

# THE TRAIL

*Published by the Associated Students of  
The College of Puget Sound*

## THANKSGIVING NUMBER

*There is a beautiful spirit breathing now  
It's mellow richness on the clustered trees,  
And from a beaker full of richest dyes  
Pouring new glory on the autumn woods  
And dipping in warm light the pillared clouds  
Morn on the mountain like a summer bird  
Lifts up her purple wing and in the vales  
The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate wooer  
Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life.*

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

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NOVEMBER, 1920



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VERA SINCLAIR, *Editor*

### THE TRAVELER

#### A Sonnet

*The evening's freshness now has come at last  
To give the weary wanderer peace and rest;  
He's travelled in the east and in the west,  
The many weary days that he has passed,  
And now beneath the shade by pine trees cast  
He stops; for here he is a welcome guest.  
Whatever may have been his lonely quest  
His face bears marks of tempest, storm and blast.  
He takes a bundle off his weary back  
And tosses it upon the mossy ground;  
A bed and blanket he may always lack  
But under some kind tree is always found  
A welcome to the wanderer and his pack.  
So let the trees with glory now be crowned.*

T—T—T

## Julia Remington

*By Ermine Warren*

THE Kappa Phi girls sat looking dismally at one another. They tried their best to think of something new and original but they could think of nothing appropriate. "I wish Julia were here," wailed Dot. "We just can't do anything without her. Whatever possessed that rich uncle of hers to come and take her away just when we needed her most?" As she spoke the last words Dot turned her head toward the door and then stopped in astonishment for there in the doorway stood a tall, beautiful young girl with a merry smile on her lips and a roguish twinkle in her eyes.

There was a chorus of surprised exclamations, "Why, Julia! When'd you come? Where's your uncle? Why, I thought you weren't coming back until next semester!"

Julia emerged from a series of smothering embraces and questions. "No, my dear children, the prodigal son has returned. Uncle and I are going to postpone our trip until I have finished college. Uncle was taken ill at San Jose and the doctor said he must be perfectly quiet until he recovers. He insisted that I return to college so I left him in good care and here I am. Now, Dotty dear, tell me why you were all looking so mournful when I came in."

Dot resumed her dismal attitude and said, "Why, you know it's time for us to give our annual program to raise money for the Old Ladies' Home. We just can't think of anything new and suitable."

"Why don't you give a cantata," suggested Julia. "You girls can all sing well."

"The very thing!" exclaimed the girls. "Jul, you're a jewel."

During the following days the girls were very busy selecting and planning the cantata. Julia Remington played an important part in it as she did in all the affairs of the school. She never placed herself above her schoolmates but was always ready with a helping hand. She did not seem to care for her own glory but was always thinking of others and that was the reason she was so popular at college. She was one of those few girls who have wealth but have not been spoiled by it. Julie was now in her Senior year and the students declared they had never seen her frown. This record, however, was not to remain unbroken for the next week a sudden change came over her, so marked that even the youngest and freshest of the freshmen felt depressed.

The reason of this change was known to only two people. One of these was Julia Remington herself and the other was Robert Jennings, to whom she was engaged.

Sunday night coming home from church Robert informed Julia of his intention of going as a missionary to China. Now Julia had one weakness. She could not bear the Chinese. They seemed dirty to her and dirt she could not and would not endure so she begged Robert not to go. He said he must; it was his duty. Julia became angry and told Robert she would die an old maid before she would go to China. Robert was deeply hurt and begged Julia to think it over and tell him her decision the next Sunday.

The following days were filled with pain for the two young people. For each the sleepless nights were filled with torture and each grew paler with each succeeding day. Julia grew cross and irritable but Robert was calm and submissive.

Robert spent the night praying and reading his Bible. He had fought against the call to go to China for somehow he had come to the conclusion that he must go to China or give up his religion. He would not do the latter so he had pledged himself to be a missionary whatever the price might be.

Robert watched Julia closely during the long weary week but he saw no sign of relenting so he avoided her as much as possible lest he increase her anger.

To Julia the week was one never to be forgotten because of its misery. She too had felt the call to go to China but had fought against it. She told herself she would do anything else but this one thing. It was too much. She could not do it. She dared not pray for she felt it was useless to ask God for help when she was not willing to do his bidding. For the same reason she could not read her Bible, so she spent the weary night battling with herself. She could not eat, she could not sleep, she could not even cry and no comfort came to her.

In the day-time she was cross and irritable. She drove her friends away from her. Once Dot tried to comfort her and asked her what was the trouble but Julia spoke so crossly that Dot decided it was best to leave her alone. Yet she worried over it. She held many a secret council with the other girls trying to find something to do. It was not like Jewel to act so.

Whatever could be the matter? Perhaps she was ill. Poor Jewel! They had worked her too hard. They ought to have known better. Thus the girls reproved themselves and sought to find some excuse for the strange behavior of the girl they all loved.

Thursday morning came, bright and clear, and with it a Chinese girl, Lea Chang, came to the college. The girls' dormitory was already full and Mrs. Harland, the preceptress did not know where to put the Chinese girl. At last she thought of Julia's room. It was the largest in the house and Julia was the sole occupant. Why hadn't she thought of that before? There would be plenty of room for another bed and Julia was such a dear girl she was sure she would not mind. Mrs. Harland had seen little of Julia the last week and so did not know of the change which had come over her.

That noon when Julia came home from school she found an extra trunk and bed in her room, but as she had to hurry back to class she did not give it much thought. When she returned, however, later in the afternoon she found Lea Chang and the preceptress in her room. Her astonishment was too great for words. Slowly the meaning of the other bed and trunk dawned upon her and anger and resentment flamed up in her heart.

Mrs. Harland noticed Julia's displeasure and hastened to explain the situation, but Julia would accept no explanation. She spoke not a word but stepped over to her writing desk and busied herself with some letters. Mrs. Harland tried to apologize, but seeing it was of no use she withdrew.

In the largest room in the dormitory, Lea Chang sat on the edge of her bed and regarded the unfriendly back of her hostess. Her sensitive nature told her that something was wrong but she did not know what. For some time she sat regarding the motionless girl at the desk. How she wished she might understand her. A great wave of homesickness swept over Lea Chang. She longed for her friends of the mission school. How strange America was. The missionaries had told her that the people would be kind to her in America. She must have done something wrong.

At last she rose from the bed and tiptoed over to the girl at the desk. Timidly she touched her shoulder and whispered, "Me sorry." But Julia was in no mood for sympathy from such a source and she flung out, "Oh, why don't you leave me alone?" Her conscience hurt her as she uttered the words but her pride would not let her recall them.

Lea Chang drew back hurt and astonished, yet there was no feeling of anger against the American girl. Somehow she felt that this girl was in trouble and she longed to help her. What could she do?

Julia could eat nothing that night. She finally got up and went out for a walk to see if she could get away from her thoughts. Something seemed to draw her to this Chinese girl but she was not ready to give up. She had to be mean and hateful to Lea Chang in order to keep from liking her and yet she hated herself for doing it. She walked rapidly hoping to get away from her thoughts, but in vain. At last, tired out, she returned home, and threw herself on the bed. But sleep would not come.

Julia had promised to lead the Epworth League the following Sunday so she got out her quarterly with the intention of studying her lesson. To her dismay she found the lesson to be on missionary work. She would tell them she could not lead the League. She started to the 'phone but something stopped her.

Sunday morning came and Julia did not go to Church. She was struggling. She was almost frantic. She could not lead that league and what was she going to do? At last in utter misery she threw herself on the bed and sobbed. "Oh God I will go to China—I'll do anything you want me to—only let me be happy again."

Late in the afternoon Lea Chang came in and found Julia sleeping. There were traces of tears on the cheeks of the slumbering girl, and Lea Chang's heart was filled with pity. She knelt by the bed and prayed. "Oh God help her."

Julia stirred in her sleep and with a smile on her lips laid her hand over Lea Chang's. Lea Chang raised her head quickly, but seeing that the girl's eyes were still closed she very gently drew her hand away and tip-toed out of the room.

That night when Julia got up to lead the league people said they had never seen her look so beautiful. Her face was pale but her lips were smiling and her eyes shone with the light which comes from the soul of him who conquers self.

They had a wonderful meeting and the minister told Julia he had never seen such enthusiasm stirred up over missions, but Julia only smiled and said, "God can work wonders when he has His way."

After the service Robert Jennings stepped forward with an eager question in his eyes and Julia smiled and nodded.

That evening three young people found supreme happiness. One was Robert Jennings, and the other two were Lea Chang and Julia Remington.

## The Rainbow's Pot of Gold

By Tom Swayze

AT the age of thirty-two Dave Armstrong was a successful man. He was successful by virtue of his own enterprise. When hardly more than a boy, he entered the school of journalism of Columbia University and during his school days and for several years following his graduation worked as a news reporter for several of the New York dailies. He showed during these years a marked ability as an investigator of crime and vice and made for himself no mean reputation in that field.

Desiring newspaper experience outside the city of New York, he was sent as a representative of the Associated Press into Mexico. While there he became associated with some mining men, and through the kindness of a former acquaintance and friend was enabled to make a very profitable investment in a rich new mine. He invested five thousand dollars, the sum total of his savings, in the venture and within six months was possessor of half a million dollars. His financial success was due to hard work, lucky re-investments, and real business ability.

With the outbreak of war in Europe, Armstrong was requested by the United States attorney for the New York district, to become a special agent for the department of Justice. His work in that field was so successful, that when the United States finally entered the war, he was granted a commission as Captain in the Intelligence Division of the army and was one of the first American soldiers to set foot on French soil. This story does not deal with his experiences, obtained during eighteen months of service in France and Europe as a member of America's intelligence

forces, but, rather dates from the time that he returned home, a major in rank, and in point of accomplishments a war hero and a successful man.

He had his heart set on a long visit on the old home place in Kansas, for he had not seen his mother in more than two years, and he was worn and tired, too. But, his plans miscarried and he was immediately pressed into service by the government and ordered to return to Paris with the peace delegation as a member of the United States secret service.

Dave Armstrong had lived an intense life. He had worked exceedingly hard while in school and during the days that he was struggling for a place in the world. His career as a soldier was one long drawn out period of intense action that would have worn out completely any man less rugged and strong than he. Because of this life of action he had not had much time to devote to women. He had rather neglected that phase of his education. In fact, if he had been asked, he would not have admitted that it was his intention to start at this time to complete that education, but deep down in his subconscious self there was the conclusion already arrived at that it was about time for him to marry some good girl, settle down, so to speak, and establish a home for himself.

Major Dave Armstrong did not go to Paris immediately. He spent some six weeks in New York, working some while waiting for final sailing orders, and because of his extraordinary good looks, having a good time. It was during these weeks of waiting and playing that he met Geraldine Wilkins, and herewith our story begins.

\* \* \* \* \*

"And is it true," said Miss Wilkins, as the two stood in a little alcove while the orchestra tuned up for the Red Cross dance at Waldorf's, "that Major Armstrong was the only American soldier who ever reached Berlin before the armistice was signed?"

"Who's been telling you tales about me, Miss Wilkins?" modestly evaded Dave.

"Oh, I've been investigating you," replied the girl.

"So I see," interrupted Dave.

"You see," Miss Wilkins hastened to explain, "I am greatly interested in all the boys who are returning from France, especially Majors, so when I heard that red haired boy, Sergeant Sullivan, say that you were a wizard when it came to penetrating the enemy lines and 'getting away with it,' why, that sounded interesting and I was curious and asked him a few questions."

"Which he answered, I presume?" asked Dave quietly.

"Yes, he did. He's the only soldier I have met who would talk," said Miss Wilkins.

"Oh, they'll ALL talk," sagely remarked Dave, "about the other fellow."

"Thank you for that information," said she, "but you didn't answer my question about Berlin. Were you the only one who ever got there?"

"I don't think so," replied Dave, "we sent out a number of mighty good men. But so far as I know, I was the only one to reach Berlin during the war, who ever came back."

"O! will you tell me about it sometime?" asked the interested girl. "And here comes that slim lieutenant that I have the next dance with. If you want to mark up my card, better hurry."

Dave proceeded to mark up the card, placing his initials after each remaining dance.

"And Major Armstrong," smiled Miss Wilkins as she hastened away to dance with the slim Lieutenant, "I am sure that Fate just let you come back from Berlin to dance with me tonight."

"By George, I didn't doubt it a bit," thought Armstrong, as he gazed admiringly after the bewitching young woman. "Guess I'll have to have a greater esteem for Fate than I have heretofore had."

The days slipped by, and Dave discovered himself becoming more and more in love with this beautiful light haired girl with the grayish blue eyes. In appearance she was all that a woman should be or could be; her personality was pleasing and she possessed those degrees of culture and refinement and wit that made her lovable.

Miss Wilkins expressed envy one day regarding the opportunities that Dave and other men had had to see the world. Dave ventured the assertion that he could show her sights in her own home town that would prove as astounding as any sights that she could see in a foreign land. This resulted in a motor trip through the so-called undiscovered regions of New York. They chanced to wend their way down through the Bowery and the Ghetto. The streets of the Ghetto, as they always are, were crowded with children. Surely, Jesus of Nazareth upon entering many of the densely populated cities of ancient Palestine must have seen such a motley throng of young Hebrews as Dave and Geraldine saw this day. And the Savior must have been thinking of just such children as these when He said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not."

Geraldine Wilkins saw them, too, and her words were not like the words of the Master.

"I never saw so many children in one place in my life," said Dave, as they scattered from in front of the car, "I wonder where the little devils live."

"I never saw such dirty little brats," responded Geraldine as the lines seemed to harden around her mouth. "Oh, I detest them; I can't stand to have them near me. They are too dirty."

The next day, Dave Armstrong sailed for Paris. As he told Geraldine goodbye, he knew that it was for the last time. He knew that she was beautiful and altogether lovely, but he knew also that she lacked one of the cardinal virtues of a good woman—a natural love for children, and especially for suffering children.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Ah, Monsieur Armstrong," softly pleaded the gentle voice of Mademoiselle Louise de Merillion, "you will be disengaged on Friday evening? Ma Mere requests that you dine with us then."

"To oblige your charming mother, Mademoiselle," answered Dave with a smile, "I shall arrange to be free on Friday evening, if I have to carry my request to President Wilson himself."

And Dave Armstrong was free on Friday evening and obliged the charming mother of Mademoiselle de Merillion. And because he had been a soldier, and had been established at Amiens, the former home of the de Merillions, and knew so much about the town and the places familiar to his hosts, he gained ready access to their hearts.

Dave and Mademoiselle were riding out along the road that led to Versailles. Their horses slowed down to a walk and Dave was able to see the beautiful sunlight and the beauties of the Spring morning. The music of the birds sounded very good this morning, because there was music in Dave's heart. He felt that, perhaps, the gods had been kind to him in permitting him to walk along the way that led within the portals of the de Merillion home; that led to that favored place in the esteem of this beautiful French girl. Love was beginning to creep in to Dave's heart, and he had no will to shut it out; in fact, he saw no reason at all that he should shut it out, for so far he had found no imperfections in the character of Louise de Merillion.

They were going up a small hill, and Dave was interested in the details of the country. He saw the low stone fence on the left with the tiling on the top; the hedge row on the right; the aged stone building that abutted on the highway and served both as dwelling and as "Cafe de Vin Blanc;" he saw, also, ahead of them along the way an old, old woman, bowed down with age and toil. She was carrying on her bent and aged back a huge bundle of clothing. As they passed her by, Dave noticed the enlarged knuckles of her hands and the large blue viens in her forehead; her face was drawn and wrinkled; her eyes were dim and bloodshot; she was bent and worn with years of toil and hardship and suffering, yet, she continued up the hill with her heavy burden. Dave's heart went out to this poor old woman; his heart beat in sympathy with this simple peasant mother from whom the world was exacting such a cruel and unjust price for existence. Dave thought that the lowly Nazarene must have had in mind some such unfortunate creature as this when he spoke the words of that wonderful parable, "Inasmuch, as ye have done it unto one of the least of these,—ye have done it unto me."

"I feel sorry for the poor old woman," Dave said, by way of comment when they had passed her by.

"What's the use of being sorry," rejoined Mlle de Merillion, "there are lots like her. They don't mind to work, in fact, they would be unhappy if they didn't have something to do. Besides somebody has to do the work, and that is about all those kind of people are good for."

Unconsciously, Mademoiselle de Merillion had revealed a flaw in her character, as people of her kind often do, when they leave the glitter of the ball room for a little while where people work and live and suffer. Dave had no reply to make, his heart sank, and his hopes vanished. He knew that he would err should he allow himself to love this proud, aristocratic girl. So, he bade farewell to her also, knowing full well that her beauty and her talents, or her station in life did not make up for the lack of that cardinal virtue of all good women—a loving sympathy for the unfortunate of her race.

\* \* \* \* \*

For four weeks Dave Armstrong had worked secretly and untiringly with representatives of Scotland Yard on a case that had grave bearings on our international relations. Duty led him to the home of Sir Horton Gray, veteran chief of Scotland Yard, on the first day that he arrived in London. At the end of four weeks, when he had successfully completed the work assigned him, he again went to the home of Sir Horton Gray, but it was not duty that led him there. Sir Horton was the proud possessor of a beautiful daughter. Dave had promised himself when he left Paris that he would work hard, tend strictly to business, and have nothing more to do with society and women—but Bertha Gray was different. So his promise to himself was not kept.

"Father says that you are the Captain Strong who went around through Russia and got to Berlin before the armistice," said Bertha Gray to Dave as they stood one day watching a cricket game. "Did you really get to Berlin?"

"Yes, I got to Berlin," said Dave, "getting there wasn't so hard to do. Getting away again was the ticklish business."

"I often wonder how a man can just deliberately take chances like that with his life," mused Miss Gray, "it meant certain death if you were caught."

"Yes, it did, I presume," answered Dave, "but that little word 'if' is the saving feature of all this war business. It meant certain death, IF the prisoner did not escape. Going into the trenches meant certain death to every doughboy, IF the bullets hit him in the right spot."

"Do you know, Mr. Armstrong, that I am glad that there is that little word 'if,'" quietly and soberly spoke Miss Gray, "and someday, but not now, I shall tell you why."

As the days wore on Bertha Gray told Dave all her thoughts concerning the little word "if," and Dave told Bertha Gray more than he had ever told any girl before. He was acting strangely, he told himself, for a man of his experience and years, yet, he seemed to lack the power to check his own impulses, and he didn't want to check them. He knew that before long he would be very much in love with this English girl, his reason and his intellect told him to go slowly, but his heart bade him plunge ahead, and plunge ahead he did.

One Sabbath morning in the month of June, Dave and Bertha were aimlessly walking along the streets of London. It matters not which streets they were walking on, for it mattered very little to them. They were happy. As the hour of eleven struck the church bells pealed forth their clarion calls for Sabbath worship. They made no discord in the heart of Dave Armstrong, for his months of service, when on Sabbath days only the booming of the great guns could be heard, had caused a love for ringing church bells to be born within his soul. As he listened to the chimes of St. Peter's mingling with the clanging that came from the towers of other churches he thought that all this was just an echo, sounding down through the ages of the music and joy that was brought to the world that glad day two thousand years ago, when Jesus the Saviour was born in the manger at Bethlehem. It seemed to him that St. Peter's chimes were crying out "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace and good will toward men."

"There are lots of folks going to church this morning," remarked Dave, as he thought that he would like to go to church himself. He thought, too, of his mother at home, and he knew that when the hour approached in the little Kansas village where she lived for Sabbath worship, that she would be in her regular place up near the altar in the little church.

"Yes, a whole lot of them go," said Bertha, "but, after all the majority of the people are quite simple minded—and—and downright silly. Why they want to trapse off to church and listen to some poor music and some old man go through a lot of humdrum forms is more than I can understand. They remind me of a lot of sheep, all they know is to bleat and follow where some one leads them."

"I am afraid, Bertha," calmly said Dave, "that if you had gone to Berlin, or had lived one night in the trenches with the great shells whistling overhead and bursting near, you would think differently on these things."

"Oh, you mean that the prospect of dying makes one religious?" she questioned.

"I mean that to face death," explained Dave, "causes one to be honest with himself. Unbelief in God serves very well during life, but it is a mighty poor consolation in death."

"Which is just what the rector would have said, had we gone to church this morning," laughed Bertha. "That's what I don't like about them, they always give one the creeps by talking about dying."

Dave said no more. The music died within him. Again he discovered that wit and graciousness, physical comeliness and external culture and refinement were not sufficient to make a woman really beautiful. It was with sadness that he recognized that Bertha Gray, whom he thought was so perfect, possessed, like Geraldine Wilkins and Louise de Merilion, a great flaw in her character. She lacked another of the cardinal virtues of her kind—the Heaven sent ability to pray and to trust in God for the eventual salvation of erring mankind.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dave Armstrong had traveled six thousand miles in less than three weeks. He was worn out and tired. He longed to be at home where he could rest and where he could see his mother. His war service and his work in Paris and London, and his experiences there left him unsettled and depressed. His faith in women had lessened, in fact (he did not know that he had any faith in them; it seemed to him that it was all gone. But the hardness of his heart was always melted when he thought of his mother. On the little home place, just outside the village of Alta Vista in Kansas, there dwelt a little woman who was the embodiment of all the Christlike

virtues that it was possible for one woman to have. Dave knew this, and because of this knowledge his faith in all women was not destroyed.

It was a glad day for him, that Monday morning as he alighted from the train, and made his way up the familiar street toward his home. He had not been in town for five years and he had not written to his mother that he was coming, so he hastened along, not stopping to talk with the few friends he met. The main street was paved, but there were the same old hitching posts on the side street, the gnawed and watersoaked watering place in the square, the same stores, and Rogers' barber shop, and the post office in the same old place. The grain elevator had a new coat of paint, and a new warehouse adorned a spot in the center of the town along the Rock Island tracks. Otherwise, everything was as he had seen it many times before. He had traveled far and had seen many sights, but none were more attractive than were these homely scenes of his boyhood.

He turned in at the familiar gate, his heart was beating fast. He walked around the house to the kitchen door on the board walk. And there on the steps his mother met him.

"O! Dave, my boy," she shouted as she threw her arms around his neck, "when I heard your steps on the walk, I knew it was you. Why didn't you tell me you were coming?"

"I wasn't sure I could come right away, Mother," answered Dave, and he could hardly speak, "and I didn't want to disappoint you."

"I was heart broken when you didn't come last winter, son," said his mother. "Are you going to stay a long time now, dear?"

"I don't believe that I shall go away and leave you again, mother," slowly answered Dave, "that is, not for very long at a time. At least, I'm going to stay at home all the rest of this summer, anyway, and rest up."

And Dave did stay at home with his mother the rest of the summer. He made several short business trips that took him away for a few days, but Martha Hopkins lived in Alta Vista, and was a neighbor and friend of Dave's mother, and Dave had shortly claimed her as his own friend, and he always came back. His trips were not lengthy at all.

As the summer days passed Dave found himself becoming greatly interested in this simple country maid. He knew that she did not compare in appearance with Geraldine Wilkins or Louise de Merilion, and yet, there were times when it seemed to him that she would compare favorably with any girls he had known were bedecked in the same finery as they. He was skeptical, too, and knew that before long, some flaw in this girl's character would present itself to him.

Dave had been to the office for his mail. He started home, and encountered Martha as she, too, was bound for home, so they walked along together. They walked by the home of the Bensons. There were six children in the family, the mother was sickly and unable to carry the burden of the home, the father had been injured in an accident and at least half the time was unable to work. The children were playing in the yard; they were dirty and ragged and uncared for.

"Hello, Elsie," said Martha, to one of the older children, "how is mother today?"

"She's not up today, Miss Hopkins," the child replied, "but she says she's goin' to get up after a while; she has to."

"Elsie, dear," said Martha, "you tell mother that I'll be down after a while to help her some, will you? And you be a good little girl, and take care of baby until I come."

As they passed on, Martha, still thinking of the needy mother and the grimy little children, said from the bottom of her heart: "Oh! I feel so sorry for that family."

"Do you?" answered Dave. "It is quite unusual for a girl like you to be concerned about other peoples' troubles."

"No, it isn't, Dave," she said, "that is when we are concerned most."

"But, honestly," she continued with enthusiasm, "Mrs. Benson is really a fine woman, and I like to help her. And, you noticed those grimy, dirty little children in the yard? Well, you ought to see them this evening when I get through scrubbing them. I just love to get them in a tub and scrub 'em up. Just to kiss the clean little wiggly toes of a scrubbed baby is reward enough for the scrub woman," she said, laughing.

"If the scrub woman happens to be Martha Hopkins," said Dave soberly, and he was thinking of a hundred or more of dirty, grimy little Hebrews that were scurrying from in front of his car in New York's Ghetto. He was wondering how they would look should some one care enough to scrub them up.

(Continued on page 11)

# The Basis for Our Askings

By Dean Cunningham

I AM told that years ago the people of the City of Tacoma sometimes argued among themselves as to whether they ought to keep the College of Puget Sound in their midst; especially since to keep it meant giving it students, and giving it money, and giving it hearty school support.

But that was before my time. It must have been long before, for I have heard none of such talk. The city of Tacoma long since quit regarding the College as a liability, and now considers it an asset. She is proud of it, just as she is proud of all the other obvious advantages of the city.

Nor is it difficult to understand why any city should be proud of such an institution. The College of Puget Sound is objectifying an ideal. It is putting in the form of acres and brick and mortar; of democratic self-government; of carefully arranged and correlated courses of study; of concrete social service to its community, an ideal deliberately conceived, which rests upon the conviction that the institution which would be greatest should be the servant of all.

In the profoundest sense this is a Christian college. This, to be sure, means more than one thing. It means chapel services during the school week, where worship is an actual fact; it means that the College gives regular courses for credit, in which the Christian philosophy of life is made the cornerstone of character.

But it means even more than this. It seems to me that the Christian college best expresses itself in the life-purposes which it creates within the minds of its students. These students are the College's product; they go forth to live, to act, to have dealings with men. The fundamental purpose which inspires such activity, is the most basic thing in life.

Now, the Christian college makes its out-going students realize that they have been educated, not to go out into a competitive society to win money or fame or power at the ex-

pense of others who have not been so fortunate in their education; but that their superior training is in the nature of a trust, a solemn responsibility; a power put within their grasp whereby they may cooperate with all men for the common welfare.

It is on such an ideal that the College of Puget Sound bases its claims for a wide financial support from its logical constituency. Every man knows that in this age of expansion greater assets are necessary for adequate and progressive work, than at any time in the past; and that the College is really displaying its understanding of the times in planning adequately for its task.

And with as great certainty it may be said that it is not a question as to whether some other agency might perform the same task as the Christian college. We do not know that it can; at least none other ever has. Perhaps the Young Men's Christian Association could do the work of the church, or vice versa; but there are those of us who believe both organizations are needed. Every great crisis, such as the recent war, has had its lessons to teach us. And unmistakably one thing we have recently learned is that the small Christian college is a bulwark for sane leadership in our democracy.

The College of Puget Sound now functions as a Christian college. It is an enormous factor in the production of Christian leadership. Surely every man would want a share in such a work as it is doing.

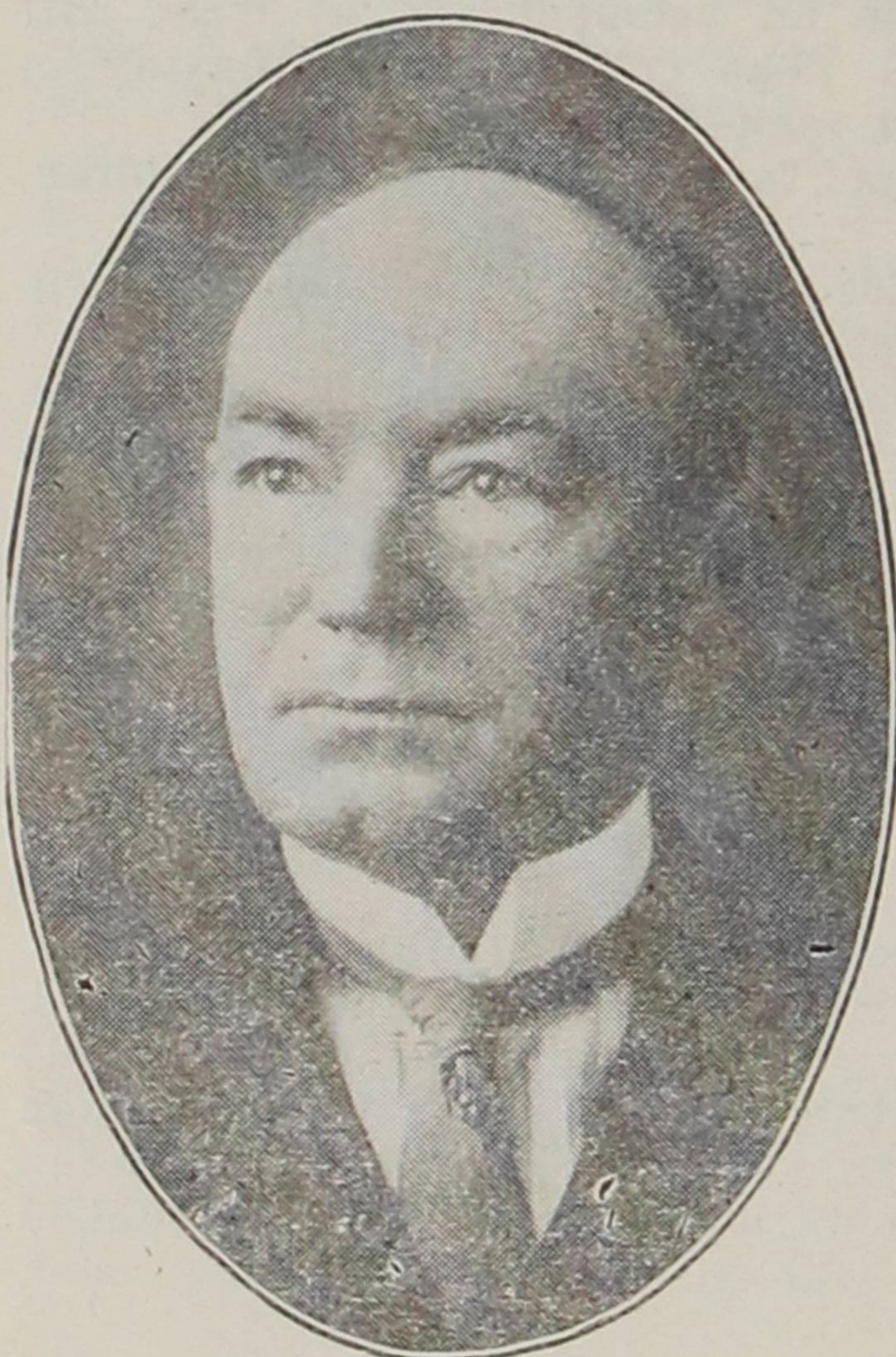
In an age when the most superficial realize the importance to our civilization of good men who have the poise to hold the world steady, there should be absolutely no hesitancy in seeing that the institutions which have been the dominant factors, historically, in supplying such men, should have their power increased by a loyal constituency.

## The Presidential Campaign of 1920, Looking Forward and Backward

By Walter S. Davis

Head of the Department of History

### I. INTRODUCTORY.



IF there be grandeurs and sublimity in the realms of nature, in the rush of Niagara, in the mighty ocean, in Mt. Tacoma with its crown of snow, there is an equal grandeur and sublimity in the choice of a ruler by a great and free people.

From this point of view our earth never witnessed a scene more sublime than that of November 2, when 27,000,000 of America's men and women selected their own and the Nation's President for the coming four years.

In monarchies the choice of a ruler is made by heredity and birth and not by those who bear the burdens of government. In the Roman Empire, in

the days of decadence, when the Imperial throne became vacant the armies on the Rhine, Danube and Euphrates would engage in war and the general of the victorious army would be crowned Emperor. Since 1789 America has furnished a nobler example to mankind.

Some English writers have criticised our fixed and state quadrennial elections, since elections in England come when the Cabinet has been overthrown and where some real issue has arisen. They say we Americans must create and manufacture issues for our presidential campaigns.

To these animadversions on the American system no one has made a better reply than America's best friend in England, James Bryce, author of the *American Commonwealth*. He takes the view that "a presidential election is a solemn, periodical appeal to the nation to review its condition, the way in which its business has been carried on, the conduct of the two great parties. It stirs and arouses the nation as nothing else does, forces everyone not merely to think about public affairs, but to decide how to judge the parties. It is \* \* \* a force before which everything must bow. It refreshes the sense of national duty; and at great crisis intensifies national patriotism. A presidential election is sometimes, as in 1800 and as again most notably in 1864, a turning point in history. \* \* \* A presidential election which purports to be merely the selection of a man, is often in reality a decision upon issues of policy, a condemnation of the course taken by one party, a mandate to the other to follow some different course \* \* \*"

### II. CAUSES RESULTING IN THE GREAT OVERTURN OF NOVEMBER 2.

A victory so sweeping as that of November 2, an overturn so overwhelming, naturally leads inquiring minds to seek the causes of an expression of the will of the American people so decisive. The following list is submitted with only brief comment:



1. The high cost of living during and since the war period, accompanied by high taxation, both Federal and State. It is difficult for any party to survive these two conditions even though the party in power may not be especially to blame.

2. The world wide unrest following the armistice. America shared in this unrest. Peace has been almost as hard to endure as war. The bright visions of 1917 and 1918 that a new era was in store for mankind have not been realized. Men find that other men are not so very different from the men of the pre-war days. It is the same work-a-day world. With this disillusionment came disappointment. In revenge many have turned upon the party in power, although whatever blame may attach to it should be shared by all political parties.

3. A seemingly world-wide movement to turn out of power the men and governments who conducted the war. In nearly all the leading countries and in many of the small, the cabinets conducting the war have for some reason, difficult to explain, lost place and power. Lloyd George still survives.

4. The general conduct of the war. Charges of extravagance, particularly in the production of aeroplanes. Many unnecessary expenditures. These charges weighed more in the minds of the voters than the assembling and equipping of an army of four million men and the landing of one-half that number on the West Front in time to deliver the decisive blow of the war. There is no record in all history of the transportation of so large a body of men so great a distance.

5. Opposition to President Wilson. In war-time the powers of the President are exerted in their fulness. Thus as a war measure President Lincoln set free the slaves and exalted his powers as Commander in Chief of the Army and Navy. For exercising to their utmost the war powers in the great days of 1861-65, President Lincoln met with bitter criticism. Such also has been the fate of President Wilson. So in the presidential campaign of 1920 was heard the charge of "autocracy in the White House," "One-man power." President Harding has promised a "return to Constitutional Government."

Then, too, President Wilson probably lost some votes by going to Europe to conduct in person the peace negotiations. For this he was strongly condemned, particularly by some members of the Republican party. Students of political science will look upon the President's going to Europe, in a more kindly light since they recognize that in our presidential form of government the President is the real executive, just as Lloyd-George and the British Cabinet are the real government of England. The American President is both king and prime minister. At the Council Table in Paris, Lloyd-George and Clemenceau could speak with first hand authority for Great Britain and France. President Wilson was the only American who could speak with like authority for the United States. But this political science view did not appeal to the ordinary voter.

President Wilson's sudden dismissal of Secretary Lansing did not add to his popularity with the American people and left a bad taste in the mouth.

The President's request for a Democratic Congress in 1918 after Americans of all parties had loyally responded and had made common sacrifices was a political blunder worse than a crime. The President may have had in mind the deadlock of 1919.

6. The President's illness. During his long illness the President's influence with the country has possibly declined. It has not been as great as it would have been had he been in the pride and plenitude of health.

Unhappily the attitude of other political parties has not been as sympathetic as a sick room ordinarily has the right to expect. The day will come when the children of the men now living will regret this attitude of their more partisan ancestry. This is not saying that the President himself has always been free from blame.

7. A belief in the superior business ability and governmental capacity of the Republican party. This party contained a larger percentage of men of affairs and of large business experience. This no doubt contributed to the re-statement of the Republican party into power.

8. The superior organization of the Republican party. For two or three years Chairman Will H. Hays and his co-workers have been creating and perfecting a political organization extending into every voting precinct, the like of which has not been seen since the days of Mark Hanna. The organization of the Democratic party fell far behind Mr. Hays' superb organization.

9. League of Nations. It will no doubt be with surprise to many who come to read these pages that I have placed in the ninth place the League of Nations Covenant, as a cause of the overthrow of President Wilson and the Democratic Party. Many will say that it should have been placed as number one, but I feel sure time will justify the placing of the League Covenant in a much less influential place than first, as a cause of the MIGHTY OVERTURN. The writer knows of many who voted for Senator Harding in spite of, and not because of, his position on the League Covenant. Every reader will know of still others. Millions voted for Senator Harding in the faith that he would stand for some great organization of the nations, that would reduce armaments, lessen the probability of war, and promote peace and good will among men. There are those Republicans who fear that a failure to come up to this high expectation on the part of President Harding and those in power might lead in 1924 to a reversal of the triumphant victory of 1920. But in any association of nations America's rights and interests should be fully guarded.

10. The Temperance Question. While the record of neither leading candidate was entirely satisfactory, that of Mr. Harding seemed to be more satisfactory to the great body of the American people who stand strongly by the Prohibition amendment and the Volstead Law. This, no doubt, contributed to swell the tide of victory.

11. The Irish and German elements. Because of support for the League of Nations, President Wilson's party probably lost thousands of Irish voters who looked none too favorably upon the League of Nations. Candidate Cox, no doubt held other Irish voters in line with the promise of using the League in behalf of Irish freedom.

12. It is possible that many German voters were against Mr. Cox because of the part taken by America under President Wilson's leadership against their fatherland. There are thousands of German voters, of course, to whom this would not apply.

13. Opposition to the administration on the part of the friends of men convicted of violating espionage and other war time laws.

14. A certain number of voters always desire a change. Four years from now these voters will give their support to some other party.

All these and other causes contributed to one of the most sweeping triumphs in American political history.

### III. SOME FEATURES OF THE CAMPAIGN OF 1920.

This campaign was accompanied by a number of interesting sidelights.

1. Mr. Bryan who had taken a leading part in every campaign since 1896, and who had bravely championed prohibition in the San Francisco convention refused to take the stump in behalf of the Democratic nominee.

2. Likewise on account of the Republican candidates position on the League of Nations a number of leading Republicans favorable to the League gave their support to Governor Cox.

3. The high standing of the two leading candidates for the Vice-Presidency, Governor Coolidge and Secretary Franklin Roosevelt. Had both tickets been reversed, the tickets would have been equally strong.

4. A unique feature of the campaign was the candidacy of Eugene V. Debs, while serving a sentence in the United States Penitentiary at Atlanta for violation of the Espionage Act. This is believed to have no parallel in American history.

5. Woman Suffrage. The participation of practically the entire adult womankind of America in the Presidential election must be forever regarded as one of the greatest events in human history. The writer is glad to have contributed to this great consummation by voice and pen since 1882.

6. To protect Prohibition and the Volstead Act, the temperance people of the nation set out under the lead of Mr. Bryan, the W. C. T. U., and the Anti-Saloon League to elect a Dry Congress. This great aim has been achieved.

7. Progress in public morality. Formerly there was much vote buying and debauching of the American electorate. Under the lead of good influences like Mr. Bryan and Theodore Roosevelt it is believed that vote buying has been largely eliminated, beginning with Mr. Roosevelt's campaign in 1904. At least there is no longer the shameless buying of votes on the part of both the parties that took place from 1880 to 1896 inclusive. This certainly indicates that the trend of National morality is upward.

(Continued on page 11)

# Our College Traditions

*By Ernest Clay*

President of the Associated Students.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Clay, in common with so many of our great men hails from Ohio.

**T**HACKERAY once said: "Without sentiment there would be no flavor in life." We can well add that without traditions there would be no flavor in college life. And it is because of a certain sentiment that traditions connected with our College mean so much to us. What is a college without traditions? Surely traditions are one of the valuable assets of any institution. After leaving our Alma Mater its traditions will often occasion fond reminiscences, and these will touch our deepest emotions. 'Tis then that we will really begin to appreciate and evaluate the traditions of Our College.

Everything must have a beginning and many times that beginning is quite small. It is even so with the traditions of our College. Those before us have already set the goals and fixed the paths in which we are walking. Following tradition, we say growth of the school has produced a sympathetic growth in our traditions. We are still in the processes of establishing traditions, fixing customs and plotting procedures which others following will hallow by the obeying.

A few rites and customs have already been handed down to us and are worthy of our attention. Others are soon to be formulated and given their humble beginning. A brief enumeration of our College traditions will give each of us greater veneration and reverence for them.

Perhaps the first in the category is the one appreciated by new students, faculty and old students alike and called, in C. P. S. parlance, the "Bean Feed." Little need be said concerning it, as every student knows its value long ere this. It is given under the supervision of the Y. M. and Y. W. combined, on the second day of registration and affords the students the opportunity of getting acquainted.

The real commingling and mixing of students, faculty and friends, both old and young is done at the Mixer, also given under the auspices of the Christian Organizations. It is held on Friday evening of the first week of school and every student is given the chance to meet the various servants of the College from the President down to the various student body officers. It is an evening of good fellowship and enjoyment. It should be considered a red letter event in the lives of all new students. Tradition decrees that this is the beginning of the activity of the Department of Romance, conducted by the President's wife.

During the first few weeks of school, the new students are subjected to numerous events to introduce them into the school life. Worthy of mention are the Epworth League receptions, given by the Epworth and the First Methodist Churches. Each in turn has an evening of open house and welcome for the students. "Get acquainted," and "good eats" are the keynotes of these events.

To show the men of the School a rousing good time and also to get them in touch with the work of the Y. M. C. A. early in the first few weeks of school the Y. M. stages a Stag Party. Initiation of new fellows in the school coupled with plenty of pep

and good comradeship and the indulgence in proper nutritive values occupies a worth-while evening of every man's time. For the benefit of the fellows who did not turn out for the Stag Party, the following morning after chapel all those who were absent from the Stag are given a public initiation into the order of "hot-hand."

Up until the end of the annual class scrap the two classes, Freshmen and Sophomores, vent their enthusiasm and class spirit in their own ways. Hanging of posters and class flags, painting of walks with class numerals and entertainment and free lodging to certain active members of the rival class are used as means of expression of class activity.

On the third student assembly day of the first semester occurs the annual Scrap between the two classes. The Scrap is in the nature of a bag rush, each class selecting a team to represent the class. The winners of the scrap are allowed to float their class colors from the Color Post until sundown of the following day.

On the student assembly day following the Scrap, is held the Initiation of the Freshman class into the Student Body. At the regular assembly period the classes all congregate around the Color Post, each class on its proper side. The Freshman class assembles on the side of the previous Senior class. Class songs and yells exhibit the spirit of the various classes. A member of the previous Senior class presents their side of the Color Post to the Freshman class who in turn take the oath as administered by the Student Body President. A short history of the Color Post is given by a competent speaker and the Freshman class is permitted to paint its colors on its allotted side of the Post.

During the two weeks following the Scrap the two rival classes entertain each other at regular class social functions, the Sophomores entertaining the Freshmen first.

During the Hallowe'en season the various societies and organizations indulge in ghost parties, empty grave conversations and such manoevers. The Sacajawea Club gives a unique party entertaining the members of the Millionaires Club and such other fellows who suffer from the absence of mother.

This year we are planning on staging an event on Thanksgiving that we hope may become a regular, anticipated event for that day of each school year. It is a football game in the Stadium and this year the game will be staged with the University of Idaho. What greater attraction would an alumnus need to cause him to return to his Alma Mater for a visit than a football game?

Quoting from an article by a former Dean on this subject of Traditions; "Late in the fall, the Philomathean Literary Society contributes an annual event that deserves a place in the list of our College Traditions. I refer to the Contest Program, between the boys and the girls of the Society. The decision is based on originality and excellence of rendition."

Just before the dismissal for the Holidays, occurs the one big social event of the year, the Annual Banquet. All parts of the College constituency—students, faculty, alumni, trustees, patrons and friends are present, making it an All-College event. It is on this occasion that the classes attempt to display their superiority in class songs, yells and class rivalry. And it is on this occasion that Johnny comes forth bedecked in his dress suit (if he has one) and Sally comes out in her evening gown (if she possesses such a useless thing). And on this occasion the finest of oratory is displayed in clever and polished after-dinner speeches. College Spirit is displayed in all its ramifications.

A lull in social events and traditional events exists from the Holidays until early in the second semester. On or about February 22 is held another All-College function,—the Colonial Costume Party. It is an occasion for the display of originality of the students and faculty in the manner of costumes worn. Various modes of entertainment are indulged in until a late hour. The event is held in the gymnasium. Freshmen do the decorating for this occasion.

Early in the spring the Administration sets aside a sunny day on which we all indulge in real physical exercise and set about to clean up our Campus. On Campus Day no one comes in any habiliment other than the dress of a laboring man. Girls wear their hair down their backs in braids and the boys come in over-alls and work shirts. The Campus is given a thoro renovation and presents a glad appearance by the time the lunch is served by the Y. W. C. A. In the afternoon of this day the Freshmen and Sophomore boys stage an annual Tug of War, attempting to out-do one another in skill. The victors have the joy of seeing their opponents pulled thru a spraying hose. Other athletic features are staged in the afternoon.

On beautiful moonlight nights of the spring season, each of the different societies revel in their annual launch ride. Fun and frolic on a sandy beach around a glowing camp-fire, toasting weiners, steaks, salads and other delicacies of such an occasion and a long boat trip on the Sound under the enchantment of a perfect full moon, constitute an evening of enjoyment and satisfaction to all.

On the first Saturday of May occurs the annual Junior breakfast for the Seniors. This is a most congenial gathering of the once rival Freshman and Sophomore classes, now nearing their coveted goal and the inheritance of their sheep-skins. Cordiality and good-will permeate the very atmosphere and the aroma of the well-filled banquet tables extinguishes the last semblance of any former rivalry, while thoughts of the approaching graduation exercises and the passing into history of the Senior class bring forth expressions of regret from all.

Early in May on a regular student assembly day occurs one of the finest traditional events of the year, the "Cap and Gown Day" exercises. On this day the Seniors receive their first public recognition of admission to candidacy for honors and responsibilities of the College degree. They enter the chapel in cap and gown, preceded by the Faculty also in cap and gown. The Seniors advance to the platform and conduct a regular chapel exercise. The Seniors' foreshadowed departure from the student

ranks is betokened by the ceremony of the "Handing down of the Hatchet" to the Juniors. Acceptance is acknowledged by the class President after which the Juniors advance to the Senior section. All the classes join in the recessional. At all succeeding chapel exercises the Seniors occupy seats in the balcony.

At some convenient time in the Spring, is held the Annual Glee. On this occasion the various classes vie with one another in producing and rendering original songs. Much class spirit is fostered and exhibited on this occasion. The winning class is awarded the Glee Pennant.

What bids fair to become a College tradition is the rendering of a Pageant under the direction of the Y. M. and Y. W. Last year with remarkable success the Pageant was given on the new campus furnishing a suitable climax for our Commencement week exercises. In other years the same efforts have resulted in the production of a May Day Fete and the crowning of the May Queen, all of which was last year incorporated in the Pageant.

The climax of the College year comes during Commencement week. Exercises are held alternately in the First Methodist and Epworth M. E. Churches. In the forenoon of Sunday of this week the Baccalaureate Sermon is preached and in the afternoon is held the final Vesper Service of the year under the direction of the Christian organizations. In the evening of the same day an annual sermon to the Christian organizations is delivered by some chosen minister.

The Freshmen and Sophomores are in charge of the decorations for the Sunday events while the Juniors are in charge of the decorations for the Graduation and the Junior girls are the ushers for the occasion.

The Graduation exercises occur on Wednesday and some notable speaker is chosen to deliver the address. The conferring of the degrees and awarding of honors for the year, followed by a short resume of the year's work and a glimpse into the future offered by the President brings to a fitting close the Commencement exercises.

In the evening of this day the new alumni are guests at the Annual Alumni Banquet. Thus ends the College year in all of its activities.

T T T

#### WHY GO TO COLLEGE?

To be at home in all lands and all ages; to count nature a familiar acquaintance, and art an intimate friend; to gain a standard for the appreciation of other men's work and the appreciation of one's own; to carry the world's library in one's pocket and feel its resources behind one in whatever task he undertakes; to make hosts of friends among men of one's own age who are leaders in all walks of life; to lose one's self in generous enthusiasm and co-operate with others for the common end; to learn manners from students who are gentlemen, and form character under professors who are Christians;—these are the returns of a college for the best four years of one's life.

—Pres. W. D. Hyde, Bowdoin.

# Our Faculty

We welcome three new members to our faculty this year, Miss Crapser, Miss Owings and Mr. Gjesdahl.

Professor Crapser of the Department of Modern Languages, is a graduate of Ellsworth College, Iowa Falls. She studied as her majors, Latin and German. After receiving her A. B. degree from Ellsworth College she did post graduate work at Milwaukee Seminary, and at the Universities of Minnesota and Wisconsin. She has taught in the high schools of Iowa and Montana. From the latter place she came to join the faculty of the College of Puget Sound. She is serving at the present time on the religious, athletic and intersociety committees of the faculty.

Miss Crapser's interests, however, do not all lie within the class rooms and administration halls. She is very fond of hiking, swimming and tennis. The students may well take note of her love of sports and a good time for good chaperons are in great demand. Her special hobby is hiking and she has already hiked right into the hearts of the students of C. P. S. who bid her a sincere and cordial welcome.

Professor Gjesdahl of the Department of Psychology and Education, comes to us from the land of northern lights, Bergen, Norway. He completed his college education there and at the age of twenty-one came to the city of New York. By hard and conscientious study he completed a three year's schedule of studies at the Theological Bible Teacher's Training School, Union Theological Seminary, three years of post-graduate work at Columbia and another three years at New York University all within seven years. He has been associated with the faculties of Cleveland High School, New Jersey, and New York University, has been a minister for three years and during the war held a special chaplainship in the United States Army.

For a hobby he has the interesting field of international law. He does not believe in letting his dignity as a professor deter him from enjoying a good swim or hunt. He has already made himself very popular among the students. We welcome him.

Professor Owings is at the head of the Department of Home Economics and preceptress of the girls dormitory. Those fair damsels must keep her very busy for we haven't been able to secure an interview yet. We heartily welcome Professor Owings.

We are glad that Professor Davis did not run for the Presidency. That south-west corner room on the first floor wouldn't look right, wouldn't be complete without him.

Dean A. B. C., is the acme of perfection in the dean line. After the registrar he comes first in being introduced to the new students on opening day. On another page he has something interesting to say to you.

Professor Harvey rules the lower regions, (we mean the basement) where the physics and chemistry departments are located. He has a way all his own of hammering ohms, dynes, calories and Boyle's laws into ivory domes. He will soon have you Freshmen changing grams of sulphur from standard to laboratory conditions if you don't watch him. He took a trip back East this summer, and is going to tell us about it in the Trail soon.

Then there is that professor who is always so personally interested in everyone of us,—Professor Reneau of the Department of English and Philosophy. Very soon now she will introduce you Freshmen to that famous tradition of this College—the Blind Hen No-Tail.

A quiet, faithful and dependable friend is Professor Hanawalt of the Department of Mathematics and Astronomy. He will soon have you Freshmen measuring the "angle of depression" of these hills hereabouts.

Professor Slater runs the butcher shop and agricultural station on the top floor. He sets you right when you get a frog's liver mixed up with its lungs. Ask him if he thinks the Orange is as good as the Trail, or if he ever heard of Chancellor Day, the barge canal, Longbranch, Onandaga Lake or Solvay Bums.

Professor Dunlap you will also find down in the lower regions playing with atoms, test-tubes, funny bottles and Bunsen burners. That girl he pays so much attention to is Miss Day. He is her knight, Day and knight.

We could not commence to tell of all the big things Professor Hovious has already accomplished. She has some interesting plans in process of development.

That young lady who always looks so happy and cheery is Professor Swartz of the Department of Home Economics.

Mr. Peck is our young athletic coach. You can see him around four o'clock chasing the football men all over the field. He says we are going to have a big season. We know it.

That handsome young man who leads the choir in chapel is Mr. Johnson. We're going to draw a picture of him in action some day. He belongs to the Studio.

And Dr. Foster, we are might glad to welcome him. We can't help but like him.

Now that's our Faculty and we absolutely know that it is the finest group of Professors that has ever operated upon a bunch of college numb-skulls.

T T T

First Irishman: "Who was the best man at McGinitty's wedding?"

Second Irishman: "Sure and I don't know, unfortunately the police interfered before it was settled."

T T T

"Look how fast he eats soup!"

"Yes, that's the new efficiency man. He eats fast to keep from losing any through evaporation."

T T T

There was a young lady from Ranker  
Who slept on a ship while at anchor  
She awoke in dismay when she heard the mate say,  
"Lift up the top sheet and spanker."

T T T

We always think that leading a dogs life is pretty bad. But after looking over the zoology lab we find it is mild compared with a frog's life.

T T T

Prof. Slater (in botany): "What is one of our best known trees?"

Cory: "Please, sir, the hall tree."

THE RAINBOW'S POT OF GOLD

(Continued from page 5)

"Mrs. Armstrong, look at this," said Martha Hopkins, as she rushed into the Armstrong home one evening. "I am going to take these things down to old Grandmother Jenkins. She is sick again." And she displayed a pretty bunch of flowers and a basket in which there was prepared a dainty lunch.

Dave was there. He learned that Grandmother Jenkins was the sadly neglected mother of a large family of worthless boys, none of whom remained at home to care for her. She had managed to exist on her small pension and the little income from her chickens, but rheumatism had rendered her almost helpless. She was dependent on the kindness of the neighbors for care.

"May I go along with you, Martha?" asked Dave. "I can carry the basket for you."

"Certainly you may, Dave," replied the girl. "I'll be glad to have you, and I've already told Grandma Jenkins about you, so I'm sure she will be glad to see you."

Dave went along. He saw Martha Hopkins in a new role. She did not stop with words of cheer for the poor old helpless woman. She tidied up the rooms, and made up the fire, and washed up some dirty dishes. The place looked different when the two bade Grandma Jenkins goodbye.

"Dave, people talk much about joy," said Martha, as they were returning home, "but the real joy is helping somebody like Grandmother Jenkins, who really needs help."

"You are right, Martha," he said, and he was thinking of the poor old French peasant mother who toiled up the hill with the heavy load on her back, and he wondered if there was a Martha Hopkins in her community to carry the load a little way for her.

It was a Sabbath morning. Dave went with his mother to church. This particular morning they arrived there some ten minutes early. Sunday School was still in session. Martha Hopkins was teaching a class of little girls. Her back was to the door and she did not hear Dave and his mother enter, but she was interested in her work and was speaking to her class.

"Children," she was saying, "we have studied today about a woman called Mary Magdelene. In the beginning she was a very wicked woman. But Jesus saw her one day and commanded the evil spirits to depart from her. After that she was a good woman. She became one of the best women that this world has ever known. The spirit of Jesus was in her heart; that is what made her good. I am sure that all of us want to be good. Now, listen, girls," Martha continued softly, "I am going to tell you how you can be good like this woman was. Mary loved Jesus. She believed that he was the Son of God. She believed that it was he who saved her. If we are to be good, we must believe that, too. If we are to be good, we must pray and read our Bibles. Next Sunday is going to be decision day. Alvira, you and Bessie, and Hazel, and Margaret, who have not yet made a decision for Jesus, must do that next Sunday if you want to be good like Mary Magdelene was."

Just then the church bell, in the old fashioned tower above, pealed forth its call to worship. The sounds of the bell mingled with the echoes from the simple words of Martha Hopkins, that so wisely pointed out the way of life to the little girls in her class. Again, Dave heard the church bells of London ring; he heard the sweet chimes that floated out from St. Peters dome; he saw the simple London folk going to church; he listened again to the satirical words of Bertha Gray. Then he came back. The choir was singing the Doxology. As Dave Armstrong looked at the fair haired girl, whose strong soprano voice led all others in singing "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," he knew that he loved her. He knew also that he was not mistaken, and that his unconscious search for the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow had led him back to his starting place, the real foot of every rainbow, and had given him Martha Hopkins as his treasure.

T-T-T

Yea Bo! Don't miss that wonderful love story coming in the December Trail.

T-T-T

Elsie: "I wonder why silk is more expensive than wool." Marjorie: "I guess it's because the little silk worms are lots harder to shear than the big sheep."

T-T-T

Have you read the article on Traditions by the President of the Student Body, in this issue?

THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN OF 1920

(Continued from page 6)

8. Progress in a Christian attitude of voters of opposite parties toward one another. While there is much still to be desired, it is believed that there is a constant growth in toleration of opinion. A cheerful granting of full freedom of opinion on the part of men of all parties. This is much more true today than in the days of Adams and Jefferson and of the days following the Civil War.

9. The campaign of 1920 was characterized by a certain indifference and lack of enthusiasm. This may have been due to the disappointment of the friends of General Wood, Governor Lowden, Herbert Hoover, Secretary McAdoo and other candidates in not having their candidates nominated at Chicago or San Francisco, or it may be due in part to the early recognition of Mr. Harding's triumph in November, thus causing the campaign to lose in interest.

IV. TWO SUGGESTED IMPROVEMENTS AND AMENDMENTS RELATING TO THE PRESIDENCY.

On the second Monday of January, the successful presidential electors will meet at the various state capitals to elect the next President of the United States. The second Wednesday of February, Congress will count these votes. March 4, the new administration will begin. The hope is here expressed that in 1924 all American political parties will choose their presidential standard bearers in a National Presidential Primary where the members of each party will have a vote in determining their party's choice. This should prove more satisfactory to the American people than were the nominating conventions of 1920. The hope is also here expressed that by 1924 the presidential electors will be abolished and that the President will be chosen by the direct popular vote and that the American citizen called up to the high seat to be clothed with the highest honors of the Republic will be the choice of the majority of his fellow citizens.

Also the presidential election might well be shifted back to October and the President and Congress begin their terms shortly after election. At least the Congress of a party discredited by the American electorate should not go on passing laws nor a President continue in office after the people have spoken so decisively.

These suggested changes may well engage the attention of the people.

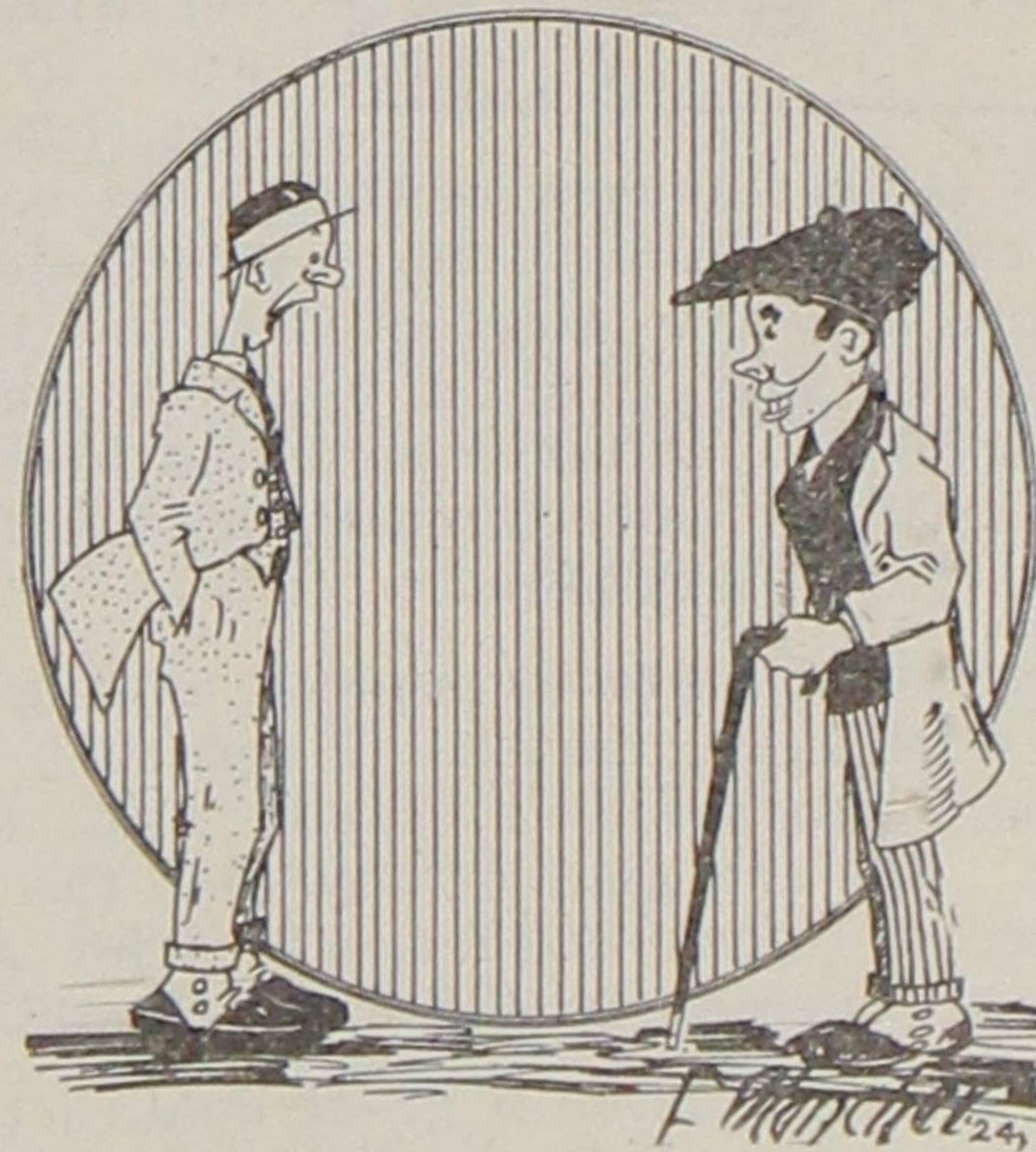
V. CLOSE.

The people have spoken. All law-abiding citizens will bow to the will and decision of the majority. Every American should look upon the President of the United States as his President. We should all help to make this a great nation shining as a beacon light to all the nations. President Harding will be master of an unrivalled opportunity. A course of public action founded upon wisdom and progress will contribute to the happiness of our own people and of mankind and go far toward determining the campaign of 1924.

T-T-T

You bet, Freshie, you lookin' bettah already.

T-T-T

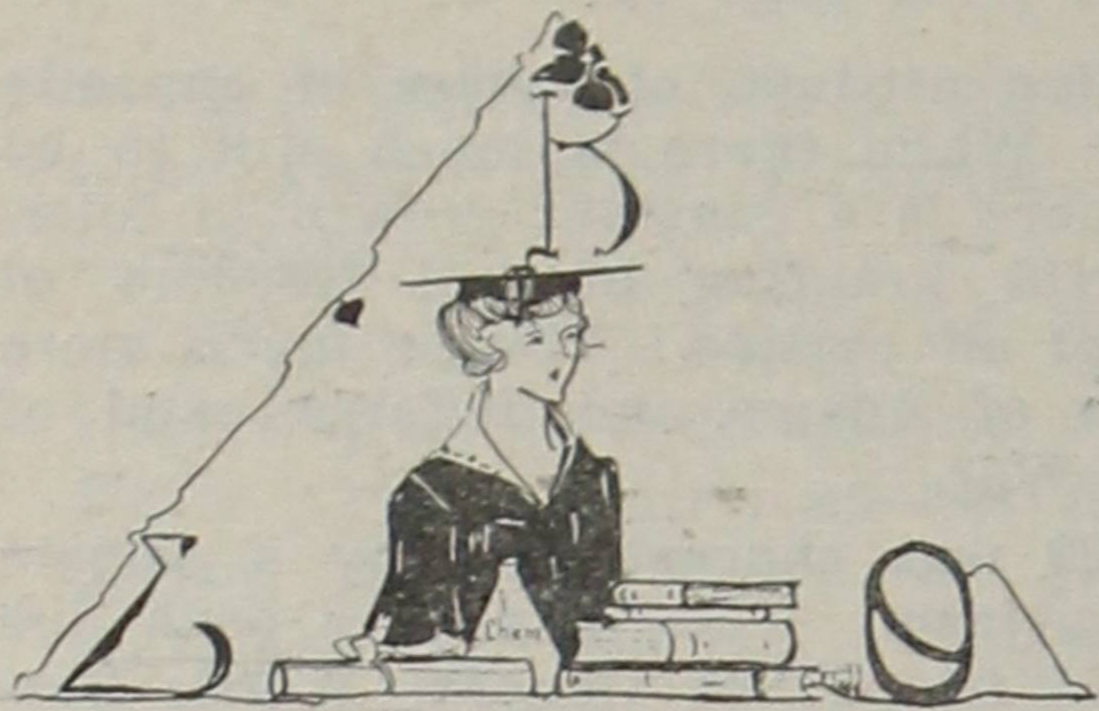


I called Balz up, but he wasn't up, so I called him down for not being down when I called him up.

T-T-T

Watch the Trail improve.

KAPPA SIGMA THETA



KAPPA Sigma Theta Literary Society is no more for we have this past month received our charter for a local Sorority. It is framed and hanging in our room and we invite you all to come in and look at it for we feel it is a charter to be proud of.

The biggest issue Theta is considering at present is the debate November 16 at which time we meet the Amphictyon Literary Society. The question to be discussed is one of the most important of the day and featured strongly in the late election, namely the Japanese question. Theta upholds the negative and Amphictyon the affirmative. We have two of the ablest women debaters in school debating for us this year and they are ready to give our opponents a run for their money. We are backing Florence Maddock and Helen Brace.

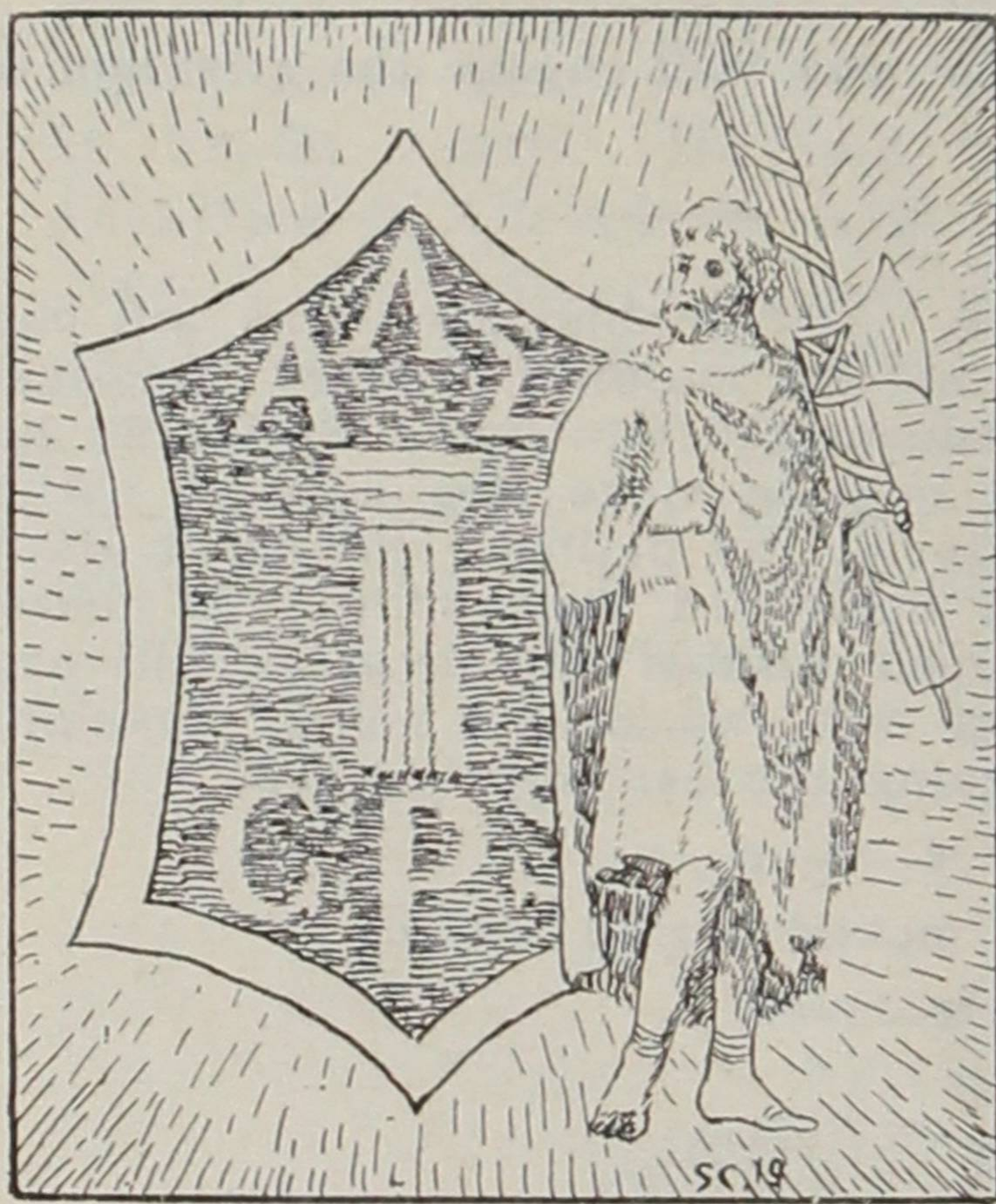
At our recent Hallowe'en program all the girls attending were taken for a short but thrilling jaunt through purgatory. It is not often one gets such an opportunity so we feel quite satisfied now and will not be so disappointed if our journey at the close of life takes us in the other direction.

Mrs Theodore Lynne entertained at "Tea" for the Theta Alumni, to which all the present Theta girls were invited. We spent a most pleasant and profitable afternoon together and feel acquainted with our elder Theta Sisters once again. We think it would be a fine idea to have such affairs often.

As soon as "Rushing" and "Initiation" are over, we hope to get back to normal life again. So much excitement is not good for the nerves and we don't want any casualties on our list.

T-T-T

AMPHICTYON LITERARY SOCIETY



AMPHICTYON spirit has been bubbling for a long time and it boiled over the top when the Amphictyons entertained their friends the evening of November 8. They met in the Home Economics rooms which were beautifully decorated in green and gold, the Amphictyon colors. Games, games and more games were played, and the time flew only too fast. Everyone was surprised when told to get his or her wraps. Such a queer way to end a party! But this wasn't the end.

The crowd was taken in cars down to the beautiful home of Edward Longstreth, the President of the Society. Here, after some singing the fifty-five Amphictyons and friends filed into the dining room and were given a further opportunity to enjoy Amphictyon hospitality. After a delicious lunch, the President gave a short talk on the Amphictyon ideals and customs, after which the party adjourned.

The Amphictyon Literary Society has given some very good programs during the month. When they took their "Trip to Europe" they convinced everyone that they were very human tourists. We are glad to say that the loss of Esther's pocket-book was a "work of fiction." The Amphictyons are still wondering if "Jackie," is short for Geraldine. Ask Anton.

Esther and Paul exhibited a great deal of natural ability in "A Pair of Lunatics," and Clyde proved that he deserved all the honor accorded him as leader of the renowned "Arf! Arf!" Orchestra.

Everyone is welcome at our programs. Come and let us show you a good "literary" time.

PHILOMATHEAN LITERARY SOCIETY



PHILO programs so far this semester have been exceedingly interesting and original. The excellent programs have no doubt been enhanced by the commendable work of the decoration committee which has done very good work in arranging original decorations. Our splendid beginning points to an enthusiastic year for Philo.

The original play, the "Oriental Ensemble" and the Hallowe'en program are two of the noteworthy productions. With the exception of the solo, the Hallowe'en program of November 1, which follows, was an entirely original production.

- Piano Solo ..... Miss Mullinger
- History of Hallowe'en ..... Miss Murland
- Solo "Little Orphan Annie" ..... Miss Myers
- Original Ghost Story ..... Mr. Brady
- Original Reading ..... Miss Beardemphl
- Original Poem, "Ghosts, Goblins and Garrets" ..... Miss Nicholson
- Original Farce ..... Miss Jeffers, Miss Newell, Mr. Brooks, Mr. Wilder

Miss Beardemphl and Mr. Clay, composing the Philo debate team, will clash with the H. C. S. debaters on November 23. If our enthusiasm could win debates then our debaters should get the decision for we are backing them in every way possible.

That the students who received invitations to join the Philomathean Literary Society might become better acquainted with the aims of the Society, they were entertained at an informal dinner on the evening of November 12, in the Home Economics room.

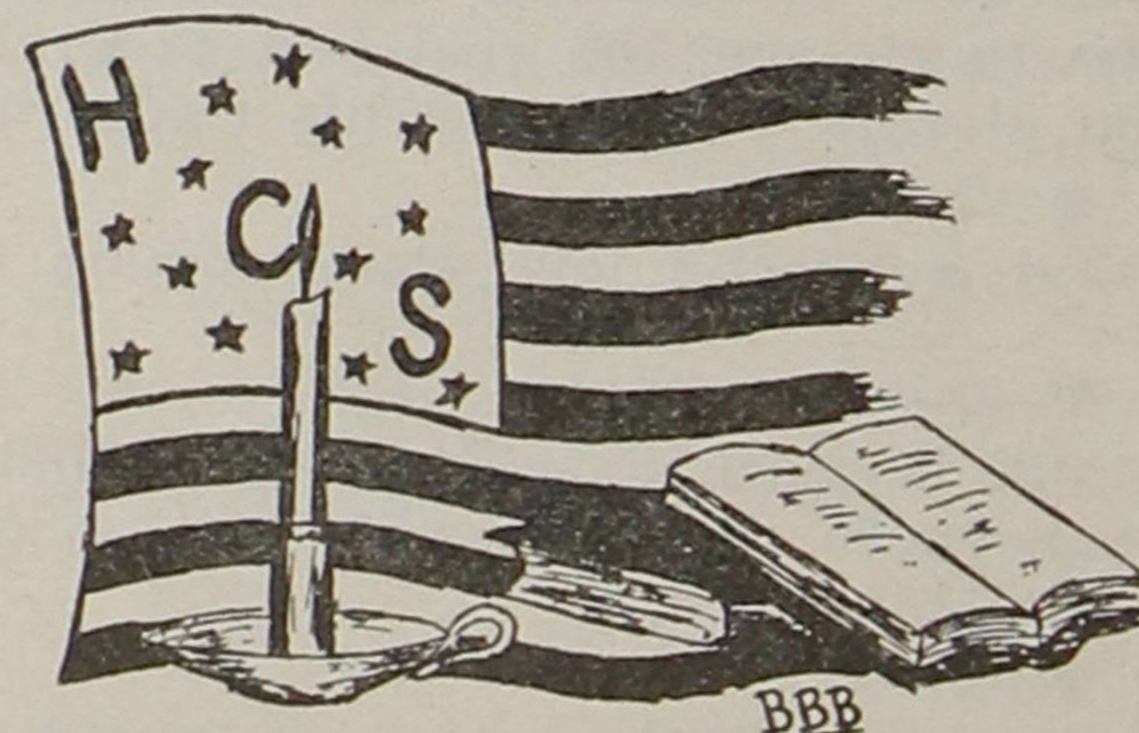
A number of old Philos were back for the affair. After a regular "Philo" dinner the following program was given:

"MES AMIS"

- A Friendly Welcome ..... Vera Sinclair
- Mansions ..... Professor Slater
- Reading ..... Alice Beardemphl
- Selection by the Quartet
- Ted Dunlap, Charles Brady, Ernest Clay, C. C. James
- The Trail of Friendship ..... Frank Brooks
- The Friendly Stars and a Philo Moon, Harold Young
- Selection, Philo Quartet of 1920
- Marion Myers, Mabel Amende, Harold Young, Ernest Clay

- "Loyal Our Service too
- High is our Aim and True
- All Brothers We" ..... Mabel Amende, '20
- Philo Friends, Past and Present
- ..... Reverend J. E. Milligan
- How Philomathean Spells "Friend" . Ermine Warren
- Ernest Clay acted as toastmaster.

T-T-T  
H. C. S.



H. C. S. members are centering their attention at the present time on the inter-society debates which are scheduled for the next two weeks. Tryouts to decide the team will have been held by the time this issue of the Trail comes from the press, and the team will be down to work on the debate.

# Society

MARION MYERS, *Editor.*

## COMINGS AND GOINGS



THE College has of late been frequented by many noteworthies. Reverend and Mrs. Loyd Burke made a brief call at Philo one evening, bringing with them a seven-layer cake. Burke is a fortunate man.

The visit of Mrs. Lois Noble Simpson who has just recently been married, was a pleasant surprise to her friends.

We are glad to have Tom Swayze with us again after his prolonged stay at the hospital.

Mr. Harold Young spent a few hours one morning in visiting his college friends.

Miss Enid Smith spent a week-end in brief calls on her acquaintances.

Miss Mabel Amende visited us for a day. To say we miss Mabel is putting it mildly.

Mr. Oscar Hoover and Mr. Earl Mackey were entertained by the Oakes Club for a day.

The return of Mrs. Myra Shattuck Anderson is expected this month by her friends and by Lee especially.

Dr. Todd has left for New York on important business matters and will be there for some weeks.

Mrs. Alice Baker Hanawalt attended the Color Post exercises and on behalf of last year's Senior Class, presented the Freshman Class of this year, their side of the post.

T-T-T

## DOINGS

The Sacajawea girls gave a Halloween party. From what the boys say the pie was delicious and the spooks a fright.

Miss Dorothy Newell entertained five couples at a most enjoyable All Saints' frolic. Hallowe-en games were played and appropriate refreshments served.

A taffy pull furnished an evening of fun for a number of friends who were entertained by Miss Ruth Wheeler at her home at Steilacoom Lake.

A company of troubadours serenaded the girls at the dormitory at a late hour one star-lit evening. After their romantic vocal offering they were invited in and treated to refreshments, etc.

Miss Greta Miller entertained the Scienticians at her home at Indian Point. Everyone who heard of the pleasant trip had a desire to become a Scientician.

# Alumni

MAUDE SHUNK, *Editor*

## NEWS OF NORMAL GRADUATES

FANNY Guptil, a graduate of the Class of '18, a prominent Student Volunteer, has had a call to the South American Mission field.

Helen Stancer and Edna Ecklund, '18, are teaching at Des Moines.

Arletta Carter, '18, is teaching at South Bend, Washington.

Margaret Dorwin, '19, is teaching in the Tacoma City Schools.

Katie Burton, '18, is teaching in Puyallup.

Anna Pedersen, '18, is married and living in Tacoma.

Marie Pedersen, '19, is teaching at Spanaway.

Rosa Petersen, '19, is teaching in the Tacoma City Schools.

Marion Rice is now Mrs. Laursen and has a child of three months.

Pansy Hendricks, '19, is teaching at Parkland.

Sophia Schultz is teaching at Carbonado.

Esther Temple, who attended C. P. S. in 1916 and 1917 is attending Washington State College.

Harriet Moe, '17, is the Home Economics teacher at the Puyallup High School.

Helen Joliffe and Dorothy Townsend are teaching at Wilkeson.

Coach "Hack" Goodman is in the lumber business with his father-in-law at Snohomish.

Margaret Sayre is in her Junior year at Whitman.

Francina Kennedy, here in 1916-17, is attending Business College in Tacoma.

William Allen Cook is batching in his "shack of two or three rooms depending on the way the curtains are hung" at Todd Heights. We are sincerely hoping that Gladys Matters, another C. P. S. student, now an efficient post office clerk, will realize that Bill is tired of batching.

Harry Gardner is in Boston attending, for the second year, Boston Theological School. Harry was Business Manager of the Trail in 1918.

Marjorie James, for two years a student at C. P. S. has had the honor of being elected to the Sacajawea Debating Club at the University of Washington.

Everett Buckley, here in 1918-19 is in business at Niagara, New York.

Vincent Hart, President of the Freshman Class of '21 is in his second year at Oberlin.

Leon Bain, '19, is now a soloist for an evangelist in Oregon.

Percy Harader, '18, is a teacher in the Puyallup High School.

Herbert Kahler, here in 1916-17, is now working on his Ph. D. degree at Cornell University and is a fellow there in the Department of Physics.

Neil Woody and Dorothy Darr, former C. P. S. students were married last week. The romance began at C. P. S.

Elizabeth Pangborn, a member of the Class of '21 for two years, is now a Senior at McMinnville College, Oregon.

The society has enjoyed several interesting meetings during the past month the principle one of which was the lecture given by Dr. Harvey on the Audion Wireless detector and the field for its use. We hope to have Dr. Harvey with us many more times as his lecture was certainly interesting.

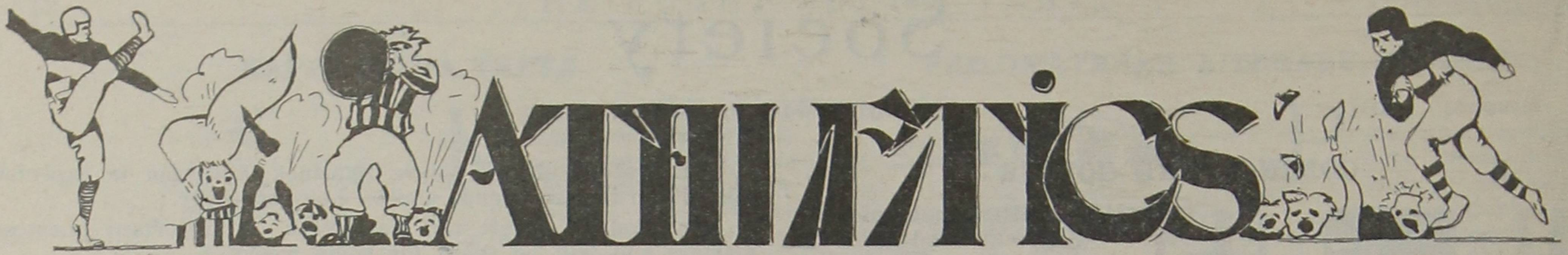
Other programs have been given by the members of the society but nothing elaborate has been undertaken so far because of the fact that football and school activities have taken the time of our members to such an extent that they have been unable to spend much time on Society affairs.

The members of H. C. S. have been pleased to see so

many visitors at the meetings and hope that they will all come again during the year.

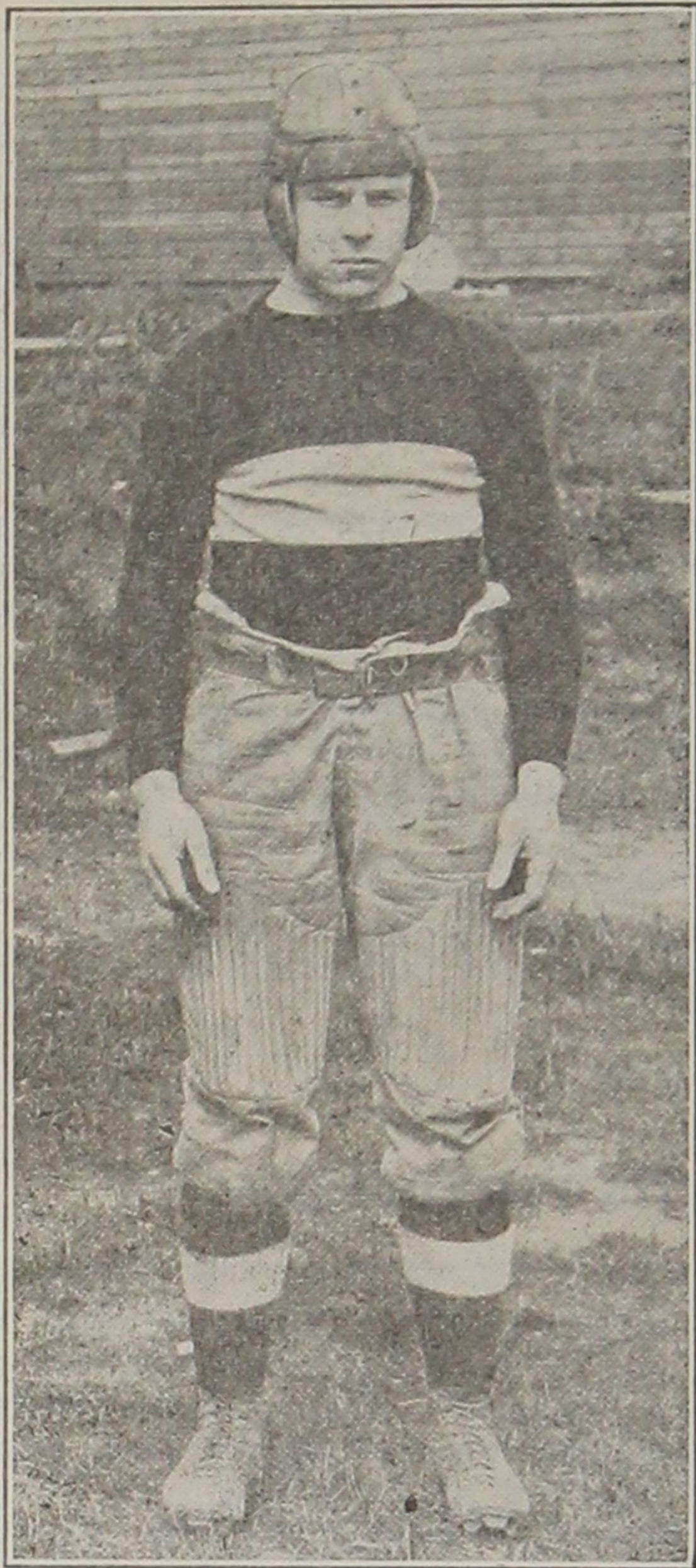
Our rush banquet at the Woman's Club house at which plates were laid for twenty-five was enjoyed by all attending and the evening was topped off by an after dinner program in which Dean Cunningham and Coach Peck had prominent parts.

By means of a custom started this year we have the assurance that our programs will never be dry even if they are not interesting. The plan is worth investigating. Better do it.



# AMMUTICS

FIELDING LEMMON, *Editor*



**W**E have with us this season as captain of the College of Puget Sound football eleven, "Rip" Revelle, last year letterman and former Lincoln high school football star.

When time came for choosing the captain for this year's squad Revelle stood out as the only logical choice so his team mates gave him the honor. "Rip's" work on the field is an inspiration for any team and he can always be found on the bottom of every mix-up.

"The hardest fighter, the best ground gainer, the surest kicker, the deadliest tackler, and the best passer" would be the way to sum up "Rip's" ability and even that does not include everything.

In the game with Pacific University on October 30, Revelle proved that he is excellent material for any Northwest college team. He fought from start to final whistle although he was knocked out several times during the game. He called signals, carried the ball the majority of the times, ran back punts, and did the kicking, despite the fact that had injured his ankle during the first few minutes of the play and the pain was almost unbearable.

"Rip" plans to attend a larger University and it is safe to say that where ever he goes he will make a name for himself in the football world. Here's hoping, however, that we have him back again next season.

T-T-T

## BREMERTON WINS 10-7



game 10-7.

It was a hard game to loose as the college team deserved to win. Bremerton made all her scores in the first of the play and after sliding around on the field for a few minutes the Maroon and White team settled down to hard work and in the second quarter sent Schrader over for a touchdown.

In the third quarter, the traffic cop from main street had picked the hard luck from his "stop and go" sign and had brought it to the park for in that quarter Arnett tried to dig a well with his right shoulder and injured the shoulder blade so that he had to retire from the scene of the fray.

The shift in the lineup caused by Arnett's absence broke up the working of the college squad and although Bremerton did not get another smell at the goal, C. P. S. was not able to score again.

Despite the fact that the game was played away from home, the team had rooters both from the college and from Bremerton.

The C. P. S. lineup for the game was:

Kinch .....	Left End
Clay .....	Left Tackle
Sheffer .....	Left Guard
Wasson .....	Center
McPhail .....	Right Guard
Stone .....	Right Tackle
Baker .....	Right End
Rumbaugh .....	Quarterback
Dorsey .....	Left Halfback
Schrader .....	Right Halfback
Arnett .....	Fullback

Brady replaced Kinch who went to the backfield when Arnett was injured.

T-T-T

## 0-0 IN FAVOR OF C. P. S.



It was in the game with Pacific University that our Maroon and White football squad really opened up and played the style of football that put them on the map in the football world last season. Although the score was a tie, and scoreless at that, spectators will without doubt agree with the statement that the game can hardly be

called a draw. After the first quarter our fighting "Grizzlies" were the aggressors and seemed to hold the upper hand.

It was a thrilling game, all four quarters and fatal to both sides. Pacific made several substitutions because of injuries to players and Stone, C. P. S. tackle, suffered a sprained ankle that has kept him out of the game for some time.

The big feature of the Pacific game was the work of Captain "Rip" Revelle of the College squad. He was everywhere and kept his team fighting for four full quarters.



In the first quarter Pacific got the breaks and it looked for a while as though she might score. A well placed punt by Revelle from behind the goal line, pulled the Grizzlies out of danger and from then on Pacific fought what looked to be a losing fight but which ended in a tied score. Frank Brooks, playing for the first time of the season distinguished himself by stellar defense work and Dorsey was also in the midst of the fight.

T-T-T

## WILLAMETTE GAME

The Willamette "Bearcats" handled the C. P. S. boys in a rough manner in the annual clash between the two schools in the Stadium on Saturday, November 13, and walked away with the game by a score of 24-0.

The only consolation we have is that our team put up a great fight. The boys fought from opening whistle until the final play. Our backfield was in a crippled condition and couldn't show the class that it has in other games.

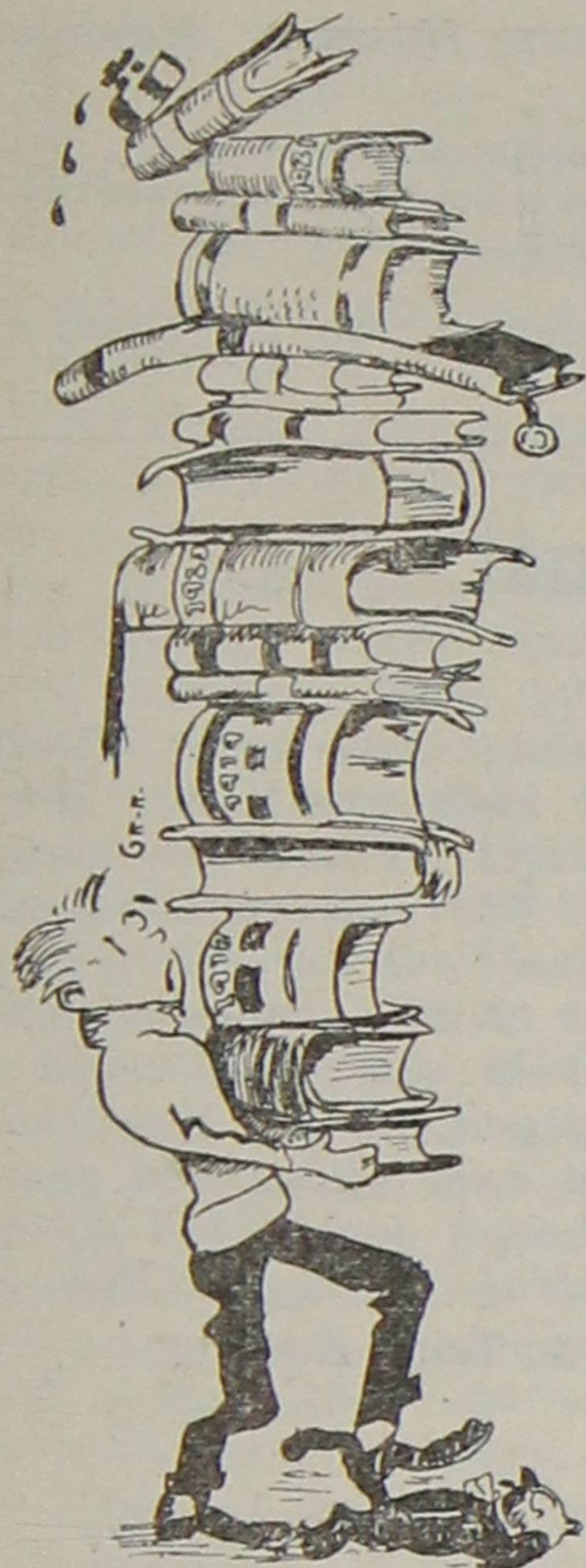
Wapato, the big Indian fullback for Willamette was a tower of strength for the team and made the three touchdowns. Irvine, quarterback, did some nifty toe work in converting field goals and in a place kick in the last quarter.

Willamette scored her first two touchdowns due to fumbles by C. P. S. in getting off punts. Brooks fumbled a poor pass from center on a punt and "Rip" had one of his punts blocked.

Next year it will have to be different as it is more important that we defeat Willamette than any other team on our schedule. Ask the boys who went to Salem last year and they will tell you why.



**SENIOR NOTES**



**Y**OU sometimes hear students around the College ask the question: "Where are the Seniors?" Well, perhaps we are not visible all the time, but that is because we are such a busy crew. So if you do not see much of us just say to yourself: "Well, it isn't the quantity, it's the quality that counts after all."

We held a meeting last week and discussed various weighty topics—that being the only kind of topics that are becoming to a Senior class, of course. Later on we may deem it advisable to let the student body know about these things.

A Senior has a great many things to think about many of these are in connection with the welfare of the student body, so just be patient with us and we will try to tell you more about our plans later.

T—T—T

**SOPHOMORE NOTES**

Hip Heck Tra-Boom!  
 Qui Bizzum Rah—Zoom!  
 Hulla Buloo! Bulo Bula!  
 Sophomores! Sophomores!  
 Rah! Rah! Rah!

A decided change has come over the Sophomores. You may have noticed it. With his pencil behind his ear he has buckled down to hard study. "The Scrap" is now a thing of the past and the "Big Party" a memory only; so he has come down to earth—and books.

On October 15, the Sophomores were at home to the gay Freshmen, Specials and Faculty. Many gay guests were present. A special feature of the evening was the "Crazy House" introduced for the benefit of the Frosh. Only a vivid imagination can describe the horrors of that wierd place.

The Sophomores have been honored with clever little Japanese bids from the Freshies, and we are one and all looking forward to the evening when we shall meet them in Tokyo, Japan.

It was with great pleasure that the Sophomores joined with the upper-classmen in welcoming the Freshmen Class into the ranks of the C. P. S. Student Body on the day of the Color Post Ceremony. They have proven themselves a valuable asset to C. P. S. They are green—but pliable, and believe that some day they can be molded into wise Sophomores. We bid them God speed on their journey thru the halls of learning.

The lineups were:

C. P. S.	Position	Willamette
Kinch	L E	Lyman
Shrader	L T	Lawson
Brady	C-L G	White
Wasson	C	Bain
McPhail	R G	Nickle
Stones	R T	Basler
Brooks	R E	Barnes
Rumbaugh	Q B	Irvine
Dorsey	L H	R. Rarey
Revelle	R H	Zeller
Pollen	F B	Wapato

Score by periods:

Willamette	7	7	7	3—24
C. P. S.	0	0	0	2—2

Willamette scoring touchdowns, Wapato 3. C. P. S. safeties, Kinch. Willamette goals from field, Irvine 4.

Referee, Homer Tilley; umpire, Toney Bell; head line-man, E. E. Perkins; timekeeper, Leo Harjstad. Time of periods, 15 minutes. Substitutes—C. P. S., Clay for Bray, Bone for Clay; Willamette, Powers for R. Rarey, Sherwood for Wapato, Bird for White, H. Rarey for Nickols.

**JUNIOR NOTES**

Fifteen of the Sophomores of last year have returned to occupy the exalted positions of dignified Juniors, but they have lost none of their pep and spirit with the acquisition of their new dignity. The Junior class officers for the semester are as follows:

- President ..... Paul Snyder
- Vice-President ..... Olive Martin
- Secretary ..... Ethel Beckman
- Treasurer ..... Myrtle Warren
- Sergeant-at-Arms ..... Russell Clay
- Social Chairman ..... Helen Monroe
- Central Board Representative ..... Florence Maddock

With these officers you want to watch the Junior class for they are sure to make things move.

The Junior class has elected its Editor-in-Chief and Business Manager for the Tamanawas and are to be congratulated upon the selection of Fielding Lemmon and Edward Longstreth, respectively, for these positions. That the Tamanawas, this year, will be the best and finest annual ever put out at C. P. S. is the hope of the Juniors.

T—T—T

**FRESHMAN NOTES**

The Freshman class which has at last become definitely organized and formally admitted into the Student Body, is now ready to take its part in school activities. The class officers have been elected as follows:

- President ..... Dwight Hedstrom
- Vice-President ..... Ruth Wheeler
- Secretary ..... Mildred Forsberg
- Treasurer ..... Nan Tuell
- Sergeant-at-Arms ..... Hald Du Waide
- Central Board Representative ..... Harold Fretz
- Trail Reporter ..... Hilda Skreen

T—T—T

**SOPHOMORES! SPECIALS!  
 UNCLASSIFIED AND FACULTY!**

LET'S GO!

WHERE?

TOKYO, JAPAN

WHEN?

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 19

VIA GYMNASIUM

T—T—T

We'll take our hats off to the Sophomores. Their party given to the Freshmen was a great success,—ask any Freshman who was there. A good many of the girls, after visiting the "bug-house" were heard to say: "I never had so many thrills and scares in so short a time in my life."

Sh-sh-sh! Here's a secret. "Sib" Heinrich has her C. P. S. pillow cover all stuffed and ready for use. Thanks to the combined efforts of the Junior and Freshman classes we were victorious over the upper classes. Sibyl Heinrich won the pillow for selling the greatest number of football tickets. It has been rumored that her pillow has already become very popular,—wonder who—?

A nice hair cut and shave is what puts the polish to your appearance.

**SIXTH AVE. BARBER SHOP**

The College Barber

2409 6th Ave.

Tourist (watching a hog scratch himself against a tree): "Oh! look at that hog. What is he doing?"

Farmer: "Mister, that's a razor-back hog, and he's stroping himself."

T—T—T

Best Box of Chocolates in City for \$1.00.—Chocolate Shop.

T—T—T

"No sah, Ah don't neber ride on dem things," said an old colored lady, looking in on the merry-go-round. "Why the other day I seen dat Rastus Johnson git on and ride a dollars worth and get off at the same place he got on at. And I sez to him, "Rastus, yo' spent your money, but where have you been?"

# THE TRAIL

H. G. FELLER, *Editor*

FRANCES GOEHRING, *Associate Editor*

FRANK BROOKS, *Business Manager*

Published monthly, from October to May by the Associated Students of the College of Puget Sound. The purpose of the Trail is to give expression to the intellectual and literary life of the undergraduates and to provide a field for the thoughtful discussion of questions relating to the College. In the realization of this purpose the Trail cordially invites the cooperation of students, alumni and faculty. Contributions should be addressed to the Editor, or may be left either in the Trail box or in the editorial room.

The terms of subscription are \$1.60 a year. Single copies are on sale at the book store at 20c or may be obtained from the Business Manager.

## EDITORIAL



The November Trail goes to press amid the excitement, parties, banquets and what not of "Rush Week." Last night we tried to work while the Amphictyons had their "Big Time" in the Home Economics Room adjoining. And tomorrow night work will again be out of the question, for the Philos will have their "Blow-out." The H. C. S. had some consideration for the poor Trail staff and held their banquet a few days earlier. And all this entertaining just for a bunch of grass green Frosh. My! my! How I wish I were a "green." But alas, I am a Senior, old white-haired and bowed down with my stupendous load of knowledge. Yet, I very vividly remember the time, oh so long, long ago when I was a "green," and enjoyed banquets and parties and things. But there is one society that never did send me an invitation or invite me to their banquet and I never have been able to get over it. That was Theta. I often linger in the hall of the "Ad" building to gaze longingly at their programs, thinking of what might have been.

By the time this Thanksgiving Trail (Thanksgiving that it is over with) is ready for distribution, most of the new students will have come to some decision as to which society they prefer. Many will have been pledged and will be looking forward to that terrible ordeal—the initiations. Ah! how well does my memory serve me

across this great span of years,—how they dropped me down the coal chute, and so on. The decisions made during these days are important ones and will color all the days a student spends at College.

As soon as the society question is settled one begins to really live. At once there opens up a full view of the life of a college student. I am speaking now, of course, of those who, with ordinary intelligence, begin to take an interest in things. I must admit that in any school there are those who have not the ability to see beyond the narrow limits of what immediately concerns them. But to those who think at all the College is very much alive with possibilities and opportunities. In short, plenty of opportunity is given a man to "lose himself" and in so doing to "find himself." Almost every man here has something in which he is vitally interested and into which he has thrown himself heart and soul. Yes, we soon find ourselves here at C. P. S. We learn to separate the real from the unreal and to fix the proper valuation upon our purposes and goals.

T—T—T

Don't forget the H. C. S.—Philo debate on Tuesday, November 23.

## DON'T READ THIS!

Dear Editor:

I've got bone to pick with you,—about your first Trail. I could find no staff, though I looked high and low. Why don't you get up a regular editorial staff? There are many students who would be glad to help you. There are not enough jokes. Why don't you get a joke editor? It seems to me you have slighted the mainstays of a student publication; namely, the stories and the humor. Only one story could I find. It was good, but I could have enjoyed more. Now that I've had my say I feel like going ahead and telling you some more about your first Trail, just as though you didn't know all about it already. Shall I? Yes? No! Giddy-ap Romeo.

—A Trail Booster.

T—T—T

## ANSWER

Dear Trail Booster:

You are right. The Trail staff made a terrible mistake in the first issue in underestimating the amount of material that would be handed in. There was enough material to fill several Trails. Can you picture the staff working until three o'clock in the morning sorting over the galleys and trying to figure out what to "paste up" and what to "ride?" Whole departments, stories, the staff, most of the jokes, several articles, and imagine—even some Freshmen writeups—went overboard. (Ain't that awful Monty?)

Indeed yes, we have a staff, the most hard-working staff you ever cast a glance at. Just turn to page one and see for yourself. It's a crew of ink tossers that any magazine would be tickled to call its own—positively the biggest editorial staff the Trail has ever been blessed with. Most of the members have had previous experience either on the Trail or on high school or other college publications.

To increase the space we have arranged to run smaller type. This will increase the space by fifty per cent. and by running our lean long lanky Business Manager ragged we have garnered enough additional shekels to increase the size by four pages. But judging by the way the material is coming in on this issue we are going to run short of space again. This is pretty nice type Mr. (or Miss) Critic and is called "eight point Modern." Won't you tell us how you like it? Thanks. Let's go. And you asked us why we didn't get a joke editor. Step right this way—and meet Sad Slim Brady (wait a minute—he's occupied with Ruth) Brady is positively the greatest humor editor known to biological science. It wasn't his fault that there were no jokes. He handed in scads, but as you must realize by this time—there was no space.

Well dear Trail Booster, the high and holy Trail staff has strenuously enjoyed your blood-thirsty criticism—your most unholy attack upon our incomparable, innocent little Trail and we would be delighted to let you have, say a column or so, in each issue of this glorious student publication in which to air your views. Certainly—you just go out in the woodshed—go out in the woodshed, get the ax, sharpen it to a razor edge and then go after these Trails—cut their throats—massacre the things, slaughter them—anything—then go over to the sink—wash the gory gore off your hands, sit down and tell us what you did to the poor little Trail things. Tell us face to face, in cold blood, wherein they are good, wherein they are rotten and wherein their entrails stick out, for we want the thing to look "tree beans" as our ancient friends, the French Poilus were wont to say in those wonderful days of goldfish and shrapnel.

Yours until examinations,

HERB.

**THE PERCENTAGE SYSTEM OF GRADING**

By F. G. and T. S.

**T**HE College of Puget Sound has entered the ranks of the truly progressive schools by its adoption of the percentage system of grading. At first this system is usually received in an unfriendly manner, especially by the students, but a careful analysis of the manner in which the grades are given will disclose that the system is scientific, just, and a progressive step in education.

Scientists and learned persons in general have discovered that all persons everywhere, (even including college students!) are very much alike. This general resemblance of persons also prevails in matters intellectual, and the so-called law of frequency shows that 20% of the students are above normal, 50% normal, 25% below normal, and about 5% in the failure class. This law of frequency and the averages given have been thoroughly tested and are scientific truths. Therefore, a system of grading in college which adheres to these scientific truths, placing 20% of the students of any one department in the 1—, 1, and 1+ class 50% in the 2—, 2 and 2+ class, 25% in the 3—, 3, and 3+ class, and 5% in the 4 and below class is also scientific.

Much has been said regarding the injustice of this system. Such statements are usually based on a lack of understanding of the conditions prevailing in schools and the exact manner in which the system is put into operation. It works in this manner: Dean Cunningham has 103 students in his department this year. About 25 will receive ones, 50 will receive twos, 25 will receive threes, and about 3 will get fours or lower. A study of school grades shows that that average is about correct. If it is correct it is just. There are many kind and tender hearted teachers, also, who just cannot give low grades to anybody. That is unjust to the student. This system will prevent that.

Most of the leading colleges in the country have adopted this system of grading. A large majority of the educational leaders of the country favor the percentage system. To be in the steady march of progress and to gain recognition from other schools it is necessary to adopt a uniform system of grading based on sound scientific principles.

T—T—T

**RESULTS OF THE STRAW VOTE**

By M.

**F**OLLOWING the suggestion of Profesor Davis, a straw vote was taken November 1 to determine the views of the students with regard to the presidential candidates and the League of Nations.

The votes for the candidates were as follows:

Warren G. Harding .....	75
James M. Cox .....	26

On the League alone the results were:

League of Nations .....	32
League with Reservations .....	50
No League .....	19
World Court .....	5

In counting the ballots the following combinations were noted:

Warren G. Harding and the League..	14
Warren G. Harding, modified League..	43
Warren G. Harding and no League...	17
Warren G. Harding and World Court..	5
James M. Cox and the League .....	17
James M. Cox and modified League..	7
James M. Cox and no League .....	2

T—T—T

Parfait Rainbow. Chocolate Shop, 908 Broadway.

T—T—T

**FROM FAR AWAY COLUMBIA**

Word from Cramer, Earle and Magnuson, the C. P. S. trio at Columbia University indicates that the boys are doing well at the great Eastern college. Herbert Magnuson says that Columbia knows there is a school on Puget Sound called C. P. S. and that "Hank" Cramer thinks half the people in New York City are policemen.

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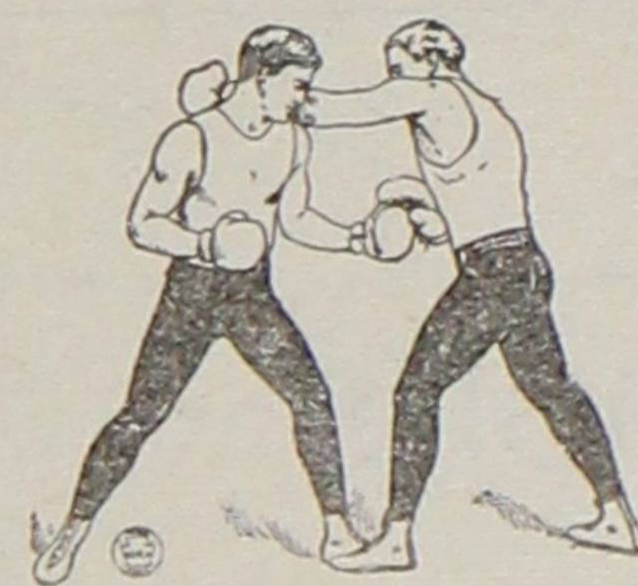
T—T—T

**OUR TEAM**

*Signals—seventeen, twenty-five, forty-two.  
Give "Steve" the ball and watch him go thru.  
Signals—twenty-four, thirty-five, forty-eight,  
There goes Jack Dorsey, his plunges are great.  
Our ends, Kinch and Baker just cannot be beat,  
They're both full of ginger and fast on their feet.  
Then there's Captain Revelle, what pep and what dash!  
He gives the spectators a run for their cash.  
That little lad Wasson, now buck'in along,  
With him in the line-up our front line is strong.  
When our brawny tacklers encounter the foe!  
Down with a loud crash, that's Echraeder, I know.  
There goes a long forward, right thru the thick air,  
"Sub" Rector got it, that lad's everywhere.  
"Eddie" our quarter direct the team fine  
From our very first down, 'till we pass the line  
Vaughn, Sheffer, McPhail, Stone and Brady, too,  
Play in the front line, that shines though its new.  
We've surely some team and that's on the square,  
Give them the glad hand and tell them they're there.*

—D. G. H. '24.

T—T—T



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Striking Bags, Etc.**

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Mary: "He put his arm around me five times last night."  
Viola: "Some arm."

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Burnside Velours, values \$8 to \$12 .....	<b>\$5.85</b>
5,000 Caps, all styles and shades .....	<b>\$2.35</b>

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**SUNSET THEATRE**

The Home of all that is best in photoplays.  
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T-T-T

She: "Do you notice that the singer has quite a number of liquid notes?"

He: "Yes, I suppose he gets them from the music bars."

T-T-T

Senior: "When is a joke not a joke?"

Frosh: "I don't know, when?"

Senior: "Usually."

T-T-T

Foot-note: Do not criticize the jokes. Show your respect for old age."

T-T-T

A group of war veterans were discussing Thanksgiving. One of guests was a veteran who had lost both legs.

"And what are you thankful for?" they asked.

"Lots," he replied, "I got two cork legs and now I can put my socks up with thumb tacks."

T-T-T

Little Mary was saying her prayers and ended by saying, "Please God make San Francisco the largest city in the world."

"But why did you ask that?" inquired her mother.

"Because that's what I put on my examination paper today," replied Mary.

T-T-T

**SPALDING**  
**ATHLETIC GOODS**

ARE DEMANDED BY ALL ATHLETES WHO KNOW AND APPRECIATE THE VALUE OF A GOOD ARTICLE AND ESPECIALLY WHEN NO HIGHER PRICED THAN POORER MAKES.

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**DEBATE**

The first debate to demand the interest of the students was held Tuesday evening, November 16, when the Kappa Sigma Theta debaters met the Amphictyons. The question of debate, Resolved: That the Japanese be denied citizenship in the United States. Amphictyon upheld the affirmative and Theta the negative. Both teams had been working hard and an interesting debate was the result.

The next debate is scheduled for November 23, when the boys of H. C. S. will clash with the Philomatheans on the question: Resolved; That we should adopt the cabinet system of government. H. C. S. will uphold the affirmative and Philo the negative.

The dates for the Willamette debates are April 1 and April 15. Each college will send a visiting team to meet a defending team on their own ground. Although April may seem a long way off, yet it is not too early to say that we must defeat Willamette! We will have our tryouts soon in order that we may have sufficient time for thorough preparation.

I would like to correct an error in last month's Trail. The prize for the best debater in College is \$100, rather than \$50 as previously stated.

The exact date for the University of Washington Freshman debate has not been decided yet, but announcement of the date and question will be made in the near future.

Again we say, and we say it early and we will say it late—everybody tryout for one of the teams. We want the best year C. P. S. has ever had in debate this year.

T-T-T

**DRAMATICS**

The work of the Department of Dramatics has been progressing in a manner exceeding all expectations. Two of the five one-act plays are ready for presentation to the public. The first one to make its appearance was "The Twelve Pound Look," by Barrie. It was given at the monthly recital of the Dramatic and Oral Expression Departments. The cast of the play was as follows:

- Kate ..... Sigrd Van Amberg
- Sir Harry ..... Rosa Perkins
- Lady Sims ..... Ruby Tennant
- Butler ..... Esther Graham

The play will be presented again in the auditorium at Steilacoom City.

"Glory of the Morning," will be presented before the Women's College League, November 30, in the College Chapel.

"Overtones" and "The Clod" will be presented at the monthly recital November 19.

A play, "Joint Owners in Spain," was revived from last year and presented at the Annual Tea of the First Methodist Church.

There is one thing that the Dramatic Department lacks—it isn't talent or the finances—it's MEN. We have been handicapped by having only three men. At least three more are needed.

T-T-T

**Y. W. C. A.**

The Y. W. C. A. has made a good start and will keep up the good work so well begun.

Miss Reneau led the meeting of October 21. She brought us a very good message as she always does. Frances Goehring led the meeting of November 2. Her subject was "The Budget."

October 28 was "Penny Brew Thursday." Each girl dropped a penny into the dish as she entered the room. These contributions will be used to send a representative to Seabeck next year.

November 9 was "Recognition Day" or the day when all new Y. W. C. A. members are initiated into the association.

T-T-T

Food for thought; also for lunch. "Chocolate Shop" Chocolates.

T-T-T

**SCIENTIFICIANS**

The Scientificians have been more than busy this month. We journeyed out to Greta Miller's home at Indian Point one evening for our monthly meeting. Greta is SOME hostess. Mrs. Anderson was our honor guest. At this meeting the Scientificians voted to enlarge their membership. As a result invitations were issued to Norma Lawrence, Ethel Beckman, Myrtle Warren and Ermine Warren, so that now we are nine in number. We are planning on making this year one which will help advance scientific interest among the women of the school.

**ASSOCIATED STUDENTS OF C. P. S. TREASURER'S REPORT TO OCTOBER 30, 1920.**

Trail .....	\$ 280.45	\$ 17.63	\$	\$262.82
Athletic .....	925.00	925.74	.74	
Music .....	22.65			22.65
Debate .....	60.40	30.66		29.74
Banquet .....	75.50			75.50
Dramatic .....	22.65	44.95	22.30	
Incidental .....	70.27	14.04		56.23
	<u>\$1456.92</u>	<u>\$1033.02</u>	<u>\$ 23.04</u>	<u>\$446.94</u>
Balance .....		423.90	423.90	
	\$1456.92	\$1456.92	\$446.94	\$446.94

Nov. 5, 1920. ANTON P. ERP, Treasurer.

T-T-T

**THANKS, MR. BROOKS**

Mr. Alexander Brookes of Hood River, who has come to the College for special work every January and February for the last fourteen years remembered the dormitory boys with three boxes of choice apples last week. Of course they are not ordinary apples—but the kind that grow only in the Brookes orchards.

T-T-T

**SACAJAWEA ENTERTAINS**



On the evening of October 30, seventeen young braves were admitted to the wigwam of the Sacajawea maidens. Mrs. Graves met them at the door and instructed them in rules whereby they might win a prize by following strings. Some of the strings led to the coal-bin, others to the attic, and at the end of each was a fair Sacajawean.

Esther Graham had charge of the games and she kept the assembled company in good spirits. At ten thirty o'clock supper partners were chosen and the maidens and braves were lead to the attic via a ladder where the refreshments were served. All proclaimed it a very successful evening.

T-T-T

Our "PRICELESS TREASURES" Box Chocolates for a discriminating public. Chocolate Shop.

T-T-T

**STUDENT ASSEMBLY REVIEW**

FOOTBALL rallies have predominated over everything else during the past month. A ticket selling contest was held between the upper and lower classes. The prize a maroon and white, lettered pillow cover was awarded to Sybil Heinrick, of the Freshman class, for selling the greatest number of tickets.

Thursday, November 4, the annual Color Post ceremony was held on the College Campus. Dr. Todd gave a brief history of the Color Post and its tradition, after which Mrs. Alice Baker Hanawalt, representing the class of 1920, formally presented the side of last year's Senior Class to the Freshmen. Following Mrs Hanawalt's presentation, Mr. Hedstrum formally accepted in behalf of the Class of '24, and the Freshman colors of Purple and Gold were applied. The ceremony was concluded with College yells and songs.

T-T-T

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**MILLIONAIRES' CLUB**

The members of the Millionaires' Club extend to all a hearty greeting. We have welcomed several new members into our group. Newell Stone, our 185 pound football star, who hails from Willamette, has earned the sobriquet "Stone the Bone Crusher." He has such a hard name. Other new members of our Club are: O. R. Anderson, Cyrus Jones, Russell Penning, Ted Beattie and Lewis Cruver. Ernest Clay and Ted Beattie hold a sweet communion period together every day. Two nicer, sweeter girls never lived.

Speaking of Psychology, it seems to be a peculiarity of the type of mind possessed by Ernest Clay, to consider that his girl goes home unescorted if he does not accompany her—even though her whole family be present.

Two things possess the mind of Lewis Cruver—Evolution and dark plots against Penning for cutting in on his blackberries.

We would like to ask the dormitory girls how they would enjoy another midnight serenade. The last one was such a success that we feel like repeating the performance.

It has been said that sleep-walking comes of an unsound mind—or a love affair. Clay, the Younger, was heard to mutter strange words and pound the wall of his room one night, whereupon Clay, the Elder, shouting "What's going on around here," jumped out of bed and also proceeded to pound the wall. Failing to get any response from the poor wall he turned and pursued an imaginary antagonist into the clothes closet. Then, having evidently vanquished his supposed opponent he victoriously returned to bed. This terrible disease is not confined to the Brothers Clay, for Stone, a short time later was up in his sleep shouting: "Hit the line low! Hit is hard!" and demonstrated his ability to buck the line by charging the stove.

Several members of the Millionaires' Club are seriously considering joining the fire department now that they have become so proficient in the use of ladders. They hold their own when it comes to rescuing fair maidens in distress, and yet folks say those good old days of chivalry are dead and gone.

**A Timely Suggestion**

Order embossed Monogram Stationery for Xmas Gifts and Personal Greeting Cards at once to avoid possible disappointment later on.

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# Humor

Hand Picked by SAD SLIM BRADY

## LORETTA JOY

BY B.

Dear Miss Joy: I am a girl going to C. P. S. and I am very fond of a short, strongly built, blonde senior who plays on the football team. Could you suggest something that would make him fond of me?

A Girly.

Dear Miss Girly: Having had several communications concerning this young man I suggest you study domestic science.

T T T

Dear Miss Joy: I am a professor at the College of Puget Sound and am considerably over weight. Could you suggest some way of getting thinner?

Dear Professor: Yours is a very serious case, but if you would give shorter Geology lessons, cut down the time of Physics lab, and go out on numerous field trips with your classes you would become as lithe and graceful as a Grecian God.

T T T

Dear Miss Joy: I am a girl at the girls' dormitory and have a very bad habit of talking in my sleep. Could you suggest a remedy for this?

Dear Friend: Practice sleeping with both eyes open and the mouth tightly closed and you will find that this habit can be overcome.

T T T

Dear Miss Joy: I am coach in a small college located in Tacoma, and am having a hard time to get some of my men to turn out. Could you suggest some method to get more than the customary fifteen or sixteen to turn out? A. Coach.

Dear Mr. Coach: I suggest you engage a photographer to take their pictures every day, also invite a number of the ladys to watch the practice, serve tea and cake, also hold your practice in a warm, well-lighted room with the accompaniment of jazz music and you will find many more athletes will participate.

T T T

Dear Miss Joy: I am in charge of the College library and it is always very noisy. Could you suggest a remedy for this? Yours truly,

Librarian.

Dear Librarian: Do not be alarmed at the noisy condition of the library for this is a disease that cannot be easily overcome, but cheer up, for some day examinations will come and the library will then be very painfully silent.

T T T

Wanted—Small pony for a little girl weighing about four hundred pounds.

Our idea of an optimist, Steve when he bought his car.

T T T

First Flea: "I suppose your family is pretty badly scattered."

Second Flea: "Yes, mother is on a hog, father went off on a bat and brother is following the hounds."

T T T

Rosa Perkins (talking in her sleep): "You tell 'em Cy, you got the education."

T T T

Same old address, 908 Broadway, Tacoma Theatre Bldg. Chocolate Shop. W. E. HUMPHREY CO.

T T T

Ernest: "Do you know you are in the habit of snoring?"

Erp: "Om I? I'm sorry to hear it."

Ernest: "So am I."

T T T

A well known mail order firm received the following letter from a native of Arkansas:

"Dere Sir—Please send me one of your catalogues.

Yours truly, Ezra Hicks.

"P. S.—Never mind sending it, I changed my mind."

T T T

"You ought to have seen Cruver last night when he called on Mary," said Johnny to his sister's beau, who was taking tea with the family.

"I'll tell you he looked fine sitting there along side of her with his arm—"

"Johnny," gasped his sister with her face the color of a boiled lobster.

"Well, so he did," persisted Johnny, "he had his arm—"

"John," screamed his mother frantically.

"Why," whined the boy, "I was—"

"John," said his father sternly, "leave the room."

And Johnny left, crying as he went, "I was only going to say that he had his army clothes on."

T T T

Kinch should be called prescription because he's so hard to get filled.

T T T

High Brown: "My great grand-father was crowned with a coronet by the King of England in his court on the Queen's birthday."

Low Brow: "That's nothing. My brother was crowned with a trombone by a member of a jazz band at the street cleaners' ball."

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Main 2655.

So. K and 7th St.

"Where Quality Reigns"

Brooks: "How far can a cinnamon roll?"

Brady: "As far as a tomato can."

T T T

Winifred Williams told Russell that he could stay longer next time. She evidently believes that a bad penny always returns.

T T T

Prof (in latin class): "Miss Sweet will you decline 'to kiss?'"

Fair Student: "I refuse to answer, the question is too personal."

T T T

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE NEXT CLASS FIGHT

All brass knuckles will be barred.

Clubs, black jacks and lead pipes are no fair.

All combatants will be requested not to use fire arms nor heave bricks.

Do not wear evening suits.

The fight should not be staged in more than six inches of mud.

Do not wear caulked shoes.

Do not raise your hand to strike your opponent (your foot will get better results.)

T T T

I suggest the name of Shylock for one of our football players who tried to extract a pound of flesh from me.

T T T

You tell 'em Mississippi, you've got the mouth.

T T T

Notice—Two sophomore boys chased the entire Freshman class clear into Oregon.

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Tacoma, Wash.

Shopper: "I would like to buy a fashionable skirt."

Sales-lady: "Which do you prefer? One too tight or one too short?"

T T T

You will have to agree with us, Mr. Stone has a hard name

STAPLE and FANCY GROCERIES

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2503 Sixth Ave.

Tacoma, Wash.

Esther: "Excuse me, I'm stepping out this evening."

Rosa: "Remember what the Bible says, 'I also go with thee.'"

T T T

Fair Dame: "Mr. Schrader, who do you think is the best football player in C. P. S.?"

Schrader: "Madam, I refuse to discuss myself."

T T T

Soph, reading aloud from Phoebe's Tamanawas: "If Phoebe would move closer to town we would compete with Russel. Signed, F. Brooks."

Phoebe: "Yes, and now I'm near the school and they don't. d— (here she stopped, her face 'tres rouge.')

T T T

Luscious Fruits from Puyallup Valley make our candies good. Chocolate Shop.

T T T

Frosh: "Please, sir, why wouldn't union men be good baseball players?"

Frosh: "Because they're always going out on strikes."

T T T

Here lies my wife, Samantha Proctor,  
She caught the Flu and she wouldn't doctor,  
She couldn't stay, she had to go  
Praise God from whom all blessings flow!

T T T

Little boy (to Scotch soldier): "Say mister, how long do you have to stay in the army before they let you wear pants?"

FOR QUALITY and SERVICE QUICK SHOE  
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LADIES' PURSES, MANICURING SETS  
THE LITTLE TRUNK SHOP

1313 Broadway

We do Repairing.

Main 7098

Absent-minded professor talking to small son: "Well Bobby, how's your father feeling to-day?"

T—T—T

Rosa P.: "Believe me, when I get married, I'm not going to have any tin cans on the car I ride in."

Russell P.: "Different with me. The girl that marries me will have to jump from a ten-story window inot my arms."

Esther G.: "Gee, I bet all the girls will be jumping off the Ad. building practicing!"

T—T—T

Vera S.: "Esther, did you bring your lunch to-day?"

Esther J.: "Yes."

V. S.: "Let's eat it now, then."

T—T—T

Teacher: "Tommy, your hands are very dirty. What would you say if I came to school with such dirty hands?"

Tommy: "Nothin' ma'am. I'd be too polite."

T—T—T

The Englishman: "I understand your game called football quite well, but could you tell me, if the quarter-back should get intoxicated would he be the full-back?"

T—T—T

Father (angrily): "Young man, I'll teach you to kiss my daughter."

Max (timidly): "Thank you sir, thank you."

T—T—T

For the slim man: "Don't eat fast."

For the fat man: "Don't eat. Fast."

T—T—T

"We have just learned of a teacher who started poor, twenty years ago, and has retired with the comfortable fortune of fifty thousand dollars, that was acquired through industry, economy, conscientious effort, indomitable perseverance and the death of an uncle who left her an estate valued at \$49,999.50."

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All Kinds of Repairing

"Now, then, my hearties," said the gallant captain, "you have a tough battle before you. Fight like heroes till your powder is gone; then run. I'm a little lame, and I'll start now."

T—T—T

Then a little boy spoke up who lisped in the back of the room.

T—T—T

Parson: "Do you know where little boys go when they smoke?"

Boy: "Yes; up the alley."

T—T—T

In spite of the fact that there was a notice on the gate—"No Admittance Except on Business"—a boy one day entered a timber yard and stood gazing around him. The foreman approached and asked what he was doing there.

The youth replied, "I'm just looking 'round."

"But," said the foreman, "there's nothing to see."

"No," said the youth as he quietly walked away, "but there's a lot to saw!"

T—T—T

News item—"Babe Ruth produces his 54th homer." Greater than Greece is Babe, for Greece produced only one.

Suits cleaned and pressed for \$1.75

## MODERN CLEANERS & DYERS

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311 BROADWAY CO. OPPOSITE COLONIAL

Free—

Rest

Parcel and

Waiting

Room

The new boarder sniffed the contents of his coffee cup, and set it down.

"Well," queried the landlord in a peevish tone, "have you anything to say against the coffee?"

"Not a word," he answered, "I never speak ill of the absent."

T—T—T

Prof. Slater: "What is the highest form of animal life?"  
Student: "The giraffe."

T—T—T

Teacher: "Johnny, could you tell me how they get iron wool?"

Johnny: "They shear the hydraulic rams."

T—T—T

You tell 'em, Chocolates—You're sweet. 908 Broadway. Chocolate Shop.

T—T—T

Irate Business Man: "You book agents make me so angry with your nerve and impudence, I can't find words to express myself."

Agent: "Fine. I am the very man you want. I am selling dictionaries."

T—T—T

"Where you going, Cory?"

Merle: "To church."

"Well goodbye. Pleasant dreams."

T—T—T

Willie: "Mamma, did I descend from a monkey?"

Mamma: "I never knew any of your father's folks."



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Use "BOMIKO" Dyes

At all dealers.

Made at Mike's own factory.

As he man and a maid strolled thru the picture gallery, the woman stopped before one of the exhibits.

"Oh how sweet," she breathed.

"wonder what it means?" questioned the young fellow as he eyed the pictured pair who clung together in an attitude of love and longing.

"Oh don't you see?" chided the girl tenderly, "he has asked her to marry him and she has consented. It's lovely. What does the artist call the picture?"

The young fellow leaned nearer and eyed a label on the frame. "I see," he cried, "it's printed on this card here—SOLD."

T—T—T

Something to be thankful for—our "PRICELESS TREASURES" Box "Chocolate Shop" Chocolates.

T—T—T

Who are those two men hanging around the harem? inquired the Sultan.

"I understand that one is a former beau of your latest favorite and the other seems to be playing second fiddle to him," replied the chief eunuch.

"Hum," mused the Sultan, "we'll just tell the captain of the guard to hang up the fiddle and the beau."

T—T—T

She dropped her eyes.

That must have been the time her face fell.

T—T—T

I told you so! Shut-up!

T—T—T

Judge: "What is the charge."

Policeman: "Intoxicated, you honor."

Judge (to prisoner): "What's your name?"

Prisoner: "Gunn, sir."

Judge: "Well, Gunn, I'll discharge you this time but don't get loaded again."

T—T—T

First Rooster: "What's the matter with the little red hen?"

Second Rooster: "Shell shock, ducks came out of the eggs she was sitting on."

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## APRES LE CONCERT

La mere orgueilleuse.—Que pensez-vous de mon fils comme violoniste?

Le critique.—J'aime beaucoup la facon artistique avec laquelle il place son instrument dans sa boite.

T T T

## PEU A PEU

Dorilda.—Est-ce que monsieur Hector te fait la coeur?

Denise.—Pas precisement, mais il y vient peu a peu. La premiere fois qu'il est venu me voir il a passe la soiree avec un album de photographies sur les genous; la seconde fois il a eu mon petit chien sur les genoux, durant tout le temps qu'il est reste; la fois suivante ce fut mon petit frere, j'espere que mon tour va venir la prochaine fois.

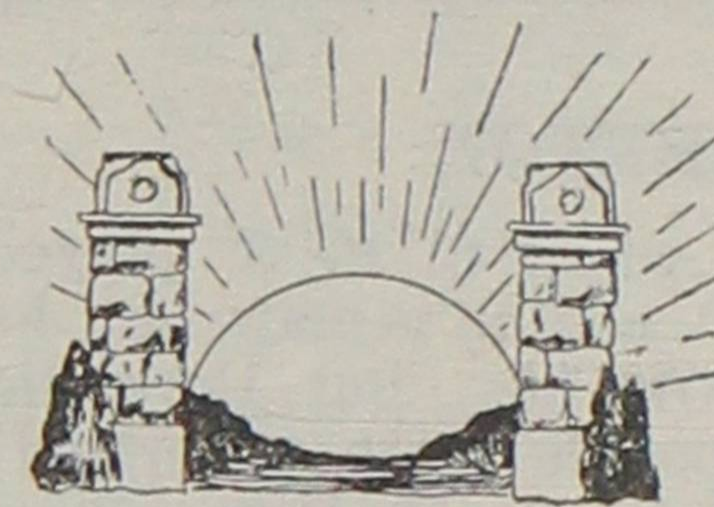
T—T—T

## ARE YOU AN ASSET OR A LIABILITY?

Second of a Series

—T—

By R. M. P. '23



THE thing in which the College of Puget Sound is most interested is the advertising of the College. If the School gains publicity—a great deal of publicity, and the right kind of publicity—it will be a long step—no, a stride, towards the one goal it is striving to

reached; namely, a bigger and better institution of higher learning. The way to gain this publicity is to show the kind of "stuff" the College is made of. There are several ways to show it. It must be shown by the individuals, by the student body, by the faculty, by the departments, and by the College as a whole. You can be either an asset or a liability to the school you are attending. And in the end the attitude you take will largely be reflected in yourself.

Suppose we start with the individual. He must say to himself on entering College: "I am going to this school to LEARN. I must do my best for myself. If I do my best for myself I will be doing my neighbors the same good." If he lives up to the standard he will be doing good to the group with which he associates. If this group is an asset it will be doing the neighboring group good, and all of the groups will form one large group which will be either an asset or a liability, according to the number of assets or liabilities in the smaller groups.

The faculty is in such groups and has its share in the making of the assets or liabilities. The attitude the professor takes toward his classes and toward the individual students has a very great influence upon the student and the attitude that he takes toward the school.

A student does not confine all his attention to one subject. He choses a course of study that will bring him in touch with several departments, to the end that his views may be broadened.

Likewise, one department should not be entirely wrapped up in itself and become narrow, but should be interested in the other departments also. Here is the need of cooperation.

Individuals, are you assets or liabilities?

Student Body, are you an asset or a liability?

Faculty, are you an asset or a liability?

Then let us pull and pull together—to the BIG GOAL—THE BIG NEW COLLEGE, and really make it the "best school in the west," that we may proudly sing:

Three cheers for dear old C. P. S.!

The best of all schools in the West

For you our hearts are beating true

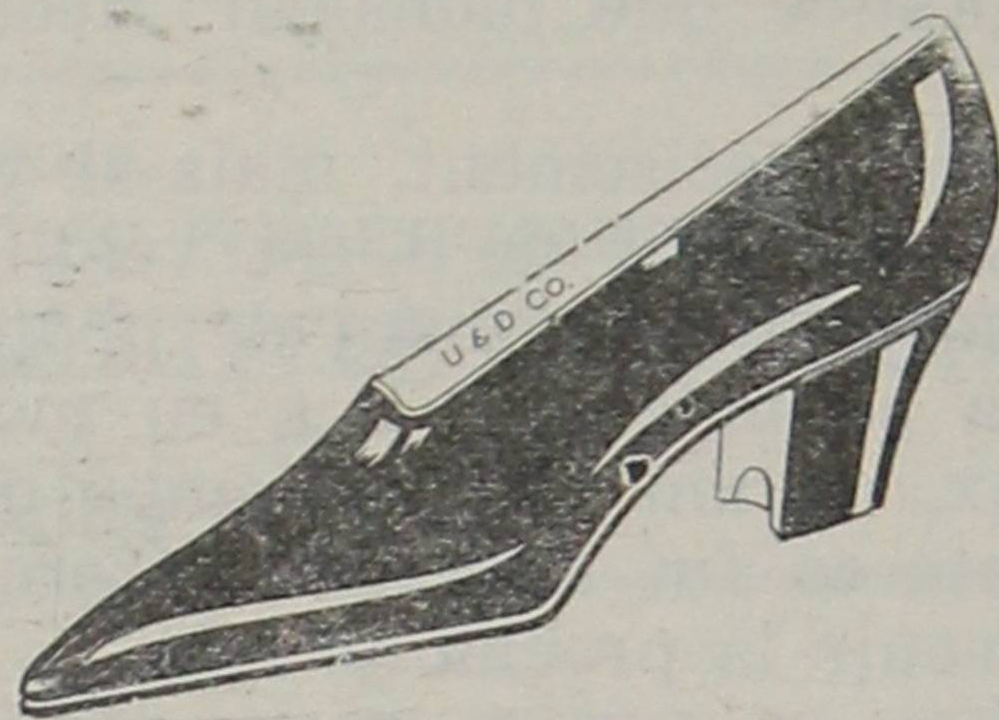
And thru all storms we'll stand by you.

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**THAT TRIP TO BREMERTON**

**T**HE "Oh Boy" went to Bremerton when C. P. S. played the Apprentices there. "Duffer" couldn't play but he took ten rooters along. And, Oh Boy, but they did some yelling. The Bremerton people were surprised! Marie Day, Ruth Kennedy, Kathleen Boyle, Helen Brix, Mildred Brown, Effie Chapman, Roy Vaughn, Harold Rector, Fielding Lemmon, Irving Baker, Vernon Schlatter and Elmer Anderson were the members of the party. After the game a beach party was enjoyed near Alki Beach.

Heard on the trip: Katie: "Well, they can just slide on their tummies if they want to!" Ruth (looking at mud over a player's eye) "Oh what an awful black eye that fellow has." Effie, "Some moon." Slat and Duffer furnished all the entertainment needed. Nuf Sed!

P. S. We want to know why no faculty members were at the game.

T-T-T

He: "Time must hang heavy on your hands."  
She: "Why?"  
He: "Because you wear such a large wrist-watch."

T-T-T

"It's quite a secret," said Bridget, "but I was married to Pat Sullivan last night."

Jane: "Indeed I should have thought you were the last woman in the world to marry him."

Bridget: "Well, I hope I am."

Res. Phone Proc. 2552.

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Poor Payer: "I've brought those last pair of trousers to be resealed. You know I sit a lot."

Tailor: "Yes, and perhaps you have brought the bill to be receipted. You know I stand a lot."

T-T-T

"You say his wife is a brunette? I thought he married a blonde."

"He did but she dyed."

T-T-T

Cop: "Where did you steal that rug?"

Tramp: "I didn't steal it, a lady up the street gave it to me and told me to beat it."

T-T-T

Casey: "When you're licked in a fight you ought to say ye've had enough."

Dolan: "Sure, if Oi can spake at all Oi'm not licked yet."

T-T-T

"What do you expect to be when you come of age little man," asked the visitor.

"Twenty-one," was the little man's reply.

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MAIN 43

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Bobby for once expressed great interest in the sermon. "Fancy flying machines being mentioned in the Bible," he said.

"But are they?" asked his father.

"Why sure, didn't the preached say that Esau sold his heirship to his brother?"

T-T-T

The Fair One: "I see here where a man married a woman for her money. You wouldn't marry me for money would you?"

He: "No, I wouldn't marry you for all the money in the world."

T-T-T

Some Movie Ads

"Watch you wife Every night this week."

"Mother I need you starting November 30th."

T-T-T

Mr. Newlove: "This lettuce tastes beastly. Did you wash it?"

Mrs. Newlove: "Why of course I did and used perfumed soap."

T-T-T

If you haven't read the article on the new grading system yet, turn to it immediately, it's a rather difficult thing to under-

# THE STONE- FISHER CO.

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Have Taken Full Possession of the Store Already

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—Bring every gift problem here for satisfactory solution in

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Fancy China,  
Fine Glassware,  
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“EAT A MOUNTAIN AND BE  
WELL FED”

Oriole Honor Candies



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SO SHALL WE THRIVE

We measure our success by the increase in service rendered the community of which we are a part, and count service as far more important than increase in profits.

For only as we increase our facilities for service may we increase the amount of business of the period, so the Rhodes Store places service before profit, and shares in the prosperity of the community.

During the past few months this store has been rearranged, reorganized and enlarged, that we may be able to serve our customers with greater convenience and comfort, and as we increase our floor space and better display our stocks our patronage keeps pace, and the congestion on our floors less and the crowds are greater.

We would appreciate a visit from every reader of The Trail and invite you to come now while the store is in its holiday dress and the warmth and glow of the Christmas spirit pervades the atmosphere of every department and aisle.

MAY WE NOT SOME DAY  
HAVE THE PLEASURE OF IN  
SOME WAY SERVING YOU?

**Rhodes Brothers**

*BROADWAY - ELEVENTH - MARKET*