Contents

A Christmas Story, - - - M. L. Herriott
Christian Latin, - - - Willard B. Anderson
The Treachery of Liwhalla, - - - Edith E. Lawrence
The Spread, - - - E. D.
The Schreech Owls, - - - An Owl and A Prep
Literary Note
Editorial,
Locals,
Athletic Notes,
Society Notes,

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"Now, Robbie, you won’t want this whistle back when the store man won’t take that penny, will you?” said little Perry Stevens.

"It wouldn’t make no difference if I did after I’ve said ‘trade forever,’” retorted Robbie.

Perry, by some unknown means, had come into possession of a penny with a hole in it, but was too honest to try to pass it off on some one else. It was the day before Christmas; all the store windows were made beautiful with holiday goods. Robbie thrust the penny into his pocket, pushed his cap back on his curly head, and started across the muddy street, whistling to ease his conscience.

"Hello Bert,” he shouted, as he spied his chum coming toward him. "Going to buy your Christmas presents? I’ve got two pennies. One has a hole in it, but I believe every one will be too busy to-day to notice it. I say, Bert, do you think it’s wrong to pass this off for a good penny?”

“No, of course ’taint. The store man will pass it off on some one else, and it will just keep going and not do any one any harm. I’d like awful well to have one of them surprise boxes,” said Bert, stopping in front of a window.

“Hello Bert,” he shouted, as he spied his chum coming toward him. "Going to buy your Christmas presents? I’ve got two pennies. One has a hole in it, but I believe every one will be too busy to-day to notice it. I say, Bert, do you think it’s wrong to pass this off for a good penny?”

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“Should I,” said Robbie, “let’s try my ‘holy’ penny here.”

Down through the long aisle of the store the two urchins wandered, gazing lovingly at the toys, and at times becoming bold enough to blow a horn or squeeze a crying doll.

Presently the clerk came up, "What can I do for you, my little man?” addressing Robbie.

“I’ll take one of them surprise boxes,” said Robbie, handing over his penny, and hurrying out of the store to wait on the corner for his friend.

Bert now walked up and said, "I’ll take one too, please sir,” and gave the man his nickle. When he received his money back, the happy look on his face turned to one of sorrow. He hurried on to join Robbie who began, "Wasn’t that man a greenie? He never even looked at that penny.”

“Maybe he didn’t look at it,” said Bert, “but just the same he was smart enough to give it back to me in change.” And he opened his chubby little hand to reveal the bad penny.

Robbie tossed his cap up into the air, smiled faintly, and gave Bert his good penny. They walked on in silence for some time.

"O Robbie, look! here’s Santa Claus himself in this store.”

“Let’s try and fool him?”

“Don’t you think it. He’s the last man on earth that I would want to know that I would do this. Come on; I’m going into this candy store.”

They both went boldly in and Robbie said, “a penny’s worth of candy hearts please,” and the man put the money into the drawer.

The boys walked quietly on for some distance, but suddenly there was a halt; Robbie swung round on his heel to gain force, and sent the bag of candy hearts flying into the air.

Bert stood open-mouthed waiting for an explanation. Robbie spoke out bravely, "I think Perry Stevens was
right when he said it was wrong to use that penny, and I'm going back and see if that candy man has got any work that I can do to pay for them candy hearts."

Bert looked lovingly at his pennies, then said, "I guess I don't think it's right either, and I told you it was, so I'll give you one of my pennies."

A few minutes later the candy man was very much surprised to see the two boys come slowly walking in, hand in hand. When they had finished their story, the tears came to his eyes as he thought of his own dear little boy who had gone to heaven only a month before.

The next day Robbie and Bert received the biggest candy heart that they had ever seen, and well they knew that it did not come from Santa Claus.

M. L. HERRIOTT.

CHRISTIAN LATIN.

How many students in our colleges finish the Classical course and leave school scarcely knowing that the Latin language was ever used to enshrine the truths of the Christian religion! Their attention has been directed to the heathen classics so exclusively that they have bestowed little time and thought on the early champions of the church whose works would apparently, for their historical value if for nothing else, deserve some notice. For these works, especially St. Augustine's "The City of God," give us a picture of an age when the Roman Empire was falling apart, the power of Paganism decaying, and the church suffering persecution, but constantly growing in influence and power.

But aside from its historical value, early Christian Latin has the merit of being written not for the learned few but for the people. The classical poetry of the Romans was largely an imitation of the Greek and appealed only to men of taste and culture. On the other hand, among the Christians of Italy there grew up at an early period a body of folk lore, hymns expressing the hopes and fears, joys and sorrows of the humble believer. These simple lyrics touched the hearts of the people as the lays of the court poets never did. Additions to this stock were made from time to time by priest, layman, scholar, and saint till it embraced all varieties of style and subject from the simplicity of the evening prayer to the dignity of the "Te Deum," the pathos of the "Stabat Mater," or the irresistible power of the "Dies Irae."

The Latin of Christian writers shows a high standard of religious knowledge and morality. Who that reads Cicero's vague longings for immortality has not turned with relief to some ringing expression of the Christian's hope beyond the grave? Writers of the Augustan age have left many passages highly offensive to modern taste and pure morals. Not so the Fathers. Against the grossness of the age, they preached Christian purity; and instead of the glimmering half-truths of heathen philosophy, they enjoyed the full sunlight of divine revelation.

It is strange that a body of literature so valuable as history, as literature, or as religious truth should be so little studied and so little known. It would seem that the Christian student ought to take as much interest in the sacrifices, struggles, sufferings and triumphs of the founders and defenders of his faith as in the ambitions, wars, conquests, political corruption, and moral depravity of a heathen civilization.

WILLARD B. ANDERSON.

THE TREACHERY OF LIWHALLA.

Among the San Juan Islands of Puget Sound, there are two, lying side by side, which are involved in a peculiar old Indian legend. Each of these two islands goes by the name of
the tribe which has inhabited it: the larger is called Orcas; the smaller, Lumi. The Orcas and Lumi tribes are now under one chief, but this was not always so. How it came about, is thus accounted for by the wrinkled old braves who live there.

In the days gone by, each tribe had its chief, and the Orcas and Lumi Indians were bitter enemies. But one day something of unusual import happened; for young Chief Teeche of the Orcas tribe paid a handsome price, and led home as his bride, one of the high-born daughters of the Lumis.

As the wife of the great chief, she surely ought to have been highly respected and royally treated, but the beautiful Liwhalla found her fate far otherwise.

She begged her husband to return with her to her own people. This being impossible. Teeche pleaded gently with the Lumi maiden to be content among his people, telling her that their hearts would soon soften toward her.

With this she was content for a time, but as the days went by, matters grew worse instead of better. Again Liwhalla came to the chief and with sorrow in her great dark eyes, she asked that he take her to visit her people. For her to make a visit to Lumi, Teeche was quite willing, for his heart was full of pity for his unfortunate young squaw. Accordingly, he sent her on with a servant, and promised that he himself would follow them in a few days.

Thus Liwhalla returned to her home; and even as he had promised, not many days sped away before Chief Teeche followed. He took with him two servants, whom, when they had landed at Orcas, he left with his canoe.

"If these men be not brothers," he said majestically, "but fire courses in their veins at sight of me, I may see you never again. Watch, and if evil befall me, go back and tell my people."

Before long, Teeche found his wife sitting before her father's wigwam, braiding a straw mat.

"Teeche!" she cried, looking pleased. Then she lovingly received him, patting gently his hands and face, while she mumbled softly under her breath. But suddenly, Chief Teeche felt a terrible pull of his long black locks, and heard a loud cry. Oh, treachery! Liwhalla had decided to remain with her people, and at their entreaties, she now betrayed the one she had loved.

At her cry, a dozen warriors surrounded the unfortunate chief.

"O Liwhalla," he cried, reproachfully, and was then forever silent. His scalp hung from the belt of proud Chakitsi, chief of the Orcas tribe.

Meanwhile, Teeche's servants, having seen it all from behind the thick underbrush which skirted the shore, returned to Orcas and related what had happened.

Now Teeche had a brother, called Nikotis, to whom the office of chief would now fall. Cunning and wise was Nikotis, in the use of strange mixtures. Often, it was said, he went down to the bottom of the deep waters of Puget Sound, and there stirred up these strange liquids.

When he heard of the fate of Teeche, Nikotis was greatly angered, and the fires of revenge leapt into his eyes. He said nothing, however, but went down into the deep, and was gone many days. When he came back, he brought with him a magical fluid which his brothers carefully avoided.

That evening as the sun fell easily behind the hills, Nikotis stepped into his canoe, and with noiseless stroke, it glided to Lumi.

Here he was met by many fierce fighting-men of Chakitsi. But no sooner did they surround Nikotis, than they fell back helplessly into a long line. Then Nikotis lifted his cruel tomahawk and slew them, one by one.

Just as the stars began to sparkle
above the water, the medicine-man returned to Orcas.

Now, again, he descended to the bed of the deep waters, and was there for many days. And again he came up with the strange mixture, and paddled his canoe to Lumi. And even as before, the same frightful disaster befell the foes who flocked about him.

At last old Chief Chakitsi cried: "O Nikotis! You have had revenge enough! Cease, and you may make your own, the fairest daughter of Chakitsi. Cease, and at my death, which I now see approaching (for I am old,) you shall be chief of both tribes. We will be friends, and treat each as brothers."

And Nikotis was persuaded, and thus it is that even today, one chief rules over both the Orcas and Lumi tribes.

EDITH E. LAWRENCE.

THE "SPREAD."

Did you ever hear about the Spread? No? Well, just sit down a minute and you will.

The "Spread" is an epidemic peculiar to the Puget Sound University. It has broken out among the day students once or twice a year for the past three years. It makes its appearance in this wise. At first, one or two students, inevitably girls, are noticed to be going around with a mysterious air, and seem to be possessed with the idea that they are a "committee." These two communicate the disease by whispering, "Spread; what'll you bring?" By night almost every day student is affected. There is a tendency to gather into groups, and the boarding hall people are avoided. The crisis comes at noon, three or four days after the first appearance of the disease.

The epidemic broke out this year on the twenty-sixth of November, with the usual symptoms. The crisis was reached at noon on the twenty-ninth, when those who had showed symptoms, twenty-four in all, were isolated in the physical laboratory. Among them were several from the boarding hall, who had contracted the disease in a very malignant form two or three hours before.

Once started, the disease must be allowed to run its course till the crisis is reached, when a bountiful dinner of sandwiches, cake, and candy, fruit, olives and coffee brewed in a tin pot over a gas jet will rid the system of every germ. No toasts must be proposed, as the sufferers are "too busy."

All seem to have recovered from the attack with no ill effects. We do not expect a return of the dread epidemic for two or three months.

E. D.

THE "SCREECH OWLS."

The college students thought it behooved people of their dignity to have a society. Notices were posted in the halls, and the Freshmen, Sophomores, and Junior gathered in Prof. Boyer's room. The Preps wandered through the halls, quite mystified by the strange noises which issued from the key-hole. The Freshies, Sophies, and Junie at last appeared, but only looked wise and said nothing.

Several more of these mysterious meetings were held, and a few Preps ventured to peep in, but were so frightened that they disappeared very suddenly. When the cry, "Whoo-o! Whoo-o! Whoo-o!" rang through the
hall, and the echo on the fourth floor answered, “O-o! O-o! O-o!” they trembled, and rushed to their rooms affrighted.

The “Screech Owls” have chosen the wisest from their number to sit on the highest perches, and carry on their discussions in a manner most adapted to owls. All college students entering school will be initiated into the new order, the P. S. U. club of the P. S. U., called for short, “Screech Owls.”

The first “High Hoot” will be given December 14th, when the “Screech Owls” will fly to the home of Miss Vinnie Pease. Some of the Preps will be allowed to come, and will receive of the abundance of wisdom which the “Owls” have gathered. An Owl.

In the last few weeks I have been greatly interested in the study of birds, especially the group called owls.

They are easily distinguished from other birds, such as the Jay, because they have big heads.

Although their color is slightly green, they are quite noble-looking. The peculiar thing about owls is that they seem to like the dark better than the light, and do most of their frolicking by night. Hence, when they are seen in the day time, they look a little sleepy.

The class of owls of which I have made a special study is called “Screech Owls,” because of the peculiar screeching sounds they sometimes make.

These owls are generally found in couples, and although they sometimes soar quite high, they seem to be very fond of resting on objects near the ground, such as a rustic seat under the dark shadows of some huge old tree, or even a gate, to which I have known of their doing great damage.

They eat most anything, but are especially fond of Pease, or anything sweet. They are found in all parts of the earth, but I am told that they flock around the St. Lawrence and some seem to enjoy being near a Beach or even a Marsh.

A Prep.

Literary Note.

Women are writing and talking about Grace Marguerite Hurd’s story “The Bennett Twins.” The twins—brother and sister—kick over the traces in a rather happy way; and with the reluctant acquiescence of their guardians. Their experiences in New York are full of fun and heroic work—his as an art student, her’s as a singer. They live in a ram-shackle old studio building, and go through sore straits before the year is out. They starve and wear out their shoes, but they never lose courage and withal never forget their sense of humor. Miss Hurd seems to have found a field not touched by Miss Alcott or Miss Whitney, yet fully as interesting and wholesome. The book ends as if there might be a love story to follow as a result of the twins experiment.

Spain’s Great Palace.

The magnitude of the escurial, the great Spanish palace, may be inferred from the fact that it would take four days to go through all the rooms and apartments, the length of the way being reckoned at 23 Spanish leagues, which is about 120 English miles.—West Coast Trade.
YE RECORDE wishes teachers, students, and friends a very merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

If you expect to have a first-class college paper, patronize our advertisers. We must have advertisements in order to run the paper, and unless they get something for their money, business men will not patronize us.

Do not make your complaints to any one of the Staff whom you may happen to meet. It is putting upon him a responsibility which is not his and which he cannot be blamed for not wanting to take. All complaints should be submitted to the editor-in-chief.

The editor is always ready for remarks. Unfavorable comments will be received with due humility; helpful suggestions will be welcomed gladly; a word of praise will be treasured "like apples of gold in pictures of silver;" all, we hope, will help to make better future numbers of YE RECORDE.

SPECIAL changes have been made in the editorial staff this month. Mr. Zeebyuth, business manager and local editor, was called away from school just before Thanksgiving. Mr. Pittmon, the associate editor, took his place as business manager, and Mr. Anderson of the local staff was advanced to the position of local editor. Changes were also made in the local staff.

The term is almost gone. The three days of examinations, which until the last two weeks seemed far away in the future, are alarmingly near. The midnight oil has been burning for several nights while hollow-eyed students wrestled with "Next two chapters in review." The silver lining to the dark cloud which hangs over the corner of South Ninth and G is the two weeks vacation, with home, and mother, and a bulging stocking in the chimney-corner.

College Colors.
Brown—Brown and white.
Chicago—Maroon.
Harvard—Crimson.
Illinois—Navy blue and orange.
Indiana—Crimson and cream.
Iowa—Gold, silver and black.
Michigan—Maize and blue.
Minnesota—Old gold and maroon.
Northwestern—Royal purple.
Pennsylvania—Red and blue.
Princeton—Orange and black.
Purdue—Old gold and black.
Wisconsin—Cardinal.
Yale—Dark blue.

—The Northwestern.
LOCALS.

Everyone enjoyed the snow.

Miss Edna Hale has moved into the Hall.

"Danel Webster's father says to Danel—."

Miss Nellie Beach visited her brother Paul, a short time ago.

Pendleton's candies are on sale only at the factory, 9th and Yakima Ave.

Mr. C. C. Cameron of Bremerton, was a visitor at the Hall on Thanksgiving day.

A poor excuse is better than none. Those contrary boys are back in the dining room.

Miss H.: "Lots of things happened Thanksgiving, but none that I would care to make public."

Dean: "Your mind isn't on Latin at all, young man."

Wonder where it is?

Miss D., in Cicero: "I don't know a good word for inclusum."

Dean: "Shut up."

Carrie: "What's the matter with the 'phone?"

Clyde: "It won't work."

Mr. P— has bought a bottle of "Electric Hair Grower" warranted to make the hair soft and glossy.

Jay Taylor didn't appear for two days after Thanksgiving. Burbee kindly explains that he had a bad cold.

Why is it so much more interesting to look across the street than at the textbook the last hour in the afternoon?

Rev. Mr. P. has adopted a new plan of receiving the membership of his S. P. Charge. How does he receive them? He emerges from under the bed when he has heard their last foot-step die away on the stairs.

College student, after a brave effort at translating Latin: "That sentence doesn't convey any meaning to my mind."

For a few days last week it was pain-fully evident that new electrical connections for ringing the bells were being put in.

Someone is anxious to know why the Dean wanted to read that chapter about "climbing up some other way." Who will explain?

Several little children were rolling hoop in front of the University building the other day, among them Prof. M. and Miss H.

Instead of saying, "Wise as serpents and harmless as doves," the college students have it, "Wise as Screech Owls and harmless as Preps."

Voice at the 'phone: "Hello!"

Miss -----: "Hello, ist das Herr B—ch?"

Voice: "Naw! I want central."

Your musical friends can be easily pleased. A visit to Tayler's Music Store, 910 C Street, will show many suitable gifts. Come and talk to us.

Teacher: "Mr. P., when did you meet your first difficulty in the study of German?"

Mr. P.: "Oh! I don't know, it was such a gradual growth."

How they spent Thanksgiving:

Miss Druse at Vashon, with Miss Cutler.

Mr. Pittmon at his home in Everett. Miss Shahan at Prof. Boyer's.

Mr. Medcalf over beyond the park somewhere.

Miss LeSourd in looking for someone who didn't come.

Mr. Beach and Miss Hale at their homes in Auburn.

Mr. Patterson with friends in South Prairie.

Mr. Thompson out at the end of the Glendale car line.
Can anyone tell what "Pudge" means?

How many saw Prof. P. try to catch a fly during a recitation?

Overheard: Mr. P.—"Miss W. don't want you to look in her room."

Why does Miss P. ask Miss L—g. every morning, "How's John?"

Ask Miss W—x how she enjoys fasting from breakfast until supper?

Teacher: "Is the time up?"

Herr Beach, reading: "Ya, er ist."

Miss Lucy Cutler, Academy 1900, was in town visiting friends last week.

Give Pendleton a call before buying your Xmas candies. 9th and Yak. Ave.

Mr. Marsh made a pleasing impression with his hair parted in the middle.

Miss Agnes Barry came in to the election party and spent the night at the Hall.

John Long, who was forced to leave school on account of sickness, is slowly improving.

In German class, Miss H., much perplexed: "Why, I always thought man was singular!"

Rev. G. T. Ferguson, pastor of Mason M. E. Church, conducted chapel exercises November 23.

Any one wishing to secure the mumps may have them at reduced holiday prices. Call at our room. Morse & Beach.

In the Physics class.

Prof.: "Why?"

She-fe: "That's what the book says, its plain enough."

We are pleased to note the interest our students take in music. The Summer Zepher Trio has lately been organized. Our best wishes to its members.

Xmas candies at Pendleton's.

Mr. Beach is the swellest fellow in school. No competitor for that honor need come forward unless he, too, has the mumps.

Miss D.: "Oo-oo! my feet are like icebergs."

Mr. M-r-sh: "Oh! not as big as that, I hope." Then he had to retreat hastily.

In Livy, day after Thanksgiving: "I didn't get that far."

Dean: "Had too much to be thankful for, did you?"

And he meekly answered: "Yes.

The Preceptress gave her consent Monday evening to four of the German class to study German with their teacher who lives on North M street. Ask Thompson and Patterson what the trouble was in getting there.

Could any P. S. U. student have imagined it! Could the wildest imagination have conjured up such a scene! Mr. Anderson was found promenading on the principal thoroughfare of the beautiful city of Tacoma, with two young ladies.

Choice specimens of translation by the Livy class.

"He gave up his spear and was handed over the wall."

"With difficulty the older ones settled the youths."

"He reviewed the troops on the third day about midnight."

A short time ago Mr. P-t-m-n narrowly escaped a serious accident. While in a candy store on business three young ladies of his acquaintance passed by the show window, when he had not a cent in his pocket. Fortunately, however, his identity was not discovered.

Pendleton's candies are fresh and pure.
Voices From the Kitchen.

"Here's the milk, right here."
"O, I guess there'll be something left."
"Did you find it?"

The girls who spend the noon hour in the study-room would like to know if the gingerbread, the apple, the cracker, the piece of cold potato, and the stale bread were also echoes.

"We have beets and carrots and cabbage and onions." "I had some applesauce."

Prof. Palmer: "We can tell what they are going to have for dinner."

Occasionally we take second-hand instruments in exchange for new Guitars, Mandolins or Banjos. These we offer at very low prices. Maybe we have a bargain that you want. Better come and see. Tayler's Music Store 910 C St.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

The base ball candidates will soon report for indoor practice. We hope to have a creditable team. The material to select from is very promising.

Plans are laid for a field meet to be held early in the spring. Among those preparing for those events are Pittmon, wrestler; Lawton, tumbler; Thompson, high and broad jump; Beach, one hundred yard sprint; Anderson, mile walk, and Chaplin, pole vault.

In the University two basket ball teams have been organized. The members of the first team are: Frank B. McMillan, captain; Treat, Rutledge, Lawton, Freeland; those of the second team: Olson, captain; Medcalf, Thompson, Beach, Lawrence. A series of games for the championship may be expected soon. There is some talk of the girls organizing a team.

SOCIETY NOTES.

On the sixth of November all the patriotic students gathered in the dining room to await the election returns. The evening was spent in playing games, pulling candy and singing college songs.

The Mercy and Help department of the League of Epworth church gave a pound party on November 9th. A large number of the students attended and reported a pleasant time.

Thanksgiving evening, Miss Herriott entertained Misses Wilcox and Lawrence, and Messrs. Thompson and Botsford.

The Ladies' Aid Society of Puget Sound University met on the thirty-first and sewed for Mr. Thompson. Refreshments were served, after which there was a "button hole contest."

The Orphilians.

The work in the literary society this month has been gratifying, indeed. Spirited discussion, animated debate, thoughtful papers, excellent recitations have aroused the enthusiasm of the members, and good work is the result.

The experiment of a joint literary society seems to be a success in every particular. It is our purpose to maintain the high standard to which we have attained. With our worthy president and critic to direct us, we look hopefully to the new year, in which we desire to accomplish much.

On the seventh of December we held our first evening meeting. If every evening session of our society is as interesting as was this one, we shall look forward with a great deal of pleasure to the first Friday evening of each month.
EXCHANGE.

Our exchange list keeps growing. Next issue we shall give our list complete.

The Northwestern is always interesting and is worthy of that splendid institution.

The Normal Outlook from the W. S. N. S. comes out in a pretty red cover— and the contents are also sure to be re(a)d.

The Wesleyan Advance from Kansas; The Clarion from Denver, Col.; The University Argonaut from Idaho are a few of those to whom acknowledgment is due.

A young Boer woman is studying at Chautauqua, N. Y.—Ex.

Country dentist—"I spare no pains to make my work satisfactory."—Ex.

A satirist is a man who discovers things about himself and then says them about some one else.—Ex.

An optimist is a man who is happy when he is miserable; a pessimist is a man who is miserable when he is happy.—Ex.

Primus—What was it that killed that Freshman?
Secundus—Why, a train of thought ran through his head, demolishing it entirely.—Normal Outlook.

"I am not much of a mathematician," said a cigarette, "but I can add to man's nervous troubles; I can subtract from his physical energy; I can multiply his aches and pains, and I can divide his mental powers; I can take interest in his work, and discount his chance of success."—Ex.

"Let me make the wheels of the nation," says the bicycle manufacturer, "and I care not who makes the laws."

"I'm glad," said the wounded man, as the doctor turned on the X-ray, "that you see it in that light."—Blue and Gray.

One of the world's greatest preachers, Saul of Tarsus, and one of the world's greatest poets, Omar Khayyam, of Persia, were at one time tent makers.—Everett News.

"Life's one task in the making of manhood. Our world is a College, events are teachers, happiness is the graduating point, and character is the diploma."—The Quidest.

It was stated in a South African newspaper recently that for every missionary landed on that continent Europe sends 70,000 casks of rum, 10,000 casks of gin, and 15 tons of gunpowder.—Pacific Templer.

Professor in Latin—"Decline stella and give meaning."
Student (beginning abstractedly)—"Stella, a girl. Professor, I can't.—College Exponent.

We don't want to buy your dry goods,
We don't like you any more;
You'll be sorry when you see us
Going to some other store,
You can't sell us any sweaters,
Four-in-hand or other fad,
We don't want to trade at your store.
If you won't give us your ad.—Ex.

An up-to-date philosopher has solved the question of perpetual motion in this manner:
Rags make paper.
Paper makes money.
Money makes banks.
Banks make loans.
Loans make poverty.
Poverty makes rags.—Normal Outlook.
Old Father Time

Will be along in a few days to introduce you to the new century. Will you meet him upon the threshold of progression or must he hunt for you among the relics?

That's a question that you must decide for yourself, but if there are any points on personal appearance that you are not posted on we will gladly give you our assistance.

That's our business. We can supply you with a Hat, Suit, or Overcoat that is right from every point of view.

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