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Holiday Number



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Tacoma, Washington

*G. W. Kennard*

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# THE MAROON.

VOL. I.

TACOMA, WASH., DECEMBER, 1903.

NO. 3

## IN MAR'S RED WAKE.

Taps!

The wavering, mournful call thrilled forth, and after it the long, sweet note that clove its way through the far heavens and echoed through the silent night. Then over from the Walled City, and down from Paco, Santa Mesa, Tondo and Malate, a dozen well-lipped, sweet-belled bugles caught up the strains and answering floods of melody swelled the refrain into a soothing, beautiful lullaby. One by one the barrack lights went out and left the Philippines to darkness and the guard.

But swiftly as breaks a brooding thunder storm, the quiet night was changed; the sleeping soldiers were rudely awakened, their peaceful dreams dispelled by the grim actualities of war. The tension between the Americans and the insurgents that, for weeks past, had been strained into vibrant strings—had snapped!

Sudden, stinging, sibilant volleys of infantry fire came from the picket lines beyond Santa Mesa, the staccato reports cutting through the air hissing like the sweep of a saber, then gradually filtering into one prolonged spatter of sound.

The distant firing, that, like a train of powder, once ignited proceeds superior to circumstances until its blazing vitality fades, ran down the line, becoming crescendo, like the roar of an approaching train.

Then, like a blast of an archangel's trumpet, the call to arms went ringing up to heaven from "a hundred circling camps," and the streets that, but a moment before, had been silent and deserted, save by the patrolling sentries, became a crying mass of running, shouting, gesticulating humanity.

Natives who had remained within the American lines were hysterical with fear lest Aguinaldo should force his way through our thin, outer lines and butcher them for their disloyalty. They ran about like men drunk with wine chattering and bewildered, cluttering the streets in excited groups, their faces looming pallid and ghostly in the darkness, the whole unearthly scene appearing like the breaking up of some dreadful debauch.

Soldiers who were in Manila on leave and who belonged to Paco and Malate, seized hacks and street cars,

*G. W. Kennard*

and deposing their drivers, lashed the horses into a run, swept like a cyclone through the streets.

The thunder of artillery, the hoof beats of galloping horses; the clatter and crash of carimetas; the sharp, stentorian orders of officers, the roar of running regiments, the heavy thud of many feet striking the ground in perfect rhythm, sounding like the coughing of some giant steam tug, filled the air with barberous dissonance and startled the night with "universal hubbub wild, of stunning sounds and voices all confused."

When daylight came, the insurgent firing line burst out with a roar like a brush fire. Their furious volleying filled the air with a monotonous drumming, drumming, drumming, and the incessant, maddening wail of bullets sounded continuously overhead. The air was so full of those little steel jacketed insects of death, that it seemed almost impossible to draw a long breath without inhaling lead. Every tree of the adjacent jungle was budding sharp shooters. Bullets whistled among the trees and nipped off twigs and bark. It was as if a thousand insects, wee and invisible, were singing in the foliage.

When it was sufficiently light to see the insurgent lines, a general advance was ordered. As the sun began to illuminate the gloomy thickets, it seemed to exacerbate the red, savage animals hidden in them. Each distant thicket became a strange porcupine with quills of flame, and as the bullets bit viciously at the soldiers, they lowered their heads and rolled

their eyes anxiously and apprehensively in the direction of the firing.

General King ordered his brigade to charge the enemy. The line fell slowly forward like a toppling wall and with a convulsive gasp that was intended for a cheer began its journey. As the soldiers swung from their position out into a clearing, they received a leaden and fearful introduction. The woods and thickets before them awakened. The flaming opposition in their front grew with their advance. As the brigade swept on it left a trail of bleeding bundles. Men, punched by bullets, fell in grotesque agonies. One officer, despite a wound in his cheeks, was attempting to give orders. Its support being severed his jaw hung down disclosing in the wide cavity of his mouth a pulsing mass of blood and teeth. Articulation being impossible, his commands were shrieks. McConville, a gallant major of the Idaho regiment, fell, shot twice through the heart.

On the left the brigade was fighting the insurgents from a series of cunningly - constructed breastworks, rifle pits and blind trenches. From these earthworks swept a continuous sheet of yellow flames, and a couple of Krupp cannon added their stupendous voices to the racket of the fusillade. About 300 yards to the front and left a red knoll arose abruptly from the plain. Upon the top of this imminence could be seen the red lines of earthworks, and from this superior position a strong detachment of insurgents fought with grim savageness and persistency.

This hummock was afterwards mentioned in Gen. King's official report as Bloody Knoll because of the dreadful slaughter of Philipinos that had taken place upon its bullet-riddled acropolis. "Bloody Knoll" it was, indeed. When the tides of war receded from it, they left its red dirt drenched and dyed with the deeper red of dark, coagulated blood. Upon this knoll, the truculent red god of war had a bloated fill. In an area of less than a quarter acre hundreds of insurgents lay dead, shot into shapeless masses of flesh and weltering in horrid pools of blood. The slaughter was inconceivably awful, inexpressibly ghastly, shuddering, sickening.

To the right of this knoll, in an old brick kiln, was posted the insurgents' Krupp cannon. Between these redoubts was a labyrinth of earthworks, a network of rifle pits and blind trenches. And behind them lay the flower of Aguinaldo's army. For a thin line of skirmishers to charge them without artillery seemed as absurd as trying to brain a bull with a lady's fan.

General King believed that the men were going to certain death and ordered them to halt, but Colonel Figgins, of the Idaho regiment, endeavored in vain to check his men. His commands were unheard and unheeded amid the cheering and firing. The men dashed forward with heads down like eager ferocious hounds, unleashed and on a fresh scent.

Sitting on his horse, as imperturbable and cool as some sublime old veteran reviewing a dress parade, Gen.

King watched the advance. As he gazed after the flying soldiers, sweeping on so fearlessly toward those cruel breastworks that now blazed incessantly with rifle fire, a wave of emotion overcame for an instant that cold, dissonant metal that seems to envelope a veteran's feelings at such times, and rising in his stirrups and whirling his sword above his head, he cried out: "*Go it, you savages; all hell can't stop you!*"

And *hell* couldn't stop them—they were plunging right into it. Mausers and devils couldn't stop them—they were doing their utmost in the futile effort. A subpoena of shrapnel and cannister would not have brought them back. A greed for close quarters had come into the minds of the men and developed until it was a madness. Nothing, save granite and brass, seemed capable of checking those big, bounding, blue billows that swept on like a relentless and engulfing torrent. There was in the hearts of the men the delirium that encounters despair and death and is blind to the odds.

The protesting splutter of Mauser fire from the trenches now became a steadied roar, and a storm of singing steel, skittered and ricocheted over the surface of the field and buzzed in the air as incessantly as a cloud of beleaguering mosquitos. The rushing line swayed, staggered, trembled for an instant, closing up the gaps that had been bitten into it by the Mausers' eager teeth.

Well in advance of the firing line, borne in triumph through the storm, rode the stars and stripes, their colors

gleaming through the smoke of the conflict like a nebulous, dim puff of star dust, lost in the blaze of the milky way.

Following that dear, bright bit of bunting, the men dashed toward death and danger like sprinters racing for a great prize. Dismayed by such full-

blooded recklessness, such unexpected and audacious bravery, the insurgents made one last, desperate stand, and then turned and fled in wild disorder, leaving their battery in the hands of the Idahos and their trenches full of dead and dying, a ghastly testimonial of the valor of their resistance.

A. M.



### Grubhard Stripling.

(On being asked to write a Christmas story.)

A Christmas story! Ah, with what power for weal or woe three harmless words may be fraught! Those above have been the cause of more mental anguish and travail of spirit than triplets to a young father. Ever since they were turned loose upon my trail by a thoughtless editor, they have dogged by thoughts and haunted my dreams. Over and over again, interminably and with infinite monotony, they have run the narrow confines of my tired mind, chasing hither and thither like baffled hounds on a lost scent, looking for trace or trail of a Christmas story, but returning ever to the same spot, wistful-eyed and without the quest. My life since the irrevocable fiat went forth that I must write an original story, or be relegated forthwith to the limbo of busted shades, has been a sort of stage tragedy in which I have been compelled to assume the role of the hunted villain. The celebrated detective story, entitled "Shadowed by Three" has been literally enacted. Those three inexor-

able words have followed me as relentlessly as the importunities of my creditors.

Stories I have read, good, bad and indifferent, world without end. In my indiscreet boyhood I perused every tattered scrap of story that came within reach of my roving, wistful eyes and relished them as some men relish Seattle spirit. I laughed and wept through thirty volumes of Dickens, tunneled through the massive works of Victor Hugo and was stirred by the dashing and picturesque characters of Bret Harte, while the dissolute daredevils of Diamond Dick made me the hopeless scoundrel that I am.

And so when this unhappy task was assigned me I reasoned that my mind ought to be a sort of vat brimming with the juices of a thousand vineyards, and that all I should have to do to obtain an extract of the distilled spirit of story would be to tap it with the rod of my imagination and fiction would gush forth like water from the rock when Moses touched it. But unfortunately gush was all that



I got. I might as well attempt to take Gibraltar with a single-barreled shotgun, or run with fire engines to put out the rudy aurora as to try to write a story. If the editor of the MAROON should take me up onto a high mountain and show me all the kingdoms of the world in a moment of time and say to me, These will I give unto you if you will write me a Christmas story, I should have to confess unto him, Alas! I cannot write a Christmas story.

There is an old adage that you cannot get blood out of a turnip, and certainly I have found it quite as difficult to get a story out of my turnip. Put me in a crucible, dissolve me in acid, and subject the sediment to a chemical analysis, you will find no trace of a Christmas story. My mind is as incapable of producing fiction as it is of deviating into sense.

There are some things that I can do with the grace and felicity peculiar to a hippopotamus. I butcher the English language with dexterity and ease. I outspell Webster on occasion and can compose things on the spur of the moment that simply astonish my friends with the fact that I can be even more ridiculous than they had imagined I possibly could be. But torture the phrase as I may and sacrifice sleep to the adjective I cannot produce a Christmas story.

I have wooed my inspiration with the attention of a lover, but with the same result that all my efforts in that line have met with. Inspiration has disdained me like a girl.

Then in sheer desperation, I have set me down to write a story by main strength. I have seized my pen, and dashed the rowels into my jaded imagination, but invariably at the end of the third or fourth line my steed came to a decisive halt and in true bronco fashion precipitated me over his head with a rude, abrupt shock. In vain I have proclaimed marshal law and levied a conscription upon my vocabulary. The battalions of showy and sounding words, marshaled with such strategical skill and involution of language, have marched to repeated Waterloos, and my campaigns of literary conquest have invariably ended in defeat. If the preambles of the stories that I have started to write could be put together they would make one of the craziest compositions that was ever printed in the MAROON.

And now, Mr. Editor, I hope I have established the fact that I am incapable of producing a Christmas story. I will plead no further palliating circumstances, nor offer additional testimony in extenuation and rebuttal. I will simply throw myself upon the compassion of the court with the plea of "guilty" and trust to his benignant heart to grant me clemency.

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Dr. I. E. Hoska, a graduate of the Dental Department of the University of California, has purchased the office of Dr. W. E. Burkhart, at 930 Pacific ave., where he will conduct an up-to-date scientific practice.

*G. W. Kennard*



# EDITORIAL

## The Maroon.

Published monthly during the academic year by the associated students of the University of Puget Sound.

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ANDREW MARKER.....Editor  
WILLARD B. ANDERSON.....Assistant Editor  
MISS M. A. BROWN.....Society Reporter  
MISS VINNIE PEASE.....Local Reporter  
JOHN M. OLSAN.....Athletic Reporter  
EDWIN T. PITTMON.....Business Manager  
ARTHUR L. MARSH.....Subscription Agent

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At the recent session of the Board of Trustees the following resolution in commendation of the football team was passed:

*Resolved*, By this board, that we express our appreciation of the splendid work, the gentlemanly conduct and the Christian spirit of the university football team and the efficient management of D. Paul Rader. The board sets a high value upon the representation these men have given the school in the patronizing territory, and desires to heartily thank them for what they have done."

The compliment and kindly appreciation of the Board are gratefully and gleefully acknowledged by the football team, and in reciprocation the gentlemen of the gridiron wish to

say of the gentlemen of the Board that they are the ablest, the most intellectual, the most gentlemanly and distinguished lot of fellows that ever lined up for a kick-off in a trustee meeting, and the team would like to meet them in a match game next year. But—. If it is true, gentlemen, that you "set a high value upon the representation these men have given the school in the patronizing territory," would it not be highly proper and becoming if the Board's "expression" should take the more substantial and slightly more acceptable shape of the customary sweaters? While the team accepts with appreciation the trustees' thanks as a voluntary expression of their good will, they feel that the sweaters are due. It is the custom of every college to award the men who make the first team with sweaters adorned with an initial of the institution, and certainly if any team ever deserved such a reward it is our own victorious eleven. It is not the value of the sweaters that the men desire; that would be poor compensation, indeed, for the sweat and sacrifice that they have offered on the gridiron for the honor of the institution. What they cherish is the significance that the sweater will have in after years. Undoubtedly this year's triumph is but the

beginning of a long and shining series in the history of the maroon and white. In after years it will be something of distinction to own such a certificate of honorable service among the heroes of the football field who have won renown for their beloved Alma Mater.

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President Randal is greatly pleased with the success his work has met with in his canvass of the state. He reports that the plan of selling 1,000 shares of stock as a form of endowment has practically been consummated, insuring an annual income from this source alone of \$5,000 for five years. So certain is he that all of the shares will be subscribed that requests have been sent out for a first payment, one of the conditions of the sale having been that no obligations attached to any purchase of stock unless the 1,000 shares were sold.

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Students who missed Mrs. Fanetta Sargent Haskell's recital at the University missed what a quarter will rarely buy. It was an aesthetic and spiritual feast. Mrs. Haskell is a gifted elocutionist, one of the most accomplished readers that ever charmed an audience. Her power to portray the most profound emotions of the soul is simply superb. She touched the keys of the whole gamut of human feeling, from the profoundly pathetic to the ecstatic, with the skill and strength of a master musician. Jean Valjean, that remarkable creation of Victor Hugo, desperate, delirious,

dripping with dark despair; the Bishop, calm, serene, benignant and noble; Cosette, the lovable little child, the rare and lovely woman, under the witchery of the reader's voice were made to live and love and suffer with a feeling more heroic and a beauty more sublime than even Victor Hugo, with all his splendid ability and wealth of words, could give to them. Though we be so poor that fortune could drive us no lower with a sledge, if opportunity offers to hear her again, we shall pawn something to purchase the privilege.

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Spiked walls and cannon cannot defeat the student who does his best. He may be slow and dull, but if he puts his utmost into every passing hour he will purchase the precious palm at last. Some of the greatest class dullards have gone out into the world to cut a luminous swath in the affairs of men. It was not because they were dull but because, being so handicapped, they cultivated the habit of close attention, concentrated application and unremitting toil. Scientists tell us that in substance charcoal and diamond are one; the difference is all in the presentation; a finer process has gone on in one case than in the other. The elements are better fused and welded together; they are in some way heightened and intensified. And there is not an essential difference between students; the difference usually between ordinary and extraordinary students is simply the difference between ordinary and extraordinary exertion. It has been said that the

world pays a big price for the last two or three inches, and some triumph only by virtue of that little more, those few hours employed which others squandered. A little more and how much it is; a little less and what worlds away!

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“CHAMPIONS” NO LONGER.

The Spokesman-Review, of Spokane, in its description of the U. of W.-Multnomah football game, which ended with a disgraceful fight, and disastrously for the Washingtonians, makes the following remarks under the above caption:

“The defeat of the State University team disposes of the sweeping and ridiculous claims of the Seattle eleven that it was champion of the Pacific Coast. Multnomah was easy prey for Stanford and California, although Nevada, which lost to Washington, was too much for the California teams. The University of Washington made no date with the University of Puget Sound, and it probably saved the contingent from Seattle a defeat, for the varsity team at Tacoma is evidently the master of all the Pacific Northwest football teams.”

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Now that the football season is over and the various literary societies have “kicked off,” as it were, let us go in for literary laurels, with the same zest and sparkle of spirit that we aforetime gave to the gridiron. Presently we shall have debates and oratorical contests and if you would score in these you must get onto the litera-

ry training table. We have plenty of ginger and gumption and a first-class elocution coach; with a little signal practice the societies ought to produce some oratorical stars. Verily football is a great game, but the pen is mightier than the punt, and goal posts gained by the exertion of gray matter bring a higher score than feats of brawn. Now, let everybody listen to the signals; don't fumble nor foul, but hit the line hard.

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The MAROON wishes its readers the merriest Christmas and the happiest New Year that ever meandered down the turnpike of their lives. May the holiday vacation be to all a season of gladsome, happy days.

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Every little whippersnapper who ever amounted to six-bits in the world is always voluably ready to tell the dear young people how to succeed. It may be as correctly and more concisely told: Make the most of your time.

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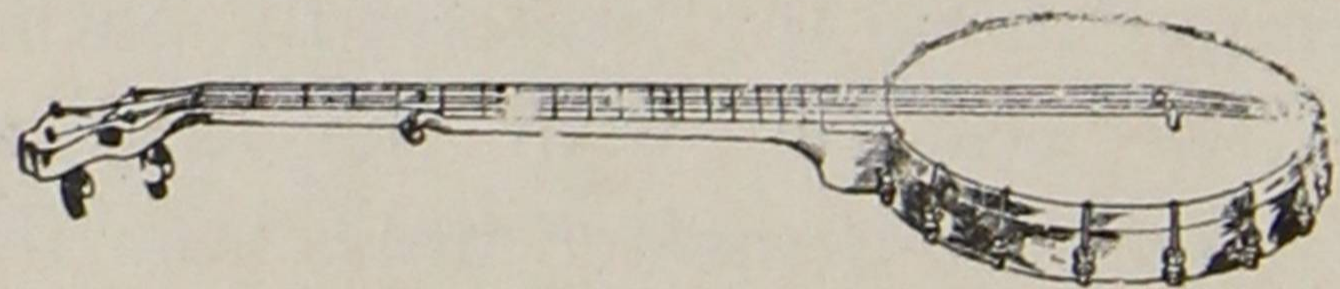
There is usually a strong point about every student. He would be no better than a wasp if there wasn't.

---

The student who might get his lessons more perfectly, is idle.

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## SOCIETY NOTES

### BOYER LITERARY SOCIETY.

There was somewhat of an awakening in society circles on the morning of December 4th, when the "rumors" of a new society were substantiated by the initiation of three new members into the Boyer Literary Society. As this school had many more students enrolled in this its first year, than most colleges have in their first decade, and though several societies had been brought over from the P. S. U. and reorganized in the U. P. S., still more need of literary societies was felt and the plan was conceived, matured and carried out during the early part of November, when nine students met and organized, and on December 2nd, 1903, the first charter granted by the faculty of the U. P. S. was granted to the Boyer Literary Society.

This society deemed it the highest honor to have the privilege of being known by the name of the one devoted man who is more largely instrumental than any other in placing our school upon its present basis. To him the school is lastingly indebted and certainly this society likewise owes him honor. It is to be hoped that the present membership, and all those who shall be members hereafter will honor and respect that name; that the name, as the character of the man, shall be a source of inspiration to its members.

Miss Caughran has very kindly tendered to this society, the use of her room. The charter members are: D. J. Williams, C. D. Eshelman, B. McClain, R. M. Rader, R. H. Hughes, Mary E. Towne, Georgina Clulow, Alice Hawthorne, Mary M. Rader.

R. H. H.

### SIGMA FRATERNITY.

At a recent meeting of the Sigma Tau Sigma fraternity, Prof. Boyer was present as an invited guest. After the regular program had been rendered, the Professor was invited to address the society and did so in a speech that was much appreciated by the members. At its conclusion the Professor tendered the society an invitation to a banquet to be given at the Donnelly hotel, which was accepted.

### OWLS.

On Monday evening, December the 10th, a mysterious procession wended its way from South K street, to the haunts of the Owls, at the University building, where an initiation ceremony took place. A few hours later nine newly fledged owlets emerged from the gloom and flitted to the residence of Miss Herriott, where refreshments were served and the remainder of the evening spent informally. Those initiated were Misses Bullock, Haw-

thorne, Holker and Rutledge; and Messrs. Cook, Nace, Rutledge, Showers and Nicolson.

Y. M. C. A.

At a recent business meeting, two delegates, Messrs. Cook and Giles were elected to attend the State Convention of the Y. M. C. A., at Olympia, which opened on December 11th, and closed Monday, December 14th. An appropriation of ten dollars was voted for the State fund.

The Bible Study Class has several new members and the association membership shows a steady increase, numbering at present about thirty-four.

Y. W. C. A.

A business meeting was held to change the amount of dues for membership. It was decided to make them fifty cents for the year. This amount helps to pay the yearly expenses of the association, which has assumed an obligation of one hundred dollars to be distributed to various enterprises connected with the association. The membership shows a total of forty-three. The Bible Class has opened auspiciously with twenty members enrolled.

S. S. S.

A delightful ceremony took place in the S. S. Society recently, when Miss Pearl Clulow was initiated into its mysteries. The first degree was taken in the morning, and at noon she was admitted to the inner circle at the residence of Miss Herriott who, with Miss Boyd as honorary members, entertained the guests at a luncheon.

The table was tastefully decorated with smilax and carnations in the Society colors. Those present were Misses Pearl, Clulow, Osborne, Hamilton, Landen, Fosberg and Barrett.

DRAMATIC CLUB.

Several enthusiastic people met at Miss Caughran's home on December 7th, to plan for the organization of a Dramatic Club. The purpose of the club is the development of vocal expression and a sense of appreciation of the dramatic art; and especially is it for the acquirement of ease in everyday speaking. The first play to be considered is the "Merchant of Venice." Miss Caughran will direct the class.

A. H.

STUDENT ASSOCIATION.

A meeting of the student body was held on the 2nd inst, at which the matter of student government of the study room was discussed and adversely reported. A called meeting was held on the 9th, when Mr. Anderson, as chairman of the committee, submitted a report on constitution and by-laws for the Student Association. After considerable debating the constitution was adopted, with the understanding that an article concerning athletics should be inserted and accepted later.

B. L. S.

On Friday evening, the 4th inst., the B. L. S. met at the home of Miss Towne, 610 South J street, for the purpose of initiating three new members into the Society. After the initiatory ceremonies, light refreshments were served and a pleasant social time enjoyed.



# EDUCATIONAL

Of all the blessings which it has pleased Providence to allow us to cultivate, there is not one which breathes a purer fragrance or bears a heavenlier aspect than Education. It is a companion which no misfortune can depress, no clime destroy, no enemy alienate, no despotism enslave; at home, a friend, abroad, an introduction, in solitude, a solace, in society, an ornament; it chastens vice, it guides virtue, it gives at once a grace and government to genius. Without it, what is man? A splendid slave, a reasoning savage, vacillating between the dignity of an intelligence derived from God, and the degradation of passions participated with brutes; and in the incident of their alternate ascendancy, shuddering at the horrors of a hereafter, or embracing the horrid hope of annihilation.

“What is the wondrous world of his residence?”

A mighty maze, and all without a plan.”

A dark and desolate and dreary cavern, without wreath or ornament or order. But light up within it the torch of Knowledge and how wondrous the transition! The seasons change, the atmosphere breathes, the landscape lives, earth unfolds its fruits, ocean rolls in its magnificence, the heavens display their constellated canopy, and the grand animated spec-

tacle of nature rises revealed before him, its varieties regulated, and its mysteries resolved! The phenomena which bewilder, the prejudices which debase, the superstitions which enslave, vanish before Education.

Like the symbol which blazed upon the cloud before the hesitating Constantine, if man follows but its precepts purely, it will not only lead him to the victories of this world, but open the very portals of Omnipotence for his admission. Cast your eyes over the monumental map of ancient grandeur, once studded with the stars of empire and the splendors of philosophy. What erected the little state of Athens into a powerful commonwealth, placing in her hand the sceptre of legislation, and wreathing round her brow the imperishable chaplet of literary fame? What extended Rome, the heart of banditti, into universal empire? What animated Sparta with that high, unbending, adamant courage which conquered nature herself, and has fixed her in the sight of future ages, a model of public virtue, and a proverb of national independence? What but those wise public institutions which strengthened their minds with early application, informed their infancy with the principles of actions, and sent them into the world too vigilant to be deceived by its calm, and too vigorous to be shaken by its whirlwinds?

C. PHILIPPS.

### From the Exchanges

The Oracle, of the Hamline University, is a credit to that institution. It fairly sparkles with smart things, and its typographical appearance is in keeping with its literary quality. Robert Givler, a former P. S. U. student, is associate editor.

How long, how long, with hopes deferred,

Make the hearts sick that on thee call?

How long till thou art up-to-date

And hast a 'phone, O Ladies' Hall?

—Hamline Oracle.

“Do angels eat?” asks an exchange. We know one who one joyous July night went through a pint of ice cream, a 20-cent box of chocolates and a quart of peanuts.

The student body at Stanford is considering the adoption of the honor system, which has been in successful operation at Princeton and other eastern Universities. The plan provides for the removal of matters of discipline from the faculty into the hands of the student body. This applies especially to the matter of cheating or “cribbing” in examinations.

“Tenderly she laid the silent, white form beside those that had gone before. She made no outcry, she did not weep. Such a moment was too precious to be spent in idle tears. But soon there came a time when it seemed as if nature must give way. She lifted her voice loud and long.

Her cry was taken up by others who were near and it echoed and re-echoed over the grounds. Then suddenly all was still. What was the use of it all? She would lay another egg tomorrow.”



### Saint Paul and Athletics

A fairly careful study of Saint Paul's epistles reveals the fact that his favorite illustrations were drawn from the common athletic contests of his day. The number of his references to this subject shows a knowledge of it that could have come only from familiarity and fondness. He gives us glimpses of the athlete at all periods of his career, the abstemiousness required in training, for “every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things,” and the necessity of observing the rule, “if a man strive for the mastery, yet is he not crowned except he strive lawfully.” There is a view of the unsuccessful man, who had “run in vain,” the boxer who “beat the air” and the athlete who after instructing others was himself disqualified, or “a castaway.” We see the laying aside of “every weight” for the race, the stretching forward toward the goal, the rivals nerved to effort by the “cloud of witnesses,” and the victor with his crown.

Contests of this kind abounded in every Greek city, and illustrations drawn from them were especially well adapted to excite the interest of the Apostle's converts, to strengthen their faith, and to inspire them to activity in their Christian work. In Paul's



teaching there is no reward without first a struggle. The religion portrayed by him has nothing weak or effeminate, it is not simply passive and enduring but is active, earnest, effective, calling forth vigorous and sustained effort, and demanding the highest powers of manhood. "Quit you like men, be strong."

And the aged Apostle, conscious that his end was near, in summing up his life recurs again to the subject that had furnished so many illustrations of lofty truth. "I have fought a good fight" or, as some have

rendered it, "I have wrestled a good wrestling." "I have finished my course." Here is the confidence of the victor certain that the judge of the games will give him the well-earned prize. "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day."

W. B. A.

If any one has a doubt that ignorance is bliss, walking the floor nights, nursing the Dead Languages into life, is calculated to dispel it.

### PURELY PERSONAL.

Now that Coach Knight and Coach Griffith, et al., are selecting "the bright, particular stars" for an All-Western Team, the MAROON begs leave to place Captain Beach in nomination for the position of quarter back. A fellow who can make a touch down on a quarter back run with a red hot heating stove is certainly qualified to shine in the most splendiferous bunch that ever shed its luster in the grime of a gridiron.

"I was walking with Leola Cook."

Postman, referring to the "Happy Home": "All the letters that I collect from that house are Miss-directed."

N-l-n: "We used to write 'Now I take my pen in hand.' But in these modern days we begin by taking the typewriter in our arms."

Mr. P-t-m-n recently received a second degree in the initiatory ceremonies of the Owl society.

Miss B—"Congratulations, Pearl."  
Miss P—"Wonder you wouldn't congratulate me, too."  
Miss B—"Maybe I shall, some day."

J. C.—"We can't all belong to the Sigma Tau Sigma. If they'd only take us in, it would be all right."

G. O.—"I wish I had lived then."  
E. S.—"So do I."

A student was heard to observe that he thought the S. S. S. was the sweetest little bunch of daisies that had ever been gathered into a bouquet.

Prof. Boyer—"The examinations that I give are always easy. I only examine you on what you have been over."

Mr. N-c-e: "No, I am not thinking about going into the oratorical contest. If anyone else won, I would always have the dissatisfaction of knowing that the prize was not fairly awarded."

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Oh, some may pine  
For the glad sunshine  
In dull and stormy hours;  
But as for me,  
Quoth the maid in glee,  
Oh, I just dote on Showers.

---

M—. was recently heard to remark that girls were like bee-hives: sweet affairs, who had to be handled gently or they yielded more stings than honey.

---

Mr. A (persuadingly) — "Come now, Pittmon, it is time to go home." Mr. P.—"No, sir! I have been sober for a month and I simply can't stand it any longer."

---

When a fellow asserts publicly that there is one preacher's daughter in school who is fairer than all other preachers' daughters he should not be surprised if the other fair preachers' daughters proceed indignantly to Ball him out.

---

Student, studying dynamics: "The effect of a couple is to produce rotation.' Matrimony, then, must be rather monotonous."

---

Prof. Boyer says that there is a time to act foolish, but that time is only when you are.

In last month's MAROON it was reported that Mr. P-t-m was taking up the study of matrimony out of school hours. He was since heard to remark that he was working so much overtime that he was thinking of going into a union.

---

"I stood at the head of my class in the public school," said N-l-n, "and it was a remarkable class, too." But no one looked as though they believed it until he added: "I was the only one in the class."

---

Miss D-ke—"You'll have to have more than a certificate—it'll take a license."

---

Miss — "What a pretty, pale blue envelope!" Mr. P-tt-n—"Isn't it! That's the kind I always use—a—when I write to my mamma."

---

Miss Ham-ton—"My father has just got home from Eatonville. He went up on the Inter-Urban."

---

The second lecture of the Student Lecture Course was delivered in the Chapel at ten o'clock, Tuesday morning, December 15th, by Rev. Alfred H. Henry, of North Yakima. His subject was Vision and Service, and was delivered in a masterly style, that aroused and held the deepest interest of his audience. The Board of Trustees and many other visitors were present.

---

Mr. Bennett, in Literature—"Before the fry of chicken young."

The Board of Trustees has created Prof. Bowersox professor of mathematics, instead of assistant professor, so that he might participate in faculty meetings.

Prof. Boyer recently received the following letter containing a two-dollar bill and a compliment worth more: "Dear Professor: Enclosed is \$2 for the football boys, from a friend who received more than that amount's worth of enjoyment at the U. P. S.-Nevada game."

The report has been circulated that Mr. N-chol-n has purchased a pair of curling tongs.

Mr. B-ll—"Isn't that wall paper beautiful?" Mr. M-gan—"Yes; I'm going to get some like it for my parlor."

When Mr. V— started home for Thanksgiving vacation, he said he was expecting twenty girls at the station to meet him.

Mr. M-tin is greatly favored. One of the girls is so kind as to curl his hair for him.

Miss O— at the bakery—"Do you keep stamps here?"

Prof. M—"Is it possible for woman to know the heart of man?" Miss Br-n—"Absolutely impossible!"

Miss Haw—:—"It has been a long time since I was a child, but I still

have some faint recollections of how I used to feel."

Miss—"I wish you'd go and get some matches." Mr. R-ge—"I have a match that suits me pretty well."

Mr. L-v-t—"If I thought you really meant it, it would be nice."

Ask Miss Rut-ge for her opinion of reflex action.

Which is the more beautiful, the rhythm or the sentiment of those sonnets Mr. L-g and Miss R-e read together?

Mr. Sh-f—"Shall I put it up side up?" Miss H-tt—"No, down side down."

Prof. W—"Is there any crime in leaving your home vacant at the death of your wife?" Mr. Lov-tt—"O, it's only a matter of taste."

Student—"What is the difference between your hair and Mr. Pittmon's?" Sweet Girl—"I do not know." "Well, your's is crocheted and Pittmon's is (k)nit."

W. O., speaking to lady through the 'phone—"I have another brother and his name is Olsan, too."

E. A. is going to the mountains on a hunt during vacation. He says he intends to have some kind of a deer.

N-y-s: "I hear that Miss Osborne has been arrested for theft." Horrificed Students: "Theft!" "Yes; she is accused of stealing a young man's heart."

Mart—: "I asked the Lord to send me away from that logging camp if he didn't want me to remain there. The next morning, strange as it may seem, I got my time."

Prof. Marlatt: "Give me the definition of a periodic sentence." Miss S—: "A periodic sentence is a sentence that contains a thought with a period after it."

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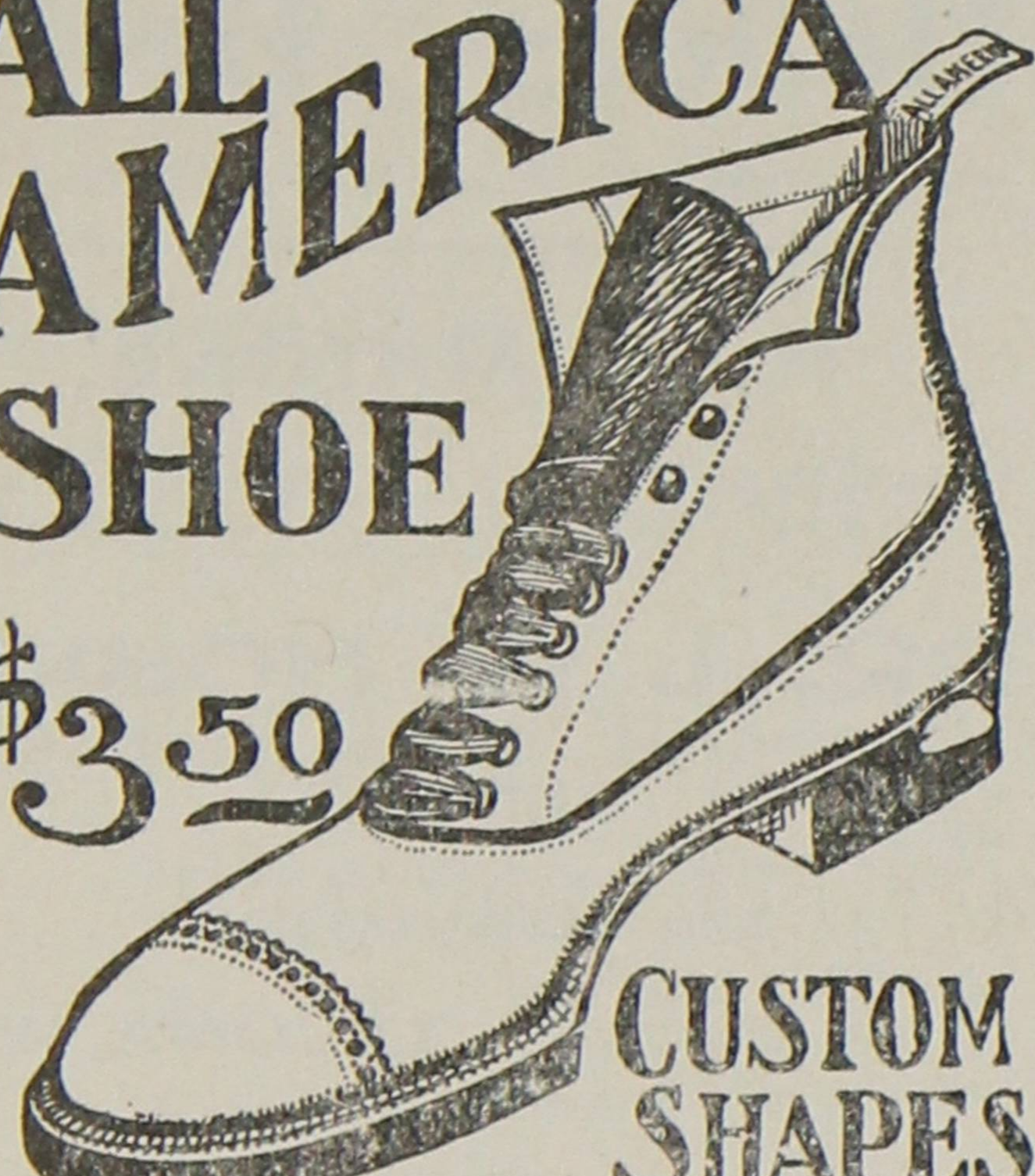
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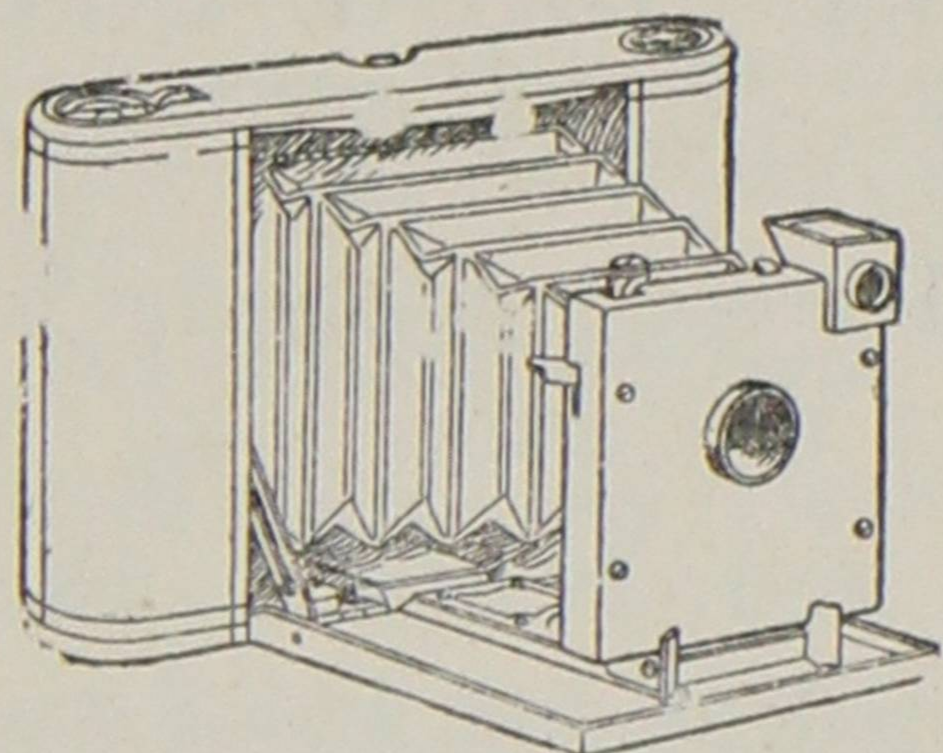
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If good brains had been selling at two bits a quart when I was a freshman, I would have thought I had enough, and wouldn't have bought any. Now I know that I was only an ordinary freshman.

Some people may not think that ignorance is bliss, but during four years of intellectual anguish and travail of spirit, there are a good many times when a fellow is sure of it.

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