The last division of popular songs under consideration comprises the hymns of the Christian church.

Dr. Chas. Syme Robinson in the preface to his "Annotations upon popular hymns," makes the following significant statement, viz.: "A great wealth of new compositions has suddenly been put within the grasp reach of the various denominations of Christians during the three decades just closing the nineteenth century. Little by little the familiar names of Ray Palmer, Charlotte Elliott, Horatius Bonar, Edward Caswell, Frances Ridley Havergal, Thos. Hastings, and John Mason Neale have advanced into fame until their contributions to the sacred songs of the religious world are rivalling in number and worth those of Isaac Watts, Anne Steele, James Montgomery, and even John Newton, William Cowper and Charles Wesley."

There is one difference between the hymns of the church and all other classes of songs which is quite noticeable and that is the fact that while theatrical and national songs come before the public as individual selections, church hymns are usually collected and used in connection with others which are older and more familiar. Hence from the standpoint of psychology a new theatrical song being introduced even with all the influence of the opera and the orchestra. The real popularity of the hymn must depend in the last analysis upon whether or not the thought contained in the verses is true to the Christian's experience, and by having it placed among those that are already recognized it is open for selection when the singers are in all the different moods, comparatively recent times, the home, the farm and shop have been responsible for vocational education and under the circumstances the results were fairly satisfactory.

At the present time, however, there is a demand that the school assume a large measure of responsibility for the vocational education for boys and girls.

Vocational education has been provided for the men in the form of schools of medical, law, theology, engineering, preparation of teachers at Normal Schools, etc.

Vocational education for girls is no less necessary.

The largest single vocation for women is that of home-making.

Vocational education is not in opposition to liberal education but supplemental thereto. To illustrate this.

The interest shown in this new department of Our University assures us that the students and the people of Tacoma appreciate the value of Home Economics as a part of the University curriculum.

The modern university is called upon to perform a great variety of services for citizenship which in the earliest stages of economic organization were performed by the family.

The family is the one institution which in our modern life has abrogated most of its functions to other institutions.

On the frontier, the home was the chief school, the father and mother the tutor, and the necessary economic and social processes of the family group were the chief instruments of education.

Now the family has abrogated practically all educational responsibility, as it has all industrial responsibility.

Economic changes have produced these great changes in institutional activities. But our economic development has been so rapid that our educational system, which has changed, but slightly during all these years, is inadequate. We have failed to correlate educational processes with the new social and industrial needs.

Down to comparatively recent times, the home, the farm and shop have been responsible for vocational education and under the circumstances the results were fairly satisfactory.

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Vocational education is not in opposition to liberal education but supplemental thereto. To illustrate this.

Our school is especially fortunate in having Professors Cummins and Wright to coach and supervise the work in debating. While students at Illinois Wesleyan they distinguished themselves in the best college Triangular Debating Leagues of the country. Professor Wright was on the winning college team two years. Professor Cummins represented the college four years, and was four times the leader. They won three out of the four contests. Paul Pearson said: "Cummins made the best record in the United States except one student of the University of Pennsylvania, who represented his college four years, but he did not report whether he won once or more." With such supervision as this, and with the student material we have, our outlook for successful contests can not be questioned.

Wesleyan Argus, Illinois.—You are just in time to appear in this week's list of exchanges. We are glad to learn of your decided success in football, and the glad tidings from the many societies, and will compliment the interest shown in the proposed work of the Y. M. C. A.
THE MAROON

Edited and Published by the Student Body of the University of Puget Sound

Application pending for Entry at the Tacoma Postoffice.

EDITORIAL

Your new editor enters upon his duties with more or less trepidation. It is no light matter to undertake to fill under appointment an office made vacant by the resignation of one whom you have elected. However, we trust that your loyalty to Our University and to all its interests will impel you to judge the same measure of support to the new staff which would be assured to them if they had been elected at the beginning of the year. We have known you as a student body long enough to realize that you have a devotion to our Alma Mater which is deep and strong. Yet sometimes for the moment we forget that things will not take care of themselves. You may have heard before that if a good paper is to be published here, you must all help to make it a good paper. In fact, very likely you have heard it so often that it has lost its effect. We wish that we could say it in such a striking and original way that you would keep it constantly in mind.

Some of our successful merchants print on their stationery "If you are pleased with our goods, tell your friends; if not, tell us.

Won't you please apply this principle to your reception of this paper? No doubt many things will appear in it which will not exactly please you. When such things do happen, come to us with your complaints and we will do our level best to bring about an improvement. You may observe tendencies in our student body which seem to you out of harmony with the standard of propriety which should obtain among us.

If this is the case, make your feeling known to us rather than to outsiders, and we will lend our influence as far as practicable to the remedying of conditions.

There is a danger, though, which we should guard against. Kindly refrain from interspersing personal aspersions in the copy you send in, and do not ask us to print an article with the view of "getting even" with some one. We ought to be big enough to keep such thoughts out of our minds to say nothing of trying to publish them.

In the controversy which has been going on through the medium of this paper in regard to the literary society situation, a considerable degree of acrimony seems to have developed. This is unfortunate since it tends to blind us to the real matter at issue. We trust that in any future discussion on this or any other topic, the champion of either side will have the courtesy to give his opponent credit for acting in good faith, and for at least a moderate degree of intelligence.

Without any desire to prolong the controversy, the writer would like to state that from his limited experience he believes thoroughly in separate literary societies for boys and girls. There is abundant opportunity for social intercourse in a co-educational institution without carrying the mingling of boys and girls into every branch of student activity. It is difficult to think that our boys suffer from the refinement of the girls in Y. M. C. A. meetings. On the contrary most of us believe that we get more spiritual help because we gather and talk as men to man.

However, we are perfectly free to say that we believe that the best literary work can be accomplished only where a much looser organization obtains than that now existing in the two societies which confine their membership to one sex. It does not pay to try to do too great a variety of things under one organization. The Roman church tried to govern the world in matters spiritual and temporal, and failed to accomplish either end. If willingness to attempt literary work were the only criterion for membership, instead of being combined with the question of social aptness, a great deal of difficulty, which has been experienced in the past, might be avoided.

We do not offer these ideas as mandatory directions for your conduct, but simply as suggestions for your consideration. Do not blase up in sudden ire and decide that your ancient liberties are being threatened. We simply believe the time is ripe for nearly so, for conforming our practices and policies in the matter of literary societies to those principles which by the test of time have been proved true in our older colleges.

We hope that these things may receive your consideration and that in thinking of them you will overcome any feeling that there is any attempt at coercion, and will decide the case on its merits.

A NEW DEPARTMENT.

We are very desirous of starting a new department in the paper. We believe that a column devoted to short, concise, criticism of style and merit of any article appearing in The Maroon will be of great benefit to the students. We do not mean to invite criticism as to the viewpoint of these articles, however, nor do we desire anything satirical or mean; just a few words of commendation or friendly criticism upon the part of the students. Editorials or items written by the faculty are not in this list and nothing that shows the unfriendly spirit will find a place in our column. If the student body will see the value of this department and become interested in the work, this promises to be one of the most interesting columns of our paper.

Just a few words in regard to the jokes. As yet, there has been nothing of any merit in our paper along this line. Now, we are out begging for jokes, but they must have a point and also have some humor. We want to laugh at them and feel better for laughing. Do not hand in any class room jokes without some words of introduction to them, so that we may know under what circumstances they occurred.

At the present time no new name has been handed in for The Maroon, which meets the approval of Dr. Zeller. Several good names have been received, but they are not suggestive enough of something local and this is what Dr. Zeller desires. The management of the paper is anxious to have the name changed and bring the paper out in a much better form than it appears now. Hand in some names. It's an easy way to earn $5.

Y. M. NOTES.

Geo. R. Thompson.

Something for the men in the University to think about. A whole lot of men have not yet definitely decided upon what your life work will be. Mr. Miller said, "Don't let a sign in a shop window decide what you shall do with your life." Every man in school has a chance to hear one profession discussed next Tuesday. Mr. Rowland, a prominent lawyer of this city and county, has promised to give us a talk on "Law as a Life Work." Those of you who have heard Mr. Rowland will not miss hearing him on this subject, and those who have not will never regret it if you avail yourself of this opportunity.

When I leave this world will men say that I missed my calling—that I was "a round peg in a square hole."

Or shall it be said that I found the place, which was intended for me, and that my work was well done?

FRIENDSHIP.

By Marvin M. Walters.

Howl like a bluebird rousing the spring Out of its dreaminess, stupor and rain, Swift wing'd friendship loosed from a soul Sings near some heart door lisp ing his call.

Like a bluebird that twitters his pleading alarm,

Calling his fellows through woodland and farm;

Friendship awakes to his mission and aim,

Plods tirelessly on through valley and plain.

But ere the first flush of the full-boom ed spring

Echoes the song of the bluebird again

He's away to Elysian or welcomes the June,

His message is finished and silent his tune.

Thus friendships are formed in the midst of life's din,

Uniting e'en strangers to one common kin;

Thence, while his chords are so pleasantly drawn

The distance has widened and friendship has flown.

But, like the bluebird afield for a time

Yet we remember his twittering rhyme;

So friendships once sundered by mountain and plain,

Oft visits our hearts as a midsummer dream.

A balmy farmer strode into a certain rural Post Office.

"Have you any mail for Mike Howe?" he asked.

The new post-master looked him over curiously.

"For who?" he gasped.

"Mike Howe" returned the farmer.

"I — I don't understand," said the Postmaster.

The farmer turned purple, "Don't understand?" he bellowed, "Can't you understand plain English? I said, "have you any mail for Mike Howe?"

"Well, I haven't," snorted the Postmaster, "I have no mail for your Cow, nor any body else cow."
Our leading missionary song, entitled "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," is the work of Bishop Reginald Heber. At the request of his father-in-law, who was dean of St. Asaph and vicar of Wrexham, young Heber composed the verses one Saturday and they were sung the following day at church. The music to which this hymn is usually sung in America was composed by that prince of sacred music, Dr. Lowell Mason. So we have special hymns for special occasions and for special classes of people; but others are suitable for all classes and on nearly all occasions when Christian men and women are worshiping together. For instance, "Blest Be the Tie That Binds," is a song frequently used by all denominations and on various occasions because there is nothing partisan in it. The explanation is found in the incident which inspired the verses. Rev. John Fawcett, D.D., had long preached to a little church at Wainsgate. Having received a call to a large Baptist church in London he was preparing to set out for the new charge when all his parishioners gathered around to weep over the loss of their pastor and his family. The preacher and his wife sat down to weep also. Finally, being overcome with grief, he ordered the wagons unloaded and their goods re-placed in the house. They had decided to remain at Wainsgate, which they did until the end of his life, some forty years later, although their income was at that time less than two hundred dollars per year. The hymn mentioned above was written commemorating this experience of separation, or rather of not separating.

It is interesting to note that many authors are little known aside from their connection with a single hymn, as for example, Mrs. Sarah Adams, who wrote "Nearer, My God, to Thee," also the composers of "Come Thou Fount," "All Hail the Power," "I Am Coming to the Cross," and "The Old, Old Story." We might mention in this respect, though not so great an extent of exclusion, the name of Cardinal Newman. A master of English prose, he was also the author of some beautiful poetry and composed a song from the text used by Tyng at the mens' meeting, which is today one of our most popular invitation hymns. When the sentiment of a song touches the common lives of men and is stamped upon their minds with such an experience as the one just described, is it any wonder that it should have become popular?

Cowper and Newton were joint editors and publishers of "The Olney Hymns." Of all men of genius Cowper is the most pitiful. His entire life was overshadowed with a gloom of departing reason. During his bright moments he wrote such poems as "On Receipt of My Mother's Picture Out of Norfolk," and also many of his best hymns. "Oh, for a Closer Walk With God," and "There Is a Fountain Filled With Blood," are no doubt among the best. This last named song has been criticised severely on account of its strange wording. But even if critics cannot understand how a sinner can have his sins washed in a fountain of blood drawn from the veins of one man, the Christians in all countries know what it means to them, and therefore, will continue to sing it throughout eternity. It was founded upon Zechariah 13:1, "And In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David, and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and uncleanness."

Newton soared high when he wrote "How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds," and "Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah," but he reached his highest when he penned the lines beginning with the words "Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound, that saves a wretch like me."

Sir Isaac Watts excels all others as a hymn writer in point of numbers. While Newton wrote one song accorded a place among the ten most popular hymns of the world, two of that number of accredited to Watts. These two are "Am I a Soldier of the Cross," and "Alas and Did My Soul Depart." The former has been sung now for nearly two centuries, and the latter is said to have won more persons to Christ than any other song ever written.

A century and one year ago Whittier and Longfellow were born in America, and a hundred years prior to that time there was born in England a man who was destined to become one of the world's greatest sacred lyricists. Charles Wesley was two years old when Watts wrote "Am I a Soldier of the Cross." The joint hymnal of the Methodist Episcopal church and the M. E. church south, issued by order of the general conference of 1864, contains over one hundred hymns composed by Charles Wesley. Suffice it to mention in this connection, however, only five of his wealth of compositions, all of which are included in the list of ten. "O for a Thousand Tongues to Sing," "I Love Divine All Love Excelling," "Come Thou Almighty King," and "A Charge to Keep I Have" are all too familiar to need further comment. The other one of the five does not need mention because of its unfamiliarity, but rather because it is a rival of the most popular hymn in all sacred hymnology. It is entitled "Christ Over All," better known, however, by the words of the first line, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." The Methodist hymn book which is used throughout the British empire, has the following excellent description of this famous song: "Charles Wesley wrote hymns for almost every scene and circumstance of life. But like Watts, Cowper, and Toplady, he had his masterpiece. The Lord of Glory bestowed upon Charles Wesley the high honor of composing the finest heart hymn in the English tongue. If the greatest hymn of the cross is 'Rock of Ages,' and the greatest hymn of Providence is Cowper's 'God Moves in a Mysterious Way,' and the greatest battle hymn is Martin Luther's 'Onward Christian Soldiers,' then it may be said that the queen of all the lays of holy love is that immortal song, 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul.'"

WITH THE FOOTBALL TEAM.

Mitchell (at a station restaurant)—"You say there is a piece of cheese on that plate? I can't see anything but flies."

Waiter—"Well, there must be some cheese underneath, else the flies wouldn't settle there."

Store Manager—I need a fellow about your size, and will give you $5 a week.

Student—Will I have a chance to rise?

S. M.—Yes. I want you to be here at 4 o'clock in the morning.

Prof. Simpson—"I don't believe you've studied your physical geography."

Student—"No mum. I heard pa say the map of the world was changing every day, and I tho' I'd wait a few years 'til things get settled."

Coach Riley (after fixing up football hero's face)—"Only for me, my boy, you'd have the worst looking face in town."

Hero—"Glad you take the lead, coach."
The Maroon

(Continued from page 1)

notice the very close correlation between Domestic Science or Home Economics and Chemistry, Biology, Physics, History, Economics, Fine Arts, etc.

A course in Home Economics seems to justify the existence of these subjects in the secondary schools and colleges, from a girl's point of view.

Knowledge is of value, as it bears directly or indirectly upon one's every day life.

The purpose of the university is to turn out efficient men and women.

Courses of study at Our University have hitherto been planned for men. Women graduating from these courses realized the futility of such a plan. Through the efforts of such women as Mrs. Ellen Richards, Miss Klune, Miss Parson and Miss Bevier the last ten years has witnessed a marvelous change in the curricula of our universities.

Courses in foods and cookery, household chemistry, physiological chemistry, household chemistry, foods and cookery, textiles and needlework, household art, fine arts, household administration, home nursing, house structure and sanitation are offered.

Let me be again emphasized that vocational education must not supplant liberal education.

The nineteenth century brought with great effort opportunities of liberal education to women. All that has been done must be preserved. This is the intention of educators who advocate the provision of industrial and vocational training by the school.

Home economics is not applied chemistry, physics and physiology as some would have it. Neither is it applied economics or fine arts. None nor all of these cover this subject, though each offers it's quota.

Home economics has been called the fourth "R" or the Art of Right Living.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A FLOUR SACK.

The first I remember of my life's history was the time that I, as a tiny cotton thread, ran back and forth on the shuttle until I was so crossed and woven as to be a solid piece of cloth about three feet square. Before I had time to consider my transformation and wonder why all this had happened I was sewed and put through a large press. Then it was that I realized my mission, for across me, in large red letters was printed OLYMPIC FLOUR. As I stood there watching my companions fall out, a horrid, rough fellow came along, seized me, with my friends, threw us down on a wheel barrow, and pushed us down to the other end of the factory. We were thrown off on the floor and remained there all night. The next morning a fine looking gentleman came up to us, examined us, and said that we had to be shipped that day. Accordingly we were put in a dark box and then transferred to a large car. We should have enjoyed this trip had it not been for the cold. Cuddled as closely as we could to each other, the icy wind which swept through the crevices almost froze us. After one night's journey we were taken out of the car and thrown on a wagon. Arriving at the flour mill we were taken one by one out of the box. When it came my time to leave, I was a little frightened, for one man grabbed me by the left ear and another by the right and made me stand erect until I was filled to the neck with nice flour. Now I had actually begun my life of service! After my companions had likewise been puffed out as prettily we were put on a truck. I have a faint dream of having gone to some country grocery store, but do not remember anything distinctly until a very neat little woman began to cut the cords in my neck with her scissors. I immediately wakened and flinched slightly, but came to the conclusion that it must all be for the best. Nevertheless I became sad, for little by little that beautiful soft flour was taken from me. Every day I became smaller until at last she turned me up side down, then wrong side out and took me out doors, around the corner of the woodshed and shook me as I had never been shaken before. But this was not all, as a final indignity, she ripped me up one side and put me in a boiler of hot soda. There I boiled and boiled and boiled until all of my pretty letters had faded out and I was nothing but a plain white rag. I was then chucked away in a drawer and didn't even see daylight except when my mistress opened the drawer to get one of my sisters. After what seemed an age she took me and made me to shine some beautifulitches. At first she was very kind and even partial to me, but it is said that familiarity breeds contempt and so it was in this case, for upon further acquaintance she used me so carelessly that my complexion became swarthy and I was finally used for a dishrag. Then instead of being spread out on a nice white bar to dry, I was thrown over a rail in such a manner that it almost broke my back. The next thing I remember was having a wagon run over my sore back out in the alley. Shortly after, a shabby-looking man picked me up, supplied as I was, put me in a sack, and threw me over his shoulder. The first thing I knew I was in this big factory and was immediately put through a cleaning process. I overheard my master say this morning that tomorrow I shall be made into paper.

(Continued from page 1)

Basketball is beginning to receive attention now and quite a number of the fellows turn out each evening for practice. We are going to do things in basketball this year.

Tennis has become quite popular again and those who are not taking any physical training should get out on the Tennis Court especially during this ideal weather. See Tennis Manager Luke and arrange with him for the use of the court.

The football schedule is as follows:

No. 5—U. S. S. Philadelphia—U. P. 3 grounds.
Nov. 12—St. Martins College—Lacey Wash.
Nov. 19—Fort Worden—Fort Worden Wash.

Thanksgiving game is not filled yet, but there is some talk of taking on Kentenache High School as they have telephoned for a game with us.

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This ad is worth $20 to you on almost any one of our 208 courses if brought to my office before 10:30 Saturday night.

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ALUMNII.
By M. Conney.

Miss Jeanie M. Cotter '05 and John Olan '07, both graduates of the U. P. S. and members of the Philomathean Literary Society, were married at the home of the bride’s parents, West Pioneer avenue, Payallup, Wash., on Wednesday, October 19. The bride was attended by her sister, Ethel Olan, and Miss Ethel Olan, brother of the groom, also attended her. Miss Emma Terry of Tacoma played the Lohengrin “Wedding March” and Miss Dora Walker sang “Oh! Promise Me.”

After a short trip to British Columbia, Mr. and Mrs. Olan will be at home at 1904 North Proctor, Tacoma.

The many University friends of the couple extend their heartiest best wishes for their future happiness and success.

Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Allen, two of our volunteers, write that they are enjoying their missionary work in Chili very much. The school has an enrollment of from two hundred to two hundred and fifty, and they are having a very successful year. Chili recently celebrated the centennial of her liberation, and an elaborate program was carried out at Iquique. A large statue of Augustus Pratt, one of the national heroes, was unveiled, and the national song was sung by a large number of school children. Mrs. Allen writes that although the national anthem of Chili is beautiful, it cannot be compared in any way to “America.”

Mr. Wm. Green, of the class of ’10, is teaching in the High School at Healan, Wash., this year. Mr. Green has charge of the science work, and is also coaching the boys in athletics. He is particularly well pleased in this latter work and last week his team won over the Maryville team in football.

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plus 56 years of experience—that is what we offer you in Stein-Bloch Smart Clothes. You can wear them and know that they fit you and that they will serve you faithfully. The fall and winter styles in suits and overcoats are ready, fresh and just unpacked. We know that the tailors who made them put more money and time and brains into the production of them than go into any other clothes in America.

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COMMERCIAL.

On Friday of last week a selection was made of the best work done in Prof. Jones’ penmanship class. Miss White won first, and M. W. Jones second. This contest will be held by the class about every two weeks.

Our Commercial law class is growing both in number and interest. The new members are F. W. Pein, H. E. Reed, G. Mitchell and F. R. Collins.

On Monday afternoon, October 31, Prof. Prichard is planning a visit to the Tacoma smelter for the students of the Commercial school. This excursion will be the forerunner of others during the school year, all of which are designated primarily to supplement the classroom work in commercial geography. The various processes of extraction of copper, lead and silver will be noted.

A pleasant as well as profitable trip is anticipated.

SECOND YEAR.

The Academy class of ’13 can report on request of the newly appointed Academy editor that things are running more smoothly; that the few ‘snags’ encountered day by day are not worthy of mentioning.

The main thing of interest at the present time is that the second year are able to aid the first football team by sending in Mr. Barnes, who has proved himself very clever.

Many of the second years are planning to take part in the Declamatory Contest. We have a fine showing for first place. The contestants are Miss Fuller and Mr. Calkens, the latter has distinguished himself in contests heretofore.

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If you have ever had experience with a leaky fountain pen there is nothing new that we can tell you about the endless opportunities it offers for trouble, annoyances, irritation, inconvenience and generally complete dissatisfaction.

It is not necessary to carry Moore’s in an upright position. Its construction is such that when the cap is screwed on the pen is as tight as a corked bottle, making leakage absolutely impossible. Upside down or lying flat it won’t leak, because it can’t.

Convincing proof of this is furnished by the fact that Moore’s pens are filled at the factory and shipped in that condition to all parts of the world without even a hint of leakage.

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SOCIETY NEWS

PHILOMATHEAN.

Philosophy programs are splendid and go with a vim. The Tuesday evening meeting was excellent and the morality play, "Every Freshman," was thoroughly enjoyed; also the Hallowe'en meeting was excellent and the moralizing with a vim. The Tuesday evening program will be speeches and debate. In all we hope to have among us next term.

Our numbers are getting thoroughly settled now and both our old and new members are getting down to business and are trying to make our society the best society in the school. Our program of last Monday evening was excellently rendered, and with the exception of one who was cut of town, all were well prepared.

The first number on the program was one by the Amphiectyon Quartet. Although there has never been a quartet organized yet this year, one of the old faithfuls got busy and worked one up. We are glad to see this spirit taking hold of our members again and hope it will always be with us. Other numbers were "The Soliloquy of the School Clock," by Miss Zeller; 'A Chapter From Booker T. Washington," by Miss Hampe and a paper on "Our Western Forest Fires," by Mr. Hampe. Miss and Mr. Hampe are both new members and we are glad to see them taking a hold as they are. Miss Zeller's soliloquy brought to light a few familiar hall scenes which are enacted by some of us quite frequently. It is rumored that Mr. Hanawalt, jr., was slightly aroused because his name was used in connection with one of our fair Amphiectyons in said soliloquy.

The two musical numbers by Misses Anderson and Hoeyes were very good. They were "Dear Heart" and "Rock of Ages" respectively.

In the business meeting the question of a cut to head our column in The Maroon was discussed and it was finally decided to use the design of our Bulletin Board as is on our stationery.

On account of the absence of our critic the society was appointed critic and some very good criticisms were given. The one by Mr. Cutrel on how to mount the platform was very effectually demonstrated by himself, to the amusement of all present.

It was further decided that our next meeting should be in the form of a Hallowe'en party at the home of Mr. Benbow, and that all present should wear sheets and pillow cases in honor of the evening. According to the plans of our program committee the three programs following our Hallowe'en party shall be a program by the girls only, our annual Thanksgiving program, and then a program by the boys only.

BY A STUDENT.

The battle-smoke lay like a cloud upon the field.

The musket and cannons roar rolled on.

Napoleon stood alone in dull despair
And watched the enemy advance, their victory almost won.

And as the battle fiercely raged
His ever watchful eye saw at a glance
That ere an hour could pass, that hail of lead
Would send to death the chivalry of France.

Calling a little bugler to his side
He said, "The day is lost; sound the retreat."

The boy, amazed, could only stare at him

Who never yet had known defeat.

"Sire," said the lad, "I do not know

The call."—Napoleon raised his head—

"But, sire, I'll blow the call 'advance,'

I know it well," the bugler said.

Napoleon's pride was stirred by such a reply,

And at a nod the call 'advance' rang out

Upon the air, the weary hearted soldiers
Charged, and put the enemy to rout.

That ere an hour could pass, that hail of lead
Was turned to victory by a lad
Who could not sound the call "retreat."

Still on the wings of time, down thru the ages
Echo's that bugle call of long ago.

and be

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