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"CHILDISH JOE."

In the guard-house half a dozen men were lounging. It was an hour after taps. In the center of the tent a tallow candle, stuck to a cracker box, was trying to dispel the darkness. Private Frank Lister had just finished telling an exciting story. Frank was the jolliest, strongest, and the best looking man in Troop A—a tall, broad shouldered young giant of twenty-five, with dark wavy hair, snapping black eyes, and a face in which determination was marked. His good nature had made him a general favorite.

Frank had a history, and in our estimation that added to his charms. When a boy he had lived in a Maine seaport town, and at the age of twelve had been kidnapped and carried away to sea. For years he had followed the sea, carelessly forgetful of his parents. To be sure, he had written to them, but they had never received his letters. At last, as first mate of a schooner, he returned to his old home. He found his mother had died, and the villagers told him that his father had gone away. Most of them thought he had gone west to Washington, but they did not know to what part of the state. Reflecting that he was his father's only child, and that his father was old and perhaps needed help, he determined to find him. He resigned his position as mate and started west. When Frank joined Troop A, he had searched in vain for his father, and had about given up all hope of ever finding him.

For weeks Troop A had been encamped at American Lake, about twelve miles southwest of Tacoma. The troop was small, numbering only sixty men. The six men lounging in the guard-house, spoken of at the beginning, were the relief guard. At midnight they were to go on duty as sentries. As Frank completed his story, the men turned on their blankets from a listening to a sleeping position. It grew quiet, and the candle burned low. The heavy breathing of the men showed that they were asleep. Not far back of the tent could be heard the slow measured tramp, tramp of a sentinel going back and forth on his beat. Suddenly, the sentinel spoke a sharp challenge, "Halt! Who goes there?" Someone answered, and then the sentinel called out, "Corporal of the guard, number two." All around the camp, sentries repeated the call, "Corporal the of guard, number two." Then the corporal's guard could be heard going at a double time.

A man, who wished to speak with the captain, was seeking admission.
The light from the corporal's lantern showed the man was old and feeble. His snow-white hair hung almost to his shoulders. He appeared to have been running, and, at first, could only pant for breath. On being taken to the captain, he said that a man by the name of "Bill" Monroe had threatened his life. He had come to our camp for protection. The captain told the corporal to take him to the guard-house, and give him a blanket. We members of the relief guard had been awakened by the disturbance, and were curious to learn why Monroe had threatened the old man’s life. The man was brought to our tent just as the sergeant was calling, "Relief guard fall in." After going on duty, we learned no more of our guest until morning.

Every man in the troop knew "Bill" Monroe. He was a rancher, and lived back in the woods about three miles distant from our camp. He had often sold us straw-berries, butter, and other ranch products. We knew him to be a contemptible fellow and a constant visitor at the Lake Saloon. Liquor had made him dishonest and mean. He had a son who had a disposition like his father's. The boy had visited our camp two or three times, and had once slept off a drunk in the guard-house.

In the morning, as the last notes of the bugle ceased, the old man stepped out of the tent. Some of the men gathered around him. We saw that old age had made him childish, for as he told us his story, he cried like a little child. He said he had a ranch joining "Bill" Monroe's place, and that "Bill" had always troubled him. He told us that the night before, "Bill" and his son had come to his home, and after displaying a revolver, had threatened his life. The old man was broken-hearted. He said he did not have a relative living. Although he had lived on the ranch for two years, he had not made any acquaintances, and did not have a single friend. He told us to call him "Joe". We named him, "Childish Joe."

"Joe" stepped over to the flag-pole, and, looking up at the Stars and Stripes waving in the morning breeze, straightened his stooped shoulders. He was not childish then. His eyes showed a new spirit, as he began speaking. He told us how he loved that flag; how he had fought to save it; how under "Old Ben Butler" he had helped to storm the rebel forts. As he spoke, the men stood with their hats off. They honored the gray-headed veteran. He ceased speaking, and Frank Lister stepped over beside him. Turning, Frank said, "Fellows, this is my father." We went away and left them alone. None saw the meeting between father and son.

"Bill" Monroe did not know that "Childish Joe" had found a son. At about ten o'clock a.m., he came to our camp. We were surprised to see him accompanied by a sheriff. They proceeded to the captain's tent, and told that officer that they were in search of an old man named "Joe" Lister. They had a warrant for his arrest. The warrant charged "Joe" with being dangerously insane. It was signed by "Bill," by the keeper of the Lake Saloon, and by another man who had never seen "Joe."
During the forenoon, Frank had questioned his father and learned more about the trouble. Thinking that “Joe” Lister had no relative or friends, “Bill” Monroe had taken advantage of the old man’s childishness. He had stolen from “Joe” the strawberries he had sold us, and had built his fence so as to include a part of “Joe’s” land with his own. Doubtless he was not satisfied with small robberies, and by charging the old man with insanity, hoped to have him taken to an asylum. With “Joe” out of the way, he might, by a little lying and trickery, secure the whole property. Doubtless it was simply meanness that had caused Bill and his son to frighten the old man by threatening his life, for they could not have gained anything by it. By that contemptible act, they helped the man that they wished to harm.

The sheriff had read the warrant, and while he was reading, the captain had allowed some of the men to gather around. Frank stepped up to “Bill” and asked to see him alone for a moment. After they had gone aside, Frank told him a few facts, and showed him the necessity of dropping the warrant business. The sheriff went away without “Childish Joe.” We were never able to learn how “Bill” satisfied him that it was all a mistake. Frank secured a furlough and went home with his father. A few of the men formed a corps, and went over to watch “Bill” Monroe and his son move the fence back to its proper place.

Emery S. Chaplin,

A Country Social.

One Saturday morning in August, as I was engaged in my usual task of sweeping and dusting, I was startled by “Fritz,” running thro’ the house and shouting at the top of his voice, “Pearle, Pearle, O! say, where are you?”

“I’m in here,” I answered rather crossly, “but please don’t bring your dusty feet in here.” I added, as he started for the parlor.

“Well, where shall I leave them then?” he answered, sitting down in the middle of the hall rug, and looking most provokingly at home.

“I don’t care,” I responded, “only please wait until I get through and then tell me what you want, and please be civil, for once in your life.”

So with an injured air he stalked out on the lawn and picking up a stick began to whittle, leaving the shavings, of course, just where they happened to fall.

As soon as I had finished my work, I went out and led him into an ivy covered arbor, where he unfolded to me the plan that had caused so much confusion. There was to be a box-social that night in a village about sixteen miles from the city, and he wanted a crowd of us to go.

After much coaxing, we obtained the consent of our parents, and began preparations.

But first let me introduce the party. “Pat,” so named because of her propensities for telling Irish stories, sat near the front, as usual surrounded by an admiring crowd of listeners. Aunt Nancy, the old maid of the company, was quite hidden from sight by a multitude of cushions, while I was sitting on the floor in the back, with my feet hanging over the edge. The boys, “Fritz,” “Andy,” and “Jim,” disposed of themselves as best they could, while on the front seat sat Mrs. Smith and the driver, our chaperons.

At about seven o’clock we set out,
the jolliest crowd that ever left the shores of Bellingham Bay.

Our horses were spirited, and the roads fairly good, therefore as the distance between us and home increased, our spirits rose, and we sang, laughed, joked, and enjoyed ourselves eating bon-bons, of which the boys very thoughtfully had a fresh supply, until at about nine o'clock we drew up at the gate of a farm house ablaze with light.

Our coming created quite a sensation, and it was truly amusing to see the way some of the people stared at us. However, as we entered into the games with as much vigor as any of them, they soon forgot to be bashful, and we began to enjoy ourselves. "Fritz," especially, won his way into their hearts by telling them that he had been a city waif, and that I, being a good hearted mortal, had picked him up out of the slums when he was about three years old, and had given him his education and social position. They didn't seem to take into consideration the fact that I was about five or six years younger than he, but believed him with the credulity of babes, and thereafter looked upon him with mingled pity and admiration, and upon me as a liberal benefactress. Consequently most of them had due respect for my age, all except a group of young gentlemen who collected on the porch and insisted upon peeking thro' the window at "Pat" and me, making us smile in spite of our efforts to be dignified.

Aunt Nancy sat sedately in a stiff backed chair most of the evening, alternately smiling and frowning at the sallies and repartees of the crowd. At last we coaxed her to the organ where she sang and played until it was announced that the boxes would be sold. Such fun as we had then! How eagerly we watched every box until they came to ours! Nancy said a tall fair haired lad must get hers; "Pat" said that a short, curly-headed farmer boy should have hers; while I hoped that a tall, slender young man, with black hair and eyes, would buy mine. But alas! How soon were our fond hopes dashed to the ground! Mine came first, and was purchased by a short, fair haired tiller of the soil, clad in a blue flannel shirt and new overalls; Nancy's was sold to a portly gentleman of about sixty-five, with gray whiskers and a bald head; and a lean and lanky farmer, with sandy hair and mustache, got "Pat's." To say that we were astonished speaks lightly. We were horrified. How could we ever talk to those men? But being "wise as serpents and harmless as doves," we decided to have as much fun out of it as possible, and to stand at our posts. The boys had been more successful. "Andy" had the box of the schoolteacher, a sweet little woman of twenty-five or more; "Jim" was surprised to find that his box belonged to an old friend and schoolmate; and "Fritz," the most fastidious of them all, found himself in possession of a box belonging to a damsel whose hair reminded him of a beautiful sunset, whose rosy cheeks and laughing eyes reminded him of the early morn, and he at once became so enchanted that I, being his lawful guardian, became alarmed for the condition of his heart, and at once proceeded to examine his pulse. Being satisfied that there was no immediate danger of an elopement or anything a little less disastrous, I returned to my partner, only to find that the supper had all disappeared, and I was left without any. Not caring much, I sat down and began talking about horses, the crops, or anything else that I could, and soon was enjoying the description of the last horse race.

But all good things must have an ending, and so as the first gray streaks of dawn approached, a crowd of weary and weather-beaten travelers stopped at the door of the Methodist parsonage, and disappeared within its walls.

Pearle H. Drake.
YE RECORDE.

A monthly, edited and published by the students of Puget Sound University. Subscription price per school year, 25 cents; 5 cents per copy. Address all communications to Editor of Ye Recorde.

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LOCAL STAFF,
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Entered in Post-Office at Tacoma as Second-Class Matter.

At a meeting of the College students the first week in this term, a good friend of the P. S. U. offered a prize of fifteen dollars to the student who shall deliver the best oration, the contest to be public, and held one week before Commencement. It was decided to open the contest to students of both the Academic and College departments. The details of the plan are not yet arranged, but will be made public at a later date.

To be sure only one can win the prize, but that need not deter anyone from entering the contest. The benefit derived from the preparation and delivery of the oration will be of infinitely greater worth to the student than the cash amount of the prize, and this benefit is to be derived by each one who enters.

Since the unfortunate disbanding of the school, and its re-opening two years ago this fall, the work of the Oratorical Association has been dropped. The students have missed that part of their College experience, and are beginning now to realize their loss, hence the action of our friend. With the knowledge and experience gained in a friendly home contest, we expect to re-enter the Association, and to win new honors for the Maroon. We must bear in mind that at the last State contest in which she was represented, P. S. U. carried off first prize.

LOCALS.

Do you intend to enter the Oratorical Contest?

Miss Dru—: "O, I wish I were a Red Cross nurse!"

The College students welcome Earl McKenzie to their number.

John Allen and Claude Holden are new students in the Academy.

In College meeting, Miss L. "We're not very big but we're the biggest there are."

One of the girls wants to know if it was Mr. A.'s last shave before vacation that caused the severe cold from which he is suffering.

After the High Hoot. Mr. B-t-f-d: "It was the best time I ever had in my life. We missed the car and had to walk home."

Charles Warren, who received his diploma from the Business Department last year, is in school again, doing regular Academy work.

Second day of school, noon hour in the study-room.

"Girls, Mr. Anderson isn't back yet! What is the matter? Can it be mumps?"

Where did Mr. P-t-m-n take dinner that night? No one has been able to find the clam shells in a certain West End alley, and Miss P.'s mother doesn't wear a sunbonnet.
Miss Wilcox has moved out of the Hall.

Has T. B. ever had the “hooping calf?”

Mr. Mc—: “Sir?—No, sir, I didn’t get that far.”

Mr. Alvin Brown is a new student in the Academy.

Mrs. N.: “Whose turn to begin?”

Chorus of voices; “Herr Ames.”

Miss H—t, to another wise Owl: “Is New Orleans in Maine or Texas?”

Student, translating; “Hope was absent from the Gauls for tempting the fort.”

Miss Her—t, at the pantry door; “Oh! Edith, I think there is a mouse in here.”

Prof.: “I didn’t tell you to be seated; but then, that’s all right; next, proceed.”

Prof. P., illustrating concessive clauses: “Though he slay me, yet will I kill him.”

Speak louder, Miss E. L., Mr. Mc—failed to hear the answer to the (?) on Convention.

Miss C—t is now ready to plate any article with copper. She uses an improved method.

Herr B—ch had the money but, thanks to the ringing of the bell, he didn’t have to prove it.

Dean, in the Algebra recitation: “I think you’ve done that right unless you have make some mistake.”

Miss T., in Anabasis: “Does that word mean ‘man’ or ‘mountain’?”

Prof.: “Neither, its a verb.”

Latest discovery of Science, made by the Zoology class last Friday. Carbuncles are stationary animals.

Mr. M—f, overtaking some girls on the bike path: “Is this the way to Epworth?” (church or parsonage?)

Did you hear about the janitor that scrubbed the Laboratory floor so hard that he fell through into the basement?

Prof. M., in History: “Where did Columbus land?”

Mr. B—ch: “On one of the Sandwich Islands.”

Mr. P—t—m—n, in literary society; “I move that the Secretary be instructed to cast the unanimous vote in favor of Mr. P—t—m—n.”

M—d—f: “Miss S—l—s lives on the corner of Eighth and 0, doesn’t she?”

W—r—n: “Yes, it is about 723 North 0, isn’t it?”

We are sorry to learn that Mr. Rutledge does not expect to be with us the rest of the term. He leaves on account of poor health.

The Junior and Senior Preps have organized, but all their doings are so darksome and mysterious that little information is obtainable.

When you meet anyone carrying a tray up to the fourth floor, you must not ask, “Who is sick?” “Who has the mumps?” is the proper thing.

It is very doubtful if men in Xeroxphon’s time had wings, yet Mr Anderson said that a man was shot on the left wing at the battle of Cunaxa.

From the “Owls”—so wise, so learned: “Splendidest,” “I have went,” “He hadn’t ought,” “I know you was,” “She won’t go, I don’t think,” “Doesn’t he look alike?”

It pays to advertise in the Ye Recorde. Quite a number of the students have taken advantage of the reduced rates on mumps offered by Mr. Beach in last month’s issue.

President of literary society, announcing the result of a ballot: “Sixteen votes cast; necessary for a choice eight; each candidate having received eight votes, we will—”

Voice from the rear: “Then they’re both elected!”
After the High Hoot. Small Brother: “Say, Sis, which one of the boys went home alone last night?”

Your musical friends can be easily pleased, as a visit to Tayler’s Music Store, 910 C Street, will show. Come and talk to us.

Big Sister: “Every one of the Prep boys went home with an ‘Owl.’” (She didn’t say who carried the stuffed owl borrowed from the museum.)

The table-manners of some of the German students are simply appalling, judging from their own statements in class. To begin with, Mr. T. spreads his handkerchief on the table. Then Miss C. brings in the soup in a vegetable dish. Miss H. from whom more ought certainly to be expected, sits on the table and eats with a knife, while Miss F. performs that office with a key. Mr. A. drinks his coffee from his plate. There is no knowing what other strange statements might have been put into German had not the bell rang for dismissal.

We have lately been engaged in antiquarian researches and have obtained data which establish the following statements as being reasonably correct:

Miss H—I is sixteen years old; Sh—n, L—, E—I L—r—n— and E—I R., seventeen; Misses D—k and C., eighteen; Misses P., T., F., and M—y R., nineteen; Misses Le—d, D—v—s and Sh—ds, twenty; Misses W., B., and E—th L—r—n—, twenty-one; Miss Dr—s twenty-one; Miss H——t,——?

Corrections will be thankfully received and will be published in the next issue.

Hospital Notes.

Burbree and Chaplin have the mumps.

The dean is suffering with the “teeth-ache.”

Something is the matter with Mr. Beach’s ankle.

Miss Shahan has lost her “gripee,” and is again in school.

Miss Mary Revelle was out of school for several days with tonsilitis.

Miss LeSourd is discharged, cured, after a severe attack of tonsilitis.

It isn’t for sore throat that Hamilton wears a silk handkerchief around his neck.

Timothy is suffering with a severe attack of the swell-head. He was twice taken for one of the professors during the past week.

SOCIETY NOTES.

Almost everyone went home for Christmas.

Miss Shahan spent three or four days in Seattle, the guest of Miss Ethel Lawrence.

Prof. Morse gave and enjoyable evening of readings at the government school on the Reservation, on Friday, Jan. 11.

Prof. Morse, Mr. and Mrs. Lawton, the Messrs. Burril, and Mr. Noyes remained in the building during vacation.

Miss Herriott, Miss Lawrence, and Miss Wilcox spent several days with Miss Cutler, at her home on Vashon Island. Miss Cutler returned to the city with them, for a short visit with her University friends.

Orphilian Notes.

On Friday, Jan. 11, the Orphilian Literary Society held its regular triennial election of officers.

The following officers were elected: Pres., Edith E. Lawrence; V. Pres., Edwin T. Pittmon; Secy., Clinton Medcalf; Asst. Secy., Mary E. Ferguson; Treas., Clyde A. Thompson; Sergt-
at-arms, Emery S. Chaplin; Critic, M. Lenore Herriott; Chaplain, Arthur Marsh; Chorister, Mable Shields.

New members received, Earl McKinzie, Claude Holden, and Charles Warren.

Miss Lawrence responded to the cries of “Speech! Speech!” with a short prettily worded speech, urging the members to hearty co-operation and increased effort in the literary line.

With such an efficient leader as Miss Lawrence has proved herself in times past, and with an increasing membership list, the Orphilians expect to advance perceptibly the good work done last term.

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.

A curious story comes from England of an owl that has been stealing hats. People walking out in the early evening would suddenly be startled by their hats being removed from their heads. For a time the culprit was not found, but at last, while he was trying to remove a hat that fitted very tightly, he was discovered. Do you suppose this was a humorous owl?—What Cheer.

Dean: “No.”
Sh—fe: “Yes.”
Dean: “No.”
Sh—fe: “No.”
Dean: “Yes, no.”
Prof. W.: “What is the symbol for Cotter?
Class: “C. U.”

Manhood oversteps all titles. Character is above all riches, greater than any career. Character is success.
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