

Vol. 3.

June, 1898.

No. 8.

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# Ye Recorde

VOL. 3.

TACOMA, WASHINGTON, JUNE, 1898.

No. 8

## YE RECORDE.

Is a monthly, edited and published by the students of Puget Sound University. Subscription price per year, 50 cents, 60 cents, if delivered, single copies, 10 cents. Address all communications to Editor of YE RECORDE.

LEROY V. NEWCOMB.....Editor-in-Chief  
ARTHUR S. WILSON ....Business Manager

Entered at Post Office as Second Class Matter

The past few years have not been fraught with much of encouragement for colleges and universities. All are calling for help, and even Johns Hopkins has been in serious danger of collapse because of financial difficulty. Nor have the conditions been easier for the individual student. Business depression more and more rendered difficult the task of self support, and many a parent was compelled to regretfully take children' from school until brightening financial skies should warrant their re-entrance. Under such conditions it is not to be wondered at that most schools suffered from a decided falling off in attendance, and the fact that our own University has gained remarkably is ground for honest pride to every loyal son and daughter of this vigorous and healthful educational mother. This growth has been largely due to a most excellent corps of teachers and a constantly growing equipment of special adaptability.

The men and women who are putting the best of their lives into the founding of this University would honor the chairs of any school or college, and they de-

serve all of the success which is crowning their efforts. If anything could be improved it is the *esprit du corps* of the student body.

To a careful observer it would seem that there is too much of the purely barter and sale spirit abroad. One may buy a pound of nails and when he pays the price the transaction is closed. It is not so with an education. A man pays a certain price it is true but that which he receives is above price and becomes a part of his very self. The true student becomes an integral part of the University and his own personality is indissolubly merged in that of his alma mater. His honor adds to her luster, and her glory reflects on him to the end of life. This being so, cannot we put ourselves into the flight with all the enthusiasm of youth and help to *build* as well as *receive*?

Let the traditions of the University be cherished and maintained. Let any aspersion be indignantly repelled as though personal and let it be known by all we meet that we are loyal 'Varsity men and women who enthusiastically support our own school because it can of right be called "THE BEST."

\* \* \*

CLASS OF '98.

The class of '98 is composed of three young men of sterling qualities of character from whom we may rightfully expect to hear favorable reports in future days.

Mr. Geo. Arney, the senior

member of the class, has completed seven years work in residence study. He was one of the first students who applied for admission when the University began its history. Mr. Arney began seven years ago at the very foot of the ladder, with the first year's preparatory work, and has completed the three years preparatory and four years collegiate study of the classical course. This reminds one of the fact that "There is no true excellence without great labor," and that success is not attained at a single bound. As a mark of his achievements he has already been sought out by the church and appointed pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Sumner, Wash.

Mr. Robert Richard Earl was the first new student to enroll under Chancellor Thoburn's administration beginning six years ago. Mr. Earl has proven himself a painstaking student and true gentleman, and we predict for him increasing usefulness in his chosen field. He expects to join the Puget Sound Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church at its next session.

Mr. Charles Oliver Boyer is a man of great originality of thought and has attained that characteristic of intellect which every truly educated man must possess, power of mental concentration. Mr. Boyer expects to make teaching his chosen profession, and he certainly has many marked indications of ability for his chosen work. In order to



better prepare himself for his profession he contemplates taking a post graduate course in one of the best eastern institutions of learning. As to Mr. Boyer's character and reputation it may truthfully be said that no member of the student body has exerted a stronger or better influence upon the student life of the University than has he.

### Partizanship or Patriotism.

GEORGE ARNEY, A. B.

It may seem incongruous to compare partizanship with patriotism, and our indignation would be greatly aroused if it should be intimated that partizanship is the controlling influence in our national life. But when we look over the field of American politics we cannot but be convinced that patriotism is being subverted to party ends. We submit to the control of men who have sunk the sentiment of patriotism in the slough of partizanship. Our politics have degenerated into party quibbles and personal quarrels. Exalted motives rarely enter into the direction of public affairs. Measures are introduced for political effect; tariffs are arranged to suit sectional prejudice; appropriations are granted and denied as rewards and punishments, and class legislation intrenches itself behind the constitution and bids defiance to the common weal. At a time of great national crisis and of international complications, when the utmost caution should be observed and the most thoughtful deliberation should be employed, our legislative assemblies present the appearance of a convention of Liberalists in the sixteenth century. Indecision and inability are charged against the Executive under the cloak of patriotism, while the real incentives are party hatred and political capital.

There are reasons for the existence of political parties. Party

organization is the logical outcome of a representative government. As long as men differ in opinion they will unite in organizations to propagate the ideas which they consider worthy of support. Men of similar political ideas will naturally coalesce in a party organization in order that they may the more effectually advocate that policy in government which they deem best for the interests of themselves and the prosperity of the country.

Party organization is necessary because of the facility it offers for accomplishing the public will. It is constituted by the people for the purpose of applying some particular principle in the economy of the nation. It possesses no inherent right to exist and while it may accomplish the Divine will there is yet no valid reason for its continuance after its purpose has been achieved. That a party has accomplished certain reforms in the past does not entitle it to the confidence of the people if it is ignoring the necessities and evils of the present. Living issues and present policy can be the only excuse for continued party life. No party can accomplish any reform that is not the concensus of the public will. Parties should not make issues, but issues should make parties. When a party ignores, dodges or suppresses the issue which is claiming public attention it has become only the political machine of some demagogue or political boss, or the skeleton of former usefulness only worthy of being relegated to the bone-yard of political history.

The personnel of the leadership of the parties has sadly changed and the honor which should be conferred upon the patriotism of those who made the party great is transferred to the party itself as if it were the important factor in the achievements of the past. All kinds of subterfuges are resorted to in order to whip the conscientious and patriotic into line with the party worshippers. Every party but our party is tried, condemned,

hung and quartered for fraud, disloyalty and treason because it advocates some policy different from ours. We hurl at the heads of our political opponents all the political epithets, obloquy, calumny and filth that we can gather from the garbage of the past. Every failure in finance, every treachery in public life, every public calamity, is charged against our corrupt opponents, while our party only is the patriotic party—the party whose motives are above reproach—whose history is one of glorious achievement and national prosperity. "We have no king but Caesar," shout the mob who but a few hours before were the professed friends of Christ and enemies to the Roman power. So cry the partizans who, bowing at the shrine of Virtue and Integrity but a few hours before, now that they are elected, ignore their promises to the people and bow to the will of the political clique, and the honest and faithful are turned out to make room for Caesar's favorites. Nothing is too holy, too patriotic or too virtuous to be seized by the demagogue to raise himself into power, and all is done in the name of Our Party. He is as unprincipled as he is ambitious. The blighting influence of this base sycophant who professes to worship at the shrine of the sovereign people, hangs like a pall over the bench, the pulpit and our legislative halls, infusing its poisonous virus into the arteries of the public until the heart of society has become paralyzed. He embraces and repudiates principles at the dictation of his party. He has passions to suit the varying hour. Tears or smiles are manufactured to suit the occasion. He is but the representative of his party. He is the water-wheel, if you please, which moves the machinery when the water is turned on; and his party, forsooth, is but the automatic indicator of the pulse of the political clique which is able to control the majority. Yet, this is the institution which is



extoled by patriots, revered by the virtuous and obeyed by all. Its history is pointed to with pride and the reforms accomplished by means of it are heralded by its devotees, who ignore the fact that the party is all that remains,—that the individuals who led the party to victory have perished while others have stepped into the vacant places to reap the advantages of organization to accomplish private ends.

It is not by foreign invaders nor by aggressions from a common foe that a nation falls. The first step is lack of patriotism in her internal affairs. When factions rather than principles rule the actions of a people; when partizanship reigns supreme and patriotism is invoked only upon the approach of a common foe—then disintegration commences, virtue declines, vice increases, laws become inoperative and demagoguism traffics in public offices. What led to the fall of the great nations of the ancient world? Was it a lack of national pride? No. Was it a lack of virtue and truth? Yes; but only as this lack was the result of political debauchery. When patriotism in internal affairs fled from their sons,—when political factions strove one with another for the control of the public offices,—when these were given as a reward for trickery and duplicity,—then it was that virtue was dismantled and vice was clothed with a semblance of righteousness,—then it was that honesty and truth hid from the light of day and dishonesty and treachery were licensed,—then it was that through partizanship, supplemented by greed, avarice and ambition, these mighty nations perished.

Our need is not for less patriotism for common defense against a foreign foe, nor for less devotion to the cause of liberty, which impells America's sons to fight for freedom in other lands; but for more of practical, sober patriotism in the time of peace. It is patriotism in the every-day affairs of life,—when every public office even the most menial, is consid-

ered a public trust,—in which the greatest loyalty and patriotism may be manifested. A strong, virtuous national character is as necessary for our national prosperity as is the individual character for personal welfare. If we would not have our glorious ensign trailed in the dust we must do our duty as patriotic citizens in filling the public offices, in maintaining the public institutions and in enforcing our laws. The responsibilities of government are ours and the disgrace consequent upon neglect will also be ours. "If we mean to support the liberty and independence which have cost us so much blood and treasure to establish, we must drive far away the demon of party spirit and local reproach." The good men,—yes, and women, too,—must act. Then and not till then will we succeed in crushing partizanship.

"God, give us men; a time like this demands

Strong minds, great hearts, true faith  
and ready hands.

Men whom the lust of office does not  
kill;

Men whom the spoils of office cannot  
buy;

Men who possess opinions and a will;  
Men who have honor; men who will  
not lie;

Men who can stand before a dema-  
gogue

And scorn his treacherous flatteries  
without winking;

Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above  
the fog

In public duty and in private thinking.  
For while the rabble, with their thumb-  
worn creeds,

Their loud professions and their little  
deeds,

Mingle in selfish strife—lo!

Freedom weeps, wrong rules the land,  
and waiting Justice sleeps."

Our safety lies in unity of feeling and harmony of action. We must consider the whole country as dear to our hearts as any part of it. With the patriotic American there is no North and no South, no East and no West; our country is one and inseparable, now and forever. "Let it be a truth engraven on our hearts; let it be borne on the flag under which we rally in every exigency, that we have one country, one constitution, one destiny."

Our patriotism should mingle with all the enjoyments of life, entwining itself with the minutest filaments of the heart. We obey the laws of society because they are the laws of virtue. The patriot sees no force or terror in the authority of our laws, but in it sees the venerable image of our nation's honor. Let us make that honor our own and cherish it as a sacred heritage. Let us be ever ready and willing to risk our lives in its defence. And in the words of the eloquent Webster, in all our civil life, "Let our object be our country, our whole country and nothing but our country. And by the blessing of God may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument,—not of oppression and terror, but of wisdom, of peace and of liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration forever."

### The New Man.

C. O. BOYER, A. B.

From the advent of man upon earth, his powers have been employed to advance his condition and add to the sum total of his happiness. The disclosures of history have satisfied his desire for a knowledge of past events. The development of art is but the expression of his aesthetic nature. Delving in the difficulties of science, both physical and metaphysical, has opened the way for his speculative inclinations, while back of all come ringing the words of the Greek philosopher "Know Thyself."

In the social world, which has attained a very high degree of development, there is such a relation of dependence and interdependence of man upon man, that to understand the nature of the individual, some account must be taken of the aggregate. Pope has well said: "The proper study of mankind is man." Hence how eminently fitting that our attention be turned to the final outcome, the surely inevitable pro-



duct of the divine plan consummated in human destiny, "The New Man."

Day after day yon mountain greets our gaze. Silently, heavenward it rears its hoary head. It is seemingly immovable. So with civilization. But little improvement can be seen.

If there are more humane institutions to-day there are also more atrocious crimes. But as the movement of the mountain is not apparent to us because we are moving with it, so progress in civilization is concealed because we are advancing also. There is movement. Whither does it tend? Is it progression or is it regression?

As we look upon the world, the good and the bad seem inextricably mixed, the bad often triumphing; oppression where liberty should be, and all forms of society inoculated with the poisonous germs of vice and sin. A sigh escapes for the "good old times." But when we pass from the actions of individuals to the principles upon which men are expected to act, then does the great advancement appear. Human life has been made sacred. Woman has been lifted from the plane of a mere slave for man's enjoyment to the exalted position she now occupies. The marriage tie has been sanctified and virtue made more holy. The fact that there is sin in the world—black, hideous sin, cannot be denied. But may it not be that "the depth of our hell measures the height of our heaven?" As the river bends and doubles on its way, yet ever holds its general course until it reaches its destination and empties into the broad ocean, so civilization has its bendings and doublings, yet it will continue on until it passes the falls of human failures and merges into the placid ocean of perfected society.

The "Golden age" is before, not behind us. We have passed through the sin-laden atmosphere of the "Dark Ages," and through the lifting fogs of ignorance and superstition catch the

gleam of the golden age as the sure goal of society's onward progress. But civilization and progress are not identical. By ministering only to the senses, civilization may retard progress. In fact, the greatest obstacle to progress is a corrupt and effete civilization. It is Christianity alone; awakening into life and regulating the higher powers that can furnish the conditions for permanent progress. Rob the world of Christianity and Christian principles and our boasted progress would be but the shadow of a myth.

There is a movement in society. That movement is forward and is connected necessarily with Christian principles. Then let us examine the steps in this advancement.

Physical force was the first factor influencing the future of man. Wonderful, indeed, are the fables of the physical strength of the ancients. To be large and powerful was sufficient to lay claim to superhuman qualifications. Their God was a being of immense stature. Every nation and tribe had its traditional Hercules. Society consisted only of a gathering together of individuals, that by their combined strength greater immunity from the raids of hostile tribes might be had. The Goliath was the ideal. This condition of affairs continued until a point of culmination was reached; when force was the principal factor in man's development, and when by it he hoped to escape the wrath of a just God. For years man had labored. Higher and higher he reared the tower which was to be his Jacob's ladder; whose capstone was to be the threshold over which he would step from time into eternity. The remuneration of such arrogance was confusion. Omnipotent God gave the seal of his disapproval, and today the Tower of Babel is only the monument of an unholy hope, and emphasizes the decree, "Not by power nor by might" can man reach the plane toward which his higher nature tends.

In the progress of the unit of society, the time came when force was insufficient. Not always did strength alone succeed. In war, strategy was resorted to. The education which until this time was mainly skill in the use of weapons of war, now took another direction, and the mind began to receive some attention. Those of strong intellects supplanted those of weaker minds as leaders, and this continued through long ages, gave a wonderfully well developed mind. From the Greeks much of our philosophy comes. The Romans have never been excelled in their acute interpretation of the relation the individual sustains to the state. They gave us the foundation for our law. But vigorous thought cannot long continue without indulging in some form of speculation. Man's future state has been and always will be, a fruitful field for such thought. Hence we find Greek philosophy giving way to religious speculation. And upon this wave of speculative inquiry came infidelity, atheism, and agnosticism.

Mathematics was the first extensively studied science. The world was amazed at the possibilities which it opened. Its influence in the direction of speculative thought was peculiar. Man was determined either to reason himself into heaven by mathematical calculation or else reject the implications of his own nature. The future life was to be demonstrated like a problem in geometry. A failure in such demonstration was sufficient grounds for rejection. The possibilities of the tendency of such a doctrine are terrible indeed, and the French Revolution, with its human acts, with its guillotine, with human reason frenzied by the fear of its own annihilation, was a fitting funeral service for suicidal reason and self-murdered philosophy.

There remains one more factor in man's perfected development. In the evolution of society or of an individual the first factor



would be physical, the second, intellectual, and the third, spiritual force. The first and second have already been treated, and only the third remains to be traced.

Man has a spirit. As far as history furnishes record are found facts in confirmation of this. Every race and every tribe in whatsoever stage of civilization it may be, has some form of worship. Where ignorance shuts out the higher intellectual and spiritual ideal, the graven image has its devotees. Much of the ancient philosophy and all early reforms were but blind expressions of man's not yet comprehended spiritual nature. The opening of the Christian era witnessed a great advance in human ideals and a deeper insight into man's higher nature. But not immediately were the eyes of the blind opened. Fearful are the wanderings from the path of uprightness, which history records. A multiplicity of sects was synonymous with a multiplicity of ignoble deeds, and certain views pursued to illegitimate ends annihilated the material world and its material contents. But the extreme of any view is dangerous. And so we regard with suspicion that extreme which makes this world only a spiritual or a mental universe. Such a view cannot obtain favor with common sense. We are in a material world with material bodies. But that is not all. A beneficent God has given to each a mind, and as a fitting climax to all divine gifts, breathed into each the breath of eternal life.

The new man is the man yet to come; whose character is shadowed by the tendency of advancing principles. Observe the course of economics. The horny handed laborer is as important to the economist as the counting house clerk, for they both are producers. Before the advance of democratic principles, the veneering of class distinction disappears. A man's worth depends, not on his position or occupation, but on

the principles which actuate him, on the *man*.

"Is there, for honest poverty,  
That hangs his head, and a' that?  
The coward-slave, we pass him by,  
And dare be poor for a' that;  
For a' that and a' that,  
Our toils obscure and a' that;  
The rank is but the guinea's stamp;  
The man's the gowd for a' that."

The dawning of the age of the new man will settle eternally the question of capital and labor. Inequalities will be swept away. The poor no longer will be ground under the iron heel of oppression. But equality and liberty will have a new definition, and over all the earth will reign peace and prosperity.

The new man is an altruist. For centuries the controlling principle in human activity has been selfishness. All the early wars were waged either to satisfy some personal end of an ambitious ruler, or else for national aggrandizement. Even rebellion from oppression was only that the rebels might also oppress. But "God's truth is marching on," and altruism, practical, national altruism, is not a dream of the optimist, but a realized fact. Today our brothers and fathers are leaving the comforts of home, sacrificing the love of dear ones, facing the guns of a brave and dangerous foe, and exposing themselves to the ravages of deadly diseases; not for conquest, not for gain, not for mercenary ends, but that our neighbor may be free; that poor, bleeding Cuba may be rid of the inhuman and iniquitous principles of Spanish misrule.

The new man is the ideal man. He is the final product of a completed evolution; the glorious outcome of a harmonious development of body, soul and spirit.

"Build thee more stately mansions, O  
my soul,  
As the swift seasons roll!  
Leave thy low-vaulted past!  
Let each new temple, nobler than the  
last,  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome  
more vast,

Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's  
unresting sea."

### Perseverance.

ROBERT R. EARL, A. B.

As we study the history of nations and the biographies of great men we are convinced that this world has not been and is not ruled by chance. As far as our knowledge of the universe extends we find everywhere the sovereignty of law. Back of all changes and back of all life had we the means by which to investigate we would find a power which directs all things and that for a definite purpose, from the smallest blade of grass which pierces through the sod, the animals that walk upon it, to the shining orbs which light our world by day and by night.

No man occupies a position, high or low, by mere chance, but is where he is and what he is from choice. There is no royal road to success, but all who desire to reach that goal must tread the tortuous, steep and rugged path which leads to her abode. Monopolies control most of the leading industries of the country, but this giant octopus cannot get control of the highway to success, neither can success in any undertaking be achieved at a single bound. The longest chain is forged a link at a time.

The vast forests which surround us did not spring up in a day, but year by year each tree added to root, trunk and branch, and through decades of steady growth has developed in circumference and raised its top heavenward. "Great occasions do not make heroes or cowards; they simply unveil them to the eyes of men. Silently and imperceptibly as we wake or sleep we grow and wax strong, we grow and wax weak; and at last some crisis shows us what we have become."

The unparalleled naval victory of Commodore Dewey reveals to us what more than twenty years



of patient toil and preparation on his part have enabled him to accomplish for his country. Would you win great victories and the honest praise of men? Now is the time to begin preparation, for if anything is made out of your life you yourself must make it. No other man will fight your battles. Look over the list of men who at the close of life have swung the banner of victory to the breeze and you will see that they were not camp followers but were those who bared their arms and fought in the thickest of the battle.

Bernard Palissy sold his clothes, tore up his floors to add fuel to the furnace, wearied his wife and amused his neighbors with the dream of his white enamel; but the toil of unremunerative years was forgotten in the joy of hopes realized. America, with her broad and fertile fields, rich mines, well stocked streams, schools of learning and advantages open to all is truly the poor man's paradise; yet he must till and plant these broad fields or they will yield him no bread; he must sink shafts into the earth or not obtain her hidden stores of wealth; cast the hook and net into her streams that he may eat of her fish; he must attend her schools of learning or remain ignorant; he must avail himself of the advantages she offers or not receive her benefits.

We know men today who came from the ranks of the poor having no advantages apparently who improved every opportunity, and by patience and perseverance have reached the highest place of trust and honor that our nation can bestow. "Where there is a will there is a way," is true only when it refers to things which are within the power of the one willing to accomplish.

William Carey yearned for the salvation of India, when mending shoes, or wielding the ferrule in the village school, or pleading with ministers who would not go. In the teeth of ridicule and opposition he set sail for India. The old East India Company tried to

keep him out of their territory, declaring that, "the sending of missionaries to evangelize India is the maddest dream that ever entered a human mind." A consecrated purpose sustained Carey and on the day of his death even the East India Company lowered its flag to half mast out of respect to the memory of "the meddling missionary."

A log floating loose upon the tide is both useless and dangerous to the navigator. Not until man seizes such a log and makes it subserve his purpose, or during a violent storm it is hurled beyond the reach of the tide does it cease to be useless or dangerous. How much like the floating log is every citizen who has no purpose in life, to the Ship of State. It is not until such an one bestirs himself and shakes off the sloth and indifference which have held him captive, and uses the powers with which God has endowed him or grim Death lays his silent hand upon him and leads him captive to the tomb does he cease to be a source of danger.

There have been and are still mighty wrongs in the world and history does not record one instance where idle dreaming ever righted one of these or struck the shackles from a single slave. It was not till many protestants had suffered martyrdom for the cause of truth and freedom of thought and the printing presses of Gutenberg and Faust and Caxton had multiplied the Bible a thousandfold, and the capture of Constantinople by the Turks had scattered the Greeks and their language far and wide, that central Europe, in the grey dawn of a new era, could see the shackles laid upon her by Rome, and summon all her might to tear them from her burdened limbs.

In the fullness of time Martin Luther arose. When the mighty truth flashed upon him that "the just should live by faith," and had burned itself deep into his troubled soul, no danger was too great, no burden too heavy, no fear of man could deter him from his determination to give to the

world the truth which had been so long withheld. As the truth spread, fires of persecution blazed up on all sides, they were like water on burning oil which instead of extinguishing only scattered it far and wide.

Some of the most glorious victories ever won were snatched from the jaws of what seemed defeat. In 1832, on board the ship Sully, bound for the United States, upon learning that electricity was transmitted instantaneously through a wire, the idea came to Professor Morse, that the spark could be made the means of conveying and recording intelligence. Six years of toil and experiment were rewarded by the successful completion and operation of the electro-telegraph. Aid was now sought from the government to construct a line between Washington and Baltimore. The project was considered a humbug and Morse was looked upon as a "madman." A bill was finally introduced in the Senate and on the last day of its session was the one hundred and twentieth on the docket. Morse sat in the gallery till late in the evening and when it did not seem possible that the bill would be reached before the session closed he returned to his rooms thinking that his star of hope had set forever. As the darkest hour precedes the dawn, so is it in many of the great undertakings and events of life. Thus it was with Professor Morse. It proved to be only the darkening shadows before a more glorious morn, for news reached him that the bill had passed. Over a half century has elapsed since then and in that time the earth has been encircled by a network of wires through which fly on wings of lightning, news of victory and defeat, joy and sorrow, and for a thousand other messages the telegraph has proved to be one of man's most useful servants.

"It is a natural law that a constant power will overcome anything less constant. The unflinching determination to accomplish what is attempted is such a



power." Many men have failed because they lacked this power. Others attempting to climb the ladder to success, have come to places where the rungs were missing; instead of inserting these they have reached up and beyond the gap have clutched the rung above only to find when they had climbed a little higher they had no foothold, and being unable to hold on longer, have fallen, and great has been the fall. Learn from those who have failed, take time to bridge every chasm and insert every missing rung, then

"Go, fight the battle of the day,  
The spectres of the night,  
And though you tremble with your fears,  
Still tremble on—and fight.  
What though the man turn pale with fear,  
And quake and tremble long,  
If the proud will within the man  
Be resolute and strong?  
Then throne king Will within the man  
And laugh slave Fear to shame;"  
With unflinching perseverance  
Win the laurel of fame.

**Annual Picnic.**

The 28th of May, 1898, will always be remembered as a red letter day by the party from the P. S. U. who picniced at Chautauqua on Vashon Island. We started on the mail boat at 6:30 a. m. The weather prophet evidently had decided in our favor, and had ordered a perfect day. A fine view of blue sky, placid water, distant mountains and green islands was afforded us on the deck of the boat.

We landed at Chautauqua near Dr. Pomeroy's home, where we immediately went and were welcomed by Mrs. Pomeroy and daughter. During the morning we roamed in the woods near by, our objective point being a large hollow tree. The top is burned off and the shell that remains is charred. A stream of water flows through it. Its circumference, three feet from its base, by actual measurement, is about 45 feet. It is said that 25 people can stand inside. At noon we repaired to the Chautauqua Ho-

tel, where, by the aid of the luncheon and appetites brought with us, and the tables and dishes belonging to the hotel, we ate dinner.

In the afternoon we were given the freedom of Mrs. Pomeroy's flower garden, with the invitation to pick as many as we wished. But the roses! Never before were they seen in so many varieties, and in such profusion by many of us. These were cut for us by the half bushel. For once we had as many roses as we wanted; and we thought that

"In all times and in all places,  
Flowers expand their soul-like wings,  
Teaching us by most persuasive reasons,  
How akin they are to human things."

The rest of the day was spent in wandering along the beach, taking pictures, or playing indoor games, according to individual tastes, till the five o'clock boat appeared, and took on board a weary but flower-laden party, bound for Tacoma. A unanimous vote of thanks was tendered to Dr. and Mrs. Pomeroy for the courtesies shown us.

**Orophilean-Clionian Picnic**

Saturday, June 4, the Orophilean and Clionian Literary Societies held a joint picnic at Point Defiance Park. The tides and the weather, and, best of all, the boys and girls themselves had conspired together to make the day an enjoyable one. At half-past eight in the morning they assembled at the girls' dormitory and a few moments later started for the car.

They were thirty-two as merry people as ever walked down Ninth street. And indeed they made a gay procession as, accompanied by professors Tillman and Clements and with colors fluttering and carrying lunch baskets and cameras and tools with which to dig clams they tramped off down the hill. At nine o'clock the car started, and in about half

an hour arrived at the park. The wraps and lunches were soon stored away at the park keeper's house and the party sought the beach.

The tide was out and the beach was strewn with seaweed and various specimens which the Sound affords. In twos and threes, for a couple of hours, the picnicians strolled up and down over the slippery kelp at the water's edge, hunting specimens, or, farther back, frantically dug the elusive clam. At noon, the dinner was spread in the shade of the cliff and in sight of the sea. No one was in need of an appetite and the tempting viands were dispatched with a relish that is born of hunger.

After dinner, with Professor Tillman as master of ceremonies, there were speeches by Messrs. Bauman, Brinker and Wooding; recitations by Miss Clara Bachtelle and Mr. Walbridge, and two selections by the Orophilean Quartette, all of which was highly enjoyable. Later, Prof. Tillman took a picture of the entire party grouped around a large tree near by.

The remainder of the afternoon was spent in rowing over to Maury Island and back. They returned on the five o'clock car, and though some had burned faces and some had blistered hauds, all were unanimous in saying that they had had a thoroughly good time and that the day was one long to be remembered as a pleasant incident in college life.

**Magazines.**

REVIEW OF REVIEWS

In order to answer the thousand-and-one questions that the people are asking in these days about the Philippine Islands, the *Review of Reviews* for June contains two valuable illustrated articles, one giving the observations of a very recent American visitor to the islands, Mr. Joseph T. Manix, and the other, by Mr. Chas. Johnston, late of the Bengal Civil Service, on "The Philip-



pires in History." The relatives and friends of the thousands of young American volunteers who will shortly be called to serve in that distant part of the world will be interested in what these writers have to tell about the islands and their inhabitants.

#### LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

The July *Ladies' Home Journal* will be known as "The President's Number." It will contain an illustrated anecdotal biography of President McKinley, and a new march, "The President's March," also dedicated to the Chief Executive. The march is by Victor Herbert, who wrote it expressly for the *Journal* to supersede "Hail to the Chief." It is pronounced in every way worthy to serve as a patriotic greeting upon occasions of the public appearances of the President.

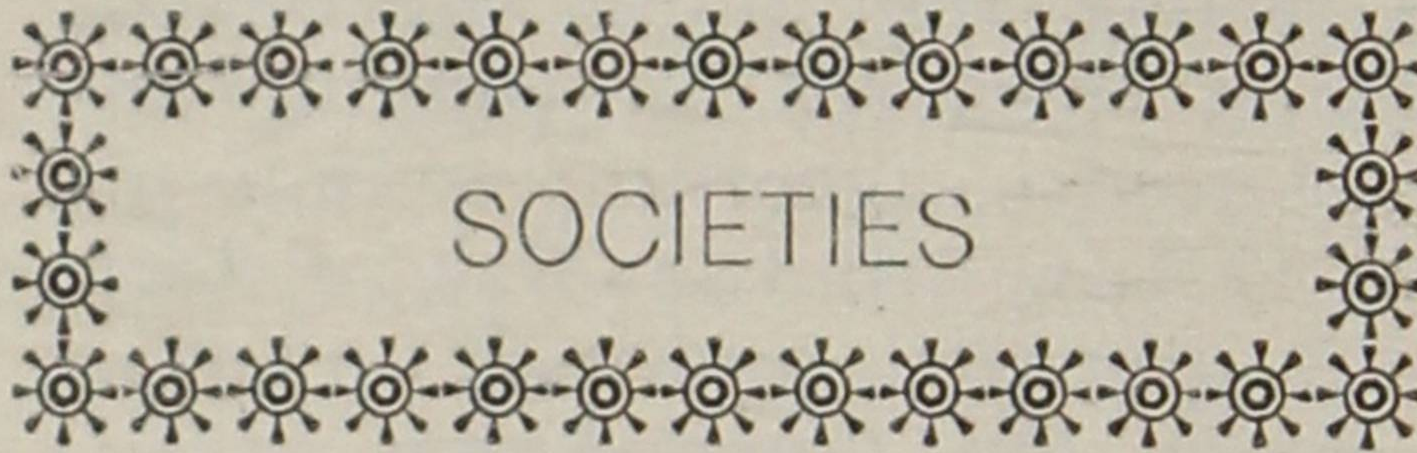
#### Baccalaureate Sermon.

On last Sunday, June 12, at 3 o'clock, Chancellor C. R. Thornburn preached the baccalaureate sermon before the College of Liberal Arts, the Senior Class and a host of friends. At all times the Chancellor is a pleasing and impressive speaker, but on this occasion he excelled himself, and from every side were heard words of commendation. His theme was the speaking of God to man as recorded in Joshua 1:9. In a very forcible manner it was shown how God did speak to man in the olden times, only to favored individuals, but after Christ came to all men, through their conscience. At the close a few well chosen words were spoken directly to the seniors. A few events of their college life was recalled, and the words spoken in the Chancellor's simple style made a deep impression on the minds of all. Altogether the address was a masterpiece, and was another link forged in the chain of affection which binds our students to our school and our Chancellor.

Many is the heart that's aching after Commencement.

#### Sermon Before the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A.

The sermon before the Christian Association of the University, from Esther 4:14, by Dr. C. H. Little, was full of help and inspiration to all who heard it. Today all avenues of business and the professions are open alike to women and men. Advances are being made in all lines. As Esther was called to risk her life for the lives of her people, even today men and women are called and volunteer gladly to risk all for the cause of humanity. Who knows in these trying times and days of anxiety but that you, young woman, young man, art come to the kingdom for such a time as this? When the call comes be among those who are prepared.



#### SOCIETIES

The Delphian, Clonian, Orphelian and Tau Kapa Chi Literary societies held their anniversary meeting on Monday evening of Commencement week. Every feature of the evening disclosed the fact that no efforts had been spared to make this meeting a complete success. The decorations of the First M. E. church were unique and very tastefully arranged. The meeting was opened with prayer by Dr. Thompson. Then followed a well-written, practical essay by Miss Crockett. Of all conquerable things our own private sphere is the most difficult to rightly govern. Although other worlds allure us, this must necessarily receive our first attention.

Mr. Hemphill's oration revealed a true, patriotic spirit, and received hearty applause.

Miss Town's reading, "The Boat Race," indicated characteristics of the Tan Kapa Chi Society.

Next the Orphelian quartette sang "Old Granger John." The audience showed its appreciation

by giving them an encore, and they sang "Annie Laura."

Mr. Harriman's oration ably traced the Anglo-Saxon lineage to our modern times of heroic efforts.

Then followed the debate, "Resolved, That Environment is a Stronger Factor in the Development of Character Than Heredity."

Miss Raudabaugh (Clonian) and Mr. Wooding (Orphelian) had good argument for the affirmative side of this question and would have succeeded in winning the audience to their side had it not been that Mr. Sollers (Delphian) and Miss Lawrence (Tan Kapa Chi) equally well unfolded their arguments.

The program closed with a solo by Mr. Derbyshire.

Everyone must have felt the sentiment expressed therein, "Who Treads the Path of Duty," and rejoice that many taking duties had reached their limit and more varied works could be taken up. Yet a peculiar solemnity pervaded as thoughts of departure stole in upon every hard worker's mind desirous of a change, and the feeling was not so pleasant. This year's work has met with great success, and we hope that next will yet see an increase therein.

#### Odds and Ends.

1. Cervera's mission.—Submission.
2. A bachelor is a singular man.
3. A well red man.—A healthy Indian.
4. A Dewey game.—Tennis at 4:30 a. m.
5. A pointed remark.—I'll jab you with a needle.
6. Want of principle is the principal want of a great many people.
7. Every mother of a pretty girl is a board of strategy.
8. Like and like.—When one is tired, rest can be had by retiring.

Who did Mr. Harper call to see?



**School of Oratory.**

The School of Oratory has just completed a very successful year. Forty students were enrolled, of whom five will be Seniors next year and seven Juniors. With the opening of the spring term the department moved from the Administration building to the commodious studio in the Ouimette block.

The outlook for next year is very bright. New equipment has been added and the faculty has been increased. Mrs. M. A. Pomeroy will take charge of the Science of Language, Rhetoric and Literature, and a teacher whose name has not yet been made public will have charge of the History and Physical Culture.

The Commencement reception Tuesday afternoon was in every way a success, and the school has every reason to be proud of their first graduate, Miss Berthe Knatvold, who acquitted herself with great credit to herself and teachers. Her rendition of the difficult selection, Mrs. Browning's "Rhyme of the Duchess May," was characterized by a delicate appreciation, a harmony in action and melody in voice. Her development has been such as to make her mind, body and voice to some degree well-trained servants of her thought.

The studio was elaborately decorated with festoons of ivy and roses and banks of cedar and spirea. The Stars and Stripes and the English ensign covered one side of the room, and the bevy of pretty girls in white who assisted Mrs. Cort Van der Linden and Mrs. Stevenson at the tastily decorated tea tables made a pleasing impression upon the host of friends who gathered to see the sweet girl graduate receive her diploma.

The pupils' recital in the evening showed good conscientious work. The program was as follows:

1. [a] "The Lost Kiss".....Riley  
[b] "The Feller on My Knee".....Frank Stanton  
Miss Rose Manning.
2. "The Ruggleses".....Kate Douglass Wiggins  
Miss Clara Bachtelle.

3. "Ingomar, the Barbarian" (Act IV, Scene 2.)  
Miss Ethel Clark.  
[As a substitute for two numbers that were omitted Mr. Harriman read, by request, F. Hopkinson Smith's "One-Legged Goose."]
6. "The Swan Song".....Katherine Ritter Brooks  
Miss Dora Wisem II.
7. "Dick Swiveler and the Marchioness".....  
Old Curiosity Shop Dickens  
Mr. Henry Harriman.
8. A Sisterly Scheme.....H. C. Burner  
Miss Berthe Knatvold.

The large audience showed its appreciation very freely, and realized as never before that a school of expression in Tacoma was an established fact, and that work of a high order is being done.

**The Recital.**

The sixth annual Recital of the College of Music of Puget Sound University was held on Wednesday, June 15th, in the First M. E. church. Long before the time to commence the church was packed, every seat being filled and the aisles packed to the door. Many could not get in at all, and so went away. The vast audience was not disappointed, and rarely has ever an audience listened to a better program. Dean Cozine has built the musical department from almost nothing to the best school of music in the Northwest and he deserves the warmest commendation.

**Commencement.**

The sixth annual commencement of the College of Liberal Arts of the Puget Sound University was held June 16th in the First M. E. church, and it was indeed a time of honor conferring. After a song, very beautifully rendered by the Temple Quartet, and the invoking of God's blessings, Geo. Arney, the senior member of the class of '98, delivered his oration on "Partizanship or Patriotism." Charles Oliver Boyer next gave his oration; the subject was "The New Man." While he deserves credit for his delivery, he certainly deserves much praise for his thought and manner of treating this eccentric gentleman. Robert R. Earl then delivered an ex-

cellent oration on "Perseverance," after a Violin Solo by Prof. Bull.

The manner in which each of these three young men handled their respective subjects was indeed convincing to the audience that during the long collegiate course they have each done faithful and thorough work. Alfred Thompson, A. B., B. D., read his Master's Thesis on "Modern Liberalism," in which he showed great power of thought, and certainly it was a *master* production. After a number by the Clef Club, Dean Pomeroy presented Messrs. Arney, Boyer and Earl to Chancellor Thoburn as candidates for the degree of A. B., and Alfred Thompson for the degree of M. A., whereupon the Chancellor, with a few well chosen words, conferred upon each his respective degree. While these four young men have had honors conferred upon them, they in turn have done honor to their alma mater.

**Exchanges.**

The chief mathematician of the observatory of the University of Paris is an American girl, who, with three men assistants, makes the complicated calculations for astronomical observers. She has taken degrees in mathematics and astronomy and obtained her position by superior merit.—The Lantern.

Traveler (to ferryman crossing the river): "Has any one ever been lost in this stream?"

Boatman: "No, sir; some professor was drowned here last spring, but they found him after looking two weeks."—Ex.

The people who generally make the most noise to attract attention are not always the ones who are the most attractive and the best to associate with. "A hollow barrel makes the most noise."—Burlington Klondike.

Sixty languages are spoken in the empire governed by the czar.—Ex.

Dennis (coming into the barn



and finding pat hung to the ceiling with a rope tied around his stomach)—“Faith, Pat, p’what are you doing?”

Pat—“Committing suicide, Dennis.”

Dennis—“Why don’t you put the rope around your neck?”

Pat—“Sure and Oi did, but Oi couldn’t get me breath.”—Ex.

Compulsory education is soon to be established throughout European Russia. This will certainly be a great benefit to that country, as it is estimated that only eight per cent of her population of 130,000,000 can read and write.—The Holcad.

Harvard has the largest faculty in the country. It has a total of 337, a body nearly as large as the lower branch of congress. Columbia and the University of Pennsylvania follow with 265 and 240 respectively. Brown has a faculty of 91.—Ex.

Pat—“An’ p’what will yez do with yer money at your dith?”

Mike—“Oi’ll lave it to me children.”

Pat—“But supposin’ yez never hev iny?”

Mike—“Thin it’ll go to me grandchildren.”—Tid-Bits.

“Oh, mama, do Christians eat preachers just like the cannibals do?”

“Why, no my child; what put that notion into your head?”

“I heard Mrs. Deekon say that she was going to have her minister for lunch.”—Brooklyn Life.

A nice question—“His death was accidental, was it not?” asked the relative from the East.

“Course, he didn’t die a-purpose,” said Rubberneck Bill, “but I’ll be doggoned, mister, if I know whether to call it, when a fellow tries to bore a hole in a dynamite cartridge with a gimblet, a accident er a natural consequence of nater.”—Indianapolis Journal.

### Romance.

Eraut soli, et sua brachia spem suam circumdabaut dum cum gandio dictabaut, sed ehen! noster adventus id subito finiebat. Ita est vitas.

### Locals.

Good Bye!

Miss “Roda” thinks she knows Mr. Garrett’s shadow.

Mr. Wolf intends going to Nebraska for the summer.

Wayne Hemphill will leave in a few days for Lincoln, Cal.

George Slaughter has returned to his home in So. Charleston, O.

Messrs. Hemphill and Wolf spent Tuesday, June 14, in Seattle.

Miss Harriet talks of going to her home in Kansas to spend vacation.

Mr. Hemphill will spend the summer with his relatives in California.

Miss Stella Bristow starts for home at La Conner on Saturday morning.

Miss Thomas and Miss Crockett will probably spend the summer in Tacoma.

Miss Robertson will take a trip to San Francisco before going to Alaska.

Say, George, do you really expect to get married as soon as you graduate?

Professor Tillman talks of visiting his sister in Centralia this summer. Which one?

Prof. Clemens and Rev. Le Violet are planning an extensive trip to the mountains.

Lloyd Newcomb was in Tacoma on the 12th and attended the Baccalaureate sermon.

Johnson says he wishes there was a little prospect of “it” within the next year or two.

In the interest of science we will announce that the boarding hall closes Friday morning.

J. N. Wolf will spend the summer in Fremont, Nebraska and attend the Omaha Exposition.

Miss Stark goes to Seattle to visit friends before going to her home in Lynde for the summer.

Several of the students attended the lectures by Robert J. Burdette, and were highly pleased.

The Misses Jene and Irene Graham of Seattle called on Miss Adams at the hall last Tuesday.

Mr. Bacheldor wrote from Lake Bennett and started down the Yukon June 5th to join Mr. Culver.

Miss Rowe has gone and Prof. Clements is going—to go out camping for a few weeks this vacation.

Miss Lena Church of La Conner is spending several days in Tacoma visiting friends among the students.

Mr. Newcomb intends spending Sunday, June 19th, in Walla Walla, and on Monday, June 27th, starts for Detroit, Mich.

Picnics are all the rage, and as an article of diet strawberries dipped in sugar are considered delicious. Snap shots desired.

The following students leave Tacoma for their various homes on Friday: Messrs. Watkins, Le Sourd and Bowman and Miss Kellogg.

N. B.—Anyone requiring information regarding picnics, photography, croquet playing, boating parties, ice cream parties, etc., inquire of Prof. Tillman.

One of the strong supporters of our college paper said to the editor: “Oh, if I only had a fortune!” And when the editor asked him on whom he would B(r)istow his fortune he was too full for utterance.

It was after the entertainment. The rain had begun to fall. He had no umbrella; neither had she. One belonging to the other fellow was standing near. He asked to see it. He saw it, and said: “Let’s go.” She went. Who says it wasn’t environment?



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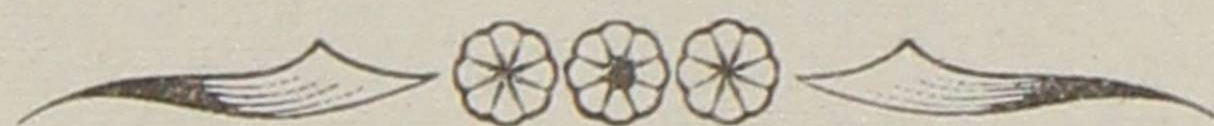
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## Important Announcement.



F. W. MERRICK, the American Clothier, of 1110 and 1112 Pacific avenue, wishes to say to Recorde readers that now is a good time to buy certain lines at the AMERICAN CLOTHING HOUSE. Men's Suits, worth up to \$12.50, \$15.00 and \$16.50 for \$9.75. Children's two-piece Suits, ages 3 to 15, worth up to \$3.95, \$4.45 and \$4.95, for \$3.00. Shaw knit Hose, the 25c kind, for 17½c. Straw Hats, worth up to \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50, for 75c. Cotton Underwear, fair quality, for 50c the suit.

These Bargains you will find on inspection are unusual as to value, and you cannot do yourself justice without an examination of them. The 10 per cent coupon is in operation on these cut prices.

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Said the whiskered med  
To the fair co-ed,  
"I'm like a ship at sea ;  
Exams are near,  
And much I fear,  
I will unlucky be.  
"Then," murmured she,  
"A shore I'll be,  
Come rest, thy journey o'er;"  
Then darkness fell,  
And all was well,  
For the ship had hugged the  
shore.

(Professor at Tacoma avenue  
ice cream parlor. Enter some  
students.)

Student—"Good morning Pro-  
fessor."

Professor (blushingly)—"Good  
morning. We—ah—were out  
boating."

Stella had a little lamb, his fleece  
was black and shining,

And every piace Stella went, you  
were very apt to find him.

He went with her to picnics; and  
home from chapel walking,

But the oddest thing about it was  
he always did the talking.

The time is now very near when  
they must be separating,

And all the boys will stop to hear  
that lamb for Stella bleating.

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Write to the Chancellor for an 1898 Announcement.

## The University College of Music

Has just closed the most successful year in its history—number of students enrolled, one hundred and fifty. In addition to the present excellent corps of teachers, the College of Music has secured the services of Mr. George Bagnall, of Boston, Mass., for the Piano department.

Mr. Bagnall, though a young man, is an experienced teacher and a brilliant pianist, having graduated from the Artists' Piano course of the New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, supplemented by two years post graduate work, under the best masters. Mr. Bagnall's instrument, a superb Steinway Grand, has already arrived and been placed in the elegant and commodious studio which has recently been fitted up for him in the Central Building, corner Ninth and G streets.



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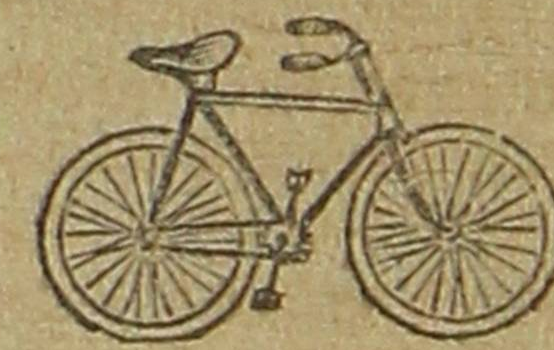


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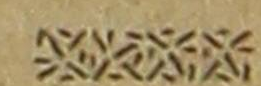
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