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Ye Recorde

VOL. VII.

TACOMA, WASH., NOVEMBER, 1901.

No. 2

CROSSING THE RUBICON.

The poet has said, "Old events have modern meanings. Only that survives of past history which finds kindred in all hearts and lives." A wiser man than the poet, writing centuries ago, said: "The thing that hath been is that which shall be and there is no new thing under the sun." We face conditions to-day that are new to our own civil life, but they are as old as the cycles of time whose revolutions have brought them before us. We are confronted by results of our own economic and foreign policies: but the same problems have come up in the history of every nation known to man. The same stumbling blocks which our own statesmen are considering have been the occasion of victory or ruin to the governments of the past. We are so blinded by the conceit of an advanced, a finer civilization that we forget that vigor and prosperity have belonged to Persian and Egyptian, to Roman and Greek.

We are so eager to grasp power and wealth—we have so learned to disregard all else but power and wealth—that we forget that imperialism and plutocracy in all ages have brought destruction.

Our political parties, as in the days of Caesar, are ready to sacrifice honor and honesty to secure their own ends. From the municipal primaries with their petty political fights to stately congress hall, there are would-be leaders enough who, like Pompey of old, are for themselves, first and always.

Caesar was in camp at Ravenna. He had there the veterans who had driven the Germans northward, who had followed him to Britain, who had conquered Gaul. They were types of Roman loy-

alty and Roman courage. Obedience makes heroes and they knew no law but Caesar's will. Much has been told in history and tradition of the devotion and discipline of Caesar's legions, but we have never heard of any beef-commission scandals and the senate records make no mention of an army canteen bill. It may be due to the fact that the Roman government at that time was not depending on canteen contents for revenue. It may even happen, in course of time, when we have acquired a few more dependencies in the Pacific, that we, ourselves, can go out of the business.

When Pompey tried by trickery and fraud to take possession of the government without the consent of the governed, it would have simplified matters much if he had understood American methods and had first sent a Gen. Funstan to kidnap Caesar. Caesar's manifesto would doubtless have been of great weight with Mark Antony and Quintus Cassius. He would have told them of the goodness and generosity of Pompey and the the great Roman senate, and the associated press would have published an interlinear translation in a special edition.

From our vantage-ground of 20th century ways and means we can only marvel at the crudness of Roman war-policy. Caesar had the advantage of Pompey in many ways, chiefly in being able to do promptly what he saw was best. When the tribunes who had pleaded his legal rights to the senate, fled in disguise to his camp, he did not wait for cabled instructions. He declared that the constitution had been violated, he promptly avowed himself its champion and while his opponents

were wrangling over what to do and how to do it, he had brought his army across the Rubicon. The die was cast.

Pompey called for soldiers but none came. Panic and distraction seized him. He fled to Thessaly and with him the senators and the magistrates. A new government was established on the shores of the Adriatic Seas. Caesar led his victorious army to Rome and brought order out of the chaos and confusion. He sent one of his officers to take possession of Africa while he himself proceeded to Spain. The officer was defeated but in Spain, in Gaul and in Italy, Ceaser's authority was supreme.

He believed thoroughly in the early democratic policy, that allies should have the rights of citizenship. Almost his first act was to secure suffrage for Cisalpine Gaul. But Caesar was not a Bryan-man. He was a loyal soldier, not an orator. Neither did he believe in the free coinage of silver. A long time before, as early as 200 years B. C., a silver party had had its day and a silver standard had been adopted. The general who was so nobly proving himself a statesman had probably never heard the Republican campaign cry of "full dinner pails," but he believed in honest money and a strong financial policy. Contrary to the expectations of the revolutionists, he did not proclaim, "new accounts," but he required property taken for debts to be valued as at the out break of war. The regular coinage of gold was begun and was the standard of the empire until the time of the wicked Nero.

To the worldly thought it is a whimsical fate that turns the tide of life at the time of its greatest success—To the philosopher it is an all wise and an all powerful providence that stops the career of a man when his mission becomes merely a selfish ambition—Howe'er it be, the Ides of March have shone in senate room and battle field, whether in imperial Rome, or lonely Luzon. It is well for us to remember that tyranny

did not die with Caesar, neither will discord at home nor rebellion across the sea end with the overthrow of one man. Our own Rubicon, the type produced by an advanced civilization confronts us. Legislative halls have rung with eloquent arguments for and against the following-out of our colonial policy. We have planted the American eagle side by side with the world-wide inscription, "In God we trust." We have thundered the gospel to Pagan lands from the mouth of gattling guns. We who boast that our love for liberty is one with our love for God label with wholesale condemnation that dependency that dares to reject the pitiful allowance of liberty meted out to her. Our work against Spain is over. Let us not spoil the good we have done by the evil ambitions that come after.

"Empire unsceptered! what foe shall assail thee,
Bearing the standard of Liberty's van?
Think not the God of thy fathers shall fail thee,
Striving with men for the birthright of man!"

EDITH G. BERKMAN.



A FOOT BALL HERO.

The grand stand was crowded, and the bleachers full on that day when the Maroon and the Crimson met for the first time on the foot ball field. The players strolled here and there about the grounds, both sides talking confidently of the victory that would soon be theirs, while here and there among the crowds in the grand stand, they could be seen saying good by to friends, for this game was to decide whether the Maroon or the Crimson was to rule the foot ball world of the Northwest.

Rolland Darrah, the P. S. U. full back, a tall, handsome lad, with splendid physique, was saying good by to his mother and to his sister, Margaret. As the time to play drew near he playfully said, "Well, good by; we'll beat them all right" but it will be a hard fight; don't

worry about me, I know how to take care of myself." Indeed, as he sprang over the railing one would think he could take care of himself, for such muscle and such agility are seldom combined.

Time was called; the teams lined up; Rolland kicked off. The ball flew toward the Crimson goal, and was caught by the Crimson half who bounded forward like a deer, but all to no avail, the sturdy full rushed down the field like a war-horse and downed him in his tracks. Then in spite of the efforts of the P. S. U. boys, the Crimson line was slowly advancing; deafening cheers went up from the Crimson-lined grand-stand, while the Maroon on the bleachers was breathless with suspense. The Crimson half again swept around the end with a clear field before him, but again Rolland downed him, three feet from the goal.

Excitement ran high, the Crimson yells, horns, and bugles sounded, then all was quiet, a dreadful struggle was in progress; the Crimson worked hard, but the P. S. U. lads held them for downs, and the ball was won.

Time was called, and no score had been made, each side was still confident of the final victory, and as the players rested, our hero went back to his mother,

When time was called every man took his place, every face was set with determination every muscle was prepared to do its utmost.

The Crimson kicked off. The ball comes down the line like a shot out of a cannon, and lights in the mighty arms of Rolland, who dashes through the line and like Achilles, followed by the wind, rushes thro' and over the astonished Crimson lads, and scored a touch down, the only one made. The audience went wild, confusion reigned supreme, when the pandemonium was silenced, Rolland walked back to his mother, who kissed him lovingly, and he was heard to say, "It is worth while."

Ah! sad indeed were those Crimson lads,
When Rolland made that touch down,

For by hopes of a victory were they allured,
Until Rolland, made that touch down.
And so, to Rolland, the full back so bold,
Be glory and world wide renown,
For e'en in their dreams, the Crimson lads
seem,
To see Rolland make that touch down.

P. H. D.



Revised from Carleton

The editress sat in her sanctum
Her countenance drawn with despair,
Her pompadour over her forehead,
And pencils and pens in her hair.

She had written a letter to Roscoe
And asked him to stop at the door
And tell her the name of the gentleman
Who roomed near him on the 4th
floor.

A lawyer had 'phoned her the message
That Clarissa had brought libel suit,
And demanded retraction instanter,
And subscription YE RECORDE to
boot.

She had waited for special dispatches
To be sent by the rest of the staff,
And instead of regular copy
Had received not even a half.

She had read Brown's account of the
foot ball
Where he roasted our team all he
could
And had written a one-sided story
That not even the High School
thought good.

Away in the dark upper corner
Of the editor's overworked brain
A series of microbes got jolted
And there came a dull sickening pain.

Just like the dull thud of a foot ball
That's missed by the full back's
strong blows,
You think of stars not yet discovered
When the striking comes square on
your nose.

Letter to Aunt Betsey.

MY DEAR AUNT BETSEY:

Since Clarissa said that I would write, I suppose I must but I just hate to write letters. The girls should do all the letter writing for they don't have anything else to do, but boys have so much to think about that they don't have time for trifles.

Since Clarissa made me write I just believe I'll tell on her. She doesn't know that I know it but I do. It takes a boy to find out secrets. Clarissa is getting so silly that I am ashamed of her. You have always prophecied that she would be an old maid as she was too sensible to get married, but if you could see her now you would change your mind. Of course I must tell you about the young gentleman. He rooms on the same floor with me. He is a beautiful singer and he serenades her every night. They went to the Fair at Puyallup once. She said that he made a splendid chaperon. They needed one or I miss my guess. The boys said that she blused like any girl sixteen.

I like going to college first rate. It's lots of fun. We can't run through the halls nor jump down the steps so I use all my superfluous energy playing foot ball. I guess I'm through playing anything for a while though. The last game was too much for me. My left arm is out of place, my right eye swollen shut and my nose broken. My beauty is gone forever but I don't care, for the boy who has the most scratches is the most popular now. You ought to have been down to Chehalis, Nov. 2. Our foot ball team played against the team of the Chehalis High School and

we won by a score of 46 to 0. They treated us so well that we were almost sorry that we won the game. They gave us a fine chicken dinner and in the evening we were entertained at a banquet. We were each introduced to a pretty girl who saw that we enjoyed ourselves. My girl was the prettiest one of all. I hope that I shall see her again sometime. This is the longest letter that I have ever written and I won't write another for an age. If you can't read this you will know that it is because my left arm is out of place, my right eye is swollen shut and my nose is broken. Good bye,

Your nephew,
ROSCOE.

P. S. I think you should write to Clarissa at once and give her some good advice. She won't listen to me. R.



In Memoriam of Shorty

Who left the sinful corner November
14th, 1901.

'Twas the 14th of November
On the Dean's face was a frown
But 'twas colder than December
He drove Shorty's mercury down.

On this most unlucky morning
When the roving eyes of Dean
Spied our old friend Shorty whispering
Then an exit there was seen.

—C. F.



First Student—"Perhaps you could herd snails, if they were sleepy."
Second Student—"I'm afraid I could't keep out of the way of their horns."

C. H. S. F. B. C.

Eleven doughty football boys
 A challenge once received;
 Now valor was not lacking
 For this team it is perceived.
 In this challenge was accepted —
 They practiced day and night,
 And free kicks, punts and scrimages
 Became their chief delight.
 Some beautiful white suits they got,
 All padded, checked and stout.
 Ah! Thus arrayed in grand attire
 Their hearts with eagerness afire
 What team could they not rout?
 At last the great day was at hand;
 Eleven hearts beat fast
 As to the grounds in uniform
 Their valiant owners passed.
 The rival team—of course now you
 Are curious, but the name to tell
 Would never, never do;
 So just the initials I will give
 And they are P. S. U.
 The game was called, the teams lined up
 The battle had begun;
 Sech extraordinary feats before were ne'er
 performed:
 The lookers on were breathless
 As they pushed beyond the ropes
 And charges, kicks and touchdowns
 Excelled their fondest hopes.
 But all things end sometimes they say,
 The football game did too—
 'Twas finished, mid the mighty shouts
 Of victory for the Blue. (?)
 Sirst of the season was the game;
 A portent of the rest—
 October Nineteenth—Saturday—
 Centralia did her best.
 Then let us ever strive and hold our roval
 colors high,
 Never by word or deed debase them
 But always in weal or woe upraise them
 For they'll be famous bye and bye
 —Nettie Henderson.

Wise Sayings of Wise People

“Boys are the least of my troubles.”
 —C. L. S.

“If I were a girl I would try to go
 with Mr. McC——.”—C. T.

“I feel real sociable but I don't know
 where to begin.”—C. F. M.

“I never could find a girl who was
 willing to be my cousin.”—P. C.

“I'm going to keep my boat because
 mine and Mr. T—y——'s sailed togeth-
 er.”—V. P.

“It would take more than all the
 Schley inquiry to find out what is wor-
 rying me.”—A. M.

“I am going to sell tickets to my sis-
 ter's wedding for the benefit of the
 football team.”—P. W. B.



A Boy's Composition

Water is found everywhere, especially
 when it rains, as it did the other day,
 when our cellar was half full. Jane had
 to wear her father's rubber boots to get
 the onions for dinner. Onions make
 your eyes water, and so does horseradish,
 when you eat too much. There is a
 good many kinds of water in the world—
 rain water, soda water, holy water and
 brine. Water is used for a good many
 things. Sailors use it to go to sea on.
 If there wasn't any ocean the ship
 couldn't float and they would have to
 stay ashore. Water is a good thing to
 fire at boys with a squirt and to catch
 fish in. My father caught a big one
 the other day, and when he hauled it up
 it was an eel! Nobody could be saved
 from drowning if there wasn't any water
 to pull them out of. Water is first rate
 to put fires out with. I love to go to
 fires and see the men work at the en-
 gines. This is all I can think of about
 water—except the flood.—Industrial
 School Gem.



The Sunday school superintendent had
 asked the members of the primary
 class to repeat Scripture texts begin-
 ning with the word “Remember.” “Re-
 member the Sabbath day to keep it
 holy,” “Remember thy Creator in the
 days of thy youth,” and others, were
 promptly given, when one small hand
 shot up into the air and the owner ex-
 claimed: “Remember the Maine!”—Ex.

Ye Recorde

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Entered in Postoffice at Tacoma as second-class matter.

SEVERAL changes have taken place in the staff this month but we hope that it will never be necessary for this to occur again.

WE URGE upon all students to co-operate with the staff in making this paper a success. It depends upon you whether we have a good paper or not. If you are interested in reading the paper you should contribute to it and do a little of the giving as well as the getting. If you are called upon for a story, an essay or a poem don't say that you can't write one good enough to be printed. If you couldn't write a good one the editor wouldn't ask you, for she is after the best.

PLEASE subscribe for YE RECORDE at once so that the business manager will know what he may depend upon. The Xmas number will contain twenty pages. Don't borrow YE RECORDE but buy one so that you can keep it. In the years to come you will

be glad to have copies of our college paper to remind you of the days that you spent in the P. S. U. We are anxious to secure outside subscribers and we intend to do our best to make the paper interesting to them. Those who intend to enter the P. S. U. as students at some future time should subscribe for YE RECORDE.

ORATORICAL CONTESTS.

During commencement week last year an oratorical contest was given at which a friend of the P. S. U. gave a prize of \$15.00 for the best oration. This year the same friend again offers a prize for the best oration. This contest will probably take place before commencement week. The participants in oratorical contests are benefitted in many ways and it is essential that those who intend to engage in professional work should have some experience along this line. A large number of students should enter this contest at once and begin work in earnest.

MUTUAL RESISTANCE.

"Ye Recorde"—In dealing with the athlete's body and bones, the student's mind and thought, and the heart and soul of all your friends, you must feel to the bottom of the foot notes a deep interest in the destiny of both old and new friends, graduates and students alike, and as a spring-fed lake, with clear, pure streams flowing out and on, forcing upward the many forms of life along their banks, you have your part and invest something in the trials and triumphs of each career.

It must be interesting to you to develop the "I know it all" into a useful

item of your working forces, and see him, like the man "at the bottom of his own well, thinking his own patch of blue sky all there was of it," who, upon climbing up, saw his horizon broaden and knew that he himself was small, and only at his greatest height could he hope to be recognized in a world of deeds done and being done.

No doubt you have often looked into homes and even communities where everybody, as well as every force, seemed organized for mutual resistance, because of a wrong conception of the meaning of life; and you have dreaded the work of proving to the new recruit that the Faculty and student force in college were not necessarily organized for mutual resistance alone.

The greatest force that has ever entered the college life, which deals directly with Faculty, Student and Graduate alike, is the Young Men's Christian Association movement, organized fundamentally to recognize (and let me state it reverently) the mutual resistance of wrong against right, of evil against good, "For we wrestle not against flesh and blood; but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places; and while we train every faculty of our natures to meet the demands of the strenuous commercial life of this day and age, yet the Young Men's Christian Association has led us into that greater work of winning college men, professional men, business men, all classes of men, for the cause of right for God, for Heaven. We can not separate the College Young Men's Christian Association from the city Association in either thought or action, without robbing the student manhood of permanent motive, and depriving him of the broader purpose to take his part as God permits, in the greater work of the City and National Association movement, which aims with God's guidance to elevate physically, mentally and spiritual-

ly the young men of America. Such a brotherhood recognizes no college color, no class banner, but college student and college graduate unite hand in hand and heart to heart for Mutual Resistance against the forces of evil, whether seen or unseen, and with God's help we fight to win.

J. M. PATTULLO.



MISCELLANEOUS.

"Success" for November prints Benjamin Harrison's estimate of Theodore Roosevelt written in 1898.

Frau Hedwig Heyl has started a cooking school for doctors in Berlin. More than a hundred prominent physicians from France, Russia and Italy as well as Germany have already taken the course.

In the "Outing" for November is an article entitled "English versus American Football" by John Corbin, the celebrated American football player. He makes an interesting comparison between the English and the modern American game.

It seems particularly appropriate that Columbia University should be the first college in this country to offer a systematic study of the Dutch language and literature. Where else in America could this study be so fittingly carried on as in a university founded in the city colonized by Hollanders?

"I heard you call that man, professor?"

"Yes."

"Well, there is something indefinite about that title, and I am naturally curious. Is he a pugilist, a dog-trainer, an instructor in athletics, a patent-medicine lecturer, a slight-of-hand man, or a scientist of some sort?"—Chicago Post.

ATHLETICS.

Athletics are receiving much attention in our College this year especially in the line of foot ball. It is true that we have been laboring under innumerable disadvantages.

But now if we fail to win for ourselves a place in the front ranks of the athletics of the state, it will be our own fault.

At the beginning of the school year, we organized, and never in the history of the school has more interest been manifested in the work than at the present time.

So far this year our team has played five games, and won all but the last.

The U. of W. came over and defeated us with a score of sixteen to six. This game instead of discouraging the boys, gave them more confidence in themselves, and incited them to harder work,

There is no reason why we will not be able to place a team on the field next year that will be an honor to the University, and that will bring home the laurel wreath of victory, and the pennant of the state.

Foot ball is the great game of American colleges, and is played in every institution of any rank and degree of importance. Like other games it has its bad features, but they are infinitely outnumbered by the good.

This is the one game most severely criticized in athletic sports. True the game calls for hard knocks, and perhaps some under-trained academy player is seriously injured as a result of poor coaching. But under proper supervision which exists in every well regulated University, dangers are greatly exaggerated, while its possibilities for doing good are inculcable. Where such supervision can not be had, the game should not be played at all.

Foot ball is a game for men. It demands in the highest degree, the possession of strength and unlimited nerve.

No game requires more skill in mental as well as physical powers. The keen eye, prompt decision, and perfect execution, is the reward of the player.

If we play foot ball, let us not enter into the game with the same spirit that spurs on our modern prize fighter to a victory, but rather may we have that spirit which seeks for the elevation of both mind and body. In other words, we must exercise to help our own manhood, and never can do this by crippling ourselves or someone else.

P. S. U'S FIRST DEFEAT.

The U. of W. College eleven and the Puget Sound University lads met in a pitched battle Saturday, Nov. 9, on the 11th St. gridiron, and the U. of W. won the game with a score of 16 to 6.

Splendid foot ball weather prevailed, no wind blowing, while the ground was in a solid condition.

The game was a good one, and contained a number of brilliant plays.

The P. S. U. however, played in hard luck, loosing a touchdown by an inch, and once after gaining forty yards on an end run were brought back to the starting point on account of an offside play.

O Seattle, fair Seattle,
In your robe of glory gowned,
Think not yet, that you can always
Beat us on the foot ball ground.
Think not because we once retreated,
That we'll always be defeated
And to you the laurels yield.
Altho' your fullback's sturdy,
And your tackles do good work,
And your guards are strong and steady
And your ends their part ne'er shirk,
While your halves are fleet and agile
And your center's like an ox
And your quarters young and active
Running like an old red fox.
Keep your subs from off the side lines.
Get an umpire good and true,
Ask us to come and play you,
And you'll see what we can do



"Mamma," said Bobbie, who had been reading about Mexice, "what kind of a bug is a Pococaterpillar?"

LOCALS.

Mr. C—k.—“The girl I’m not looking for is here.”

Girls Chorus:—“Our fears, our hopes, our Ames are won.”

Mr. P—t—n:—“I don’t believe the authors statement but I suppose he means all right.”

Prof. Glenk:—“What are the compounds of oxygen called?”

Mr. M—d—f:—“Ox hides.”

M—d—f:—After failing in chemistry Monday morning, “I was thinking about those pretty girls in Chehalis.”

Miss P—se:—“I’m looking for a match.”

Mr. C—k:—“I’m already spoken for.”

Miss Cotter even talks in foot ball terms. She was discussing “half-back” and “full-back” coats with a saleswoman the other day.

Miss L—s—d:—“What is evaporated love?”

Mr. T—s—n:—“I don’t know, I’m sure. Mine hasn’t evaporated yet.”

Miss C—t—r:—“Can you tell me what Mr. Anderson’s P. O. address is?”

Miss B—k—n:—“No, I can’t. I was trying to think of it the other day.”

Girls, look out for your handkerchiefs. They are having a handkerchief fair in Everett and Mr. Pittmon is trying to get a collection to send them.

Over the Phone—Mr. T—s—n:—“Why aren’t you in school today?”

Miss D—ke:—“I have a felon.”

Mr. T—s—n:—“A fellow! Guess I’d better go!”

Prof. G—:—“Hamilton, is your essay ready?”

Hamilton:—“No, sir. I had the

toothache Friday and Saturday. I’ll try to have it tomorrow.

Young lady:—“If you beat the U. of W. your boys will hold the championship won’t you?”

Mr. P—tt—n:—“Oh, ho, we hold anything we can get.”

Mr. O—(A foot ball player)—“My arms are so lame that I can’t raise them up to my head.”

Prof. B—“It’s too bad that you have the big head so that you can’t reach it.”

Mr. M—sh:—“Can you give a violin solo?”

Miss H—“No, my violin is out of repair.”

Mr. M—“All you need is a bow, isn’t it?”

Miss H—“Yes, that’s what I’ve been wanting all these years.”

Mr. M—“Do you think there’s any likelihood of you getting one?”

Miss H—“No, I’ve given up all hopes.”



Overheard in the Study Room

“All you’re to do is to do right.”

“It’s an awful thing to be alone.”

“Well, I’m waiting for the future.”

“There’s nothing like making boys smart.”

“It takes a long time; large bodies move slow.”

“You ought to thank your mothers if they’ve spanked you lively.”

“You’ve never any business to forget anything—remember that.”

“I’ve got to thump something, you know.” (Pounding on the desk.)

“It’s not perfect till you can say it without speaking a word. Now, proceed.”

SOCIETY.

Warren Owens has entered the Academy.

Rev. Buck conducted chapel exercises Nov. 4th.

Mr. and Miss Rutledge have moved into the building.

Arthur Marsh spent Friday, Nov. 8th, at his home on Vashon.

Rev. La Violett, of the Fowler M. E. church, is a frequent visitor at chapel.

Willard B. Anderson, who has been teaching at Rainier, was at home sick the past week.

We were pleasantly surprised Wednesday by the arrival of Miss Agnes Wilcox from North Yakima. Miss Wilcox is a former student of the P. S. U.

Miss Tita Towne left Monday, Nov. 4th, for California, where she will spend the winter. Miss Towne will be greatly missed by all the students for she was a great favorite.

Miss Edith Lawrence, a former student of the P. S. U., spent Saturday and Sunday in Tacoma, the guest of Miss Laura Barry. Miss Lawrence is teaching in Columbia City.

Thursday, Nov. 7th, Miss Bessie Beach, a former student of the University, was married to William Liddell in the chapel room. Amid a shower of rice the happy couple departed for Portland. YE RECORDE extends congratulations.

Friday noon, Nov. 1st, the class of 1901 met in Miss Cotters room to have one more good time before Miss Towne, their president, should leave for California. The hour was spent in talking over old times and doing justice to their combined lunches.

On Friday evening, Nov. 1st, a Halloween party was given in the chapel room by the students in honor of Miss Towne. The chapel was decorated with turnip tops and Jack o'lanterns. The evening was very pleasantly spent in trying in various ways to tempt the Fates to reveal the future, in playing games and in singing college songs. Refreshments were served on cabbage leaves and in unique cups made of turnips, beets and carrots.

OROPHELIAN NOTES.

On October twenty-fifth the society had a very interesting debates on the question, Resolved: That ancient times produced greater men than modern times. Affirmative, Messrs. Ames and McConihey. Negative, Messrs. Givler and McKinley. The judges decided in favor of the negative. Two pleasing selections were given by the Ladies Quartette, Misses Revelle, Shahan, Drake, and Sayer. Miss Berkman accompanied with the piano and Miss Herriott with the cornet.

November first the society met and adjourned to prepare for the Halloween Party given on that date in honor of Miss Towne.

On November the eight, but three numbers on the program deserve special mention. The correspondence of Uncle Josiah with absent students, the Serial Story, and the edition of "the Orophelian Screecher."

The results of the program committee have not been satisfactory, there have been too many failures in the performance of duties. There is apparently no reason for this and it will cause the interest of the society to lag and we shall not be able to maintain the standard we have had in past years.

Y. W. C. A.

With Miss LeSourd as president the

Y. W. C. A. is doing better work than ever before.

The devotional meetings are held each Tuesday from 12:30 to 1:00 o'clock. Several of the young ladies who have entered school this year are on the list for leaders and already we feel the Christian influence of having them with us.

DORMITORY DON'TS.

Don't whistle in the building.

Don't laugh boisterously. Laugh heartily when the occasion calls for it, but the loud guffaw is not necessary for heartiness.

Don't have the habit of letting your lip drop and your mouth remain open. The open mouth denotes feebleness of character.

Don't bolt without notice into any one's private apartment.

Don't slam a door or allow a door to slam of itself.

Don't beat a tattoo with your foot on an uncarpeted floor.

Don't talk about your maladies, or about your afflictions of any kind.

Don't fail to exercise tact.

Don't give a false coloring to your statements. Truthfulness is largely a matter of habit.

Don't make yourself the hero of your own stories.

Don't talk in a high shrill voice, and avoid nasal tones.

Don't neglect to cut this out and place in a conspicuous place.

Why Can't I Whistle.

To-day I asked the Dean if I could whistle,
 Yes, I did.
 "Oh, no, my little man," said he, "you're too little,"
 So he did.
 But I stepped so hard as I went up stairs,
 I shouted, I did.
 He said, "Oh, you're too big a boy to cry out so,"
 That's what he did.
 Why can't I shout if I am little?
 Or, if I'm big, why can't I whistle?

—FRESHMAN.

Teacher: (in history) „What was the message General Sheridan sent to General Early the night before the battle?"

Student: "Go Early and avoid the rush"—The Review.

Teacher—Johnny, tell me the name of the tropical belt north of the equator.

Johnny—Can't, sir.

Teacher—Correct. That will do.—Yael Record.

Don't be too harsh on the editor for this month's edition if you should find a few mistakes, for while the paper is going to press she is unable to be at school, and has read a good part of the proof while on a bed of pain.—BUSINESS MANAGER.

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