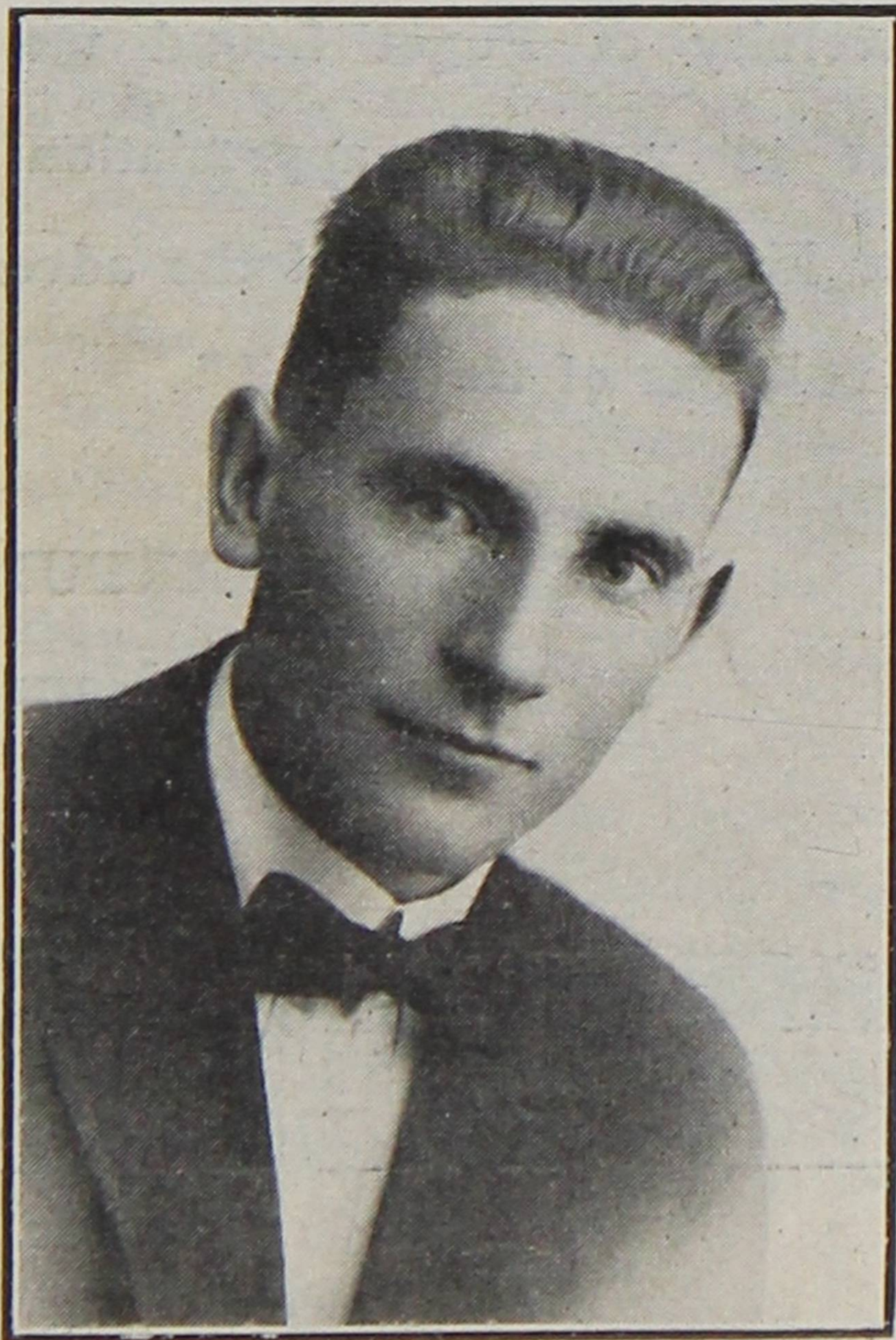


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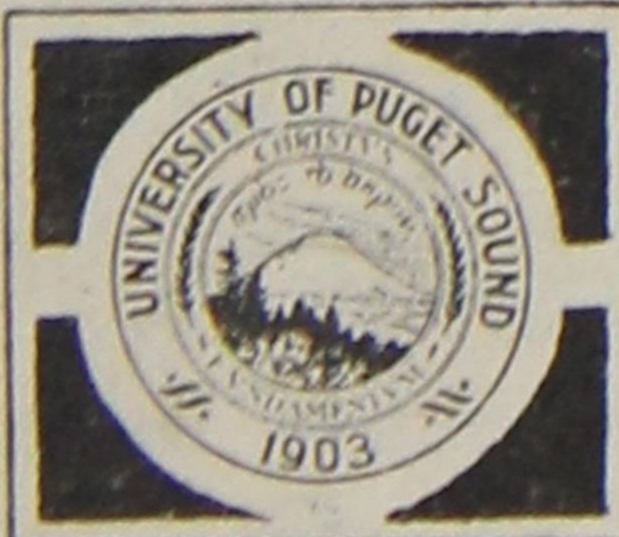
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TACOMA WASHINGTON



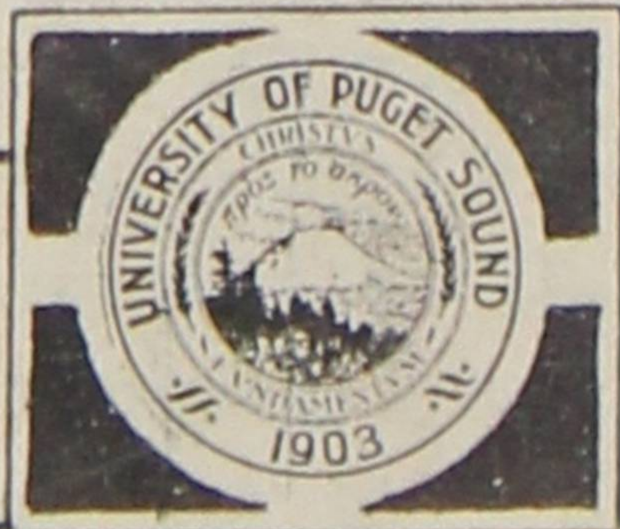
Jack Murbach.

President-elect of Student Association for 1913-14.



MK

JUNE 17, 1913.



MIC



To Our Advertisers

In behalf of the Student-body of the University of Puget Sound we express to you our appreciation for your loyal patronage of the advertising columns of the "Trail."

SAMUEL DUPERTUIS,
Bus. Manager.

The PUGET SOUND TRAIL

Volume II.

TACOMA, WASH., JUNE 17, 1913.

No. 18

Being A History of the Class of 1913

Well I remember a cool September day, now almost four years past, when I climbed the steps of the administration building to become a college boy. I was a raw, green freshman of barely seventeen summers, unused to city life, and knowing nothing at all of colleges or college ways. A senior friend of mine told me the other day that she thought when I came to college that I was the homeliest mortal she had ever seen. And I think maybe she thinks so still. Anyway I was afraid to ask her. But I was such an ambitious freshman, such a conceited freshman if you please. I had even dreamed of being President of the freshman class. But when I came to mingle with my classmates, students as good and bad as I, I came to realize how terribly insignificant I really was. There were forty of us freshmen, forty of us, each ambitious to make a record for himself as a loyal, faithful student. Some, as the good, kind-hearted, Mr. Brix, whom we so justly honored by making him our first President, had already reached the years of maturity. Others, like myself, were mere striplings away from home for the first time. There were three of us just turned seventeen, red-headed Weaver Jones, smiling Arthur Hungerford, and awkward, bashful Arnold Warren. Another, dapper Byron Wehmhoff, was still sweet sixteen, the baby of the class. Tho when it came to fussing, well to use a common phrase "he sure was some artist with the ladies." And there was Mamie Conmey, she of the beguiling eyes, sprightly May Starr, a lover of the boys, particularly some boys, quiet faithful Max Waldron, Beth Grieve and her dimples and a score or more of others, some green, some less green, and some I should say more green.

We held our first class party at the home of Mr. Brix, shortly after school began. We had planned to have ice-cream and there was a whole freezer full on the back porch. The doughty Sophomores, however, also having a prediction for that same ice cream, came and removed it while we made merry within. The next morning to our extreme disgust we discovered the freezer suspended from the top of the flag pole, where it remained for a week or so because the Sophos had thoughtfully cut the

(Continued on page Five)

The Price of the Goal.

Guy Dunning

"Say, old Pal, this lever won't work!"

There was a note of anxiety in the voice of Hal Aitken as he turned, with this remark toward his companion, Jim Shields.

The two men were the sole occupants of the mammoth balloon, "America." Hal Aitken, the older of the two balloonists was the Captain. He steered, took observations, and was generally in charge. The other, Jim Shields, was the mechanic. They were boon companions; each owned a half interest in the "America;" and they had made so many successful flights that world-wide fame had come to them. They had not yet, however, attained the goal of all balloonists, namely, the breaking of a World's record.

On this warm summer's day they had started from Richmond, Virginia, amid the cheering of thousands of spectators, on an ascent the purpose of which was to break the world's record for altitude.

Now they had succeeded in accomplishing their purpose and more. For they had attained an altitude of thirty-five thousand feet, while the previous world's record was thirty-two thousand.

After he had taken the observations which showed that they had reached an altitude of thirty-five thousand feet, Hal had jubilantly announced the

(Continued on page Nine)

A Most Delightful Time.

V. J. Hedberg

The most impressive, yea, the most depressive as well as the most inspiring, yea, the most perspiring events of Commencement time are the final examinations. They come each year, invariable as time itself. History, only, can tell who originated such a custom among the tribes of men; there are reasons why praises are not sung to the memory of the inventor. If he still lives may the fates protect him should his identity become known to those who now suffer because of his conniving brain.

How delightful, indeed, are not those hours of the beautiful June days spent locked in the class

(Continued on page Eleven)

THE STRANDED STEAMER

J. M. Weaver

"There is a way which seemeth right unto a man; but the end thereof are the ways of death."

One morning, as I was about to cross the lake to the city, I was delayed because one of the steamers had run ashore. It was one of the best boats on the lake, was manned by a good crew and was directed by one of the most capable and careful captains in the employ of the company. What was the matter? Simply this: A dense fog made it impossible to see ahead, and in that locality it was difficult to read the compass accurately, owing to the many turns the vessel had to make.

Another vessel tried to pull her off, but failed. Finally the big Ferry had to leave her run and pull the stranded vessel into the water. But a large number of people have been delayed, many of whom missed important engagements, and the traffic for the entire day was broken up, simply because that one magnificent steamer had gone ashore.

So I have known a bright young man with magnificent intellect to go out from a Christian home with a deep sense of piety beating in his heart. He had been called to the high and holy office of the Christian Ministry. He had seen the heavenly vision and was not disobedient. He was going to the university to further fit himself for his great work.

But one fine morning in the beginning of his career he was found stranded on the beach of skepticism. He was a conscientious young man, a thorough student, a clear thinker, full of faith, hope and ambition. He had no thought of such a result. What was the matter? Simply this: He was lost in the fogs of scientific research; for science has not yet been reduced to the certainty and brightness of the noonday sun. It became difficult for him to fol-

(Continued on page Thirteen)

COMMENCEMENT

Marvin M. Walters

Not all the Elfs in fairyland,
About the nether spring,
Nor any muse could so enthuse,—
Commencement's on the wing.

Vacation days, those happy days,
No surfeiting in lore,
But now betimes, in silly rhymes
We con our school days o'er.

The sunny green, lies all between
Our path and college halls,
'Till gray September's urn shall turn
And grip us in its thralls.

SUNSET LAND

Mrs. Rose Dillon.

Where the waves of the Pacific
Wash the feet of the Cascades,
And the streams dance gaily onward
In the happy forest glades,
Nature clothes the land with beauty,
Mighty trees, wind scarred and grand,
Here keep guard o'er stream and mountain,
In our happy Sunset Land.

Mosses, flowers, vines and berries,
Glorify the restful scene;
Singing birds and sighing zephyrs
Haunt the forest, cool and green.
Mother Earth, in happy silence,
Listens to the song of birds,
Whisp'ring trees and sighing breezes;—
Nature's music, without words.

Streams dance gaily in the sunshine,
Or rest deep in shaded pool;
Or rush madly, loudly, wildly,
Under shadows dark and cool,
Then go tumbling to the ocean
Past the green-clad, rock-bound hill,
Mingling with the briny waters,
Onward, ever onward, still.

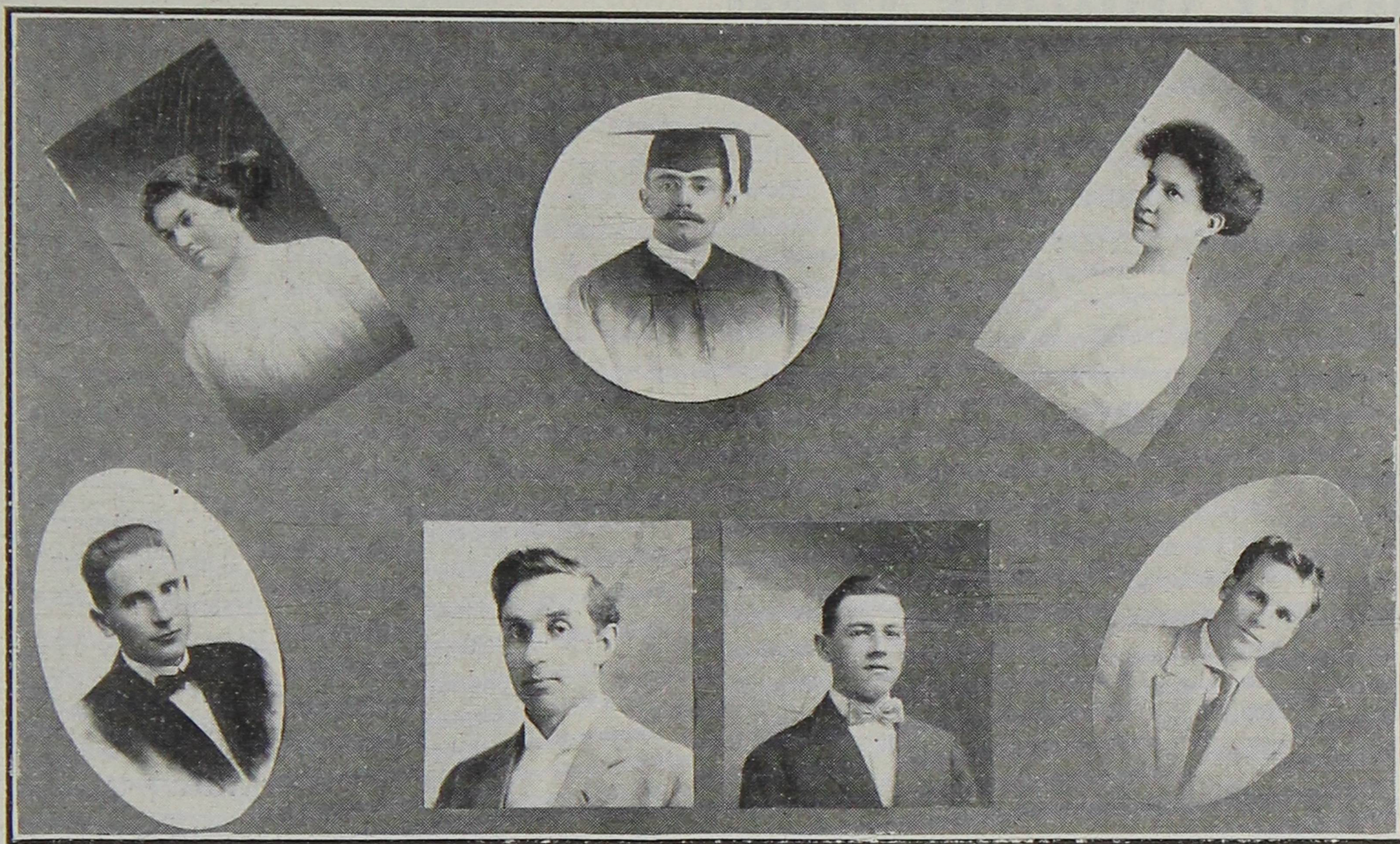
Here the moon in silver splendor,
And the sun like gleaming gold,
And the stars with twinkling brightness,
Shine with beauty half untold.
Here the cloud in love and pity
For the sorrows of mankind,
From her sweet eyes wipes the teardrops
With her handkerchief, the wind.

Gentle Nature then grows boistrous;
Bitterly the sad winds moan,
Then rush madly through the forest
Felling trees they call their own;
Till, grown weary of their temper,
And their race o'er vale and hill,
Rock they gently in the treetops,
Fall asleep, and all is still.

All is still, And in the silence
Nature sees her children slain,—
Mighty trees she loved so dearly,—
And the clouds weep forth her pain.
Sobs and sighs from briny ocean
Mingle with the wail of birds.
Heaven and earth proclaim her sorrow,—
Nature's sorrow, without words.

After gallantly escorting his hostess to the table, a young man asked, "May I sit on your right hand?" "No," she replied, "I have to eat with that. You'd better take a chair."

"TRAIL" STAFF OF 1912-13.



Top row—Grace Lawson, Arnold Warren, Grace Lawson.

Bottom row—Jack Murbach, Samuel Dupertu's, Victor Hedberg, Rolla Clark.

BEING A HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1913.

(Continued from page Three)

rope about fifty feet from the ground. That brutal revelation of our callowness was a sore blow to our pride. We felt the shame of it very keenly and sought vainly and impotently for revenge.

I do not remember that we distinguished ourselves in any particular way, during our freshman year. We were just like other freshmen, learning to readjust ourselves to changed conditions, learning the first lore of college life, measuring one another's abilities, dreaming perhaps of the day when we should be seniors and the leaders of our Alma Mater.

It was in our Sophomore year that we began to manifest that peculiar social quality known in colleges as "class spirit." Remembering with bitterness our own humiliation during our freshman days, we sought a bloody revenge upon the incoming freshmen. Open hostilities, however, first broke out at the instigation of the freshmen on Sept. 28, 1910. "They tried to tie Dan Dupertuis to the flagpole, those Freshies did, and that is what started the fun." After two hours of terrific struggling in which our valent girls twice rescued the Sopho boys from sure defeat, once by cutting the ropes that bound us and once by turning the hose on the freshies. Dr. Zeller commanded hostilities to cease and the scrap was declared a draw.

The ire of both classes was now thoroly aroused, however, and it was determined to have the first annual Freshman-Sophomore color rush early in January to settle once for all the question of physical supremacy. Our boys made a game struggle

but outnumbered three to one they went down to defeat, fighting every inch of the way.

But we were not content with a mere clash for physical prowess so we duly challenged the freshmen to the first annual Freshman-Sophomore Debate. Here again we met defeat tho our team composed of Ralph Simpson, Mamie Conmey and Arnold Warren, put up a gallant struggle. In token of our goodwill in defeat we entertained the victorious Freshmen at a royal banquet and thus originated the first annual Freshman-Sophomore banquet. Then came the tryout for the College debating team and here again our class distinguished themselves, for the team chosen consisted of Frank Riley, Arnold Warren and May Starr, all of them members of the Class of 1913. I have not space to tell you of all the things we did as Sophmores, when with Mamie Conmey, as our President we distinguished ourselves, as one of the liviest classes in school. Pardon me if I seem over boastful, and remember that I am still very young.

Now for our Junior year. We began by electing Mae Reddish as our Junior President, and a kindly, generous leader she was, seeking no honor for herself and always ready to do her part in any toil. It is one of our regrets that suffering from illness she has been unable to graduate with the class that called her president. The boldest undertaking of our Junior year was the inception of our first college annual, a work which has only been consummated in these last days of our Senior year and a work whose difficulty only those who have been intimately associated with it can appreciate.

(Continued on page Fourteen)

The Puget Sound Trail

TACOMA, WASH.

Published bi-weekly

by the ASSOCIATED STUDENTS of the
UNIVERSITY OF PUGET SOUND

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EDITORIAL STAFF

ARNOLD WARREN Editor-in-Chief
VICTOR HEDBERG Managing Editor
GRACE LAWSON.....) Assistant Editors
MYRA FORD.....)
ROLLA CLARK Jokes
JACK MURBACK Athletics
SAMUEL DUPERTUIS Business Manager

Entered as second class matter October 14, 1911, at the Postoffice at Tacoma, Wash., under the act of March 3, 1879.

LOOKING BACKWARD

The month of June is come again. With it have come the roses and all the first bloom, of summer. But with it also has come our dispersal and the old college halls seem strangely silent and alone. The editor departs to return as a student no more. The years that he has spent here pass in review before him and from some hidden recess within his soul comes the question—have they been worth while? Has it been worth while to spend four years of his most bouyant youth within the pinching, grinding grasp of poverty for the sake of a college education? From a soul that is full of gratitude for the life that has been his comes back the answer, yes, a thousand times Yes!

These have been toilsome years, years of self-denial, perhaps. But they have been happy years and, yes, they have been carefree years. The friendships I have formed here will endure to the end of life. The ideals which I have nurtured here will be a light to guide my soul thru many a future trial. These have been years spent in learning how better to appreciate the world in which we live. My senses are more acute to fight the battles of life and my soul is more atune to life's deeper meaning because of the years spent in aquiring the culture of a college education.

Now I go out to live my life. May the God who watches over the destinies of men help me to keep my ideals untarnished, grant that my friendships shall remain unbroken. And, as I go out to take my place among men, to become one tone in the great symphony of life, grant that I may always keep myself in tune with nature and with my fellowmen. And if it shall be my fortune to be a note that soars and swells above the rest, grant that its sound may always be as pure and sweet as the music of a virgin forest in God's great "out-of-doors." Or if perchance it shall be my lot to be a simple, ob-

scure overtone, grant that it may lend a deeper, richer harmony to the common chord of life.

In the year that I have been your editor I have tried to serve you faithfully and well. I have given you the best that was in me. Now my task is finished. My mantle falls to another.

My fellow students I bid you farewell. Some of you I shall never see again. But the memory of these college days and of my associations here can never pass away.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

Without a doubt the most impressive exercises connected with the University, in all its history were held in the College chapel, June 18, of this year. There were between thirty and forty present to receive degrees and diplomas; this made an inspiring spectacle considering our small school. About 450 people crowded our building to the very limit. Every one seemed happy and very glad to be there, even though one-fourth of our audience were compelled to stand during the exercise.

The strong, clear, striking sermon by Dr. Benjamin Young, of Portland, was surely one of great pleasure and benefit to all of our students and visitors. One of the striking phrases of Dr. Young's was—"This world is shot through with a great Divine intention" and as he made his striking argument tell with trip-hammer blows of rhetorical logic, he struck this characteristic thought, "Young graduates, this is a very matter-of-fact world into which you are going; it is not very spiritual, not very angelic, and it is your place to shoot it through with the white light of purity." His main theme was "Life." He treated his subject in a cursory way at first, then, took up some place of life, drawing fine illustrations and lessons for all of us. We were glad Dr. Young came to us, and we shall long remember his splendid sermon-lecture.

When the exercises were over, or pretty nearly so, the faculty in most part announced for the following year, our president injected a note of sadness into the pleasant situation, by announcing his leave of absence. We are glad that Dr. Zeller will be able to study and travel this coming year, but we will nevertheless miss him from us. We are all however, in spite of all this, optomistic for the coming year, both hopeful toward all those of the faculty and students who will not be with us, and for the school, in its success; and may each coming year have greater and greater things in store for this school and the people whom it serves.

"Let us to the Senior turn,
Grave and full of deep concern,
Mind chaotic,
Idiotic,
Sad—there's no more left to learn."



Guy Dunning.

Editor-elect of "Trail" for 1913-14.

SENIOR-FACULTY GAME

Monday afternoon the class of 1913 crossed bats with the faculty in a five inning game. The faculty were assisted by Beck, the star pitcher of Junior class, interclass champions of the school. The seniors also had a little help from the outside so they were even on this. The game was close all thro, with the faculty leading the procession. In the fifth, however, the seniors solved Beck's delivery and chased five runs over the can ending the game by a score of 13-10 in their favor. The feature of the game was the playing of Zeller, president of the institution and star out-fielder for the faculty. The Doctor came out in a 'varsity' suit and chased flies and grounders with the agility of a school kid. The faculty all the way seemed to have trouble straightening out Riley's twisters but not so with Zeller. Out of two times up, he got a sacrifice and much to Riley's surprise and chagrin the Doctor connected with his favorite oozler for a clean hit. This last stunt happened in the first half of the fifth. With Zeller on 1st the faculty tried to put the game on ice by scoring a few runs. With the first ball pitched, Zeller sprinted for second, but Blackburn had fouled the ball over the fence so he had to go back. This same thing happened four times but the

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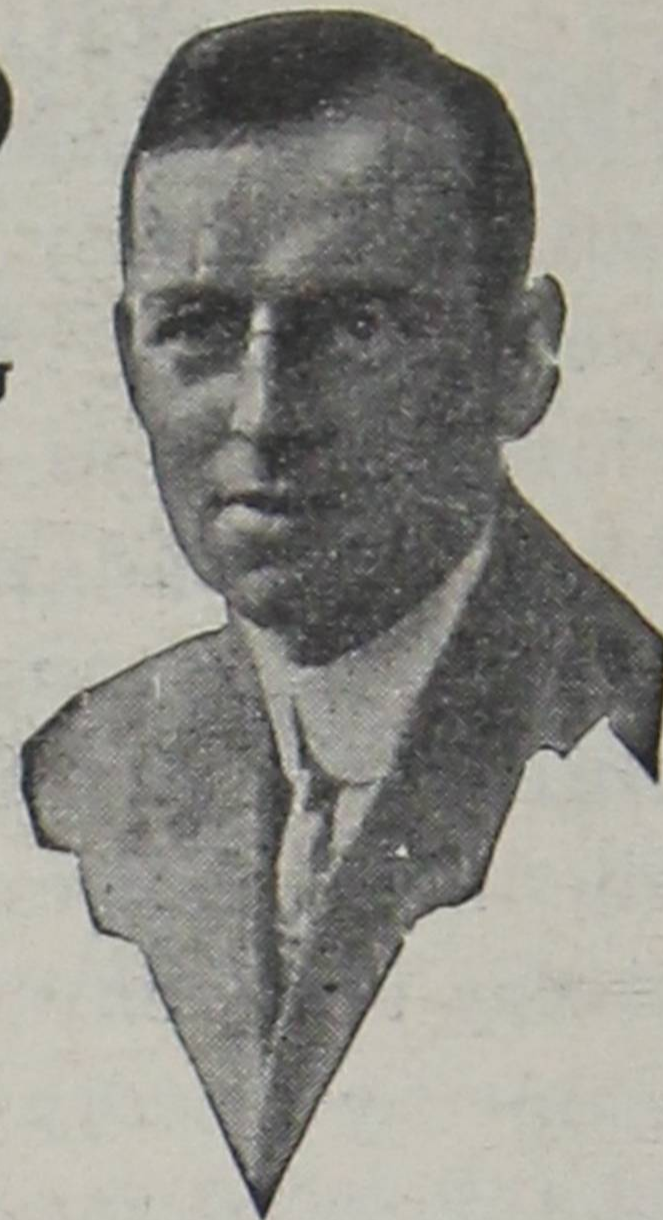
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PHONE MAIN 419

last time the boss was allowed to keep second. Four stolen bases in one inning is doing pretty good. Too bad they couldn't have all been credited in the box score. The game was interesting most of the time and when ever interest lagged at all, Gibson and Prof. Marsh would chew the rag a while just to let the crowd know that they were witnessing a real ball game.

Just a word about athletics for next year. The prospects for a foot-ball team are better than they were last year at this time. There will be several of the first team men back as well as some who will have experience enough to move up a notch from the scrub. The same old bunch will be back for basket ball. The fact that those deserving sweaters and other recognition for athletics, received them at chapel last Tuesday sends the boys home with a better feeling toward athletics at U. P. S. For the first time in the history of the institution, letters were given to the girls playing on the basketball team. The letters were identical with those on the sweaters of the first football team.

Jack Murbach, '14.

He Didn't.

Instructor—"Did you filter this?"

Youth (with a sly smile)—"No; I was afraid it wouldn't stand the strain."

—o—
Little bits of powder,
Little daubs of paint,
Make a lot of maidens
Look like what they ain't.

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THE PRICE OF THE GOAL

fact to his companion and then had hurriedly turned to stop their ascent by throwing the reverse lever over. For although almost intoxicated by their success he realized the great danger in ascending any further, on account of the extreme cold which had already numbed his hands and body through the heavy furs that they were compelled to wear on all high flights.

On hearing the exclamation of his comrade that the lever wouldn't work, Jim, who for the last five minutes of the flight had been busily engaged in trying to keep warm by walking up and down and beating his hands against his sides, now hurriedly seized his "kit" of tools and made an examination of the machinery connected with the refractory lever. Nothing was wrong with the machinery, however, Every bolt and screw was in its proper place and nothing was broken.

Suddenly the unusual amount of frost on the lever drew his attention, and the whole cause of the trouble dawned upon him. The lever was frozen in its groove!

With a shout, he threw himself upon it in an effort to throw it over, but it didn't budge! He turned and called to Hal, who was sitting down on the other side of the ballon, for help. But there was no response.

Jim was so numb now with the cold that he could scarcely walk, but he made his way over to Hal's side and shook him. The glassy look in Hal's eyes

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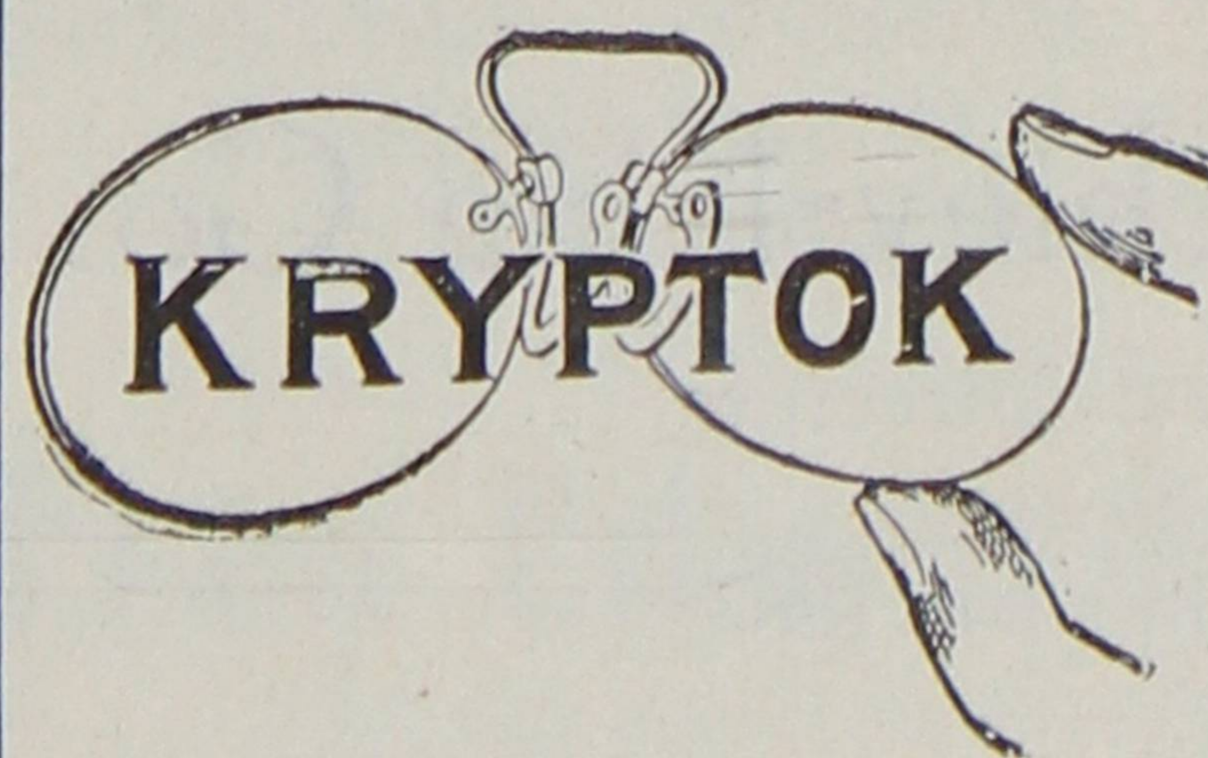
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and the ghastly pallor of his face told Jim that life had fled.

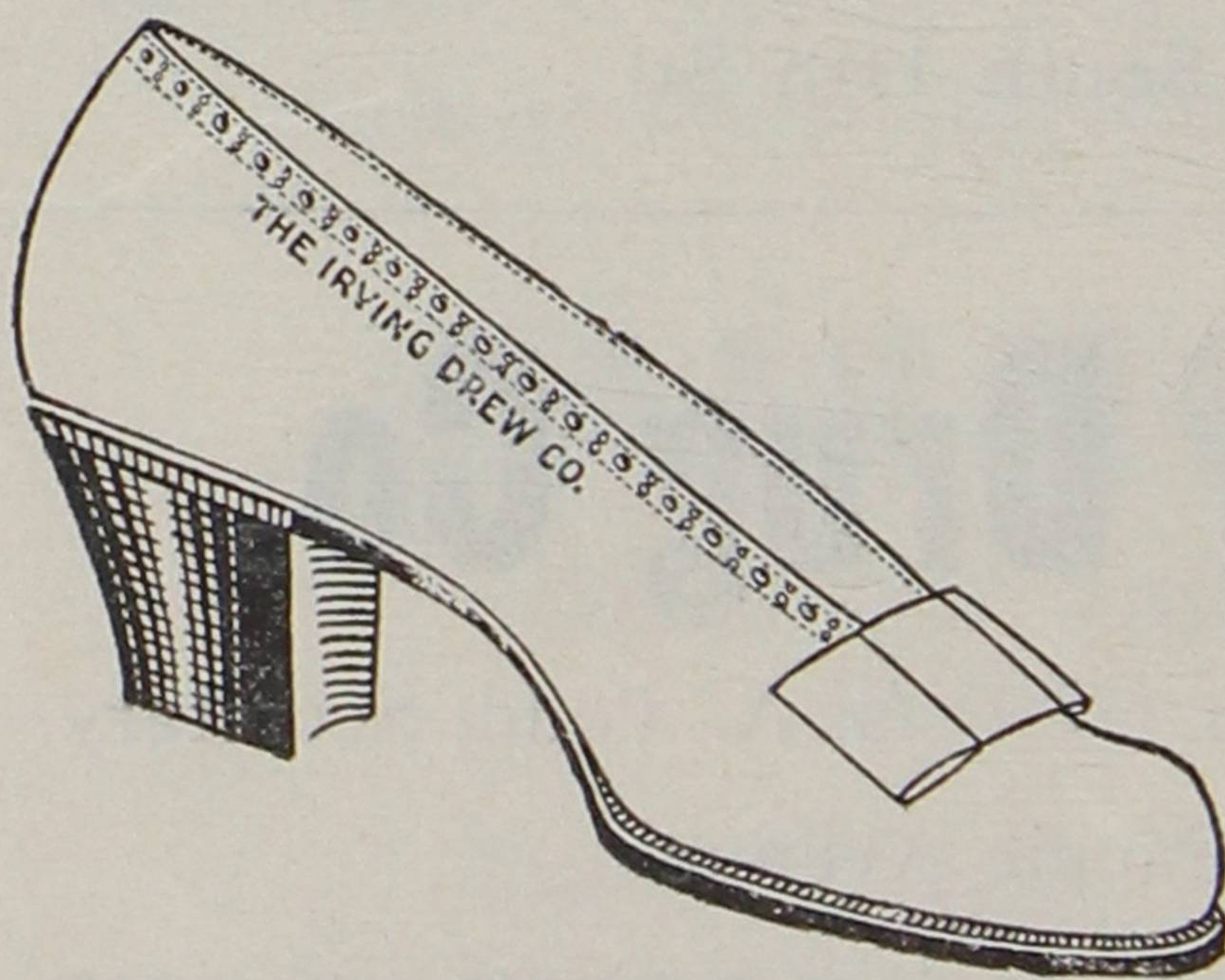
Hal, confident of Jim's ability to fix the lever, numb, and beginning to feel the intense weariness which precedes freezing to death, had given up to the longing for rest and had sat down. The intense cold had then quickly done its work.

Although Jim's brain was already becoming affected by the cold and he was not thinking clearly, he realized that he must throw the reverse lever over.

Painfully and slowly he started back towards the lever. His feet seemed leaden and his numbed limbs scarcely lifted them from the floor of the basket. One of his feet caught in a guy-rope and he fell. He lay still for a moment where he fell. Then he felt vaguely that he mustn't be still, and rose on one elbow. He tried to rise further to an upright position. But rising was so painful, and he couldn't help thinking of the sweet restfulness that he had felt while he lay for that brief moment on the floor of the basket. The fear of death which was goading him to rise was battling with the desire for the sweet restfulness which was calling to him to lie down. One more labored attempt to rise and he decided to lie down. He knew that this decision meant death. But death would be sweet and easy now. He thought, again, that he would like to have the bodies of himself and Hal found and properly buried. So with one last effort, he rose on one elbow, reached into his kit of tools, extracted a sharp chisel and hurled it through the gas bag of the balloon.

Early the next morning, after the flight of the balloon, a workman on his way to work on a New Jersey farm, noticed a mass of silk and rope out in a field near the road along which he was passing. Curious to see what it was, he went over to the mass and began to disentangle it. Slowly he uncovered the edge of the basket of a mammoth balloon. Then while endeavoring to uncover the whole basket he was shocked to discover the dead body

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of a man dressed in furs. Beside the body lay an open kit of mechanic's tools.

The workman worked feverishly now to uncover the remainder of the basket. Lying under the lost bundle of silk and rope which he lifted from the basket, was another body of a man dressed in furs. A book lay open on the floor not far from the body of the latter man. It was a book of records and contained many columns of dates and figures. The last record read: "July 4th, 1901—Flight from Richmond, Virginia—Altitude 35,000 ft.—Temperature 60° Fahr."

A MOST DELIGHTFUL TIME

(Continued from page Three)

room with examinations. Thro the open windows even the birds seem to sympathize with the poor prisoners and seek to intercede in their behalf by blending sweet songs with the piercing screech of the Professor's crayon as he writes his tormenting questions. But, alas, the dear Professor is not to be moved in his purpose by entreaties either from within or without. He knows no mercy and, determined to take advantage of his opportunities, hurls unremittingly at the poor victims his interrogative epithets.

Final examinations are generally preceded by a process technically termed "cramming." The entire night preceding an examination is taken up with this "cramming" process. The methods employed in this procedure are many and varied, but the one most generally used is very simple in its application. First, the brain is removed from the skull and carefully immersed in a diluted solution of Sulphuric acid. This is to remove all evidences of Hookworms

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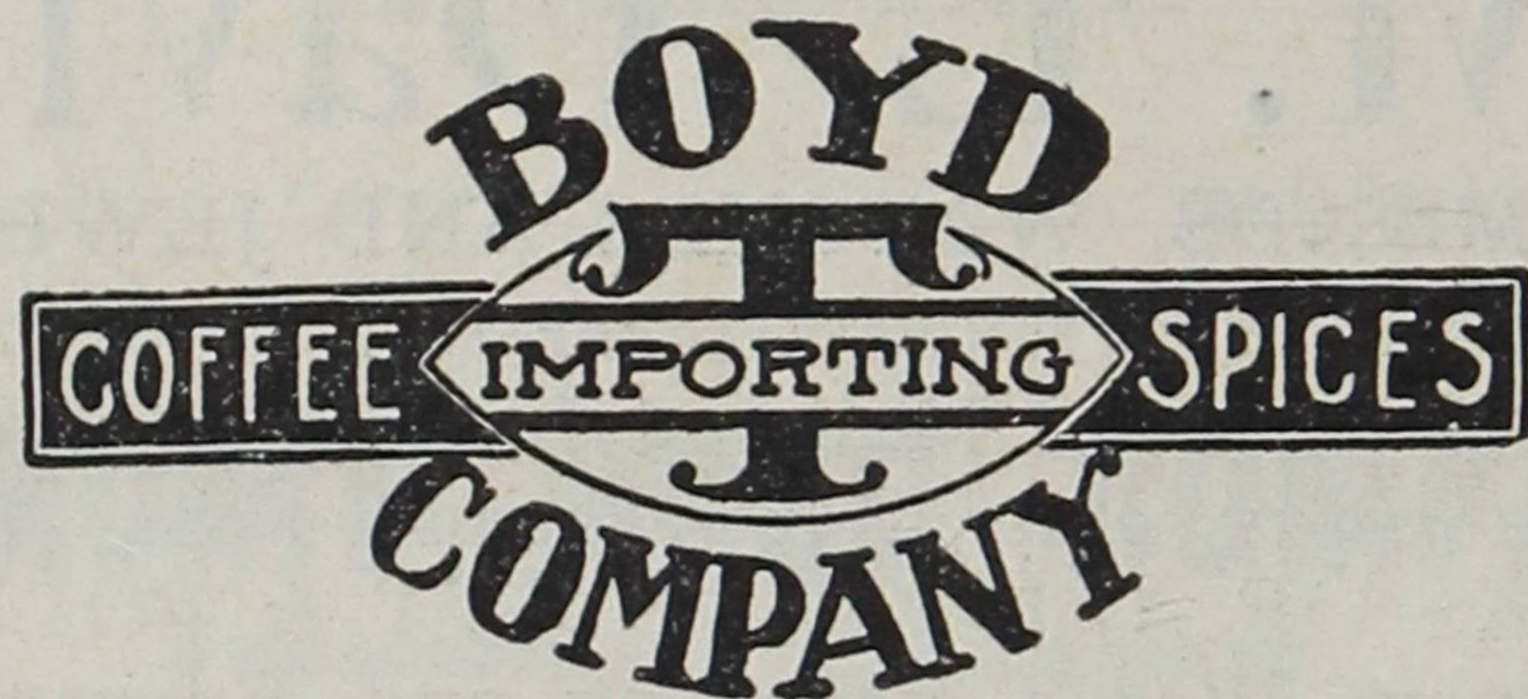
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and Forgetworms. Then every department of the brain is thoroughly renovated and the floors sprinkled with white sand. After this, the book from which the examination is to be taken is brought forth and from this book, whether it be a volume of Dogmatics, Horsematics or Mathematics, the student carefully selects all the essential rules and formulas. These are distributed in their respective brain cells. About five minutes before the examination is to begin the book is closed, the brain cells locked and the brain, itself, replaced in its accustomed position.

The student enters the examination room with a smile on his lips tho his heart may be shedding tears of anguish. With Hamlet his soul cries out "To be, or not to be; that is the question." If in the critical moments of an examination a student's brain balks, becomes tangled or begins to evaporate an excellent remedy is a good dose of Peruna and, if this is of no avail "Herpicide will cure it." On an examination paper make every possible attempt to chloroform the Professor with feigned erudition and by all means "bluff" a little and if necessary a great deal more. A good "bluffer" like a crooked lawyer generally wins out in the end.

The system of final examinations is the only truly barbaric remnant still existing in our educational system. It haunts the labyrinths of every brain factory in our land. We are patiently awaiting another Renaissance that will awaken the educators to the fact that examinations are as useless as they are hazardous and are a waste of time for the Professors as well as the students. Most students readily recognize this fact but, strange as it may seem, the teachers are unable to grasp its significance. World-wide fame awaits the sagacious individual who will contrive some method or, if necessary, introduce a revolution that will abolish the tortures of examinations.

1st. Mutt: "What makes the strange affinity between the nigger and the chicken?"

2nd. Mutt: "Don't know. What?"

1st. Mutt: "One is descended from Ham and the other from eggs." —J. S. H.

Definitions heard in Pol. Econ.—Protection—Originality, the swaddling clothes of the infant, industry; now, merely the shoelacings for the giant, monopoly.

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THE STRANDED STEAMER

(Continued from page Four)

low the compass of inspiration and, losing his bearings, he was soon cast upon the beach of skepticism. Stranded with him were his wife and others whom his influence had affected. Men stronger in the faith have tried to set him right, but to no avail. He has become an active antagonist of that which he once held dear in the bloom of an exceptionally clear and sweet conversion, even teaching his little children to say with the fool referred to in the Psalms, "There is no God."

What a sad spectacle! How much good he and those whom he influenced might have done! How much harm they have done! Eternity alone can reveal the injury. How his parents must feel to see all their prayers and hopes and toils come to an end!

This incident, sad as it is, might be passed by if it were a solitary case, but it is not. While more men than ever remain true to the faith during their educational careers, many others drift into various forms of unbelief. Indeed it is a well known fact that students attending certain great universities are almost sure to have their religious faith unsettled, if not to become hopelessly lost in the mazes of unbelief.

This is not an arraignment of higher education, nor yet of great universities in toto. The student cannot shift his own responsibility to the shoulders of any university. Besides, there are great institutions of learning which, on the other hand, are noted for the spiritual life of its students as well as for the occurrence of numerous conversions. The possibility of the university as well as the responsibility of the student are apparent.

But it is not my purpose to dwell on this point. The moral is clear: First—The need of strong educational institutions controlled by the church. Second—The wisdom of young people utilizing the educational facilities provided by the church. Third—In pursuing any course of study keep the word of God in view. Meet God often in the counsels of prayer and remember that science has not yet outrun religion.

Raymond, Wash., April 28, 1910.

JOKES.

Lives of Seniors all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime.
And by asking foolish questions,
Take up recitation time.—Ex.

—o—
Study, study, all day study,
Night workie arithmetic;
Brain all muddie—
No one helpie—no one showie,
Poor little Freshie,
Nothing knowie!

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All good boys love their sisters,
But I so good have grown,
That I love the other fellow's sister,
Better than I love my own.—Ex.

—o—
Teacher—"Translate 'Rex fugit'."
Student—"The king flees."
Teacher—"You should have 'has' in translating the perfect tense."
Student—"The king has flees."

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BEING A HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1913.

(Continued from page Five)

At last we were come to our Senior year. We were dwindled from a class of forty as freshmen to a class of twelve as Seniors. Yet we were proud of the fact that we were the largest Senior Class which the University had ever possessed. Arnold Warren, now at twenty summers, the baby of the class, astonished his august colleagues by returning with an embryo moustache protruding from his upper lip. According to usual custom the first business attended to was the election of officers. Ralph Simpson was honored by being made the Senior President. Then the class recognizing the fewness of their numbers and feeling that each one should be sufficiently honored proceeded to create an office for each and every member of the class. Mamie Conney was elected second vice-president with the official designation as class barber. Arthur Hungerford who had been such a faithful treasurer during his Junior year was honored by re-election to that position of trust.

The Class had grown grave and dignified. Having spent our substance in riotous living during our Freshmen, Sophomore, and Junior years, we were compelled to cram mightily to make up our back credits. We forgot the days of our youth where we used to have class parties. Yea, we went to bed at eight o'clock and arose before breakfast. But Lo a change came. Spring was at hand. Even in our grave and deadened souls was felt the thrill of the awakening of life. We cut chapel with shocking regularity. We were hauled up on the carpet for our indiscretions, and as the climax of our rejuvenated exuberance we organized the senior baseball team, a near championship aggregation which finished the season by whipping the valient faculty.

Here's to the Seniors

Long may they live

To bring honor and glory

To their old Alma Mater.

Rafferty—"Sure, Kelly, but I'm glad to see yez. I thought ye were dead. I heard several payple shpakin' well av yez."

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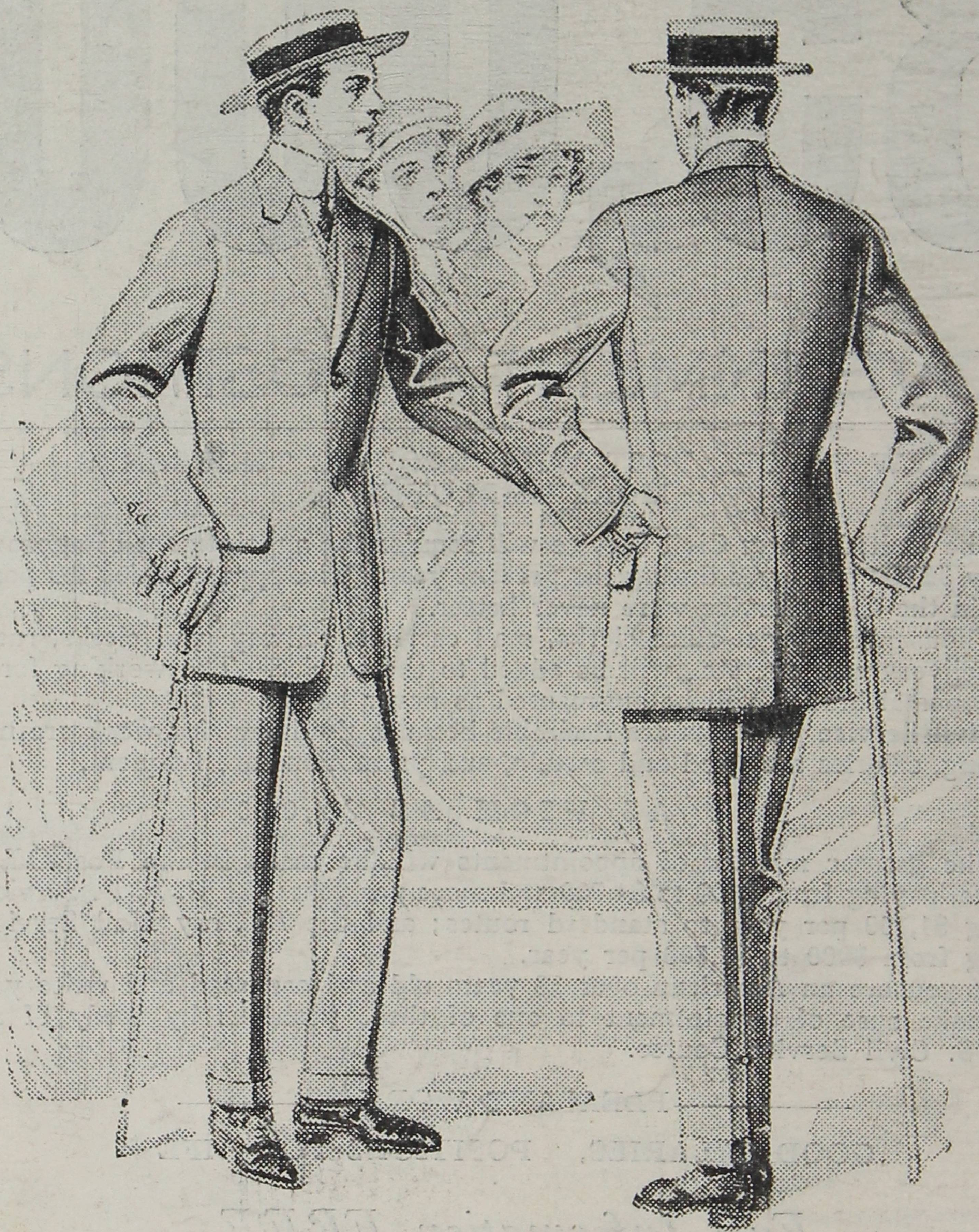
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