

THE TRAIL



JANUARY 1915

PUBLISHED BY ASSOCIATED STUDENTS
OF THE COLLEGE OF RIGET SOUND



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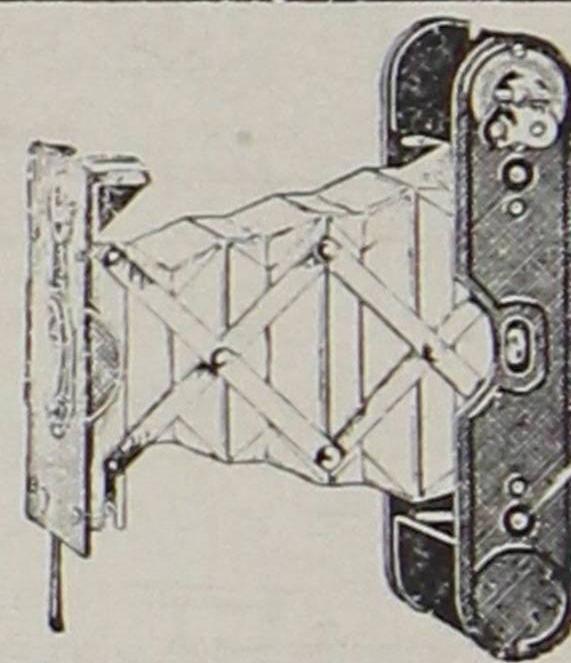
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*These People Advertise
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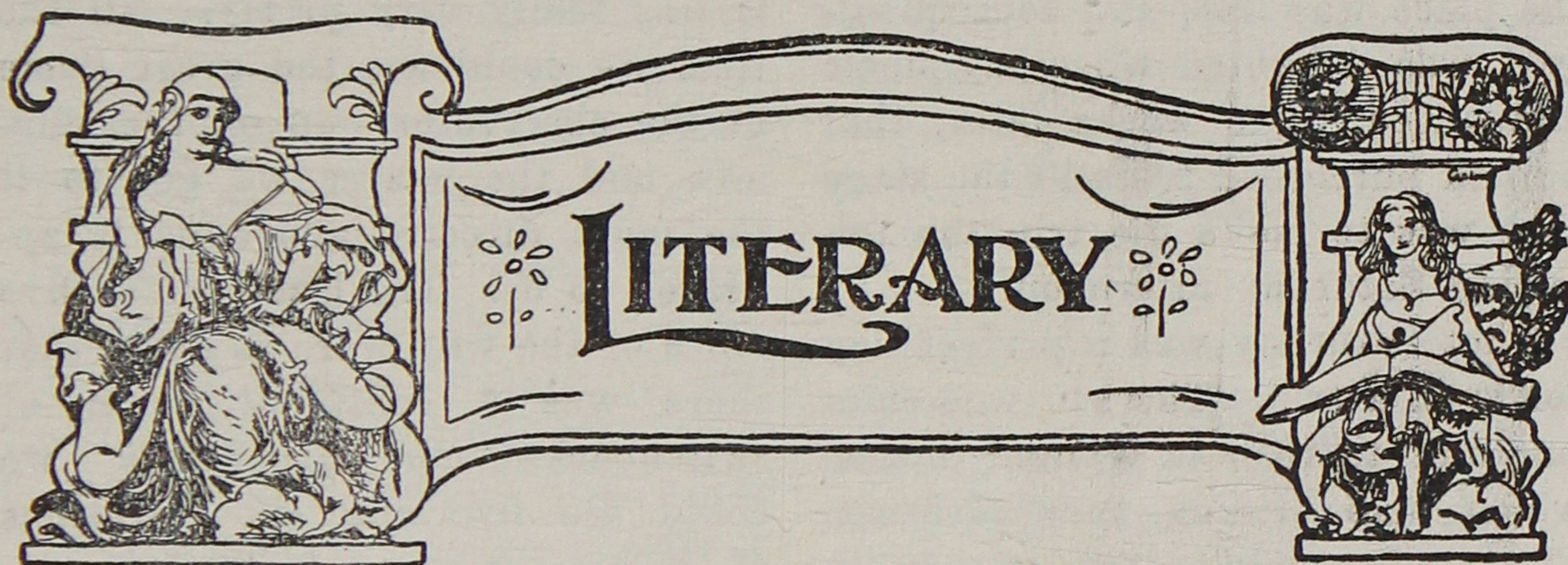
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The Puget Sound Trail

VOL. IV

JANUARY, 1915

No. 4



A Visit to Lick Observatory

Alce Warren

Lick Observatory, as most of you probably know, is situated on Mount Hamilton in Central California. Some years ago that institution was largely endowed by a Mr. Lick and because of this fact, was given his name. Previous to last summer I supposed that Lick Observatory was merely a large building, where a few professors spent considerable time studying the planets and other astral bodies through a large telescope, making some photographs, and writing pamphlets and books on the various phases of astronomy. Of other than

that I had not given the subject much thought. This was a very crude idea, to be sure, but I dare say many of you have a similar impression.

Last summer I had an opportunity to visit the Observatory and it was a great revelation to me, indeed so much so that I believe it would be interesting to others to know some of the things I found out on that visit.

My interest in the place was aroused the first day that I was in the city of San Jose, when my uncle pointed it out to me about

twenty-five miles distant, gleaming white in the sunlight, high above a screen of gray mist hanging over a small valley through which a mountain stream flowed. From that moment I was possessed with an overwhelming desire to see what the place was like, and consequently I was delighted when my uncle announced, some weeks later, that he had purchased seats in the stage that was to make the trip the following Saturday afternoon.

That Saturday was a perfect day for such a trip. The sun was shining and there was a light breeze which made riding very pleasant. The stage could carry twenty-six passengers and there was a full load. The first half of the trip was made enjoyable by the wonderful view. As we climbed higher and higher we could look out over the whole Santa Clara valley with its numerous orchards and small towns, while at the north of the valley San Francisco Bay was like a great shimmering lake. One feature of this view that impressed me very strongly was the absence of rivers. In all those miles of country there was not a stream visible. But orchards were everywhere, and on the mountainsides above us there were acres and acres of vineyards.

About five o'clock we came to Smith Creek, where the stage always stops for lunch as there is a hotel on the bank of the creek. After a stop of forty minutes, during which most of the passengers ate picnic dinners under the trees, we resumed the journey. There were

still eight miles to go and the road was very, very steep. Soon after leaving the creek we began to see oak trees on which were great clusters of mistletoe. It was the first mistletoe I had ever seen growing and I was surprised to notice that it was really very pretty. All the time we could see the great dome of the observatory up on the summit, and the nearer we got to it the more directly above us it appeared to be. The last four or five miles of the way were so steep that there was a continual chain of switchbacks and frequently we could see five and six elevations of the road at once. In the last mile we went completely around the knob on which the observatory stands and drew up in a large square around which are numerous buildings. This was quite a surprise to me for I had supposed that the observatory proper was the only building up there. Quite to the contrary, there was a hotel for students, a grocery store, a U. S. post office, a number of fine dwellings, which were the homes of the professors, engineers and other officials, the big observatory and several smaller buildings in connection with it, and a power house. I soon found out, to my great surprise, that there were between one and two hundred people living up there all the time.

My uncle and I went directly to the Observatory building, and as it was still too light to see anything through the telescopes, we busied ourselves with looking around. The building is very large and over half

of the main floor is a library, filled with beautifully bound books on astronomy and other allied subjects, written in many different languages. You could put two or three Tacoma public libraries inside of that one and still have some room left. The long corridors are lined with glass cases containing astronomical photographs taken by the professors there.

As soon as it was dark enough we went up into the big dome, where the largest telescope is stationed. The dome itself is a wonderful piece of engineering work. The professor in charge presses a button and a section of the dome slides back as easily as a folding door. Then he presses another button and the whole dome turns slowly around until the opening is where he wants it. A small lever sets the immense telescope in motion and it is so perfectly mounted that it can be adjusted to any position in a very few minutes. The floor on which the telescope stands is a great elevator, operated by hydraulic power. The telescope itself is thirty feet long and has a lense three feet in diameter. There is a portable platform having steps clear across one side which is used when looking through the telescope. The professor moves this platform around where he wants it, goes up a few steps and proceeds to find the planet that he wishes to study. On this particular night it was the moon. He finds it with a very small telescope just under the

large one and attached to it. Just a touch of his hand swings the great telescope any way necessary to center the object.

Then, as we looked at the moon, the professor gave a short lecture on it, calling our attention to the various points of interest. It was brought so close that we could see jagged mountain ranges and deep gorges. The entire surface looked extremely rugged. What we all know as the "Man in the Moon" is simply the shadows caused by the mountain ranges. These shadows are intensely dark because of the lack of atmosphere around the moon.

When the lecture on the moon was finished we went to the small dome at the other end of the building. The narrow stairway winding up inside reminded me somewhat of the stairway around a lighthouse tower. The floor of this dome is stationary and the telescope is much smaller, being fifteen feet long, with a twelve-inch lens. It was focused on Jupiter. The planet looked about three feet in diameter and there were several reddish streaks across it which, the professor said, were cloud belts. The first, second and fourth moons appeared as tiny sparks, but the third was hidden behind the planet that night. There is a very fine instrument attached to the telescope which enables it to follow the planet on which it is focused, keeping it centered as long as it is visible. Night after night the professors go to the dome as

soon as darkness falls, find the planet they wish to study, and stay there all night.

The little following instrument is absolutely essential to astronomical photography as each negative has to be exposed several hours. In the old method of throwing the light through a glass prism it was necessary to expose the plate eight hours, but in the method of using a reflecting lens the time is cut in two, so that it takes only four hours. The reflecting lens is extremely delicate and very beautiful. It is about four inches in diameter and is kept in a tight case when not in use. The man who showed it to us was very careful to hold it off at arm's length so as not to let his breath touch it, for such a slight thing as that would injure it. As he tipped it back and forth we could see all the colors of the rainbow in it. It was wonderful. Upon being asked what it was worth, he said you could not buy it with any money. It is the finest of its kind in the world and was eight or nine years being made.

The same man who showed us this lens volunteered to show us all the fine instruments used in making observations of various sorts, and we gladly accepted. He first took us to see the telescopes used for locating any planet that they might wish to study. There were two of these telescopes, and the thing about them that seemed strange to me was that they could not be swung around horizontally, but only vertically and in that plane they could

be swung in a complete semicircle so as to take in all of the north and south. Each one was provided with a comfortable leather upholstered seat as it often takes several hours to locate the planet for which one happens to be looking. The barrels are very much shorter in proportion to their diameters than those of the other telescopes. In another room there were two instruments for registering earthquake shocks. One of these consisted of a round stage, about three feet in diameter, mounted on a tiny pivot. A white paper was fitted onto this stage and on it the swayings of the earth would be registered by a fine pen swung on a pivot a few inches above it. A chart of the great earthquake of 1904 was hanging on the wall. It was one conglomeration of lines running in every direction all over the paper, some of them even running off at the edge. The reason that earthquake did so much damage was that it twisted in all directions, one way and then another, instead of swaying in just one direction as most of them do. There was one three years ago that was so severe that it threw the instruments all out of gear and they could not get a chart of it. If it had twisted around like the 1904 quake the damage would have been terrible, but as it was very little harm was done.

The instruments for recording the earth's vibrations were also very interesting. There was a paper rolled on a slowly revolving cylinder some eight inches in diameter.

The slightest jar would cause the pen suspended on a pivot above the cylinder to vary the line which it was making. So it is imperative that the instrument be very securely mounted. This instrument is so delicate that it is constantly recording vibrations that we know nothing about. Each day a fresh paper is put in so that there is a chart of the motion of the earth for every day in the year.

There is also a station for making time observations. This system is quite complex, there being numerous fine instruments connected by

electricity and operating a great clock.

We were just starting to another building to see some more apparatus, when the stage horn blew to tell us that it was nine o'clock and time to start back to San Jose. The ride down the mountain was rather tiresome, because it was too dark to see anything until we got down far enough to see the lights in the valley. Then we saw cities of lights and they were beautiful. We entered San Jose a few minutes after twelve, just in time to catch the last car home.

A Worthless Soul

Sidney M. Carlson

Weak, horribly weak—weak with that weakness which only prolonged suffering knows; with that most ghastly of all maladies, the obsessed mind driven to distraction by hours—nay, days, weeks, months of ghastly hypochondriacal horrors, I roamed the streets. The hour was midnight, but the throngs that filled the city thoroughfares had by no means diminished. Nay, they seemed to increase, and to me, in this state almost bordering upon mania the faces flitted by reminding me like nothing so much as so many nats. Nats that buzzed; that annoyed me with their incessant chatter. Nats that ever seemed to swarm and obstruct my path. How they laughed! How they changed!

What strange tales—what divine comedies—what grotesque and fiendish mysteries were not scrawled across their different faces! Bah! chaff! puppets! A herd of gluttonous swine who neither thought nor lived.

For hours I had wandered thus with my melancholy thoughts, when suddenly and without knowing just how I came there, I found myself in a public house wreaking with stench and foul tobacco smoke and filled with the most unchristly noises that could possibly come from the lips of man. I was seated by a window whose lower ledge was on a level with the sidewalk and with my eyes and from which vantage point I could see nothing but the

feet of the throng that passed restlessly forth and back along the way. I conjectured that I must have entered one of those dives I had so much heard about—below the street. A dunghill. Here, as I sat, I found myself wearily contemplating the philosophy of feet. Boots—boots—boots. Nothing but boots extending from nowhere—coming and going to nowhere. Weary restless feet carrying all life's burden; a burden of horror through a sojourn of fancy to the tragic ending and the conqueror worm. Boots, new, boots old, large and small. Here I saw a world that had never unfolded to me before. A new world greater than all else. A mighty microcosm that carries all the weighty matters of life.

Thus I sat when a voice addressed me. A voice that sounded to my over-wrought imagination like nothing human. "Horror follows us like a plague," said the voice. "The fiends are forever in our wake—close upon our trail—are they not, sir?"

What human could possibly give voice to thought so closely in accord with my own state of mind? A cold horror gripped me. With a hesitation born of an unearthly dread that the thing which gave utterance to these words was invisible to mortal eyes—I faced about. I saw nothing. Nothing was there.

"Be not frightened," said the voice. "I am here, here, though you, perchance, may not see me."

"Let me assure you, sir, that your eyesight is badly in need of repair. You have been sleeping, my dear fellow. Sleeping for an age. Awake! At last perhaps, yes, I am sure of it, you are to see."

Having gazed carefully upon every side of me, and having noted that there was nothing in the vicinity of my table behind which a man, be he ever so small, could ensconce himself, I fell back upon my chair a prey to all the horrible fancies that had been slowly taking possession of me. But, finally, mastering all the courage in my shrinking being I addressed the atmosphere before me. My voice was cracked, old, weird. It seemed to me to come from unknown depths.

"What will you have, sir?" I croaked.

"Have? Have?" said the voice. "I would have your soul, sir. O, I grant that it is worth little enough, sir—a puff of smoke from yon lady's cigarette—and yet, having no soul of my own, and yours being useless to you, I would barter for it. In fact, I am sure that you have nothing to lose: for, St. Peter could not possibly use it; and as for our friend, the cook—how could he fire a puff of smoke? But to ME this only enhances its value. I will make you a good bargain, sir, a very good bargain. What do you say now to a year's peace and a year's love all for a worthless, useless soul."

My tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. In mortal anguish I gazed about me. Boots—boots—boots; pitter—patter; clip-clap.

"All for a worthless, useless soul," came the voice.

Anger—fierce, burning, raging, seething, superhuman anger—took possession of me. "To hell with you," I shrieked. "I'll keep my soul." And leaping from my chair I glared frantically about me. And there, above where my head had been—so directly above that I had failed to perceive it, hung a cage.

A parrot swung from a perch within.

"And such a useless soul! Such a useless soul!" mournfully murmured the parrot, moving his head sagely from side to side.

With the frenzy of a madman I grasped a chair and struck the cage again and again and then casting it from me rushed wildly from the place. The voice of the parrot followed me into the street: a high, wild, weird wail.

"He has the soul of the devil—the devil!" quoth he.

Constitution of Associated Students of College of Puget Sound

ARTICLE I

Name and Membership

Section 1. The name of this organization shall be "THE ASSOCIATED STUDENTS OF THE COLLEGE OF PUGET SOUND."

Sec. 2. Membership in this organization shall consist of any student in the College of Liberal Arts or the Academy; and any special student who is working for a degree or diploma in any department of the College of Puget Sound. The students enrolled in the schools of Education, Home Economics, Public Speaking, Music and Art shall be classified with the College of Liberal Arts or the Academy as indicated by the registration.

Sec. 3. All students at the time of registration for each semester shall pay a fee of two dollars and a half (\$2.50) to be applied on all activities carried on under the auspices of the Associated Students, the same to be apportioned by the Central Board at its first meeting of each school year.

Sec. 4. On presentation of the bursar's receipt for the said fee (Sec. 3) to the Secretary-treasurer of the A. S. C. P. S. the bearer shall receive the membership card of the A. S. C. P. S. to which he shall affix his signature.

Sec. 5. This membership card shall entitle the student whose signature appears thereon to admission

to all activities carried on under the auspices of the A. S. C. P. S., including the subscription to the student publication.

Sec. 6. Any student making any dishonest use of this membership card shall forfeit the same, and can be reinstated only by action of the Central Board.

ARTICLE II

Object

Section 1. This organization shall foster and promote all interests pertaining to student life and welfare.

ARTICLE III

Officers

Section 1. The officers of this organization shall be a President, a Vice President and a Secretary-Treasurer.

Sec. 2. All officers of the Associated Students' organization, the Central Board and the Bureaus shall be elected for a term of one school year.

ARTICLE IV

Duties and Qualifications

Section 1. The President shall preside at all meetings of the organization and shall be ex-officio chairman of the Central Board. He shall be a Senior, if possible, at the beginning of the college year following his election, and he shall average first grade in at least one-half of the subjects which he has completed, and this qualification

shall rise automatically to first grade in two-thirds of all subjects having been completed at the time of the election of 1917 and in all elections thereafter.

Sec. 2. The Vice President shall assume the duties of the President in case of his absence, resignation or forfeiture of office. He shall be ex-officio a member of the Central Board, and shall be a member of one of the three upper classes of the College of Liberal Arts at the time of his election.

Sec. 3. The Secretary-Treasurer shall keep a record of all the proceedings of the organization, shall have charge of all disbursements from the general fund, and shall be ex-officio a member of, and secretary of the Central Board.

Sec. 4. The Editor-in-Chief shall be a member of the College of Liberal Arts and shall average first grade in at least half of his completed subjects.

Sec. 5. The Managing Editor shall average first grade in at least half of his completed subjects.

Sec. 6. In order to be eligible to represent the College of Puget Sound in any student activity, students of the various departments of the College must have **successfully** carried twelve hours of scholastic work during the previous semester of residence, and must also be carrying twelve hours successfully during the semester in which they desire to participate in any given

contest or activity; provided, further, that a student is ineligible during the first semester of probation, but may be declared eligible during the second semester, if he is carrying all his hours successfully, and if he passed in all his hours for the first semester of probation. For the purpose of this rule, a student is considered to have been in residence during a semester if he attended the College for two months in that semester. Further provided, that any special student, or anyone who is prevented by necessity from carrying full collegiate hours, who shall have maintained the standard of grades required by this clause, shall be eligible for any student activity.

ARTICLE V

The Central Board

Section 1. Name—This Board shall be called the CENTRAL BOARD OF THE ASSOCIATED STUDENTS OF THE COLLEGE OF PUGET SOUND.

Sec. 2. Membership—The Central Board shall consist of the President, Vice President, and Secretary-Treasurer of the Associated Students' Organization of the College of Puget Sound, one student member from each bureau governing student activities, and three members of the Faculty.

Sec. 3. Officers—The officers of the Associated Students' Organization shall be ex-officio the officers of the Central Board.

Sec. 4. Duties—The duties of this Board shall be:

1. To audit the financial reports of the various bureaus.

2. To arbitrate in any conflict between bureaus, classes or other organizations.

3. To provide for the creation of new bureaus, by the formation of tentative or provisional constitutions to be submitted to the Associated Students' Organization.

4. To make proper adjustment upon the presentation of complaints concerning the actions of any bureau, or any member thereof, or any officer of the Associated Student Organization, or of the Central Board.

5. To remove from office any officer or member of any bureau or of the Central Board who may be found guilty of misconduct or inefficiency.

6. To consider all matters of student concern and to bring before the Associated Student Organization such matters as they deem proper.

Sec. 5. Meetings—This Board shall meet regularly every two weeks, on such day and hours as it may choose.

ARTICLE VI

Bureaus

Section 1. For the immediate management of the various phases of student activity there shall be: a Bureau of Athletics, a Bureau of Public Speaking, a Bureau of Social Activities, a Bureau of Student Publication, a Bureau of Religious Activities.

Sec. 2. Each bureau shall elect from among its members a President, Vice President, and a Secretary-Treasurer.

Sec. 3. Every Secretary-Treasurer and Financial Manager shall make a written report to the Central Board at least two weeks before the close of each term.

Sec. 4. All Faculty representatives shall be appointed by the President of the College.

Sec. 5. Each Bureau shall have at least two regular meetings each term, and as many additional meetings as may be deemed necessary.

Sec. 6. The Bureau of Athletics shall consist of three representatives from the College of Liberal Arts, two from the Academy and two from the Faculty.

The student members of the Bureau of Athletics shall qualify as to scholarship the same as members of any of the athletic teams.

Duties:

1. Before the closing of the school year, the Bureau of Athletics shall make at least two nom-

inations for the office of student assistant of athletics for the following year; and these nominations shall be presented to the members of the Student Association for election.

2. Before the playing of any intercollegiate game at the beginning of each season, a list of qualified players shall be furnished the Bureau, and such new names shall be added from time to time as others enter.

3. At the end of their respective seasons the Bureaus shall audit all football, basketball, baseball, and track accounts.

4. The Bureau shall file the athletic manager's report of each game, after it has been posted upon the bulletin board for forty-eight hours.

5. All sweaters or emblems which are presented to players at the end of each season, in recognition of faithful and consistent work, shall be voted upon by the Bureau, and purchased by the manager of athletics.

Sec. 7. The Bureau of Public Speaking shall consist of three representatives from the College of Liberal Arts, two from the Academy and two members from the Faculty.

Duties—This Bureau shall have control of all oratorical contests, all intercollegiate and interclass debates, all public performances of a dramatic character, given under the auspices of the College of Puget Sound.

Continued on page 25

tion. These men are only waiting until local people have accomplished their part of the work.

I wonder, students, if we realize the strenuous work Dr. Todd is continually doing in the interests of our school? The problem of keeping the wheels of finance running and directing the administrative affairs of a college—of our college with difficulties which are singularly its own—must be far more perplexing than we can appreciate. Dr. Hancher left another message of encouragement to our president when he informed him that the publicity sent to his board by the College of Puget Sound is the very best publicity they receive. This means something when the statement comes from a man who receives publicity from all the Methodist colleges of the country. We should appreciate this as well as Dr. Todd.

Students, let's advertise the endowment campaign; let's talk endowment to outside people; let's think endowment and pray endowment until the \$200,000 has been raised and James J. Hill has forwarded his check for the additional \$50,000. We can make Dr. Todd's part of the work easier by following out his instructions to us. We know what these instructions are. Godspeed to Dr. Todd and his work and godspeed to the endowment campaign.

EMBRYO JOURNALISM

In this, our first issue of the new year, the Trail staff begs in all meekness to be absolved from the impending terrors of past mistakes, and wishes to clear its records of past shortcomings by offering promises of greater endeavor in the future. We realize that there are many imperfections in our work that may be remedied. Time and again we have been "scooped" in failing to "cover" some important school function and avoidable discrepancies have often crept into our "write ups." To the critical eye the style and "make up" of our paper may appear imperfect in many respects. Indeed, we are surprised that so little criticism has come our way. In the future we shall endeavor to remedy some of these failings, though we may never hope to attain any measure of journalistic perfection. If we languish in this endeavor, we invite the most terrorizing threats that may be offered.

It is the aim and purpose of our little publication to portray the life and activity of the school. If we fail in this purpose, perhaps the editor is to blame or perhaps the students have failed to do their part. We would urge upon every student to take an active interest in the paper, indeed, even as active an interest as you are urged to nourish in support of athletic activities. We would not urge that interest in your school paper supplant your interest in the athletic life of your college,

nor would we entertain any opinion as to the relative importance of the two forms of school activity.

Your interest should not be merely to read each issue and comment favorably or otherwise on what it contains, but when called upon for the production of material to do this willingly and get your "write ups" in on time. If you happen to run across a good story that some unpretentious student has hidden away, make it a point to see that it gets into the hands of the editor. Perhaps it is unnecessary to mention still another point, but as a matter of courtesy, do not feel slighted if every line of "copy" that is turned in does not find its way into print.

WHAT IS LIFE?

Earle M. Giese

Men of earth yield up your story,

What is life to you and me?

Is it more than mere experience

That comes the same to me and thee?

"What is life?" Well, let us see.

"What is life?" I asked the flower
And it hung its pretty head:

"Life is beauty and rare fragrance
That ne'er thinks of what is dead."

This is what the sweet flow'r said.

"What is life?" I asked the serpent
As it bent its crooked way:

"Life is sin that eats the heart out;
A living death by night and day."
This I heard the serpent say.

"What is life?" I asked the winged,
Feather'd, flying, airy bird:

"Life is fleeting, roving fancy,
Full of joy by flight conferred,"
From his chirp is what I heard.

"What is life?" I asked the artist.
Raising brush and palette too:

"Life is art expressing beauty,
Bringing out both old and new."
Such he gave me as his view.

"What is life?" I asked the poet.—
Roused from meditation deep:

"Life is truth and heavenly vision,
Inspiring man to climb the steep",—
From his answer this I reap.

"What is life?" to them I whisper,
And philosophers reflect:

"Life is mystery unfathomed,
Backed by cause for each effect."
'Tis the answer I expect.

"What is life?" I asked a pris'ner,
Chained and locked in prison
dark:

"Life's a fire not dead where hope
is,
For it kindles from that spark",—
Gathered I from his remark.

"What is life?" I asked the actor
As I met him in the mart:

"Life's a stage on which we're
actors
Each one playing his small
part",—
Such he found it from his art.

"What is life?" I asked a teacher
As he stood before his class:

"Life is wisdom guiding knowledge,
Leading truthward lad and lass."
This he tells me as I pass.

"What is Life?" I asked a sailor
 Who was rival to the whale:
 "Life's a voyage from Here to
 Yonder"
 On a Sea quite rough to sail."
 Such he told me as his tale.

"What is life?" I asked the lover
 As in the woods we met one day:
 "Life is living with your loved one,
 Living life with love for aye."
 This is what all lovers say.

"What is life?" I ask the Christian
 As he rises from his knee:
 "Life is following our Master,
 Doing deeds that set men free."
 This should ev'ry ones life be.

"What is life?" That puzzling
 question
 Ask of Him alone who knows:
 "I am Life and Love and Service:
 Giving life and curing woes,
 Swallowing death and all man's
 foes."

DR. FOSTER'S BANQUET

The Reverend John D. Foster, professor of theology of the college, celebrated his eighty-first birthday by entertaining at a banquet on Dec. 14, 1914, in the domestic science rooms, the faculty, members of the senior class, and a few of his friends. The banquet room was beautifully decorated in English ivy and Japanese lanterns to effect a moonlight scene, while the color scheme was carried out on the tables in red carnations and candlabra. The dinner was daintily served by the young

women of the department. With Dr. Todd as toastmaster, a very interesting informal program was given, and many tributes were paid to the doctor's long, useful life, and his excellent health and active mind. Dean Marsh paid tribute to Dr. Foster in behalf of the faculty; Mr. Schofield spoke for the Board of Trustees, of which he is vice-chairman; Miss Else Warren represented the students, who have been in Dr. Foster's classes and by whom he is so well beloved. Mr. C. S. Todd brought greetings from the doctor's many friends in Seattle, and Dr. Rees spoke for those who live in Tacoma; Miss Preston, Mr. Kloeper and Prof. Schofield sang a beautiful hymn of the doctor's own composition; the dean read a goodly number of the many letters of greeting to the doctor from all parts of the United States; Prof. Davis read resolutions appropriate to the occasion from the faculty; and a speech from the good doctor himself completed the program of the evening. Together with the author of the following poem, written in honor of the occasion, we wish Dr. Foster many more years of health and useful service.

With a glory of the winter rainfall,
 Splashing his feet so gay,
 In the Domestic Science Basement,
 He sits on his 81st birthday.

With his books and his barrels of
 sermons,
 And the Y. M. boys as his kin,
 While a sound as of rushing waters,
 From far and near rolls in.

It comes from the Potlatch city,
From the islands of the sea,
From the "skeeter" swamps of Jersey,
And the City of Destiny.

This sound as of mighty waters,

Is the message of God's own
might,
Which comes from his many good
friends,
Who would love to be here to-
night

Thus it is with those who render
Service to humanity's needs;
We shall ever hold in memory
The beauty of their deeds.

E'en at the call of the dark angel,
These friendships severed shall not
be,

For the soul of man shall ever
Live on through eternity.

--Robert A. Cummins.

*Through The Darkness to
the Dawn*

By Marvin M. Walters

"Weeping may tarry for the night,
But joy cometh in the morning."
—Bible.

The cloud has burst from heaven's
clear,
The blood of nations is spilled;
It has drenched the sad earth and
tinctured the mere,
For humanity's wrath-cup is filled;
Hark the groan of the dying away
in the glen,
Where the squirrel once played to
the song of the wren;
Now the cannon's black mouth tells
of war and of waste,
Where a soul, every second, looks
God in the face.

The wild, mad run of fancy,
Could not quicken death a whit,
Where the stout hearts sicken weary
In the butchery of the pit;

Where a thousand homes break
hourly—

Fathers bite the sombre sod,
And five thousand helpless children,
Left to mothers and to God.

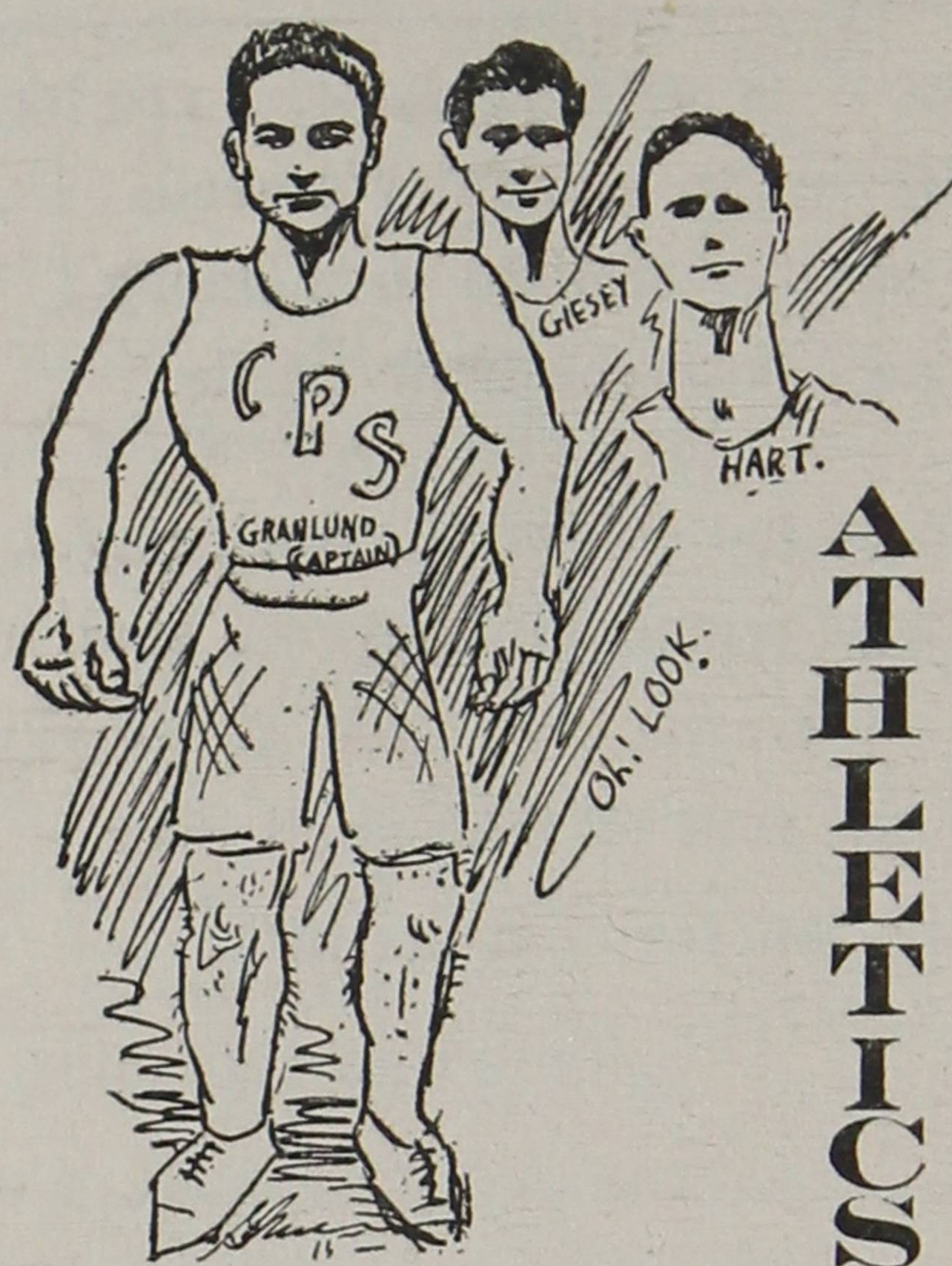
Ah! the dark, dark night's upon us,
Rolls the darker clouds of gloom,
Lowering just above our sunset,
Thickening all our sky at noon,

For we dreamed we'd passed the
breakers,
Dreamed the shore-lights twinkled
far,

But, alas, the rocks before us
Shadow half a world in war.

Still above the cry of children,
And the wail of mother hearts,
Cresting the smoky lines of powder,
Where the hate of man departs

In the first pure air of heaven,
Peace awaiteth, sorrow-scorning
In the wounded breasts of men—
"Joy cometh in the morning"
For our God returns again.



THE WASHINGTON GAME

Probably the largest and most enthusiastic crowd of loyal C. P. S. rooters that ever turned out to a basketball game saw our boys fight a stubborn battle against big odds with U. of W. on the Y. M. C. A. floor Saturday, Jan. 16. The U. of W. men were a veritable machine in action, comprising the Northwest championship quintet of last year. They showed wonderful speed and their pass combinations were admirable to say the least. They played their usual good game absolutely clean and fair. We were glad to have the opportunity to play them and hope that the relations established at this meeting may be maintained throughout the years to come. We wish them success in the conference games this year.

Our boys, although outclassed, put up a game fight. The first score of 88 to 23 does not tell the whole

story. We must remember that our team has only been together for this season. Coach Giesey played a fine game at center but was up against a hard man in Savage. Captain Granlund played his usual good game at forward and put up a snappy resistance against Fancher, the crack Washington guard. Granlund made one pretty shot that set the rooters wild. Benadom was full of fight all the time, scoring 5 field goals. He ran the floor a great deal and kept the Washington men hard on his tracks, playing against McFee, probably the best guard in the Northwest. Hart and Herzog played a fine game at guard and did very well at checking two of the finest forwards in the state.

A big crowd of rooters was out and they showed the right spirit when they saw our boys working so hard against such odds. Yell King Bain and his assistant, Pflaum, kept the rooters well in hand.

The Line-Up

C. P. S.		Washington
Benadom.....	F.	Davidson- Schroeder
Granlund, Capt...	F.	Robinson
Giesey	C.	Savage
Hart.....	G.	Fancher- Schively
Herzog	G.	McFee Duetsche
		Referee, Carroll.
		Umpire, Zoller.
		Scorer, Wright.

Other Games

December 10th our boys played at DeKoven Hall and won a rough game by a score of 41 to 30. A good crowd of rooters was out. The second team won from St. Leo's first team by a score of 14 to 13. On Jan. 9th our first team won from our old enemies, the Indians, for a second time this year, on the Y. M. floor by a score of 40 to 21.

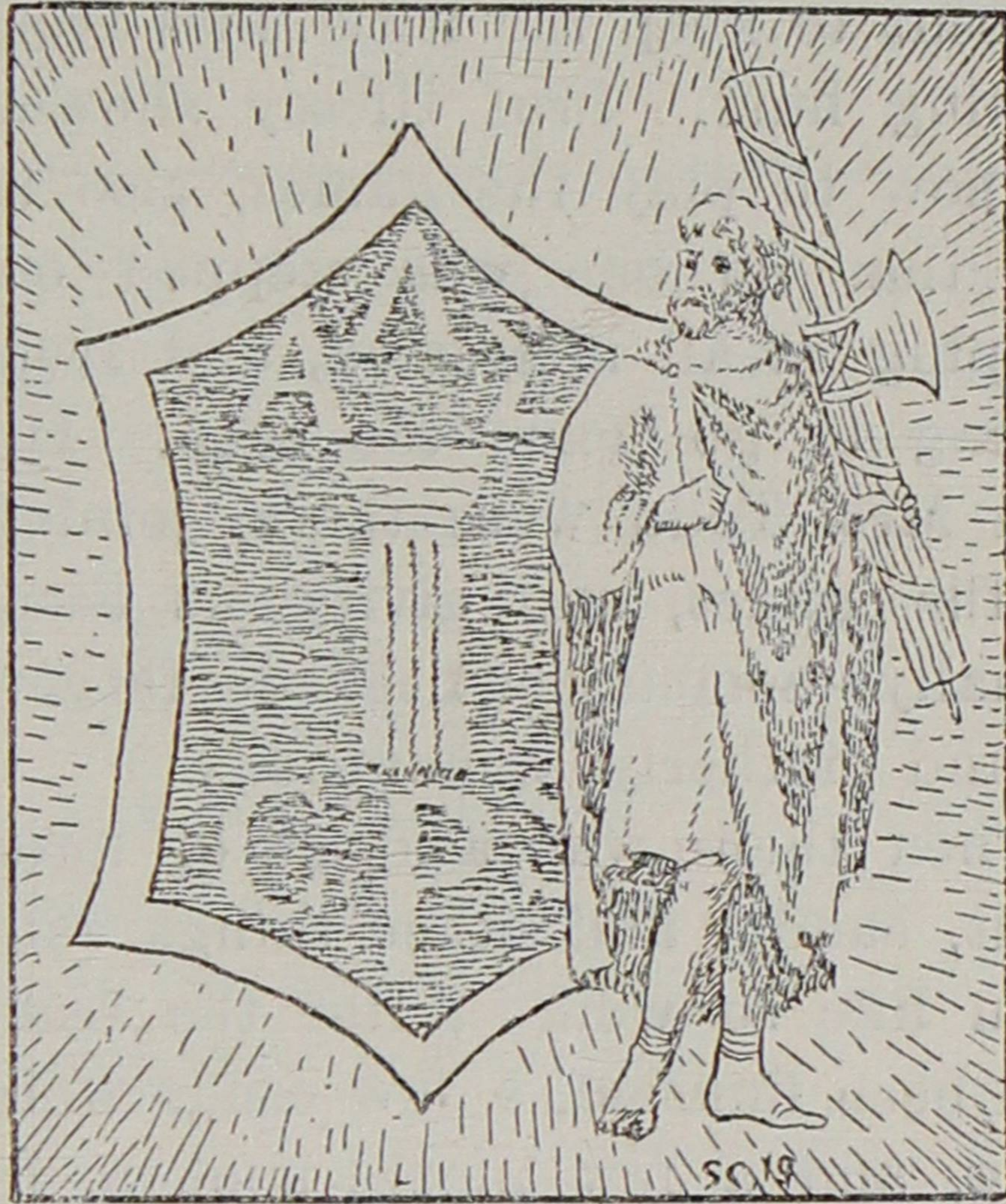
GIRLS' BASKET BALL

For the last two months the girl basket ball enthusiasts have been learning the game under the coaching of Miss Hassebrook, at the city Y. W. C. A. A good many of the recruits have done good work, especially those of the Freshmen who have never played before. A great deal of interest has been manifested. The girls are looking forward to probable games with the High and Indian schools.

Those composing the College first team are: Forwards, Irma Tuell and Hazel Bock; center, Mary Manny; side center, Mable Meiers; guards, Annie Fry, Ethel Beaver.

NOTICE

Owing to the resignation of Clyde Benadom, athlete manager, the Athletic Bureau has nominated Francis Powell and Wilbur Hart for an election for manager to serve for the rest of the season. The election will be held Thursday, Jan. 21.



THE AMPHICTYONS

I am a little man,
And I have a little hat;
I love a little maid,
For my heart goes pitapat.

I am a little maid,
And I have a little braid;
I love a little man,
With cheeks so tan.

These, and many others, were the pieces that could have been heard on the night of December eighteenth, at the glorious "Amphictyon Kid Party." At about 8 o'clock the little boys and girls began to arrive. Soon after the first natural shyness of little tots had disappeared, they commenced to play the games, which only little children can enjoy. We played "Farmer in the Dell," "Drop the Handkerchief," "District School," and several others of equal interest.

Prof and Mrs. Hanawalt were present to keep the little ones from getting hurt. Prof Gieseey showed us how to play the games, also to see that no one was stepped on, keeping us all interested, and from crying to go home too soon. Dr. and Mrs. Todd were there, joining in the games, and giving us occasionally—sometimes needed—fatherly and motherly admonitions.

Then there was a feast of nuts, fruit, candy, and other things children like so well. After the feast had been finished, a few songs were sung, and a few pieces spoken, in the inimitable child-like fashion. Dr. Todd gave us a little speech, which everyone listened to as attentively as though hearing a fairy story for the first time. Then the presents—those presents—which made every little heart beat faster, and more anxious, were distributed. Every one got a present, not even the older folks were forgotten by Santa Claus.

Miss Reneau, our dear critic, showed us the dress, a little red dress the size of a large doll dress, that she said she once had worn. We could hardly have believed it, but when we looked at the little white dresses of the girls, and the boys in their best Sunday knee-pants, it seemed quite possible. Now we had some more games until it grew late, and we were forced to go home. But none were at all anxious to leave, for it seemed as if we had only begun. Not like most children after a party we were all on time to school the next morning; neither was there any one who com-

plained of being sick.

We are all back from the vacation, and have begun the New Year with enthusiasm. Every one feels better after enjoying the vacation. The best wishes for the New Year are extended to others.



PHILOMATHEAN

Alive? Well, I guess! You should come to the Philo programs if you don't think so. Our program on Dec. 15th was a great success, being the last program before Christmas. Some of the customs told about at that time were practiced the following week at the annual Xmas party, especially that of the use of the mistletoe. Say! maybe you think we did not have fun. After the chase, the defeated party gave an original playlet of the Newlywed's Baby, which was made extremely realistic. Then the other side to show their ability, presented

a dialogue of farmers, the principal character being Prof. Zoller. Later the eats appeared and this time we had **more than** we could eat for nothing was swiped.

The first program of this year went off with more snap than any program so far, which shows that Philos are learning by practice.

The features which offer special attraction at this time are the contest programs between the boys and the girls of the society. Jan. 19th the boys will perform; Jan. 26th the girls, though fewer in number, expect to display their literary ability. Judges will be appointed and everybody is cordially invited to attend these meetings.

Come and see what we are doing; enjoy yourself and learn something at the same time.

MUSIC STUDIO

On Wednesday evening, Jan. 13, Miss Sophy A. Preston of the Puget Sound Conservatory of Music, gave a piano recital assisted by Miss Lucile Preston, mezzo soprano at the college chapel.

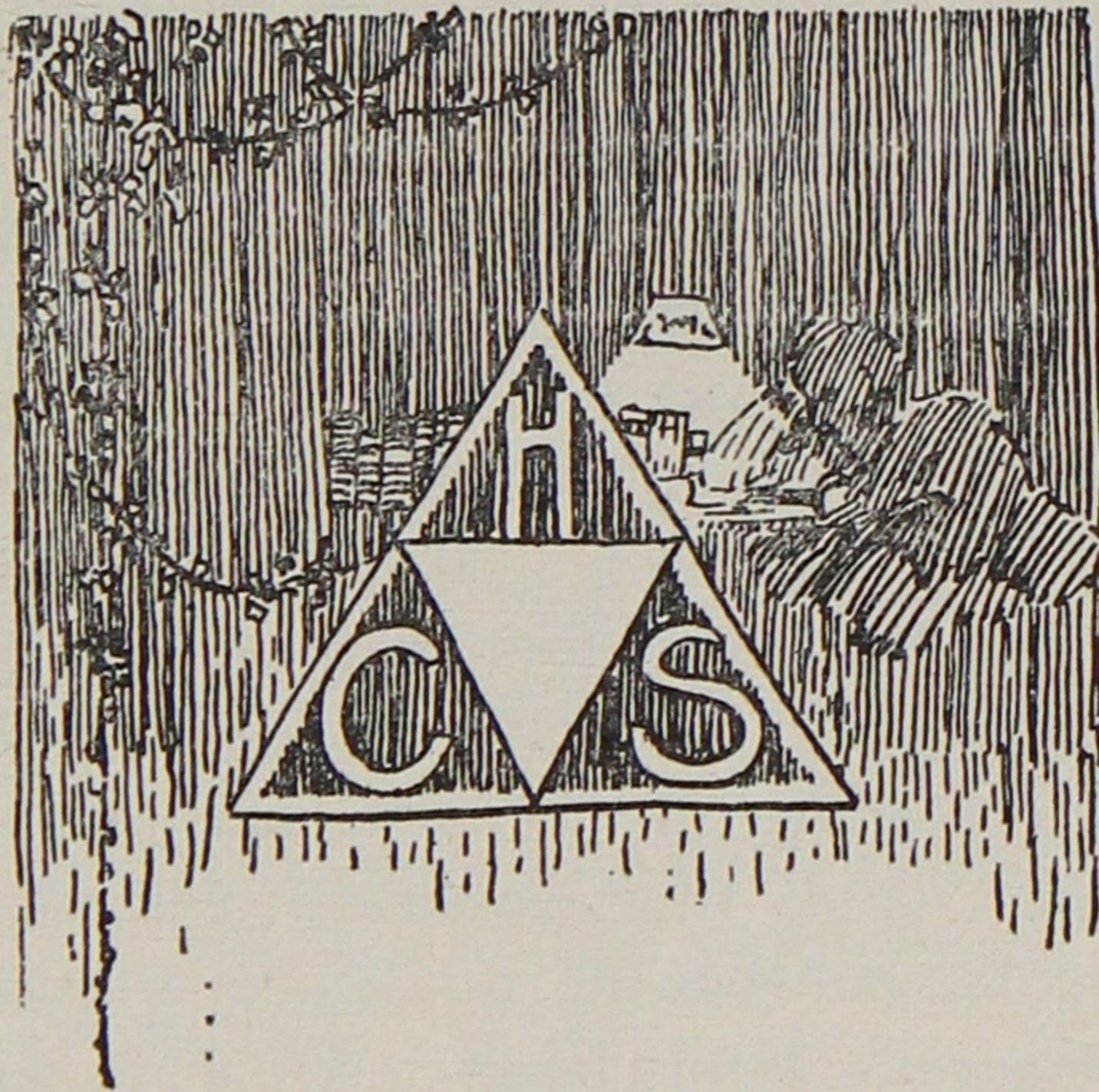
On Jan. 20, Miss Gladys Bartholomey, one of the advanced music pupils, will appear in a recital, and on Jan. 22 there will be a pupils recital of the schools of music and oratory.

In the near future our chapel choir will give the Holy City, assisted by the college orchestra.

Y. W. NOTES

The speakers of the month have been Dr. Rees, the pastor of Epworth church; Mrs. Todd, our president's wife; and Mae Reddish, one of our graduates.

Our Bible study class is still alive, but we need support. We would be delighted to see more girls. The meetings are an inspiration and help to all those who attend.



H. C. S.

There are two things in life that are heartily condemned by society, candor and truth. There are two things that are heartily lauded by society, hypocrisy and deceit. But in the essence of things it is written in letters of gold, "better to die in truth a reprobate, than to die a gilded angel in deceit."

The H. C. S. boys are going after the truth. There shall be no hypocrites among them. At the last meeting this was brought up and in the next it shall be further thrashed out. Rev. Rees shall lead and we are confident that he will direct us aright. Following the election of officers the last meeting of this semester, we are to go after our new plans in deadly earnest and we feel that we shall create a greater society than ever before.

THE MAGNANIMOUS SENIORS

December the tenth was a monumental day in the history of our school spirit, when we bravely gave up our class party for the first basket ball game of the season. For weeks previous our one joy in life had been the hysterical anticipation of our class party. The unbounded enthusiasm was due mainly to the promise of hilarious entertainment in the guise of checkers and post-office, and the elaborate refreshments, consisting of popcorn and crabapple sandwiches. We were so carried away that we volunteered an extra nickel apiece for a pint of lemon ice, Pansie Lawrence generously offering the use of nine silver spoons. Our recklessness was apparent for we permitted our various professor's statements to stand, unrefuted. We blush at the temporary loss of dignified importance. The rally on the ninth tested the mettle of the class. A few rahs, an ardent appeal from our own Rolla Clark to sacrifice our cher-

ished dream and go to the game, wrought anguish to our souls. The irony of fate once more—the horrible clash of events. There ensued a titanic struggle within each breast, but conquering we arose valiantly. Honest sweat on every brow and with one accord melodiously voiced our promise that we would go! The others, not realizing the immensity of our sacrifice, quite forgot to cheer us, but we, in our wisdom, forgive them.

JUNIOR NOTES

The Junior class is the only one in the school that accomplishes things without everyone knowing it. It must be because their sympathies are with the Freshmen. This vacation all the girls kept from getting tangled in the net of matrimony, although it looked bad for Mabel Meiers. The business manager of the Trail had a rest from his nerve-racking toil of soliciting advertisements. The Webb of fate has not yet entangled Alice, but all of us are wondering when we will sing the old familiar air, "Alice, Where Art Thou Going?" Benadom has not yet decided to start a home Baker-y yet. Rees has resolved to quit flirting.

But we will not weary you with our little personals. We are all going to be Seniors next year, if we don't flunk in anything. But as Juniors we are planning a party for the near future. From an observation of the joke page, the Gods

must be getting ready to crack the reporter for the Junior class, he sure is as bad a nut as the writer of the dippy-dope column.

We heard that the Junior class was the handsomest in the school. The one who said it had reference to the girls. Mabel was standing near by talking to Trina and she said, "That's so," and Trina said, "Amen."

Speaking of New Year resolutions every member of our class has broken everyone they made. But Prof. Davis said that we shouldn't worry for he never kept all of his.

SOPHOMORE NOTES

The Sophomore class is back in its entirety, though some were out of town during the holidays. Alden Warman spent Christmas at home in Pehastine, Ruth Temple at Olympia, Icel Marshall at Centralia, Evelyn Roberts visited friends out of town, and Ida Miller at Berkeley. For the rest the Sophomores were in Tacoma. We congratulate ourselves on our representation on the basket ball team. All agree that De Los Hart has done mighty good work.

The Sophomores are busy getting ready for examinations and the opening of the new semester.

FRESHMAN NOTES

The Freshmen have not had a class meeting this month.

Miss Aileen Guptil was somewhat surprised the other day when a large window came down on her head. Her head was injured, but the window was shattered.

Ruth Auld says the most interesting place in school is the mail box. Another of her brilliant remarks is that if she cannot get a Sophomore H(E)ART any other way, she'll manufacture one and carry it around on her arm.

ALUMNI NOTES

Miss Vinnie Pease, '07, spent the holidays in Tacoma and Shelton.

Miss Ethel Cotter, '08, and her mother are spending a few weeks east of the mountains. In their absence Mr. and Mrs. John Olsan, '07 and '05, are at the Cotter home in Puyallup.

Mrs. Mary Hawthorne, nee Le Sourd, '05, came down from Everett to spend Christmas with relatives in Tacoma.

Miss Alta Hathaway, '09, was down from Burlington, Wash., for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Cook, '07 and '08, of Chehalis, spent the holiday vacation with Mrs. Cook's parents at Lemons Beach, and with relatives in Puyallup. They bring inspiring reports of their work and surroundings in Chehalis.

George Thompson, '14, who is teaching in Chehalis High School, visited in Sumner during the Christmas vacation.

Miss Ora Bullock, '08, is teaching east of the mountains at Ruff, Wash. She and her sister, Miss Jeanne Bullock, normal '14, spent the holidays at their home in Sumner.

A prospective member of the class of 1932 arrived at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Selinger on Wednesday, Dec. 30, 1914, in the person of little Caryl Louise. We have some splendid college songs, but a "Christmas Caryl" will be a very welcome addition.

LADIES' HALL

The majority of the girls of the hall spent their holidays at their respective homes. Among these were: Ruth Temple, Icel Marshall, Ann Fry, Ruth Woods, Mabel Meiers. Alma Grant visited friends in Seattle, and Margaret Clements spent a very enjoyable two-weeks in British Columbia. Cora Scheibner spent the holidays with her aunt in this city. Iva Esty and Alta Miller were very kindly entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Pemberthy of this city on Christmas.

Mabel Meiers has left the hall since Christmas, and it batching with Evelyn Roberts.

Alta Miller stayed at the hall for two weeks before the holidays during which time she was employed at Rhodes Bros.

RULES TO BE OBSERVED IN SECURING DATES FOR SOCIAL FUNCTIONS

As there seems to be some misunderstanding about the rules for obtaining dates for social functions, the following statement has been authorized by the social bureau:

All petitions must be in the hands of the proper faculty representative several days previous to the meeting of the Social Bureau, and the date requested must be at least two weeks after said meeting. Petitions from literary societies should be given to Miss Reneau; from classes, to Prof. Zoller.

ALCE WARREN, Secy.

WOMAN'S COLLEGE LEAGUE

The Woman's League of the college met with Mrs. Goulder at the Ladies' Hall, Tuesday afternoon, Jan. 5th. About thirty ladies were present. After the business meeting, the ladies were delightfully entertained with a piano solo by Miss Rush Woods, and two readings by Miss Icel Marshall. During the social hour which followed refreshments were served, Mrs. Todd presiding at the tea table.

Notwithstanding the increase of Fords, the best sparking device continues to be a sofa, with the lights turned low. Ask the girls if this isn't true?

<p>THE I. P. A.</p>

Was there ever a student with spirit so dead, that to himself hath said: I care not whether my college is represented or no, whether or not I contribute to the glory and honor of my Alma Mater to be? If there is, that student should not be in a college; he is not fit to be in a college like ours.

The Prohibition Oratorical contest will be held at THIS college. Will we sit back and watch others carry the prize of thirty-five dollars away from us within our OWN walls? Students! come, enter, let's try let's win! We can do it if we each get forty ounces of brain matter busy. Get in NOW! Prepare for February 12th.

It was raining outside, and little interrogative Irma was in one of her worst, or at least most trying moods. Father, busily writing at his desk, had already reproved her several times for bothering him with useless questions.

"I say, pa, what—"

"Ask your mother."

"Honest, pa, this isn't a silly one this time."

"All right; this once. What is it?"

"Well, if the end of the world should come, and the earth was destroyed while a man was up in an airship, where would he land when he came down?"

(continued from page 12)

Sec. 8. The Bureau of Social Activities shall consist of ten members; three from the College of Liberal Arts, two from the Academy, and five from the Faculty.

The student members of this Board shall be chosen from the upper classmen of both Schools of College and Academy.

Duties—This Bureau shall have control of all social affairs subject to the regulations governing the social affairs of the College of Puget Sound.

Sec. 9. The Bureau of Student Publication shall consist of seven members; three from the College of Liberal Arts, two from the Academy, and two from the Faculty.

Duties—This Bureau shall have general supervision of all student publications.

Sec. 10. The Bureau of Religious Activities shall consist of the President and Devotional Chairman of the Y. M. C. A., the President and Devotional Chairman of the Y. W. C. A., and two members of the Faculty.

Duties—This Bureau shall have oversight of all matters pertaining to the Week of Prayer, the weekly College Prayer Meeting, and all religious work connected with the College of Puget Sound, except such as may properly fall within the sphere of the Y. W. C. A. or the Y. M. C. A.

(concluded next issue)

THE PUGET SOUND TRAIL



NOBODY HOME

O, this is the life.
 Junia thinks so.
 How about it, E. B.?
 Didja see the guy in chapel with
 the camera?
 And the fireworks?
 Benadom said the noise frightened
 him.
 Git that—Frightened.
 Some guy—Ben.
 Slatter crawled under a bench.
 When the explosion occurred.
 Told me so hisself.
 How about it, Slat?
 I didn't see Rees? ? ?
 Rolla Clark sat tight.
 Saw him myself as I beat it out the
 door.
 All the girls remained—signed—Icel
 Marshall.
 Hurrah for the girls say we.
 But that's got nothing to do with
 Selinger's being late for sociology.
 I move some young and inspired
 genius
 Write him a song, entitled—The
 hay, the hay,
 The beautiful hay.

Two-bits on a fire alarm guaranteed

to go
 Off at time set.
 Who's got the nerve to present it
 to him?
 Don't allspice.
 Fooledjathattime.
 S'nough said.
 Say! ! ! Ja get our basket ball
 team.
 Some team!
 Notice the suits?
 And they're proud of 'em.
 S'n awful small suit to be proud of.
 But jaaughttoseethephodostheyhad-
 taken!
 Some spiders!
 Not mentioning any names,
 But Grandlund had his took all
 alone.
 And ja just aughta see it! ! !
 (Pardon me if I appear to titter.)
 Standing advertisement.

Wanted: A brain guaranteed not
 to rust or need tinkering. One that
 will run night and day. One espe-
 cially adapted for use in this col-
 umn.

P. S.—Didja git your student
 body ticket? Whatsamatter, ja
 broke? A. SPOOFER.

Great Britain may be behind the
 times when it comes to aerial navi-
 gation, but in other respects she is
 in the lead. In London they are
 experimenting with crossing carrier
 pigeons with parrots in the hope of
 getting verbal messages through the
 enemy's lines.

"How on earth did you ever cultivate such a black eye," asked Brown's friend.

Brown, who had just been illustrating the fall of man on roller skates—"I raised it from a slip."

At a Boston Immigration station, one blank was recently filled out as follows:

Name—Abraham Cherkowsky.

Born—Yes.

Business—Rotten.

"George," asked a Titian-haired schoolmarm, "is there anything in the way of a connecting link between the animal kingdom and the vegetable kingdom?"

"Yeth, ma'am," answered George. "Hash."

Bessie—Did you tell Rees I was a fool?

Cottrell—No; I thought he knew it already.

"Love me little, love me long,"
Sang the dusty miller
To his wheat art, and his song
Did a maize and thrill her.

A Few Notes from a Daily Paper

He was arrested in bed, and attempted to commit suicide by firing a pistol at his head which he had concealed amongst the bed clothes.

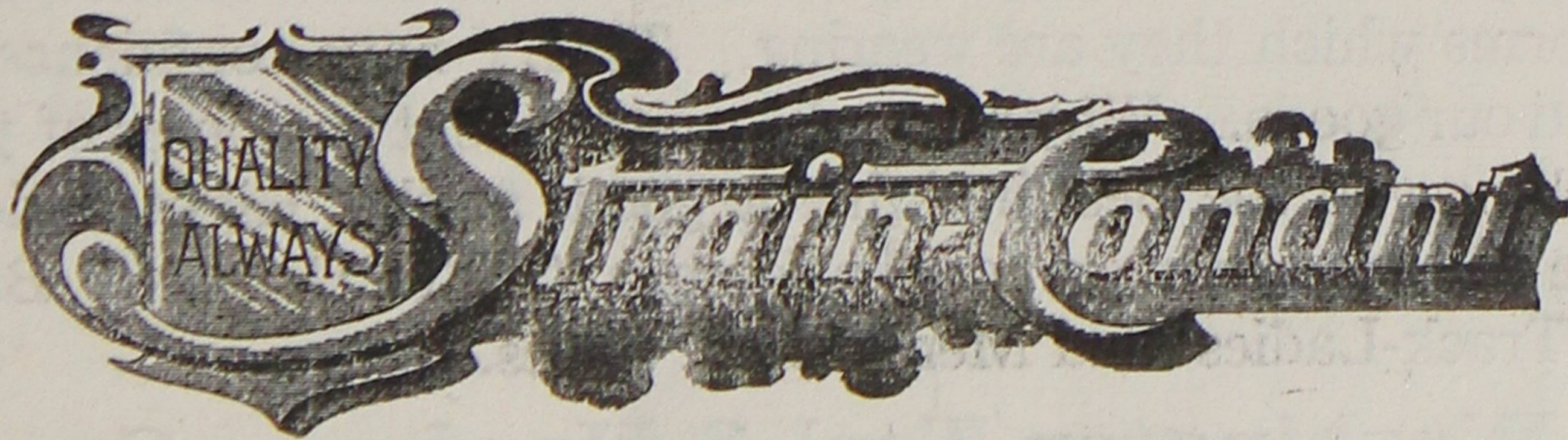
Society note—When a gentleman and lady are walking in the street, the lady should walk inside of the gentleman.

Telegram—Go for auntie. Father is dying as soon as possible.

Directions for sweeping a room—Cover the furniture with dust sheets, scatter damp tea leaves over the carpet, then carefully sweep the room into a dust pan, and throw it out of the window.

Notice at a seaside resort—Visitors are cautioned against bathing within a hundred yards of this spot, several persons have drowned here lately by order of the authorities.

High Grade Clothing, Hats and Furnishings



SOCIETY BRAND CLOTHES

Phone Main 7832

950 Pacific Avenue

She—Mother was rather angry with you last night.

He—I didn't kiss you.

She—Just so. And she waited all the evening at the keyhole for nothing.

Genevieve—She spoke about you in a flattering way the other day.

Harold—Did she? That was nice. What did she say?

Genevieve—She said that if she had your assurance with her brains, she'd run for President.

"The waiter tells me," said the manager, "that he has given you three plates of soup, none of which you could eat."

"He has given you the plain facts, sir," quietly replied the diner.

"This is very unusual," responded the manager anxiously. "May I ask why you can't eat the soup?"

"Certainly," was the easy rejoinder of the diner. "I have no spoon."

Willie had tried at various times to interest his father in conversation.

"Can't you see I'm trying to read," said the exasperated parent. "Now don't bother me."

Willie was silent about a minute. Then he said, reflectively:

"Awful accident in the subway today."

Father looked up from his work with interest. "What's that?" he asked, "what was that about the accident in the subway?"

"A woman had her eye on a seat and a man sat on it."

Customer—See here, waiter, I found a button in my salad.

Waiter—Yes, sir, that's off the dressing.

Police Judge—What is the charge against this man?

Officer—Yonner, he stole a pair of pants.

P. J.—Dismissed! You can't make a suit out of a pair of pants.

Hoorah! For the C. P. S. Team

They sure have been going some! So have our Basket Ball Uniforms which they are wearing. THEY have confidence in us and our goods. Why not make a permanent customer of you, by selling you the Best in Athletic goods at the Right Prices?

We are headquarters for the famous "WITCH-ELK" Base-Ball-Track-Ladies' and Men's Gym. Shoes.

Washington Tool & Hardware Co.

928 Pacific Avenue

A young Scottish recruit had been placed on duty as guard for the night outside of the colonel's tent. In the morning the colonel stuck his head out of the tent. "Who are you?" he demanded sternly.

The young man turned and affably replied, "Fine; hoo's yerself?"

The latest reports from the front are that the H. C. S. boys have started a reformation. Watch the latest bulletins for developments.

First Frosh—Where have you been?

Second Frosh—To the cemetery.

First Frosh—Anyone dead?

Second Frosh—Sure; every one of them.—Ex.

Sidney—So you like this new tortoise shell rim I have around my glasses?

Rees—It's all right. I think it lens attraction.

Jack (to the summer girl)—You will pardon me, but may I ask your age?

Floss (blushingly)—Oh, yes.

Jack—Well?

Floss—I have just seen nineteen summers.

Jack—May I ask another question?

Floss—Certainly.

Jack—How long were you blind?

Mr. Brown and his family were standing in front of the lion's cage.

"John," said his wife, "if those wild beasts were to escape, whom would you save first, me or the children?"

"Me," answered John without any hesitation.

She—Why do they paint the inside of a chicken coup?

He—To keep the hens from picking the grain out of the wood.

She—Why work so hard?

He—I'm too nervous to steal.

Last year C. P. S. students voted our place the **Most Satisfactory in Town**

Sheldon's Lunch

wishes to extend a cordial invitation to you all and guarantees it will fulfill its past reputation.

Cor. 11th and Commerce St.

Municipal Dock

LOCALS AND PERSONALS

Slowly but surely the appearance of C. P. S. is improving—just notice our new sign, will you? It certainly looks like there is something here.

Since several students have been obliged to quit school on account of illness, a couple of our college enthusiasts desired to fill their places with new members, and after vacation presented to the college Miss Jane Maxfield Gebert and Miss Caryl Louise Selinger, whom we trust will be valuable additions to our school.

After a long, jolly vacation we are all glad to get back to work again. Nearly all of the students spent Xmas at home or with relatives or friends. Bert Paul went to his home in Oakville. Mary and Florence Boston spent their Xmas at their home in Pheshasten.

Lee Bradley, together with his sister, spent the day with Mr. and Mrs. Smaldrige here in Tacoma.

Harry Gardner was invited to spend Xmas at the home of Miss Barnes in Goldendale, and being lonesome he naturally accepted.

Alden Warman enjoyed his vacation at his home in Pheshasten.

Mr. Sheffer did not go home, but seemed to be greatly attracted to the Springer home here in the city.

Hayden Watson Co. FLORISTS

Easter Lillies and other Spring Flowers Already in Stock. We Specialize in Artistic Corsage Bouquets for Dances, Receptions, etc.

Phone Main 300

938 C St.

STUDENTS! You will like the

University Barber Shop

First-class work

Massaging a Specialty

Cor. Sixth Ave. and Prospect

Stationery

Magazines

College Confectionery

602 Sprague Street

Candies and Fruit

Bakery Goods

Light Groceries



WASHINGTON DYE WORKS

We Call and Deliver
Quality and Service

MAIN 603

1110 SIXTH AVE.

Every student who is acquainted with our president and his wife know where to find a friend when they need one, and that those who are not acquainted may soon know and be known, Dr. and Mrs. Todd cordially invite you to their home.

“We just shake hands at meeting
 With many that come nigh;
 We nod the head in greeting
 To many that go by.
 But we welcome through the gate-
 way
 Our old friends and true,
 Then hearts leap up and straight-
 way
 There's open house for you
 Old friends,
 Wide open house for you.”

Pres. and Mrs. Edward H. Todd

No one has been missed more than has Prof. Lambert, who was obliged to leave his school work for a time. He is improving now, but probably will not be able to take up his work until next semester, and he will be welcomed back.

There is not space to mention everything that has happened, so do not feel slighted if your name is not here.

Mr. Hazeltine, an active Methodist layman and a great enthusiast for our college, visited Tacoma during vacation and had a long talk with Dr. Todd.

Alice Warren did not go anywhere, but she moved, which was just as good.

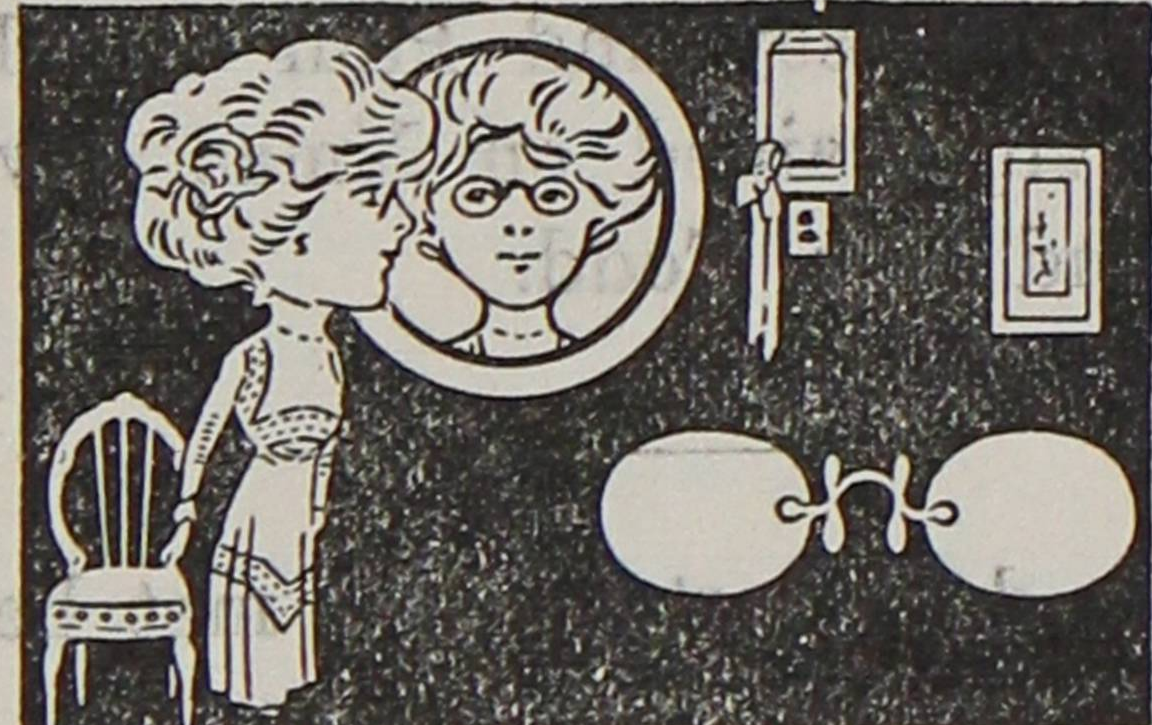
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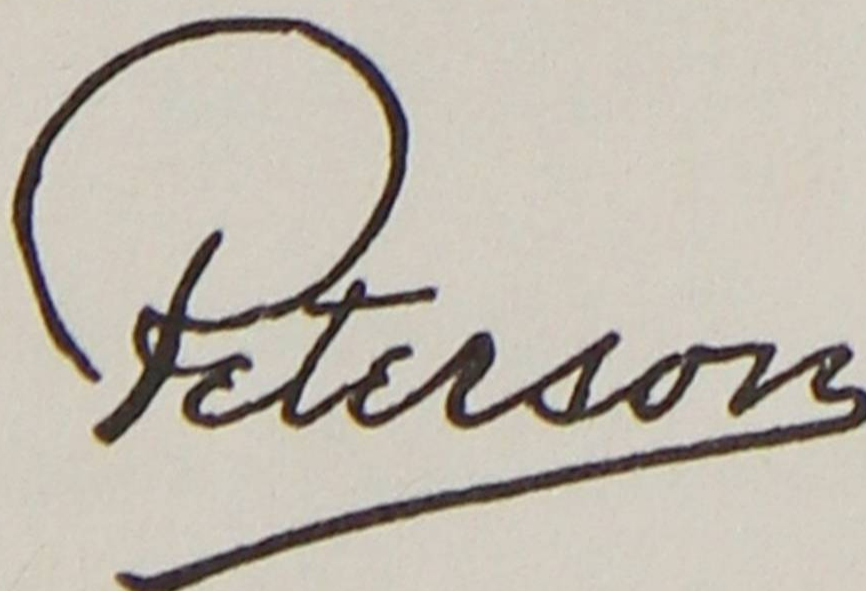
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Some of the "bachelors" decided to get their own dinner, consequently the "Yoke Fellows' Hall" had a feast all their own. Those present were Lloyd Burke, Lawrence Sheffer, William Pool and Roy Owen, the two latter being chief cooks. And they are all still alive. How strange!

Evelyn Roberts was kindly entertained in Puyallup at the home of Frances Overholt.

Guy Hudgins and Henry LaForge visited Bellingham.

Olive Bradburn spent the holidays at home in Seattle.

Prof. Giesey and Paul Granlund were entertained on Xmas day by Dr. and Mrs. Todd.

In the dark last night I met her,
And from her took a kiss,
And the sweetness of the nectar
O'erswept my soul with bliss;
But today I have a feeling,
A taste that's clear and keen,
And it tells me that the nectar
Was cold cream and glycerine.

—Punch Bowl.

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Whom the Gods would crack, they first make nutty.—Ex.

The man who feels like a lark in the morning is rarely the nightingale of the night before.—Ex.

Dean—Have you ever been up before me?

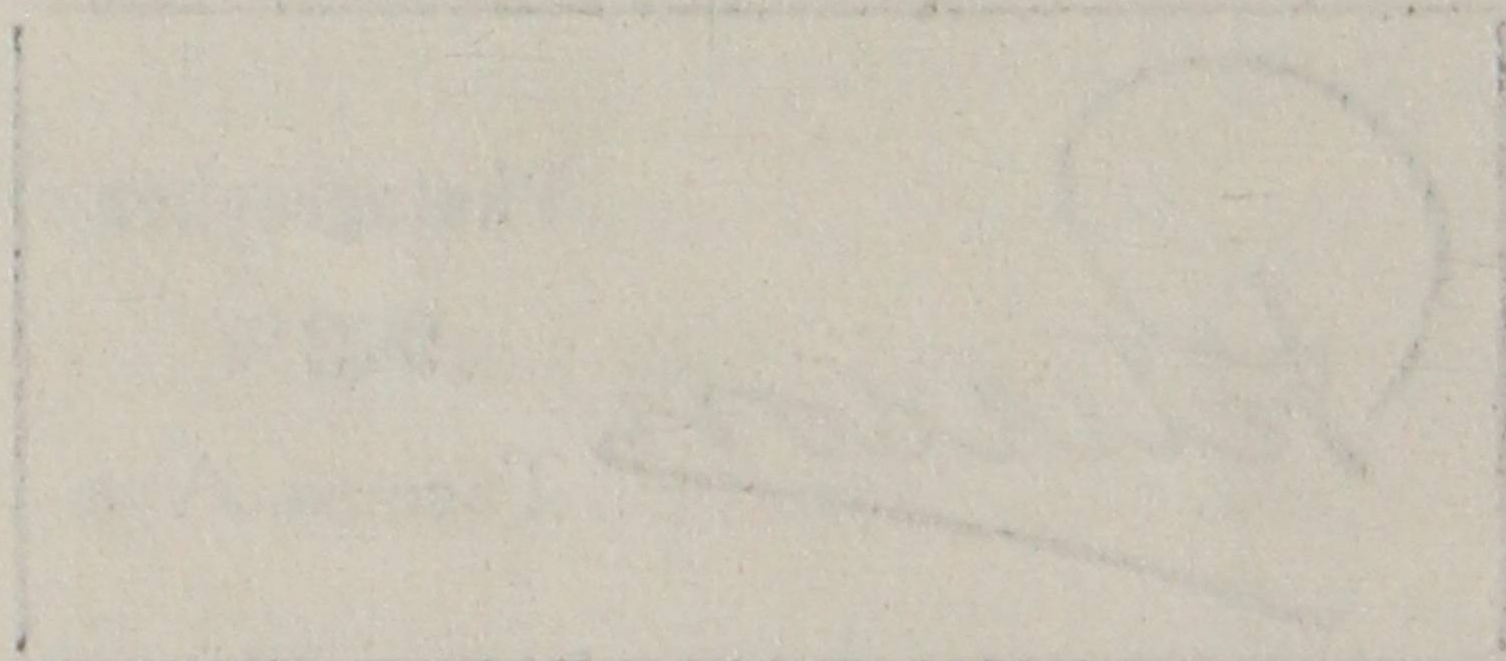
Soph—I don't know. What time do you get up?—Ex.

Just met your girl.

Fine; what did she have to say?

Nothing.

Then you didn't meet my girl.



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