

Vol. 2.

April, 1897.

No. 6.

Ye...

Record^e

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Puget Sound University

Tacoma, Washington.

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TACOMA, WASHINGTON, APRIL, 1897.

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Ye RECORD^E

Is a monthly, edited and published by the students of Puget Sound University. Subscription price per year, 75 cents, single copies, 10 cents. Address all communications to the Business Manager of YE RECORDE.

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Entered at Post Office as Second Class Matter.

This issue of YE RECORDE comes out with the assistance of a new business manager, Mr. Kerr. Our paper, for the past few months, has been kept up only by the utmost exertions on the part of the business management. Hard times and the consequent hesitation of merchants to advertise have often presented seemingly insurmountable obstacles. Spring has come, and with it the usual activity in trade. Business men now advertise more readily and we predict smoother sailing for our new business manager. We commend also the disposition of students to deal with the merchants whose advertisements appear in our columns. Remember that our advertisers are all reliable persons, and if you deal with them, letting them know that you are students, you help YE RECORDE in so doing.

What will the P. S. U. accomplish in athletics on May fifteenth? From the present outlook, not very much. Let those oppose athletics who will, the fact still remains that the want of interest is due simply to a lack of true

college spirit. We admit that partaking in athletics is only *one* way for a student to show his college spirit, but just at this time that is *the* way. Our football team last fall did almost wonders; we were proud of such a team; we met the enemy on the field of oratory and they were ours; shall we now fold our hands and say, "Let the pink and green be trailed in the dust, what care we?" We leave each student to answer these questions for himself. A few precious weeks yet remain before the field meet. Let us improve them as we should, having so efficient a trainer as Mr. Pearson.

We would call your attention to the coming of Mr. Loining, a graduate of the Cumock School of Oratory. Mr. Loining comes highly recommended and your patronage will be to you a satisfaction, and to the Y. M. C. A. a help.

How many of our college students are striving for a mental culture which will make them broad enough to sympathize with everybody? Of all things, a college course should develop broadness and charity of thought. Do you ever stop to think that even the person whom you criticise most severely may be more nearly right than yourself? The whole world comes before you, or should do so, in the columns of the morning paper. You should be sufficiently fairminded to read the news of the world with unprejudiced judgment, and to decide fairly the questions of casuistry which may arise.

We are pleased to greet the first issue of the *Puget Sound Methodist*, a church newspaper. We hope and predict for it "long life, health and prosperity." The promoters of this effort should receive the hearty support of at least all Puget Sound Methodists.

We publish this month a poem written by Miss Hattie Barlow. The example set by Miss Barlow should be followed by the students generally. The college paper is the students' and should, first of all, be of benefit to them. We welcome any contribution to our columns, at the same time knowing that the contributor himself receives a very great benefit on account of work carefully done.

Of late, particularly among the boys, much interest has been centered around the Clonian serial story. The original plan for writing the story was that three persons should each write a chapter, the names of the writers being withheld. At least the first part of the plan has been adhered to; about the second part we are somewhat in doubt. We publish the first chapter in this issue, knowing that, to the male students at least, a glimpse into this mystic circle, called Clonian, will be particularly gratifying.

Y. W. C. A.

The Second State Convention of the Young Women's Christian Associations of Washington will be held in Tacoma, May 7th to 9th, at the invitation of the Y. W. C. A. of Puget Sound University. The sessions will be held in the Congregational church Friday evening and throughout Saturday. The Association motto, "Not by might nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts," will be the subject of the convention address by Rev H. Gilchrist, of Seattle, Friday evening.

The Bible Hour at both Saturday morning and afternoon sessions will be conducted by Mrs. Stacy, of this city, and will be of value to all Christian workers. Miss Florence D. Simms, International College Secretary will bring to the convention of her experience from contact with the colleges throughout the entire country and will be an inspiration during the whole convention. "What the College Association should be to the College Girl," will be the subject of one of Miss Simms' addresses.

The work for young women, as it is being carried on throughout the coast, will be presented by the Coast Secretary, Miss Emma Reeder.

"Needs of Women in Foreign Lands" will be treated by Mrs. Roscoe, formerly of India. Saturday evening, May 8th, Chancellor Thoburn, of the University will treat the subject of "Students and Missions." All sessions are open to the public except the service Sunday afternoon, which will be especially a women's meeting.

Y. M. C. A.

New officers have been recently elected for the ensuing year, and are as follows: Geo. Arney, President; G. F. Johnson, Vice-President; W. Little, Recording Secretary; Fred B. Teter, Corresponding Secretary; R. W. Culver, Treasurer.

The following heads of committees have been appointed and these committees will be filled out and others appointed to push the work of the association during the closing weeks of this term and to be fully prepared for the work in hand at the opening of the fall term: Committee on Devotional Work, F. B. Teter; Committee on Membership, L. A. Kerr; Committee of Invitation, J. F. Park.

A great treat is in store for students and the public in general, in the entertainment to be given at the Ninth Street Theater on Tuesday evening, May 11th, by Mr. J. Arthur Loining, Impersonator, Monologist and Humorous Reader. Mr. Loining appears as the second in a course of entertainments to be given by the Tacoma Y. M. C. A., and comes highly recommended by both press and pulpit. He covers the entire field of Humor, Tragedy, Mimicry and Pathos, and ranks among the very best as an impersonator and elocutionist. Mr. Loining is a graduate of Northwestern University, and has the personal endorsement of Prof. R. L. Cumnock, of the School of Oratory, which is, in itself, a guarantee of his ability. The Y. M. C. A. is to be congratulated in securing such talent, and a large audience will be the result of the wise choice of the Association in including Mr. Loining in its course of attractions.

Snide Talks With Boys.

RUBE ASKMORE.

B. F. Seesaw—Yes, it is perfectly proper for you to accept the dessert. You do not in-Kerr any liability in so doing.

C. R. W.—You should leave promptly when the clock strikes 12. (2) The song "Up-stairs in Grandma's Chair" can probably be obtained at any hardware store.

Constant Reader—When you arise at 4 a. m. make as much noise as possible. This will dispel any apprehensions on the part of those rooming near you as to your having died in the night.

W. J. M. Jr.—"By George" has been approved by the highest authorities on English.

Inquirer—When a man is thrown down and rendered insensible, stand around and crack jokes about it. It shows that you have a keen sense of humor.

Frequenter and others—At an "at home" at Majella you should not stay longer than five minutes.

Cow Ran—If you have any doubt as to whether the young lady loves you, send her a box of kindling. If she does not accept it, she does not love you.

Cæsar—When a fellow student makes a blunder in class, everyone should snicker. It tends to encourage him and make him more confident.

B. O. Coyer—The bridegroom pays the clergyman who performs the ceremony, pays for the carriage which is sent for the clergyman and the carriage that takes him and the best man to the church. All other expenses are paid by the family of the bride. (2) I would advise you not to wait till you are through school. It may be too late then.

G. F. J.—Yes. You did a very gentlemanly thing in trying to calm the young ladies at the time of the fire, and it was cruel of them

to "josh" you. (2) Next time I would let the building burn down.

G. Army—The Climax, Chicago, is a reliable marriage bureau.

Magazines.

The *Forum* is one of the best magazines of the age. The April number contains many interesting articles. Notable among these are: "Has the Senate Degenerated?" by Senator Geo. E. Hoar; "Retrenchment or Ruin?" by Hon. Sterling Morton; "The United States and Cuba," by Henry Rockford, and "Arbitration the Only Solution of the Financial Problem," by Allen Ripley Foote.

"King George I, of Greece," who is of present universal interest, is the subject of an entertaining article which William E. Waters, president of the Wells College, writes for the April *Chautauquan*.

The April *Review of Reviews* is, as usual, full of good things. It certainly gives a true review of the current news in such a happy manner as to please and edify its readers. It has been styled "the busy man's magazine." After having read the *Review*, one can safely speak about any of the great questions of the day. Every minister should read it.

The Ladies' Home Journal continues to be one of the brightest and best papers of the age. The articles by ex-President Harrison are attracting much attention, because they are giving such valuable information. The addition of a column edited by Mr. Moody has given the paper additional opportunities for spreading good news. The wonder is how such a paper can be published for \$1.00 per year.

University of Chicago society will no longer tolerate those young men who insist upon attending university functions unaccompanied by young ladies. By raising the admission fee and by an elaborate system of "snubbing," it is hoped to eliminate the "stag" from University society.—*The Student*.

OUR MOUNTAIN.

MISS HATTIE BARLOW.

Unchanged amid a world of change,
 Stands that old mountain, vast and strange;
 On which, in wonder, our eyes we cast,
 Beholding a landmark of the precious past.
 All silent now, and proud she stands
 O'erlooking the rough and rugged lands,
 Spotless as thou art, oh beautiful snow!
 Remind us of angels, though dwelling below.
 Standing in thy purity, remind us that we,
 Tinged with earth stains, purified may be!
 And gently watching, while the world is in slumber,
 Twinkling stars, fairy workmen, without number.
 Till the morning light she begins to feel,
 As faintly and surely it begins to steal,
 Catching sunbeams that to earth are speeding,
 Each pure ray with pearl drops beading.
 As, wrapped in sunshine, thy noble face
 Is suddenly hid by a mist of lace,
 Shut off from this proud and mysterious land,
 But looking above, for there God stands.
 Oh ye mountain, so rugged and old,
 Look at the plain, so barren and cold,
 Which, for centuries, has held thee in rest;
 Not even yet has she been distressed.
 Upholding thee in her strong and steady embrace,
 As you reflect back glory from off the face.
 And the pure river, beneath whose sweet wave
 The music of ages comes up from each cave,
 Running along, o'er rocks and through dells,
 Like many a tale of our lives it tells.
 Though this world is sad and sorrow is here,
 In nature's scenes we behold something dear.
 Joys there are many, we should not forget,
 Traces of Eden you may find lingering yet.
 Great is the work our young lives can reach,
 Noble the lessons our young hearts can teach.
 Make haste to do what must be done,
 Time will not last, the day is soon done.
 Stand ye strong and steady, do or dare,
 A field of labor you can find everywhere.
 Of all unseen things, most divine, is the truth,
 And character, which we should build in our youth;
 Be careful how we weave the golden chain,
 If once broken never to be joined again.

Oh, build it amid this dense encircling gloom,
 Although the way be dark and ye are far from
 home.

Scatter good deeds in spite of all fears,
 For who will behold them in future years?

Our faith and courage here must still abound,
 As we climb that ladder, round by round;
 Till calmly and proudly we stand, and dare
 Reflect back promises so sweet and fair.

As yon mountain is oft hid by a cloud,
 So we are hid by this immense crowd;
 We cry to God, the only life and light,
 Give us a beam through this dark night.

As sweetly the light, so glorious divine,
 Breaks through the cloud on us to shine,
 Give it to one that's forlorn and sad,
 Many are the hearts for you to make glad.

A mission God has given to us all,
 Be yours great, or be it even small;
 As yon mountain, standing in its strife,
 Teaches us these thoughts of our young life.

Over dear hearts that are wearied and worn,
 Over poor souls that are wandering forlorn,
 Over the fallen, the needy, the oppressed,
 Draw thy white curtains and lull them to rest;

Hush their complainings, thy silence below,
 Cheer them, teach them, oh vast mound of snow!

The "Elijah" Concert.

Fortunate indeed are the students of the P. S. U. and the citizens of Tacoma, that they can hear Mendelssohn's Grand Oratorio, the "Elijah." The Festival Chorus, under the skillful direction of Prof. Cozine, is sure to be the greatest musical success ever yet achieved in Tacoma. In addition to the choral work there is the extra inducement of hearing Madame Bishop, who is without question, America's queen of oratorio singers. She is known equally well in England and America.

Of her the *Chicago Inter Ocean* says: The soprano solo was sung by the queen of oratorio sopranos, Genevra Johnston-Bishop, in excellent taste and fine style ("The Dream of Jubal.")

Indian Myths and Tales.

The people of India are proverbially credulous and superstitious, believing in, with childlike simplicity, as well as enjoying as children do, their oft-repeated myths, stories, fables which frequently bear curious resemblance to the folklore of other countries and nations. You would find them seated, possibly, on the flat house-top, or if the evening is chilly, beside a smoky fire indoors, the atmosphere dense with the fumes and smoke of the ever accompanying *hukka* (pipe), passing in turn from mouth to mouth, and acting as inspiration on relater and hearer. Hours will be spent thus by those of means and leisure.

Or, if the group belongs to a poorer class, or lower caste, it might be found beside a smouldering fire of dry leaves and twigs under a broad spreading *pepul* tree, or within the four walls of a small mud hut whose only exit, for men and tobacco smoke, is the door, not high enough to admit the tall member of the company unless he stoop, head and shoulders.

Whatever the environment the pleasure is the same, as, also, very likely, are the tales related, although in many instances certain stories and legends belong to peculiar castes, or tribes, or perhaps the same myth will have a particular construction or application among different sects. As, for instance, the moon, in some parts of India, is regarded as a god, in others, as a goddess, with a corresponding mythology.

Among a tribe of hill people, the story goes that the sun married the moon. The latter, who was the wife, on one occasion deceived her husband, who, in anger, cut her in two. Repenting afterward of his wrathful deed, he allows her to assume her original beautiful form once a month, thus accounting for the phases of the moon. In Bombay, the explanation is as follows: One evening the god Ganesha fell off his horse and a mouse and the moon were impudent enough to laugh at him. Ganesha was especially angry with the moon and vowed that no one should ever see him (the

moon) again. The moon, properly begging forgiveness, was partly restored to favor, but once a month on the god's birthday, he is forbidden to appear (the dark of the moon).

In Oudh (North India), the children are taught to call the moon *mamu*, maternal uncle, and the dark spots are said to represent an old woman in the moon, who sits spinning her wheel. These short myths are woven into long tales, the more charming because they are fully credited.

Of the larger Hindustani tales, national in reputation and application, may be mentioned the *Mahabharata*, an ancient sanskrit epic of five hundred years B. C., recited and appreciated in the hindu household of the present day. The second great Indian epic is the famous *Ramayana*, the foundation to day of countless short stories and dramas. The fables of the people of India bear in many instances strange resemblance to the fables of Aesop. The one given below is distinctively Indian.

The Elephant and the Ape.

Once upon a time an elephant and an ape were great friends. The elephant, whose name was Grand Tusk, and his smaller friend, Nimble, the ape, one day fell to discussing their relative merits, the elephant claiming pre-eminence on account of his huge size, Nimble declaring that his intelligence and ready wit gave him superiority over his large, but slow, friend, Grand Tusk. Each anxious to know what qualities are most esteemed by the wise, they decided to refer the matter to Dark Sage, the owl, to whom they quickly went.

"Go to yonder river," commanded Dark Sage, "Cross and bring me some mangoes, growing in the tree on that farther bank of the river."

On reaching the water, Nimble found himself unwilling to venture into the swollen stream, but Grand Tusk, without hesitation, took his friend on his back and easily swam across. When they reached the mango tree, it was the elephant's turn to be troubled, for the tree was large and high and the fruit hung well beyond reach of Grand Tusk's trunk.

Up sprang Nimble into the tree in a trice, and soon had an arm load of mangoes to carry back to Dark Sage.

Returning as they had come, they quickly presented the luscious fruit to the owl, who asked, "Now tell *me* which of you is better? Grand Tusk swam the river, and Nimble gathered the fruit."

Each thing in its place is best.

A. S. R.

The Track Team

With increasing pomp and power, Rome grew. She was rich in resources, and yet she richer grew. There seemed to be no limit to her powers; but, alas, we know the sad history of her fall. How like a mortally wounded bird, in its last struggles of agony, flaps its wings, vainly trying to retain its pose in the air, feeling itself sinking slowly earthward which makes one desperate effort to rise, spends all its strength; and falls to the earth with a thud, sending a shiver through the observer! Such has been the life of our track team.

Starting out with pomp and vim, resources apparently unlimited, with almost a sure chance of carrying off first place, at any rate, the second, when just in the midst of its glory, like Rome, it fell. And great was its fall because it had promised so much. Like the bird, it received its mortal wound (lack of college spirit) and, though making desperate efforts to retain its pose, it began sinking slowly, though surely to earth. Suddenly, with a magnificent effort, it overcame its downward way and began to rise, but that was its final struggle; its strength was gone, and with a dull thud it fell to the ground. The sound of the fall sent a pang through the student body, as they realized for the first time what a track team and its support meant to the students and to the school. Now there is nothing to look forward to, except the accomplishment of a few personal selfish aims. But our student life has been taken. As a student body we are dead. We have not lived rightly, and as we look into the future it

is dark, blank and cold. There is no hope for us. We have made our bed, now we must lie in it.

While the other colleges have an incentive to work, something to look forward to, some work to do, a reward to gain, we have nothing. We are dead. And it is not, as the death of Tabitha, leaving monuments of good works, but the death of the suicide who, because he had not the courage, the backbone, to face the struggles of life, took his own. In looking at life we failed to see its bright side, we saw only the struggles and the dark side, and lacking courage, spirit and stamina, we sought death. But oh, how dark death is!

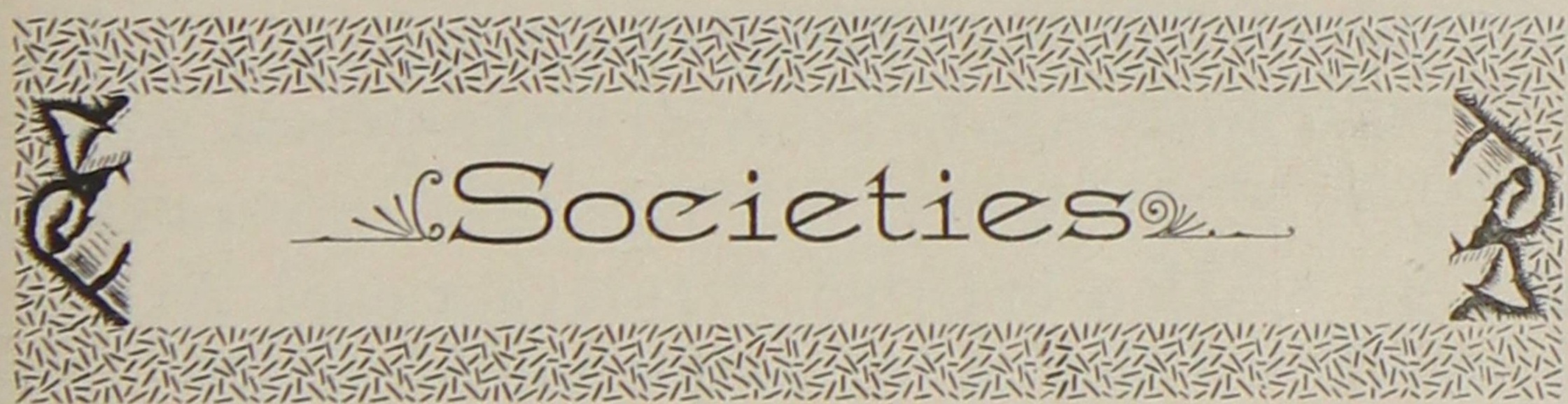
As we look back over the past, we are conscience smitten, as we think of what we are, of what we might have been. The Faculty and Trustees have been looking to us, strong, naturally endowed, athletic men, to uphold the standard of the school upon the field. Our friends and folks have been looking forward to the 15th of May, when the P. S. U. track team would make the brave struggle for honors all expected it would do. The other colleges of the state have been looking towards P. S. U. as one of the strongest opponents in the contest for college glory; but now! What have we done? Whom have we to blame for this? It is true our Faculty has not been as loyal as it might. Our Trustees have not taken the interest they might. The students, not belonging to the team, have not shown the spirit they might. Yet, we have no one to blame but ourselves. Each male member of P. S. U., young or old, big or little, who was not physically disabled, owed it to himself, to his school and to its future influence to have made some sacrifice, if necessary, to hoist our college colors, the Pink and Green, far above all others. But instead, we calmly stand by and see them trailed in the dust.

True college spirit does more for a school than all else combined. It is the tie that binds us together. By it, after we leave our college halls, we will remember the scenes of our student life. It is by this that we will take pride

in our Alma Mater. Could the Spartans have ever held the pass of Thermopylae, if Leonidas had not been backed by true, loyal spirit? Could the Americans have ever attained their freedom, if George Washington had not been backed by true, loyal spirit?

These few questions put before us some of the possibilities achieved; and bring more vividly to our minds what we might have done.

As we see partly the results of actions, the influence already gone ont, we are sorry to say, not for the best, will we not throw off this lethargy which seems to bind us in chains; will we not do all we can to cultivate this college spirit, and cast to the winds our selfish motives when they interfere with our beloved school and faculty? Let us profit by this extremely dear lesson. Experience is indeed a severe teacher. "Let us be men," and say with Lawrence, "Don't give up the ship, boys."

 Societies

DELPHIAN.

The society is to be congratulated on the work done during the past few weeks. The rendition of the programmes has been more complete and more thorough preparation has been noticeable.

Mr. Harriman's oration on April 16th was a success in every way, and we shall expect to find him near the top in the next oratorical contest.

Critic Boyer chops away in dead earnest and we all get our share of the chips. We realize that a good critic is one of the most helpful features of the society, and Mr. Boyer is one of the best of critics.

The following programme was rendered the 23d inst, at which the ladies of the Clionian society were present:

- Recitation.....L. L. Newcomb
- Song..... Quartette

- Paper, "What a Boy Should Be". Ross E. Chestnut
- Paper, "What a Young Man Should Be".....
-H. R. Harriman
- Vocal Solo.....J. F. Park
- Paper, "What a Husband Should Be". E. O. Darling
- Paper, "What a Father Should Be"...C. O. Boyer
- Song..... Quartette

CLIONIAN-OROPHELIAN.

The joint programme rendered by these societies was in every way a success. Mr. Walker presided and Miss Baker officiated as Secretary. Limited space will not permit comments on individual numbers to be made. We print below the programme, which was carried out in full with the exception of the oration by Mr. Hanson, who did not appear on account of the death of his father:

- Invocation.....Chancellor Thoburn
- Address of Welcome.....Prof. H. C. Tillman
- Song, "Welcome to Night".....Caw
- Messrs. Cook, Bovey, Le Sourd, Brown.
- Paper.....
- Miss Edith Davis, Springfield, Ohio.
- Song, "Auctioneer".....Leslie
- Misses L. Joslyn, E. Joslyn, Messrs. Cook, Brown.
- Oration....."Our Inheritance."
- C. L. Hanson, Tacoma, Wn.
- Reading....."Ballad of the Bird Bride."
- Miss Flora George, Piqua, Ohio.
- Song, "Italia Beloved".....
- Misses Tillman, L. Joslyn, Scott, E. Joslyn;
- Messrs. Cook, Bovey, Le Sourd, Brown.
- Poem....."Beauty."
- Francis Stejer, Tacoma, Wn.

SPECIAL FEATURES.

- Song, "Good Night".....Goldberg,
- Misses Tillman, L. Joslyn, Scott, E. Joslyn.
- Miss Edith Gilstrap, Accompanist.

ACCORDING TO THE SCRIPTURES.

"He giveth His beloved sleep. He giveth His beloved *sleep*," repeated the rector with significant emphasis. And then, as he glanced sharply over the drowsy congregation, he added: "And, my dear, dear brethren, it rejoices the heart of your faithful pastor to have this opportunity of observing with his own eyes how dear the members of this flock are to the Lord."—*Princeton Tiger*.

Goucher Academy Notes

The Academy has entered on its spring term with a largely increased attendance. Over one hundred students have registered so far and Principal Stryker writes that more are in sight.

The University recently shipped to Montesano material sufficient to furnish two more rooms. This will put the building in very fair condition. Chapel is overcrowded this term and services are held in the gymnasium.

The class of '99 has been organized. The officers have been elected and the college spirit is developing rapidly. The officers of the class are as follows: Norman Gilkey, President; Frank Glenn, Vice-President; A. C. Lodge, Treasurer; Belle Calder, Secretary; S. Rey Stryker, Historian; A. M. Campbell, Prophet; Mabel Tarr, Critic.

The class of '98 will organize in a few days. There will be no graduating class this year, as the students are all in the first and second years.

Arbor day will be observed at the Academy and the students are now preparing an interesting programme.

The first of a course of lectures on architecture was given at the Academy Monday afternoon, April 12th, at 4 o'clock, as introduction to work in mechanical drawing. The first lesson was given the next Wednesday at 4 p.m. The course will comprise the drawing of mechanically exact lines, curves and angles, scale drawing, plans, elevations, etc.

Principal Stryker is very busily engaged in planning for next year, and in visiting the charges of the Olympia District in search of new students. He is a splendid preacher and is enthusiastically greeted everywhere he goes.

YE RECORDE has received a copy of the *Vidette*, published at Montesano, in which appears a splendid poem on "The Rise of the English People," written by Ella M. Griffiths, who is a student at Goucher Academy, doing special work in History. Evidently, the stu-

dents at Tacoma will have to bestir themselves if they hope to keep ahead of the students at Montesano.

Goucher Academy has proven to be such a marked success that the University Trustees have under consideration the starting of one or two other academies at strategic points in the state. The ultimate plan is to have a number of healthy feeders for the University.

Scissors and Paste.

"Sunday is intended for a day of rest." "Rest is a change of occupation." The above maxims may be true, but some people make Sunday a day of rest so completely a change that they practice religious precepts only on Sunday.

Students of the University of Pennsylvania are contemplating the establishment of an undergraduate comic magazine.

The Ohio State Oratorical Contest was won by Carey E. Gregory, of Wooster University, with an oration entitled, "International Arbitration."

There are in the United States forty State universities, which were attended in '96, by 32,000 students, which is a little under one-fifth of the college students in America. Minnesota heads the list with 3000. Michigan has 2500, California 2400, and Wisconsin 1400. Tuition varies from \$60 in North Carolina to \$9 in South Dakota.—*College Spirit*.

Upon the new gateway at the entrance to the Cornell campus will be placed this inscription: "To enter, that daily thou mayst become more learned and thoughtful; to depart, that daily thou mayst become more useful to the country and to mankind.—*The Polytechnic*."

RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION.

Prof. (in Latin class)—Mr. X., inflex the Pres. Ind. of the word, nolo.

Mr. X.—Nolo, nis, nit.

Prof. (disgustedly)—Nit!

W. Va. Athenaeum.

According to the *Wooster Voice*, Ohio is educating more students than any other state in the Union. There are at present 8,000 young ladies and 16,000 young men in her colleges.

A college course a race course is
With a difference though, 'tis said,
For those who trot the fastest pace
Come rarely out ahead.—*Ex.*

CLASS PROVERBS.

1. He who knows not and knows not he knows not; he is a Freshman: shun him.

2. He who knows not and knows he knows; he is a Sophomore: honor him.

3. He who knows not, and knows he knows not; he is a junior: pity him.

4. He who knows and knows not he knows; he is a senior: reverence him.

—*Adapted from the Arabic, Athenaeum.*

STILL SUBLIME.

In spite of failure and of crime,
Of weakness and of shallow worth,
And passions lowly as the earth,
The human soul is still sublime.

—*Hu Maxwell, Athenaeum.*

Missin' your breakfast to catch a train
Would make you feel quite vexed;
Missin' the train would swell this refrain,
But miss—in her bloomers comes next.

—*M. H. Wright, in Recreation.*

Clionian Serial Story

“Now,” said the Major, “in two minutes more we will be in sight of camp.”

For one hour we had been driving through dense woods on an extremely rough and uncomfortable road, and this remark of the Major's was a very welcome one. I peered out curiously into the darkness, impelled by the same desire that moved Zaccheus when “he clumb up a tree,” viz., “to see what I could see.” I was city-born and city-bred and a woman, and I must confess to a somewhat “creepy” sensation when I realized that instead of coming out of the forest, we seemed to have plunged deeper into it. Somewhere on the road we had passed

an enormous hog holding between his yellow tusks a writhing, twisting snake. The sight filled me, at the time, with an indescribable horror, and now, as the recollection of it came vividly back to me, my imagination peopled the whole forest with like creatures, and I began to most earnestly regret the day when I had accepted the invitation of my friend, Mrs. Graham, to spend the summer with her in camp. The Major must have been conscious of my uneasiness, for he said cheerily:

“It isn't half as gruesome, once you get accustomed to the solitude. Listen, they are singing.”—And then on my ears fell the welcome sound of many voices and the joyous strains of “Hail Columbia.” A sudden turn in the road brought us in full view of the camp, and as the singing had drowned the noise of our approach, I had a full minute unobserved in which to examine and speculate on the very interesting circle around the blazing campfire. My friend, the Major's wife, I recognized without difficulty, although it had been fifteen years since I had last seen her, and her once nut-brown hair showed gleams of silver in the flashes of firelight. By her side, pouring the whole of his patriotic soul into the song he was singing, was Jack, her eldest-born, and my god-son. His mother had written me that he would be with her on furlough for the first time in three years and I knew him by his erect military bearing. The rest of the party seemed strangers to me. They did not remain so long, however, for in a moment more our approach was discovered and cordial greetings and introductions were the order of the day.

“You seem to be quite a party,” I remarked to Mrs. Graham, when the confusion had somewhat subsided and I found myself seated on a campstool with my hostess on one side of me and her soldier son on the other. “Tell me about all these people. I understood that you had no one with you but your own family.”

“And so we haven't,” interposed Jack, laughing. “But you know the Graham family is an indefinite quantity, they are all ‘sisters and cousins and aunts.’”

"Yes," said his mother, "that tall, blonde girl is Nettie's daughter. You remember my cousin Nettie, don't you? She has just recovered from a severe illness, hence her frail appearance. We hope to send her back to her mother as rosy as my Donna here. That young fellow talking to her is Harry Beaumont, a nephew of Major Graham's. He is studying for the ministry."

"And who is the small, dark girl you introduced as Miss Rodney?" I asked. "Her face seems strangely familiar, but I can't locate her at all."

"Why, that is odd, for she is really the only outsider in the party, and I, myself neither saw nor heard of her until three weeks ago. It was through Fred that she came to us and the story of her coming is a strange one. I will tell it to you some day."

"Where is Fred, by the way? I thought I couldn't be mistaken in thinking you had another son."

"He was called off just before you came, to see a sick child in the neighborhood. You will see him in the morning."

"'Neighborhood' suggests neighbors, and I am glad to know you have some. But tell me do you never feel the least bit frightened here in this wilderness?"

"Why, no! Why should we, with so many stalwart protectors? But I know you must be worn out with your long, rough ride. I will take you to your tent; it is next to mine, you see, and if you feel at all nervous in the night, remember that Major Graham sleeps with one eye open. But if you are as tired as I always am after that drive from the station, you won't know a thing after your head touches the pillow. Good-night."

And indeed, it was true. However hard and uncomfortable those little cot beds may be ordinarily, this particular one, on this particular night seemed to my exhausted frame "soft as downy pillows are," and it was not many minutes after I retired before I was lost in a land of dreams, a ghostly land indeed, for it seemed to be peopled entirely by the spirits

of departed friends, and yet, as I scanned their faces more closely they each and all resolved themselves into the same face, a small, dark face, with melancholy dark eyes. Suddenly I realized that I was no longer dreaming, but wide-awake, and through an opening in my tent, which I had neglected to fasten, in a broad ray of moonlight, I saw still that small, dark face, the face of Miss Rodney.

(To be continued.)

LOCALS AND PERSONALS

—"April First has come and past." There is some more to this poem, but we forget it.

—"Anxious Subscriber" writes to know if Miss Mary Caughran and Miss Emma Nett are roommates. Can anyone answer this strange inquiry?

—Culver has indulged in a wheel. He blames the court-plaster and witch-hazel perfume to the carelessness of the barber.

—A petition is being circulated to build a wheelway to the north end. It's a worthy object.

—NOTICE: For great bargains in "any old thing," apply to the business management of this paper.

—Johnson says he will practice until he can sing in that quartet, if it takes all summer.

—Inquisitive small boy, watching jeweler at work, "Say, mister, what's that funny stuff you're rubbing on there?"

Jeweler, sadly: "I don't wonder you ask. That's soap, Mr. Park." Tableau.

—We are pleased to inform exchanges that P. S. U. boasts of a very enthusiastic Camera Club. Its numbers are not large, but its members make up for that in—enthusiasm.

—Mrs. M. Fowler, 947 C St., carries a fine line of new millinery which she will be glad to show to all.

—Miss Reeder has been in the city superintending arrangements for the May convention.

—Pride must have a fall. We would, therefore, caution our friend, the fish merchant, against blowing his own horn.

—Prof. Tillman found a nickel on the first day of the present calendar month. This little coin teaches us a beautiful lesson of stick-to-it-iveness.

—NOTICE: Miss Mary C—ran, this city, will take pupils in the study of cooking and housekeeping. Special attention given to dish-washing. Terms reasonable. References: Steilacoom Sanitarium or Kerr & Teter, Wine Merchants, City.

—As a startling example of the present financial stringency, we would call attention to the fact that on the first inst. we noticed but one pocketbook obstrudting the king's highway. We were kept from anything but a very hurried examination of its contents by the sudden publicity which said examination occasioned, and, incidentally, by the fact that it was affixed to the walk by several large spikes.

—A great deal of interert is manifested on the field. Esaecially is this true in the running events; and the boys report that several "dark horses" have appeared in the horizon. We are pleased also to mark a growing spirit of helpfulness and encouragement towards inexperienced sprinters. We would, at the same time, warn the uninitiated that kerosene oil is no longer recommended as a "rub down" by experienced trainers, or croton oil to improve the wind.

—We are pleased to announce that Mr. Darling has procured a marriage license. When caught in the act, he soon recovered his serenity, and glibly explained that it was to run a saloon with. We are harassed with grave doubts.

—There is a concerted movement on foot among the girls for an outdoor physical culture class.

—Quite a number of the boys contemplate purchasing cameras.

—On a recent evening the girls were beautifully serenaded by the Mandolin Club.

—Mr. Johnson reports a new and remarkable addition to the University museum. The name is quite long, so ask him to spell it.

—Mr. Johnson recently sold his Falcon, the wheel on which he has been performing his tricks. A couple of days later, he stated that he felt "like a widower." Whence he gets the knowledge of how such a one feels we cannot say. Later: Mr. Johnson smiles again. Why this? A few days since, as he passed along C street, he stopped in at Lawrence Bros. to buy a padlock (?) and, after considering anew the merits of the wheel he had ridden a year, he brought away with him a '97 Falcon. She is a fine one and ranks well alongside our other Ohio importations.

—The fervid sun beat down upon his head and the parched earth glowed beneath his feet, but still the weary traveller plods on. Far in the distance he has espied the ruins of an ancient city, and the zeal of the antiqary burns in veins. Now, at last, the dream of his life may be accomplished, and he may prove to the whole world that the Desert of Desolation, called Ohio by the ancients, was once inhabited. At last his journey is completed, and he pauses to rest beneath the friendly arms of a chestnut tree. Ah, what is this fallen slab, half concealed by the debris? With eager haste he raises the fragment and scrapes the moss from its battered face. Surely it is an ancient monument! The inscription is worn away. But hold, he pours from a flask a magic fluid! Mark the transformation! Before him appear, in faint tracery, the letters "—ERA M. —ERR," and a portion of the inscription, "I became all things to all men, that I * * * some. Erected by her affectionate Latin teacher." Ah, but why does the searcher recoil in utter astonishment? With trembling fingers he bends over his notebook. The questions of the age have

been answered. The Desert of Desolation was once inhabited, and the deluded natives tortured their offspring with ancient Latin.

—It pains us to chronicle the fact that Miss Albertson has left school. She has been on the verge of nervous prostration, as the result of over-study, and now the doctors advise absolute rest. Her friends, however, report remarkable improvement, and it is hoped she may be out in a few weeks. When the sad news reached us, our long-haired poet was plunged in speechless grief, and retired from public gaze. Several days after we were frightened by a tearful apparition with disheveled hair, who bore in his hands a scrap of paper bearing weird signs. These we have deciphered as follows:

“Oh, wha wad ken a lass mair canny
Than Nannie wi' saft blue e'en?
Ye may search the wide warld o'er and o'er,
And no find her like, I ween.
“She is aye a'smilin',
The lads beguillin',
The licht o' her bonnie blue e'e
So gleamin' and glancin'
An' flashin' and dancin',
Like sunlight upon the broad sea.
“Then here is a toast
To Nannie, our boast

An' the pride o' the 'Varsity,
'May she live well and lang,
And sing the sweet sang
O' content when she comes to dee.'”

—Miss Winnie V. Madson, a student in the Business College, was married during vacation to Mr. Leslie of this city.

—As we sit at the office window, listening to the caroling birds and drinking in the beauties of spring, there rings in our ears a sweet old song, and the burden of the refrain is “Still there are more to follow.”

—Mr. New-om has been seen carrying around a little magnifying glass, which he seems to value very highly. Gossip says that it has X ray properties, and that it is used to examine the hearts of lady friends.

—The mother of Foster Park is coming all the way from Dublin, via New York, to visit her son.

—Mr. Welch was delightfully surprised recently by a visit from his father, the Rev. Mr. Welch.

—Among the ladies of the school there are two Virginias, a Viola, Victoria, Vera, Venetia, Vinnie and Verlura.

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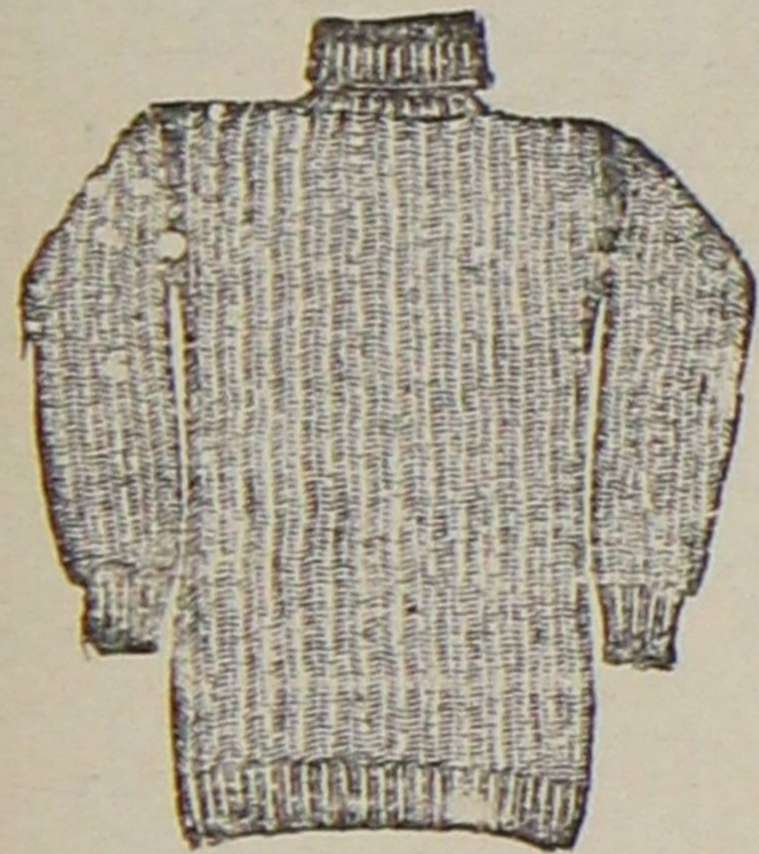
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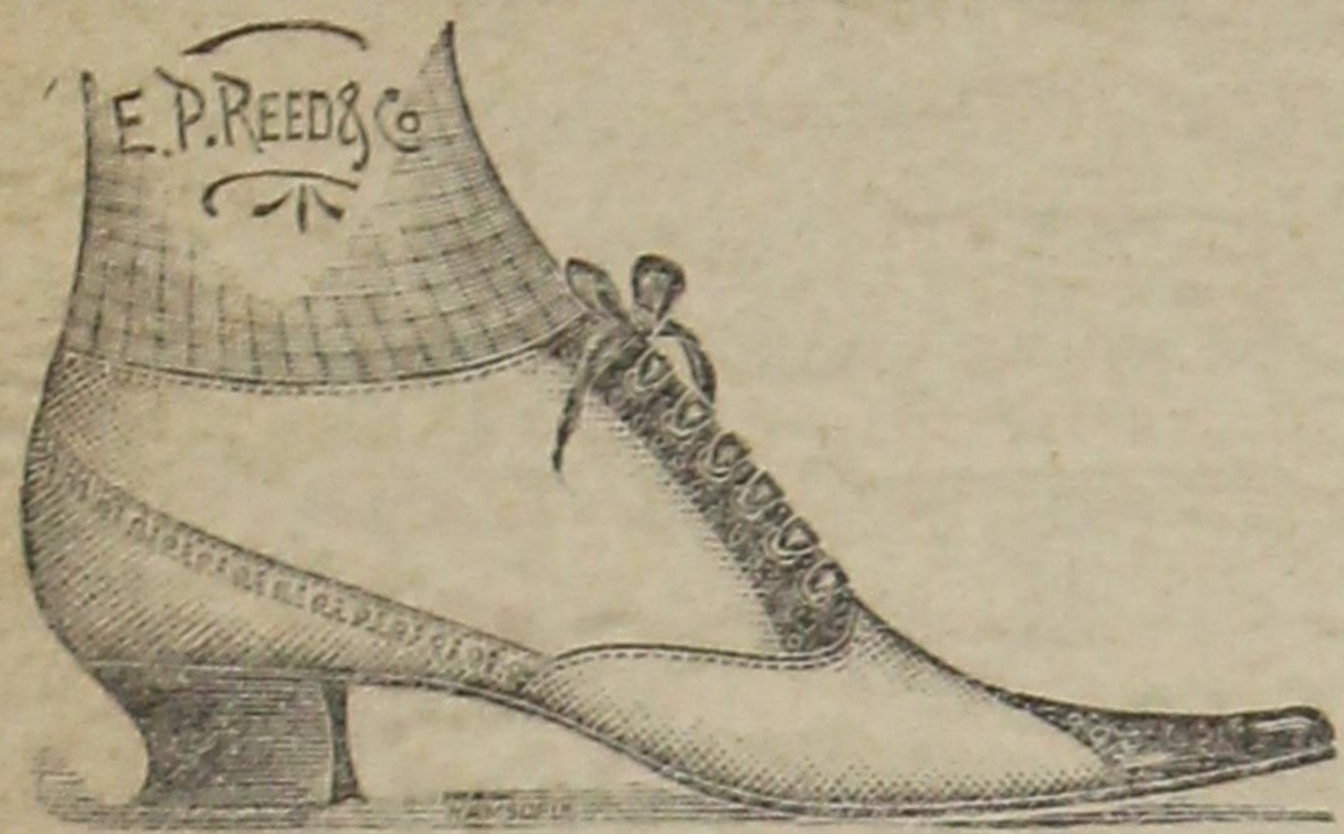
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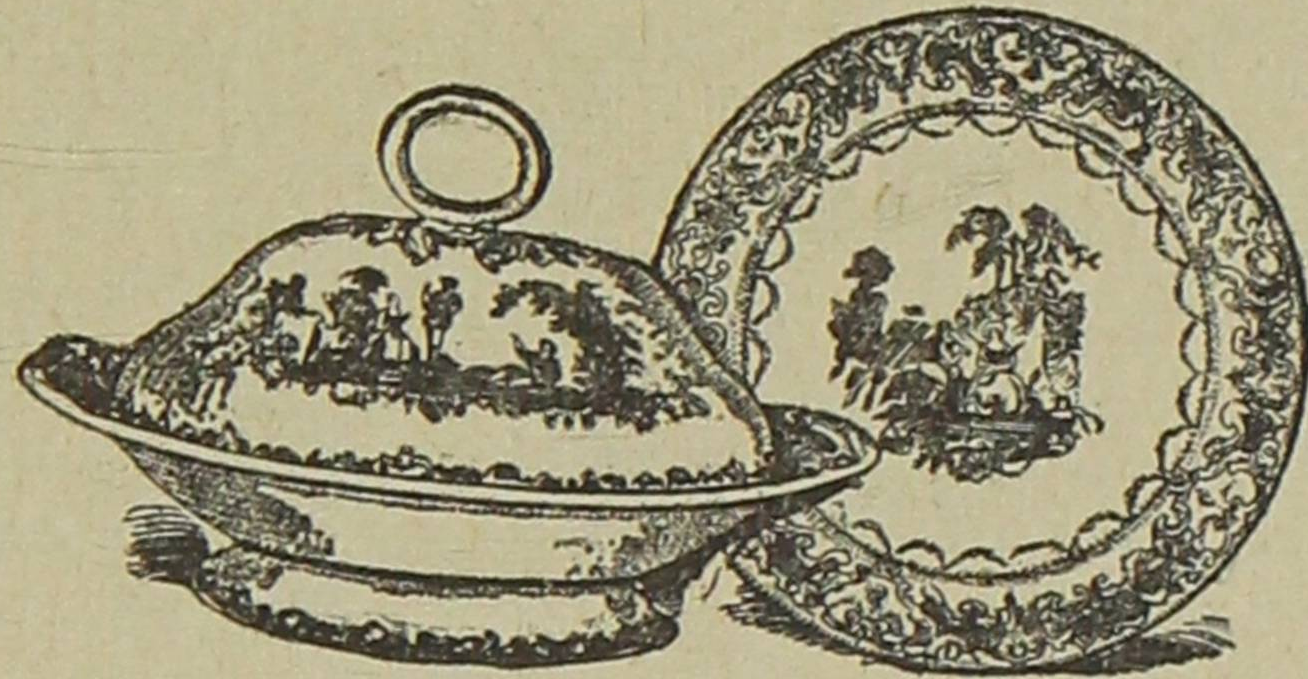
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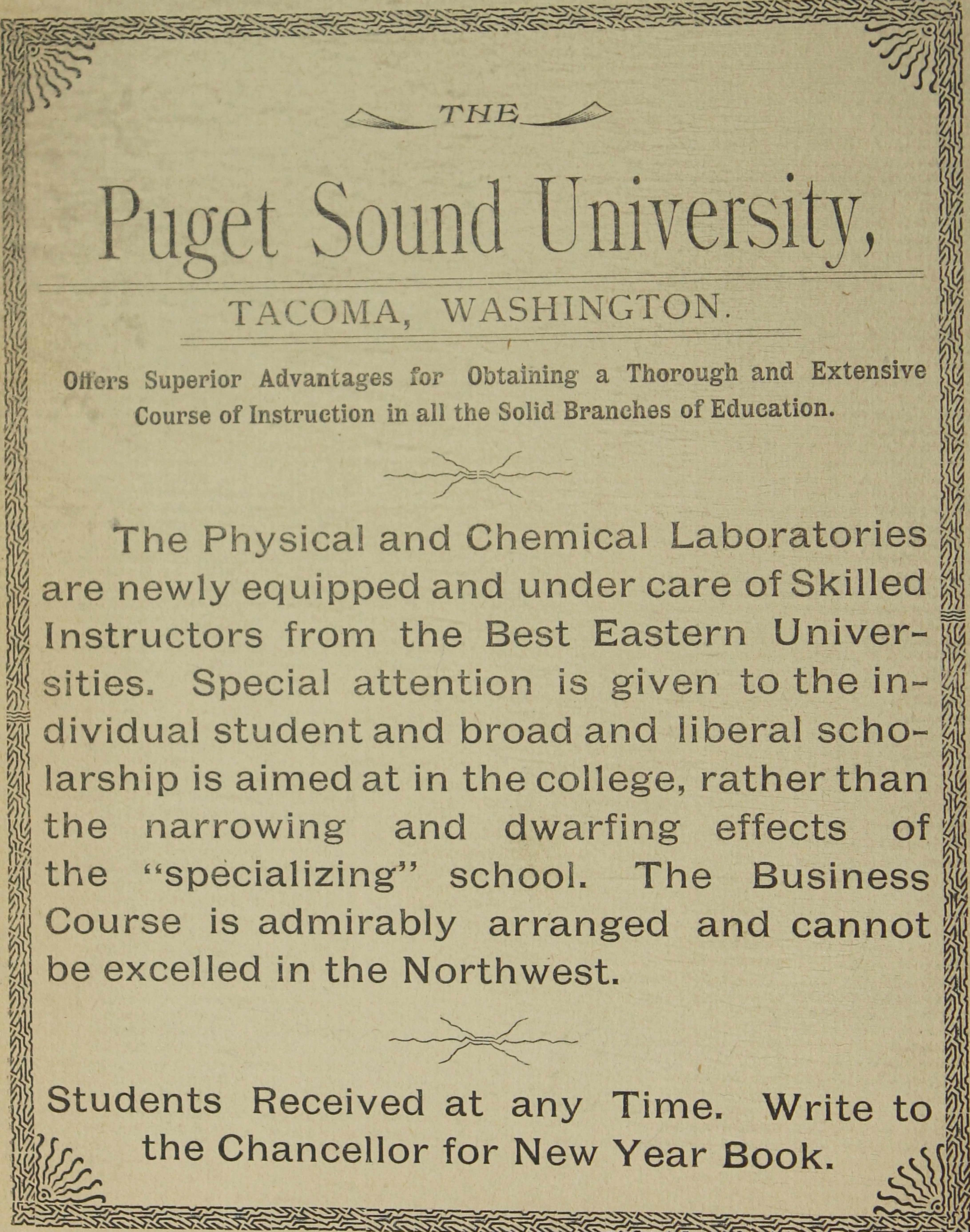
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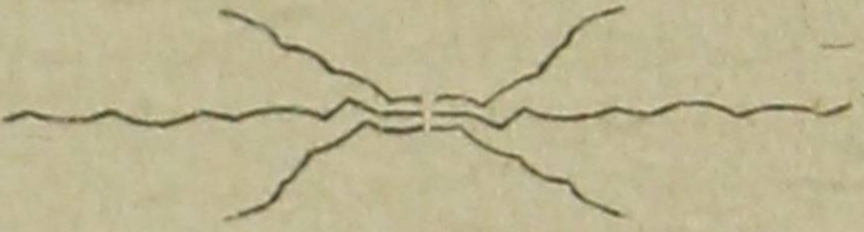


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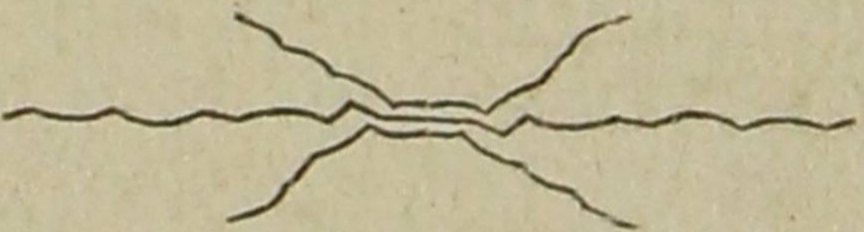
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