THE MAROON

University of Puget Sound

MARCH, 1910

Christian Organization Number
WE'VE GOT YOUR WALKOVER SHOES
The Spring and Summer stock is here: all Leathers in both High Shoes and Oxfords at the same old price
$3.50 AND $4.00
DICKSON BROS. CO. 1120-1122 PACIFIC AVE.

U. P. S. Pennants and College Posters
THE CENTRAL NEWS COMPANY
916 Pacific Avenue Tacoma, Washington

STUDENTS
Students who wear glasses should wear only HEALTH RAY LENSES
They give better vision, greater comfort, and preserve the eyes
Demonstrated and for sale only by
GEORGE J. CHAPMAN COMPANY
902 C Street Tacoma, Washington

VAUGHAN & MORRILL COMPANY
926 Pacific Avenue
BOOKSELLERS AND STATIONERS
School Supplies, Drawing Instruments, College Pennants, All Latest and Best Books

WE GRIND LENSES

KACHLEIN
Graduate Optician
906 C Street Tacoma, Wash.

Patronize Our Advertisers and Mention The "Maroon"
R. D. SHUTT

WAS born in St. Clair County, Michigan, January 9th, 1858. Came to Pierce Co., Washington, May, 1888. Cut Cordwood, worked in logging camps and on farm two years. Came to Tacoma 1890. Worked as conductor on electric cars and drove team until December 1892. Entered U. S. Government Indian School Service as Industrial Teacher and Farmer until Nov., 1905, since which time has been in real estate business in Tacoma at 210 Berlin Building. Represented 37th District Pierce County, in the last Legislature. First and only nomination asked in 22 years, residence.
Investigate my record.

PLATFORM

UNDER the Commission form of government the People are Supreme. If elected, I shall give my entire time and attention to the office and use my every effort toward carrying out the will of the people, as expressed in the Charter; and I shall at all times use my best endeavors toward enforcing the laws regardless of whom it may affect.

R. D. SHUTT
1711 So. 9th St.
Candidate for Councilman

LIST OF NAMES ON PETITIONS OF NOMINATION.


THE Capac Journal, published in Mr. Shutt's old home, said among other things:
"Later, being unfortunate in some business matters, he sold his home in Capac to settle his more pressing debts, went west in 1888. Out there no work was too hard or too common for him as long as it promised an honest living, and a little besides with which he hoped in a short time to be able to send to Capac for his wife. You can't keep a good man down, and, therefore Rob Shutt could not be kept down. He was successful and kept rising to better jobs, so that in the course of nine years he had not only sent money back to Michigan to pay every last cent of the old debt, but he saved enough besides so that he and Mrs. Shutt came back to visit relatives and old time friends. We say that is a mark of a pretty good man."

Patronize Our Advertisers and Mention The "Maroon"
Commence Right

A tailor-made suit is made for you individually—and that is our part—making clothes to please the man. And the price is not out of sight.

Eleventh Street Tailoring Company
411 Eleventh Street

DRIFTED SNOW FLOUR
"BEST BY EVERY TEST"
Your Grocer has it and is authorized by us to guarantee every sack.
Daily Capacity 2,000 Barrels.

SPERRY FLOUR COMPANY
Tacoma, U. S. A.

IF YOU are looking for a nice bit of China, Bric-a-Brac, Cut Glass, or Silver Ware for mother, sister, brother or sweetheart, be sure and look our stock over before choosing.

Paulson-Barnes Co.
Phone A2232 Cor. 11th and C
Main 232 Tacoma

Patronize Our Advertisers and Mention The "Maroon"
Olympic PURE Products

Olympic Family Flour
As good as can be made

Olympic Pancake Flour
Self-raising; guaranteed pure and healthful

Olympic Wheat-Hearts
Sterilized breakfast cereal—the little hearts of wheat

Olympic Cake and Pastry Flour
Especially for rich, delicate cake and flaky piecrust

THE PUGET SOUND FLOURING MILLS CO. - TACOMA

EAGLE STEAM LAUNDRY
Try Our Cleaning and Pressing Works
407 South J Street  Tacoma, Washington

A student’s education is hardly begun until he knows what is best for him to

Eat and Drink

Our Flavoring Extracts, Spices, Coffees and Teas are intended for those who make a study of

Qualities

THE ROGERS CO.  TACOMA

Patronize Our Advertisers and Mention The “Maroon”
READY FOR SPRING

Our display of Choice Clothes for Men, Boys and Children and our New Headgear and exclusive Toggery, are all in the full bloom of Spring freshness and we cordially invite you here to see the Season’s Choicest Outfitting.

Men’s Suits - - $12.50 to $35.00
Boy’s Suits, - - $2.50 to $7.50
Children’s Suits - - $2.50 to $5.00

McCormack Bros.
On Pacific Ave. at 15th St.

U. P. S. Headquarters
MEHL’S CONFECTIONERY
High Grade Chocolate Bon Bons and Home Made Candies
Ham and Cheese Sandwiches
2519 Sixth Avenue Tacoma, Wash.

HOFF’S SHOE STORE
6th Ave. and Anderson St.
Full line of men’s, women’s and children’s shoes, slippers, rubbers, tennis slippers, hosiery, gloves and furnishings.

THE DEWEY REPAIR SHOP
Yale and National Bicycles
Bicycles Repaired, Frames Enamelled. A full line of Sundries and Cutlery.
F. M. BAILEY, Prop.
Phone A 1383 920 Tacoma Avenue

The Tacoma Carriage and Baggage Transfer Co.
Office 904 South A Street
Hacks, Carriages, Baggage Wagons.
Tally-Ho at All Hours, Private Ambulance, Perfect in Every Detail.
Hand Your Checks for Baggage to Our Messengers, who will meet you on All Incoming Trains.
Baggage Checked From Residence To Destination
Phones
Sunset 43 Home A 4343
BRICK STABLES, SIXTH AND ST. HELENS AVENUE, TACOMA

Patronize Our Advertisers and Mention The “Maroon”
PROHIBITION PRIZE ESSAY CONTEST

A national prohibition prize known as the "Susan J. Steele" prize of one hundred dollars in gold, is offered by the W. C. T. U. The plan is to have students of all the colleges and universities in the United States compete for this prize in the following manner: Write an essay on the subject, "The Relation of Individual Total Abstinence to the Prosperity of the
NATION, and send it to the state superintendent by May 15, 1910. Essays shall be limited as to the number of words. The maximum being three thousand and the minimum two thousand.

In addition to the national prize, a prize of thirty dollars is offered for the state of Washington. Mrs. Carson has offered to the U. P. S. students a prize of five dollars for the best essay, provided that near twenty-five enter the contest. If the number reaches near fifty she will make the prize ten dollars. Here is a chance for someone to win a prize. Let fifty write an essay and compete for it.

Consecrated to His work. Ninety-seven per cent of our entire student body now make a profession of religious life.

THE ROCHESTER CONVENTION

Prof. Bosworth showed his mighty interest in Missions when he said, The deepest need of the soul of man is its need of God. Could anyone say other than this? Then why not call the best of America’s men and women to enter the field, for it takes the best to fill the “deepest need.” One cannot express in plain words the enthusiasm he gets from such a gathering as this; but the greatest value of the convention was the life resolves made by everyone. I might say, to carry back, to school through his whole life a greater conception of Jesus Christ and His Kingdom and a burning passion for souls. The words and presence of that great leader of men, John R. Mott, for the humble are the great, sends one to his prayer at night with a willing heart.

O, God. my will is not my own
Till Thou hast made it Thine;
If it would reach a monarch’s throne
It must its crown resign.

PERCY SCOTT.
School of Music
University of Puget Sound
Wednesday Evening, March 23, 1910.

CLASS OF 1911

Florence Higgins
Rouble Holman
Leona McQueen
Elsie Moe
Avis Thaden

LOIS M. TODD—Dean of the School of Music

PROGRAM

Trois Marches Militaires, Op. 51 ................................ Schubert
Misses Holman, Higgins, Thaden and McQueen

Grande Marche Triomphale, Op. 62 ............................ W. Kuhe
Misses Higgins and Thaden

Angel's Serenade (Violin Obligato) .............................. Braga
Miss Horner

MISS ROSSMAN, Piano
MR. BENBOW, Violin

Galop Militaire, Op. 117 ...................................... Mayer
Misses McQueen, Higgins, Holman, Thaden, Moe and Havils

Concerto, Op. 25 ........................................ Mendelssohn
Miss Rouble Holman
Second Piano, Miss Todd

Nocturne—Love’s Dream ..................................... Liszt
Miss Elsie Moe

There’s One That I Love Dearly ............................... F. Kuchen
University Quartette
Miss Elsie Moe, Accompanist

Concert Polonaise ........................................... Engelmann
Misses Thaden, Moe, Higgins, McQueen

Valse, Op. 17 No. 3 ......................................... Moszkowski
Miss Leona McQueen

Raymond Overture ............................................ A. Thomas
Misses McQueen, Holman, Moe, Thaden
Miss Avis Thaden
THE SUMMER CONFERENCE

The student summer conference is a place of inspiration. It is a gathering of some one hundred and twenty of the strong men from the colleges of Oregon, Idaho and Washington. These men are assembled under the most informal conditions. The ten days are spent as camp life, living in tents located on the edge of a beautiful hemlock forest near the ocean.

The morning sessions afford an opportunity for one to hear some of the most earnest and powerful men in Christian work from the East as well as the West. These addresses, being delivered by men whose reality and sincerity beams from every glance, are strongly inspirational. The conference classes and sessions are indispensable for instruction and training in Y. M. C. A. work. "The Life Work Meetings" help many a young man to decide his calling.

The afternoons are given up to recreation; some men enter the ball games, others the tennis tournament, while others go fishing or boating in the lake at the back of the camp and still others go for a dip in the mighty Pacific or a "hike" along its sandy beach. But the best feature of the conference is the close contact and fellowship with men who lead in every phase of college life.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES

This part of the religious organization of our school is happy to announce the good tidings in behalf of our religious work. During Dr. Bowen's stay with us in revival work eighteen men were converted to Jesus Christ and about as many more showed a willingness to be more faithful to Him. If there is anything that the Y. M. C. A. stands for, it is to bring men face to face with Jesus Christ.

A goodly number of men are in bible classes and much is being done in that way. Our Mission study is progressing very well although not as many are in Mission study as we had expected.
Every Y. M. C. A. man is looking forward to the conference to be held at Whitworth College this month. We are expecting to send about 25 or 30 delegates to this conference. We feel like commending such noble efforts on the part of our State Secretary. It gives us a chance to lighten the grip of daily routine and come in touch with other students in a similar work as ours, and also to get a vision of greater work and purpose in life.

Our farce basketball game, held in the gymnasium March 11, was well attended. It offered one of the best opportunities for laughing yet given this season.

The election of officers for the coming year is upon us.

Each year we expect to make our Y. M. C. A. more effective in reaching men and the utmost care is being used in selecting the best men to be our officers.

Men are becoming interested in the Columbia Beach Conference. We hope to send a large delegation there in June.

POEM

Helen Fuller

In the wilds of a Western forest, where the charm
Of Nature's perfect harmony lingers still,
And never the hand of man's ambitious skill
Reduced its grandeur to the grind of mill and farm,
The great trees stand firm on bedded rock,
They go down deep for the best of earth for their life,
Ever reaching upward towards Heaven's purer light,
When sky and deep in discord and turmoil lock.
How firmly the mighty forest braves the blast!
So strong, and yet what tenderness unspoken,
When the sunlight lingers, gentle winds pass,
Where peace reigns because no law is broken!
Oh thou, noblest of creatures, cease thy busy care;
Seek the lonely forest, learn life's secret there.

Miss White (writing in Chem. note-book): "Oh, I'm going to write with a pencil like the rest of the boys do."

Prof. Benbow: "Mr. Williams, I don't believe the British isles are a part of the continent."

Mr. Williams: "I do."

Prof. Benbow: "Why?"

Mr. Williams: "Because you don't."

Miss B.: "Prof. Davis has a remarkable mind for dates."

Miss W.: "Well, he ought to; he never makes any."
BREAKERS BEHIND AND BREAKERS AHEAD

"What do you mean by 'Breakers,' anyway?" This question has been asked me a number of times by the girls, and to one and all I will answer: It means an embodiment of all that is soul-inspiring, awakening, uplifting, and energising, not to speak of the bodily rest and comfort attained. To clearly define it, Breakers is a beautiful summer resort on the ocean, at Long Beach, Washington, where in early summer, the Northwest Conference of the Young Women's Christian Association is annually held. To quote from the bulletin of last summer's conference, "The purpose of the conference is the inspiring and preparing of leaders for Young Women's Christian Association work in cities and colleges through the deepening of the spiritual life, and definite training for association service." Every girl is cordially welcomed and made to feel that personal interest is given her.

Throughout the conference one feels that the best things in nature and the best of human minds have been combined to help and inspire the girls gathered there. The first impressions are of the grandeur of the ocean and the woods, and this grandeur seems to grow deeper and vaster each day—you cannot grasp it fully at first sight. Then the next impressions are of the sweet, noble, purposeful characters of the leaders. They are men and women whose power is felt the world over. Our hostess last year, Miss Annie M. Reynolds, is the National Secretary; other leaders, Miss Frances E. Gage, one of the District Secretaries, and Miss Helen F. Weeks. The bible classes were ably led by Rev. R. C. Brooks, pastor of the First Congregational Church, Walla Walla; Prof. Norman F. Coleman of Whitman College, Walla Walla; Miss Edith Hatfield, of California. There were also Mission classes, the leaders of which were vitally interested in the work. Last but not least were the impres-
sions of the girls gathered there. All were sweet Christian girls, having the true spirit of comradeship, and if all the other good things were taken away the companionship, mutual helpfulness and confidence bestowed among the girls, would be incentive enough to attend this conference.

Girls, don’t miss the opportunity of spending ten days of this coming summer at the Breakers. You could make no better investment of your time.

BESSIE A. MARSH.

THE WORK OF THE Y. W. C. A.

The membership of the Y. W. C. A. is the largest that has been enrolled in the school, there being 80 members.

The meetings held every Tuesday noon have had an average attendance of fifty; the subjects have been such as has stimulated personal thought along spiritual and moral lines.

These meetings have done more than anything else to make the girls feel at home and be united in Christian work. Arrangements have been made whereby the different classes in school shall have charge of the meetings for the rest of the term, taking special topics and rendering special music.

The Missionary Band has two classes in bible study, one on “Home Missions,” and the other, “The King and His Kingdom.” Several are enrolled and enjoying the work. Once a month the Missionary Department gives a special meeting, this month being a “Missionary Tea” on Tuesday afternoon. A large number attended and enjoyed the literary and music program rendered.

We hope through this department that many of the girls will become interested in the Mission work and take it up as their life work.

DEATH

By Olive Russel

Death, thou master of the realms of night,

Where the pools of Lethe shadowy gleam,

And drooping willows in the faint, pale light

Dip their quivering tips in the limpid stream,

Where the sin-burnt shades of all men

Plunge into the healing streams,

Leave their wrongs and cares forgotten,

As some frightful, sickening dreams.

Oh, take me now to thy dusk arms;

For Death’s a friend, Life a loathsome thing!

I scoff at thy threats, and love thy charms!

Fold o’er me now thy cool, soft wings;

Let my waning spirit gently free,

I long to be at peace with thee.
It marked a new day in the ministerial life of our school when on February 25 District Superintendent Thos. E. Elliot addressed the student body on the "Call to the Ministry." In his energetic way Dr. Elliot told of the ministry, its sacred obligations, its call and its work. He told of the things expected of one who enters this work—the exacting duties, the meager support and the conflict with the narrow views of some people. He commended the bible to all as a text book on religion and exhorted all to stand by it. Theology and notions may change, but Christianity never will.

After he had finished President Zeller asked all to stand who were ministers. Five responded. Then making the call to include all contemplating entering the ministry, twenty-five young men rose to their feet. It was the first opportunity that our student body had had to testify to this intention.

This inspiring address and the fact that at least twenty-five men were looking forward to active ministerial work, caused the five young men actively engaged in serving charges to meet in the preachers' room on February 26, after chapel, to formulate plans for an association that would encourage this phase of our college life. These men were: Samuel Dupertius, '14, who is stationed at Milton; Arthur A. Metcalf, '12, who is serving the Midland-Spanaway Circuit; George Day, '12, at Burton; Ernest Mathews, '10, Gig Harbor, and Charles Wesley Blanpied, '10, of Wesley Church, Tacoma. Mr. Blanpied was chosen chairman and Dr. Zeller was asked to express his views concerning such an organization. He spoke in favor of it and suggested the name, "Oxford Club." Samuel Dupertius moved to organize such a club, which was carried. A committee of the chairman and Mr. Metcalf was chosen to draw up a constitution. This committee
reported a constitution which was adopted March first at a meeting called for that purpose.

Officers were elected and the new movement was launched. We ask for the co-operation of the students and friends of the University and will heartily welcome to our organization all who are looking forward to the work of the ministry—ministry in the broad sense of the word with the world as our parish.

The charter officers of the club as elected are: Charles Wesley Blanpied, leader; Ernest Mathews, second leader; Samuel Dupertius, recorder, and Arthur A. Metcalf, steward. The committees are: Membership—Messrs. Mathews, Day and Dupertius. Program—Messrs. Metcalf, Dupertius and Day.

CHARLES WESLEY BLANPIED
Who will represent U. P. S. in State Oratorical Contest

ANNUAL ORATORICAL CONTEST

One of the most interesting student affairs of the year was the annual Prohibition Oratorical Contest held February 15, 1910.

The five speakers in order of their value were Mr. C. W. Blanpied, Mr. Daniel Dupertius, Mr. Whealdon, Mr. Cottrell and Mr. Decker.

This occasion was one of interest to the whole University. Both Academy and College were represented, while enthusiastic yells and songs from the various societies cheered the contestants on to victory.

Mr. Blanpied, "The Man of the Hour," although he had the most difficult place, coming the first on the program, gave his oration in a splendid manner. His whole bearing was easy, and his delivery was especially agreeable.

The second place was taken by Mr. Daniel Dupertius. His subject, "Appeal to Patriotism," was full of accurate details which Mr. Dupertius forcefully showed.

Mr. Whealdon's subject, "The Recreate Gleam," was very suitable for an oration, and was given in good style.

Mr. Decker, a Freshman, chose for his subject "The Prohibition Party." A splendid attempt for a Freshman.

Cheer up, Freshies, you'll be Sopho-
mores by and by.

The second Academy was represented very ably by Mr. Cottrell, who surprised everybody. The mode of his delivery was especially in keeping with his peroration. We wonder since when has Mr. Cottrell given up his pet idea—'The Lord made man to rule over women and all other beasts?'

On the whole this contest was the only all round student affair of the year. "Our University" is showing increased interest in such contests. By the time we have a victor in the Interstate Contest we'll surely be able to sing

"We're the best school in the West; We're far better than the rest."

Associate Editor.

**MARKINGS OF THE JUDGES**

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**THE SECRET OF POWER**

Winning Oration in the Oratorical Contest

Determination is the secret of power. It is the law of progress. A noble purpose is born of conscience, impelled by conviction and accomplished by the strength of will. It is the soul's staunch agent which executes the will of the Divine. If left dormant will withers away and dies; exercised it reaches that stage of development that enables man to endure persecution, defy opposition, and, if need be, lay down his life in defense of truth and righteousness.

As the eagle soars to his mountain home, so man rises by exercise of will. The law of custom holds society under its influence. At times the millions are as sheep without a shepherd, and clouds of moral darkness envelope civilization. But at a crucial time, a man with keen perception of infinite truth, and an unflinching power of determination, makes a stand for law and justice. He has a mission to perform; thrilled by the weight of responsibility, he spends his life in working out his convictions and becomes the guiding star in the upward progress of civilization.

In all ages volition has fired men to stand for principle. The martyr lives his life of Christian strength among men. Feeling his God-given mission, he moves about, instilling his message into the very souls of those with whom he comes in contact. And though he enters his reward from the funeral pyre, the "Pegasus" of his spirit leaping forth from his ashes, causes the truth for which he sacrificed his life to become a world-wide inspiration.
The statesman spends his life fighting for principle. He may be abused by others of his time. Public sentiment may be against him. By his indomitable will he breathes into his countrymen the patriotism which causes right to triumph. His determination has been utilized for the uplifting of democracy, and though the number of his followers at death may not equal the demagogue's, the pages of future history will reveal his true character, and his name will be revered in the homes for which he gave his life.

On the other hand this ever moving force of will may be destructive to the public good. A man may covet worldly dominion. He makes this longing for power his god. With heated blood he catches a glimpse of the sword; it points the way and he follows its guidance. His daring sways men's minds and they flock to his leadership. He permits no barriers. Defeat to him is a foreigner. With his invulnerable forces he marches forward and nations fall at his feet like fields of hail-stoned grain. But he wades through blood to his victory. Ruin and despair are the only witnesses of his triumphs. Though the whole world may be prostrate at his feet, he dies; it may be at the block, on a lonely island, or at the point of his own sword. But it matters not, for he is remembered only for the destruction he wrought by the wrong application of his will.

Throughout all history, the men who have taken the stand for purity and truth have possessed this mastery of will. As the handful of Athenians rushed up the hill at Marathon the meet the Persian hosts, it was the ringing words of Miltiades that led them on to victory: "On, sons of the Greek! Strike for the freedom of your homes, of your children, and of your wives; for the shrines of your father's gods and for the sepulchres of your sires! All—all—are now staked upon this strife." The Persians were repulsed. Athens was preserved. And the whole secret of power lay in the invincible will of Miltiades. William Loyd Garrison's printing press was burned. He was dragged through the streets of Boston. But when asked to recant he electrified the cause of freedom by these stirring words: "I am in earnest; I will not equivocate; I will not excuse; I will not retreat a single inch; and I will be heard." When ex-Governor Hanley was approached about his political ambitions that man of iron will said, "I would rather see all the saloons driven out of Indiana than be president of the United States."

Other characters in the political world of today reveal men of will. With a firm conviction of the sanctity of his oath, Governor Stubbs set forth into the thickest of the fray. He was met on every hand by opposition, suffered insult from his party leaders, and banishment from the social clubs of his state. But through all this he remained firm and today Kansas has fewer saloons than any state in the Union. When approached by politicians in a compromising vein he turned upon them with this characteristic reply: "I expect to stand for the best things in public and private life. We won't have any drunkards on the state pay-roll while I am governor, and we won't have any cigarette fiends either. Most of those fellows gathered in jails are there because of intoxicating liquors. There is a relationship between drunkenness and jails and penitentiaries."

The liquor traffic has its legions of supporters, ranging from the bloated brewer, through the voter, to the drunkard in the ditch. Notwithstanding this vast company that is backing up the accursed traffic, it is doomed. For the fate of every great evil has been the same. The iniquity increases until it arouses the hatred of strong willed men, who band together and crush it at a single blow.

Slavery ceased to be a necessary evil when it reached such massive heights as to control the politics of the South, and to threaten the life of our country. Public
morality rebelled, but slavery could not be put down without strife. Four long years
the North and South faced each other in the fiercest contest the world has ever
witnessed. But right won the victory, and, with one stroke of the pen, shattered
into fragments this evil institution, and, as a result, the constitution now declares
that slavery shall be forever prohibited.

So must the liquor traffic go. Until we can obtain general public sentiment,
we cannot hope to be free from this pestilence. But great things are being accom-
plished. Never before in the history of the traffic, has there been so pronounced an
opposition. A tide of morality is swelling the sea of society as never before. But
Oh, Christians of these United States, Christians of the grandest nation in existence,
you are the people who must solve this problem. This generation needs men of will;
men who will not foster deceit; men who will not lie; men who will make a stand
against intemperance, and remain firm; Christians who can rise above the turmoil
of earth and come in touch with the Infinite. Then, and only then, will universal
prohibition be heralded throughout the land of the stars and stripes. The liquor
traffic must die. It is a blight to our fair name. It is a curse to our nation.

All about us nature reigns supreme. Everything is in harmony. The grass
carpets the earth; the trees delight the eye with their foliage, and the flower in all
its fragrance bursts forth to welcome God's beings. But the chanting bird by "Bonnie
Doon" reminds man that his life is not in tune with the great plan of nature.
With this there is but one means of attaining harmony. The God-given power of
will places him, if he but chooses, in accord with Nature's Paradise. A purpose
comes to him. He seeks to carry it out. Immediately his pathway is blurred by the
counsel of other wayworn pilgrims. But the Man of like temptations stands waiting
to lead him onward. Thus, in touch with the power of Peace he finds that he has
a sure guide to victory in a gift Divine. It is will. He gropes about hoping to
understand this force, and the low voice of will speaks to him: "I am the controlling
power among men. With improper exercise you will find me crushing lives and
damning souls for eternity. In my development you will witness countless blessings,
and see through me the gates of Paradise. You are jostled about in this great ocean
of souls, fearing, trembling, despairing. You grow faint and weary. Alone you
would fall, but appealing through me to the Higher Will you rest content. Basking
in the sunlight of His Infinite love, you may bid defiance to the voice of the tempter.

"Out from the tomb crept Vice with hideous leer;
'I am Heredity,' he said, 'whom all men fear;
I sleep, but die not; when fate calls, I come;
A generation at my touch succumb.'
A lofty shape rose sudden in his path;
'You lie,' it cried and struck at him in wrath,
And Heredity, the braggart, stark and still,
Fell prostrate at the feet of mighty Will.'

Mr. Kennard: "We didn't have a very good meeting the other day be-
cause I was absent."

Mr. Green (at the Home phone, after holding the receiver to his ear for
about five minutes): "Hello, Hello, Central! I've been waiting here—aw!"
Then he began to reel off the number on the automatic.
A HOWLING SUCCESS

All who were at the banquet, held at the Hotel Bonneville the night of Washington's Birthday agree that it was a glorious success, or to express it in Freshman parlance, "a howling success." It became evident early in the day that the spacious dining room would be crowded to its limit.

From eight o'clock until ten students and friends enjoyed an informal reception. Then the classes, faculty, trustees, alumni and friends entered the banquet hall and were seated in their respective groups. Everywhere were evidences of university life, pennants, flowers, bunting and flags adorned the walls and tables. Prof. Bull's orchestra, located in the gallery, furnished music throughout the entire course. They were, however, ably assisted by college and class yells and songs. The classes vied with each other in making noise.

Though the hour was late when the toasts began a more attentive and enthusiastic audience would be difficult to find. Mr. L. Blaine, President of the Board of Trustees, presided as toastmaster, and in his own jovial manner introduced those who represented their organizations with toasts.

Mr. Samuel Dupertius, from the Academy, spoke first on the subject, "A Surveyor's Outlook." Mr. Dupertius spoke in a forceful manner, dividing his theme into three brief surveys: The land occupied; the promised land before them—the college; and the coveted future of the beloved school. He spoke of the "desperate" training our Academic students were receiving and in this connection gave a high tribute to our Christian school and splendid faculty. Then he said, "The Academy of today is the college of tomorrow," and encouraged the faculty that if they but waited they would soon have better material with which to work. After speaking modestly (?) of the wonderful raw material he represented, he acknowledged the inspiration they received from the verdant Freshmen, the profound wisdom of the Sophomores and the youthful thoughtfulness of the Juniors and the unassuming self-confidence and poise of the Seniors." In his third survey he showed us "Our University," without peer in the West.

Mr. Anton Brix next responded to the toast, "College Minute Men." He very effectively compared the Freshmen to the Minute Men of Revolutionary days. Then, as only Mr. Brix can do it he told a story of a man peddling cats. The lady refused to buy on account of the youthful appearance of the kittens, but the peddler met her with the argument that they were at their best for they had gone out of their Academic blind stage and had not yet entered the lazy stage of the Sophomore. "Our College," said he, "needs men today to preserve and defend her and help to cause peace to reign in our midst. We have class spirit but our University spirit overtops it. Our
sacred obligation shall be: 'Our school, our whole school and nothing but our school.'"

Mr. Arthur Metcalf spoke next on the subject, "Valley Forge." Dividing his toast as to viewpoint Mr. Metcalf told of the Valley Forge experiences of the different angles of college life. To the student the semester examinations represent Valley Forge; to the faculty, the time when the student begins to think for himself. "Count Steuben saw in Valley Forge a chance to train untrained men and made sure the victory of Yorktown. So the All Seeing Ruler of our life sees the whole college career as one great Valley Forge experience where the untrained life is moulded, making the victories of after life certain.

Miss Estella Burwell, representing the Junior class, handled her subject, "The College Hatchet," in a most unique manner. She made the college hatchet symbolize the Indian Tomahawk and represented each class carrying this through college, scalping enemies until it is buried after the Seniors join the ranks of the Alumni. Then Miss Burwell used her hatchet to knock, hack and dig in a pleasing manner the Academy, College and faculty folk and the chapel fireman was not forgotten during the process.

"We have roasted in all manner and in all places;
We have roasted no two quite the same.
Then why not for loyalty's sake
Sing one for our classes' fame.

After this the Juniors sang a song to the tune of "School Days."

Charles Blanpied next responded to the Senior toast, "The College Patriot." In an enthusiastic manner he compared the Revolutionary patriot to the college patriot. "True patriotism consists not in bravery nor in scholarship, for both Arnold and Charles Lee fell. Washington was not brilliant, but maintained a balance and a moral poise. We will not find our college patriot alone in athletics, studyroom, social circles or religious services, but an equal enthusiast for all. Be true to the administration and the faculty—if so our faculty can do again what they have done, train crude Academic timber into Seniors who will soon like the Alumni go to Atlas and say, "Let me assist you in holding up the world." Be true to all the college activities and boost. Nor will the reward of sacrifice fail—for high in the firmament of human destiny are set the stars of loyalty to a cause. And while they shine—they who have helped boost "Our University"—they who have been the true college patriots—while they shine the University of Puget Sound will never die."

Mrs. Mabel Simpson represented the faculty with the toast, "Crossing the Delaware." She very logically developed her subject. Said that every
nation, every great movement had, like Washington, crossed their Delawares. Civilization has crossed into the Northwest and are we going to send our young people East to college. True, our educational system must develop slower than the commercial world, but our schools and colleges have done remarkably in comparison with the growth of the old Eastern institutions. The small Christian college is the best and this is what we are striving to make our school. The U. P. S. has forded more than one Delaware and we have others facing us—but we are assured of success.”

In the absence of R. L. McCormick, who was to represent the Board of Trustees, Mr. Henry Hewitt, one of the leading citizens of Tacoma, gave a very interesting and energetic speech. He spoke highly of the University and told us that he was glad that he had put some of his money in it. He said that he liked the speeches given and the “wind” that had poured out during the evening. Said for all to go on and graduate—but that those black caps and gowns of the Seniors were of little use if it gave them the “swell head.” Mr. Hewitt’s speech was characteristic of the enterprise and push of the man. It was full of good sound sense and homely philosophy, and was hugely enjoyed by all.

Dr. Zeller spoke next on the “President’s Message,” and though the hour was late everyone enjoyed his forceful and sane message to the greatest extent. He said in part: “No place has been more favored by nature for becoming an educational center. Tacoma should be as proud of her High School as she is of her mountain. The University of Puget Sound has an excellent location. We have the students, but we admit and we feel it no reflection to admit it, that we are limited as to resources. With 95 per cent of our students enrolled in the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A., with our prayer meeting attendance as it is, and all but a dozen of our students making a profession of religious life, it would seem that we are living up to our privileges as a Christian school.” Then the President made a stirring appeal to the friends of our institution and in particular to the citizens of Tacoma, to make a greater sacrifice. “Sending your children East to school depreciates your own city and her institutions of learning.” Among the pressing needs he mentioned were: $6,000 for a boy’s dormitory, $2,000 for a domestic science department, $10,000 to build and equip a Junior High School. $30,000 for a ladies’ dormitory, $50,000 for a science hall, and $200,000 for endowment.

Special cars were in waiting which conveyed the crowds to their homes. All unite in pronouncing it the best “All University” affair of any kind ever held in the history of the institution. All are looking forward to the same event next year.
SENIOR ORATORY RECITAL

Thus far the crowning event of the school year was the Senior Recital, given Tuesday evening, February 25. The largest audience that has assembled in the chapel since school opened greeted the class in their effort. It was an inspiring and appreciative crowd, made up of many patrons of the school and lovers of dramatic art outside of the University, together with almost the entire student body. Much praise for the excellent work done by the class has been received since the event. Each speaker presented equally well in an entertaining and artistic manner, the dramatic, pathetic and humorous line of work. Perhaps the best work was done on the following recitation: “The Crucifixion,” by Lew Wallace, given by Mr. Fred Pflaum, who handled that difficult and beautiful production in such a way as to hold his hearers in rapt attention throughout the entire selection, “The Pudding,” a most laughable monologue, made exceedingly funny by Miss Wiggins. “The Pettison Twins,” by Miss Lewis, who gave us a most realistic scene in a kindergarten, handling with equal skill the child impersonations and the characterization of the teacher; and “Lygia,” the arena scene from Quo Vadis, presented in a splendidly dramatic way by Mr. Charles Blain pied. Everything was enthusiastically encored. The music rendered by the Evangelical Church Orchestra, and Miss Hinz, who is a superb artist on that sweet-

Junior Coats, Suits and Skirts
For the College Miss
Full of style and dash

COAT of serge covert and tweed effects in nobby mixtures navy, red and Shepard’s plaid
$8.50 to $12.50

JUNIOR SUITS, a great variety in tailored coat styles, Norfolk and belted effects at
$12.50 to $25.00

JUNIOR SKIRTS of splendid storm serge, in navy and black, with laced habit back and opening in front
$6.95

THE NEW SPRING HATS
Are ready for you

FEEL FREE TO LOOK

The Stone-Fisher Co.
toned instrument, the zither, interspersed several selections to the delight of the audience.

PROGRAM

Music .................... Orchestra
Reading—Brother Peter Paul.....
......................... Selected
Mr. Charles Wesley Blanpied
Reading—For the Love of a Man...
............... Jack London
Miss Julia Wiggins
Reading—The Crucifixion.......
........................ Lew Wallace
Mr. Fred Pflaum
Music ..................... Zither Solo
               Miss Bertha Hinz
Reading—The Pilot's Story.....
............................. W. D. Howell
Miss Frances Lewis
Monologue—The Pudding........
...................... Mary Isabelle Fiske
Miss Wiggins
Music ..................... Orchestra
Reading—The Pettison Twins at Kin-
dergarten ............... Marion Hill
Miss Lewis
Reading—A Dream........... W. J. Kelly
Mr. Pflaum
Reading—Lygia .............
............... Henryk Sienkiewicz
Mr. Blanpied

AMPHECTYONS WILL GIVE PRO-
GRAM

The Amphictyon Literary Society
will give a program in the chapel on
the evening of March 21, to which
we invite all students and their
friends.

Oh You Student

Yes

$1200. was made by one U. P.
S. student who invested $300.
$1200 on $300 in about four
years.

Only

$20 cash down and the balance
in small amounts and now the prop-
erty is worth $1500.

Try

It

will make you rich to invest in
some of our little snaps.

A. B. L. GELLERMAN

Main 922    233 Provident Bdg.
PERSONALS

A: "Miss Holman, do you belong to the H. C. S.?'"
Miss H: "No, I belong to an H. C. S."

Rev. Mathews is making preparations to live at Gig Harbor (alone.)
Miss Holden: One more departed to join the ranks of matrimony! Not yet, but soon—.

Mr. John Duperties seems to be Grieve-ing again.

Why did Mr. Green get a buggy instead of a taxicab after the Burton game?
At times like that Mr. Green doesn't believe in the swiftness of modern travel.

C. W. Blanpied has been chosen as tutor for the beginning class in algebra for the second semester.

Inez Hellas, Esther Erickson, May Curtis, Marie Morgan and Ethel Munter are new enrollments in the Academic department.

Ray Sonneman, who has been attending the Kent High School, will finish the Senior Academy in the spring.

Olive Thomas, '09 Tacoma High, is a new recruit of the Freshman class.

Berna Miller, who attended the U. P. S. last year, has resumed woro again. We are glad to welcome her to our halls.

Viola Messenger, who has a scholarship from the Marysville High School, has entered the Freshman ranks. See that Freshman class grow.

Max Waldron, of the U. P. S. Academy, '09, has entered the school again. You can't keep 'em away after they've been here.

The smiling face of Dr. Bowen was a cheer to our students during the progress of the meetings the first two weeks of the semester. We will long remember his stay among us.

The Senior class has been increased by the arrival of Lela Lorene Blan-pied, born January 12. There is no happier man in the University than the proud "papa." C. W.

Word from Harry and Mrs. Allen informs us of their safe arrival at Iquique, Chili. Harry is teaching in the summer school there and enjoys his work fine.
The date for the oratorical contest has been changed to the 18th of February. The contestants this year will be: Clark Cottrel, Wesley Whealdon, Daniel Dupertius, Arthur Decker and Chas. Blanpieid.

At a meeting of the Board of Control Friday, February 11, Culbertson was elected baseball manager and Harry Luke was made tennis manager.

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**CHILDHOOD**

Beulah Mirice

I am reminded of days departed,
How often underneath the sun
With childish bounds I used to run
To a garden long ago deserted.

The beds and walks are vanished quite,
And who so ere had struck the spade,
The greenest grasses Nature laid
To sanctify her right.

This place I called my wilderness,
For no one entered it but I;
The sheep looked the grass toespy,
But passed it by never the less.

The trees were interwoven wild,
But not a playful child.
And spread their boughs enough about
To keep all cattle and sheep out,

Adventurous joy it was for me;
I crep beneath the boughs and found
Ar circle smooth of grassy ground
Beneath an apple tree;

And garden roses hedged it in,
Some deep blood-red, some waxen white,
Wtel nourished there with dey and light,
And beautiful, our hearts to win.

Long years ago, it might befall,
When all the garden flowers were trim,
My dear old Uncle prided him
On these the most of all.

And oft I’ve read in this same nook
Such funny stories! till the breeze
Made sounds poetic in the trees,
And then I shut the book.

And still I’d sit and dream and dream
Of the future days I’d view;
But suddenly my Auntie would call,
“Come, dear! there’s work to do.”

My childhood from my life has flown;
My footsteps, from the moss which drew
Its fairy circle round; anew
That garden is o’er-grown.

Ah, me! ah, me! when erst I lay
In that child nest, so greenly wrought,
I sighed unto myself, and thought
This time will pass away.

And still I sighed, but did not fear
That, when that time had passed away,
The childish time, some happier day
My womanhood would cheer.

It something saith for earthly pain,
But more for heavenly promise free.
That I, who was, should shrink to be
That happy child again.

NEW AMPHICTYON OFFICERS

President .............Louis Benbow
Vice President .........Marie Whipple
Recording Secretary ..Hazel Carlson
Financial Secretary ...J. C. Waggoner
Chaplain ..............Guy McHenry
Treasurer .............Walter Dexter

Histories .............Andy Klebe
Reporters ............Ada Mikkelson
Critics ...............A. A. Metcalf
Sergeant-at-arms.....Wilbur Hart
Asst. Sergeant-at-arms. Olin Graham

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

On Friday night, April 8, the
Philomathean Literary Society, will invite the House of Representatives of the State of Washington ten years hence when Woman Suffrage shall be in vogue. It promises to be one of the most entertaining as well as instructive affairs of the year. A small admission fee will be charged, the proceeds to go to the Piano Fund. Everybody come.

ALTRURIAN PARTY

After the regular program Monday evening, February 14, the Altrurians enjoyed a very pleasant Valentine party. The hall was prettily decorated and all were plentifully supplied with fudge. Appropriate games filled out the evening until a late hour.

A WEB OF LIFE

"Oh, father! please don’t take away the last reminder of our happiness. Don’t you remember when that was given us?"

"Yes, but what is that compared to the craving thirst I have when I can’t get my drink? I tell you, woman, I must sell this. Happiness, you say? What happiness have I except to drown my troubles?" He gave a hoarse laugh and ruthlessly tore down the beautiful picture.

It did look out of place in the poor, bare room, curtainless and comfortless, with only a table, a few broken chairs, and such articles as could not be pawned. Poor Mrs. Eaton sat down, and, covering her face with her work-hardened hands, sobbed as if her heart were breaking. And so it was! For, was not her husband, who was once her pride and joy, going to ruin with quick, uneven strides? And now the last straw had come. Involuntarily she glanced at the bare wall, where the picture with its memories had been the one bright spot, and thinking of the business to which it was now to be put, her sobs broke out afresh. He would get a large price for it, and would not return until it was all spent. And then she shuddered at what would follow, but resolutely putting away her grief, went back to her washing, which must be taken home that evening. But her thoughts kept traveling back over the days of her married life, from where they had started in a pretty little cottage in a village near London, to where they had finally drifted in the dirty, foul-smelling tenament district of that big city. Her only solace, in the past years, had been her children; Jack the elder, now a lad of twelve, and Margaret, a bright pretty girl of nine.

Her reverie was cut short by a merry whistle, and Jack bounded up the rickety steps and into the room.

"Oh, mother, I sold all my papers this time, and—but what’s the matter? Is father—"
Spring Merchandise

has poured into this store for the past two months and on every hand are now displayed the newest ideas in wearables and needables for the coming season. The clearance Sales have removed all of last season’s goods and the Store of Rhodes Brothers opens its new season more splendidly prepared than ever to gratify the needs and whims of its patrons.

In the Suit and Cloak Store the new Spring suits, coats, dresses and gowns are shown in almost endless variety. The Millinery Salon is abloom with the latest conceits of Paris and New York, while the novelty and accessory departments overflow with those little things that gladden the heart of dress-loving women.

We cordially invite one and all to visit the store, compare our merchandise with that shown elsewhere and give us that portion of your patronage which you seem justified in doing.
No, father is not here now, but he was this morning. Oh, Jack! promise me that you will never be as he is.”

“Never, mother! and now don’t worry. See, I have that much from this morning’s work, and I hope soon that you won’t need to do those horrid washings. Where’s Margaret?”

“Why, that dear little missionary, bless her soul, came and took her away to the Mission School. Margaret was wild with joy. But it is noon, and she will soon be here, so I must find something to eat.”

The frugal meal was soon laid, and by the time Margaret came, all trace of the morning’s sorrow had left the mother’s face, and her happy young life knew no burden.

A week had gone and Mr. Eaton had not yet returned. How his wife dreaded the moment when his uncertain step would be heard. But she was far from being prepared for what was to come. It was ten o’clock at night. The children were asleep, but Mrs. Eaton was still at work, trying to finish an ironing. Suddenly, heavy steps sounded on the stairs, and there came a loud rap at the door. Tremblingly, she opened it, and there stood a burly policeman.

“Pardon, mum, but is this Mrs. Eaton?” On her reply in the affirmative, he hesitated and seemed embarrassed, then said,

“Well, I’m no end sorry, but I’m afraid I have bad news for ye.”

“Oh, what is it? Tell me quick!”

“It's jest this way. I was a walkin’ along on my beat, and spied a man stumblin’ across the street. He got about to the middle, and fell headlong, and just then a ear come, and before I could stop it it was too late. We found this in his pocket.”

Mrs. Eaton tremblingly took the slip of paper which proved to be a pawn check on the bottom of which he had scrawled his name. She tried to speak, but all she could do was to motion them to bring him up, and soon they left her alone with her dead.

A year passed, filled with toil and hardships, and poor Mrs. Eaton could hardly bear up under their weight. True, Jack did his best, but he was only a lad, and burdens could not rest heavily upon him.

One day, when Margaret came home from the Mission, she brought with her a poster, which advertised in large letters that a missionary from America would speak that evening. Mrs. Eaton resolved to hear him and get some cheer, if possible into her dreary heart. He spoke in glowing terms of a land which seemed to the hearers almost like heaven. Ease and happiness seemed to be his text, and the listeners went away with longings in their hearts.

Time and time again Mrs. Eaton went, and finally the missionary not need her earnest face, and hastened to speak to her. She told him her sad story
Quality Clothes

Stein Bloch clothes are for those who enjoy the distinction of being correctly clothed.

Be stylish and wear them.

This is the season furnishing goods enforce your most critical attention, for it is during the Spring and Summer months that these details of dress are most conspicuously in evidence. The ultra effects that we show now in shirts, cravats, hosiery, gloves, waistcoats, etc. are indicative of the seasons richest and tastiest departures.

STRAIN & MOORE
1154 Pacific Avenue

Patronize Our Advertisers and Mention The "Maroon"
and of her present struggles, and he promised to help her. The next day he called.

"Mrs. Eaton," he said, "I have been telling you of a land of happiness; of a city over the sea where your children can be properly educated, and where you will find more congenial work. It is a beautiful place to live, with wide, clean streets, pleasant homes and happy people. I am leaving, in a few weeks, for home, and will gladly take you and help you to get a new start."

"Oh, but how can I and the children take such a trip with no money?"

"I will attend to that if you will promise to go."

Mrs. Eaton begged for time to think it over, and every day the missionary came and pictured anew the beauties and joys that awaited her, until finally she decided to leave her native land, and with others who were going, to seek her fortune in America.

They had been two days out at sea, and our little company began to notice a change in the manner of the missionary. Not only were they given the meanest of berths to sleep in, and were obliged to huddle in a small corner of the steerage, but instead of kind, encouraging words, and cheery smiles, Mr. Stone gave them only rough, cross words and scowls. They were watched as though they were prisoners and were not given an opportunity to talk with other passengers. Filled with wonder and fear, they anxiously waited, dreading the outcome.

It was a rainy, gloomy day when they landed in New York and the weather answered the feelings of our forlorn little company, as they waited for further orders from their leader. How they were beginning to hate him! How they wished they could leave him! But where could they go? What could they do? In a strange city of a strange land. It was plain that the only thing to do was to follow his directions, and see where that would lead them.

Just then a gruff voice called:

"Come on, every one, and help load this wagon with your goods. Its high time we were started now. We've miles to go before you people can expect ease." With that Mr. Stone set every woman and child to work carrying boxes, trunks and bags from the wharf to a covered wagon. When all was ready he gruffly ordered them to climb in, which they did, and found what place they could among the luggage.

Thus began the tedious journey through an unknown country, and to where they could not guess. Many a weary mile were they obliged to walk and carry a load beside, to rest the horses. Many a day they had very little to eat, being at the mercy of Mr. Stone who dealt it out to them. At last, footsore and weary of heart and body, they came in sight of a town which
For
GOOD, CHEAP PRINTING

See
Wm. J. Green
The
BUSINESS MANAGER.

We're Testing
the value of advertising in The
Maroon. Come in and see our en-
larged store and when you find the
hat that suits you don't forget to tell
us that you're from the U. P. S.

We Sell
Them
The Newest
Styles
$3.00 $3.50
$4.00
Ladies and
Gents
GOOD
SHOES
SMITH-HENRICKSEN
936 Pacific Ave.

Our First Anniversary
Display
Low Prices Satisfactory Work
No trouble to show goods
Come in and see us before going
elsewhere.

Mrs. L. A. McCarthy
MILLINERY
2310 6th Ave. Tacoma, Wash.

Patronize Our Advertisers and Mention The "Maroon"
Mr. Stone said was their destination.

Drawing up in front of a store, he called:

"Jerry," at which a tall, thin fellow came out with mouth and eyes wide open.

"Hello! it's our missionary. Well! well! and if you haven't some fruits of your labors. Where'd you get um?"

"I'll tell you that later," was the rejoinder. "But just now, how many empty houses can you fork up? I have six families here."

Jerry pointed down the street.

"There be three houses, and jest behind them two more, and right around the corner is one jest vacated today."

"Very well," and Mr. Stone went on, one after another depositing the several families and their belongings in their new abodes. Promising to send around some groceries and get them work to do as soon as possible, Mr. Stone left them.

The days following their arrival, Mrs. Eaton endeavored to solve the mystery of the village, for she felt sure there was one. True to his word, Mr. Stone saw that they had plenty to eat, and he seemed a little kinder and more interested in their welfare. Especially toward the children was this so. Scarcely a week had passed until all of them were placed in school. This pleased Jack immensely, for he was studious by nature, and always said that he would be a lawyer. But one day he came home greatly troubled.

"Mother," he said. "That is such a queer school. Of course they teach us the regular lessons, but besides they tell us of strange things that I don't understand, and I don't like either."

"I noticed that too," ventured Margaret.

"It isn't at all like the Mission School."

Mrs. Eaton was puzzled.

"That is queer. But it may be only the American way."

"Well," said Jack stoutly. "Whatever way it is I don't like it."

"But son, don't say anything to Mr. Stone just yet. He has been true to his promise and has sent me a pile of sewing, and says if I prove capable, I can have all I can do. And they pay well, too."

So the matter was dropped for the time, apparently. But Jack decided to watch proceedings. A boy of about his age lived next door, and it was not long before the two boys were friends. They were walking home from school one day, when Jack said suddenly:

"I say, Harry, what's all that rot they teach us up there?"

"What rot?"

"Oh, that about Prophet Smith and his relatives. I never heard anything like it before."

"Oh, that is Mormonism."
TURRELL'S

Is the place where you will find up-to-date Shoes for young men and women. The success of our Spring shoes is remarkable. They "have caught the trade" and are keeping us busy. Fashion says "Oxfords are it," and all the fellows and girls who care to be "in it" will answer the call and "Oxford their feet" at once. Where to get them is best made plain, leaving no doubt about it, to all who will take a look in our windows at

922 Pacific Ave.

Come in and you will decide the time well spent for we will show you the classiest array of low shoe beauties ever brought together. You'll feel proud to join the dress parade in a pair of these swell shoes.
"What's that?"
"Why, didn't you ever hear of Salt Lake City and our beautiful Mormon Temple? Look! you can see the dome of the temple from here."
"Yes, I've seen that, but didn't know what it was, and no one told us."
When Harry left him Jack walked on slowly, wondering what it all meant.

That evening Harry's mother visited Mrs. Eaton. She was the first woman to call, and feeling that she must unburden her heart to someone, Mrs. Eaton told her of the strange happenings and how she and others were so mysteriously brought here.

"Now tell me, Mrs. Ross, if you can, what sort of a city this is, and why we were brought here."
"Don't you know? Why, Mr. Stone wants your children for Mormons. That's his business to bring in new ones to teach the doctrine. We're polygamists, and sometimes I'm mighty sorry, too. I'm Mrs. Ross number two. The favorite Mrs. Ross lives in that mansion just above me, and you see what a hut I live in. I used to be favored too, but now, I and the children live almost like paupers. And oh, Mrs. Eaton—" in a sudden burst of confidence—"it has been days since I tasted meat."

Mrs. Eaton was dumfounded.
"And I have brought my children to this," she cried. "Never, never, shall they be Mormons! I'd sooner have them dead. Why didn't I know it before?" and she wrung her hands in grief.

Mrs. Ross tried to comfort her, and said she would help her all she could.

(To be continued)
Cure your

SPRING FEVER

Get lots of FRESH AIR and SUNSHINE

take

A ROW, a SAIL or a LAUNCH RIDE

Foss Boat House

Foot of Commercial Dock

Here you will find a large Assortment of

Nobby Suits
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Latest Fall Styles

$15 to $30

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GOLDEN ROD BUTTER
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REYNOLDS BARBER SHOP
COURTEOUS TREATMENT
WORK GUARANTEED
2409 6th Ave. Tacoma

Patronize Our Advertisers and Mention The "Maroon"
SWEATERS AND JERSEYS
and everything for
Foot Ball, Gymnasium and Track
Use, at
Right Prices
The Kimball Gun Store
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“Pioneer”
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