We remember

Young Men's Edition

Published by Students of Puget Sound University.
Jack and Nellie Harrison were suffering for the very necessities of life. They were very young to endure such hardship. Jack started so full of hope, so full of ambition, but in spite of a naturally cheerful spirit soon met with bitter disappointment.

The brother and sister had once lived in a happy eastern home. They had attended school, and Jack had fond hopes of some day becoming a partner in his father's law-office. But that day never came. When Jack was only eighteen years old, and his sister but sixteen, their father was thrown from a car platform, and shortly after died from the injuries which he sustained. Mrs. Harrison never recovered from the shock caused by her husband's death, and thus the events of only one year made orphans of the brother and sister.

Mr. Harrison had always been thought to be rich, but before his death he had made some poor investments, and when all obligations were settled, very little property of any worth was left for the children. Although orphans, left without money and without near relatives, they were hopeful, and Jack thought that by hard work he could provide a living for himself and sister, and that perhaps some day he might be able to finish his education.

During the year 1892 many young men and even older men from all over the eastern states, were emigrating toward the west. "Ho! For the West!" was the cry. It was at this time that our story begins. It did not need much persuasion to cause Jack and Nellie to spend the greater part of their money for railroad tickets, and to start west seeking to better their condition. They reached B——, Washington, in April. Every thing was booming. Prices were high, but there was plenty to do and so the cost of living did not matter.

All westerners remember the great boom, of which the last of the year 1891 and the first of 1892 marked the close. All remember with greater vividness the bitter hard times that followed in 1893-4. How, although men were thrown out of work, prices remained high. Many families suffered, and there were few who did not feel the pinch of poverty.

After reaching B——, Jack soon found work as a square and hammer carpenter. He took rooms at a moderately good lodging house, and both he and his sister felt that all would go well. For months Jack worked for a land and improvement company, then the boom broke. Mills closed down, banks failed, all building ceased, and immigration from the east stopped. Jack's employers failed, and he with many other men was thrown out of work, but even their back pay was not given to them. The company owed Jack over four hundred dollars, and to many of his fellow laborers the employers owed even more. Weeks and months went by and Jack found no work. There was no labor to be had. Hundreds of men were idle. As has been said, Jack and Nellie Harrison were suffering for the very necessities of life.

Every day was full of trouble, and poverty was fast taking out of their lives all the remaining brightness,
Nellie bore trouble with greater courage than her brother. She was a Christian girl and often found help and consolation in prayer. When her own strength failed she sought the aid of her Lord, and in a short time found a new power, and became more determined to overcome her difficulties. Jack always relied upon his own strength. He told himself that Christianity was a delusion. His courage was failing and he had no source of help. His heart was growing hard, and he told himself that he would rather die than live such a life. The bitter expression of Jack's face frightened Nellie. Jack without knowing it had added to his sister's burden. He loved his sister dearly, but that only made him still more bitter. He asked himself, "Have I not seen the sufferings of my employers going about the streets dressed in silks?" One day he had seen the son of one of the employers spend enough money for more pleasure to have provided for him and his sister for a whole month. He thought that by right the money should be his sister's burden. He had wandered out on a bridge that connected the city with the mills on the further side of harbor. It was a beautiful night. The moon was just rising from behind the hills in the east, and the sky was sprinkled over with millions of stars. He felt tired, and seated himself on a small bench placed in an angle of the bridge.

Two men walked by and stopped a short distance from him. Both leaned against the bridge railing, and began talking earnestly. Jack was about to let them know of his presence, when something one of them said caused him to listen intently. One man seemed to be trying to persuade the other. "Think Will," he said, "of your wife and children suffering at home. Are we cattle to be treated so? The company can pay us, and yet they put us off. Yes Will, I shall have revenge! Before morning that great Central Hotel will be in flames." The noise of a team coming onto the bridge caused the men to walk on. Jack ridiculed. Perhaps poverty was about to make criminals of those men. No. They would bear poverty patiently. The tyranny of capital was driving them to such madness. Should he warn the owners? It would doubtless mean the men's capture and imprisonment. Would he not share in the crime, if he did not tell what he had heard? Perhaps, in his heart, he wished them success in their revenge.

For it is true, that without the help of God, when in times of trouble man's own strength fails, suffering robs him of a better nature. Jack was half vexed and sick. "What shall I do?" he kept repeating to himself. He thought that in case of fire many innocent people would be in danger. Then he reflected that there were many ways of escape. There would be little chance of anyone being burned. Doubtless it was only talk, and the man would not dare to do the deed. He fingered on the bridge a long time. He did not realize how long. At last he walked slowly toward home; but before reaching it he heard the fire alarms ringing at the different stations. He started and shuddered. "What have I done?" he asked himself. "Perhaps, I could have prevented this fire. It may not be the hotel. Heaven grant that no one may be harmed!" he muttered. A fire-engine was coming by. People were running and Jack went with them. Doubtless he would have run much faster, had he known that about a quarter of a mile away, in a fourth-story room of the Central hotel, his sister and a girl friend were sitting unaware of any danger.

During that afternoon, Nellie had gone about the house and put a piece of newspaper, which she had been doing for a lady who roomed there. She was crossing the hotel court, when someone called her by name. Surprised, for she thought no one knew her, she turned quickly and found herself face to face with an old school chum, Alice Bennett. Alice and Nellie had been room-mates at school in the east.

The evening went swiftly by. Nellie forgot her troubles, and was happy in the companionship of her friend. It grew late. Tired of talking, Alice had begun reading to Nellie. The story was a touching little drama from life. So interested had they become in the tale, that the noises about them did not attract their attention. They were in the hotel court, when someone rang the fire alarms, and did not know that not many feet from their door, great flames were rising up the empty elevator shaft, and from there spreading out in all directions. People of B., will long remember that great fire. How, the fire spread so rapidly that many people were saved only by the heroic efforts of the firemen.

At last Nellie and Alice were aroused from their book. They smothered the smoke, and both started up at the same time. Alice rushed to the hall door, and on opening it was nearly thrown back by the rush of smoke and hot air. She quickly closed the door. The girls stood looking into each
other's pale faces. They were both brave and collected, but what could they do to save themselves. They could hear the rush of fire in the half way. Soon the room in which they stood would be in flames. Each clasping a hand of the other, they crossed to the window. The room was in the front, and the girls could look down upon the main street.

There was a great crowd of people below. Engines were humming. Coal wagons were distributing sacks of fuel to the different engines. Hose carts were paying out long lines of hose, and firemen were running this way and that according to the orders of the chief. Policemen were trying to keep the crowd back out of danger.

The people saw the two girls standing in the window, and a cry of pity ran through the throng. The light plainly showed the features of the boys, and by two men they were recognized. With stern looks on their faces, Jack Harrison and Mr. Bennett rushed out of the crowd, past the policemen, and in among the firemen, who were at work hoisting ladders. Seizing a rope from the hands of a fireman, Jack tied one end of it around his waist and started to reach the first landing at the second and third stories, were they could hear the rush of fire in the lower story window. The roofs of the hotel were heavily laden with fuel for the different engines. Using the ladder wagons for foundations, they constructed ladder towers, and from those elevations they were throwing streams of water. In spite of that, however, fire burst up through the roof of the lower bay window, causing the men at the foot of the second ladder to retreat, and the ladder fell to the street below. The girls were not more than fifteen feet above Jack. They were not directly above, but a little to the right. How could he reach them? Turning he pulled up the dangling rope. Taking the loose end, he formed a coil, and calling to the girls, cast it up to them. The rope was well thrown and lodged where the girls could reach it. They made the end fast and with the aid of the rope Jack quickly climbed to their window. A cheer arose from the throng below, as they saw he had reached the girls.

Jack found the room full of smoke, and little tongues of fire were darting up through the floor. The heat was so oppressive that it seemed to be drawing the very life from his body. The girls were bravely bearing it. Jack lost no time, and quickly tied and end of the rope around Alice's body beneath the arms. He lowered her from the window and slowly let her down to the street. Mr. Bennett with other men was waiting to receive her, and the rope was quickly loosened and again drawn up. Jack lowered his sister without accident, and making his end of the rope fast, started to let himself down. Flames were darting out of the windows. The rope was badly burned in several places. Would it bear his weight? Could he reach the ground before it was burned in two? His hands were burned and blistered. Slowly he came down. He was several feet from the ground when suddenly the rope parted. Jack fell on the stone pavement. He was hurt, but badly no one knew, and strong arms bore him tenderly to an ambulance.

Mr. Bennett requested the men to take Jack to a hospital, and see that he received the best of care. After securing rooms in another hotel, and making the girls as comfortable as possible, Mr. Bennett hastened to the hospital.

The girls were weary. For, after the excitement and danger was over, they felt that all their strength had been exhausted. At first, Nellie had desired to go with Mr. Bennett, but Alice persuaded her that it would be wiser to rest, telling her that Mr. Bennett would do all that could be done. Together the girls thanked God for preserving their lives, and petitioned him to bless and be with Jack.

As Mr. Bennett hurried toward the hospital, he bought an early morning paper from a passing newsboy, thinking that if Jack was able to understand, it would perhaps please and do him good to read the paper's account of the "Heroic Act of Jack Harrison." On reaching the hospital, Mr. Bennett learned that Jack was not dangerously hurt. The doctor had finished setting a broken leg and Jack was now sleeping. Mr. Bennett waited until he was told that he had awakened and could see his friends. He found the patient looking refreshed from his sleep and both able and anxious to learn the outcome of the fire. Mr. Bennett grasped Jack's hand, and after introducing himself thanked him again, and again for saving his daughter's life. He told Jack that all over the United States, the people were reading of "Jack Harrison's Heroic Act." He read the account in the paper he had bought, and expected to see Jack listen with pleasure. He was surprised when Jack's face showed he was troubled, instead of pleased. Strange, thought Mr. Bennett, that such well deserved praise fails to gratify him.

"Mr. Bennett," said Jack, "I am not the hero you think me to be. If the people that are now praising me, knew that two hours before the hotel took fire I heard two men plot to destroy that building, and that because of my own contemptible spirit of hate and dishonorable desire for revenge, I remained silent and allowed those men to become criminals, do you think that the rescue of not only two, but even a dozen people from the burning hotel would win their praise? Would they call me a hero, or would they think me a felon?" Mr. Bennett was surprised at Jack's words, and tried to interrupt, but Jack continued to tell him how he had wandered out onto the bridge, and how he had learned the plot to burn the hotel. "I could have let those men know that I knew their plan," said Jack, "by that, or by some other means I could have prevented the fire; and yet, I allowed my passion to overcome me. My own consciousness of my weakness helped toadden me. To me, feeling as I felt, and to one trying in vain to make his own strength meet the strain of trouble, revenge offers a stimulus. Mr. Bennett, last night's experience has at least taught me one thing. It has shown me that my sister Nellie has more strength to endure trouble than I have. Perhaps the danger of my sister becoming a victim of my revenge has awakened me. I now know that the greater the suffering she had to endure her character showed sweeter and stronger, while my character proved meaner and weaker. Many times she told me that she received help from God. I have always thought her to be mistaken, but now I believe that she was right."
EXPERIENCES IN ALASKA.

In September, 1899, I accepted an offer from a mining company to go to their mines in Alaska. I was to stay there six months. On October third five other men and myself started on our journey North. Our experiences on the way up were such as almost everyone has on such a journey. Sometimes the sky was clear and the water smooth, other times the fog would be so thick that the ship would have to stop.

After clearing at Mary Island our supplies landed and got ready to leave our mail. Then we went west, turning in about ten miles from the shore for four or five miles when we came to a point where a reef of rocks ran way out into the water, and as the waves would pass along we could see the top of some sunken rock come into view. Just as we passed through a great wave came by and lifted our boat away up in the air and showed a boulder only a few feet from us, upon which had our boat struck, we surely would have been wrecked. Having passed another reef we found a place to land and got our boat ashore without accident. The things were taken out and a camp made beneath a cluster of trees up on the bank. Had we been wise and gotten our boat up out of the water all would have been well, but it was too late by some minutes to wait till the tide came in and floated it up. When the tide became full about eleven o'clock p.m. such a sea was running that they would do nothing with the boat. It was pounded on a rock and filled with water. The next morning the tide went out and left it on the beach and we found that it was in a very serious condition. The keel had been broken off and two holes battered in the bottom and a great many of the seams sprung.

We cut some long poles and put under it and finally worked it up above the tide line. The temperature had fallen to eighteen degrees below zero and the wind was howling around so that it would pick the water up and dash it against one like a heavy rain, and as soon as it struck it froze so that everything became coated with ice. We built up a big fire at our camp, made a windbreak of boughs to keep out the icy cold wind, and then took turns at working on the boat. We had taken no nails with us and were very short of that material. I found some nails in a pair of overalls, and we broke up our provision box and used the nails and boards. To patch the boat we cut off a piece of bacon and nailed it over the hole and over that board. At last the boat was mended and all we could do was wait for the storm to go down.

Our cooking utensils were very meager. For a frying-pan we had a small baking-pan with a wooden handle. Our tea and coffee-pot was a boat-bailer in which we melted snow or ice, and made coffee, washed dishes and used for a wash pan. As to combing hair, having no comb in the crowd such minor details of toilet were omitted.

There was an old man in the party, the cook, who was a Christian Scientist and very supernitious, who kept having visions of our corpses stretched along the beach and our relatives seeking us. One day he started along the beach after some ice. The wind was blowing a gale. Suddenly he saw a great wave come dashing in, break on the beach and come surging up toward him. He attempted to get out of the way but slipped and got caught by the wave and was badly soaked. He came rushing back to camp but instead of staying and getting warm, he said that he might as well die then as anytime and started off down the beach. After half an hour or so the other two started out after him. They found him standing on a cake of ice by a big rock on the beach. Coming back they waited for him to return for he had not seen them. Soon after this he came back saying he had been to the top of the hill at the foot of which we were camped, had found a fine edge of copper and seen out into the bay on the other side. All of which he had made up, for he could not have made the trip he described in a day.

We remained on the beach about ten days until the morning of the 22nd of January, when the water became quiet and we again started out. A few hours after we started it began to snow and this continued the greater part of the day. About noon we found a small cove and we again stopped for dinner. Everything was covered with snow and we had to break down small dead trees to get fuel. We gathered around the fire and ate pancakes which by the time we could get them out of the skillet would be nearly covered with snow. After feasting ourselves on soggy cakes and snow water we continued our journey.

About 4 p.m. we came in sight of Valdis, about six miles away. It began to grow dark and the snow fell thicker and thicker. Not daring to try and cross the bay in the storm, we attempted to follow the shore, which nearly

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Ye Recorde

A monthly, edited and published by the students of Puget Sound University. Subscription price per school year, 25 cents; 6 cents per copy. Address all communications to Editor of Ye Recorde.

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

Y E R E C O R D E

The day will soon be here when the Nation holds sacred to the memory of her fallen sons. Some of our colleges, however, seem so far to have forgotten the significance of the anniversary and their own responsibility as leaders of thought, that they demote it by the mere pursuit of pleasure. An athletic "meet" in the interest of patriotism! A ball game in memory of the Nation's dead! Let the time come when not a school in the land shall think of spending the day otherwise than in quiet thankfulness for the heritage purchased for us at so great a price.

Some Things a Student Ought to
Get in College.

A good supply of general information.

The desire to keep adding to his knowledge.

The habit of careful thinking.

The ability to put thought into clear and correct language.

Some facility in public speaking.

The manners of a gentleman.

A correct estimate of his own abilities.

A sense of his responsibility to the world.

A purpose worthy of his manhood.

The great secret of help is encouragement.—Octavia Hill.

A Word on Literary Societies.

A high school or college can be judged pretty fairly by the condition of its literary societies. In this, probably more than in anything else, are shown the dispositions and abilities of the students, here practical use is made of what is taught in the school. A literary society, first of all, should benefit its members; one that does not is worse than useless. The purpose of such an organization is to bring out and develop the talents of the members, and on its success in this depends its very life.

An important requisite for the success of a society is the spirit of fraternity and sociability, the cordial action of its members. With its members out of harmony a society can no more be successful than an army could without that discipline which distinguishes an army from a mob. By Newton's second law of motion, a body will be affected by a force whether it is acted upon by that force alone or by others at the same time. So the influence and conduct of every member will be felt by the whole society, no matter how large the membership may be.

A society encumbered with a large number of members who do not put forth their best efforts, who either do not appear on the programs or, if they do appear, take part in a half-hearted manner, who take no interest in the business proceedings and show no enthusiasm,—the society hindered by members of this kind is in a pitiable condition. It is handicapped, it cannot be helpful to any great extent, and does not bring honor to the school; and of what use is a society, when it has ceased to be a benefit to its members or to the school?

The student who enters into literary work energetically, who appears on the program every time he is called upon, who puts his shoulder to the wheel and "pushes" with all his might, will be blesst not only with the most benefit in a literary line but also with the respect of all his fellows, and will reveal a disposition and character that will have more than ordinary influence upon his associates.

E. L. M.

LOCALS.

Translating Horace, "The wicked ships jumped over the sea without touching."

Miss P—se should be reminded that this is not leap-year. For further information ring up Jyt.

Is it possible that Mr. Olsen is corresponding with a "Brewer," O, yes and it is not so bad since his intentions are good.

Afternoon of the senior class benefit, Mr. P., "I have two places to go to-night." Miss H—le, "O, can't you make it three?"

The rumor is abroad that Mr. A. and Miss B. are contemplating on having each others' company at the Society picnic which is soon to be given. Is it so?

Mr. Bosh got 100 per cent in his last physics examination and lays it all to the young mustache he is endeavoring to cultivate. Young men, why not follow his example?

Hamilton in Geometry with his feet in a very prominent position was trying to apply them to his proposition and seemed very much surprised when he received a lesson in etiquette from Prof. Wilson.

A few days ago Miss L—g caused some disturbance in Mr. A—s Arithmetic class by giving one of the boys a bunch of lilacs. But we are sure nothing would have been said had Mr. A. received it himself.
We are sorry to say that Prof. Morse is still on the sick list.

Prof. "How are the ends of the wire joined?" Sheaf. "Together."

Those desiring an office in literary may obtain the same by dyeing their hair red.

Mr. P-: "I will see you later."

Miss P-E: "I don't know whether you will or not."

Miss Herriott seemed quite surprised to learn that the Dutch did not inhabit Germany.

We were all glad to have Miss Cutler with us for a few days the first of the month.

Clyde, at the phone, "Oh it wasn't my fault! It wasn't my fault!—What time?—Yes, sure."

If you don't get a slug before your telephone, Prof. Boyer is liable to give you one afterwards, so beware.

Ask Edith Lawrence if she has recuperated sufficiently since her sentence, to endure another mock-trial.

Members of Optical Literary Society are your dues paid? If not they are acceptable at any time. C.A.T.

Large and elegant line of spring and midsummer millinery at Miss Tutton's, 771 C Street; Chamber of Commerce building.

Misses Davis, Berkman, Ferguson and Ethel Lawrence were contestants for certificates at the last teacher's examination.

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

Miss Temple paid us a brief visit a few days ago, prior to taking up her duties as school-mam out near the Indian reservation.

Orator in the literary society. It is enough to make the heart of the American boil with pride, as the worlds are moving in an uninterrupted manner.

Miss P—when asked what the highest order of vertebrates was, answered, "It is something like a monkey."

Mr. A. and his father were out in the north end looking over some building property a short time ago. Do you suppose Miss P saw them?

B—s, "What success did you have duck hunting?"

N—s, "I made the feathers fly, but they carried the birds with them."

Why was it Miss Herriott, Mr. March and Mr. Olson couldn't wait until after chapel one morning to read the letters they had just received?

P—acknowledges that he got his black eye at Rev. Drake's, but he insists that it was Miss Drake's brother instead of Miss D. that gave it to him.

The sad news has reached our ears that Prof. Mendenhall is soon to leave us for Chicago. We are sorry to lose him, but hope he may be successful in his new field of labor.

Those wishing to learn the avor-dupos of the young ladies whose ages were given so accurately in the January issue of Ye Record should call at room 31, 3rd floor of the dormitory.

We are sorry to learn that Will Lawrence does not expect to be in school the remainder of this term, but hope to greet his smiling, countenance once more next term.

Mr. Marsh met with a very speedy recovery and is again with us since his attack of the mumps. But this could have been expected since he was "under the watchful eye of the only "Pearl" in school."

Don't forget—For the best salted peanuts go to Walker's, 711 South 11th street, corner opposite court house.

Boy: -- "How many copies of Ye Record did the young ladies dispose of last month at 5 cents each?"

Girl: "Enough to pay for that beautiful picture of Mt. Tacoma displayed on the first page.

A letter reaching the P. S. U., bearing the name Miss Methodist Episcopal Reveille was very eagerly reached for by Rev. R.'s eldest daughter. He must have wanted to make sure of one Methodist in the family.

It is quite fortunate that our editor's hair is not the kind to turn gray easily, for no one except the rebellious staff, doubtless, will ever know what he has had to contend with during the past month, to keep peace.

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. Taylor's Music Store 910 C St.

We lost one of our most faithful workers and popular young ladies on the 8th of May when Miss Wilcox left for her home in North Yakima. Her departure was regretted by all, and we hope, if circumstances permit, to see her again in our midst next term.

SOCiETY NOTES.

Misses Wilcox, Berkman, and Cutler spent the evening of May 2 at the home of Miss LeSourd.

The Ohiaehua Club gave its second "luau" on May 10, at the home of Miss Shields. The evening was pleasantly spent in games and music.

Don't forget—For the best salted peanuts go to Walker's, 711 South 11th street, corner opposite court house.

On May 5, Miss Herriott invited Misses Wilcox, Druse, Berkman, LeSourd, Pease, and Cutler to a chicken dinner; after which a very pleasant afternoon was spent at the Hall.

On the evening of April 20, the Misses Lawrence entertained a few of their friends at the home of Prof. Boyer. The students present were Misses Wilcox and Shahan, Messrs. Thompson and Beach.

On the last day of April Mrs. Nessenison invited her German class up to spend the evening, and proved herself a very pleasing entertainer. An evening of more profit as well as pleasure is seldom spent by a body of young people.

Died.

We are pained to announce the death of our fellow student, Joseph H. Driskell, who died of pneumonia on April 22 after a sickness of less than a week.

EXPERIENCES IN ALASKA.

(Continued from page 7)
ATHLETICS.

At this season of the year athletics are receiving much attention. Baseball is being played almost every day. In our colleges and universities field day is drawing near and great interest is being manifested in drilling the teams and getting them ready for the great event. All this is to be encouraged, for something of this nature is needed to help create physical strength and well rounded manliness. Physical development should be sought, not at the expense of the mental faculties but as an aid to them.

College athletics, especially football and base-ball, are so thoroughly supported by the public that an institution without them is regarded as lacking in some very essential part. Every school of any degree of importance should support some form of athletics; if it does not maintain a base-ball or foot-ball team, it should by all means have good rooms for indoor exercise.

Athletics should be wholesome, and that spirit of rivalry which stops short of nothing for victory should be eliminated. When we enter into a game let us conduct ourselves in such a way that we may have the good will of our opponents.

As one writer has said, "To have a good athlete one must have a perfect animal," To be a good athlete one should also be a good moral character. It has been noted that many who are most active in athletics are least active in Christian work. This should not be, and need not, for some of our best athletes are Christian young men. To have Christian athletics we must have Christian athletes. If the state of things is such that a Christian young man can not enter into athletics without injuring his spiritual welfare, it is time that something was done. All profanity, dissipation and Sunday games should be ruled from our grounds, and all teachers and students ought to strive to bring about the day when our colleges shall unite in this and do away with all such objectionable features of school athletics.

In what key should a proposal be made? Be mine, ah!

EXCHANGE.

Why does a puss purr? For an obvious purr-purr.

Culture implies all which gives a mind possession of its powers.

Nell—"They say she married that Klondikeer for his dust.
May—"Yes, and now love's young dream is ore."

Why was Dickens a greater man than Shakespeare? Because Shakespeare wrote well, and Dickens wrote Weller.

College men are very slow, They seem to take their ease For even when they graduate They do it by degrees.

The maiden sorrowfully milked the goat And pensively turned to mutter, 'I wish you'd turn to milk, you brute,' And the animal turned to butt her.

Lives of students all remind us We should pay no heed to looks, But on passing leave behind us Interlining in our books. Interlinings which another Toiling hard midst grief and pain, Some forlorn and flunked-out fellow, Reading 'ne'er shall flunk again.

Teacher—How many of the scholars can remember the longest sentence they ever read? Billy—Please mum, I can.
Teacher—What? Is there only one? Well, William, you can tell the rest of the scholars the longest sentence you ever heard.
Billy—Imprisonment for life.

When will wonders in science ever cease? Last week a young lady and gentleman in the laboratory discovered a new chemical compound. They found that potassium iodide (KI) and sulphur (S) will write. KI + S = "Kiss. The ingredients unite with a sharp report; taste, sweetish; antidote, take sufficient to act as an emetic.

"Well, Mr. Simpkins, what do you hear from your son Walter at Blue Haven?" asked the pastor.

"Same old story, dominie," sighed the old man. "Walter writes that he's half-back on the football eleven. He always did do things by halves. I wrote and told him to become a whole-back or give it up!"
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