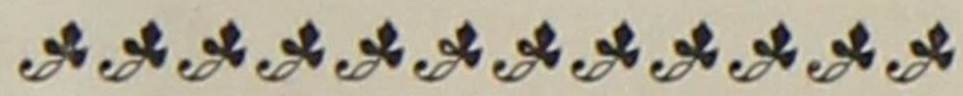


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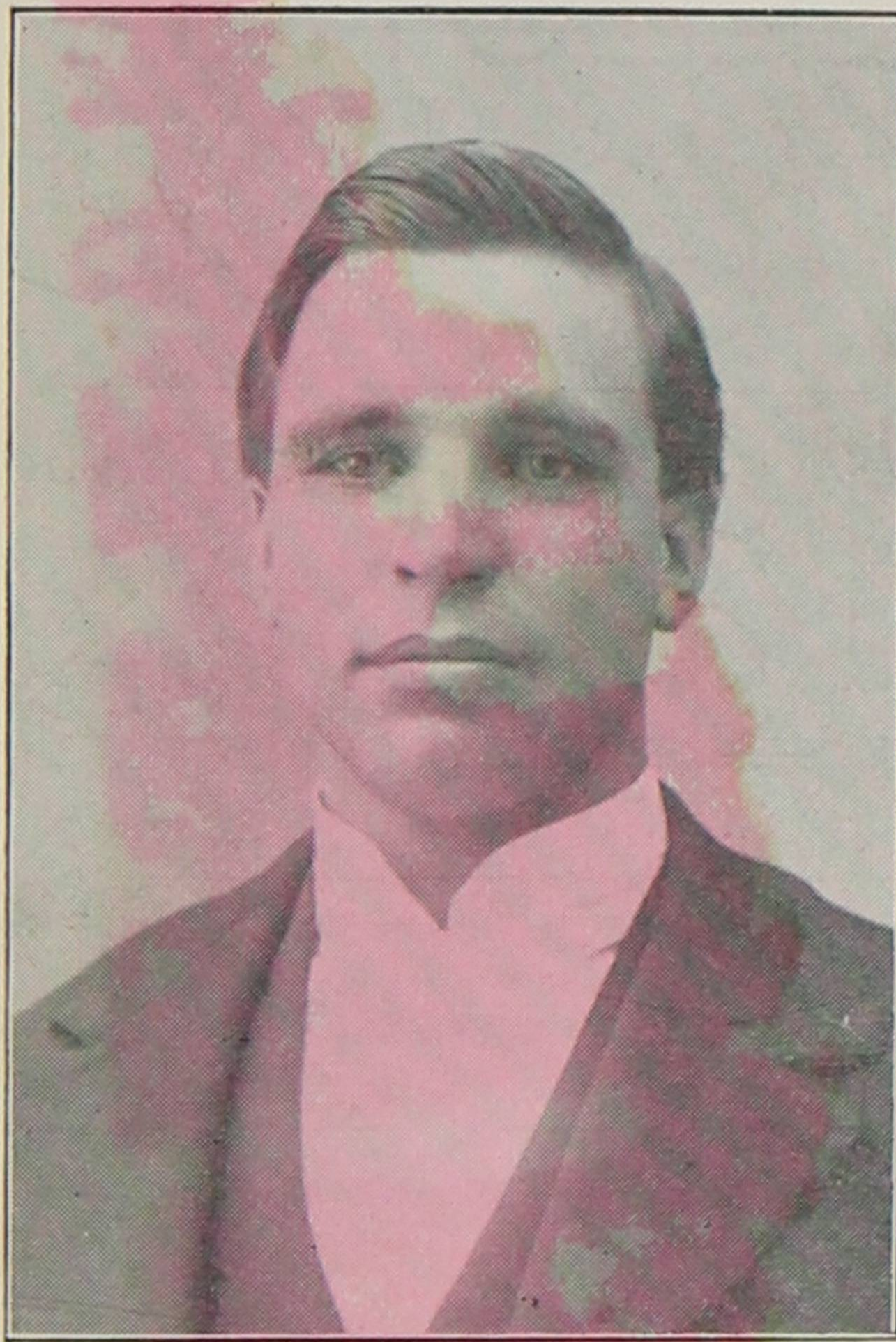
Vol. VII

March, 1903

No. 1



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TACOMA, WASH.

Ye Recorde

VOL. VII.

TACOMA, WASH. MARCH, 1903.

No. 1.

Why Choose the Small College?

BY PROF. C. M. GRUMLING.

As long as self-activity is the condition of mental development the small college has near at hand a reason for its existence. Recently some of our best colleges, growing too large, have wisely limited their attendance to a fixed number. Many of our largest institutions of learning are most emphatic in recognizing the advantages, in many respects, of the small college.

To be sure, there is an inspiration that depends upon numbers, and a prestige that always springs from the large centers of learning. Such inspiration and such prestige are not to be treated lightly, but must be reckoned with as important factors in the practical conduct of life.

Fields of labor are to be sought and found, and it is the province of the large institutions of learning to stimulate their votaries in the search for them, and having furnished them the necessary preparation to give them an easy passport into the same. But while the large universities must ever be depended upon for professional and technical training along the lines of post-graduate work, the undergraduate work can better be done in the small college. If practice makes perfect anywhere it holds good in col-

lege; and, it is the small college that affords the golden opportunity of individual effort. Here the personality of the student is at a premium.

The very fact that he is in a small class enhances his chances that he will be called upon daily to answer questions, give definitions, solve problems, or demonstrate propositions. Such frequent exercises cannot fail to give him mental fibre and personal stamina, together with facility of expression, freedom of action, and ease in deportment.

As a member of a small literary society he soon comes to feel that much depends upon him personally, if his society is to compete successfully with other rival literary organizations. Hence he takes part in framing and executing programmes, in harmony with the true aim and spirit of his society, and in accordance with the Constitution and By-Laws, which he himself had a part in making. In course of time it becomes incumbent upon him to decide rules of order and matters of legality as determined by Cushing or Reed, in all of which he gets fine practice in parliamentary tactics. His membership, too, in the athletic association counts for much; for his chances are good to get into a

team that will develop in him brawn as well as brain.

Now, if self-activity is the basis of knowledge and power of all kinds, the small college will surely furnish him an opportunity of developing both in a most natural way.

His personality is ever potent from start to finish, and hence when he gets out into the busy scenes of active life he naturally asserts himself as a factor of society, an advocate of measures, and a leader of men. It is not strange, therefore, that great men have come from the small colleges of the "wild middle West," and the "wilder, woolier West" of the Pacific Coast; and, occasionally, from no college at all, with sufficient education to compete with the best products of the largest and best schools of the cultured East. All this because they have learned to think for themselves and have had practice enough to enable them to make themselves understood by other people. Having convictions of their own, they have had the courage of their own convictions, and when assailed they have had practice enough in the art of self-defense to take care of themselves in the forum, in the political arena, or even in the halls of congress, or at the White House.

But the courage, the convictions, to which reference has been made are matters belonging to the heart as well as the head, and because of this important fact the small denominational school has found a fruitful field and is tilling it as never before. It is not enough that there be mental acumen. There must be heart culture—pure motives, tender and refined emotions, and a will under the behests of conscience. Here is the golden opportunity of the church school.

Without antagonizing state insti-

tutions, but in hearty co-operation with them, it can do things scarcely proper for a state school in the line of religious instruction. While not denominational in a strict sectarian sense it can guard the morals and conduct the moral and religious training of its pupils with a strictness of supervision that would not be approved by state authorities and yet appreciated by the adherents of nearly all of our evangelical churches. It is in these schools as no where else that the Bible is taught and revered, that Christianity is taught both by precept and example, that the missionary zeal is developed both for the home and foreign work, and in which Christian organizations of all kinds find a genial atmosphere. The one thing that is constantly kept before the student is that he is preparing himself for an important mission in life—a sacred mission—however menial his future employment; and, that his obligation to God and man increases with his ever increasing knowledge and culture. Hence character building, as now recognized in modern education, becomes preeminently the normal work of the Christian college; for the education of the head at the expense of the heart is found in all schools to be a consummate failure.

True, the church schools can not compete in point of libraries, laboratories, edifices, and school appliances generally with those which are supported on an immense scale by public taxation. Nor can they always secure the service of those enjoying the greatest reputation in science, art, and literature, as members of their faculties.

Yet it goes without saying that the faculties of our church schools have

always had in them men of high scholastic attainments—even eminent authors, great writers and orators, whose influence among the students has been a perpetual inspiration and whose lives have been a positive benediction. It is not strange, therefore, that a Garfield should have been so seemingly extravagant in paying his tributes to the memory of Mark Hopkins, esteeming a seat with him on a log in the woods more highly than all the appliances of a great university. In his lecture on "Brains versus Brick and Mortar" he simply accentuates the value of the former as found in his own teachers in his own little college, Hiram, as an off-set to the "Brick and Mortar" of larger institutions. He did not mean that the larger schools lacked brains, but that the schools having brains had the more important equipment and could get along with a meager supply of brick and mortar.

Strollers, Quitters, Knockers

Professor Boyer recently gave a little homiletical exegesis in chapel in which he suggested some thoughts worthy of elaboration. His text was, Strollers, Quitters and Knockers—these three, but the greatest (sinner) of these is the Kicker.

Strollers, the Professor explained, are the most innocuous of the group, being a comparatively harmless product of spring weather. Of course, there are conditions under which the student may take a stroll with propriety, or even with a corporeal and equally proper companion. Having done a little elective work in sociology himself, the Professor was not churlish enough to condemn an occasional

stroll, on especially fine days, other conditions being equal. But it is to be done with tact and discretion. For instance, the mind is not to be allowed to stroll indolently up and down the boulevards of dreamland, or meander aimlessly along the avenues of the imagination, when it should be at home scrubbing Greek verbs, putting Caesar to rights, and getting out the intellectual wash.

The only sort of quitter that can be tolerated is the quitter of the aforesaid bad habits. Quitters are negative quantities in an equation the value of which would not be affected by their elimination. The country would be better off if it had more salt monuments erected in memory of the people who stop and look back. But quitters are hardly worth a monument. They never amount to a hill of small, white beans. The precious palm of victory is never the reward of the craven; it is purchased only at the price of sweat and sacrifice and tireless application. Not until the long night of struggle and striving be past, will the blessing of the angel be given. The bulldog always wins because he never quits. The greyhound is fleetest, the collie more intelligent, the spaniel is his superior in effectation, and almost any dog surpasses him in beauty. But old Gen. Buller is respected by all dogs because he has a slight reputation of being a stayer. And the student who has something of the bulldog quality in him holds his own with competitors more highly endowed. They may be more brilliant, swifter in reaching results, more likely to make a favorable impression at the outset, yet if they lack tenacity, he has no reason to envy them. The power to stick to an undertaking is a tremendous factor in success. There-

fore, let us have more of the dauntless spirit that grudging gods cannot put down; more of the swift certitude and certain aim of the arrow that sees its mark and makes for it. Give us eternal surcease of the craven spirit of the quitter who never scaled a mountain height or felt the exalting thrill of triumphant endeavor.

And the knocker! What an ominous and unpleasant sound the word has! The word used to designate a very harmless and useful little article; its present association has disgraced it. Everybody knows what a knocker is, and everybody but the knocker are unanimous in the opinion that he is an unmitigated nuisance, a piece of old junk whose removal would make the world sweeter and more sightly. If we were an undertaker we should work for the knocker with great joy. The knocker is the thorn on the rose of things. He is born with a peculiar analytical propensity. He tears people's characters to pieces, as a botanist would dissect a flower. His heart is incased in cold, dissonant metal which is never pierced by a noble impulse or stirred by a generous emotion. He never knocks to announce glad tidings; he comes to chill your enthusiasm with his eternal sneer, to belittle your ambitions, and dash your hopes. The knocker seems to wear dark-colored spectacles through which he sees the dark side of everything. In laudable undertakings, he always predicts disaster and counsels retreat. He ascribes sinister motives to every good action, and sees a blemish in the most spotless character. He is the flaw-finder, the defect-detector. He goes

through the world like a dog on a fresh scent, "nosing" out the imperfections of mankind.

The Recorde, with Professor Boyer, is heartily in favor of legislation that would relegate the knocker to some reservation where he could be sequestered along with the kick-a-pooohs, the poopooohs, and those other tribes of irreclaimable nuisances, cranks, cynics, iconoclasts, pessimists, and calamity howlers. Any method that would gently, mercifully, but effectually deport, decapitate, or in any way dispatch, the knocker, would be a great boon to humanity.

Answers to Correspondents

To Edwin Pittmon—You will probably obtain the desired information by consulting Dean Palmer's treatise on "The Cure of Baldness."

To Rev. Jas. M.—We are unable to advise you in regard to the length of your sermons. We have never listened to you preach. However, there are certain little indicants that should regulate the homiletic output. When the ladies tire of inspecting one another's attire and the gentlemen begin to snap their watches with loud reports it is time for you to conclude to conclude.

To Prof. C. F. McC.—The paying of the fee to the clergyman is a somewhat delicate matter. This duty is intrusted to the best man, to whom the groom gives the amount, in a check, if possible. It should be placed in an envelope addressed to the clergyman, and handed to him by the best man shortly before the ceremony.

SOCIETIES

S. S. S.

"The Sweet Sixteen Society" the boys call it, though the real significance of the mystic S's no man knoweth. The name indicates, however, the nature of its constituency. It is composed of the younger girls of the institution, a choice collection of maiden agreeability. Not all of the nice girls of the school belong to the S. S. S., because that would include them all. But wherever the little green ribbon bow appears it is observed that its wearer always suggests this interpretation of the three S's—Sweet, Sixteen and simply Stunning.

H. C. S.

The H. C. S. is another celebrated confraternity of the P. S. U. It was organized in February, 1902, by certain young men of the University who felt the need of a vent for their abounding literary talent. It is not a large society, being exclusive, but numbers among its collection some extremely choice specimens. They have interesting bi-monthly meetings, wherein "in grand debate they heave the giant thought, or spout the hurricane of eloquence with livid lightning fraught." No doubt this choice coterie are burnishing their intellectual luminaries to arise and shine presently in "the concentrated light of the stars of the Union."

Volunteer Band

The interest in missionary enterprise which had been for some time deepening among the students culminated on Thursday, February 19, in the organization of "The Puget Sound University Volunteer Band for For-

eign Missions." R. L. Ewing, the Y. M. C. A. College Secretary for Idaho, Washington and Oregon was present, presided at the meeting and assisted in effecting the organization. The Volunteer Band is recruited from the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. Bands have been formed in hundreds of colleges in this and other countries and they have become the source to which the mission boards of the various churches look for their supply of recruits in the great campaign for the evangelization of the world. It is good to know that our student body has among its number those who are ready and willing to devote their lives to this noble but much neglected field of labor.

Students' Auxiliary

One year ago we organized what is known as the Students' Auxiliary. At the final meeting of the year we pledged ourselves to be loyal to our Puget Sound University, and lend our united efforts to its support.

This year it has been a great pleasure to notice the good work of the student body lead by our President, C. O. Boyer, whose interest, energy and self-sacrificing devotion have kept our faith strong and our hopes ardent.

The wheels of financial deliverence have begun to roll. The God of heaven has answered prayer; and as the on-coming army of helpers approach waving their "palm leaves of victory" before them, we gaze into the clear morning with hopeful hearts.

We desire to thank our ministerial friends who have taken an interest in us, for the kind words and sympathetic prayers in our behalf. Students and friends in Methodism, shall we ever forget him who often denied himself that he might have time to

raise the amount demanded by some over-due bill, which threatened the life of the institution? Few of us would have been as faithful, if others were offering us a larger salary to serve them.

One by one the coffin nails have been drawn out. One hundred, two hundred—and so on—until 35,000 of them have hoisted the cover for the shrouded corpse to come forth. Thank God that "The stone is rolled away," and the once dead Puget Sound University is now alive again. It has not been child's play for one man to do the work of two. It was certainly not easy to go from the class room out into the busy world, there to do another day's labor of love that our infant institution might be nourished.

Students, let us all together unite in the college yell; then off with our hats, and in stentorian tones give three cheers for our beloved President. And let the enthusiasm continue until it vibrates to every corner of the conference.

E. L. B.

The Owls

The P. S. U. Society of the P. S. U., more familiarly known as the "Owl Society," was organized in 1901. It is a secret organization and has for its members only those in the college department.

As its name would indicate the deliberations of this society are nocturnal and mysterious and very little is known concerning it, except that the members look wise and occasionally a "who, who" resounds through the college halls. Each year the "Owls" celebrate one great event, and that is the initiating of the Freshman Class. This occurs in some favorite haunt of the "Owls" and at a time when these

solemn birds quit their roosts and fly abroad. The last initiation took place on the evening of October 31st. The fact of its being Hallowe'en made the occasion all the more weird and mysterious.

The annual banquet given by the "Owls" to the graduating class of the academy has proven quite a success socially. The chief aim of these birds of wisdom seems to be to drown the cares and troubles of the classroom, in hooting and in seeking for what they may devour.

Y. W. C. A.

The work of the Christian Associations has become very general among the schools of our land. We very seldom find a normal school, college or university which does not have its organization of students banded together for the purpose of the development of Christian character among its members and for the promotion of active Christian work, especially among the students of the institution.

The members of the Young Women's Christian Association of Puget Sound University feel very glad that such a large number of the young women in school have identified themselves with the Association work. While our membership may seem small in comparison with that of larger schools, still the per cent. of members is exceedingly large in proportion to the number of girls enrolled in school. This gives the work a large place in our college life, and as we have the sympathy and encouragement of the entire faculty we ought to feel that great things are possible.

During the school year the Association has taken up some work quite out

of the ordinary line, since the management of the college dining room is now under the direction of the Young Women's Christian Association. This was not undertaken with the thought of any gain in a financial way, but that the students might have the privileges of such a dining room. For the benefit of day students a noon lunch is served. The plan has been successful and the girls are very grateful to all who have, in any way, helped them to succeed.

Six delegates from our Association attended the Western Washington Student Conference, held at the State University recently. The sessions were very helpful and inspiring. Miss Louise F. Shields, our State Secretary, had general direction of the program, and the delegates were strengthened and encouraged by the influence of her life. We were glad to meet other young women, engaged in the great work of advancing the Master's kingdom, and to feel that so many lives are given to His service.

Fine Arts

Some time in the beginning of the fall term there came into the Puget Sound University family a promising young prodigy under the guise of a Fine Art Department. The development of the infant has been watched with interest and it is found to be gifted in all lines of artistic design, thus covering a ground much needed.

Miss Boyd, who is in charge of the department, is a graduate of the Fine Art Department of Albert College, Belleville, Ontario, and holds numerous certificates indicating her artistic ability. She also holds the H. P. Moore gold medal for general proficiency in the Fine Arts Department, granted the year of her graduation.

The department includes primary art course; freehand drawing; model drawing; memory or blackboard drawing; linear perspective and practical geometry (mechanical); advanced art course; drawing from flowers (still life); shading from flat examples (crayon); shading from the round; outline from the round; original industrial designs (mechanical). Color work — Painting in water colors; painting in oil colors; pastel.

All these lines are now being taught at the Puget Sound University. If you wish to see the work, call at Miss Boyd's room, 23, on third floor. She will be pleased to show you her work.

Class Fun

Hamilton, translating Livy—"They both saw each other first."

Milligan, translating Greek—"The soldiers were mad to the generals."

Professor Boyer to the arithmetic class—"The subject of interest is a very interest-ing one."

Profesor Grumbling, to the elementary algebra class—"I used to be a friend of Mr. White's."

Overheard in the grammar class—"A devastating conflagration rag-ed.' Simplify the sentence." Miss Snell—"Does conflagration mean a whipping?"

Dean Palmer to the first Latin class—"If you will get this lesson on indirect discourse perfectly, I'll put you into Caesar." Three days later—"When you get into Caesar, next year, remember that you spent three days on indirect discourse."

The Recorde

A monthly school journal published by the students of Puget Sound University, under the auspices of the Sigma Tau Sigma Society.

ANDREW MARKER.....	Editor-in-Chief
JOHN OLSAN.....	} Associate Editors
ALBERT RUTLEDGE.....	
CLYDE A. THOMPSON.....	Business Manager
JASPER NOYES.....	Assistant Business Manager

Entered in Postoffice at Tacoma as second-class matter.

This issue of the Recorde is published under the auspices of the Sigma Tau Sigma Society. As this is the society's first degree as a literary chaperon, and considering also that it has been some time since its protege appeared in public, it is hoped that any antics the infant may cut up that are not strictly befitting a sedate college journal will be charitably condoned. Criticisms, however, will be received with due humility, though it may be well, if you have tears to shed, to prepare to shed them on the business manager's carpet. He is a lovely young man and in making your complaints to him you will be in no danger of being knocked down with a stove leg. He is a new member of the society and, of course, should be held accountable for all mistakes not occurring in his department. Besides Mr. Thompson is mainly responsible for the Recorde's appearance at this time. He generously offered to secure the advertising necessary to pay for its "bringing out" if the Society would agree to furnish it a suitable literary livery. Hence Vol. VII, No. 1 of the Recorde. We hope it will please the students and that Mr. Thompson will receive more bouquets than brickbats.

As the Sigma Tau Sigma Society is a youthful organization and not renowned as yet all over the world, we will now take occasion to introduce it. It is an exclusive organization, composed entirely of young men. Hence it is strictly a secret society. We may say, however, that its purpose is to cultivate the literary talent of its members and to train them in the art of public speaking. It has some promising material and we expect to be able presently to furnish a successor to the Speaker of the House, and we have a Boy Orator who may in time declaim eloquently enough to be defeated in a Presidential campaign, while whole constellations of literary lights will grow dim when the present Sigma Tau Sigma membership is turned loose upon the world.



Professor Grumbling has a good article in this issue in answer to our question, Why choose the small college? The Professor is well qualified to give sound judgment and sensible opinion on this subject. He is not only well-informed, but has the comprehensive ken of 30 years' experience and observation as a college professor. Thoughtful men must see that there is reason as well as rhetoric in his conclusions in favor of the small college. The important consideration is not the name of a school, neither does it lie in the extensive plant or splendid endowment of an institution. These are fine adjuncts, convenient equipments. But a Columbus finds a continent in a wooden brig, Galileo discovers a Copernican system with a home-made telescope, Lincoln fashions himself into a president with the rude tools of a backwoodsman. Many of the great men who have attained

eminence and imperishable renown, were graduates of small, obscure colleges, that were hardly heard of until their illustrious alumni made them famous. And so we are brought to the conclusion that it doesn't make so much difference about the kind of college as it does about the kind of student. To the man who is thirsty, the water out of the wooden bucket will be as sweet as that in the silver cup. And the young man who is thoroughly in earnest and athirst for knowledge will get it quite as well and effectively in the small college as he will in the great. Indeed, to the young man of moderate means, who is anxious to get an education and has no time to waste in getting it, the advantages are distinctly in favor of the small college. Our larger and popular institutions are becoming too large and too popular. They are attended largely by the sons of wealthy men, exquisites and pampered dandies of society, who attend college simply because it is fashionable and whose time there is elaborately thrown away with lavish expenditure of money. The poor but earnest young man who goes to them finds that if he has not the means to join in the fashionable and fast life he is ostracised, and if he makes an effort to keep up with the procession he sacrifices valuable time and acquires habits that impair his powers of studious application.

The Puget Sound University offers the best bid for the patronage of earnest young people who want a good education and who cannot afford to waste time or money in getting it. It has a faculty of excellent educators. Professor Boyer, now acting president, is a young man of recognized talent as a teacher; a brainy, big-hearted product of the institution.

His lieutenants are equally capable, while the student body is the University's best advertisement. Most of the students are depending on their own efforts to obtain their education, hence they are industrious and earnest and there are no exquisites. Many of them are displaying a fortitude and resolution in their pursuit of knowledge that will certainly make them marked men and women in after life. An iron fibre will be wrought into their being by the rigorous process they are now undergoing to obtain an education. They will have somewhat better than scholastic smattering at last. The power to will as well as to think will be trained to sovereign strength. Puget Sound University is nurturing strong character, and we doubt not that many of its students will go out into the world to shed luster on the institution.



The next issue of the Recorde will have more sparkle in it than a fistful of ordinary glass diamonds. Such distinguished personages as Edwin Pittmon, Arthur Marsh, Raymond Cook, and Misses Herriott, Kibbe, et al., will contribute special articles, while many others of scarcely less note have promised to woo their inspiration in whatever lines their excellent literary tastes shall dictate. Those whose names are not prominently mentioned in this issue should not feel grieved about it, but may look forward with interest to the forthcoming number. Unless they are kept too busy answering sheriff's summons in libel suits, the editors expect to make the next Recorde such a number as the students have not seen before and that some, perhaps, will not care to see again.

No doubt some of the students after reading the nice things said about them in the Recorde, will want to see the editors right away—to congratulate them, perhaps, on their brilliant achievement. For the information of those who may have such a burning desire, we will say that their office is located on the top floor of the tallest building in town. We would advise such individuals, however, not to call in person, but send their seconds, as all callers, before being admitted into the sacred editorial presence, will be subject to a search for concealed weapons.

✻

“Land Ahead”

It is the cry that gladdens the heart of the mariner who has been tossed for dreary days upon a tempestuous sea; it tells him that danger is past and that the quiet haven is near. And the lookout, up in the “crow’s nest” of the old Puget Sound University, sees looming ahead the Golden Gate of a glorious prospect and shouts the gladsome words with which we begin this editorial.

Old, cankering debts have been wiped out; the tempest of hard times that shattered the old ship’s masts and tore her sails away, has passed; the dark pall of the perilous night has lifted and the sunshine of a glorious dawning reveals the harbor of promise and prosperity, smiling before her. Now, with favoring wind and placid sea, the strong, firm hand that kept the institution “head on” to the beleaguering billows of adversity will bring her safely and speedily into port. A pleasing prospect, indeed, and one that will make the hearts of the University’s friends beat high with hope and gladness. It is not

imagined, either, as pending events will shortly prove.

The University has no millionaire patrons to spill down their wealth upon it; it has no great endowment, and no affluent alumni to boost it into prominence and popularity. It has nothing but its merits to recommend it to the world. But it has done, and is still doing, a work that must have the favor and approval of a greater than a Carnegie—one who is infinite in resource, awful in power, whose endorsement is worth more than “the peculiar treasure of kings.” For surely God cherishes His own, and endows with grace and power those who go through the world doing good in His name. The University has graduated none but professing Christians in the past, and its policy is to cultivate strength of character as well as power of intellect, and to send out into the world only broad-minded, big-hearted men and women who will not use their education for sordid and selfish advantage, but for the blessing and uplifting of mankind. Assuredly such work has the favor of Almighty God, and while the University has come up to its present promising position through great tribulations, its triumph is a proof that it deserves to survive and that “the Lord is with us.”

And now, standing at the dawning of a brightening future, with the long night of storm and stress behind, it is fitting that we lay a little sprig of arbutus at the feet of him who made the victory possible—that lion-hearted, steel-fibered, devoted man who stood at the helm of the institution through turbulent seas and kept the needle pointing true when the old ship was in danger of going down—our beloved Professor Boyer,

now acting president of the University. In casting a retrospective glance over the pages of history, one is struck with the thought that God is not a respecter of the majority; single, great-souled, and ardent men have prevailed in spite of the world, the flesh and the devil. Nearly all great reforms have been the triumphs of such men. And we feel that whatever measure of success the school has attained, or will attain, is due largely to the untiring zeal and faithful devotion of this man Boyer. We voice the sentiment of the students of this institution in expressing the wish that his worthy services in behalf of his beloved Alma Mater may meet with deserved recognition; he would care for nothing more, and no greater tribute could be paid him than a true appreciation of his worth.



Our quartette is steadily growing in favor as is evidenced by the fact that they are compelled to refuse many calls for their services. Without any previous training in such work by persistent practice and effort they have attained such a degree of excellence in quartette work as to call forth words of praise from those who are fully competent to criticise.



The Oratorical Contest

For the past two years an oratorical contest has been a special feature of our commencement exercises, and it is to be hoped that this year will not be an exception. Formerly but one prize, \$15 in gold, has been offered, but this year, Professor Boyer informs us, there will be a second prize. Now there is plenty of talent

in our school, and there ought to be a spirited contest. The drill of preparing and delivering an oration in an exercise of this kind is of great value. And the fellow who strives valliantly for the prize and does his best, will get it—not the money, perhaps, but training of greater value.

The mere effort to express ones self in lucid and convincing language before an audience is, perhaps, the greatest self-developer a man can use. It brings into play almost all his mental and moral qualities. The power of combination, of analysis, of synthesis, of magnetism, of personality, of mentally; all these are put to the test, and are called upon to contribute their best.



“Slams”

In what way does the Pierce county court house bear a striking resemblance to Edwin Pittmon? Needs a warden to look after it, has queer things in its upper story, and has no shingles on its roof.

“Did you leave your study window open last night?” asked a student of Prof. McConihey, not long ago. “No; why do you ask?” “Oh, I though it was particularly foggy this morning.”

“My father gave it to me on my 21st birthday,” said Mr. Pittmon, proudly exhibiting a nice gold watch to a fellow student. “Indeed!” said the other, glancing significantly at Mr. Pittmon’s uncovered head, “you must value it highly as a relic.”

Why is Mr. Beach not like the beach? Because he never allows swells to run over him, and never gets under a “schooner.” Now wouldn’t that Beach you?

LOCALS

Ask Mr. Thompson how he likes his new barber.

If you want a formula for a first-class hair tonic enquire of Miss M. E. Furgeson.

Nature's weakest forces are manifested in thunder. Nothing personal, Mr. Noyes.

Presiding officer of the S. S. Society—"Ladies, are you ready for the question?"

Roy Davidson—"The girls here don't stand any show. I've got a girl in Seattle."

Miss Markam was detained from home nearly two weeks on account of a measles quarantine.

The Rev. Timothy Pittmon was in chapel last week and visited a few classes during the day.

Miss La Sourd is again in school, gracious and vivacious as ever, after a week's detention at home with illness.

Earl Sheaf spent a week at home this term, and improved his time by having a light attack of typhoid fever.

Whatever may be thought of the company he keeps, it can hardly be said that Mr. Milligan is a Grace-less fellow.

Mr. Long is again in school after a week's absence, and the Long-felt want of certain young ladies is now appeased.

Mr. Cook, to volunteer band—"I think we ought to go out two by two."

(Enthusiastically approved by the young ladies.)

The returned missionary — "I missed most the company of young men." Miss Berkman—"I, too, am tired of being alone."

Why does Mr. Milligan resemble a grand old oak tree that flings its giant arms abroad and wrestles valliantly with the storm? He has a corn.

The class of '03 met on Feb. 13, and elected officers as follows: President, R. E. Cook; secretary, Louis Rutledge; treasurer, John Olsan.

Miss Lilly—"It means a great deal for a young lady to become engaged in China." Miss Herriott—"Conditions are not greatly different here."

Misses Dineen and Carter expect to finish their business courses this term. The RECORDE hopes the young ladies will find suitable positions as they are deserving and nice.

Mr. Olsan has a beautiful Swiss sunset painted on his classic brow, the result of an attempt to ascertain with his head the stability of the University's foundation.

Mr. Olsan thinks the Cotter's Saturday Night is the most beautiful poem ever written. He says it is so full of life and inspiration, and he spends most of his time scanning it.

The absence of Mr. Jack Ball, who was compelled to return home early in the term, is generally regretted. His pleasant manners and radiant cheerfulness are missed. But we presume his absence here can not be as much deplored as his presence in Seattle is appreciated.

Miss Simpson—"Miss Markham, don't you think Mr. Bowers needs a guardian?" Miss M.—"Yes, but he can't have me."

The Prohibition League will give an oratorical contest in the chapel on the 20th inst. The winner will go to Seattle on April 3rd, to compete for state honors.

Miss Herriott—"What kind of typewriter are you going to get?"

Mr. M.—"What kind would you advise?"

Miss H.—"A brunette."

A facetious fellow once observed that mustaches were like ideas— young men seldom had them. Mr. Bennett has changed greatly of late, though we cannot determine whether the sudden growth of a fine new mustache has changed him otherwise than in appearance. Every goose has a little downe, you know.

Mr. Myers must be studying architecture. He was observed recently pacing for a long time up and down the street opposite the Pierce county court house, as though making a critical study of the building. He was afterwards heard to say that it was a beautiful structure for a court house, but that it seemed to be in a poor location for courting.

There was an interested crowd of spectators assembled in the athletic

room last Thursday when two of our football giants met to test their prowess in a wrestling match. The contest resulted in a tie, but a two-minute conversation with either of the gentlemen will convince you that the other fellow had the worst of it all the way through—the identity of "the other fellow" depending entirely upon which of the contestants you talked to last.

It will be a recommendation to distinction for our students to be able to say in after years that they graduated from the same university as that attended by Long-fellow, Whittier, Scott, Hardy, Elliott, and such illustrious heroes as Grant, Drake and Lord Nelson. Indeed, the P. S. U. has a whole World of Bennetts (been-it's) for that Motter.

A certain young man whose name would suggest that he had been through the "mill" more than once, was recently overheard to remark that he thought it unwise for a student to associate too much with the young ladies. He thereupon declared his intention "to take Miss—to church once more, and then quit going with the girls." Most men do after they make that last, potential pilgrimage to the church.

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Register of Names

There was a sound of Revell'ry in the hallway. "There's that horrid Noyes again," said a professor, who is always Grumbling. "This is simply dis-Gustin'. It's enough to make a fellow Long for the green Hayland and shady Bowers. No wonder they call this the Puget 'Sound' University." And the professor threw a C. O. B. at the C. A. T. and went rumbling down the Beach. "I consider that a Kanard on this school," said a "prep" who didn't Lovett. "If he Ames any more Knocks at this institution, I'll make him look like he had Benn'ett. Just Mark'er down, Ol'son." It looked for a moment as though there would be a Mill-a-gan. Sheaf was shocked, and Gilbert Le Sourd was not Mary; Poor Richardson turned Gray and Miss Leola couldn't Bar-rett, and swooned. The Cook dropped the Drake he had been basting and Cott'er just in time to save her from a Dyer fall. And this was the end of the Motter.

Our Chemical Laboratory

In the near future we expect to present some cuts of our chemical laboratory, of which we are justly proud. Each student has his own outfit of bunsen burners, dishes, tubes, funnels, etc., and access to a set of forty reagents immediately before him on

his own table, thus facilitating independent work and original research. The present class is just finishing a six months' course in Remsen's "Briefer Course."

The spring term will be devoted to metallurgy and assaying as set forth in Walter Lee Brown's "Manual of Assaying." Fortunately, the university has the set of three furnaces as designed by and arranged for the author himself. A cut of these furnaces will likely appear in the next issue. Only students who have had at least six months' of chemistry will be admitted to the class about to be organized.

SAYINGS OF GREAT MEN.

"Pardon the egotism."—Prof. G.

"Chatter, chatter, chatter."—Dean Palmer.

"Give me a nice Pugh in a quiet church."—Prof. F. C. M.

(Anything.)—Prof. C. O. B.

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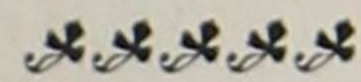
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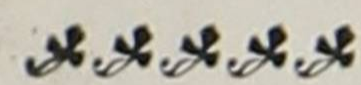
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