating sentences for translation into German): “My house is not far from hers. This is my affair, not yours.”

Prof. Davis: “You’ll always find the ‘Village Green.’”

Student: “Where?”

A Subdued Voice: “In South Tacoma.”

IT'S IMPORTANT

This matter of writing paper. Don't experiment. Use the paper that everybody knows is correct. It is “Made in Berkshire” by

Eaton, Crane & Pike

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Rhodes Brothers
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December with her snow and ice being past and Yule-tide fairly over, we enter upon the first month of a new year, forgetting the past and looking forward to what is before.

The basket-ball season is begun, one regular game has been played by the girl’s team December 11, which resulted in another victory for the U. P. S. Our girls have been working faithfully since the season opened and winning results may be looked for.

The boy’s quintet is rapidly being brought into shape and the future looks bright for them. One or two practice games have been played and victory has been the outcome. The manager of the basket-ball team has arranged a basket-ball tournament to be carried out later by the various classes in the University.

The Varsity five will play several regular games on their own floor and elsewhere before the year is over. This part of the schedule, however, has not yet been fully arranged, but according to the manager the boy’s and girl’s teams will go to Bellingham during the latter part of February, playing two games while on the trip.

Spring rapidly advancing reminds us that other sports will soon present themselves, among these tennis and baseball. So you who are interested in these student activities, spot your man for captain and be ready to step into line when the time comes; not, however, forgetting or losing interest in the present.

Prof. Richardson (in Geometry class): “This is a quadrilateral triangle.”

Mr. Bugge’s favorite maxim is “Wherever you go take a Carr.”

Woodman, fell that tree,
Spare not a single bough;
I carved a girl’s name there—
I love another now. —Ex.
School of Art

The faculty of the Art Department spent the first of the week in Seattle visiting various exhibits, and were entertained by artist friends in the city.

Miss Etta Saar, a member of the Art School for two years, spent the weekend at the University House.

Miss Rushmore spent the holiday vacation at her home in North Yakima.

Professor and Mrs. Walter Guernsey Reynolds delightfully entertained a party of University teachers at their beautiful home in the North End, on Friday evening, January 7.

The Tacoma Art League held its regular monthly meeting Wednesday evening at the Commercial Club. Elaborate preparations are being made for the annual exhibit and reception.

Mrs. Simpson (in Botany Lab.): "Who is in that locker with you?"

MUSIC

(Instrumental)

On the evening of December 15 occurred the reception given by Miss Todd and the class of 1910, at the studio, 1620 Division Ave. The Junior class assisted by receiving at the door, serving at the refreshment table and furnishing music throughout the evening. On the invitation list were members of the faculty, students, and some of the representative people in the church circle of the city. Dr. and Mrs. Zeller received with Mrs. Todd and the class.

The studio was decorated in pennants and the class colors, purple and white. The class pennant was particularly in evidence and was spoken of as being exceedingly unique, it being a white clef, a U. P. S. monogram and '10 on a purple background. The class pin was also displayed for the first time, it being a small oval of gold engraved with the clef, U. P. S. and '10.

The hours of the reception were from eight to ten, and the studio was well filled all of the time and a most enjoyable evening was spent by all present.
The Junior class in piano is soon to begin work for a concert to be given in the early spring. The class members are Misses Higgins, Moe, McQueen, Holman and Thaden.

Miss Lela Rossman was unable to return to her work at the very opening of school on account of illness.

Miss Anna Chrisoffersen spent the holiday season with friends in Portland.

Miss Todd was one of the faculty of the University who appeared on the program of the State Teachers' Association which met in Tacoma December 28-30. The High School chorus gave a concert preceding Dr. McCormack's lecture on Wednesday evening, December 29, at the First Congregational church. Miss Todd gave two organ numbers on the program and also accompanied the chorus of 120 voices. Many very complimentary things have been said for both the organ and chorus work.

Misses Rouble Holman and Leona McQueen assisted at the concert given at the First M. E. church Sunday evening, December 26. "Nazareth," by Gounod, was sung by the choir, accompanied by Miss Todd at the organ and the Misses Holman and McQueen at the piano.

Miss Esther Lundgren, of the class of 1910, assisted with the music at the dedication of the new Swedish Mission Tabernacle in this city recently.

VOCAL

We are moving onward. "TRY" is our word, and we were rewarded for our efforts in preparing for our recital of December 10, at which time splendid work was done, and the large audience showed appreciation, both by applause and personal congratulations.

The male quartette showed good work and sang with pleasing effect a double number. Also the ladies' quartette gave two selections in a delightful manner.

The solo work was very creditably done, and the double quartette numbers, of which there were two, rounded up the program, and made it one of the best of its kind ever heard in Tacoma.

The Chaminade Glee Club are working also. On December 17 a Stephen C. Foster program was rendered. Miss Frame read a short paper prepared by Miss Burwell. Miss Gertrude Hovies sang "My Old Kentucky Home." Miss Grieve then sang "Old Black Joe." Another very entertaining paper was read by Miss Knoell, after which a group of songs were sung. "Swanee River," by Miss Young, "Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground," Misses Hovies and Grieve, and "Old Dog Tray," "Hard Times" and "Old Uncle Ned," by Miss Horner. Everyone present enjoyed the program besides learning some very interesting facts relative to Foster's life and life work. This
club meets every Friday afternoon at 3:30 in the chapel room.

The Boy's Glee Club is organized and other members are solicited. The election of officers resulted in the following: President, Mr. Metcalf; Secretary and treasurer, Mr. Christenson; librarian, Mr. Luke.

This club meets every Tuesday at 3:30 p.m. in the chapel room. Good work is being accomplished and as time goes on you will hear more about our organization.

The Normal Music class returned from their holiday vacation and were present to begin work again January 5. The work so far has been very creditably done and the outlook is good. Our motto, "TRY," is truly used in all sections of the Vocal Department.

A Glee Club Worker.

Miss Grieve said to D. Dupertuis: "No, Dearie, I can't."

---

Four Epitaphs
Deep wisdom—swelled head—
Brain fever—he's dead.
—A Senior.
False fair one—hope fled—
Heart broken—he's dead.
—A Junior.
Went skating—bumped head—
Cracked skull—he's dead.
—A Sophomore.
Milk famine—not fed—
Starvation—he's dead.
—A Freshman.
—Ex.

---

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The local Prohibition Oratorical contest will be held on February 11. It promises to be a success as quite a number of the contestants have been preparing for some time, and among them are some of the best speakers in the University.

Mr. Fred Pflaum, of the Senior class is filling quite a number of dates in this part of the state and is meeting with excellent success as an entertainer. His new window card is neat and attractive.

The three Sedro-Wooleyites, Misses White, Connem and Monroe, spent the Christmas Holidays at their homes and report a fine time.

The contestants for the Declamatory contest have all been selected. Now for a grand contest in March. But it will take hard work and much practice and March is not far off.

Professor Knox spent the Holiday vacation in Eastern Oregon, filling a two weeks' series of engagements. He reports unusually large audiences for this season of the year.

A fine new bookcase has been placed in the preachers' room to be used for the books of this department. Mr. Kendall did the work. The library is not large at present, but "watch it grow." Anyone having recitation books or reference books of value to the Department of
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Oratory who would like to make a donation may bring them to the preachers' room, where they will be most thankfully received. We are greatly in need of an up-to-date dictionary.

Commercial Department

On the first morning after the Christmas vacation, the expressions on the faces of all the students told that they were glad to be back to work. We are determined to make the new year a prosperous one in our department.

Among the new students enrolled this year are the Misses Florence Packard and Myrtle Shafer, of Tacoma, and Mr. Signo Uddenburg, of Gig Harbor.

Mr. Hilding Pearson and Mr. Kenneth Chester, former students, have taken up their studies with us again. Miss Antoinette Ammidown, a last year's graduate, spent the last day of her two weeks' vacation visiting our department.

The second contest in spelling was given on a special lesson in which the girls made an average of 99.91 per cent and the boys 96.51 per cent. They are more determined
than ever to win and like all boys never lose hope.

Professor Pritchard entertained ten of the young men at his rooms on the evening of December 9, the occasion being honor of his birthday. Refreshments were served and a pleasant evening was enjoyed by all.

Among the social functions held last month was an entertainment given by the Commercial Society in the Theta room.

The following program was rendered:

Society poem ........Scott Eicholtz
The value of an education in the commercial world..... Leslie Grill
Reading ............... Lucy Ballard
A trip to a ball game .............
........................ Aida Uddenburg
Piano solo ............ Ethel Bever
School life in Japan ............
........................ Mr. Y. Miyiuchi

At the conclusion of the program old Santa remembered each one of his business boys and girls with a gift, after which light refreshments were served.

Prof. Davis: "The stoic philosophers got their name from the fact that they talked on the porches. They have many followers today."

Prof. Hannawalt: "Mr. Williams, you look like a good singer."
Mr. Williams: "Why?"
Prof. Hannawalt: "Because you have legs like a canary bird."

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Christian Associations

Y. M. C. A. NOTES

This part of the religious work of the University shows good life. The Y. M. C. A. feels well repaid in its effort toward sending a delegate to the Rochester Convention, for, although Mr. Scott has not yet returned from the east the local work will welcome him very soon among us, and will listen to his report with attention. We never count too much on Mr. Scott. His power of taking hold of things will enable him to bring us many useful things from Rochester.

Soon we are to shoulder another load almost as large as our Rochester effort, and that is the coming to us of Edward Vance Cooke, which means personal work of every Y. M. C. A. man in school in meeting our obligations with Mr. Cooke, but the local Y. M. C. A. believes in attempting big matters as shown by past records. Cooke’s visit should stimulate activity throughout every department of our organization.

The work done in bible study is showing in the number in bible classes. Almost one-half of our men are taking bible study. Also mission study is an attraction for many and that branch of work is progressing. Several prayer groups are now established looking toward the day of prayer for colleges. Definitely outlined work is being undertaken.

The devotional committee will continue to arrange for “Life Work” meetings about once a month, or until such time as the association deems it necessary to alter the schedule. The Tuesday noon meetings are well attended, about thirty-five regular attendants. The membership committee has some good plans under contemplation soon to materialize, which will make for better Christian work among our boys.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES

Our meetings this month have been especially interesting. The girls who went to Seaside gave us splendid reports of what they saw and heard and did, and some things they didn’t, at that conference. Bessie Marsh told of their arrival at Seaside; also of the meeting Friday night and of those held on Saturday, Sunday and Monday. Ella Holden, in telling of Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, gave a fine gist of the addresses of Dr. Gillies. Although we could not go to hear Dr. Gillies him-
self, I am sure were greatly helped by her report. A report of the meet-
ings on Saturday was given by Ella Phipps. Girls, let's make our dele-
gation next time larger than it has ever been before.

Plans are now well under way for a membership campaign. Every girl in the University ought to be a member of the Y. W. C. A. You on the outside don’t know what you are missing. Come and see.

STUDENT VOLUNTEER BAND.

(News from Mr. and Mrs. Allen)

From frequent letters received from Mr. Allen, we learn that they have had a very pleasant voyage. In a letter written off the coast of Panama on December 9, 1909, Mr. Allen says: "We have had a lovely trip so far and everything gives promise of a continuance of the same. Since leaving Frisco, we have not had any winds to speak of, and practically no rains. We are both feeling fine and enjoying ourselves very much. But, say, it is hot down here!"

Mr. and Mrs. Allen had expected to reach Ancon, Panama, on December 7, where they were to change steamers. But they reached Ancon one day behind schedule time, missed their boat and had to stay for a week. An extract from a letter written during their stay here reads: "We have had a delightful stay here at Panama. The missionary is Rev. W. W. Gray, of the Detroit conference. They very kindly opened their crowded doors and took us in. Last Friday we did something you cannot do. We ate breakfast on the Pacific Coast, lunch on the Atlantic and dinner on the Pacific. Last Sunday morning I preached for Brother Gray and in the evening went over into the canal zone and preached in one of the mess houses. Had a good time in both places.

"We will spend our Christmas on the ocean. We had hoped to be in Iquique, but such is not to be."

They sailed from Panama on December 14, 1909, and expected to reach their destination on December 29, 1909.

Mr. Crockett (during the afternoon study period): "Let's have it more quiet in here or we can't hear a word Mr. Moore is saying to Miss White."

Some of the Freshmen's chemistry papers puzzle Prof. Richardson very much, especially when he finds such words as oxhide of mercury or nescacery.

Prof. Eichholzer (in German class): "When he touched her hand, they both started violently because; (blushing) Oh, you understand why."

Miss Horner (in Normal music): "That chord would be a discord according to music."
Twixt optimist and pessimist,
The difference is droll,
The optimist sees the doughnut
The pessimist sees the hole.—Ex.
Lady (on bank): "My dear sir, how did you come to tumble in?"
Man (in the water): "My dear madam, to be perfectly frank with you, I did not come to tumble in, I came to skate."—Ex.

Literary contamination.
Mother: "Johnny, you said you'd been to Sunday School."
Johnny (with far-away look): "Yes, mamma."

Mother: "How does it happen your hands smell of fish?"
Johnny: "I carried home the Sunday School paper, an' the outside page is all about Jonah and the whale."—Ex.

Gentleman: "What an odd paper weight!"
Friend: "Yes, that's my wife's first biscuit."—Ex.
Prosecuting attorney: "Was the prisoner in the habit of singing when he was alone?"
Witness: "Shure, an' Oi can't say, for Oi niver was wid him when he was alone."—Ex.
Mary had a little lamp
A jealous lamp, no doubt,
For when Mary's beau came in
The little lamp went out.—Ex.

A PUN
(By Panhandle Pete.)
I boast I'm with it fully decked,
While life's dews early reign
I have it not, I want it not,
But age will play its game.

But if I have it young or old
Amid such soon I'll range,
Poor and wretched—but still I'd nay
For Jim Hill's wealth, exchange.

AN INSPIRATION BETWEEN SEATTLE AND TACOMA

By Douglas Boyd

The darkening clouds o'er shadow fast,
The cold, gray sky of departing day;
Aeolus opes the cavern's mouth
And chilly Boreas speeds away.

Our good ship rides on the seething waves
And trembles not at the white crest curl,
But ever on, in the teeth of the gale
We fly, heeding not the angry swirl.

The shrieking wind with white crests topped
The waves, that curl with an angry roar
And break, to roll on, and on,
As they reach the dark, dense wooded shore.

The wailing wind sighed mournfully,
And whirled away on destruction bent,
Came back and rattled the rigging bare,
And down the masts its message sent.

The sea birds scream around the ship,
And the billowy waves toss high,
While to leeward waves toss high,
A warning gleam o'er the stormy sky.

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Far over the foam we hear a song,  
And out speeds our ship in the waves afar.  
'Tis the bell buoy moaning ding dong, ding dong,  
To warn us of surf on the treacherous bar.  
And 'tho the winds may buffet and the waves run high,  
While the Tritons are peacefully dreaming;  
Our ship sails on, 'till we near the shore  
Where the harbor lights are gleaming.

**ALL UNIVERSITY DAY.**

"All University Day." Did someone ask what this expression means? It means one of the advanced steps our ever alert administration has taken. It is to be our annual holiday and will occur on Washington's birthday. We are doing honor both to our Country's Father and to our State. In the forenoon of the occasion this year will occur a program in the college chapel. Dr. Daniel Rader, editor of the Pacific Advocate, will be with us and deliver the address.

But this is to be only the beginning of the festivities. In the evening at eight o'clock two hundred and fifty students, faculty, members and friends of "Our University" will assemble in the parlors of the Hotel Bonneville for an hour's reception. The reception will be followed by a banquet the very best obtainable. One of the best orchestras will be secured for the evening and a program will be rendered by our music and oratory departments. Then there will be toasts and at the close a general love feast. The organizations, as far as possible, will have separate tables, i.e., Board of Trustees, Alumni, Faculty, Senior Class, Junior Class, Freshmen Class, the Academy and the Commercial School.

No small part of the evening will be the reception. Many distinguished visitors have been invited to stand in the receiving line, and each organization will be represented in this line. Those who have been chosen thus far (no attempt has been made in this issue to get the order of their appearing in the line) are: The Toastmaster, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. McCormick, President Zeller and Mrs. Zeller, Mr. and Mrs. Blaine, Mr. and Mrs. Bullard, Dr. Elliot and wife, Professor Benbow and wife, Mrs. Mabel Simpson, as the representative of the Faculty and Ernest Mathews from the Senior Class. The other classes have not elected their representatives and there are others to be invited.

The representatives from the different organizations that will give toasts are as follows. The subjects will be announced later:
Dr. Zeller ......................................................... President of U. P. S.
Board of Trustees ................................................. R. L. McCormick
Faculty .......................................................... Mrs. Mabel Simpson
Alumni ............................................................... Rev. James Milligan
Senior Class ........................................................ Charles W. Blanpied
Junior Class ........................................................ Miss Estella Burwell
Sophomore Class .................................................. Arthur A. Medcalf
Freshman Class .................................................... Anton Brix
Academy ................................................................. Samuel Dupertius

The committees are as follows:
General Committee—Miss Druse, Chairman; Prof. Marsh, Prof. Knox.

Sub Committees

Executive—Miss Druse, Chairman; Prof. Simpson, Prof. Eichholzer, Prof. Prichard, Faculty; Maria Whipple, Senior, (Post Graduate); T. Crockett, Junior; Mae Reddish, Sophomore; Frances Frame Sophomore; Rubel Holman, Freshman; Mae Star, Freshman; Daniel Dupertius, Academy; Hazel Allen, Academy; Mr. Starboro, Commercial.

Program—Prof. Knox, Chairman; Dr Buland, Faculty; Florence Hamilton, Senior; Adin Marlatt, Junior; Noel Caywood, Sophomore; William Beardsley, Freshman; J. O. Waggoner, Academy; Percy Scott, Academy.

Finance—Prof. Marsh, Chairman; Will Green, Senior, Estella Burwell, Junior; Wesley Whealdon, Sophomore; Ella Holden, Sophomore; Ina Salisbury, Sophomore; Arnold Warren, Freshman; Bertha Beaman, Freshman; James Moore, Academy; Meriam Zeller, Academy; Mr. Ballard, Commercial.

The organization is complete and competent and the representatives are the best obtainable and all that remains to be done is for everybody to go and boost. Let’s have class spirit manifested. This would be a good time to take advantage of Dr. Zeller’s liberal prize offers and bring out some stirring new yells and songs. Don’t be afraid to let people know that it is a University affair. Get out your best clothes, brush them, and get your best girl and go. Don’t make blunders, though, for its a “swell” occasion. If you don’t know how to act watch the Alumni and Faculty and if they don’t drink out of the finger bowl—don’t you!

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That figure you have on the board reminds me of a joke I heard the other day. A teacher in a primary school recently read to her pupils *The Old Oaken Bucket*. After explaining it to them very carefully, she asked them to copy the first stanza from the blackboard, and try to illustrate by drawings as the artist illustrates a story. Pretty soon one little girl handed in her book with several little dots between two lines, a circle, half a dozen dots and three buckets. "I do not understand this, Bessie," said the teacher. "What is that circle?"

"Oh, that's the well," was the reply.

"And why do you have three buckets?"

"Oh, one is the old wooden bucket, one is the iron bound bucket, and one is the bucket that hung in the well."

"But what are the little dots?"

"Why, those are the spots which my infancy knew."

After the laughter had subsided the required changes were made on the figure, while I, with a few leisure moments on my hands, surveyed this fountain of humor and wit. The thing that most impressed me was, how so much activity, general information, humor and sarcasm, could be crowded into such a seemingly slender and delicate body. But let us take a look at the face of our study and see if we can find any traces of the aforesaid abilities. We see a high narrow head, sparsely decorated with light hair; we would call it sandy were it not for the grower's sensitiveness, which is secreted among other talents seldom brought to light. The forehead slopes down to a pair of eyes which hold our attention for a few moments. Gray and piercing—eyes that see much which the countenance fails to reflect, but still eyes that have conveyed expressions to the brain, stamping a marked individuality on the character before us. A nose typically Yankee, one that recalls the early colonial period, and as for myself, I have always been reminded of Boston, and, from that, of baked beans, due probably to references made to that city in several conversations I have had with our unnamed character. The chin does not show firmness, but in my retrospection I recall several faces of prominent public men whose chins fail to show the indomitable will that permeates their being. But the humorous qualities of this person, which called forth the little anecdote which opened this sketch, are plainly seen around the curved mouth. Such a face as this reflects a smile without any visible motion of the features, or may express strong displeasure with as little effort.
I have read that a man's individuality is shown by the clothes he wears. I disagree with this statement as it reads, and would say that the individuality of the wearer is shown by the way in which the clothes are worn. The statement that "so and so" may wear the best grade of low shoes, conveys no impression to the mind, but when a statement is made that "so and so, wears low shoes the year round," we can readily form some definite picture in our mind of some person we know who wears this special style of shoe the desired length of time. There are clothes and clothes; that is, some people wear clothes for the sake of the garments, while others wear them for their own sake, or personal comfort. Our study evidently belongs to the latter class, always appearing well, yet looking as though the apparel of an explorer, or the loose fitting garments of a sailor would satisfy him equally well.

I hear a nasal tone which becomes stronger and stronger, and when I awake, for I find I have been in a reverie and almost asleep, I hear another bit of humor from the one whom we have been viewing from the judicial standpoint. This philosophical fable is being given to someone who has foolishly tried to present his or her reasons why the author of a certain problem had not put the problem in the book as it should have been given—but to the philosophy—: "A dog, being very much annoyed by bees, ran quite accidentally into an empty barrel lying on the ground, and looking out at the bung hole, addressed his tormentors thus: 'Had you been temperate, stinging me only one at a time, you might have got a good deal of fun out of me. As it is, you have driven me into a secure retreat, for I can snap you up as fast as you come in through the bung hole. Learn from this the folly of intemperate zeal.' When he had concluded, he awaited a reply. There wasn't any reply; for the bees had never gone near the bung hole; they went in the same way that he did, and made it very warm for him. The lesson of this fable is that we cannot stick to his pure reason while quarreling with bees.'
Love

Love is an arrow that swiftly speeds
To dispel the gloom of a cloudy day.
It turns our darkest clouds inside out
And lo! we see the silv’ry ray.
Some act of kindness may prove the dart
That carries joy to some sorrowing heart
And sheds some light on life’s rough way.

Deep, deep down in the human heart
Feelings lie buried that love can restore.
Happiness, crushed by some sinful deed,
Bruised, it yet may rise, peace is not o’er.
Touched by some tender word,
Wakened by kindness,
Love that lies dormant, will blossom once more.

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