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THE BENEFICIAL RESULTS OF WAR.

JAY TAYLOR.

From the earliest times, history has consisted largely of a record of the wars of the various nations. Wars have been condemned as barbarous and unnecessary, and it cannot be denied that their immediate results have been extremely disastrous. Neither can it be denied that war with its bloodshed and horror has desolated many a home and left thousands of sad and broken hearts. But it is not right, it is unjust, to consider the question from only one side. We must consider not only its immediate results, but the far-reaching influence it has wrought. For as from the black cloud, which for a time darkens the landscape and brings terror to many a heart, comes the rain which waters the fertile land and causes the crops to grow, so from war which for a time spreads ruin and desolation in its path come influences which must not be underestimated, and principles are gained which could not be accomplished in any other way.

There are many things of value which come to us without any seeming effort on our part, yet, in general, things which are of value, things which have a widespread influence, can be gained by the greatest effort and self-sacrifice only, and so, while many disputed questions of widespread interest have been settled by peaceable means, yet there have been times when this mode of settlement was out of the question, when the only means of justification was a struggle for the principles involved.

We do not deprecate money and education, a cultivated mind, or a great insight into affairs because it has taken time, patience, perseverance and self-sacrifice to gain them, so we must not deprecate the far-reaching influences of war because of its immediate results.

Among the many potent factors instrumental in the spreading of civilization, war has made for itself a place which we must concede to it, for through it nations and peoples have come into contact whose influence upon each other has produced great and good results.

The remarkable conquest of Alexander had greater influence than simply the subjugation of a great number of people, for it opened the way for the spreading of Christianity which was to come a few centuries later. To these subjugated people the conquerors carried all the arts and sciences and all that the civilization of Greece possessed, and from this time the history of these nations was entirely changed.

In the conquest of Rome and Greece by the barbarians from the north, each transmitted to the other elements which were highly essential to the highest civilization. The barbarians had a great love for personal freedom and a reverence for womanhood, that quality without which no nation has reached its highest. From the Greeks and Romans come arts, sciences, laws, manners and
social customs, and by the blending of these elements from these two sources was formed that element which has produced our western civilization of today, that element which controls the destinies of the world.

War is a power. It is a faculty of national life which has been a safeguard for nations against tyranny and oppression. It must be universally admitted that occasions may arise when conscience not only justifies, but compels, resistance to the laws. Peace is not adequate to all progress, for how often have been committed the most atrocious crimes of national life under that fair name. War has been a safeguard to people not only against oppression from without, but also from within. For what nation in the course of its history has not found itself in the hands of a Nero or an unscrupulous mob whose sole object was to extort from the people their little, and squander it in disgraceful extravagances? When these conditions arise, then it is that war has a mission, a mission that it alone can fill.

Foremost among the great wars, devastating in their immediate results, stands the French Revolution. And yet, dare we condemn it as unnecessary? What other power would have accomplished its results? Would a murmur? Would an appeal to the reason of France's unscrupulous rulers have caused a halt? Nay, not so! The only way was by force, war.

To war was due the birth of our nation. Not least among the beneficial results of this struggle was the knowledge which England gained that she was no longer mistress, but simply mother, of the colonies. What war has done for India and Egypt, how speedily war put an end to piracy on the Mediterranean, what war has done for the United States by the freeing of three millions of slaves, are questions too well known to require lengthy discussions.

Today there is a greater tendency than in former times to entertain favorably the idea of arbitration as a means to be considered in all cases where peace is endangered. This shows on the part of the people a desire to avoid unnecessary war. But let each one who fears God look into his own heart and ask himself how far he is willing to accept arbitration, for in doing so he is bound to stay by its decision. Conscience is the voice of God speaking to man, and between God and man no arbitral court should intervene. If this be so, we cannot pledge ourselves to abide by any other decision than that of our own conscience.

Let us look for a moment at the North and South as they stood facing each other, each grim and determined, each with a conscience that said "I am right, the other party is wrong." What power could have prevented the coming storm? Could any arbitral court have settled the issues; would either party have placed its interests in the hands of another? Ah, no! The only relief to the pent up storm was a struggle to the last.

But we do not have to go back over the history of India or Egypt; we do not have to follow Home in her wars of conquest; we do not have to look up French or English history to discover the good results that war has wrought, for within the last few years there has been enacted before our eyes a scene that we are not likely to forget. We saw at our very threshold a people struggling for life and liberty; a people unjustly taxed; a people suffering under a yoke ten times heavier than we ever bore. Was, then, any duty incumbent upon our nation? Could we have been justified in taking any other course than we did? No! I believe that God in His wisdom had ordained that we, the United States, should be the deliverer of Cuba, that little Cuba should come under the protecting folds of the stars and stripes till nursed back to health and strength from the terrible ordeal through which she had passed.

And then we see another scene, when Cuba, with her fresh hope and courage, with renewed strength and a vigorous mind, is ready for her new duties, that flag which so bravely borne up San Juan hill, that flag which so proudly floated over the battlefields in the battle of Santiago, is generously lowered and in its place the flag of a new republic spreads its folds to the breeze.

And may it be the policy of this nation, as it has been in the past, when she was a brother ground down by the hand of the oppressor, to follow up justice with war if need be. But first let us be sure that our conscience is unsoiled by prejudice, let us be sure that it is the voice of God that speaks to us, and then when we have that sanction let our watchword be, "To do or to die."

A PIONEER'S INDIAN POLICY.

It was during the summer of 1849 that Martin Smith and Joseph White, with their families and a party of other home seekers, reached the fertile valley of San Diego. They had heard much of the good climate, soil and general healthfulness of the vicinity, and so, leaving their eastern homes, they started out to seek new ones and new friends in the far west.

After long days of weary travel and many hardships they were delighted with the first view of what was to be their future home. All being anxious to begin work, each family located on a claim and everyone was bustling engaged.

There were houses to be built and gardens to be planted, and everyone worked with a will. At the end of a year they had the satisfaction of feeling that their work had not been in vain.

There were, of course, many hardships such as always attend the settling of new homes. But others had gone there before them, so they were not quite alone.

There had been some trouble previous to this with the Indians, but for some time they had been quite friendly. Most of the newcomers treated the Indians kindly, but Joseph White seemed to be a favorite among them. The Indians were frequent visitors at the homes of all the settlers and usually received good treatment, but White always gave them a glad welcome and it was not an unusual thing for him to join them in their sports. They were sure to find a place at his table and it often happened that they spent the night at his ranch.

While Smith was a brave and daring man, yet he had no confidence in the Indians, and during the time he spent in this part of the country he took no pains to keep that fact from them. If, as it sometimes happened, one or more of them came to his house, he never invited them in, and if they came in of their own accord he kept a close watch on them and showed his discomfort at having them there.

Most Indians have their suspicions concerning white people who come to take away their land, and these were not different in that respect from others.

How the trouble began none shall ever know; perhaps some slight misunderstanding or fancied injury aroused in them the spirit of war.

However, late one afternoon early in May Martin Smith rode up to the house where White, with his wife and his two boys, lived. White and his wife were in the garden and Smith called quickly: "Indians are near, they say. So keep
your powder dry tonight, Joseph, and bar your door."

Joseph did not seem alarmed, but thoughtfully answered that he did not fear the Indians, as they were his friends and would do him no harm. "Yes," said Smith, "we all thought as you do, but their camps have been watched and their actions are very strange, and just now it has been reported that a number are about to start in this direction." "Well," answered Joseph, "the God I serve commands me not to kill, and I will yield my life rather than do what he has forbidden." Then Smith, thinking that further argument was useless, rode on that he might warn the others of the suspected danger.

After he had disappeared Mrs. White turned to her husband and begged that he would do as he had been advised. She reminded him of the safety of their boys as well as their own. "The woman did not stop to consider that doors and bars are of little consequence when they are used for safety against Indians." But at last, for the sake of household peace, Joseph promised to bar the door and also to see that his guns and ammunition were in proper shape in case he needed them.

That night about seventy Indians, hideously painted in the colors which they thought most appropriate for the occasion, started forth on their deadly mission.

The settlers up to this time had entertained some hope that they had been mistaken. In believing that the Indians intended mischief, but with the first sound of that awful war whoom all such hope died in them and they felt that it was only a question of time before they would all be killed in some way. The men fought bravely. Several Indians were killed, but others took their places and men, women and children were quickly killed and the house lighted only to disappear in smoke in a very short time.

The houses were taken in the order they came, and that of Smith was one of the first. Reaching the place, of course they found the doors and windows barred securely. But it was only a minute’s work to build fires under the corners of the house and soon it was enclosed in flames.

It seemed natural, while there could be little preference between the two ways of death, for the inmates to rush from the burning house, but nothing was gained by this, as they were quickly shot down, while attempting to escape, by the bloodthirsty demons of revenge.

The Indians seemed to get a certain satisfaction in thus dealing with a family at whose house they had never been welcome. But the wretches did not stay long at a place. It was quick tho' horrible work.

The next house was that of Joseph White. Before they reached the gate they were stopped by their chief, and one Indian said: "Here lives the Indians’ friend; we will not do him harm." But a doubting one answered: "Yes, he was our friend; but how can we surely know that his heart is not changed toward us?" It seemed a difficult question to settle, but at last the first speaker said: "We have always found an open door here, my friends, and if he is still our friend we shall still find an open door. So let us go, and if the door yields it will prove that we can trust him and that his heart is unchanged." Then a few of them started in the direction of the house, the greater number remaining in the road to keep watch. One Indian turned as they neared the door and motioned for silence. Then, stepping quietly, he lifted the latch; the door yielded; they entered the room.

Stealing carefully to the bed on which Joseph lay asleep, the Indian stood and gazed down on the man’s bronzed and sunburned but kindly face. Then drawing his knife from its place he laid the awful blade, still red with the blood of other victims, quietly across Joseph’s throat. "Ah," he thought, "how very, very easy!" but Joseph did not stir. The Indian shook his head and, lifting the knife, replaced it; then, turning, he left the room, latching the door softly behind him. The other Indians followed him and when they reached the gate the Indian turned and looked at the house, and a great feeling of thankfulness seemed to fill the hearts of all there, cruel-hearted as they must have been.

DEBBA DAVIS.

It did not interfere, however, with the work of the remainder of their march, and Joseph never knew until many years afterward how near death had been that night.

Joseph had done as he had promised his wife. But long after they had sought their bed he lay awake, though his wife was sleeping soundly. A still, small voice seemed to be saying over and over: "Arise, unbar the door and trust the rest to Me." So at last he did so, and when he again sought his bed he felt that a great load had been lifted from his mind and he soon slept and dreamed that a bright angel was keeping watch over him and his loved ones.

This Quartet, organized at the beginning of the year, at once became popular and has received frequent invitations to sing at social and religious gatherings in the city and surrounding towns.
Class of '02 of the Academy.

President, Jay Erwin Taylor.
Secretary, Carrie Lucile Shahan.

Class Color, Dark Green.
Class Flower, Red Carnation.
Class Motto, Vinett qui se vincit.

Mr. Jay Taylor, the class president, was graduated from the Chehalis High School in 1898. In the fall of 1900 he entered the P. S. U. and has proven himself a faithful student. He has been one of the best in his classes, and because of earnestness in his work he has won the respect of all his teachers and classmates. We hope that he will enter the college department next year, for we want earnest students.

Mr. Arthur Marsh, the vice president, entered the P. S. U. in the fall of 1899. He is taking the classical course and is an exceptional student in Latin and Greek. He is also an expert in mathematics. He is a favorite among teachers and students. We predict a brilliant future for him. He will enter the college next year.

Miss Carrie Shahan, secretary of the class, is another one of our bright students. She entered the P. S. U. in 1899. She has been a conscientious student and has stood the highest in a great many of her classes. She is taking the classical course and is a thorough student in Latin and Greek. She, too, will probably enter college next year.

Miss Dessa Davis, treasurer of the class, has been attending the P. S. U. for the last three years. She has been an industrious student and has done her work thoroughly. She is taking the scientific course. She has always been willing to do what was asked of her. We hope to see her again next year.

Mr. Paul Beach entered the P. S. U. in the fall of 1900. He has done his work well and is an honor to his class. He has always taken quite a prominent part in athletics and this year was captain of the football team. If he will only go through college we will have no fear for his future.

Mr. Clyde Thompson came from Beattle in 1897 and entered the P. S. U. He has been in attendance ever since with the exception of the year 1898-1899. He has ever been a willing worker and has taken an active part in the T. M. C. A. and in the Literary Society. This year he was business manager of "Ye Record." He intends to make a trip to Alaska this summer.

Mr. Earle Sheafe has the distinction of being the youngest one in the class. He entered the academy at Coupeville during the year 1899-1900 and in the fall of 1900 entered the P. S. U. He is a bright student and is a general favorite because of his good nature. He will enter college next year.

Mr. Vernon Hamilton attended the Tacoma High School during the year 1898-1899 and the next fall entered the P. S. U. He is of a very quiet disposition and never becomes excited. He may be classed among the good students. The college will receive him gladly.

Where Abouts.

Professor Boyer will be one of the instructors in the Summer Normal.

Professor and Mrs. Palmer will go east of the mountains for the summer.

Mr. Gleenk and Mrs. Gleenk will be in Tacoma a greater part of the summer.

Miss Herriott will have private pupils in shorthand and bookkeeping through July and August.

Several of the students have expressed the intention of remaining in Tacoma during the summer. Among them are Messrs. Ames, Taylor and Olson, and the Misses Robb, LeSourd and Drake.
The popular lecture course of the University this year afforded the students and general public an opportunity to hear some of the foremost orators on the American platform. Col. L. F. Copeland on "Seeing the Elephant" and Geo. R. Wellington on "Saul of Tarsus" were of highest order. These lecture courses ought to receive greater patronage. There can be nothing more elevating than the presentation of a lofty subject by a master mind.

The personnel of the University this year has been a subject of remark from nearly every visitor. The comment is almost invariably made: "What a nice looking body of students!" "Fine class of young people!" This comes not as a piece of flattery, but is made in a quiet, straightforward way to some friend or disinterested person. The frequency of these statements coming from many different sources leads one to feel that, after all due allowances, they must contain some few grains of truth. And why may it not be so? A student coming here with definite aims, actuated with a high and worthy purpose to make the best of life, resisting low and base influences, cannot help but show it in his face. May we ever be blessed with such students.

The exercises of commencement week are being held in the First M. E. church, Sunday, June 15, Baccalaureate sermon, Rev. H. V. Givler, D. D.; address before the Christian Associations by Rev. J. E. Williams, D. D. Monday evening the Orpheaean Literary Society will render another of their popular programs, and on Tuesday evening C. F. McCoombby with "Men of Leisure," E. L. Bower on "Christian Education," James Milligan asking "Why Were We Born?" and E. T. Pitman with "The Citizen as a Hero," contend for oratorical honors.

A lecture before the Alumni Wednesday evening by Rev. Elliot S. Rowe, D. D., Victoria.

Regular graduating exercises Thursday.

Strong Chastlernake the source of inspiration to all who are privileged to come under his instruction or influence. As a teacher he has no superior anywhere. His great zeal and unbounded energy enthuse all alike to greater effort.

Sixty-four years ago the 26th of last May, in the little town of Waitsfield, Vermont, was born the subject of this sketch. His preparation for college was in the public schools and in Barre Academy.
been actively engaged in this work. He has taught in some of the best Eastern institutions. For twenty years he was the leading spirit in the education of Kansas City.

In 1887 he came to Washington and a few years later Puget Sound University was fortunate enough to secure his services, and thus for a number of years he has been the head of the educational work of our school. The standard he has maintained is the equal of that of any Eastern school. Then here is to our Dean, and may God bless him.

It seems almost a mockery to attempt to express by a few words anything of the life of one who is so loved and honored by all who know him. We are proud of his record as a student and as a teacher; proud of the broadness of his education, which enables him to teach such a variety of subjects with such perfect satisfaction; proud of his reputation among those who are authority upon educational work. But beyond all this, the student body feel his interest and sympathy. He is the one to whom we go with anything that perplexes and annoys, and, while burdened with duties of his own, no student ever failed to obtain the help that comes from one who feels and sympathizes with those in trouble. May his life continue to be such a blessing and inspiration that many more may be helped and strengthened by the influence of one whose character so closely exemplifies that of our Christ.

A Paraphrase.

Once upon a time a feminine individu­al, whose cognomen was Mary, was the possessor of a diminutive specimen of that ruminant quadruped, genus Ovis, commonly called sheep. The capillary substance that vegetated upon the exterior surface of its corporeal anatomy reflected all the colors of the solar spectrum combined, making it as white as the driven snow.

And to whatever place Mary migrated the lamb perambulated also.

One day she pursued her to the edifice erected for the purpose of further facilitating the instruction of the youthful mind, which was contrary to the laws of the age of the Driven Snow. The instructor in charge forcibly ejected the creature, yet he lingered to exhibit unbounded affection toward his mistress when she should appear.

In the standard terms and conceptions by means of which the lyric poets, prepared to enjoy and appreciate the verse of one who is non-Christian. A college education ought to enable the student to earn a better livelihood than he would otherwise earn, and this is often the standard by which the value of an education is measured. Yet how mistaken is this view! A Christian college will tend to correct this view. A body of students of whom the majority are professing Christians will be quite likely to let Christian principles predominate in their life. The shiftless career of many a young person has been changed during a college career, owing to the fact that Christian influence was brought to bear upon him.

The associations of the past ought to promise great things for the future, and, while we enjoy the rest which comes after toil, we look forward to another year of greater opportunities and higher responsibilities because of the teachings of the past, believing firmly in an ever-present Divine Providence and attributing to Him any success which we may achieve.

J. WESLEY GLENN.

I wish I felt more competent to comply with the request put before me, namely, to write a few lines in regard to our work in German and the method thereby employed. But to give a full and adequate account of the natural method would lead too far; moreover, I am glad to say that our results speak better for the superiority of the method than the most eloquent words could. Our pupils feel from the outset that they receive a practical return for their efforts, and this in itself arouses an interest and daily increasing enthusiasm which could never be obtained by the "dead method." This manifests itself in many ways: the pupils not only use every opportunity to converse with their teacher, but they delight in making the foreign language that of conversation among themselves.

The grammatical part of the work they acquire first by examples. When thoroughly familiar with them they are led to form and word the rules themselves in German; thus this most tedious part of the language becomes a pleasure instead of drudgery to them.

At the beginning of the second year the pupils are introduced to the study of literature, by that time being fully prepared to enjoy and appreciate the gems of the lyric poets, and thus gradually paving the way for the study of the classics during the third and fourth years. Doubt has often been expressed to me as to the possibility of introducing abstract terms and conceptions by means of
the natural method, but the transition from the concrete to the abstract is so gradual that the pupil is not aware of any more difficulty for the one than for the other if the terms are properly presented. Now words and expressions are always explained by the acquired stock of words. That which cannot be made comprehensible by explanation or illustration can either be learned by the context or made clear by combining the unknown with the known, "according to the mathematical law to find the unknown quantity with the help of two known quantities." After being thus made familiar with the new words contained in a lesson, the pupil shows his mastery over it not by a translation, but by rendering it in German in his own thought and conception; the advantage of this cannot remain doubtful to anybody who has ever witnessed a recitation thus conducted.

I have not the least hesitancy in asserting that any pupil having once experienced the benefit and enjoyment of the study of any foreign language by means of the natural method could never be induced to go back to the mind-killing, weary sameness of the old method.

AGNES NISSENSON.

Take a school in heterogeneous America—Which pupil is admired more, which is apt to be of greater service in after years, which one is a model, which one contributes the stronger elements to society? Is it the one who is bright, vivacious and sparkling, or the one who is stern, slow and practical? Is it the one with face and form or delicate outline and artistic beauty, or the one with physiognomy strong, impressive, masterful? Is it the one who is impetuous and fickle, tossed by every mind, either "with joy unburdened or by sorrow depressed," or is it the one who stands like the everlasting rocks, with resolute purpose, viewing with composure the hard reverses and conflicts of life?

The above are some of the leading characteristics developed by the Cossacks and Romans respectively. The Greeks sought refinement and beauty; the Romans labored more for strength and durability and were extremely practical.

C. F. M.

LOCALS.

C. A. T.—"It doesn't hurt me as much to be refused now as it used to." Prof. McO—"I did jump up on my dignity once, and it fell through with me."

Miss P.—"I like you, Mr. Milligan."

Mr. M.—"I'm glad to hear it, at last!"

Prof. P. (in beginning Latin)—"If you don't know anything about it, translate it literally."

The Dean (at chapel)—"Now, I've taught all along the coast from Maine to Washington."

Playing "Run Sheep, Run" at the Party—"Where is she?" O. John Oleson Cott 'er!"

Miss —— (to R. E. C.)—"It's lots of fun initiating people into the mysteries of finding our house."

J—s—r N.—Yes.—"I knew before, but when I get up here to read I can't tell whether it is subjunctive or whether it has any mode at all."

Mr. M.—r—h: "When I have a long distance to walk alone, after taking a girl home, I have a poem which I recite to myself in order to pass away the time, and I am home before I know it."

Mr. C.—k (to Mr. Pittman)—"Wait; I don't know the name."

Miss P.—"I do. I've been frequenting this park (Point Defiance) for nine or ten years."

See Cromwell, Postoffice, before you buy a piano. Pianos that stay in tune. See Cromwell, postoffice blk.

Ask Mr. Arnold about the whale that swallowed Noah.

C. F. M. is said to be prospecting for a mine (poss. case).

Rent a Piano and apply all the rent, until paid for, of Cromwell, post-office block.

Midsummer Millinery—Miss A. B. Tutton, 771 L Street, Chamber of Commerce building.

Thanks to Miss Markham, many of us have found our pathways strewn with roses lately.

Student (looking out of a window at Mr. and Mrs. P. walking arm in arm)—"The dear old Dean! He has set the example for the rest of us."

Overheard in the Southeast Classroom.—Prof.: "If that isn't correct you can cut my head off according to all the authorities in the United States."

By the way, if you want anything in the sweet line, such as ice-cream, cake, candy, or soft drinks, Kliest's is the best place to get it, 711 15th St., next to Court House.

Teacher in Grammar.—"Miss M., have you made a special study of 'yes' and 'no'?"

Miss M.—"No, I leave that to the boys."

SOCIETY NOTES.

A party of students and teachers visited University Place June 6th.

The class of 1892 had their class party at the home of Miss Mary LeSourdr June 10th.

The Freshmen had their annual party at the home of Miss Mabel Shields on May 23rd.

Miss Robb gave a charming evening to a few of her friends and the University students May 18th.

The girls of the Young Women's Christian Association entertained the girls of the University at luncheon in Miss Herriott's rooms on April 10, in honor of Miss Mabel Stafford, coast secretary of the Association.

In order to raise money for sending a delegate to the Capitola convention, the Young Women's Christian Association inaugurated a series of entertainments that have been very delightful indeed.

On the evening of the 21st of February the First Regiment of the Association gave the first entertainment of the "Guess What" series.

The students were requested to come dressed in Colonial style. Many unique and pretty costumes were worn. A silver cup was given to the lady and gentleman who made the best Colonial appearance and had the most polished manners.

The score cards were white stars written in red ink and tied with blue ribbon. Tea and wafers were served at small tables placed in cozy corners.

The Second Regiment gave the second "Guess What" on April 15. On the bulletin board in the hall they put up a unique poster inviting their friends to attend an Art School.

The score cards were in the shape of a Maltese cross and on each section was printed a department of the school. Each person was presented with a little blue bag of beans with which to pay his tuition, purchase his material and pay incidental expenses.

For want of space we cannot go into detail, but all voted this a very pleasant and amusing entertainment. Chocolate Margarites and Frappe were served at the close of the school.

The list of the series was given May 23rd by the Third Regiment.
A lawn party was held at the home of Prof. Boyer. It was a beautiful moonlight evening and all thoroughly enjoyed the outdoor games.

At 10:30 the boxes which the girls brought were opened. The dainty white, square score cards were tied with a bow, the college color.

During the noon hour on May 11th and 12th the girls gave a candy sale, clearing a good profit.

One day not long ago several young ladies and gentlemen dashed wildly down Ninth street to catch the Point defiance car and reach the beach before the tide should come in. They had put up a poster announcing that a noon lunch would be served the next day, consisting of clam soup and pie. Merrily they tripped down to the beach, procured sharp pointed sticks, and with sticks in hand the tide was nearly at its height, they waded in the cold water. Soon the tide was nearly at the size of a silver dollar, but the boys and girls enjoyed the fun and no one was the wiser.

Now, about the beginning of the second term of the school year in one thousand nine hundred and two, two of the boys of the Puget Sound University came back from their vacation with their upper lips partially covered with a mustache. And when the girls saw them they turned from them.

And it came to pass that when others of the girls did see them that they also turned away, and behold only two of the girls in all the school would speak to them.

And there was great rejoicing among the members of the Faculty, for their labor were lessened an hundred fold.

Now, the boys rebelled against such treatment and fled from before the faces of the girls.

And others among their number began to take on the same appearance and affairs went sour against the girls, and after the last hour of school was over a number of them stood around in the halls, but there was no one to whom they could speak.

And the joy among the members of the faculty waxed greater and greater.

And the boys consulted among themselves and there was one Anderson who prevailed among them and he said:

“If it seem good to you, let us put up a notice on the bulletin board that we may gather all the boys together and form a league.”

And those who thought that they could raise a mustache cried that they would do this, for it was right that they should be independent of the girls.

So the leader gathered them together in a high place on the fourth floor and appointed officers and they did feast off of fudges that the girls had made.

And it came to pass that they called the league the SIGMA TAU SIGMA.

And when the girls saw that they had made themselves odious in the sight of the boys they were cast down and began with one accord to smile and speak.

And the boys repeated of their actions and would fail have shaved off their mustaches, but the leader said unto them, “Whosoever shaveth one hair from his face shall be cast out of the SIGMA TAU SIGMA.”

Nevertheless two or three of the boys rebelled and gained favor in the sight of the girls.

And the leader began to be afraid, and it came to pass that he betook himself to a far country and another reigned in his stead.

And today among all the members of the SIGMA TAU SIGMA not one can be found wearing a mustache.

The Ideal Young Man.

The Ideal young man must have a brain like Mr. Marsh, hair like Mr. Thompson, eyes like Mr. Beach, hands like Mr. Hall, a mouth like Mr. Noyes, cheeks like Mr. Shaeffer, a nose like Mr. Bower, feet like Mr. Hamilton, a chin like Mr. Le Sourd, a voice like Mr. Cook and flowers like Mr. Ames.

He must be as witty as Mr. McComb, as tall as Mr. Arnold, as eloquent as Mr. Milligan, as good natured as Mr. Pittmon, as strong as Mr. Oisin, as industrious as Mr. Taylor, as patient as Mr. Gleen, as scholarly as Dean Palmer and as altogether lovely as Prof. Boyer.

E. G. B.

Answers to Correspondence.

Mr. Pittmon, from Bald Knob, Idaho, writes: “For some time the birsute growth developed upon the summit and south slope of my cranium has been falling very badly. My barbers all declared by a standing vote that I should use Herpicide. Please advise me.”

Answer.—This is said to be due to the presence of a miniature that takes contracts of clearing large areas of the tangled substance above mentioned, and making the surface smooth for summer resorts for sporting flies and mosquitoes. I have resorted to taking myself, but the tendency of such a course is toward hair extraction rather than hair growth. Better acquire baldness than have it thrust upon you.

Mr. Long, from Lonesome Lippery, Wash., writes as follows: “Where once I had hoped to have my most beautifying appendage I now find a pale and invalid mustache in the last stages of consumption. It is the most modest and unassuming mustache I ever saw. It seems to have no other desire in life but to be faddled and loved. Can you suggest anything that will save it from an untimely taking off?”

Answer.—No; take it off.

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