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A BLESSING IN DISGUISE.

It was a delightful day at the Westport beach, and people had been coming from all parts of the interior to escape the hot beams of Old Sol. The breakers were at their height, roaring and dashing as if they would overleap their bounds. The people were fascinated and few remained in their tents.

Among the pleasure seekers was a little school teacher by the name of Maud Clay, who was tired after a long siege in the school room, "teaching the young idea how to shoot," and had come to the beach to recuperate her health.

One day while she was out strolling, enjoying the fresh sea breeze, whom should she meet but an old school mate, Clarence Hathaway. He joined her in the stroll and a pleasant time was passed. Many were such times spent during their stay at the beach.

About the first thing persons do after getting to the beach is to prove the saltness of the water, or to go wading in the surf, while the more daring ones go out amid the breakers and try their hand at swimming, but about all their time is taken up diving through the breakers.

It was a bright day in August, and many people were out bathing, from the oldest to the children, when suddenly Maud lost her footing and with a scream disappeared beneath the breakers. What was to be done? Few who disappear beneath the breakers are ever seen again, and sharks sometimes frequent these parts. All of this was thought of in a second. Clarence was on the spot and after her in a moment. He dove beneath the surf and rescued her. Great shouts and cheers were given as he neared the shore, and he became the hero of the day.

The rest of the days at the beach were uneventful, and the season passed swiftly away; but during their stay there Clarence and Maud might be seen almost any day strolling along the beach and writing their names in the sand. Clarence often said in his heart, "I wonder when she will be mine."

At last the parting time came, and all returned to their homes better fitted for future duties.

Years passed by, and one day Clarence thought that their friendship had developed into perfect love, and he asked Maud to be his own sweet bride. She asked time for consideration, and two weeks were granted. She thought the question over and over, but she could not say within her soul that she loved him—she held him only as a friend. She wrote him her decision, which ran thus:

DEAR CLARENCE:—I will always consider you as a friend, but I cannot be your bride because—because I do not love you.

MAUDE.

It reached him in Portland a few hours afterward; he broke the seal like a flash and read the contents again and again. The words "because I do not love you" seemed to hang to him like the barnacles on the hull of a vessel. At last he said "This is only another proof of woman's inhumanity to man. After my saving her life, the least she
could have done would have been to offer me her hand for life.”

He was a fellow of few words, but his thoughts no doubt were more numerous. Disgusted, he left the land and sailed for Honolulu, “the paradise of the Pacific” (anything short of a paradise could not console his dejected mind), and arrived there full of hopes ready to start life again.

A short time after he arrived there he went out into the mountains hunting for pleasure. He had not gone far when he heard a terrible crashing noise above him. For a moment he thought that all the beasts of the mountains were pouncing down upon him. With trembling hands he raised his gun ready to fire at the sight of a beast, to hear the screams of a woman. In another instant, he sees rider and burro charging rapidly down the mountain side, he rushes to her aid, grabs her from the burro, and saves her from being dashed to pieces on the rocks below.

As soon as she recovered from her fright, he ascertained her name and where she lived.

He delivered her to her father in Honolulu, who was a wealthy coffee merchant, and who when the adventure of his daughter was related, asked Clarence to accept his daughter for his bride.

It’s useless to say that he did and in a few days he was married to the beautiful Kanaka girl. On their wedding day they were presented a check of $100,000 by the bride’s father, and Clarence became a member of the wealthiest family of the city.

And after all to him Maude’s refusal proved a blessing in disguise. While she lived an old maid all her days, and fully realized that life is futile without loving for others.

“The Washingtonian.

— MOTHER GEIGER’S GEESE. —

He was an old man—almost seventy-five years old—and yet he stood as straight and stepped as firm as a man of thirty. His blue eyes twinkled merrily over a determined mouth and chin. He was a little man—not more than five feet three—very self-important and dignified. The only suggestions of age were the white hair and beard, like a skein of white wool thrown over his head and caught on his ears. He was in his element now, the central figure in a circle of old friends, recounting the happiness of his younger days.

“I liked fun when I was a boy” he said reflectively. “I did that,” with an emphatic nod. “I remember a trick I played once on a flock of geese that belonged to an old German woman living in our town.

“We boys,” he continued, “had our special play-ground, a big grass-plot on the edge of town, where we spent our afternoons after school and our Saturdays. One spring Mother Gerger’s geese took a notion that they wanted that grass-plot for their feeding-ground. Of course they didn’t improve the condition of the grass, and we tried all sorts of ways to get rid of them. Finally the rest of the boys gave up, but I was bound to win—I wasn’t going to let a goose get ahead of me.

One Saturday morning I got hold of an idea and as soon as my work was done, armed with paper, twine, a big needle, and a pocketful of corn, I went to my room. The paper I cut into strips and folded to make fans. Taking a piece of string about eighteen inches long, I tied one end around the “handle” of a fan and sewed the other through the soft part of a kernel of corn. I made half a dozen of these “infernal machines,” and then set out for the play-ground. The geese had not yet arrived, so I scattered my pocketful of corn in the grass and put the fans in widely separated places.
Then, lying down in the deep grass in a fence-corner, I had not long to wait till down the roadside waddled Mother Geiger’s geese, fourteen of them, led by a pugnacious old gander.

“The corn was a special treat, and they gabbled contentedly as they picked it up, paying no attention to the pieces of white paper strewn carelessly about.” The corn was nearly gone; however, there were several squabbles before the destiny of a kernel was settled. In one of these squabbles the old gander made a rush for the lucky winner. A piece of stiff paper was jerked into the air, and rustled about his head. With a frightened squawk he gave a flop of his great wings to brush away the nuisance. His numerous wives all flapped and squawked in sympathy. The breeze created by their wings set the rest of the fans in motion, and then was pandemonium let loose. The startled flock rose in the air, hissing and squawking, the white paper fluttering about their heads, and, with the old gander in the lead, rapidly winged their way homeward.

“I doubled up in the fence-corner and laughed till the tears rolled down my cheeks. When I had regained strength and composure, I started down the road toward home, passing Mother Geiger’s little cottage on the way. She hailed me, and called excitedly, “Did you see mine gooses? They all came home mit fans to their mouths! Where did mine gooses get fans?”

“When I reached home, mother’s first words were, “Sam, did you see Mother Geiger’s geese?” “Oh,” I said, “I heard some sort of a goose noise.” But they all suspected that “Sam” knew more about the fun then he cared to tell.

“The geese never bothered our playground again.”

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EXCHANGE.

Exchanges have been coming in better this month than last. Perhaps some took a vacation. Acknowledgment is due to the following: The Northwestern; The Clarion; The University Argonant; The Wesleyan Advance; College Exponent; Whims; The Quidest; The Normal Outlook; The Washingtonian; The Seattle Times; The Seattle P. I.; The Tacoma Ledger; The Independent; The West Coast Trade; The Sun-Democrat; The Auburn Argus; The Everett News; a marked copy of the The Dilettante.—

Subscriber—“Why is my paper always so damp?”
Editor—“Because there is always so much due on it.”—Wesleyan Advance.

“Hast thou a lover?” asked he,
“Oh maiden of the Rhine?”
She blushed in sweet confusion,
And softly faltered, “Nein.”
He felt rebuffed, and knew not
What best to say, and then
A sudden thought came to him,
And he pleaded, “make it ten!”
—Ex.

Here’s a sweet old rhyme of our first readers:

“Little drops of water
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the pleasant land.”

And here’s the way the Boston children read it:

“Infinitesimal particles of saline humective fluidity,
Minute corpuscles of non-adhering organic matter,
Conjointly cause to exist the immeasurable expanse of aqueous sections,
And their splendid superficial area of dry solidity.”—College Exponent.
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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STUDENTS:—Have you any friends to whom you would like to send Ye Recorde? If so, hand their names to the subscription agent. There are a number of copies left each month and we would be glad to dispose of them in this way.

On the night of the immortal Washington’s birthday, while settling down to peaceful slumber after being pursued in a dream by an army of Recordes having blank editorial pages and armed with wicked looking hatchets, ye editor was roused by the uneven tramping of many feet on the sidewalk below her window. Then a still small voice said “Ready!” and led by the lusty voice of the Subscription Agent, there floated up through the startled night air a discordant, disconnected series of whoops and yells: “Che-ha!—Varsity!—Rah!—Dazzle!—Booam!—Varsity!—Rah!—We are!—” and then a girl’s shrill treble, “Don’t you see e-e-e?”

Ye editor saw. Nothing but a crowd of Preps on their way home from a “Hee-Haw” “in the wee sma’ hours” could make such an abominable racket.

YE EDITOR feels like echoing the announcement made in Literary the other day by the chairman of the program committee: “If you know of any one else who can do anything, let us know.” If there are among your classmates embryonic poets or philosophers whose powers are in danger of degenerating through lack of the proper environment for their full development, let us know about them.

Of course, the management of a college paper affords the members of the staff a great deal of “experience,” and practical experience of any kind worth a great deal to a student. But the mission of the college paper is not to develop the business ability of half a dozen people who make up the staff. The chief benefit ought to be derived by the contributors. Nothing would please the editor more than to have ten or a dozen manuscripts submitted for publication every month. The practice gained would be invaluable to you, no matter what your future work may be. We want to make the March issue, the “end of the term” number, the nearest to our ideal of a college paper that we can make it. We want the hearty co-operation and assistance of every student in Puget Sound University. You have stood by us nobly during the past months, but we want every one of you to work your hardest to make the March number surpass anything we have done yet.
LOCALS.

Who is "the little lady in the red tam?"

Messrs. Treat and Arnold are now "paper boys."

Nisao Kuwashima is taking special work in English.

They say Pease are in market; rather early, isn't it?

Dean: "I had that a long time ago in Adam's old Arithmetic."

Miss Hale spent a few days at home the first week in February.

Who is the Mrs. Graham that wanted instruction in German?

Some of the future ministers' wives attended Bishop Cranston's reception.

Misses Berkman, Druse and Ethel Lawrence took the teacher's examination.

Mr. P—se would like to inform Miss W—x that the crackers were very good.

Messrs. Burrill, Olsen and Thompson, also Miss McKibben have lately been on the sick list.

How is this?—C. A. T., cat; C. O. B. cob; R. I. B., rib, etc. What do your initials spell?

Prof. P.: "Say it naturally, just as you would write it if you were at home in the kitchen at work."

Prof. B. will solicit orders for sachet powders during summer vacation. He has already received his samples.

In Livy, "There was a great slaughter of the baggage."

"They assisted the elephant down the cliff with powder."

"The elephants were almost consummated with hunger."

In staff meeting, Business Manager; "I don't believe in matches of any kind." (Prolonged applause) "Hold on a minute, let me explain."

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.

Prof. M's logic. All sons of Adam are mortal.

No Americans are sons of Adam. Hence, all Americans are angels.

A roar like thunder greets our ear—
The clash of arms or breakers near.

As Mr. Taylor doth appear
It may be shoe strings that we hear.

Mr. Mek., in Algebra; "A horse has four shoes."

Miss F.; Oh! I said he had two!"

Miss L. said he had one; Miss B., eight.

Prof., out with a party of students, looking at two of the number coming along slowly behind; "I thought the world was growing better but it seems to be just the same as it used to be."

Miss P. "The Dean hasn't dismissed his class yet."

Miss H. "What class is it?"

Miss P. "The Livy class."

Miss H. "The Baby class?"

Miss P. "Yes."

Someone suggested that the literary society have a sentimental program for the open meeting. One of the girls, however, objected, saying: "No, before we do that we had better practice a while."

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.
Who is it that has lately used the following big words? Manipulate, spurious, preambulate, exhibitory, elucidate, cognomen, disintegrate, superabundant, amplification, ambiguous, contiguous.

The following subjects have been suggested for the oratorical contest: Sunbonnets, W. B. Anderson; Horseradish, Mary LeSourd; Clams, Vinnie A. Pease; Mosquitoes, E. Timothy Pittmon; Indian Clubs, Miss Herriott.

Talk about great men being absent-minded! Mr. A. sometime ago was walking along Pacific Avenue and chanced to see a sign reading “Shoes shined inside.” “I wonder,” thought he to himself, “what in the world they want to shine the inside of the shoes for.”

Student, in the barber’s chair; “Yes, the boys studying for the ministry get special privileges at the University; I wish I was one of them; when a young preacher wants to take a young lady from the Hall, he doesn’t have to get the Preceptress’ permission, but the rest of us do.”

**SOCIETY NOTES.**

Miss Agnes Barry spent two evenings at the Hall last week.

Miss McKibben entertained Miss June Howie at dinner the 6th.

Mabel Shields spent last Saturday and Sunday in Puyallup, the guest of Miss Barry.

A number of the students attended the valentine party at the Y. M. C. A. on the 13th.

Mr. Thompson and Mr. Olsen have moved from the second floor to the third and for the last week have been busily engaged in putting down carpets, hanging draperies, etc.

Willard B. Anderson and Arthur L Marsh were the guests of Mr. Olsen February 3rd.

Clinton Medcalf and Will Lawrence attended the basket social at Edison last Friday evening.

On the evening of February 2nd Miss Herriott entertained Misses Wilcox and Lawrence and Messrs. Thompson and Medcalf at crokinole.

On Tuesday evening, February eighth, a benefit for *Ye Recorde* was given. After a short program the time was spent in playing games.

One of the pleasantest social occurrences of the year was the first “Luahu,” or feast, given by the Ohiale-hua club, on the evening of Feb. 22nd at the home of Miss Mary Le-Sourd. This club was organized about a month ago by the Junior and Senior Academy students for the sake of mutual profit and pleasure. The name is from the Hawaiian language and is that of a Hawaiian flower. The evening was spent very joyably in games and music until about eleven o’clock, when a bountiful oyster supper was served. Each one present wore a sprig of Oregon-grape, and received a dainty hatchet as a memento of the occasion. About twelve o’clock good nights were said, and the merry party departed, feeling that not even “Owls” could have had a better time.

**THE PREP “SOCIETY.”**

The dear little Preps, observing the beneficent influence of “Hoots” in the already learned and august “Screech Owls,” thought that they, too, must have a “Secret Society.” So one morning the Bulletin Board was decorated with a grinning skull and cross-bones, marked “Third and Fourth Preps,” and that afternoon the children met in the Chapel. Several times the grinning sign appeared and very secret and myster-
ious meetings were held. One morn-
ing the trunk-room door was decorated
with black crape. Sympathizing
friends mourned the untimely depart-
ture, and loving words of remembrance
were spoken; but this seems to have
been only the chrysalis stage, for the
young society soon bloomed out, and
scattered white petals throughout the
upper end of the Preparatory De-
partment.

The dear children enjoy their
play, and so long as it keeps them out
of mischief they ought not to be dis-
urbed, as it might ruffle their little
temper. And any one who is at all
interested in child-study will realize
that to rouse the angry passions of one
of these little ones would be very un-
wise.

Like all children they have very
vivid imaginations. They call them-
selves flowers. If this be so, they
must be moon-flowers. Certain it is
that they flourish best in damp places,
their favorite haunts being near the
Beach or beside a Marsh. The
humble Cotter's rural home is over-
run with them, and some varieties
Revel(le) in Town, especially if there
be plenty of sweet Mary(s) in the
vicinity.

Y. W. C. A.

We are glad to note the increased
interest taken in the work of the
Young Women's Christian Association
since the visit of Mrs. Allen, the travel-
ling secretary of the North-West
Branch of the American Y. W. C. A.
Owing to various causes, the work of
the Association was virtually at a
stand-still. The timely words of
warning and advice given by Mrs.
Allen will be gratefully remembered
by every girl who is at all interested
in Christian work.

If you are interested in a college
paper, show it by patronizing those
advertise in its columns.

EXCHANGE.

LATIN
All people died who spoke it.
All people died who wrote it,
All people die who learn it,
Blessed death, they surely earn it.
—High School Whims.

He: "What's the matter, dear?
You look as if there was something
troubling you."

"She: "There is. I've joined a
Don't Worry Club, and I don't know
how in the world I am going to pay
my dues."

"Now do you understand?" shouted
the infuriated professor, as he hurled
the ink bottle at the exasperating
student.

"I think I have an inkling," the be-
sattered student replied.—High
School Whims.

AN ACADEMY ANTHEM.

(With apologies.)

1. Rare is the student that walketh
not crookedly up stairs; nor
standeth in the way of others in
the aisle; nor sitteth in the seat
which is in the back row.

2. But his delight is in his lesson
which is long, that upon it he
may meditate day and night.

3. He shall be a walking dictionary,
petted by all the teachers, that
knoweth all things when asked;
his favoritism also shall not
cease, and whatever he doeth he
shall receive high marks.

4. The unstudious are not so, but are
like the chaff which the wind
 driveth away.

5. Therefore the unstudious shall not
stand in the examinations, nor
dull ones in the congregation of
the exempt.

6. For the teacher knoweth the way
of the studious, but the way of
the stupid shall perish.—The
Northwestern.
Faces are Not all Alike

Some are attractive—some otherwise. It’s the same with stores. In some everything you get seems to be just right—you have no kicks.

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