The lighted candle near the dying woman's bedside flickered and grew dim in the early dawn. The low-toned prayer of the surpliced priest was the only sound in the little room; and only the faint early twitter of birds stole through the slightly raised window.

On one side of the bed knelt a large, broad-shouldered man, holding in both his strong hands the thin, nerveless hand of the scarce-breathing woman. She lay with closed eyes, the care-worn cheeks deep-hollowed, the lips thin and dry. The end was near.

"Jim," she whispered. "Yes, mother," and the man bent a little nearer, his eyes fixed on the ashen face. "What is it, mother?"

"Jim—will you try—to find—Tom—and see that he—goes right?"

The kneeling man's brows contracted, but he did not loosen the hold of his mother's hand.

"Tom's weak," continued the feeble voice, "but he's good at heart. R—he had ever come back—to me—I could have—" here the voice trailed off—indistinct, and finally inaudible.

"Mother!" the man called quickly, half aloud. The pale eyelids fluttered ever so little. Then bravely the son took upon himself the burden of what he knew was in his mother's mind.

"I understand, mother. You want me to find—my brother, and—make a man of him. I'll try. I'll try as faithfully—as you would, mother."

With her other hand the woman feebly fingered a little cross.

"Promise," she breathed. And the man reached over and closed his hand over hers and the crucifix.

"I promise."

"You were always a good son, Jim. God bless you—and Tom!"

The priest raised his hand in benediction.

(Continued on page Four)

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The Problem
By Maude Walker.

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Rev. J. O. Foster

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Rev. J. O. Foster

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May Day

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The Y. W. girls must in some way have offended the weather man, for at 3 o'clock Monday it began to rain. The ribbons were at once torn from the May pole on the lawn and carried to the gym. Here they were fastened to the only pole that could be found to answer the purpose. It was a little small but—well, scold the weather man. The throne was rather crude looking and if it had not been that our king and queen were so handsome, the throne might have had its feeling hurt by many unpleasant remarks about its appearance.

Promptly at 5 o'clock the exercises began. Miss Anderson opened the program by singing a May song to the queen, and inviting her to "come out and join the happy throng." Then came the queen, proceeded by Rachel Zeller, bearing the crown, and followed by Miss Ford, Miss Horvitz, Miss Thomas, and Miss Anderson as attendants. The girls sang as they approached the throne. Russell Cummins carried the crown for the king, while Mr. Crockett, Mr. Benadon and Mr. Hostetter accompanied the king. Mr. Gilbert was master of ceremonies, and after his speech of welcome he crowned Miss Henry queen. She gave a most eloquent response. The attendants then sang, "Hail the Queen."

Mr. Webb was then crowned king of May and the attendants sang and hailed him King of May.

The following girls gave the May pole dance and each one deserves a great deal of credit and many thanks for their faithfulness: Beth Grieve, Berna Miller, Mariam Zeller, Lela Sherman, Edith Van Slyke, Lillian Lister, Beatrice Tyler, Ethel Beery, Muriel Watkins, Frances Darling, Ethel Munter and Olivia Eugenio.

Supper was then served in the Domestic Science rooms, and at 7 o'clock (Continued on page Five)
THE MAROON
Edited and Published by the Student Body of The University of Puget Sound

Application pending for Entry at the Tacoma Postoffice.

MAROON STAFF.
Editor-in-chief, Samuel Dupertius
Managing Editor, Douglas Boyde
Bus. Mgr., Norman E. Steinbach
First Assistant Editor..........Mamie Conney
..................Mae Reddish
Intercollegiate Department........Anabel Walker
High School Exchanges.........Maude Walker
Jokes and Other Funny Things...Ralph Weaver

EDITORIAL

To conduct a daily college-chapel service and keep it attractive is not an easy task. Our President has made valiant and repeated efforts from time to time to improve the spirit of our chapel services. His efforts have not been in vain; for there is a marked change for the better. There is room, however, for greater improvement, and we as students can materially help him.

It is perfectly natural for us to be jolly, and even hilarious some times, when we throw off the strain of the class-room or study hall and meet the whole student body in chapel. We visit a little, transact business, watch the class-room or study hall and meet the other fellow in the ribut—all out of the buoyancy of our spirit ap we go from the class room to the chapel. All these things are well—and we would not have the students less lively—providing that the expressions of cheerfulness are kept within the bounds of the decorum which belongs to the dignity of a college-chapel service. If our hilarity carries us beyond these bounds we lower the dignity of the service, hinder the success or the most pleasant hour of the day and engender a habit of irreverence which is disastrous to our best selves.

We should cultivate the spirit of reverence as well as all the higher virtues which go to make up ladies and gentlemen. Irreverence in a religious service evidences a coarseness which excites in the average person a spirit which is about ten per cent pity and ninety per cent contempt. It should be our purpose to cultivate the habit of immediately dropping every other matter the moment the organ sounds the first notes of the Gloria and entering heartily into the spirit of the service. To make the chapel service attractive there should be hearty co-operation on the part of all the students and faculty; the singing should be full of life, the Scripture reading, short and aptly introduced, to give the hearers the setting; the prayer should be well worded, dignified in expression, simple and brief.

It would add to the interest if those who read the Scripture lesson were to make a few pithy comments, without moralizing, or relate a helpful incident, or read a short, appropriate poem bearing upon the leading thought of the service. The manner in which the Scriptures are read should evidence preparation on the part of the reader. Some of the most sublime passages are sometimes read with no more feeling than a said legal document referring to said person on said day at said place in the presence of said witnesses. We appreciate the music which our President has introduced under the charge of Prof. Cummins. The choir is a valuable help and their special numbers are greatly appreciated. Let us join hands with Dr. Zeller in endeavoring to make the chapel service deal.

Pitz—"Here's an article which states that a man should get six hour's sleep a day."

Pitz—"That's all right; I get six a day all right, but how much does it say a man should have at night?"

REV. J. O. FOSTER.

ogy was organized. Since then he has been teaching classes in Bible History, Practical Theology, and the History of the Hebrew people and the number of students in his classes has been steadily increasing. All of his teaching here has been done gratis and simply for love of the students and the work.

Last year he received an honor from this University, which had been long and fully deserved, the degree of Doctor of Divinity. The work for next year under his teaching will be much the same as this year but, in addition, a class in Systematic Theology is being planned for. Those who have been in Rev. Foster's classes have come to appreciate more and more his character as a saintly Christian and his ability as an able and interesting teacher. We sincerely hope he may be with us for many more years to come.

LOVE-THOUGHT OF A FRESHMAN.

I gazed upon a bed of two-lips,
Each fire-tipper blossom wet with dew,
And in their tender blushing beauty,
I saw a picture, Ann, of you.

Once while I roamed thru sunny pastures,
A meadow lark made me rejoice.
For in those silvery tones of gladness, I heard the echo of thy voice.

—Author Suspected.

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Vice-president ...... Percy Scott
Secretary ......... Andy Klabe
Treasurer ......... Mae Reddish

Young Men's Christian Association.

President ......... George T. Crockett
Vice president . ...... Percy T. Crockett
Secretary .......... Andy Klabe
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Young Women's Christian Association.

President ... Marguerite Munroe
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President ...... Arthur Decke
Vice president . ...... Arnold Warren
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Reporter ..... Arthur Hungerford

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Vice president ..... Clarence Thayer
Recording Secretary . Bertha Allen
Financial Secretary . Clark Cottrell
Chaplain .... Elsie Mc
Sergeant-at-arms . Mr. Billmeyer
Reporter .... Oscar Johnson

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Leader .... Bertha Miller
Secretary .... Bertha Btecman

H. C. S.

Speaker ...... Neal Jamison
Vice Speaker ...... Sam Max
Clk .............. Mr. Patterson
Treasurer ...... Arthur Hungerford
Watchman ..... Arthur Decker
Reporter ..... Frank Jones

Kappa Sigma Theta.

President ...... Berna Mille
Vice president ...... Jamie Commy
Secretary .... Raphael Weeber
Treasurer .... Frances Towne
Sergeant-at-Arms . Ethel Miller
Reporter .... June Thomas

Phiomathean Literary Society.

President ... Berna Mille
Vice president ...... Jamie Commy
Secretary .... Raphael Weeber
Treasurer .... Frances Towne
Pianist .... Murieta Knox
Reporter . Anabel Walker

Faculty Social Committee.

Chairman, Miss Druse; Miss Newman, Mrs. Dickey; Prof. Smiley, Scott, Elcholzer, Moore.
Mr. Barth, who was a candidate for the office of commissioner of public safety, spoke before the American History class and other students, in Prof. Davis' room on Thursday afternoon.

Considerable interest is being shown concerning the proposed field day. The various athletic prizes will be contested for by the students as individuals and as classes. No date has been fixed for the event, but if the classes display enough interest, it will take place in the near future. The day promises to be one of interest and if a success, will become an annual event.

Rev. Marsh of South Tacoma was the chapel speaker on Thursday and gave an interesting and instructive talk.

Noel Caywood, a former student of the U. P. S., who is now attending the State University, was a visitor here on Thursday. It was campus day in Seattle and Mr. Caywood desired to take a day off.

Friday of last week was Cap and Gown day. The Seniors, who are Miss Bertha Day, Miss Lois McGandy, G. Tobert Crockett, and Adin Marlatt, marched in, in cap and gown, after the other students were in their seats. One of the features of the exercises was the presentations of a beautiful oak chapel chair. The presentation speech was made by the class president, Miss Lois McGandy, and Dr. Zeller accepted the gift in a very fitting speech. The class then gave a quartette, which was much appreciated. After the exercises were over, the four Seniors marched out before the student body.

Daniel Dupertius, who was a sophomore of the U. P. S. during the first term, and at present is a student of the State University, left on April 28 for Los Angeles, Cal., where he represented the state of Washington in the Interstate Prohibition Oratorical contest, which was held there on May 3.

Rev. Benedict of Seattle was a University visitor on Friday and spoke before Dr. Foster's class in the afternoon.

Mr. F. H. Pettit, who was a candidate for commissioner of public safety, spoke to a gathering of students in Prof. Davis' room on Saturday afternoon.

Rev. R. L. Wolf of Bremerton, Wash., was at the University on Tuesday.

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The Fellows that does only what he has to, and spends his spare time in theaters or pool rooms or on the street corner—that fellow need not expect to go very high.

How did your superintendent, or general manager, or foreman, or department chief land the position he holds? By showing knowledge of his work; by proving that he had ability; by getting ready when he was in the same job you now hold.

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Captain Bennett, of the New York City Police Department, sat at his desk one morning looking somewhat annoyed. During the last few months reports of several small thefts from downtown districts had been filed, and as yet the guilty party had not been secured. Lately there had been a peculiar regularity and similarity in reports of cash robberies from a certain quarter of the city, that demanded immediate investigation.

"I say, Morgan," said Bennett, turning to his assistant, "we've got to land this fellow. He's getting slicker and making bigger hauls every time. This morning it was the Savoy. Pretty soon it will be private homes and family jewels, and they'll blame us for not landing him earlier in the game. Last month I gave his case to Jones, our street man—he can remember faces and voices, but he never gets a case before Barry, adding, "Jenks has got his eye on him."

Half an hour later James Barry reported at the captain's desk. The young detective was a clean-faced fellow, tall, and strong of build. His head was held erect, his dark, calm eyes were set far apart. He was the type of man to be relied upon in a crisis; a man whose judgment would stand in the most difficult situations.

The captain looked up from his work. "Barry, we want you out go out and land this cash grabber; and you might as well begin right now." Bennett's manner was slow and deliberate. He was admirably adored as a representative of the University. In disposition he is serene, non-committal and sublimely proud. One interested Junior remarked: "I'd like to know what he would do if he saw the ad. building burning."}

Professor Wright:

When interviewed by a reporter, Prof. Wright lamented the fact that he had no family to tell about, as did Prof. Hanawalt; no past filled with interesting events and well merited honors, as Prof. Davis had; why he didn't even possess sufficient artistic ability to choose harmonious colors! (This according to a statement by Miss Rinehart.)

But, at any rate, Albert Byard Wright was born in Wenona, Ill. That much is known, although his age must forever remain among the unknown elements. An explosion of KIO₃@greatly injured his memory and thus deprived future generation of many interesting facts. Specialists upon the subject have with great success estimated the date of his birth to be May 9, 1886. The house in which he was born was one of the best known landmarks of Wenona; but unfortunately it has been torn down to give place to skyscrapers, for the city of Wenona at some future time, bids fair to rival Chicago, and even Tacoma. At the early age of one and a half years the youthful Albert, tenderly took his parents by the hands and led them farther westward, to some perfectly unknown place. He has never definitely determined the location of this point. Later he went to Nevada Mo., where in the unmediated and unnoised course of events, he entered the Nevada High, and took up chemistry and football, and was a member of the champion football team of Southern Missouri. He successfully escaped from high school, and fought in the Spanish-American war, at least so he says. After a year or so he entered the Illinois Wesleyan University, where he had a very good time, studied some more chemistry, painted a cow green, played some more football, and finally did succeed in graduating with honors, but he worked a scheme game to get them. In the course of his college days, he was overwhelmed with honors. He represented the Illinois Wesleyan in an oratorical contest, led two winning teams in debate, belonged to two or three fraternities that don't count for much. These were the Phi Alpha Delta law fraternity; Phi Delta, oratory fraternity, and the Sigma Chi. One honor appreciated more than the rest was the presiding of the senior class, for he had to fight to get it. Since coming to the University of Puget Sound Prof. Wright has established a reputation as a chaperone, an office assistant, and all over the state is admired and loved as a representative of the University. In disposition he is serene, non-committal and sublimely proud.


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ment, give us a trial.
Mr. Robert A. Cummins, professor of Philosophy and Education in Our University, was born on a farm in Pope county, Illinois, September 15, 1874, where he spent the first seventeen years of his life and there finished his common school education. He then secured a teachers' certificate, but thought that he needed more education and entered the Valparaiso, Indiana, Business College, from which he graduated in 1896. He left school and entered the employ of Harris & Cole, wholesale manufacturers of house finishing, going through every department of the business, from rough lumber inspector to bookkeeper, righting up a triple set of double entry books, which had been out of balance eight months.

After three years with this firm he accepted a position as head office man for the Pudacah and entered the employ of Harris & Cole, wholesale manufacturers of house finishing, going through every department of the business, from rough lumber inspector to bookkeeper, righting up a triple set of double entry books, which had been out of balance eight months.

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During the four years in college Prof. Cummins took part in three inter-collegiate debates, leading the team twice and winning all three contests. He was awarded a graduate scholarship offered by the University of Illinois for post-graduate work in the State University, where he received the degree of Master of Arts.

In 1894 he professed religion and united with the Methodist Episcopal church, receiving a license to exhort in 1897. While in Paducah he served as supply pastor of the Mechanicsburg M. E. church for three years, at the same time holding a business position. Before entering the Wesleyan he moved with his family to Fremont, Ill., and filled a charge vacated by Rev. O. J. Pruitt, who sailed as a missionary to Rangoon, Burmah. At the annual conference held in Peoria the following September, he was sent as supply pastor to Hudson and while doing this work he also attended the Illinois Wesleyan.

Though having only a short acquaintance with Prof. Cummins, the students of the University of Puget Sound have been able to appreciate his splendid natural ability and untiring industry. He has proved a happy factor both among the students and as a member of the faculty.

"He lies the body of Samuel Pease, With folder arms he rests at ease. He is not here—"It's only the pod; Sam has shelled out and gone to God."

Little Willie—Say, pa, why is justice always blindfolded? Pa—Because she is forever getting a black eye, my son.—Chicago News.

The play was given before the king and queen. The play was the farce interlude from the "Midsummer Night's Dream." The cast was Mr. Henderson, Miss Walker, Mr. Benbow, Mr. Scott, Mr. Lake and Mr. F. Jones. We, the Y. W., wish to thank Miss Abel for her time and effort in preparing these artists.

We hope that everybody enjoyed themselves so much that they will come again.

Long live King and Queen of May, and may we all be loyal, faithful subjects!

**ON THE LIST**

On one of the old turnpikes yet remaining in the South a big touring-car had twice rushed through the gate without paying toll. The third time they made the attempt the negro tollman shut his gate and brought them to a stand. With indignation, the half-dozen occupants of the car declared they were entitled to rile free.

"Look at your own board," said the spokesman. "It says, 'Every carriage, cart, or wagon drawn by one beast, 2 cents; every additional beast, 2 cents.' We're not drawn by any beast at all."

"No; but here's where you come in, sah," replied the draky, pointing to another clause, as follows. 'Every half-dozen logs, 4 cents.' An' three times 4 is 12," he added.

The 12 cents was paid.

Little Boy Blue, Up-to-Date

The little toy dog is covered with dust—

See, off in a corner he stands;
The little tin soldier is red with rust
And his musket molds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new
And the soldier was passing fair,
But that was before our Little Boy Blue
Bought him a Teddy Bear.
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A Denver real estate man ran out of gasoline while making the trip to Laramie in his automobile, and stopped at a small ranch house over night. The following morning he asked the rancher how much he owned him.

"Well," said the ranchman, "you had supper, then you went down cell-

Photographer

903½ Tacoma Avenue
Phone Main 2233

"The other day," said a man passenger in a street car, "I saw a woman in a street car open a satchel and take out a purse, close the satchel and open the purse, take out a dime and close the purse, open the satchel and put in the purse. Then she gave the dime to the conductor and took a nickel in exchange. Then she opened the satchel and took out the purse, closed the satchel and opened the purse, put in the nickel and closed the purse, opened the satchel and put in the purse, closed the satchel and locked both ends. Then she felt to see if her back hair was all right, and it was all right and she was all right. That was a woman."

Ex.

Willis—Why don't you go to church?
Gillis—Too far. Why don't you go?
Willis—We live next door to one, and I hate to get all dressed up to go that little way.—Puck.
A COURSE IN LOGIC

This is an optional course for thinkers—people who want to know why? It only comes once a week, so you won’t have occasion to “cut” it. Th’s course is for college men and women of the University of Puget Sound.

Let us begin with Clothes—men’s and women’s suits. A suit may be “dasy” and “flashy” and “classy,” but does that mean that it is a good suit? Does that mean that it is stylish—that it fits well—that it is made of quality goods and put together right? No, it does not—at least not according to logic.

Logically speaking then, what is meant by a good suit? Good is merely a relative term and varies with the individuality of the person. Therefore, to be really good a suit must appeal to your particular taste. The college men and women of to-day detest anything conspicuous which means ridiculousness. They want clothes that are distinctive—not conspicuous. They want style, quality, goods and fit in anything they wear. We carry suits that will meet your taste in every particular—in short, we carry logical clothes.

Now before you go to “Math” or “Chem” remember this: “Our prices are right”—they are made to fit your pocketbooks. Class is dismissed.

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—Ca’l!—

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