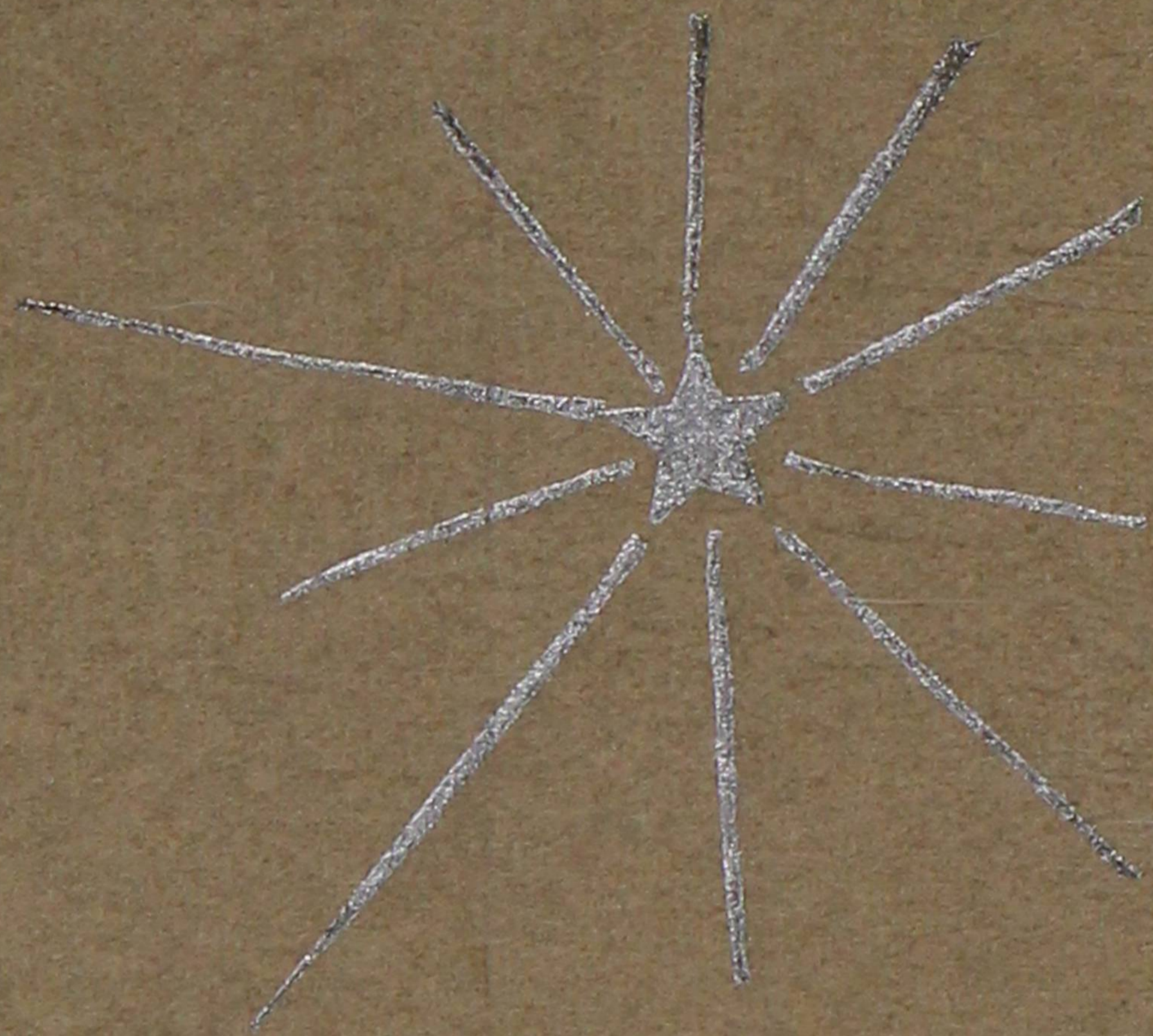


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THE TRAIL



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COLLEGE OF PUGET SOUND



DECEMBER 1915

Published by the ASSOCIATED STUDENTS
OF THE COLLEGE OF PUGET SOUND

These People Advertise in the Trail

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Bitney & Son
C. & G. Boot Shop
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Tacoma Engraving Co.
C. L. Thomas
Tacoma Taxicab & B. T. Co.
Washington Tool & Hardware Co.
Washington Dye Works
West Side Grocery
Yansen's Confectionery

The Puget Sound Trail

TACOMA, WASHINGTON

Published monthly by the Associated Students of the
College of Puget Sound

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Vol. V

DECEMBER 1915

No. 3

THE SPIRIT of CHRISTMAS

Harry E. Gardner

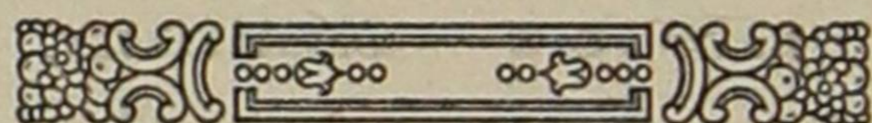
The cover design of Leslie's Weekly for the second of December affords us a beautiful study on this subject. The design is a Christmas scene and its title is "The Spirit of Christmas." It shows two little girls of about two and seven years of age. They are dressed in a very substantial and comfortable manner. The older girl is holding the younger girl in her arms so that the latter may drop a small coin into a red cross receptacle. True to the real Christmas atmosphere there is snow upon the ground. Near the feet of the older girl is seen the inevitable sled, a beautiful and costly little thing, laden with some Christmas bundles which the little girls are evidently carrying to some of their chums. As I said before, the design affords a beautiful study. The writer wonders, however, if it really represents the Spirit of Christmas. But someone says, do not spoil the children's fun in order to further the true Christmas Spirit. Such argument goes astray of the point. By all means increase the happiness of the

children, but in doing so, do not give them a wrong impression of Christ-Mass. The writer admires the design as much as the reader can possibly admire it, but he merely uses it to get a concrete example of the common practice, namely, that of spending our largest coins for ourselves, for luxuries and dainty presents which will please our friends and cause them to return the favor, and after we have spent our abundance, we drop a little insignificant coin into a charity box. I see very little of Christ's Spirit in this impersonal touch. I see none of the "Widow's Mite" in such giving. I would not suggest that there be more giving done at Christmas time, but that there be a different kind of giving. Scientists claim that the course of some plants may be changed by moving a weight of three one hundred thousandths of a grain, or one eight of the least amount which any person can feel on the most sensitive part of the body. We cannot altogether understand how this can be nor are we able to see

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the result of teaching a child to think that the word "Christmas" is synonymous with "getting." To end this paper abruptly, because of a limited amount of space, I believe that the greatest good that the average parents can do for their children at the Christmas time is to tell them in a complete way the story of the Christ Child. We as students are the older children, but not too old

to learn or too young to do something. Why not at this Christmas time resolve that by the help of our Christ we will give, not because of a fad, or because other people will give to us, or because a certain friend will think more of some one else than they will of us if we do not give, but because we can give something to help someone who needs help and can give it in Jesus' name.



WHITE MAGIC

O, this is thy fate, if thou livest too long;
If thou followest the path of happiness and wrong.
O, this is thy fate, if thou touchest the glass
That brings white magic into the face.
That you will suffer and sorrow and die
In a lonely place, with no one to sigh.
O, this is thy fate if thou livest too long
And come to believe that white magic is strong.
And, ah, 'tis a sorrowful fate thou hast,
A lonely and sorrowful fate thou hast,
If thou touchest the glass that leads to life,

If thou touchest the glass that turns all white
And happiness comes to thee.
That you will suffer and sorrow and die
In a lonely place with no one to sigh,
O, this is thy fate if thou livest too long
And come to believe that white magic is strong.
O, this is thy fate if thou gamblest too strong,
Think too deep and suffer all wrong.
O, this is thy fate if thou givest life up
And turn to the glass to inspire it.
That you will suffer and sorrow and die
In a lonely place with no one to sigh.
O, this is thy fate if thou livest too long
And come to believe that white magic is strong.

The YULETIDE

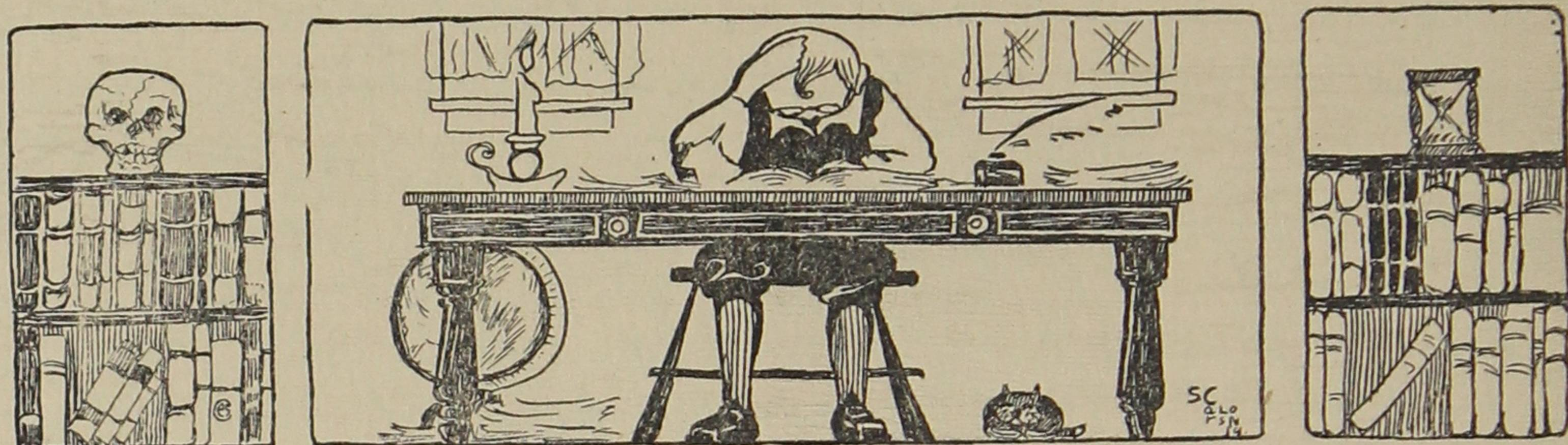
Victor J. Hedberg

The yule log blazes in the hearth; the northern wind whistles without; the air rings with the noisy joy of the child; the hidden mistletoe twines its tendrils; kinsfolk are gathered from far and near; the old make merry with the young; it is Christmas day in my father's house.

Christmas day, the day blest of all days, when the heart of mankind rejoices in the light of a new life, in the love of a new hope. The wintered earth lifts its white mantle before the light of this new life. The pain of all the earth is this day gently soothed by the wondrous God-love of an omnipotent Creator. In childhood, from our mother's lips we first heard the story of a star in the East guiding the wise men on a far desert; of a message from the heavens spoken to shepherds on the hills of Judea; of a Christ child in the manger of Bethlehem. This story was strangely beautiful to our child heart and now becomes strangely wonderful to our more mature mind.

The Christ child of twenty centuries past comes again with a message of peace and of love. The earth listens and the message is ever the same. But what a different people to receive it. A message of love to a world of greed and discord; a message of peace to a world torn in the shambles of a bloody war; a message of self-sacrifice to hearts securely bound by the cords of fiery pride; a message of lowly service to peoples shedding their life's blood in a wild passion for self-aggrandizement. It would seem just now that the Christ message of the centuries—the message to serve, not to rule; to give, not to take; to help, not to spurn; to love, not to hate—has been trodden under foot by peoples whose hearts are fiery with passions of pride and ingratitude. Sad hearts are praying for peace among men, this Christmas tide, and eager eyes are searching the heavens for an answer to their prayers.

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FACULTY NOTES

Dr. Todd left for the East December second, to be gone for several weeks. His trip will take him as far as New York and between here and there he will see Mr. Hill and interview the Methodist Board of Education concerning the Endowment. He will consult with various educators of Columbia, Chicago, Northwestern and like Universities in order that the standards of C. P. S. will be in accordance with the coming educational adjustment. Dr. Todd will also attend the annual National Convention for Presidents of the Methodist Colleges.

Miss Wilson spent her Thanksgiving vacation at her home in Spokane, Washington.

Miss Wilson, head of the Department of Home Economics, wishes to announce to the public that food, prepared by the department, is on sale Wednesday and Friday of each week. Special orders will be filled if sufficient notice is given.

Thanksgiving day, November 25, Miss Elsie Wood, head of the Spanish Department, and Dr. Robert

Schofield, head of the School of Music, were united in marriage at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. C. A. Robbin. The wedding came as a complete surprise to faculty and student body alike—but these same friends are no less delighted and wish the couple all happiness and joy.

The Lecture Course, given by members of the faculty, has been very instructive and entertaining. The first in the series was a Stereoptican lecture on "California and the Panama Exposition," by Walter S. Davis. The second was given by Prof. Davis on the subject "Needed Amendments to the Constitution of the United States." He said in part that there were three classes of amendments. The first class included those relating to the Presidency. He advocated giving the President the power to veto items in appropriation bills, the abolition of the Presidential electors, the lengthening of the term of office to six or eight years and the changing of the date of inauguration to April 30th. The second class included those relating to Congress. He would remedy the

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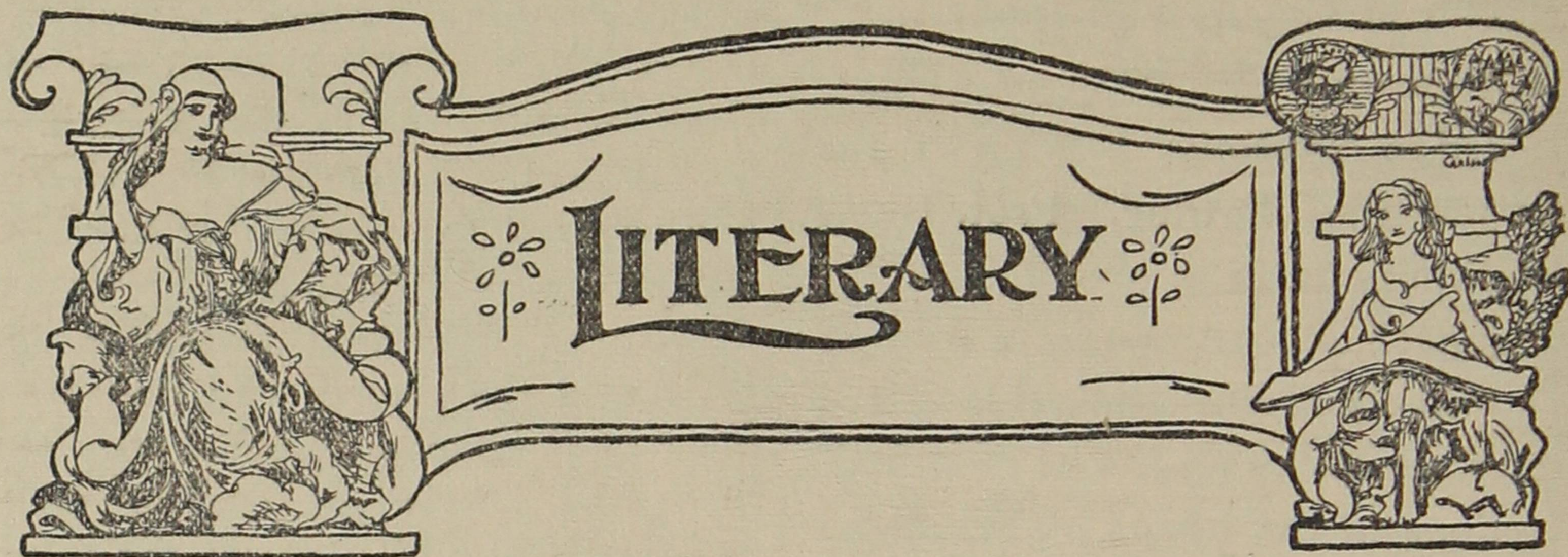
relation of Congress to treaty making, and he would have a Congress elected in November begin its work the January following. Prof. Davis is a firm believer in giving Congress the power to pass a uniform divorce law and a uniform criminal law. He would place the matter of contested elections in the hands of a judicial body rather than in itself. He felt the need of remedying the selection of Congressmen from the districts in which they reside. He would have men of ability chosen from any portion of the state. He would also take from Congress the power of declaring war and place it in the hands of the people. The third class included miscellaneous amendments. He would pass an amendment doing away with any sanctioning of mob rule, and would pass one giving to all women of legal age the right to vote, limiting the right to the same legal requirements as for the men. In closing he dwelt upon the need for a national prohibition amendment having the sanction of the Supreme Court.

The third in the series was by Mrs. Davis, head of the Department of German and French, who took for her subject, "Education in India." She covered the periods of the old order of school in India, the introduction of European education in 1787 and the growth and development of the present English system. Since Mrs. Davis had lived in India as the wife of a Missionary, she gave a very vivid and realistic picture of the characteristics of the people and the educational situation of that country.

The fourth in the series was a lecture by Miss Reneau, head of the Department of English and Philosophy. Her subject was "World Bibles." She dealt with the Holy Bible, Ancient Epic and Lyric Literature, Dante and Milton, The Faust Legend and Shakespeare as constituting world Bibles.

The fifth of the series was by Miss Reneau, who spoke upon the Philosophical Problem of "Pragmatism." The way in which she handled a seemingly dry subject made a deep impression on her hearers. When she had finished, everyone was of the opinion that "Pragmatism" was not such a dry thing after all.





THE MURDER of SISTER TRISTIAN

FOR my part I am willing to admit with Aristotle, that 'nature does nothing in vain;' with Jouffroy that 'every being has an end;' with M. Ravaisson that 'every motion goes somewhere,' but I contend that these are only inductive truths generalized from experience. Tho I admit that nature does nothing in vain, I do not grant that she will not do something in vain. Tho I admit that every being apparently has an end, I do not acknowledge that this is the end. And tho I admit that every motion goes somewhere, I am not willing to admit that it goes out of itself. But in so much as experience points to these things as truths, I assume that they are so. Nevertheless, I am loth to commit myself, because so soon as I have done so certain phenomena arise which cause me to change my assumption. Nature is subject perhaps to exact laws, but the reflective intellect is subject to infinite variation.

And, owing perhaps to the unstable environment in which we find ourselves, an assumption which the mind grasps as a truth today is cast aside tomorrow as an imaginary induction. We are elaborately ignorant, if you will allow the expression, for tho we have gone to a marvelous degree into the solution of the material phenomena we have not penetrated so much as the smallest part into the laws of life itself. We know of life, but we do not know life. Psychology has analysed the working of the mind with a degree of acumen which appears to the ordinary apprehension almost preternatural; but the mind itself defies analysis."

Bradden and I had been sitting quietly in his rooms smoking when he had suddenly burst forth with the above. I waited. I had not seen him for some time and I anticipated a story.

"So long as thought itself has not been resolved into atoms I shall not believe that there is no spiritual, i. e.

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cannot be any spiritual manifestations. The supernatural origin of most of the spiritual phenomena which we have observed may easily be explained by the law of subconscious mentality, but this is to me no final proof that the spirit may not manifest itself. As I have remarked, we are extremely ignorant and I venture to say that we are no nearer the solution of the great teleological problem than the remote Christian in the first century.

"The story which I am about to relate to you will appear to you somewhat in the light of a commentary upon what I have just said.

"I had known the Priest Abefest for a good many years. He was a man of much learning and had spent a good deal of his time in investigating spiritual phenomena and psychology, and it was in this study and the joy which he obtained in the exercising of his wonderful analytic powers, which latter were, I believe the greatest I have ever had the pleasure of meeting up with, which made us such companions in the world of pure intellect. Like the athlete who takes such keen joy in the mere exercising of his prowess on the gridiron, so Abefest reveled in the intellectual world that disentangles. However, he had one great fault, if fault it may be termed. Abefest was subjective rather than objective. Had it not been for this, the narrative which follows, I believe, would have taken an entirely different turn.

"On the night of October 15th, which was, if you will remember, the night upon which the Sister Tristian was murdered, Abefest called me over the telephone about 12 o'clock and urged me to hasten to St. L—s Academy. It was apparent from his tone that he was extremely agitated. Somewhat puzzled, realizing that such a call from Abefest could not but contain something of unusual interest, I immediately hastened to the convent, where I found the priest in a higher state of perturbation than I had anticipated.

"It seems that while he was indulging in one of those hours of quiescence which were not unusual with him just before retiring, he was impressed by a mental picture, which in view of what subsequently happened, becomes of the most vital importance. He had been sitting for some time communing as he termed it with his subconscious self when he clearly saw the Sister Tristian with a look of the most insufferable horror upon her face gazing at a small, dark individual, who, as near as the priest could discern, appeared to be a maniac. Behind them stood out vividly the ghastly form of a death's head. While he was still gazing at this picture he was suddenly aroused by a blood curdling scream, which seemed to emanate from the room of Sister Tristian. Upon hastening to the apartment and receiving no response to his repeated knocks, he tried the door and found it locked. He then procured a duplicate key to the room and

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found the Sister lying in the center of the room apparently strangled to death.

"Up to this time Abefest and I had been sitting in his study. He now arose and escorted me to the room in which the Sister lay exactly as he had found her upon his first entering the room. An examination of the body revealed only that she had been strangled with some round object resembling a hose. There were no other marks, whatsoever, such as would naturally have been left had there been a struggle of any sort. The room, which we now turned our attention to, was one of the rooms in the left wing of what had once been the old monastery. It was situated on the ground floor and contained but one window, which was heavily barred and had never had a pane in it. Our search of the room revealed nothing save a few scratches on the window ledge such as the nun herself might have made while gazing abstractedly out of the window. Below the window, in the court without, stood a bench of stone, but the most minute examination of it revealed nothing.

"We now returned to the study where I requested the priest, who was something of a draftsman, to sketch for me a likeness of the individual whom he had seen in his mental picture just previous to the scream.

"I next asked if he knew anything of the past of the nun. He knew nothing save that she had entered the convent owing to some love af-

fair. There was nothing left now for us save to notify the police, which I did, and then taking the picture departed.

"In view of recent developments in psychic research the mental vision of the priest becomes of the most vital interest. I forthwith immediately turned my attention to the discovery, if possible, of the former sweetheart of the nun, and the conditions which induced her to seek the seclusion of the convent. Here I discovered news of the most vital importance. The lover of Sister Tristian came from a family in which insanity was a hereditary trait. It was this knowledge which had caused the unfortunate nun to enter the convent. However, my attempts to discover the whereabouts of the lover proved to be most unsuccessful. As near as I could find, he had entirely disappeared. I made an exhaustive search of all the asylums in the vicinity, but without avail.

"I shall now quote from a newspaper, the Times of November the 3rd: 'The foul murder of the Sister Tristian, which for a time seemed to be clothed in such profound mystery, has at last been unraveled * * * The Priest Abefest has been made to confess the murder. It was found that a few days previous to the murder, the priest, who it is believed to be slightly deranged, quarreled violently with the Sister Tristian and it is said even threatened her.. On the night of the murder the priest was seen apparently repairing a piece of hose which was subsequent-

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ly found amongst some rubbish in the basement of the convent. As the nun was in the habit of always locking the door upon retiring and the priest was the only one who possessed duplicate keys to the rooms of the convent there is little doubt that he was the murderer.'

"From the Times of December the 10th: '* * * the priest has been duly tried and convicted of murder in the first degree of the Sister Tristian on the night of October the 15th.'

"I had visited Abefest once since the night of the murder, but so completely had it been suggested to him that he was the murderer of the Sister Tristian that no amount of reasoning with him on my part could convince him of the contrary. He even went so far as to describe in detail exactly how he had performed the thing.

"On the eve of the day in which Abefest was to be hung, I was in a condition of extreme agitation. Convinced, as I was, that Abefest had had nothing to do with the murder of the sister I felt almost as tho I also were a murderer. However, about midnight I retired to my rooms and prepared to read myself into a state of repose. When I sit thus it is one of my habits to place a pencil and paper within reach so that should I care to jot something down I will have the material ready at hand. I had read for perhaps an hour when I dropt to sleep. Upon awakening my first thought was of Abefest. I gazed at the clock. If

Abefest had been executed at the appointed hour he had now been dead three hours. While I sat half meditating, half dreaming, a state not unusual just following sleep, I was suddenly conscious of a form standing by me. 'Take your paper and pencil,' said a voice strikingly like that of Abefest, 'and write.' And he gave me an address. 'Go to the address which I have given you and the murder of Sister Tristian will be explained to you.' And the figure disappeared. Arousing myself, thinking I had been dreaming, I looked at the paper which I found in my hand. Upon it I found an address. Carefully placing it in my pocket I hastened to the telephone and found that Abefest had been executed at five o'clock.

"I then immediately looked up the name and address which had been given me and you may imagine my surprise when I inform you that the name was of no less a person than a very wealthy mine owner of South America. He was noted for his extreme excentricities and his hatred for everything catholic. After some little trouble I procured an interview with him, in which I had an opportunity to observe him and compare him with the picture that the priest had drawn for me. His face in repose bore little resemblance to the face of the maniac which Abefest had seen in his vision, but upon my playing upon his hatred for catholicism and continually bringing into play the word convent I succeeded in finally arousing him, and

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in a violent fit of angry denunciation of everything catholic, his face took on a sinister leer that turned it into the face of a beast and the resemblance to my picture was now complete. I now felt that it but remained for me to obtain a confession. Here was, no doubt, the man who could explain to me how the Sister Tristian had been murdered. Having studied insanity to a degree, it occurred to me that if I would speak of the murder of Sister Tristian while this demented individual was still in a rage as tho I knew all about it and it was the most natural of occurrences, he might unconsciously confess to the murder. Consequently, working on this hypothesis, I addressed him thus: 'Yes, but my dear M——, I do not yet understand how you accomplished the murder of Sister Tristian.'

"The maniac leered at me knowingly.

" 'You must grant,' said he, 'that it was clever.' And he chuckled. Then his face took on a frightened look. 'You will not tell?' he screamed, 'you will not tell?'

"I reassured him and he continued.

" 'I hated Sister Tristian with everything that was in me and when she entered the convent I resolved that I should kill her. My great trouble was in discovering a way so that no one could find me out and so I resolved first that I must disappear and be as one dead. I went

away. I went to South America and there fortune favored me. I became very wealthy.'

"To have heard the maniac now you would never have guessed that there was anything wrong with him save that when he thought he had made a clever move he leered at me idiotically.

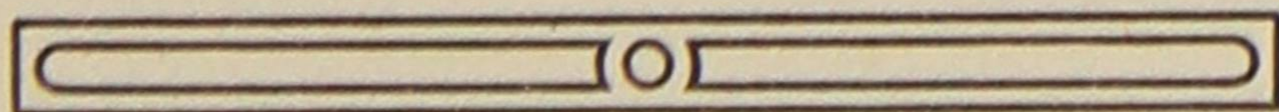
" 'Once, while sick with a fever, I was taken care of by some natives and to amuse myself I made friends with a certain native girl who was very fond of snakes. She had a number of different kinds, but there was one which particularly interested me. I do not know what its name is, but the natives termed it the loop snake because of its peculiar tendency to wrap itself about its enemies and strangle them. It was non-poisonous. If angered and then thrown at an object it would immediately wrap itself about the object with a strength that seemed impossible for a creature of its size. It seldom grew over two and a half feet in length and never more than two inches in diameter. The girl used to amuse herself by throwing the thing at objects and watching it crush them. I have seen her kill dogs with it many times. It is this last which put an idea into my head. Why not use this in my purpose to kill the Sister Tristian? Having

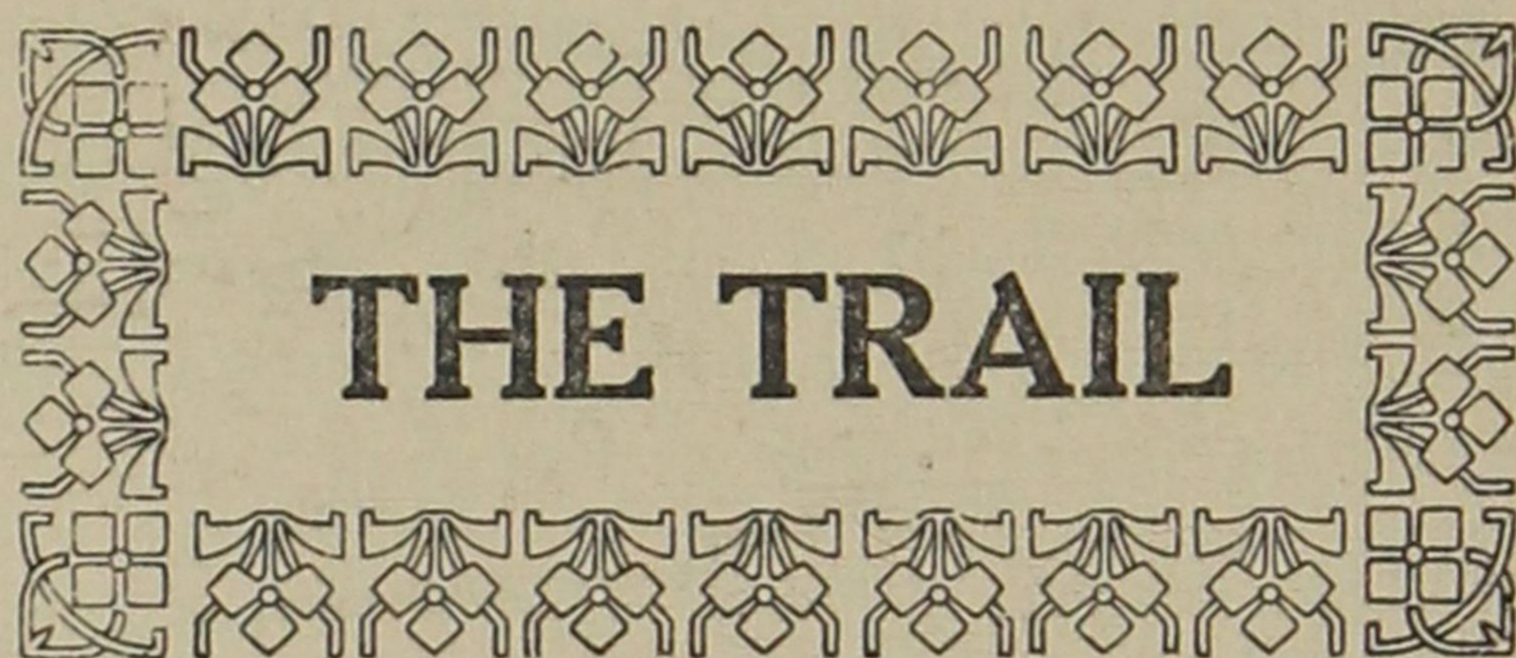
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once obtained the idea nothing could swerve me, and so when I left the village I took the loop snake with me. Almost immediately I returned here and began to study the life of Sister Tristian in the convent. I procured a room opposite the convent from which I could observe Tristian's room and there, with a pair of powerful glasses, I watched her habits for weeks. I observed that at a certain hour every evening just before retiring she knelt in the center of the room to, I suppose, pray. This was my opportunity. But there was still one great obstacle that confronted me. As she prayed I could easily cast the snake through the bars in such a manner that it would light upon her shoulders and coil about her throat, but how was I again to obtain the snake? The power of the reptile, as I have said, was enormous and should I tie a string or even a wire to it I might still be unable to draw it back after it had accomplished my purpose. While pondering this difficulty I vaguely recalled something the native girl had said about a certain reptile which was a deadly enemy of the Loop snake and that the hiss of this snake would cause the Loop snake to instantly drop whatever it had in hand and

seek shelter. Experimenting on this idea I finally accomplished a hissing sound which, if it did not resemble the noise of the snake in question, it at least accomplished the desired result. I had long since procured a key which would admit me into the court of the convent. I had now nothing to keep me from carrying out my purpose. There was, of course, the possibility of the woman breaking the wire in her struggle to disengage the snake from her throat, but the possibility was slight. As I had anticipated, fear struck her motionless. I touched neither the bars nor the window ledge with my hands and there were no marks to show where I stood upon the bench because I first placed a heavy mat about a foot square upon the bench upon which I stood. That is all.'

"Thus through the agency of suggestion I was able to discover and to bring to justice the murderer of Sister Tristian, but too late to be of any value to poor Abefest. But would we have ever discovered how the murder of Sister Tristian was accomplished had not Abefest been placed under such a strain that he was able to send that last message to me?"





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MONTHLY SERMON

Have you ever had a friend? Do you know the meaning of true friendship? Have you someone to whom you can reveal the inner secrets of your heart? Is there someone in your life to whom you can present your ideals for the future? If there is, you are the richest man on earth, for you have a priceless treasure.

Friendship of the true kind is one of the things which this world needs. A true friend overlooks the color of a man's skin. True friendship cares not for the cut of a man's clothes or the construction of his sentences. The true friend will never listen with his heart to the assertions which others make condemning the character of his friend.

Friendship is unselfish. We are not to lose sight of ourselves, but we are to think of others more. Christ taught what true friendship meant. His own words are, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend." During this Yuletide season, as our minds go out towards others, let us lay down our lives for our friends that they may receive blessing and happiness at this happiest of all seasons.

OUT OF THE DUNGHILL OF NUMBERS

Out of the dunghill of numbers,
Out from the reeking mass,
Out from the crew of the "fare-yewell,"

An individual passed.

A man with a brand on his forehead,
A man with a spot on his soul,
A man who stood out from the millions

And pointed the way to the goal.

Pointed the goal on the Mountain,
Glittering there in the sun;
Coveted by each of the million,
Yet attempted not by one.

For the path was steep and narrow
And each in his carefree way
Sang out one to the other,
"You friend, follow the way."

"As for me, my time is coming.
Just now I have work to do.
I'll follow, perhaps tomorrow.
Go, friend, he is beckoning you."

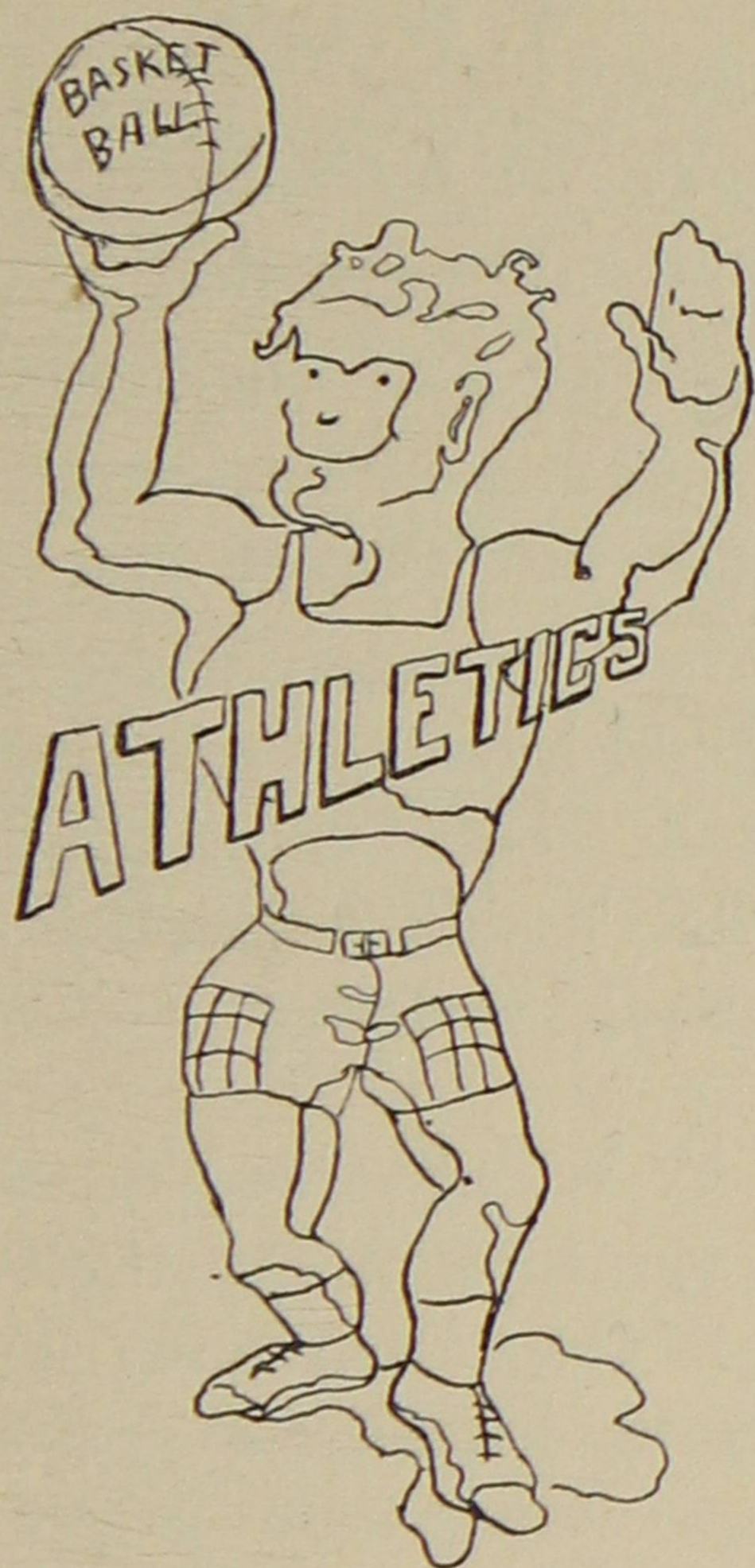
Thus they bickered and babbled,
Telling to one and all,
"This is the goal to eternal life.
Listen! He calls, he calls."

And so the man with the brand on
his forehead,

The man with the spot on his soul,
Turned sadly and followed the pathway—

The pathway that led to the goal.

—Simoca.



The gladiators who are to combat in the arena for the glory of C. P. S. are in training. Under the efficient leadership of Prof. Giesey they are getting a few of the corners knocked off and a little oil applied to the joints. No serious accidents have happened as yet. Harry Earle received a broken nose, but it is healing rapidly. Prof. Harvey is working out with the team and loses five pounds every day, but some how he isn't able to lose consecutively and continually. He complained to the writer that he always gained back the five pounds during the day. Pflaum is still looking happy. His schedule is not as yet completed, but he promises us some games in the very near future.

We want to make as good a showing against Washington as we did last year, so we need to begin early

to think about doing it. Let's all get the habit of thinking that we are going to beat Washington, so that when she comes over here we will be able to show her up.

The time left in the present year for practice is growing shorter. The Christmas vacation will soon be here. All of the fellows should turn out regularly from now on. And the students should give the team their hearty backing.

Y. M. C. A.

The Y. M. is looking forward to the time when all the men of the College will be anxious to get into the work. Our devotional meetings on Friday noons are improving. The speakers for the last month have been: Prof. Morton, Messers Dods-worth and Helgeson and Dean Marsh. Fellows, it's your duty to be on hand at every one of our meetings.

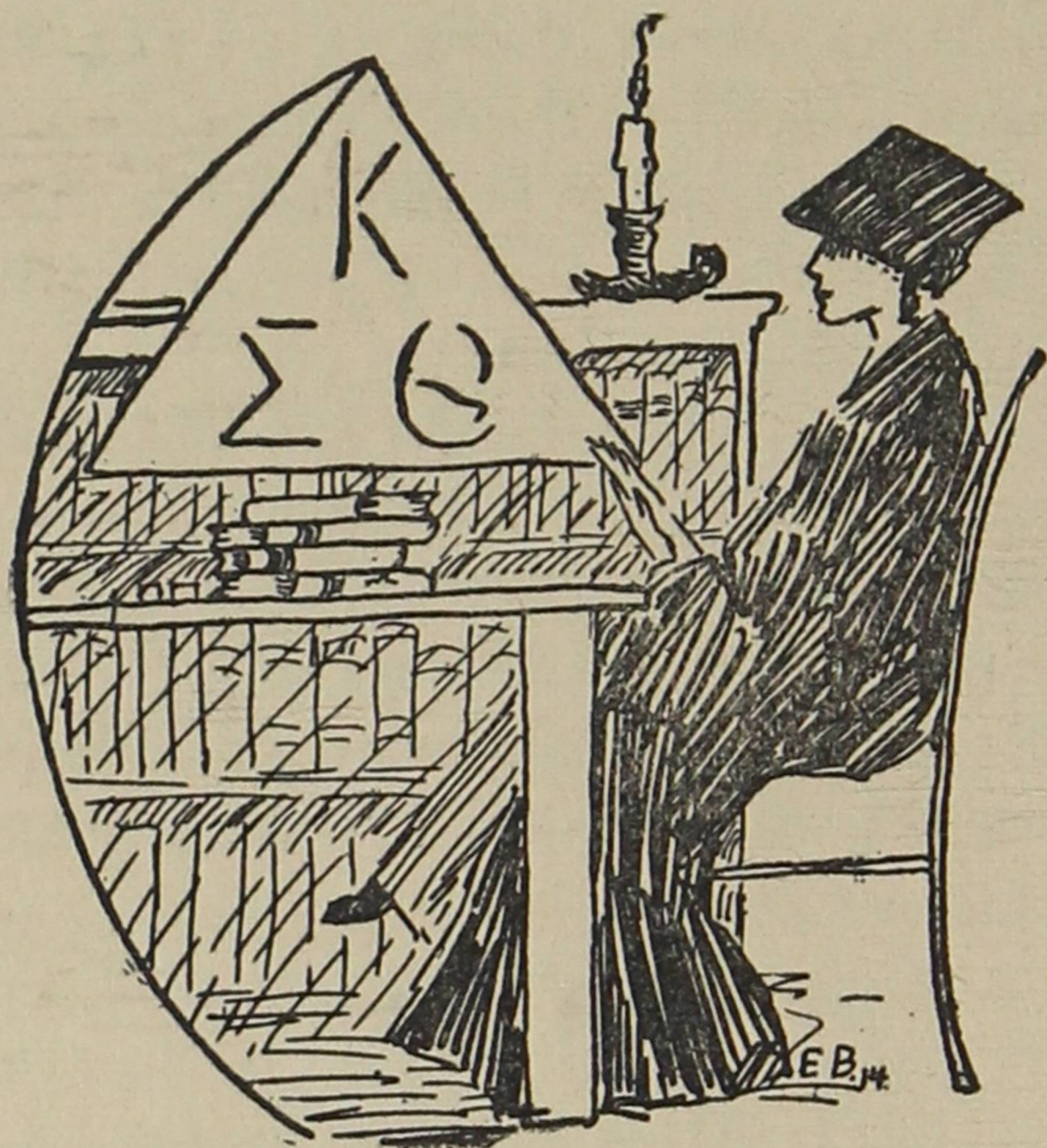
Mr. Kenny has charge of the deputation work. The teams are doing a great deal of good. During the last month they have been at Ruston, Park, Roosevelt Heights and Old Town.

Messers Sheffer, Bain and Burk are carrying on extension work at the Cushman Indian School. Thirty-nine men are studying "Men Who Dared." When conditions are more favorable a local Y. M. is to be organized.

Cottrell reports that there is room for more at the noon prayer meetings.

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Y. W. C. A.



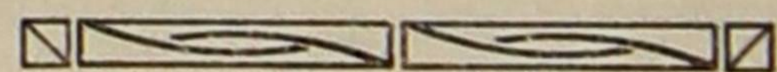
Our programmes have been very good this year and we now feel that we will know our United States' Possessions better than before. The study of Alaska has occupied two of our meetings and we are now taking up a study of the Philippines. The musical parts of our programmes have come up to the Theta standard. The selections which have been rendered are a piano solo by Marion Maxham and a quartette "Don' You Cry, Ma Honey" by Alice Goulder, Harriet Moe, Lois Hathaway and Hazel Bock. For the programme on Hawaii, Ruth Harvey sang "Aloha Oe."

The H. C. S. entertained the Thetas at a party on Monday evening, November 21st, and proved themselves royal hosts. We enjoyed the party very much and also the Virginia Reel, at which Prof Davis so distinguished himself.

The Y. W. have been busy the last month although they have been rather quiet. Our devotional meetings have been especially good. Dr. Hay's talk on "Prayer and It's Answer" was very helpful. None of the girls should have missed Mrs. Trimble's talk on "Danger Signals." Miss Meier's talk appealed to our pocket books as well as well as to our hearts.

Our Y. W. observed the week of prayer for foreign associations and although the attendance at these meetings was small, nevertheless the meetings were very inspirational. The leaders were: Misses Temple, Goulder, Maxham, Wolford and Meiers.

Have you seen the Kewpie in the Y. W. bulletin board? It is to be given as a prize at our doll show December 10th. The dolls are to be given to poor children at Christmas. All the girls are industriously dressing dolls and it promises to be quite a fashion show.



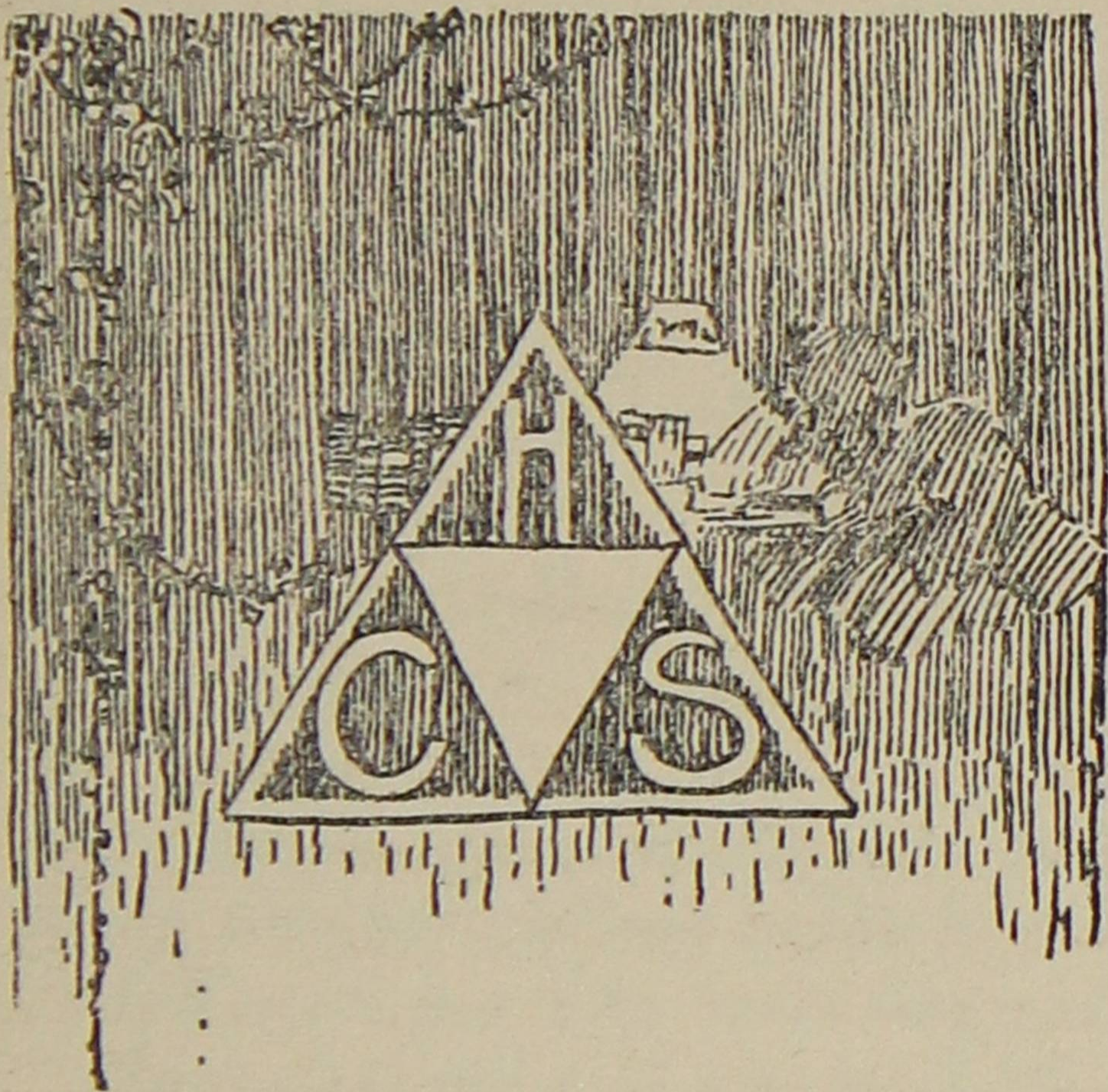
They were quarreling. "Well, you can't say I ran after you," said the wife.

"Neither does a mouse-trap run after mice, but it catches them just the same," replied hubby.

Sadie—What's a gentleman?

Nellie—A gentleman is a man you don't know very well.

THE PUGET SOUND TRAIL



"Fellowship is Heaven and lack of fellowship is hell; fellowship is life and lack of fellowship is death; and the deeds that ye do upon the earth, it is for fellowship's sake that ye do them."

When William Morris wrote the above line he wrote true words. One of the strongest ties between H. C. S. men is their fellowship. They think of one another and not alone of their own number, but try to think of all. They realize that all have faults and endeavor to find the man beneath the veneer of society and convention. H. C. S. is not given to boasting, but one of the true things about all of our members is that they are men.

The world is a looking glass, which reflects the image of each man's face as he looks within. If a man wears a frown, he will find a sour world around him. If he is gloomy he will find a pessimistic surrounding. If he smiles and laughs, he will find that the world is his jolly-

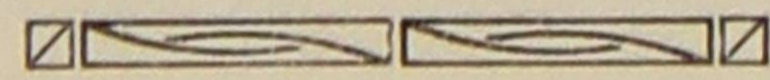
est and kindest companion. That is the motto of H. C. S.. Laugh and smile and enjoy life in all its health, wealth and beauty and the world, instead of being a slough of despond, will be a veritable garden of Eden.

MUSIC NOTES

The first of the Monthly Studio Recitals was given Thursday, November 11, by the pupils of Miss Preston and Mr. Schofield. Among those who took part were Miss Florence Hurd, Miss Esther Hanson, Miss Bertha Palin, Miss Ruth Johnson and Miss Harvey. Miss Elsie Wood and Miss Lucile Preston added pleasure to the afternoon by singing several delightful selections.

The annual Winter Recital of the Conservatory was given at the First Methodist Church December 10th. A sacred concert was also given at the First Church December 12th. The program consisted of organ, vocal and piano selections.

All the teachers at the Conservatory have been busy during the last few months. They were glad of the Thanksgiving vacation tendered them by Dr. Schofield.



Nellie—Is that fellow of yours ever going to get up courage to propose?

Belle—I guess not. He's like an hour glass.

Nellie—An hour glass?

Belle—Yes. The more time he gets, the less sand he has.

THE PUGET SOUND TRAIL



Did you notice the new Philos the day after they had ridden the goat? Some of them were very quiet and very pale—the goat must have bucked. Maybe you think we did not have fun at our Halloween party given at the home of Ruth Vigus. There were lots of spooks and mysterious happenings. And the fun! Oh, my, ask Prof. and Mrs. Harvey. We had some eats, too, in fact more than we could eat, so some of it was preserved until a later Philo meeting.

More new members, Messers Ernest Clay, Max Wilson, George Helgeson, James and Miss Zoe George have joined us. Occasionally we receive visits from old Philos, who encourage us with their inspiring talks and expressions of what Philo has meant to them.

Our programs are steadily improving. The new members show good evidence that they will keep up the Philo standard. One of the most interesting numbers given late-

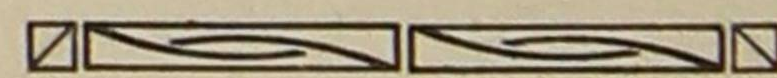
ly was a little playlet, written by Alden Warman and acted by the author, Miss Vigus and Mr. James. It was a great success.

To look at the renovated Philo room one might almost think a miracle had been performed, and it has with the aid of paint, brushes, kalsomine, together with good, hard work of a number of Philo boys. The chairs have been rearranged, floor painted and superfluous apparatus removed and we now have a real room of which we are proud.

THE STUDENT VOLUNTEERS

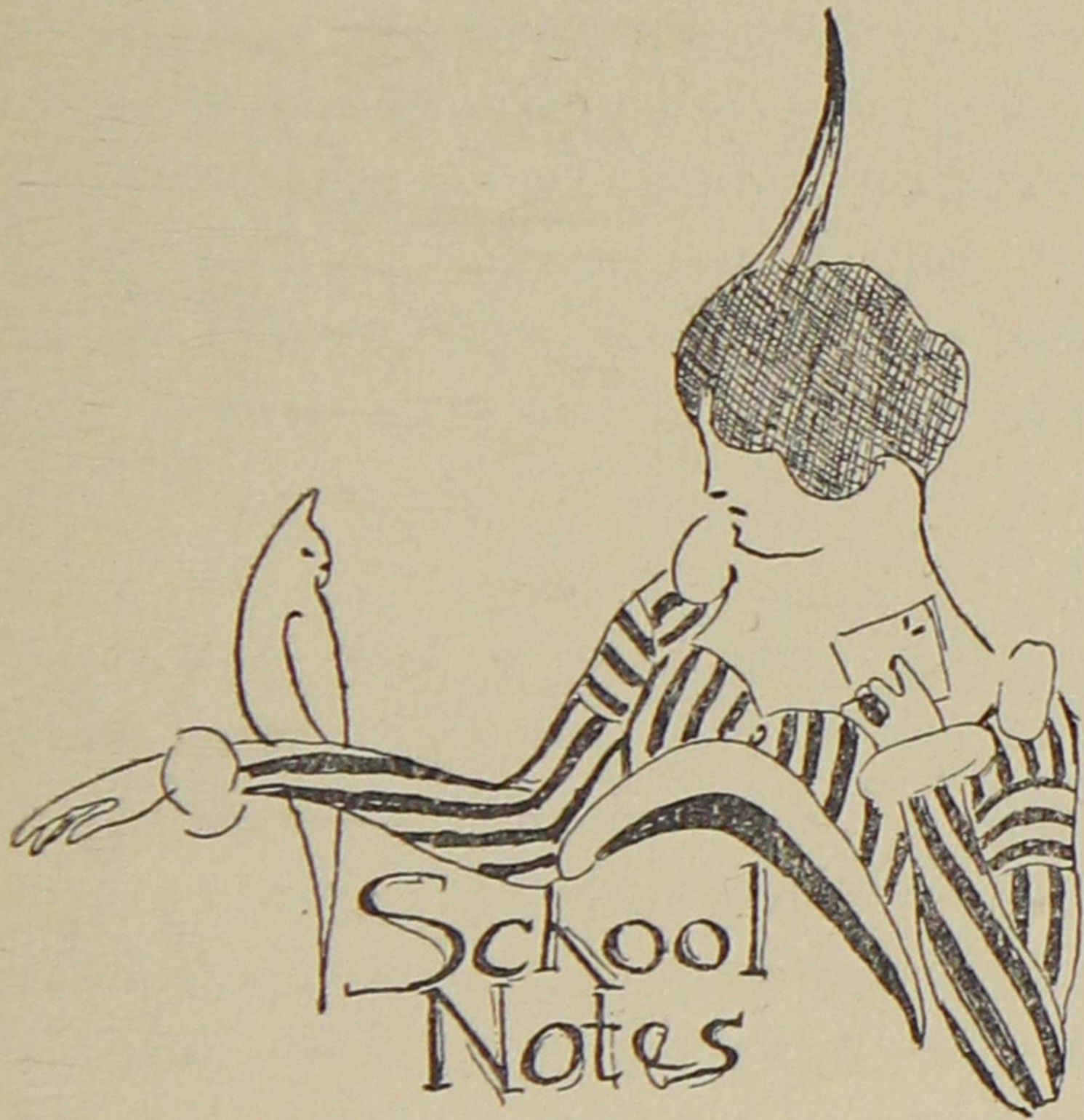
The Student Volunteers are making friends among the new students and several have joined our ranks. We have been having good meetings every two weeks. Among those who have spoken to us are Mrs. Schofield, Mrs. Davis, Miss Gabrielson and Mrs. Curtiss. A student is to be supported by members of the band and others who might be interested.

If you want to know what is the work of the Student Volunteers, come to our Saturday noon meetings. You are always welcome.



“This,” said the man of the house, as he mournfully surveys three carpets, and ten rugs hanging on the clothes line, “this is a combination hard to beat.”

When a College man gets a letter from home, he knows that it contains one of two things, a check or “Hell.”



Bertha Wotton

The College Woman's League entertained early in November for the students of the college, at two enjoyable parties.

Mr. and Mrs. Tinker opened their beautiful home to the young ladies, who spent a most enjoyable evening in games and music. "Lockinvar" was cleverly dramatized by a group of the girls, under the direction of Mrs. Sandall. Dr. and Mrs. Todd and Prof. Harvey and wife dropped in to witness this part of the evening entertainment.

On the same evening, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Drury entertained the young men in a very delightful manner at the Drury Apartments. Here a mock wedding, with the famous Mutt and Jeff as the chief participants, caused much merriment.

A Dramatic Art Club has been organized in the college under the direction of Mrs. Sandall. The com-

plete organization has been accomplished and the work of the club is well under way.

The purpose of the club is to study dramatic expression from the standpoint of pantomime in order that the pageantry and dramatic production will be of still higher order than the excellent work done last year.

During the month of November, we have had the opportunity of hearing some excellent speakers and programs at our chapel services.

On November 5 Dr. Danton, head of the department of German, at Reed College, Ore., gave us a lively and entertaining talk on simplified spelling. We wish Dr. Danton much success and would enjoy hearing him again.

Mr. Boardon, who is representative of the Inter Collegiate Prohibition League, spoke to the students at chapel, November 17, and promoted a movement toward more enthusiastic support on the part of the student body.

Dean Holgate, from Northwestern University, is visiting the Northwestern Alumni Associations and extended to us a hearty welcome in a brief speech given at chapel Nov. 18.

On November 23 a "Kipling Day" program was greatly enjoyed by the student body and visitors. The following selections were given by members of the oral expression department:

THE PUGET SOUND TRAIL

Gunga Din - Mr. Warren Rees
His Wedded Wife - - -
- - Miss Icel Marshall
Lispeth - Miss Margaret Snell
The Recessional - - -
- - Lois Beil Sandall

Our Thanksgiving services were held on November 24. Rev. Harvey of Cashmere, Wash., offered prayer. Prof. Davis read the President's Proclamation, and Prof Hanawalt read the Governor's proclamation. Dean Marsh read a message of thanks written by our president, Dr. Todd. The student body joined in singing the closing ode.

JUNIOR NOTES

Yes, we pushed the thing thru and worked up a lot of enthusiasm in doing it. Of course we got beaten, but what's the difference. Now we'll get a chance to show the Sophomore and Academy people what a really good time is, and we surely intend to do it up brown. Junia Todd lost exactly ten pounds and six ounces and one-half in conducting the Pathescope Contest. She made up this shortage, however, during the Thanksgiving vacation by doing light errand work for Harts, accompanied by three other Juniors, Icel Marshall, Harriet Moe and Aletha LaMonde. The Junior girls are sure some industrious bunch. We Juniors surely believe in sticking to the job. We all stayed in town over the vacation time, except Ruth Temple, who visited her folks in Olympia. We all intend to stick

together and give the matrimonial bureau the cold shoulder. Of course some envious Soph will say we give it the cold shoulder because we have to, but guess again, because Slats just put me wise to a little idea he had in his head the other day. This last remark was entirely on the Q. T., so keep it dark.

Did you notice how happy Florence Cook was a few days ago? That's because D—— was in town. Ask her about it.

The Juniors of former years have always been able to follow the example set by the Seniors, but we poor Juniors are at a loss this year because the Seniors have set us no example, at least not a good one. Wake up, Seniors, or we will think you are dead and we will start to wear mourning for the departed.

J-U-N-I-O-R-S

Do we get there

Well I guess

Juniors—Juniors

C. P. S.

SOPHOMORE NOTES

We are happy! Why? For many things. First, for a big Thanksgiving dinner and a most happy vacation. Second, because we were second in the Pathescope contest. We know the Juniors are going to do the right thing by the Academy and the Sophomores. They put up a good fight. But what about the Freshmen? It's getting to be cold weather, so you will have to hurry, Freshies!

THE PUGET SOUND TRAIL

We are very glad to welcome to our midst, Miss Eva Johnson and Miss Grace Colvin. Miss Colvin hails from the U. of W.

Some members of our class spent their vacations in other cities, while others of us stayed home and entertained friends from various schools. On the whole, we had a happy time and are going to remain quiet until the "Junia" party.

FRESHMAN NOTES

What's the use of the Freshman class having space in "The Trail?" We are such a live bunch and all the upper classes know we're here.

When you have time—

Ask Ina why everyone calls her "Fat?"

Notice the way the "Small-town People" get away with "Dramatics?" We refer to Lois.

Watch Helen Hart play basket ball. She's right there!

Come into Theory and Art class and hear Bessie Roberts ask questions. Don't you think.

Ask Fanny Spatts why she buys her groceries before dark? There's a reason.

Ida Harries and Hazel Hooker still have their nightly wrestling matches. Can you imagine these two fighting?

You must all get acquainted with our newly acquired members. You will like them fine.

Ask Sewell if he thinks the person who hit him is always such a good shot.

To Irma Johnson:

Her hair—is it gold,
Or flaxen, or burnished?
I don't want to scold,
Or appear rather bold,
But the tint, I am told,
Was by other means furnished.
Her hair—is it gold,
Or flaxen, or burnished?

Ask George Simons why he needs Mrs. Goulder's assistance in finding the way to the Girl's Hall.

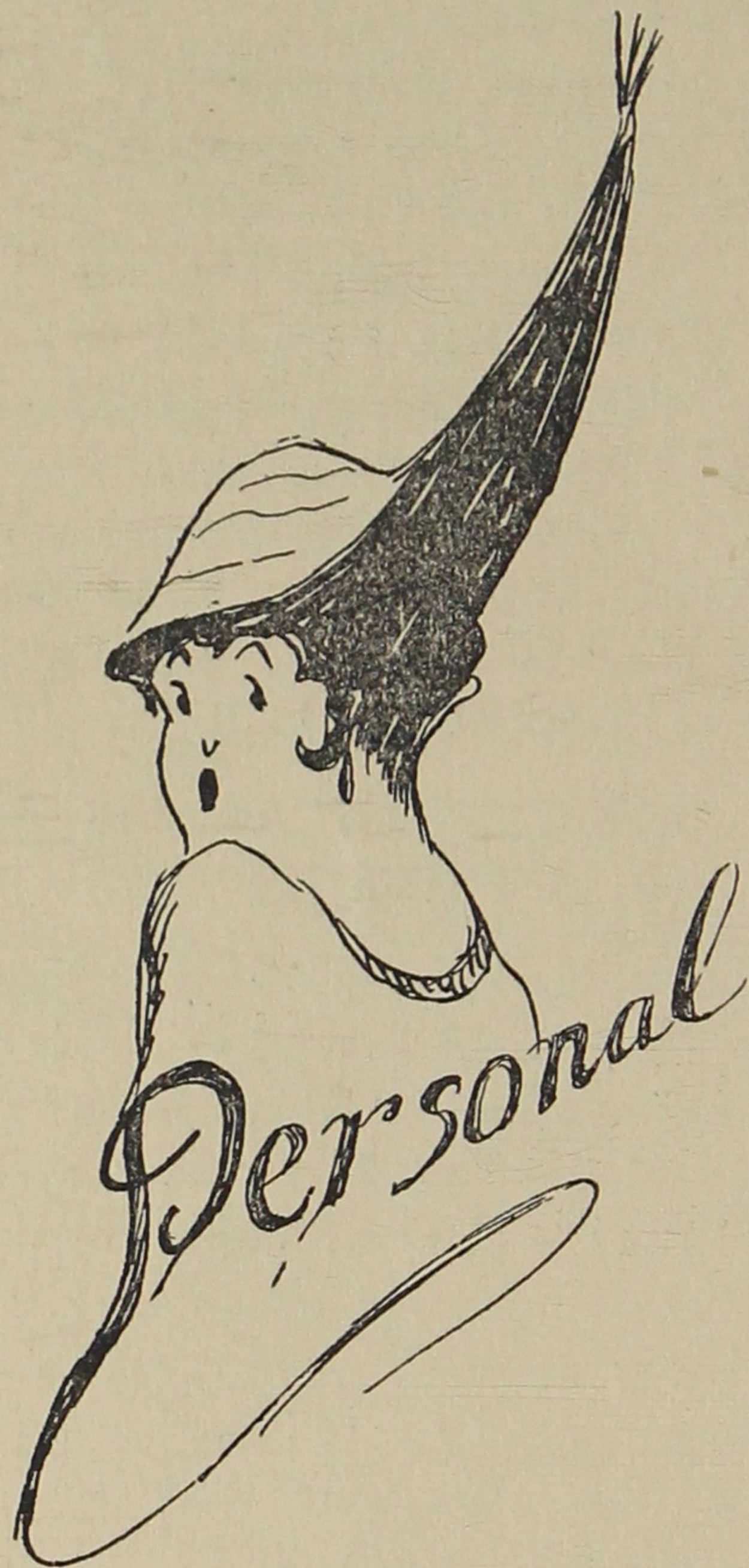
ANOTHER ACADEMY TRIUMPH

Early in November the Junior class challenged the other classes in the college and academy to a contest. November 2nd was the day fixed for the close of said campaign. The challenge was accepted. The final day arrived. The votes were counted and true to past performances the Academy led by an approximate majority of 11,000. Shoulder together the Academy worked together.

A goodly number of Academy students are turning out for basket ball. We have some promising material this year. Herzog, Hallen, Helgeson, LaForge, Sheffer, Gellerman, Erp and Earle.

Warman — There couldn't have been any elopements in that old Roman day, Professor?

Prof. Davis—No. That was the day of cantelopes.



Ella Baker

PERSONALS I

Prof. Davis is still with us and is single. He says he has never seen any woman dentists. He attributes this to the fact that women are generally cheerful and dentistry is a sort of "down in the mouth" business.

Yes, Icel, we too, have seen Junia in her red silk talking "Early in the Morning" to the Pathescope man.

The lost has returned. Mr. McCormack has returned from the South. He says that the Fair is running along fairly well and is liable to close soon.

INFORMATION WANTED. — What is a good definition of a flirt? Send answers to Paul Hanawalt.

Suggestion—A flirt is a variety which adds to the spice of life.

Cottrell, our famous orator, says, "The greatest need of the world is sleep." Slats agrees with him perfectly.

We are favored with the addition of another Miss Johnson to C. P. S.

Ted Dunlap has started a photo gallery. He has pictures of Francis and — Macbeth, also of Hamlet's Ghost.

Since the marriage of Dr. Schofield and Miss Wood, the students have decided that our professors are setting us some poor examples.

Did you all see Weber behind the bars? He looked dangerous.

We see Mr. Oliver is back after a short illness.

Agnes Scott was entertained at dinner Saturday evening. She says she had a delightful time talking. How about the eats?

Sellers was at school Tuesday night. Wonder why? Was Eunice there? Yes. The mystery is solved.

Prof. Davis wishes to know if there will be any women in Heaven. He says there is a question about it. He read in the Bible that there was quiet in Heaven for the space of half an hour. Don't take everything too literally, Professor.

THE PUGET SOUND TRAIL

THE NEW DRAMA

Time—Any day.
Place—Library.
Characters—Students.
Hero—Cupid.

Senior Corner. Scene I.
Row 1 Seat 1.
Row 2 Seat 2.
Characters—Alice and Vic.

Junior Section. Scene II.
Row 1 Seat 1.
Row 1 Seat 2.
Characters—Junia and Carl.

Mixed Section. Scene III.
Row 2 Seat 3.
Row 2 Seat 4.
Characters—Florence and Sidney.

Academy Section. Scene IV.
One character out of place.
Row 1 Seat 1.
Row 1 Seat 2.
Characters — George H. and
Mabel M.

Sohps Section. Scene V.
Row 1 Seat 1.
Row 1 Seat 2.
Characters—Eunice M. and Clay.

Intermission.

Hall Scene. Add Building.
Characters—W. Rees and I. Johnson.

Parsonage Scene. Puyallup.
Characters—Mary and Tim.

Street Scene. Tacoma.
Characters—Sadie and Pool; Agnes
and Jack, carrying suitcase; Sue

B. and T. Dunlap, on way to
school.

This drama will be filled in some-
time in the near future.



BELL GROCERY
6th AVENUE & FIFE STREET

The Place To Trade



“What’s the difference between a
fort and a fortress, John?”

“A fortress, my dear, is feminine
—so called because nobody knows
just how to take it.”

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MAGAZINES

COLLEGE CONFECTIONERY

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—ICE CREAM—

CANDIES - FRUITS - BAKERY

GOODS - LIGHT GROCERIES

Rae—What’s the technical name
for snoring?

Ray—I bite.

Rae—Sheet music.

DORMITORY GIGGLES

Her has went, her has gone.
Her has left I all alone.
Us can never go to she,
Her can never come to we,
It cannot was.

Yes, 'tis so. She is dead. From my study window I saw the villain dig her grave and now—and now the Dormitory cat is no more.

Can any one tell me why the girls call Wes Todd, "Sally?"

We are feeling rather lonely arond here. Ruth Woods has left us and joined her parents in Cle Elum. Now that Prof. Schofield does not dine with us, maybe he will try to be on time now.

We have an addition to the family. Hulda Carlson of Gig Harbor is trying to spend her evenings studying here.

Last week Rev. Harvey of Cashmere visited his daughter. We all hope he will come again and assure Ruth that she must share him with us a little bit. We like him.

We all enjoyed Thanksgiving vacation very much. Hulda Carlson, Mildred Eaton, Alice Brown, Hazel Peterson, Ida Harries, Hazel Hooker and Mary Porter all went home.

Ruth Harvey spent the day as the guest of Junia Todd.

Lois Hathaway spent the day with Miss Porter.

The girls all washed their hair during vacation.

Student—Want my hair cut.
Barber—Any special way?
Student—Yes, off.

M. E. Ford, Pres. G. M. Harvey, Sec.-treas.

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"I may be poor now. But there was a time when I rode in my carriage."

"Yes, and your mother pushed it."

SPECIAL

5 per cent Discount

on all College Jewelry at the
COLLEGE BOOK STORE

XMAS GIFTS

of Jewelry are always appreciated

Buy Now!

A kiss.
A sigh.
A long good bye.
And she is gone.
A glance.
A curl.
Another girl.
And life goes on.

GRUNTS FROM THE
MONASTERY

St. Benedict is married. The Monks of the C. P. S. Monastery announce the marriage of their most beloved Saint, Robert L. Schofield, to Miss Elsie Wood. They will be at home Monday afternoons in January when they are not out.

Prof. Davis says:

O marriage, where is thy victory?

O bachelorhood, where is thy sting?

Teachings of Socrates (Cottrell).

"What the world needs is more sleep."

"Look in the looking glass if you want to see the devil."

"Pass the steak here, I'm hungry."

"Any more pie? I'm feeling pious."

"Prof. Davis, pass your cantelope shell and let me give you some more cocoa."

"This is pretty good wood I'm burning. Whose is it?"

Prof Davis—I'm going to adopt a 10:30 rule. You will always find me in bed at 12 p. m.

Mathes—The only trouble with me is that I can't hold enough bread and milk.

Erp (at eleven thirty) — Stille nacht, heilige nacht.

SCOTTY SAYS



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TAILORS WHO KNOW HOW
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Fit and Workmanship Guaranteed
We keep your clothes pressed FREE

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Scotch
TAILORS

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AVE

THE PUGET SOUND TRAIL

Kenny—If I only had a few more girls.

Cook cleaned out his room the other day. The wheelbarrow has been laid up ever since.

"Bill," the poet gasped as he entered the room.

Giesey—Among my books.

Prof. Davis was eating a slice of whole wheat bread, a peanut and an apple. "This meal is good enough for President Wilson or Teddy Roosevelt. I like it fine myself."

Harry Mathes, after the Normal Music class was showing a large composition: "This was written by one of the greatest composers, in fact the greatest of all time, and when I got through" BANG! BANG! "Oh, that's nothing. Prof. Davis has just taken off his shoes and set them down very gently."

Kenny—Gee, she's a peach.

Say, Helen, I wish you would move your hall up a little closer.

Prof. Davis—No, no. Don't burn burn up those Peruna adds. Those are valuable documents. I may want them when I write my history.

The next morning he assigned the next 100 pages to the History class and told them to write out three points under each topic.

At the Annual Home-coming
on Xmas Day they will
be glad to have

YOUR PICTURE

and you theirs

PETERSON'S STUDIO

9th & TACOMA AVE.

"Oh, no," soliloquized Johnny bitterly. "There ain't any favorites in this family. Oh, no. If I bite my finger nails I get a rap over the knuckles, but if the baby eats his whole foot they think it's cute."

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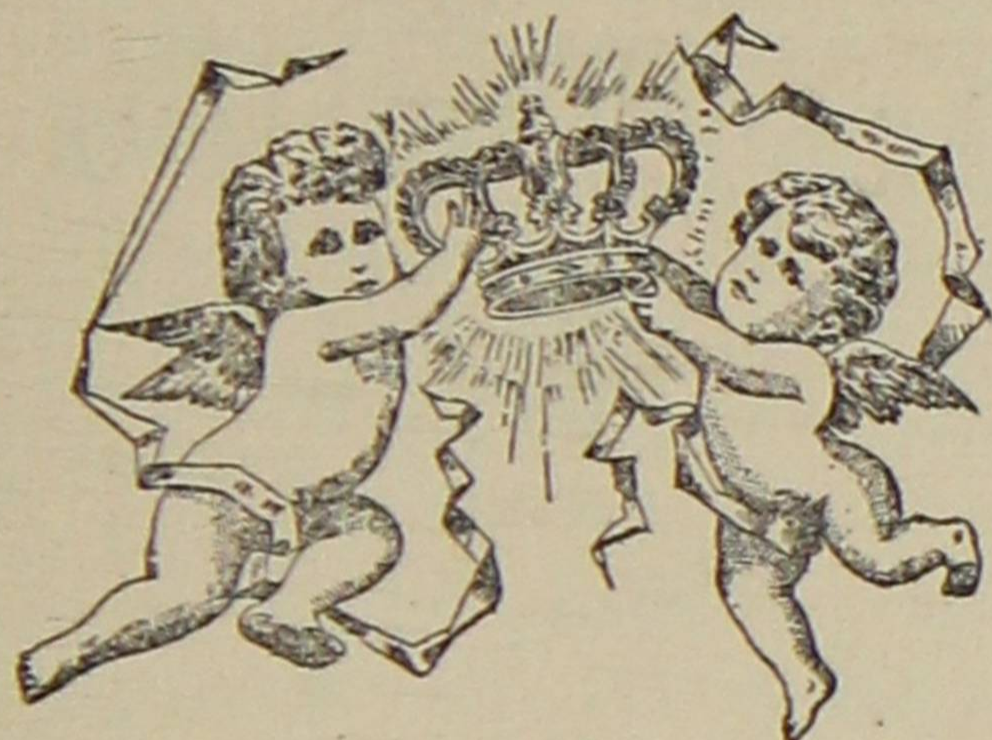
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PERSONALS II

Nothing much has been said about OUR BAND in the last two numbers of the Trail. We are sorry for that fact. Though not much has been said we have enjoyed the music which they have given us. It is a rich treat to watch Mr. Mann toot the base Tuba; those who watch closely can see Bain's and Weber's feet almost kicking one another in their endeavor to keep good time. Someone said that Hedberg had a "cherub" look when he played the cornet. The band needs the backing of the student association. Opportunities are ripe for fellows who want to learn how to play wind instruments. Mr. Snipp will be only too glad to talk to you about it. When the band doesn't play on a Wednesday we don't feel just like our true selves. So don't plan on missing very many Wednesdays, Mr. Snipp.



WASHINGTON DYE WORKS

Quality - Service

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The chapel choir is plugging along as usual. We enjoy their music very much. The sounds which come from the third floor of the Add building on Tuesday noons is of great uplift to all who listen.

A BURNSIDE HAT

makes a very appropriate gift for every man. Buy a Hat Certificate, which entitles the bearer to any Hat or Cap in the store.

ALWAYS \$2.00

BURNSIDE HAT SHOP

948 Pacific Avenue

Miss Bertha Wotten entertained some friends from the U. of W. during Thanksgiving.

Slatts had been absent for a week from Economics. On entering the class, Prof. Davis said to him: "We thought we would have to send the college 'Marshall' after you."

Slatts replied: "That's all right, I talked to her last night and she said absolutely nothing."

THE PUGET SOUND TRAIL

Leon Bain and Billy Sunday have a favorite song entitled, "Everyone in His own Corner."

The Girl's Basket Ball team is heard of much, but seen little. It is rumored that many of the girls are turning out for the purpose of reducing their double chins.

We see that work has begun on the National School Garden. The farmers of the past wish you success.

Paul Todd was home for Thanksgiving.

Miss Wilson's brother and his wife were chapel visitors on December 2.

Miss Aliph Keeney and Miss Francis Darling were at chapel on Wednesday.

Have you all noted the new pipe in the library? It is certainly fine to have something bright in the library besides the few humans who trespass that Silent Domain.

QUALITY PRINTING

Programs, Folders, Visiting Cards, Invitations and Announcements, Advertising Circulars, Stationery, and Office Forms.

WE PRINT THE TRAIL

The QUALITY PRESS

Victor J. Hedberg, College Representative

This school is to be the home of a new rubber. A rubberless rubber. Hurrah. It will handy and cheap.

Archie is growing in wisdom. The other night he decided that a girl was impersonating a man because she had her mouth shut. That was an uncalled for, impossible improbability.

Miss Colvin has entered from U. of W. Greetings.

Auto Delivery

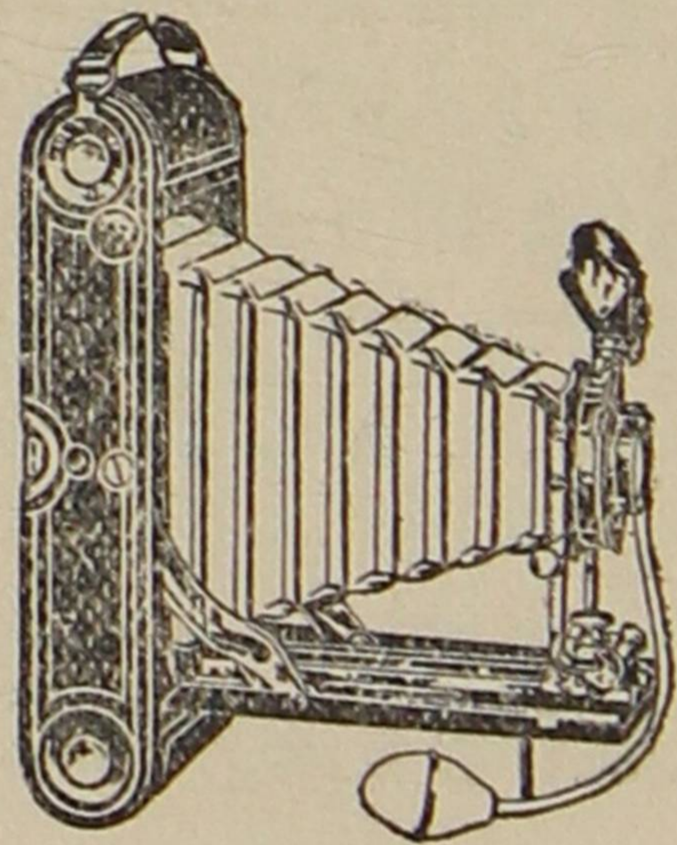
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THESE IDEAL GIFTS

shown in various distinctive patterns, come 2 to 6 in box, some are initialed, priced, box, 15c to \$1.

C. L. THOMAS

2505 6th Ave.

Main 6634

Miss Vogler (reporting in English)—Miss Mary Pickford is the best paid actor upon the stage. She receives \$2000 a week.

Ralph Huntington—I wonder if she wants to adopt a boy?

The touring car had turned up side down, burying the motorist under it, but the village official was not to be turned from his duty.

"It's no use you hidin' there, sir," he said. "I must 'ave your name and address."

"William," said the teacher during a lesson in Physiology, "what is the use of the external ear?"

William considered a moment. "I think, teacher," he said, "it is mostly used to catch dirt."

"Are you going to make another garden this year, Mr. Smith?"

"No, I aint," snapped Mr. Smith. "It aint my turn. My neighbors are going to have the garden and I'm going to keep the chickens."

A Missouri farmer had ordered a fancy pig from a breeder. The pig was a mere mite of a pig and the farmer sent it back.

"Dear sir," he wrote, "from the comparative size of the pig and the bill, I am forced to the conclusion that you got them mixed. You should have sent the pig by mail and the bill by express."

Define "vacuum," the teacher asked. The doubtful Junior said, "I can't think of it just now, But I know it's in my head!"

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10th and Pacific Avenue

Sunday School Teacher — You must grow up to be good. Don't you want to be looked up to?

Little Emma Wayup—No. I'd rather be looked around at.

TIME TO START

Hadn't you better come in today and have that Stamping done?
Hand made

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

are the most appreciated. A Fine line of Art Novelties awaits your selection here. Save that carefare. Downtown prices.

LONG AND LOVE

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A Good Way to Break Records.

First Idiot—Terrible accident in the Victrola factory.

Second Idiot—How's that?

First Idiot—This year's sale broke all records.

Teacher—Fools often ask questions that wise men can't answer.

Frosh—That's why I flunked.

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Eyes Tested Right
Glasses Fitted Right
Prices Right

CASWELL OPTICAL CO.

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As he crawled out of the wreck of his auto, a solicitous friend asked:

"Are you covered?"

"Yes," he said sadly, "with mud, blood, chagrin and insurance. Is that enough?"

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A freshman once to Hades went,
To see what he could learn.
They sent him back to earth again,
He was too green to burn.

YANSEN'S CONFECTIONERY

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6th & FIVE

A farmer strode in a post office
and asked: "Have you a letter
for Mike Howe?"

"Who," asked the P. M. sharply.

"Mike Howe," repeated the farmer.

"No, I havn't," snorted the P. M.
"I haven't a letter for your cow nor
for any other person's cow."

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A German took a seat in a cafe,
and, as a waiter approached, said:
"Wie Geht's!"

"Wheat cakes," called the waiter.

"Nein, nein!" said the German.

"Nine? You'll be lucky if you
get three," said the waiter.

"My dear," said she, "please run
and bring me the needle from the
haystack."

"I don't know which haystack."

"Look in all the haystacks—you
can't miss it; there's only one
needle." —Ex.

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"They say an editor never really
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paper."

"No. He's always one of the
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Lady—Does your mother belong
to a club, my boy?

Boy—No, ma'am, but there's one
back of the kitchen door that be-
longs to her.

"Why, what's wrong?" his friend
inquired.

"Wrong! I wrote a poem about
my little boy. I began the first verse
with these lines: 'My son! My pig-
my counterpart.'"

"Yes, yes."

The poet drew a newspaper from
his pocket. "Read!" he blazed.
"See what that compositor did to my
opening line."

The friend read aloud: "My son!
My pig, my counterpart."

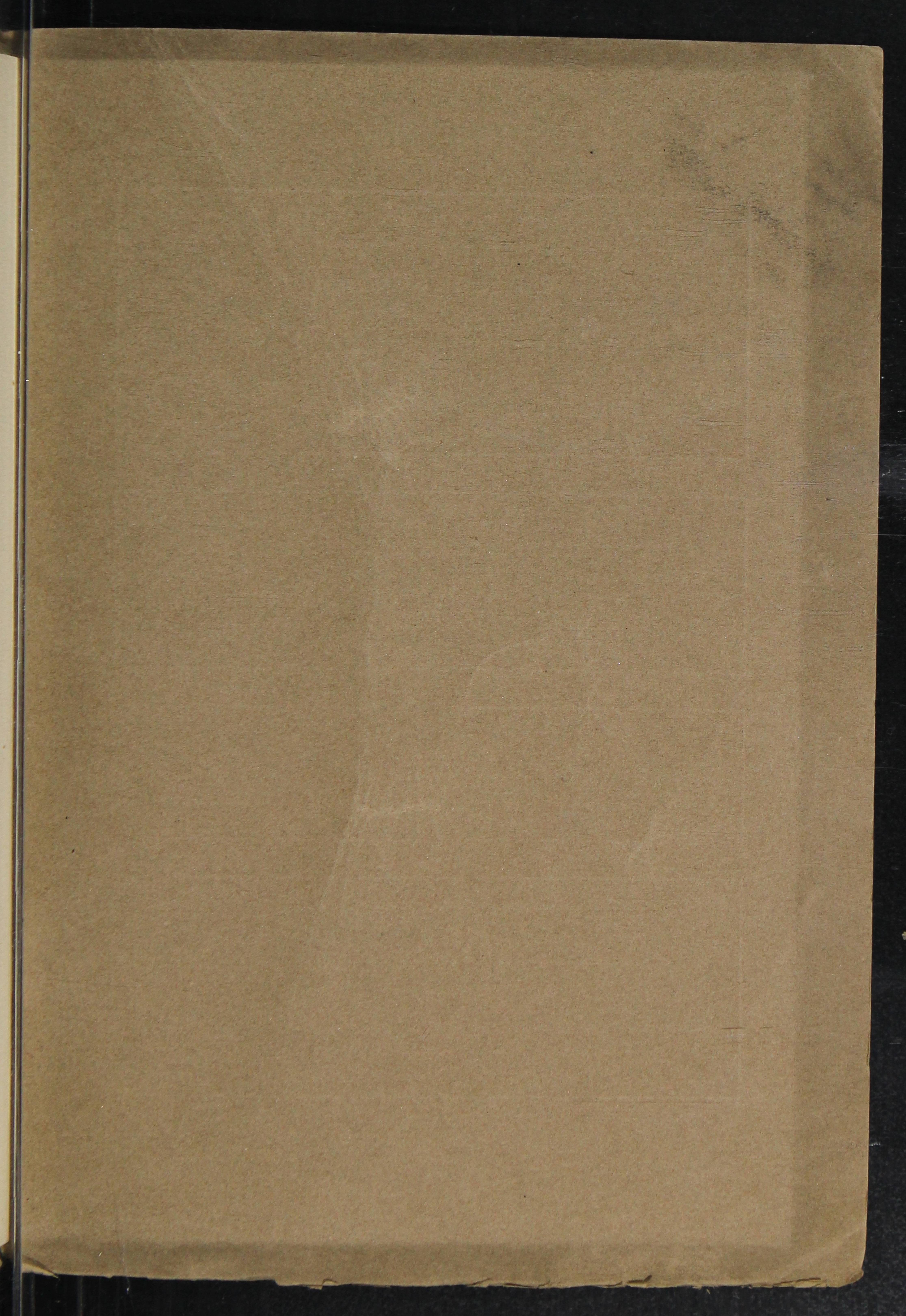
The American Society of Phre-
nologists, at its recent meeting, pre-
pared for general circulation a list of
terms that may be used as synony-
mous for "hit on the head," thus
conferring a great favor on those who
are always looking for something
new. Here they are:

Drubbed on the dome.
Bammed on the bean.
Tapped on the conk.
Bumped on the beezzer.
Biffed on the coco.
Busted on the cranium.
Whiffed on the skull.
Cracked on the nut.
Nailed on the knob.
Slugged in the belfry.
Lammed on the peak.
Dinged on the brain box.

—Ex.

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