A BIRD sang loud in the copse’s clearing,
In a voice so glad I couldn’t help hearing.
And what do you think were the words he sung?
That through the meadows and woodlands rung?
Oh, be of good cheer,
For June is here.

A little rill went babbling along
With the sweetest, perpetual, springtime song
Bubbling up from its moistened lips,
As it kissed the grass on its bright green tips,
And it whispered a word to it, sweet and clear,
Oh, be of good cheer,
For June is here.

A flower bloomed low in the moistened sod,
And lifted its sweet, bright face to God,
As it swayed and nodded there in the breeze,
That had had its birth in the lofty trees,
But grew tender and soft as it stooped so near
To whisper the flower, that June was here.

Everywhere, with her sweetened breath,
June awoke them, to life, from death.
A thousand voices took up the glad song
And a thousand more swelled the bright throng.
And the chant was answered from speaking eyes
Of flowers that wafted their souls to the skies.

Of course, in Nature, there are always some
Beautiful creatures both deaf and dumb.
So those that to sing could never aspire,
Dressed themselves in their gayest attire;
And their language of signs, so quaint and queer,
Was the the surest of signs that June was here.

OUR COUNTRY’S GREATEST NEED.

Oration delivered by
G. F. JOHNSON,
In State Oratorical Contest.

The world is a great battlefield. A conflict is waged from the cradle to the grave. From the early dawn of creation man has striven valiantly against the forces which have opposed him. Empires have flourished and decayed; kingdoms have risen and fallen; states have been established and have perished.

Yet, the failures of the past, the ruins of antiquity, the nations which have risen and fallen, have formed the foundation upon which our present civilization stands. Out of the chaos of the past much of the order of the present has been evolved. As we study these developments our attention is engaged, our interest excited. We stand and marvel at the powers which rule the world to-day. England, gigantic and domineering, “has dotted the surface of the entire globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drum-beat, following the sun and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth daily with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England.”

Truly, has the Star of Empire westward taken its course. The Slavonians goaded the Teutons forward; they, in turn, crowded the Celts to the very western coast of Europe. The persecutions of the Reformation caused our Pilgrim Fathers to cross the stormy Atlantic and seek religious toleration and freedom of thought in a new world, which became the birthplace of Liberty. From that humble beginning, what has come? Those settlements grew into colonies; these colonies into states, and these states into this grand and glorious American Republic. Proudly she stands as one of the first powers of the world, her flag floating royally from the masts of a rapidly growing fleet which plows the mighty main, presaging the day when the sceptre of the seas shall pass to her control. In what country or in what seas may not the American citizen hail the Stars and Stripes and read in them the history of his nation’s greatness, as he draws from them the inspiration of patriotism and thanks Almighty God that he is an American citizen.
Who is there among us, as we look abroad over the land of which we are so proud, as we mark the deeds of our American heroes who have written their names in letters of gold upon the records of mankind, that does not feel an added heartbeat of joy and exultation as he ponders the fact that he, too, is an American citizen.

Ever since the signing of the Declaration of Independence our statesmen have been, in breadth and depth of thought and in power of reasoning, admittedly the ablest of the age. Where, beyond the borders of our own country, have there been found three such men as Washington, Webster and Lincoln?

No century has witnessed such marvelous progress as has the present. By slow, yet ceaseless, development the mind of man has become more active, and education has advanced. The weary days of toil and study have at last brought forth their fruits and have been crowned with the tokens of success. We gather the harvests from well tilled fields. Of a truth, one sows for another to reap.

Yet, with all her glory and splendor, with her magnificent achievements, with her broad plains and fertile valleys traced by great railway systems, her exhaustless mines of precious metals, her boundless forests of lofty fir and grand old cedar, and all the matchless wealth which she has amassed through extended and ever widening commercial relations, there seems to hover over our land a spirit of unrest and uncertainty, and dark and perplexing clouds gather about us. We have grown opulent. Luxury leads to extravagance, and extravagance begets recklessness, idleness and vice. The splendor of our riches may dazzle the world, but history declares, in the ruins of Egypt, of Babylon, Carthage and Rome, that wealth has no conserving power, but that it tends, rather, to enervate, corrupt and destroy. Mr. Webster once said, after traveling through the vast territories of the west: "I see before us abundance, luxury, decay and dissolution." The settlement of the monetary system baffles our greatest financiers. The evils arising from the ceaseless flow of immigration into our country have caused many to be greatly disturbed. "The universal record of history teaches that Republics which have risen and fallen, owe their destruction largely to foreign influence—unseen at first—permitted until too strong for resistance—at last, fatal." For the last fifty years the international societies, secret leagues, atheistic and rationalistic organizations of every name and order in the old world, have been continually emptying themselves into this land of the free. European anarchy has taken root and grown as by magic, until to-day it threatens our peace. The riots, strikes, mobs and Coxey armies are only symptoms of greater evils, the smokings of a volcanic fire—danger signals whose warning voices bid us pause to reflect and plan a solution of these problems.

There is an imperative demand pressing upon the American citizen. The voice of our America cries unto her sons. The Revolutionary Fathers, the organizers of our proud Republic, together with Lincoln, Grant and Garfield, look down to see whether or not we shall let fall that which they have raised up. When Napoleon made his determined stand before the Mameluke cavalry under the shadow of the Egyptian pyramids, pointing toward the summits of the great piles of masonry, he exclaimed; "Soldiers, forty centuries are looking down upon you." Men of America, from the capstone of opportunity upon which God has placed us, we look down upon forty centuries! It is ours to transform, to control. We hold in our hands the power to mould the destiny of oncoming millions.

"We are living, we are dwelling,
In a grand and awful time,
In an age on ages telling—
To be living is sublime."

How, then, shall we arrest the impending evils? Where shall we look? Who shall roll us away the stone? What is our greatest need?

Solutions to these problems are daily offer-
ed, but they fail to solve. We cannot live in the present only, and, as we seek to lift the veil, the future is dark and misty, like a great and unknown sea. So we can but turn our thoughts to the past and, by the experience of the ancients, read our own dangers, destiny and duties. Especially are the fall of the old Republics and the sanguinary revolutions of France full of admonition.

Behold the once proud fabric of the Roman Republic which was so well organized, with her faithful cohorts and invincible legions bearing her glittering eagles into all parts of the world! With her military roads extending in all directions, she was the very embodiment of power and stability, founded upon the corpus juris civilis, to which we are largely indebted for our present code of laws. Where is her splendor, her power, her glory? Extinguished forever! Thus is the mighty mother of nations fallen, even with her majestic power, her intellectual greatness and her sublime patriotism.

Tarry here—why did Rome fall? Were not her borders overrun by Goths, Franks and other intruding tribes? Had she not become enervated through her own love of luxury and immorality? Her Senate had ceased to exert its old influence and the power of government was more and more given into the hands of a political clique. Her offices were filled with men unprincipled and selfish in character, politicians who sought only pecuniary reward and the glory their country might confer upon them. They thought not of the service they should render nor of the majesty and power to which they might bring their country.

Will any sane man dare deny the fact that there are similar clouds in our political sky; that our primaries, and, hence, our elections, are controlled by the office seekers? Many of our best men have been content to remain at home, and thus the politician and not the patriot has gained the mastery. The political ring in the United States has become grossly corrupt. The same causes will ever insure the same results. Fellow citizens, if we, as sons of America, forget our country and think but of our own selfish interests, we shall fail. The loss of our strong national character or the degradation of our nation's honor is a sure prelude to our destruction. No power on earth can help us. We shall utterly fall. The most dexterous and sagacious statesmanship is required on the part of America's men to arrest the threatening evils.

Fellow countrymen, our supreme hope lies in a spontaneous uprising of the people. Not of anarchists, mobs and Coxey armies, but of men thoroughly aroused to a full sense of their privilege and duty. Our best men must be our leaders. Our legislatures and our congress must be filled with men of principle, men of integrity, men who have the highest interests of their country at heart. The age is in need of men who are willing to stand for the right and able to triumph over wrong. Oh, for a generation of statesmen like Lincoln or Webster!

"God give us men! A time like this demands Great hearts, strong minds, true faith and willing hands. Men whom the lust of office does not kill; Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy; Men who possess opinions and a will: Men who have honor, men who will not lie; For, while the rabble, with their thumb-worn creeds, Their large professions and their little deeds, Wrangle in selfish strife—lo! Freedom weeps, Wrong rules the land and waiting Justice sleeps.'

WAYSIDE JOTTINGS.

CHANCELLOR C. R. THOBURN.

We had wakened as the train was whirling through the celebrated Rogue River Valley of Oregon, and through the long day had seen alluvial plain change to mountain valley and valley to crest, and then we had swept majestically down the California side of the Shasta range, where the mountains stand as giants in family conclave, and the constantly changing pictures framed in the windows of the car kept anticipation ever keen and brought increase of pleasure with the passing hour. But for one thing the day would have been perfect. Off to
the east the banks of fleecy clouds were massed so that, from base to summit, whatever of mountain might be there was effectually hidden. Behind those leaden walls old Shasta held his regal court with portals tightly closed and, gaze earnestly as we might, no glimpse of his stately presence could be had. And so the afternoon wore on with disappointment merging to despair until the sun was just tipping the peaks to the west and the leaden cloud in the east was changed to snowy whiteness, when slowly and with majestic beauty the crown of old Shasta rose above ramparts of pearl; bright as molten gold with the reflected glory of the setting sun and hushing into awe the trivial words and thoughts of those who but a moment ago had been sight-seers. Sight-seers were we still, but the glorious vision of the Eastern sky was lifting up to the view point of the apocalypse and a very slight stretch of the imagination could have seen the Great White Throne and Him who sits thereon. It was the threshold of Eternity and with bated breath we watched the vision fade behind the curtains of night and swept out from the realms of enchantment towards the valleys and plains of practical life.

It is hard to realize the size of the world or the diversity of its peoples, yet the late General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church was a suggestive lesson on the subject. Nearly six hundred men came together in the city of Cleveland and spent nearly a month in deliberating on church affairs. These men represented every continent and a majority of the nations, and some of them could only understand the proceedings through an interpreter.

As would be expected, the work of the session accumulated until, at the last, there was great impatience at delay, and the business-like air of everyone, from chairman to page, was not in the slightest suggestive of sentiment.

It is one of the incidents of those closing days that I wish to write. Dr. J. F. Scott had come as a lay delegate from China. He was an invalid when elected and the home trip and the sojourn in California had not restored his health. Yet, with indomitable courage, he not only battled against disease, but day after day found him in his seat at every session of the Conference, earnest and alert, watching every turn of business and seeking with the utmost of his power to faithfully serve the church for which he was giving his life in the first flush of his young manhood. He stood up well under the strain until the last week, when he was missed from his seat. Even then he did not surrender, but, first in his chair and then in his bed, he listened to the reading of the daily proceedings of the Conference and strove to keep himself abreast of the movements of the Conference that he might be enabled to vote intelligently should his strength permit him to return to the assembly room. However, it was ordered otherwise and the heroic soul passed out to its reward one morning just about as the assembly was beginning the business of the day. The death was not generally known until the afternoon session, and when the session was called to order there was the usual scene of seeming confusion and apparent strife, as many men sought to gain recognition to get their
business first before the house. However, Dr. Baldwin, of the Missionary Society was recognized and in very simple words told the story of the death and read appropriate resolutions for adoption. It had not seemed a moment before that anything above the present work and turmoil could gain the attention of that great body of men; but scarcely had Dr. Baldwin ceased speaking when a dozen people moved the adoption of the resolutions, and someone cried, “Let Bishop McCabe lead us in singing.” The resolutions were adopted and then the magnificent singer of Methodism came to the front and in his inimitable style began singing “I would not live alway.” The Conference sprang to its feet and swelled the great volume of song, while suffused eyes and bowed heads proclaimed that each man felt himself in the presence of the Eternal. At the close of the song Bishop Foster asked that all stand while he led in prayer. It was a noble, manly prayer, such as that man could pray, and every heart was touched and every soul lifted up closer to the Divine. As the words of the Bishop died each felt that to return to business abruptly could not be endured, and without announcement Bishop McCabe started “O Think of the Home Over There,” and as they sung, one looking upon the great audience could realize that while business was important and these men represented vast interests in deliberations of great import, yet, above all they were servants of the King of Kings and before the open portals which had received the worker gone before, they realized that earth and its concerns sink into insignificance beside the wonderful beauties of the Eternal.

COMMERCIALISM.

F. B. Babcock, '96

Among the evils of today, none has a firmer hold than commercialism, the spirit of gain by trade. In our earlier national life conditions and environments were such that the commercial spirit was a blessing, but it now threatens to be a curse. Our greatest blessings, if improperly used, become our greatest curses.

In the development of our great West, what purposes and motives impelled the leaders of the van of emigrants? They were quite different from those in the hearts of the Pilgrim Fathers, who settled the Atlantic coast. The glittering gold of the early Californias, the famed Eldorado of the west, was the attraction. This desire for gain has ceased to be pioneer and now universally pervades and even rules the west. It is today keeping back our advancement by despotically crushing the noblest forces of civilization. This spirit of trade rules our cities, towns, society and individuals. It is growing into a feverish malady. Monopolies, trusts, corporations, business schemers have invaded our state and national legislatures with purchased senators and representatives, and reinforced them with hordes of lobbyists, to force the enactment of laws to protect and further their nefarious schemes. I honor the noble statesmen who stand firm and are pulling against this tide. I would that we could call back Webster, Clay, Calhoun and Sumner to hurl their Phillipics in the face of this growing evil.

The business enterprises of the country are enticing into their service a large proportion of the best talent, which was formerly devoted to the state and society. Many of our business men do not take time to study politics and the needs of their cities and country, or even to go to the polls and vote. They say; “We can make more money by neglecting our political duties and using the whole time in tending to our business affairs, than the politicians can steal from us on account of our neglect.” If the citizens of Tacoma, Seattle and Spokane had paid more attention to municipal affairs, they would not now be weighed down with such burdens of debt, a good portion of which has been misappropriated by the greed of dishonest officials, or stolen by avaricious defaulters. The spirit of Boss Tweed has been thriving right among us.

Education, especially higher education, has suffered from the allurements of this craze
of business. The popular idea is, that the public schools will furnish the proper training for a business foundation. A post-graduate course in a commercial college is sometimes taken. I will not disparage our educational institutions, but there ought to be more of them, and of a higher order, and better patronized and endowed. If fidelity to higher education were developed in proportion to devotion to business, this beloved Puget Sound University would be the proud and worthy possessor of magnificent buildings, campus, libraries, apparatus and a large endowment fund. When George Washington died, he left twenty thousand dollars in the government treasury for the building of a college. What did congress do with it? Loaned it out on interest to the transcontinental railroads, and there it is today.

Are literature and art keeping pace in their development with commercialism? Where is the Irving, the Longfellow, the Whittier, the Lowell, the Curtiss of today? Have we sculptors equal to Crawford, Greenough, Powers or Rogers? Can there be found painters like Kensett, Eastman, Huntington and Durand? Even religion is subordinated to business. If the introduction of Mohammedanism or Buddhism into this country would draw trade, many of our cities would immediately form great stock companies to build princely mosques for free worship; just as they donate large bonuses for the establishment of distilleries and breweries.

Oui, this spirit of business! Young men, if you ever become millionaires, be philanthropists and not gluttons. The only thing that makes millionaires endurable in society is the benevolent use of their money. Millionaires whose end is simply accumulation and wanton luxury are mere tumors on society, financial cancers.

It rests with the young men of today to stem this tide of commercialism. Truer devotion to religion, literature, art, science, philosophy, and pure politics is imperative. The voice of highest duty is calling young men into these fields. Desire for gain, honor, social position and pleasure should give place to a higher ideal. Culture must evangelize the masses with a revival of thought and feeling, and smother extreme commercialism. Every young man who feels that he has the power within him for great and good things, should, as a sacred duty, consecrate his talents to these higher fields, regardless of the promising rewards of business. A young man who has ability to stand in the pulpit, to teach, to be useful in literature, science or art, is untrue to himself and disloyal to his fellow man if, with deliberation, he allows his talents to rust away in the pursuit of business.

As a barrier against this evil in Tacoma, I would enlarge and build up our cherished Puget Sound University and others like it in their respective cities. Not unmindful of the grand things she has done in the past, and is doing today, still, from lack of means, she has never done a fractional part of what she might have done, and will do in the future. She ought to have larger buildings, more departments, more professors, that she might become a great stronghold and fortress of culture, wisdom and virtue, an assembling place for volunteers ever active against commercialism and materialism. She and kindred universities ought to be perfectly equipped, that they might better inspire the young with thought, feeling and zeal for developing science, literature, philosophy, art and everything that would broaden, strengthen and enrich our civilization. In their art galleries should be carved statues of our most benevolent philanthropists; pictures painted of our truly great statesmen, scholars and writers, which would be memorials showing that men are remembered for other things than the amassing of dollars.

Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place
In all generations,
Before the mountains were brought forth,
Or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world,
Even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.
Those who have watched the course of the University for the past four years have been much gratified with the steady progress made in all departments. The remarkable increase in attendance has not been due to skilful advertising alone, but to the fact that the constant aim has been to satisfy, and thus old students are retained and a constantly enlarging number of new students is secured. The students will be especially gratified to know that not only will there be specially strong additions to the faculty for next year but chemical and physical laboratories are to be arranged and equipped during the summer. Every new year has seen a marked increase in the advantages of the University, and as we come back next Autumn we shall find no exception to the rule. To make success positive there must be not only wise provisions on the part of the trustees but there must be enthusiastic co-operation on the part of the students. Each can speak a good word or write an encouraging letter to some one who ought to be here and so, as day after day adds to our strength and increases our cause for lawful pride, each can feel the increased gratification which comes from personal exertion, and the consciousness of co-operation in success.

The coming year is very bright in prospect for our school. Chancellor Thoburn has been East for some time in the interest of the University and he assures us that there will be strong additions to our faculty. The Board of Trustees are planning largely and well for the college in the way of additional buildings. No University in the Pacific North West has a more promising future in the way of attendance than has our beloved school.

During the last few years, a great deal of really valuable energy has been wasted in the organization of "good government clubs," "investigation committees" and various other ephemeral attempts to bring about a change in the administration of public affairs. They have sprung up, flourished for a day, drooped and departed. Whether or not the political atmosphere is any purer by reason of their short sojourn here, they have fallen far short of accomplishing their avowed purpose. The fact is, it is more "good politics" than "good government" that is needed. There is a wide difference between the original meaning of politics, "the science of government," and its present meaning, "the science of getting hold of the government." The successful politicians control the government, more or less directly, and, consequently, the purity of government depends entirely upon the purity of the politicians. In politics, as in love and war, "all's fair." No one ever expects a candidate for office to fulfill pre-election or campaign promises, and one of the most hackneyed excuses which are offered by men declining to "run" for public office is that they can't afford it. In other words, it is a thing to be purchased, and is beyond their means. We do not gather figs of thistles or grapes of thorns, neither can we expect honest government from dishonest politicians. The first thing to do is to purify politics—purify the channel through which the government flows, and the government, flowing from an untainted source, the people, will purify itself. The secret of the failure of the "good government clubs," etc., is that politicians of the worst stamp have warmed themselves into membership, risen to the top, like a bad egg, and, with the aid of
consummate deceit and hypocrisy, led the really honest meaning ones, by a new route, perhaps, back into the old road. This has always been and will always be the result of such spasmodic efforts to accomplish a reform in any direction. The only remedy is to set men to thinking for themselves. They will probably not all think alike, but there are certain fundamental truths which are revealed with but very little investigation, and it is these very truths which are the most grossly disregarded in the logic of politics. —E. O. D.

Within the confines of this great state of Washington there are many hundreds of young men and women, possessed of worth and character, whose hearts are filled with an ambition to rise above their present surroundings and to accomplish something in life worthy of mention.

*How am I to achieve?* is the burning question which they are prone to ask themselves. They are poor, and when they desire to enter some vocation for which they think they are specially qualified, financial difficulty arises and they are greatly discouraged; and yet, deep within their breasts there is an ardent longing for greater things. Right at this point many persons make a fatal mistake. It matters not what your intended vocation may be, a thorough preparation, a liberal education, is almost indispensable.

"But," says the young man, "that is beyond my reach. I have not the means whereby I can obtain such." Or he makes the plea that he is too old to commence such a course as will qualify him for life's arduous tasks and higher walks. There was a time when these objections might have stood, but they do not to-day. The expense of obtaining instruction in the higher institutions of learning has been so greatly reduced as to bring the advantages of such a course of instruction within the reach of everyone. There is not a young man or woman in the state of Washington, possessed of genuine courage and determination, that cannot obtain a good practical education. I fancy my reader says within himself, "That is a strong statement."

This very year, to the knowledge of the writer, young men, who entered our University with only ten or twelve dollars, have successfully carried on their studies and arrived at the end of the term stronger and better men, and are going out with the determination to return again next fall to renew their school work. This may seem incredible, but it proves conclusively that the best of luck "Is genuine, solid, old Teutonic pluck," where there is a will, there is a way.

If the reader of these lines should be a person desirous of obtaining a more thorough education, let him write to this office, and we will forward him a copy of the new "Year Book" of Puget Sound University, giving detailed information concerning the course of study, expenses, etc.

This age is called the "Young Men's Age." Where else are we to look for vigorous reform and advancement, unless it be to the young men of our land, with the fire of life throbbing in their hearts, urging them on to achievement and renown? Alexander the Great, at the age of twenty-two, began his military conquests, and at the age of twenty-four was acknowledged master of the civilized world. Napoleon, a poor boy from Corsica, by his marvellous military ability, rapidly rose to prominence, and became the greatest general of the century before he was twenty-seven years of age. In the course of but a few years, he shook the great thrones and changed the map of Europe. Byron had achieved national reputation before he was twenty-one years old. Patrick Henry, at the age of twenty-nine, was the recognized orator of the Revolutionary period. When but a boy of nineteen, William Cullen Bryant composed "Thanatopsis," and his works gave American literature a standing it had never attained before. Webster had become famous before he was thirty-five, and Pitt was prime minister of England at twenty-four.

The young man who thinks that he has but to wait for opportunity to come, will be disappointed. Now is the time for action, let not the golden hours and God-given opportunities pass without making the most of them
JOSEPHUS D. CAUGHRAN.

On the morning of May 26th the students and all connected with the University were shocked by the report that Mr. Caughran, one of the trustees, had died very suddenly at his home in this city. The hearts of all were filled with sorrow for all felt that they had lost a friend and brother.

Mr. Caughran has been intimately connected with the University for several years. He was one of the trustees who organized the institution under the cabinet of Puget Sound Annual Conference. He was a liberal contributor of funds and for some years gave largely out of his private funds to the support of the school. He was fully aware of the importance of such a school in the city and with his clear-sightedness and business sagacity, realized that in no other way could such a benefit be given to young people who were to form the citizens of the future. He was a regular attendant at trustee meetings, prominent in committee work and always ready to give his time and influence to the interest of the school, often doing so at the expense of his own business. He made a good record during the war, being promoted several times for bravery. The Colonel of the regiment after hearing of one of his daring acts said: "If we had an army of such men we would want only half as many as we have."

He held a number of prominent public offices and was noted as being one of the shrewdest politicians in the state. His political acquaintance was wide and his council and advice generally sought. The same motive that prompted him to enter the war in '61 caused him to enter politics, viz: "That a man's duty next to God, is to his country." He will be missed by all who knew him, and the University has lost in him a faithful and earnest friend whose place it will be hard to fill.

For fine book and job printing go to the Western Blank Book Co., 1527-29 R. R. St.

A FAREWELL SONG.

C. EVANS.

In those young and lovely faces
That I knew and loved so well.
Fondly still my memory traces
Joys that ever more shall dwell.
Never, though the way be dreary,
As the changing seasons fly,
Shall my thoughts of thee grow weary,
Or these pleasant memories die.

Scattered far, still true devotion
Keeps aglow affections light;
Sorrow's gloom or life's commotion
Can't those loving souls benight,
Though the shadows, thickly falling,
Hide the paths where far they roam,
Still I know a voice is calling
Each heart nearer to its home.

Though the hours of life are fleeting,
Fraught with joyous mirth and pain,
There will be a happy meeting
For those loving hearts again.
Then, with morning's glory breaking
O'er the everlasting shore,
We, in love our woes forsaking,
There shall meet to part no more.

Societies

DELPHIAN.

In no year in its history has success come to the University as it has this year. But in no department of work has the advance been more marked than our literary work. And while we realize that our work the past year has not reached the ideal which we have constantly in mind, yet we feel highly gratified at the measure of success which has attended our efforts. We have reached the first "mile stone" of our history. The first year is about to close and looking back over its work, there are many pleasing scenes to greet our vision. Timidity and awkwardness has given place to grace, freedom and self possession. We are proud of the fact that many of our numbers are able to go out into the world to take their place as leaders in the active duties of life in a manner which will reflect credit on the par-
limentary drill received in our league meetings. Our open meetings and joint sessions have been very successful and enjoyable. Among the most enjoyable occasions of the year was the First Annual Banquet of the Clionion and Delphian societies on May 8th. After a very enjoyable literary and musical programme refreshments were served in the University dining hall. Everyone expressed themselves as being highly pleased with the evening's entertainment. A large picture has been prepared for our society hall of the members of our league. At the opening of the fall term we hope to see all the old familiar faces with some new ones, with us in our league work.

CLIONIAN.

The first year of our existence as a society has passed, and it is with satisfaction we survey the work done. Especially do we pride ourselves on the regularity of attendance and fidelity to duty during this closing term.

The parliamentary drills conducted by Miss Fisher have been very beneficial. The music furnished by the University Clef Club deserves special mention. Our President, Miss Clark, deserves great credit for her untiring efforts to make the society a success. We are a company of young women banded together for the purpose of mutual improvement.

"Life is a leaf of paper white
Whereon each one of us may write
His word or two, and then comes night.
"Greatly begin! Though thou hast time
But for a line, be that sublime—
Not failure, but low aim is crime."

—The engagement of Prof. Tillman and Miss Annie Lytics is announced. The ceremony will occur late in September. All of the members of the trigonometry class have received neat invitations.

—Caesar, in classic times, divided "All Gall" into three parts. Mr. Culver, one of our most esteemed young men, has, by inheritance and acquisition, become sole possessor of this ancient property, and is developing it according to modern ideas.

—Mr. Bachelder is formulating a new system of longitude. The principal change from the established system is in the point of reckoning. Mr. B. uses a certain point in Tacoma in place of Washington, and is making his calculations accordingly.

—The following neat little dialogue occurred in Prof. Palmer's Latin class after the boys returned from Portland:

"Non paratus," Teter dixit.
Cum a sad and mournful look.
"Omni rectu!" Prof. respondit.
Nihil scripsit in his book.

—I wonder which kind of school Miss Johnson prefers to teach, a Boy'er girl school?

—Miss Clark wishes the address of a great big, large, high man. Reply in care of P.S.U.

—Miss Dodge called her teacher, darling, right out in class on Monday. What made the Professor blush so?

—The professor was serving green corn for dinner when Miss Johnson said; "I prefer the C. O. B. please."

—Prof. Darlow to Mr. Guiler in the Geology class. "What enormous bird existed in the Cenozoic Age but is now extinct?" Mr. G, "Why, the ornithorincus."

—Misses Myna and Edith Joslyn attended the reception given at Vashon, June 12th, to Prof. Leathers and his bride.

—Miss Harper thinks the best exercise (?) is walking.

—Mr. Johnson and Mr. Teter attended the Commencement exercises of the Portland University.

—Mr. S. S. Guiler, very ably represented the P. S. U. in the inter-state oratorical contest held in Seattle on May 25th.
Van Scoyoc has a musical voice; a young lady in the Greek class thought Mr. Kirk was singing.

—It’s Auld up with Culver.

—They say Johnson was done up Brown the week he was in Portland.

—Family to let—apply to Culver.

—What makes Armond look so lonely?

—The Clionian and Delphian Literary societies are planning for a picnic.

—Among our honored college girls Are the pretty, smart and meek, But above them all is our singing lass, With a dimple in her cheek.

—Mr. Van Scoyoc, of Orting, is now attending the University.

NEW BOOKS.

"The Literary Study of the Bible." by Richard G. Moulton, A. M. 12mo., pp. 545. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.; $2.00. The question solved: The Bible as a text book in Literature. Professor Moulton’s "Literary Study of the Bible" is not a work on theology, but it is a book giving an enlarged conception of the literary merit of the different books of the Bible. He discusses, in a very systematic manner, its various literary forms—epic, lyric, dramatic, etc. In short, he treats the Bible as you might expect any other great classic to be treated.

"Henry W. Grady, the Orator, the Statesman, the Man;" James W. Lee. Published by Fleming H. Revell & Co., New York. This is a very interesting character sketch of probably the leading man of the "New South." It tells of the noble sacrifice which he made of self in order that he might lift his people to a higher plane of existence and inspire them with new vigor and higher purposes. Probably no people can claim for their most favored son greater glory than can the people of the South claim for Grady, on account of the noble use to which he dedicated his talents as a journalist, an editor and as a man among men. The opening chapter is devoted to "the mission of a great life," as exemplified in Grady's life. The book is very nicely written and is well worth careful reading.

"Tom Grogan;" A Novel By F. Hopkinson Smith. 12mo. Boston; Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; $1.50. Mr. Smith's new book, "Tom Grogan," gives a very clear knowledge of the real inner workings and schemes of modern trade unionism. The leading character is the widow of Tom Grogan, and she takes charge of her husband's business and carries it on in a remarkably successful manner. Making contracts and transacting all business in the name of her late husband, until she becomes universally known, herself, as "Tom Grogan." She is depicted as a remarkably handsome woman, with more than ordinary physical strength, possessing a spotless character. In short, she is shown to be a person worthy of the highest admiration.

The story is very largely an account of the manner in which she suffers from the many infamous plots and schemes of the existing trades unions. The leaders of the organizations seek, in every possible way, to destroy her business and drive her from the city. They even resort to crime and villainous device to destroy her business. However, in the end she is triumphant, and succeeds in humiliating her enemies. The characters in this new book of Mr. Smith's may readily be divided into the following classes: heroines, villains and victims. The story is written in a very pleasing and interesting manner, but it gives rather too much of a one-sided view of the purpose and workings of modern trade unions. Mr. Smith ranks with the foremost writers of the present day, and "Tom Grogan" is considered his best work. It is one of the best and most interesting books of the year.

"By Oak and Thorn;" Alice Brown. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., N. Y.; 16mo. $1.25. This is a book of travel through portions of England which have been made famous in history and fiction. The reader is given a closer view of spots associated with such names as King Arthur, Sir Francis Drake, Falstaff, Kingsley, Charlotte Bronte and others familiar to readers of English History and Literature. The book abounds with the legends and folklore of the various localities which furnish a delightful relish for the descriptions, themselves charming. The style is unique and original, although slightly strained at times.

This latest book of Dr. Dawson’s on the history of the race and the final restoration of it is clear and carries with it the conviction which his frankness deserves. In the first part he considers the authorship and authority of the Mosaic books. He neglects the linguistic evidences of its early authorship and considers the archaeological proofs and historical probabilities as the strongest evidences of their accredited authorship. He suggests that the author of a document of which the second chapter of Genesis forms a part might have lived during the period between the time of the Deluge and that of Abraham, and that “if any literary evidence can be adduced to prove that it is a Hebrew translation by the great Law-giver from a Turanian original, or that its diction has been in any way modified or modernized, we may be prepared to listen to this; but nothing can shake the demonstration of its original date and geographical accuracy.” The Mosaic authorship is considered as the only probable answer to the question, not only because he was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians but also in that of the Chaldeans, and because of his probable possession of the Abrahamic records. In the second part he treats of the primeval man, with the probable date of his creation, the fall and the final consumation of all things when the heaven shall melt and the New Jerusalem shall comfort us.

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SIFTINGS.

'To be proud of learning is the greatest ignorance.—Bishop Taylor

Our actions are like the termination of verses which we rhyme as we please.—La Rochefoucauld.

The sunshine of life is made up of very little beams that are bright all the time.—Aikin

One of the sublimest things in the world is plain truth.—Bulwer.
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Tacoma, Washington.

A bald-headed professor, reproving a youth for the use of his fists, said: "We fight with our heads in this college." The youth reflected a moment and then replied: "Ah, I see, and you have buntéd all your hair off."

MAGAZINES.

The June Review of Reviews is especially attractive for its fund of information on current history. It gives opportunity to study the every widening influence of historic events. Foreign affairs are treated with great clearness and fairness. The value of the Review is plainly shown in the treatment of our national questions, the monetary system, and protection. Out of the nebulous state of the American mind concerning a standard of values, two diametrically opposed conclusions have been taking solid form. One of them, the gold standard, seems to be favored by the majority of Republicans. No great national party was ever more unanimous on an important question of public policy than are the Republicans in their profession of faith in protective tariffs.

At the mention of The Lady's Home Journal the vision of quaint bonnets and summer gowns which rises in the ordinary man's mind is not very attractive if he is seeking an hour's profitable reading. Such a conception of the Journal is false. Yet the home atmosphere is delightful even to the most settled bachelorhood. When a young man's sweetheart greets him with "Good morning! have you read 'side talks to girls?" He feels like spending his last dime

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ing with national, political and
social questions are full of inter-
est to the most wide awake man
of the world. In the June num-
ber are found articles of such
practical worth as: "Careful
Bathing to Insure health; Form-
ing Correct Habits of Thinking
and Speaking; The Moral In-
fluence and Relation of Card
Playing to Gambling." Mr.
Bok says: "Even women, who
should be the high ideals of
man's noblest thoughts, has fallen
under this bad moral influence,
which engenders a spirit fatal to
woman's happiest way of living."
The excellence and breadth of
interest entitle this paper to the
glory of having the largest cir-
culation in the world.

The first of the papers bearing
upon the presidential campaign
is given in the June Forum. This
will be followed next month by
an article from a distinguished
member of the Democratic party.
An able discussion of the popular
vote for the election of senators,
by Hon. J. H. Michell, (Pop.) is a
high tribute to the power of
electors to choose wisely. The
bold manner in which American
political bosses are attacked and
the execrable results of servile
worship of European royalty,
shows plainly that the Forum is
able to stand its ground of im-
partial judgment. Its burning
words on Armenia's impending
doom should give new impulse
to our sense of duty in this
matter.

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Chicago, Philadelphia, Washington, New York, Boston and all points East and South.

**TIME SCHEDULE.**

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<tr>
<th>For</th>
<th>Leave Tacoma</th>
<th>Arrive Tacoma</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>St. Paul and Chicago</td>
<td>10:30 a.m.</td>
<td>5:55 a.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Omaha and Kansas City</td>
<td>10:30 a.m.</td>
<td>5:55 a.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spokane</td>
<td>8:00 a.m.</td>
<td>5:55 a.m.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Spokane</td>
<td>8:30 a.m.</td>
<td>10:50 a.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Portland</td>
<td>6:10 a.m.</td>
<td>10:10 a.m.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Portland</td>
<td>6:10 a.m.</td>
<td>10:05 a.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>South Bend</td>
<td>6:10 a.m.</td>
<td>10:10 a.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Seattle</td>
<td>7:00 a.m.</td>
<td>8:40 a.m.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Seattle</td>
<td>10:30 a.m.</td>
<td>10:30 a.m.</td>
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<td>Seattle</td>
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<td>Seattle</td>
<td>4:00 p.m.</td>
<td>3:55 p.m.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Seattle</td>
<td>7:00 p.m.</td>
<td>7:30 p.m.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Carbonado</td>
<td>10:15 p.m.</td>
<td>11:15 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Olympia (Gray's Hospital and Ocosta)</td>
<td>10:20 p.m.</td>
<td>3:55 p.m.</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

*Olympia, Ocosta and South Bend trains daily except Sunday. All other trains daily.

**CITY OF KINGSTON**

For Seattle, Port Townsend and Victoria, Leave Tacoma Daily except Monday: 8:30 a.m., Leave Victoria (Daily except Monday): 8:30 a.m.

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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Steamers</th>
<th>Departure</th>
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<tr>
<td>S S Olympia</td>
<td>June 21st</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S S Tacoma</td>
<td>July 28th</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>S S Bremar</td>
<td>July 19th</td>
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</tbody>
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- Ladies' Chocolate Hand-Turned Oxford Ties, needle and square toes, at $1.25
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- on the Boy's and Girl's Bicycle given with each pair of Shoes sold.

- Ladies' Tan and Black Kid Button Shoes $2.00
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- Men's Tan or Dongola Shoes, very desirable for Summer wear, at $2.50
- Boy's Tan Grain Shoes, Razor Toes, 2 to 5, $2.00; 11 to 2 $1.57
- Ladies' Tan and Black Canvas Bicycle Leggings at $.50

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