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Ye Recorde

VOL. VII.

TACOMA, WASH., DECEMBER, 1901.

No. 3

Benefits of Christianity to the World.

So finite is the conception of man, so infinite are the benefits of Christianity to the world that it is impossible for man to grasp in all its fulness the real import of the subject. Hard, indeed, would it be to imagine the condition of the world had it not enjoyed the many blessings of Christian teaching. What was its condition at the birth of Christ?

Rome had reached her climax. Intoxicated with wealth and power there seemed nothing to do. The Emperors sought to please and amuse the people by games of various nature. The outcome of the chariot races was more important to the people seeking populace than great acts of legislation. Great amphitheatres were built in which gladiatorial combats were held where men would kill men, urged on by the blood-thirsty audience composed of at times nearly four hundred thousand people. Men, women, and children would applaud these bloody spectacles. When men refused to fight longer they were forced on by the application of red hot irons. Not only the emperors but men of wealth and prominence in order to hold their prestige would institute these combats. Even knights would enter the arena and battle to the death. Animals were brought from far and near to be turned loose to kill each other or to fight men.

Slavery in its worst aspects was another leading institution of the Romans. The predominance of slaves did

away with a middle class. Free men thought it a disgrace to do manual labor—the work of the slave, so they spent their time in seeking pleasure, satisfying their desire and abusing the slaves. These unfortunate servants, could be bought, sold, or exchanged like the horse of to-day, they had no rights of their own, were worked as much as possible—maintained at the least expense. A common cur on our streets to-day draws more respect and sympathy than did the apparently soulless slave of that time. Family life during this period of Roman history degenerated exceedingly. Noble women were exceptions and not the general rule. Men did not care to be hampered by family ties. Divorce was a mere formality when resorted to at all. Children were raised by slaves. Paternal regard was almost unknown. In fact conditions were so corrupt that the inevitable result soon followed, the fall of Rome.

Christianity from the outset was opposed to such exhibitions of carnage as was witnessed in the Amphitheatre.

It recognized that idle men must have something to do, so demoralizing was the effect of such bloody scenes. It placed in the minds of the people higher ideals than the theatre and greater aspirations than gratifications of lust.

Christianity condemned such practices then the same as it condemns the duels and the prize fights of to-day, nor will it stop until all such exhibitions of brutality and carnage are permanently

eradicated from the hearts and minds of men.

The blessed influence of the Gospel has revealed a better system than that of slavery. Not only was the slave system of that time and the serfdom of later date done away but at the present time memories of a recent conflict, fought on humanitarian principles, are fresh in our minds, a conflict, the direct result of which was the liberation of over three million slaves.

For the family life of the Roman period Christianity substituted a healthier, holier relation between members of a family. Woman is not the mere toy of man, but has an honored place in the home. She raised her children and suffered them not to be dragged up by the servant. In the modern family the parents are equally concerned about their children's welfare, the mother is the queen of the home, the father the protector, and the children—jewels too precious to be neglected as they were in ancient times. This condition is due wholly to the civilizing influence of Christian love. How can strife, contention and irreverence pervade a home where is instituted the family altar where all may gather to read, to pray, to advise and sympathize.

Throughout the world to-day under the influence of brotherly love, thousands, yea millions of dollars are being spent yearly for the alleviation of the suffering and homeless. Was there ever an age when under the influence of any belief such movements have become so general? Hospitals, asylums, infirmaries for sick, deaf, blind, and lame. No more is it necessary for a man to wend his way saying, "Unclean!" "Unclean!" Again, was there ever before instituted such a strong organization to point out the way and to care for those who are morally unclean? Charity, Christian love prevades the world and makes these things possible.

Buddhism offers to its followers a system of transmigration in which there

may be an ascendancy or a desendency, very little peace and less benefit can be derived from a belief wherein a man does not know whether he is to roam the world hereafter in the form of a monkey or an ape or a what not.

Is it worth while to consider Moham-medanism if its so called divine prophet while advocating four lawful wives for his followers, had eleven himself?

Christianity presents a clear cut and definite idea of the future and Christ has fulfilled the standard as a perfect man. A thousand and one theories have been advanced but has any stood the test of enemies and time and endured?

India has revered Buddha. Has she advanced? Turkey has Mohammed. Has she advanced? Where are the nations in the trend of progress that have embraced the false theories of heathenism? America in the vanguard, England to the front, Germany pressing forward, Japan awaking. O Heathen nations where is the virtue of your heathen beliefs, do you not see the folly of your heathen blindness?

France in a moment of supposed superior intelligence, dethroned God and enthroned ~~Basile~~ Every tenth day was a day of ~~of~~ ~~see~~ not read of the dark days of ~~of~~ ~~see~~ Revolution? when the richest ~~of~~ of the nation flowed, when the ~~of~~ dagger was concealed, and ~~of~~ rampant. Nor has France to-day finished reaping the terrible results of that fatal time. Christianity makes men sensible simply because it is reasonable. Sometimes nations as men realize this only when they have been in the grasp of the evil one himself.

In unity there is strength, Christianity has brought the nations of the earth together. It has witnessed the formation of international law. This could not have been accomplished by any other method. Christianity has produced the Red Cross. What a testimony to the humanitarian principles of this faith! Christianity made possible the Hague Peace conference.

The time is not far distance when its beneficent influence will cause all disputes to be settled by arbitration. Truly the unity of the progressive nations of the world is already accomplished.

According to Christian teaching every man is a brother, what would Buddhism do with such doctrine? If God is the father of us all, recognizing His Fatherhood we must all be brethren. This idea was folly to the ancient Greek, to the ancient Roman, and while Christianity has done much to remedy the idea that some men were better than others, yet is to be witnessed the ultimate removal of race prejudice. When men realize that they are all brothers and stop hating and reviling each other, Christianity will be free to work wonders in their hearts, and the time would not be far hence when all men could join in singing, All Hail the Power of Jesus Name.

EDWIN PITTMON.

THE TWIN'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

The day had been gray and gloomy outside, and although the brightest of coal fires shed a luxury of warmth and brightness within, the twins never counted it in at all. In all the years of their remembrance there had never been such a day. It was just like a total eclipse of the sun, coming on a day when light seemed most necessary to happiness.

Up-stairs in the nursery was a most wonderful tree, decorated and be-spangled with all the inventions known to the Christmas tide. How many pricked fingers were represented by the hem stitched array of handkerchiefs and scarfs, and embroidered fixings no one knew but the two little girls who sat by the big window and looked dismally into the street; and even they could not have told you much about the Christmas tree. It seemed ages since they had tied the last bit of holly in

place, and stood back to marvel at the success of their work.

"Papa will be the proudest man in town, Nell, won't he?" said Birdie, the twin with the blue eyes and soft curling love-locks. Nell tossed the hair out of her eyes and stooped to fasten her slipper.

She remembered afterwards just how she felt when she bent down, for it was then that the door bell rang." Hurry Nell let's both go," screamed Birdie sliding down the banister in her haste. Nell let the unruly button go, and reached the bottom step almost as soon as her sister—for this was the day that Papa Merrick was to come home from the long trip he had been taking out in the wilderness.

But the open door let in only a gust of cold damp air, and no big papa stood there smiling. The mail man had brought a letter though, and it was addressed in the even beautiful writing the little girls admired so much. They had even objected to making their letters round at school, because papa never wrote that way.

"Misses Eleanor and Birdie Merrick, No. 907 Sixth Ave., St. Cloud, Minn." That was what was on the outside of the envelope. Nell stopped to admire it, while Birdie went to the library for the paper knife. It was opened very primly enough, and then the two little girls spread it between them on the couch and nestled close to each other while they read. This was the letter.

Deer Lodge, Benton, Dec. 24, 1889.

Dear little daughters:—

Papa can just see the disappointment in your faces when he tells you that he can't be with you until tomorrow on the evening train. He had planned such a beautiful surprise for you, the very best Christmas present you could possibly think of. Since he can't be with you to-day, he will just have to tell you so you will have something to think about. He will bring you the dearest little mother in all the world. I know you will love her best of all your gifts. A merry Christmas eve, and much love to my own little girls.

Papa.

The consternation that spread over the twin's faces as they slowly grasped the meaning of the letter would have rung Aunt Mary's motherly heart to see. But Aunt Mary was on her way to Minneapolis in quick response to the telegram that had come that morning "Be my brave little girls," she had said, kissing each good bye in the dim light of the early morning, "Auntie must go, but papa will come today and you can have your tree in the nursery just the same." She had shut the door lightly and they thought she had gone, but she came back again for a last word, "Be sure to make to-day a happy ONE," she said, softly. "Remember the Christ child's birthday." Then she had gone, and they heard the sleigh bells and knew Nero was taking her to the early train.

They had had a long talk about it together the night before. Aunt Mary knew just what it meant to FEEL the Christmas time. She knew how to make other folk feel it too.

"We can have Christmas every day in the year," she said, once—"A commemorating the birthday of our Christ." Aunt Mary knew how the twins felt about most things, for hadn't she been their only mother for years and years? Aunts Mary's love had sufficed for their peculiar and individual grievance. Papa teased about these trials sometimes, but Aunt Mary always understood. When your very best dolly gets a crack across its head, Aunt Mary remembered when her's suffered in the same way. Maybe it was because papa had never played with dolls, that he could laugh about it.

Now it would have been such a comfort only to have been able to cry it out in Aunt Mary's arms. They looked at each other blankly, then Nell blinked her eyes very hard. "We must be brave, Birdie." She tried to speak just like Aunt Mary would, but her pink apron suddenly hid her face. "Oh! Oh!" moaned Birdie sobbing until she fairly shook. "Aunt Mary won't live with us

any more—and we don't want any Christmas mothers do we, Nell?"

They had talked over such a possibility, when Claribel who lived next door told them about her new mamma. "You have to have one," explained Nell to Claribel who was only seven. "You are not twins, and that makes a difference. It's hard to find mothers for twins, and Birdie and I intend to grow up before paps finds one." But the calamity had come, and they were not grown up.

As they sat in the big window it seemed ages since they had been two happy little girls looking forward to the next day's joys.

"We'll have to quit having Christmas, Birdie," Nell said soberly. "We can't PRETEND to be happy when we aren't." "But you'd want folks to be happy on your birthday," said Birdie, sadly. "But, oh dear, I don't know how to do it! I wish Auntie had told us how. Do you suppose for a minute she knew about this, Nell?" Nell shook her head. "No, she did not, not a mite of it, or she woldn't have gone."

Susan, who brought them a lunch at noon, found to pairs of eyes red and swollen. "Bless their dear little hearts! she said to the cook. "They are fretting so after Miss Mary, they look nearly sick and they wouldn't touch a bite."

They tried to comfort each other and bear it bravely. "Being twins makes lots of difference, you know," Nell had suggested. "She may not want us to eat brown bread, since there's two of us." Birdie had only squeezed Nell's hand silently. Then they heard a sleigh stop at the front gate. There was a great stamping of feet up the front walk. "It's Uncle Ted" they both exclaimed, starting for the door. Then they stopped and looked at each other. "Shall we tell him?" whispered Nell. Birdie nodded. Then they walked quietly downstairs to the library. A few minutes later Uncle

[Concluded on Page 8]

Ye Recorde

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YE RECORDE wishes teachers, students, and friends a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

THE FIRST term of school closes Dec. 20th and the second term begins Jan. 2nd. During the two weeks vacation the students should be able to make great plans for YE RECORDE and in order that their minds may not become too rested they should write a few stories and essays to contribute to the paper during the next term.

FAIR PLAY.

Next to conquering is the being able to take a defeat gracefully. The T. H. S. failed to do either of these in her experience with the P. S. U.

When the T. H. S. was defeated in a practice game with Vashon the "Tahoma" did not count it as a game but

when in a practice game with the P. S. U. the T. H. S. won the game, not by their good playing but through a mistake made by the P. S. U. boys in signals, it counted as one of her victories. This was probably done that their victories might equal their defeats.

The match game between the T. H. S. and P. S. U. was indeed a surprise, not, however, because the P. S. U. won, but because her score was not larger. The "Tahoma" surely forgot to mention the slugging done by the T. H. S. boys but probably she thought it so well known that it was unnecessary to mention it. "The University's line consisted of much heavier men than ours," said the "Tahoma." How fortunate it was in being able to find an excuse for being defeated. The best compliment that the P. S. U. team has received was when a gentleman, who sympathizes with the T. H. S. team, said: "Well, the P. S. U. boys don't deserve any credit for winning the game for they don't dissipate." Perhaps this accounts for their weight. We maintain that they deserve credit for winning foot ball games but that they deserve greater credit for not dissipating. To conquer temptation and sin requires a much harder battle than to win a foot ball game. We would rather have it said that the P. S. U. boys don't dissipate than to win all the foot ball games that are played. The P. S. U. boys have taken their defeats nobly.

We are not ashamed of the truth and we are in favor of fair play. For an example of truthfulness we would recommend the "Tahoma" to read the "Life of Gen. George Washington" and in particular, the "hatchet story."

COLLOQUIAL OUTBURSTS.

Introduction:—(with bow, high hand shake and expressions of very great gladness at the meeting.)

Well who is this Ice Clad Way?

Is he the way to Klondike? Yes. Is he the son of the "good old way?" Yes. He can trace his ancestry far back into the past through high ways and under ways, town ways and country ways to one who was said to be direct descendent from the Milky Way. And it will be universally admitted that that would be a great descension from a heavenly to one of the modern ways. He belongs to a class of American nobility whose "ducal fathers" have made vast sums of money in the "intellectual pursuit of hides and tallow" and of the plow. He thinks, if he should take the trouble to do so, that he could find coursing through his veins at least a few drops of blood from all the various styles of aristocracy in America and probably of Europe.

To be sure in democratic America people are not so particular about their progenitors. It does not so much matter whether they were cast in the so called aristocratic mould or not. They are entirely too much occupied with themselves. They have learned that in spite of the accident of birth the most renowned and useful careers are possible.

But still, to one like Ice Clad Way it is very gratifying that in this day of high grade civilization he has the assurance of a legitimate chain of ancestry as far back as the landing of some pauper, outcast, or zealot in the early days of colonization in the new world.

The Irresponsible Man is still quite young with about two-thirds of all the future he could ever have expected in this world, still before him. There is a good deal in being young. Not only the youth unsophisticated, all expectation hailing with delight each new turn of life, full of energy and hope, but the young person everywhere in full possession of the reins. It is mostly

"young America" now. Of course, the slowness, ignorance and fogyism of our elders made it absolutely necessary for the young people to take things into their own hands.

Haven't we been sent to school? Haven't we become "smart?" Parents obey your children, for this is the way to create a horde of impudent, self-willed young Americans who think themselves lords of creation and regard nothing higher.

While the subject of these remarks does not wish to be classed as a pessimist he has the belief that people are too loth to choose the best things in the world but instead are inclined to take the low, cheap and baser sort. Why is there so much cheap and trashy literature? Because there is a demand for it; because it is read. Why does a demagogue preach rot and breath forth malice and envy and anarchy and treason? Because such a goodly number hail it with cheers. We have the very best books within our reach and yet the great amount of reading is of the other sort, as any librarian can tell. The very best thinkers are loth to take the pains to write an exhaustive treatise giving us the results of their observations and experiments. It would not sell. It would only be done, with an infinite amount of pains for which no adequate returns could reasonably be expected. The cry is, Give us a new number of something or other in quick succession. So we have "Nick Carter," "Black Cat," "Trillby," "Sunshine and Roses" and all that—fiction, fiction, fiction.

Not long ago two towns had the opportunity to hear a carefully prepared lecture from one of the foremost orators of the American platform, but in one the audience numbered about forty and in the other, the hall was not more than half filled.

In these same towns it has been observed that should there be a free show, a carnival or a cage of monkeys, probably thousands would be assembled.

Why not choose the best things?

ICE CLAD WAY.

C. F. W.

A Letter From Aunt Betsey

MY DEAR CLARISSA:

It has been a long time since I received your letter but I have so many nieces and nephews that I can't write to each one very often. I received a letter the other day from your brother Roscoe and I was very much surprised to hear from him as he had never written to me before. I am dreadfully frightened about him. The idea of his playing foot ball and being laid up like he is. I don't see why you allowed him to play a game which is so rough. I didn't know that he was sent to college to take a course in foot ball. It seems to take young people a long time to learn why they are sent to college and some never do learn until they have left school and are thrown upon their own resources. I hope that you are as sensible as ever but then of course I know that you are. You don't go with the young gentlemen do you? You are over the foolish age now so I have no fear for you but do keep the young men at a distance. That is the wisest plan for when a girl gets to thinking too much about boys she might as well stop school. I have heard how some of the girls of the P. S. U. stand on the steps and in the halls and talk to the boys. How things have changed since I was a girl! I hope Roscoe will know better than to go with the girls for it is a waste of time and money. A boy at college cannot afford it.

I now spend most of my time in answering letters of young people who write to me for advice. It is strange that they don't cultivate a little judgment of their own. Hezekiah says that I was once young and foolish myself and I tell him that I don't doubt it or I should never have married him. It is a relief to be able to write to you, my dear, without thinking that I would not be doing my duty if I didn't give you a lecture. Yours lovingly,

AUNT BETSEY.

The Twin's Christmas Gift—Concluded.

Ted had the whole story, as he sat on the big sofa with a niece on each side. Uncle Ted understood now. "You see, since we're twins, Nell thinks it may make a difference. She may not want two little girls, and—and maybe she'll let Aunt Mary stay." Uncle Ted looked sober enough. He had read the letter in spite of the tear stains. "I wish Mary was here," he said half to himself. But he took in the situation and did Aunt Mary credit. "If you aren't happy make some one else happy"—was her motto.

He insisted on having some toast and milk brought to the library, and before they knew it each twin was doing justice to it, while Uncle Ted told stories and made them laugh in spite of their woe.

They had had quite a merry evening after all, and were just getting ready to tell Uncle Ted good night, when the door opened softly and Papa Merrick in his big fur coat stood there smiling.

"This looks jolly," he said as he lifted a twin under each arm and swooped down with them to the sofa, and Uncle Ted. "Where is SHE?" asked Nell anxiously, and Uncle Ted looked into his brother's eyes with a plain question in his own. "Where is who?" asked papa. Then suddenly remembering, "O, I sent her to the barn with Nero." "Papa, what do you mean?" both little girls asked together, while Uncle Ted's eyes began to twinkle. "Didn't you bring a new mamma?" said Nell with a returning quaver.

A telegraphic glance gave Papa Merrick sudden enlightenment. "Your Xmas present is in the barn," he said. "The most beautiful Shetland pony you ever saw, and the prettiest little colt."

"Don't you think we can keep His birthday EVERY day?" asked Nell sweetly, as they lay at last tucked away among the white covers. "Yes," said Birdie a little sleepily—"I think I shall never forget to be happy."

LOCALS.

Miss C-tt-r—"Would you say hang the windows?"

Mr. Th—(much excited)—"I never misspelled that word wrong."

Mr. Da—(Looking up at the electric light)—"Is that the moon?"

The local editor is on the sick list and so unable to perform her duties.

For information concerning where acorns grow, inquire of Miss Ferguson.

Mr. Thompson seems to be quite interested in the "condecension of matter."

Prof. G—"The trouble with most of these things is that they get old after a while."

Ask Miss S—how Mr. Merritt happens to be so well acquainted with Mr. B—.

Prof. P—(who is much opposed to whistling)—"It takes a vacuum to make a whistle."

"He has just as many eyes as he ought to have, but he doesn't put them in the right place."

Young lady—"Your initials are E. T. P. aren't they?"

Mr. P-tt-n—"No, they're P. E. T."

Lost, from the editor's desk, a knife with a brown handle and one broken blade. Finder please give knife to owner and receive a liberal reward.

Miss Le—(to Mr. Ma—who was gazing out of the window)—"Are you dreaming?"

Mr. Ma—"I was just thinking what a nice time we would have in Everett."

Don't forget that Kleist's, 711 South 11th Street, is the place for Christmas confectionery, fresh Fruits, Ice Cream,

Soft Drinks and all kinds of Holiday Supplies.

Lost—a rubber. The name of the owner is written inside. Finder please leave this property of the person, who has the name inside the rubber, at the office of the business manager of YE RECORDER.

SOCIETY.

Prof. and Mrs. Glenk spent Thanksgiving in Centralia.

Mr. Medcalf spent the Thanksgiving week at his home in Montesano.

Miss Agnes Wilcox spent several days in Seattle, the guest of Miss Lawrence.

Mr. Pittmon spent the week preceding Thanksgiving with his parents in Everett.

Rev. W. E. Merritt conducted the chapel exercise Dec. 6th. He gave a very interesting talk to the students.

Nov. 18th Mr. Parsons of the Y. M. C. A. conducted the chapel exercises, after which he gave a short and very helpful talk to the students.

The Y. W. C. A. and the Y. M. C. A. held a union meeting in the chapel on the 26th of November. These meetings are to be held once a month throughout the year and we trust that they will be a spritual uplift to both associations.

Chapel Nov. 27th was conducted by Mr. Colvin, President of the Intercollegiate Prohibition Association. Mr. Colvin then spoke to the students concerning the need of more interest in our colleges, in the prohibition question. Later in the day he helped to organize a branch of the association in the P. S. U.

On Wednesday Nov. 27th annual "spread" was given under the auspices

of the freshman class, At half past five all were summoned to the chapel room where partners were chosen. Then to the music furnished by Miss Ferguson, the students marched into the dining room where a sumptuous feast was spread.

After doing full justice to this, Mr. Mc Conihey and Mr. Colvin, of the Ohio Wesleyan, were called upon for speeches.

Mr. Colvin told of some of the Ohio Wesleyan customs but he said that they have no customs which corresponds to the annual spread of the P. S. U. and he thinks it very unique.

Mr. F. S. Stocking who has spent the past two years in the Philippines gave a very interesting talk to the students Tuesday morning, Dec. 11th. His description of life in the archipelago aroused no particular desire to emigrate, as in common with other visitors of the islands, he affirms the climate to be most undesirable for Americans. Two years was given as the limit one could endure the climate.

Among other incidents of Americans in the Philippines, he told how Gen. Bates evaded a pertinent question. Gen. Bates was asked if he was a Christian.

When one recalls the fact that in the name of Christianity the Spaniards committed all sorts of atrocities one finds a ready excuse for the somewhat startling reply.

"No," said the general, "I am a Presbyterian."

So Presbyterianism has become popular where Christianity is not tolerated.



OROPHELIAN NOTES.

On Nov. 28th the society had no meeting on account of the Thanksgiving vacation.

On Nov. 15th the society enjoyed a musical selection by Miss Givler and Messrs. Paul and Robert Givler. The

essay by Mr. Hardy, the paper by Mr. Marsh, and the quotations by Miss LeSourd deserve special mention.

On Nov. 2nd, a special programme was given on "Our President," The society paper by Mr. Cook was greatly enjoyed by all present.

On Dec. 6th Mr. Neville and Miss Herriott opposed Mr. Thompson and Miss Pease on the question: Resolved: That Chinese emigration should not be restricted. The judges decided in favor of the affirmative. Miss Berkman gave the second chapter of the serial story. Mr. McConihey's "Conglomeration of Wit" was the last number on the programme but not the least.



ATHLETICS

The game at Port Townsend Thanksgiving ended the football season for the P. S. U. Considering the innumerable disadvantages that we have been compelled to work under, this has been a very successful year for us.

On account of the jealousy on the part of the Tacoma High School we have been classed as a lot of sluggers, but there are other teams that can tell a different story. When we organized we did not expect to do much playing, but to teach our fellows the game and get ready next year. We arranged for a practice game with T. H. S. and although this resulted in a defeat for us, we learned what we could do.

In about two weeks we tried them again, and this time the T. H. S. were as reeds before the wind. We next went to Centralia, then to Chehalis; where we ran up a large score against the home team. Our next game was played in Tacoma, and our opponents were the College team of the U. of W. This time we were defeated with a score of 16 to 6.

Thanksgiving we sent a challenge to the famous Port Townsend team, and upon receiving a favorable reply, we

went to their city to play them. When we arrived at our destination and saw the brawny lads that we were to play against, we did not expect to stand any show at all. With the exception of a strong wind the weather was excellent for football, and the grounds were in fine condition. The game was called at 2 o'clock, Townsend taking the north goal with wind in their favor.

Townsend kicked off. In the first half they were repeatedly held for downs, but twice succeeded in carrying the pigskin over the line for touchdowns. They failed to kick goal. Score Townsend 10; P. S. U. 0. Time 25 minutes.

Second half: P. S. U. kicked off, and after a hard struggle Townsend succeeded in making another touchdown, but failed to kick goal. P. S. U. kicked off, and received a ball on downs. The fellows realized that it was now or never, and they repeatedly went through Townsend's heavy line for gains which netted them a touchdown. Craig kicked goal.

Townsend made three more touchdowns, and kicked one goal.

Score Townsend 31, P. S. U. 6. Time 20 minutes.

Beim Juwelier

Juwelier—Guten Abend mein Herr. Was kann ich für Sie thun?

Herr. M.—Ich will Ihre Auslagen ansehen um zu sehen ob etwas hier mir gefällt.

Juwelier — Was für einen Schmuck wünschen Sie.

Herr M.—Ich wünsche einen schönen Ring von Gold und mit einem Diamant darin.

Juwelier—Ist er für Sie selbst?

Herr M.—Nein er ist für meine Freundin, eine junge Dame. Sie wird meine Braut sein und wenn ich ihr einen sehr schönen Ring gebe wird sie mich mehr lieben.

Juwelier—Hier sind einige Ringe welche sehr schön und sehr gut sind. Wollen Sie einen Ring von dieser Sorte haben.

Herr M.—Nein diese Ringe gefallen mir nicht weil sie zu grosse Diamanten haben. Sie scheinen mir billig.

Juwelier—Aber sie sind nicht billig. Hier sind einige andere welche bei nahe dieselbe sind aber sie sind nicht so gross.

Herr M.—O das ist was ich haben will.

Juwelier—Wie gross wollen Sie den Ring.

Herr M.—Nummer 8. Ich denke dieser ist sehr schön. Ich weiss dass dieser Ring ihr viel Freude machen wird.

Juwelier—Ist das alles was Sie haben wollen.

Herr M.—O ich habe den Preis beinahe vergessen. Was kostet dieser Ring?

Juwelier—Hundert zwanzig Dollar.

Herr M.—O das ist nicht zu viel für diese Dame. Ich will ihn nehmen. Das ist alles für diesen Abend. Guten Abend. —Dessa Davis.

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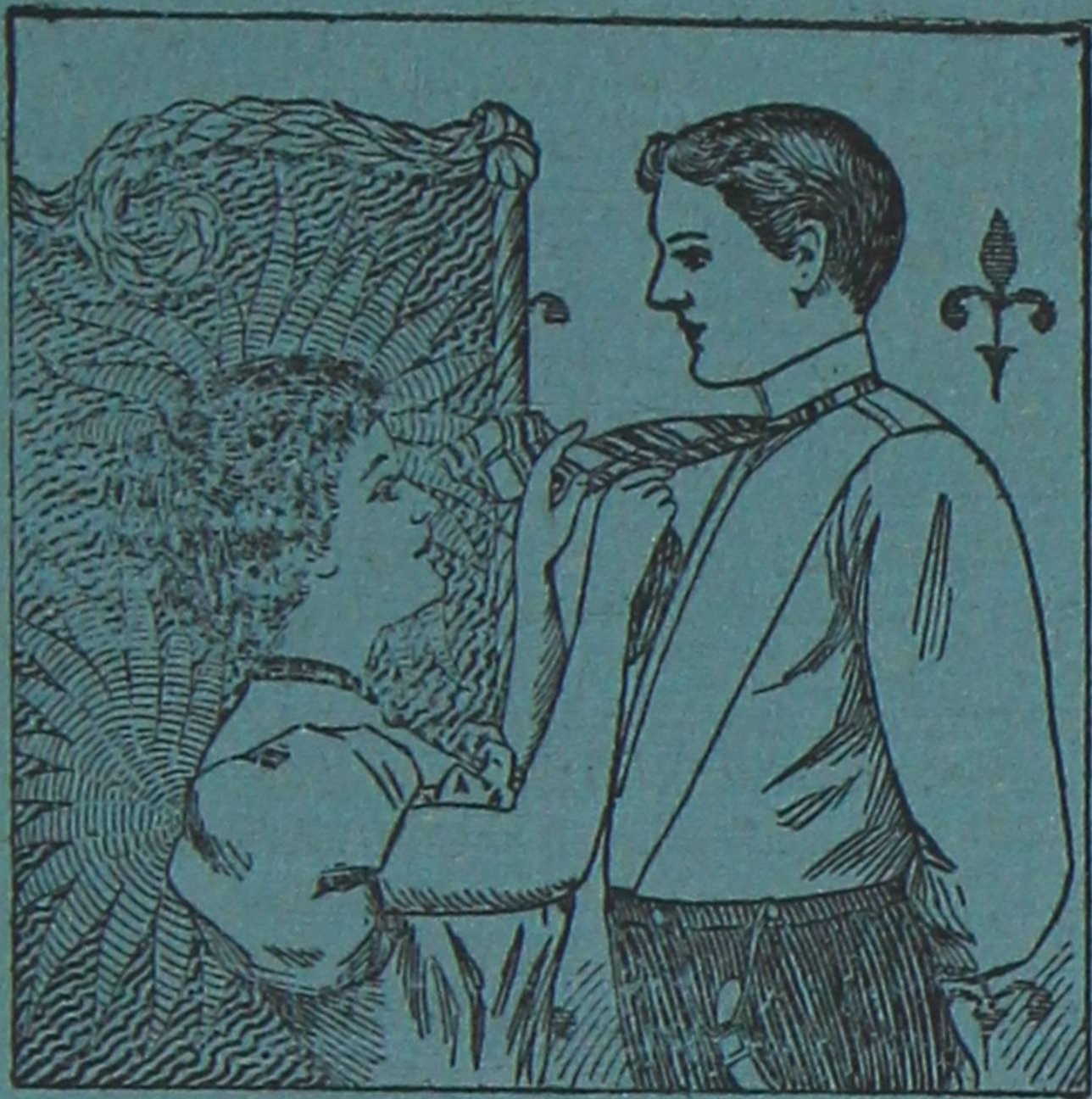
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