

THE TRAIL

Christmas **N**umber

1920



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THIS ISSUE
 OF THE TRAIL
 IS DEDICATED TO
 THE HONORABLE TED
 AND HIS DARLING DOROTHY
 AND OUR "EAT 'EM ALIVE" FOOTBALL TEAM
 AND THE ANNUAL LIVELY, NOISY, COLOR-
 FUL, COLLEGE BANQUET
 AND CHRISTMAS
 AND THE FACULTY (GOD BLESS IT)
 AND THE ADMINSTRATION (GOD BLESS IT
 TOO)
 AND THE FRESHMEN (WE CAN'T TELL
 WHICH IS WHICH ANY MORE)

We
 Wish
 You
 a
 Right
 Merry
 Christmas

And
 a
 Happy
 New
 Year

and—
 EVERYTHING

VOL. X. Tacoma, Wash., Dec., 1920 No. 3

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CONTENTS FOR DECEMBER

Cover design by the Staff Artists.

"Personal Gift"—A Poem—Dorothy A. Smith	3
"Elise"—Anonymous H. C. S.	3
"Red Hair For Christmas"—Sigrid Arline Van Amburgh.	6
"Merry Christmas Tommy"—Rosa Perkins, '23	10
Dr. John O. Foster	9
Editorial Page	13
A Message From Dr. Todd	13
News of Alumni and Former Students	14
Society	15
Athletics	16, 17
Who's Who at C. P. S.	18
Department Writeups and School Notes	19, 21
Humor	22

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THE JANUARY ISSUE OF THE TRAIL IS TO
 BE DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF
 OUR BELOVED TEACHER
 DR. JOHN O. FOSTER



What Is Air?

BEFORE 1894 every chemist thought he knew what air is. "A mechanical mixture of moisture, nitrogen and oxygen, with traces of hydrogen, and carbon dioxide," he would explain. There was so much oxygen and nitrogen in a given sample that he simply determined the amount of oxygen present and assumed the rest to be nitrogen.

One great English chemist, Lord Rayleigh, found that the nitrogen obtained from the air was never so pure as that obtained from some compound like ammonia. What was the "impurity"? In co-operation with another prominent chemist, Sir William Ramsay, it was discovered in an entirely new gas—"argon." Later came the discovery of other rare gases in the atmosphere. The air we breathe contains about a dozen gases and gaseous compounds.

This study of the air is an example of research in pure science. Rayleigh and Ramsay had no practical end in view—merely the discovery of new facts.

A few years ago the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company began to study the destruction of filaments in exhausted lamps in order to ascertain how this happened. It was a purely scientific undertaking. It was found that the filament evaporated—boiled away, like so much water.

Pressure will check boiling or evaporation. If the pressure within a boiler is very high, it will take more heat than ordinarily to boil the water. Would a gas under pressure prevent filaments from boiling away? If so, what gas? It must be a gas that will not combine chemically with the filament. The filament would burn in oxygen; hydrogen would conduct the heat away too rapidly. Nitrogen is a useful gas in this case. It does form a few compounds, however. Better still is *argon*. It forms no compounds at all.

Thus the modern, efficient, gas-filled lamp appeared, and so argon, which seemed the most useless gas in the world, found a practical application.

Discover new facts, and their practical application will take care of itself.

And the discovery of new facts is the primary purpose of the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company.

Sometimes years must elapse before the practical application of a discovery becomes apparent, as in the case of argon; sometimes a practical application follows from the mere answering of a "theoretical" question, as in the case of a gas-filled lamp. But no substantial progress can be made unless research is conducted for the purpose of discovering new facts.

General Electric
 General Office **Company** Schenectady, N. Y.



VERA SINCLAIR, *Editor*

PERSONAL GIFT

*The sullen clouds hang dark and low,
A cold wind whistles 'round.
And dreary piles of dead brown leaves
Lie heaped upon the ground;
But what care I for sullen clouds,
Or shrill winds' lonesome sound;
For Christmas time is Friendship time,
Love rules the whole world 'round.*

*Fain would I lay at Friendship's door
Fruits of this wealthy age,
And send to you, of gifts a store
And call it Love's true wage;
But gifts we buy are earthly bound,
Though high our wishes lead;
So send I not these princely gifts,
My thoughts I send instead.*

*My thoughts—a joyful fairy band;
Wild tempests fear not they,
Nor dreadful woods, nor roaring floods,
Nor chasms' dark array.
Undaunted by the ice-clad peaks
Or lonesome desert wide,
Across the miles of dreary waste
On the wild west wind they ride.*

*So what care I if rain comes down
Or chill winds whistle shrill;
To you, as quick as lightning flash,
Send I my thoughts at will.
So this one great inspiring truth
This winter day I've found,
That Christmas time is Friendship time;
Love rules the whole world 'round.*

Dorothy A. Smith, '24.

T—T—T

Elise

Anonymous

A SCENARIO—COMEDY IN THREE ACTS

CHARACTERS

A Girl—Of Lights and Shadows.
A Man—Of Vision and Weakness.
The Boy—On the Threshold.
The Girl—A Child of Beauty.

ACT I.

Scene—Night. The Rain-swept street of a big city. Many lights gleaming. A few pedestrians braving the wind and rain.
Time—About eight o'clock in the evening.

A MAN emerges from a restaurant as a young girl passes on the street. They clutch their hats and as the wind buffets them about they near each other. The man catches a glimpse of a young and beautiful face marred by rouge and pencil, but partially redeemed by violet eyes in which there lurks a shadow of honesty. The man is well-dressed and apparently a gentleman. The girl passes and turns the corner. The man hesitates, then seems to be impelled by a sudden impulse and hurries after the girl. He perceives her some distance away, running. He follows and overtakes her in front of a brightly lighted theatre. He approaches quietly, takes her arm as she walks and addresses her. The girl takes his action quite as a matter of course.

The man: "Pardon me, have I frightened you?"
The girl: "Oh, no! It was that Jew. He's been following me. It was from him I ran."
The Man: "We will easily get rid of him. Are you cold?"
The Girl: "A little."
The Man: "Are you hungry?"
The Girl: "A little."
The Man: "Then we'll go in here and have something hot. I imagine the Jew will tire in the rain."
The Girl: "Oh, no, he won't! He's been following me for an hour! That's why I'm tired."
The Man: "I'm sorry, but I think we can get rid of him."
(They enter cafe.)

SCENE II.

Interior of a restaurant with booths arranged along far side.

The man and the girl enter and are seated in booth.

The Man: "I have an engagement here in a few moments with a friend. I can change our arrangements and you and I will go to a theater if you wish. It is warm there and you can rest. Shall I order chocolate for you?"

The Girl: "Please do. I thought of meeting a girl friend near here at eight-thirty. She is going to a dance. Perhaps we—"

The Man: "Could make a party of it? Perhaps we could, although neither my friend nor I dance much, but—"

The Boy enters, looking about for his friend. The Boy is handsome, with refined intelligent features. There is a difference of three or four year's between the Boy's and the Man's ages. He sees the Man and approaches.

The Man: "Hello, Charlie, glad to see you on time. Meet my friend, Miss—"

The Girl (softly): "Just 'Elise'."

The Boy: "I'm very pleased, I'm sure."

The Man: "Elise and I just met recently, Charlie. She is meeting a girl friend in a few moments and suggests that we make a party. It seems the friend is determined to go to a certain dance. Does it attract you?"

The Boy (who has hardly taken his eyes off the girl): "I don't care to dance, but I will go anywhere with you—and Elise."

The Man (rising): "That's good! Then we'll go. Where to, Elise?"

The Girl: "First to meet Bobby and then to the dance. It's a hard times dance, ten cents for the ladies and fifty cents for the gents."

The Man: "This is going to be good. Let's go."

The Girl: "The Jew will follow us. He has just passed the window."

The Man: "Oh, no, he won't. This is his last wait. I think the two of us will frighten him away."

(They go out, laughing and talking, the Girl between the Boy and the Man.)

ACT II.

A public dance hall. A large crowd in motley garb, as "hardtimes" costume, dance to a jazz orchestra.

The Man is seen to be dancing with the Girl. The Boy is talking to "Bobby," the blonde, vivacious, rather loud, friend of Elise. The dance ends, the Man and the Girl rejoin the Boy and Bobby. After a moment's conversation the Man and the Boy withdraw to one side and light cigarettes.

The Boy: "Hal, do you mind if I make a date with Elise?"

The Man: "Why, no, Charlie, if you think it's wise. But you won't want to when I tell you the truth. I 'picked her up' on the street. I don't know why—an impulse. I don't know why we came here—simply following up—on impulse."

The Boy: "Well, I'm glad you obeyed your impulse tonight, old pal, because I—I like Elise immensely."

The Man: "Then I'm sorry, Charlie, if that's the result. I'll admit she has an indefinable and alluring charm, but she's distinctly dangerous. Her beauty is entrancing, her sweetness deceiving. I don't know what she is, I can only surmise from circumstances that she is a thing of the streets. Befriend her if you will tonight—forget her tomorrow. Shall we join them?"

(The Man and the Boy join the girls.)

The Man and Bobby soon dance off; the Boy and the Girl sit down.

The Boy: "Elise, I want to make a date with you for next week."

The Girl: "I'm sorry, Charlie, I'd like to, but I can't—won't be in town again for a month."

The Boy: "Gee, that's too bad. Don't you stay at home then?"

The Girl: "No. I stay at a boarding school."

The Boy: "Well, anyway, I'll write you there."

The Girl: "N—n—no. We're not allowed to receive letters."

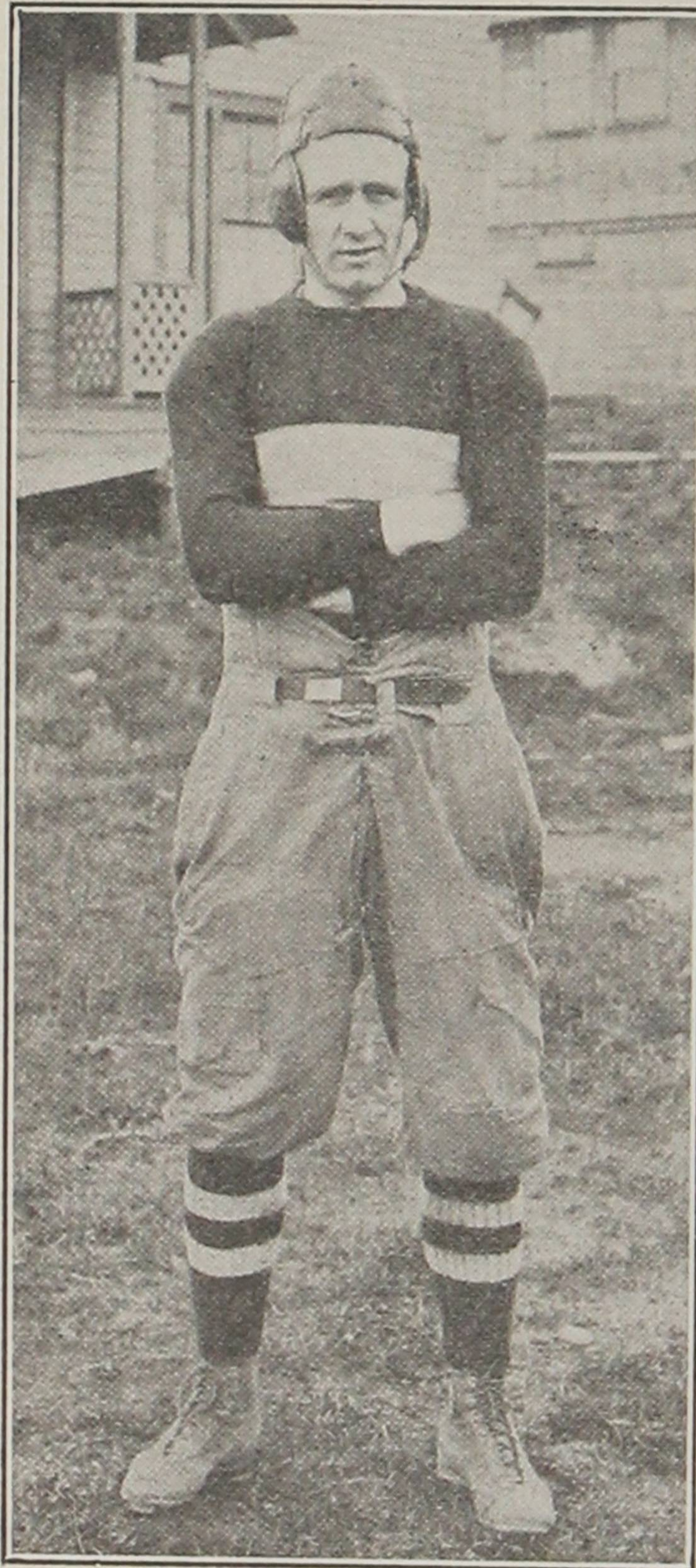
The Boy: "Well, can't I come and see you?"

The Girl: "No. We—oh, I might as well tell you. (Almost savagely.) I'm parked out at the Parental School. Got two years more until I'm eighteen."

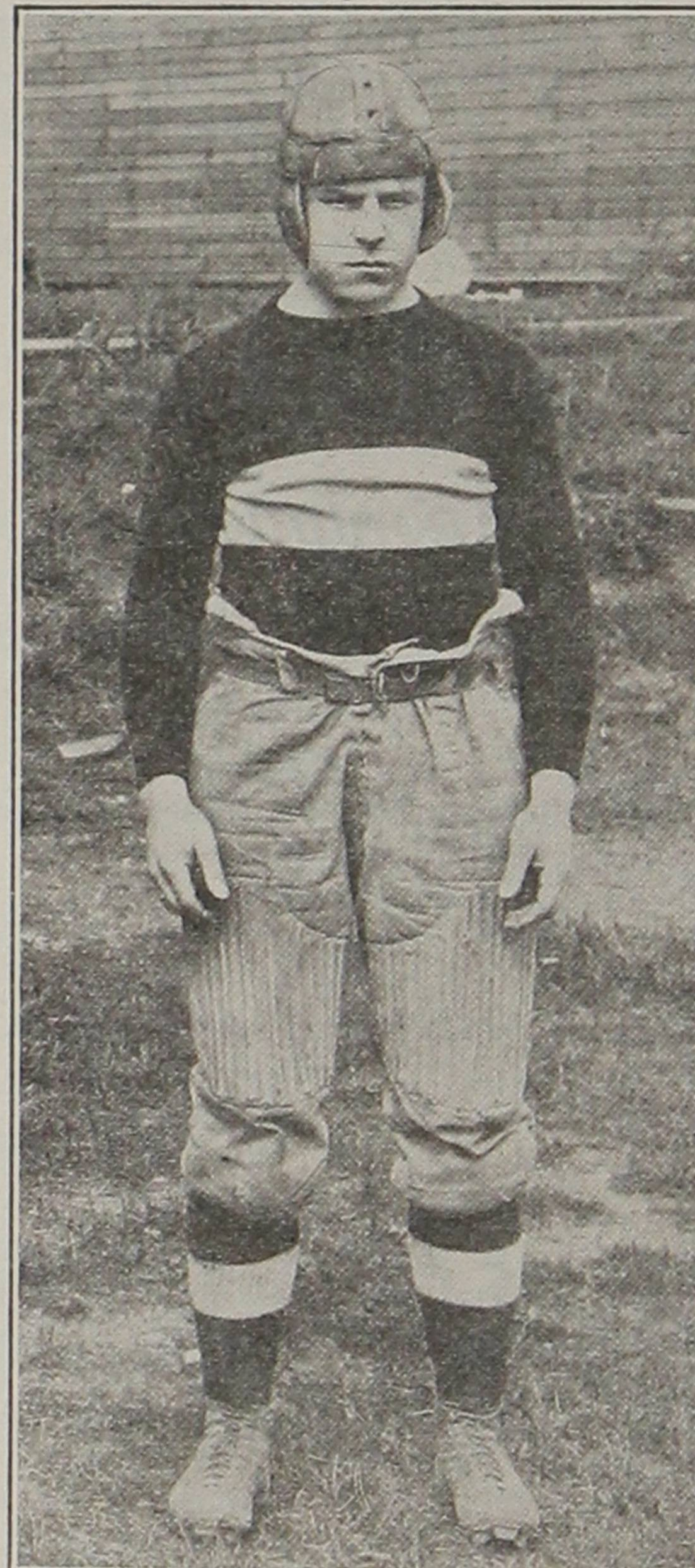
The Boy: "You're only sixteen now?"

The Girl: "Will be, next week."

The Boy: "I'd like to see you anyhow."



ARNETT
Fullback



REVELLE
Halfback



SCHRADER
Fullback

The Girl: "Thanks, but it's impossible. Come on, let's dance this out."

The Boy: "No, please."

(Another man advances, almost rudely claims the Girl, and whirls off with her. The Man and Bobby join the Boy.)

Bobby: "I gotta go, kids. It's a quarter past twelve now and I promised Dad I'd be under the whites at twelve. See, looka the prize I won! Some class to my costume, eh? Me and that wop got third. Gee, I sure had a grand time. Where's Elise?"

The Man: "We'd better get her and go." (Elise joins them.) "Do you live close together?"

The Girl: "No, but we'll all go home with Bobby first. I'll get into trouble anyway, so it doesn't matter if I'm a little late."

Bobby: "I dunno, Elise, your Dad—"

Elise (furiously): "Oh! my Dad! It's him that sends me out there, isn't it? Some dad that will send his own girl out to the brick-pile."

Bobby: "Well, you know, if you go clear out to my house you'll miss the last car."

The Girl: "I don't care."

The Man: "But it will take two hours to get you home and it's twelve now—"

The Girl: "I don't care, if it's morning."

(The Boy and Bobby start out.)

The Man: "Elise, you're not very happy, are you?"

The Girl: "Why, of course I am. I'm always happy because I never worry."

The Man: "What of the future? Don't you worry about that?"

The Girl: "I have no future, so no worry."

The Man (taking her gently by the shoulders): "Elise! Haven't you any desire to change?"

The Girl: "Not the least. I've tried before. There's no one to help me. Everything pulls me the other way."

The Man: "But your mother—"

The Girl: "I have no mother."

The Man: "She is d—"

The Girl: "Divorced, of course, and gone long ago."

The Man: "Elise, don't you realize the power of your beauty? Most men will have to be very good or very bad with you."

The Girl: "Then we'll be very bad."

The Man: "Come, let's go."

ACT III.

Scene—Interior of a rapidly traveling taxicab. Time—2:30 a. m. The Girl in the arms of the Boy. The Man regarding them thoughtfully.

The Man: "Elise, are we the first men that have ever wished you well?"

The Girl: "The only ones, except Daddy. And I wish you were like the rest."

The Boy: "And we've kept her out until almost three in the morning."

The Girl: "Oh, no, you didn't. I wanted to go home with Bobby and I thought there'd still be cars running. Here we are now."

(The taxi stops.)

The Man: "Elise, I shall never see you again. Then—"

The Girl: "I don't suppose so. Won't you kiss me good-night?"

The Man: "No. You're just a little baby. We both want to help you so much, and you just—laugh."

The Girl: "Maybe I am a baby, and then again, maybe I know more than either of you big—babies. Charlie, you'll kiss me goodnight?"

The Boy: "Elise!" (Takes her in his arms.) "I'm going to see you again."

The Girl: "No. Tonight is goodbye. Tomorrow I go back to the 'Home,' and stay a long, long time. I'm very tired and very sleepy. Goodbye. It's only a few steps from her. You'll hear me close the door."

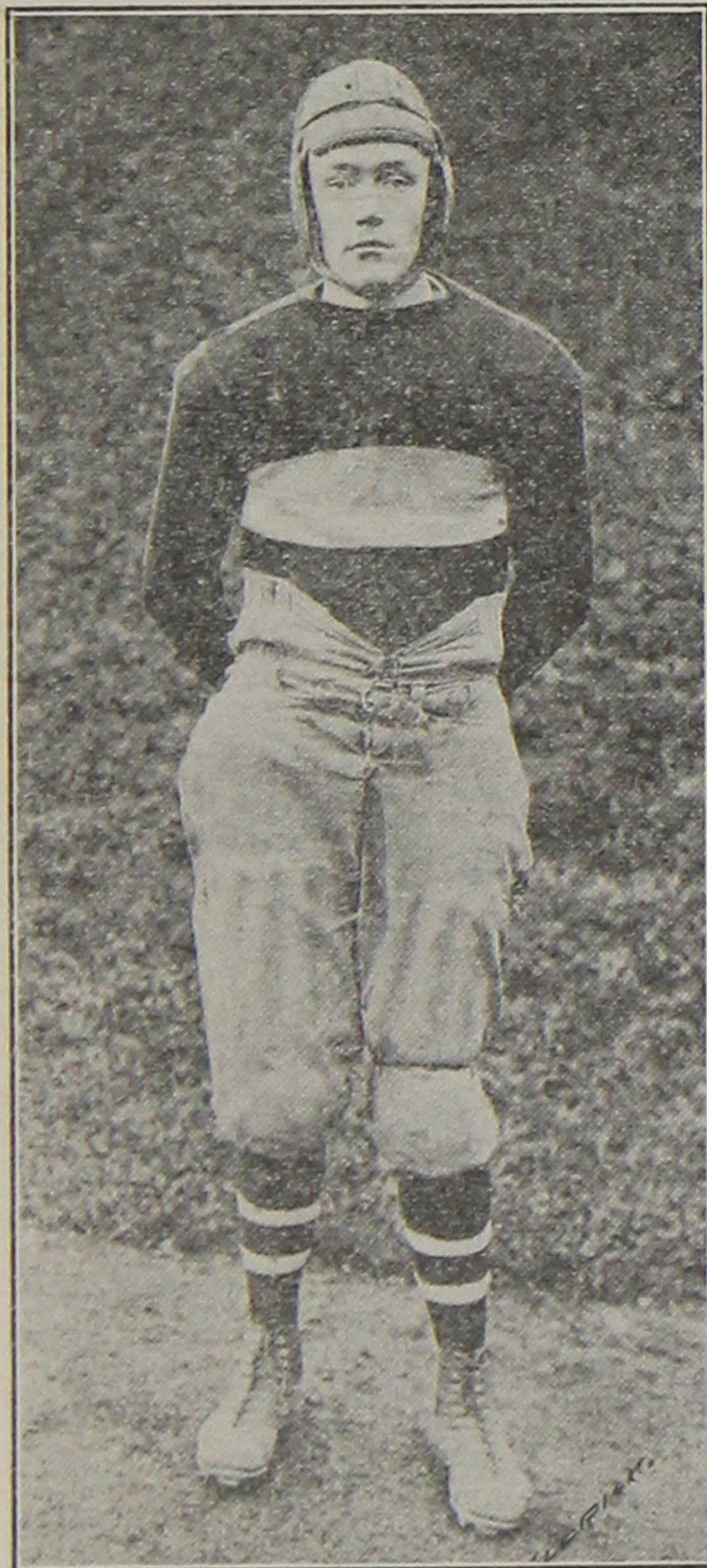
(She leaves.)

SCENE III.

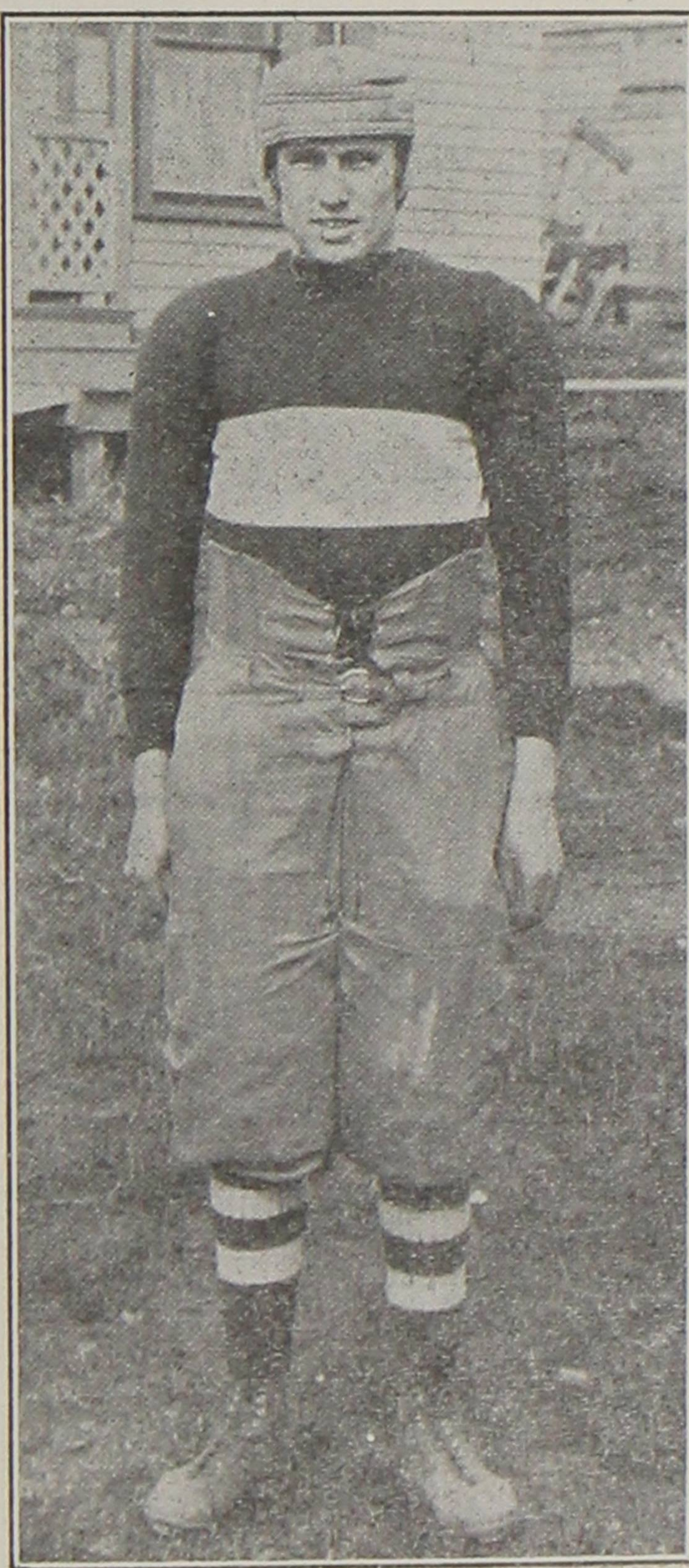
A deserted street. The Man and the Boy outside the taxicab.

The Boy: "Hal, call me a fool if you will. I've known a good many girls in a good many countries, but I tell you, man, I could marry that girl!"

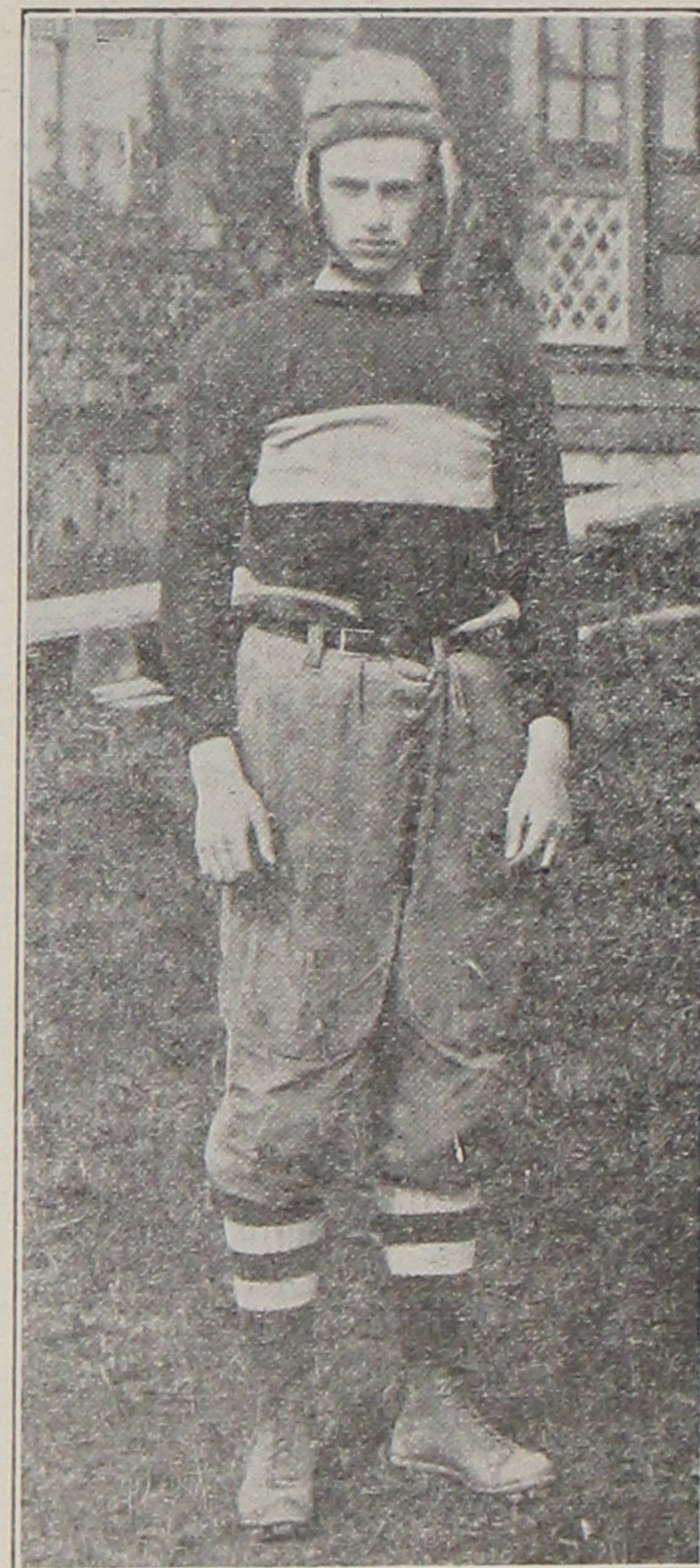
(Continued on page 24.)



STONE
Tackle



CLAY
Tackle



BRADY
Tackle

Red Hair for Christmas

By Sigrid Arline Van Amburgh

IT was visitor's day at the Harper's Children's Home. The taut expectancy with which the day always began for the children had strained to the snapping point, and reaction was setting in. Five o'clock! All the morning's bustle and preparation were wasted from the orphans' viewpoint. No one had come but a couple of deaconesses! Everyone knew, even the littlest orphan, that deaconesses do not count as visitors, because they cannot be considered as possible mothers. And it was mothers who were expected and longed for by these aching, lonesome hearts. It seemed to be a poor season for visitors, and this was the last visitor's day before Christmas, which was just a week off. Of all the times in the year when a mother is most needed, it is the week before Christmas. And by Christmas day, when hope is a dead thing, even the gifts proffered by the Home do not placate the cruel disappointment.

Mrs. Harper had gone into the kitchen to begin preparations for dinner. Discipline was relaxed somewhat, when the noise of the children was stilled by the sound of a bell ringing. Mr. Harper, long, lean and mild, came down the hall, motioning the gathering children away as he came. They were all upstairs in the playroom when he opened the door and admitted the visitors—a Mr. and Mrs. King.

"We've come to look over the Home, and the children," said Mr. King, shaking himself out of his heavy fur overcoat.

"Oh, yes—yes," stuttered Mr. Harper, quite overcome for the moment by the evidences of wealth, but he soon readjusted his scattered wits and conducted them thru the building. Finally, one by one, he called the children to him and presented them to the visitors. Now that they knew these were possible parents, the children were self-conscious and awkward. All, perhaps, except winsome little Grace, with her golden curls, who, having been in the home but a short while, was so buoyed up by the glory of her own hope that she did not, like the rest, realize that it might be just that—a forlorn hope.

Their inspection over, Mr. King, followed by his wife, went

down the stairs and stood talking with Mr. Harper in the lower hall, unaware that eager little eyes watched them for a sign of interest and more eager little ears strained to hear what was being said. Each child strove to get closer to the bannister, wondering who would be taken. Jimmie, by right of seniority, had first place against the railing, but because he favored Grace, she stood close beside him. Jimmie regretted that he had neglected to brush his shoes. He had been so busy helping the other children, and as his thoughts reverted to the fact he remembered he had not brushed his hair—and he ran his hand hastily thru the mop of red hair flying in all directions.

"You don't think Jimmie would suit you?" questioned Mr. Harper, as he rubbed his thin hands over each other.

"Is that the red-haired boy you mentioned having been left here as a baby?" asked Mr. King.

"Yes."

"That ugly, little, red-headed thing!" exclaimed Mr. King, as he turned to his wife. "Why, I wouldn't consider him."

"Oh, Mark," rebuked his wife.

"He's a fine little lad, mischievous as most boys; but bright, very affectionate and with a good disposition," added Mr. Harper.

"But he's too homely—absolutely ugly," reiterated Mr. King, adding: "Now I rather fancy that pretty, golden-haired girl."

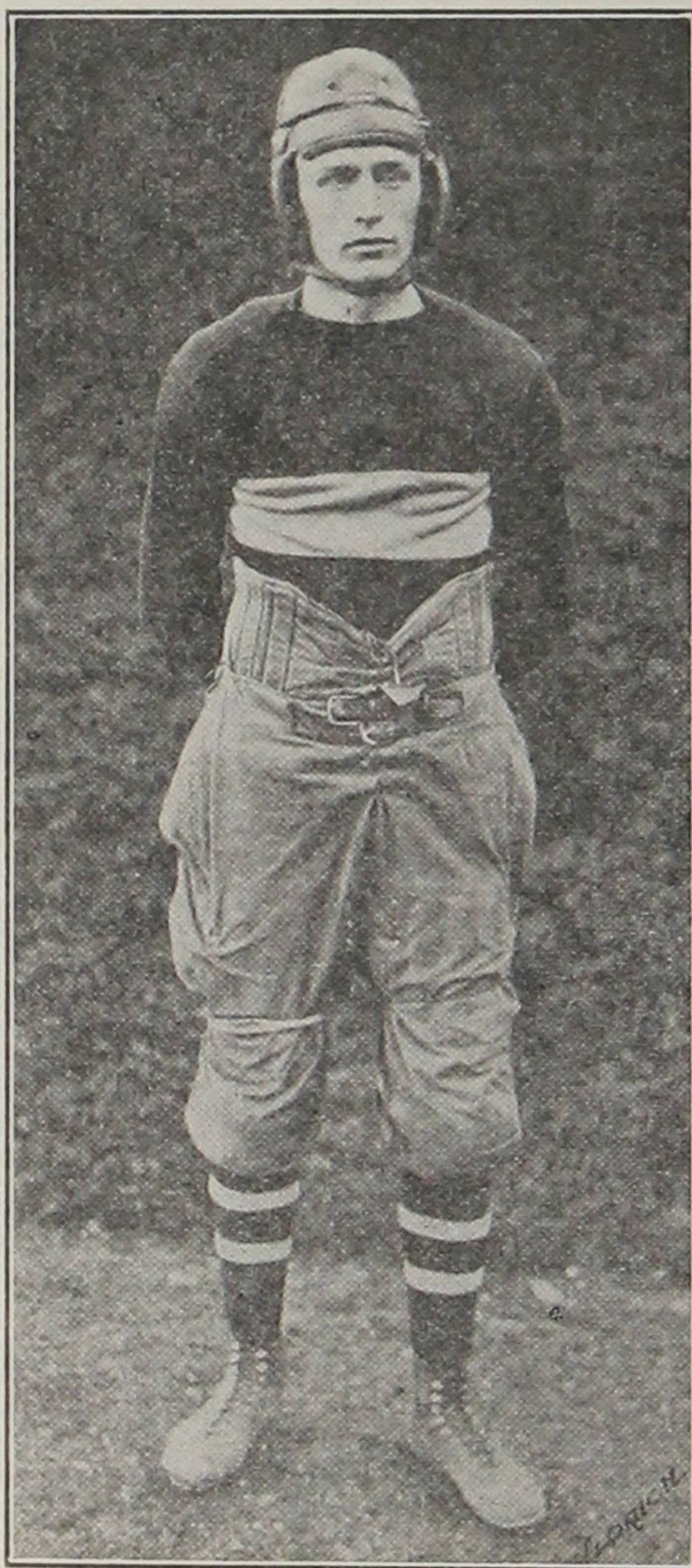
"Grace, you mean?" questioned Mr. Harper. "She's very pretty and sweet, of course."

"But I want a boy, Mark; you know our boy would have been just eight if he had lived." Tears came into Mrs. King's eyes.

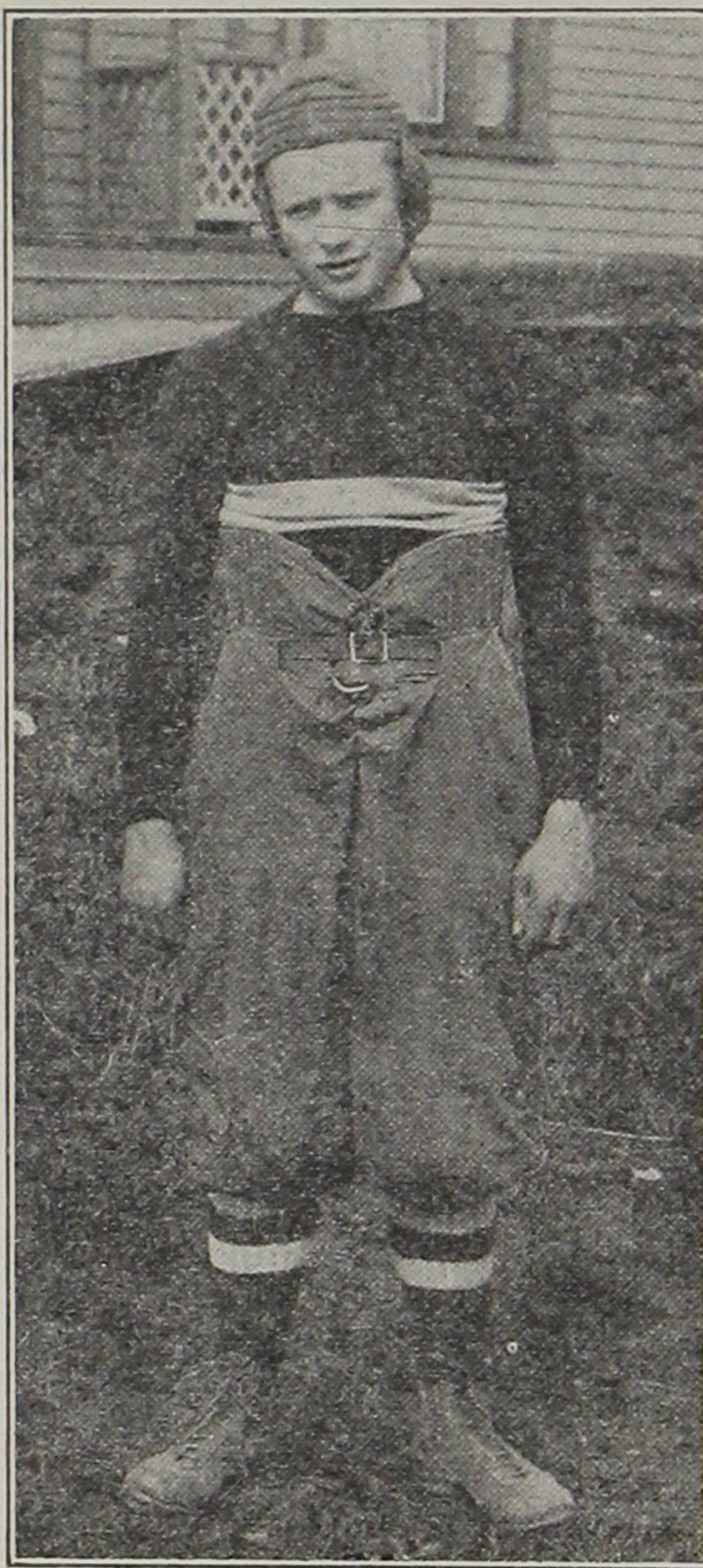
"Well, well, we won't decide tonight, Harriet," replied Mr. King hastily.

"But you promised not to let another Christmas go by without having a child at the house," she pleaded; "it's so lonesome at Christmas time without children."

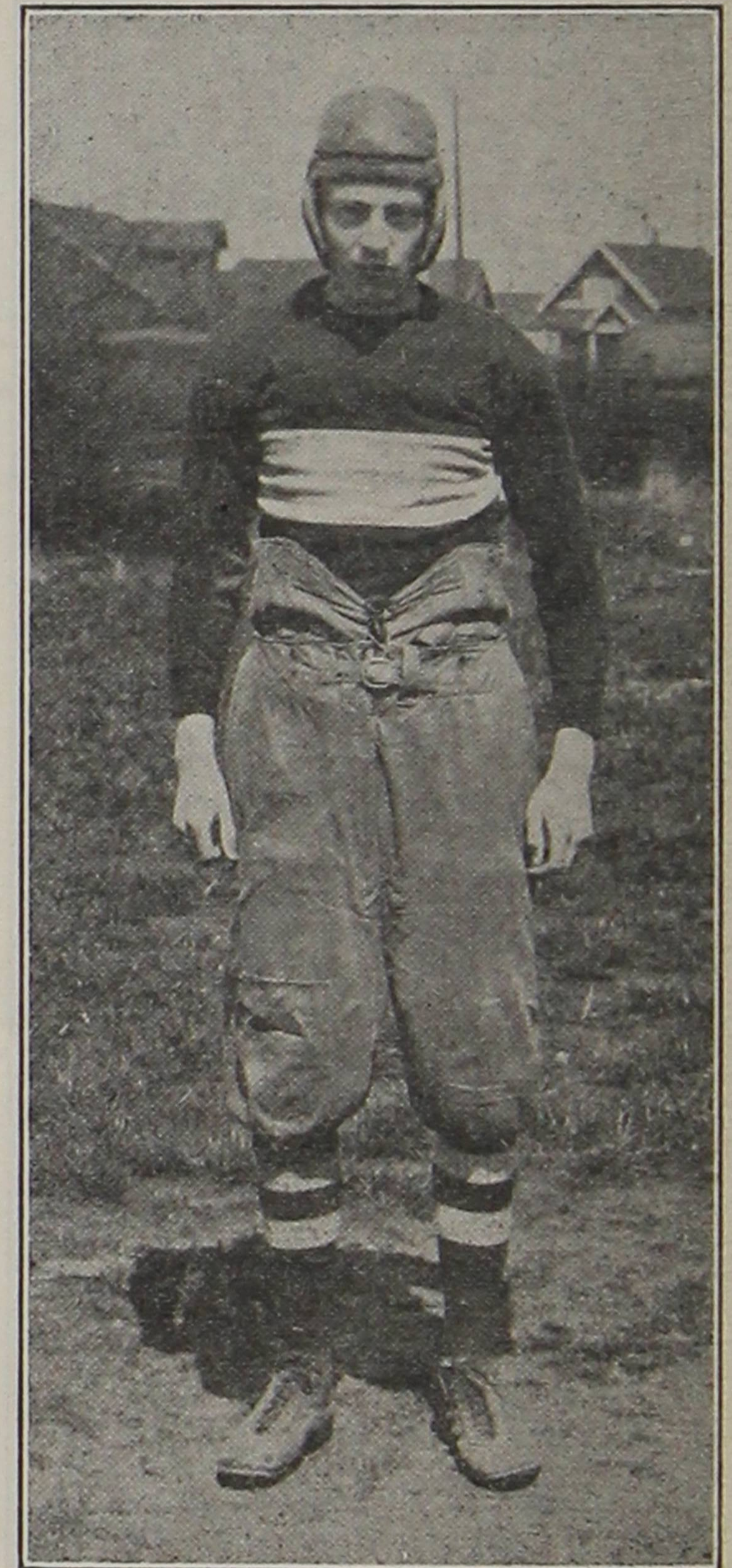
"Well, it's a week before Christmas and we'll think it over first," returned her husband with such finality in his voice



BAKER
End



KINCH
End



BROOKS
End

that further argument at that time seemed useless and Mrs. King tearfully followed her husband to the car.

Jimmie, about whom the uncomplimentary remarks had been made, overheard the entire conversation. A flood of red as bright as his hair swept over his face, and the blue eyes filled with tears.

"Aw, g'wan," he said roughly, as he brushed aside his sympathetic consolers. "I don't care, anyhow." And he tried to laugh, but it wasn't the whole-souled, hearty laughter of the Jimmie they knew. With his rough coat-sleeve he brushed the tears off his cheeks and fled down the hall, seeking refuge on the back door-step.

So that was why he had been left all these years! Each time one of his companions had been taken away from the Home, the hope had always burst into bloom again that perhaps his turn would be next. He had dreamed how it would seem to have a real home, to have a father, and most of all a mother to care for him. And now the dream would never come true. He was too ugly.

Never before had he ever considered beauty in connection with a boy. Girls were expected to be pretty, but he felt just being a boy was all that was necessary for boys. He decided to face the situation and hurried to the deserted hall, where he stood, shivering with cold, before the long, cracked mirror. The thought occurred to him that one of the boys had said: "If Jimmie had any more freckles he'd have to enlarge his face." As he stood looking at himself, he felt a tug at his arm and turned about. It was Grace.

"Jimmie, he was a mean old thing to say that; you are not ugly."

"You don't know anything about it," retorted Jimmie savagely. Face to face with the truth Jimmie clung to it like a bulldog to a piece of meat. The weight of argument seemed to be more than convincing.

"I like you just the way you are, Jimmie," she persisted.

"But you couldn't be my mother," replied Jimmie in grieved tones.

There was silence for a brief space and then Grace lowered her voice as if to make what she was to say strictly confidential:

"I heard them ask for a boy with black hair 'cause their boy had it."

"Did they?" Jimmie questioned as he ran his hand thru his bright red hair.

Grace stood looking at him critically, her little brows wrinkled in a frown. Suddenly she exclaimed: "Why don't you dye it?"

Jimmie turned around with a quizzical look, at first disdainful, and scornfully muttered: "Dye it—with what?"

"Why, they blacken stoves and shoes and things, don't they? Why couldn't you blacken your hair?"

The suggestion seemed plausible.

"Do you think it would take?" he asked doubtfully.

"Well, you can try it and see—it won't hurt you, anyway."

Jimmie felt the suggestion was worth considering at least, convinced that with hair any color but red the probabilities of acquiring a home would be more in his favor.

He decided not to let anyone know what he was contemplating—not even Grace. The thought kept revolving in his mind all day long. Finally, he decided to give prayer a first chance. While he did not bank much on prayer, having on previous occasions petitioned for useful and useless things, and never receiving any response, he had been taught "Ask and ye shall receive." It wouldn't hurt to try once more. Nothing now seemed quite as important as acquiring black hair. He determined to devote a little extra time to his entreaty, and did not hurry to fall asleep that night. Even after he had crawled into bed he looked out the window, up at the blinking stars, and muttered: "Oh Lord, make my hair black and curly like a nigger's, and do it tonight, for Christ's sake, Amen."

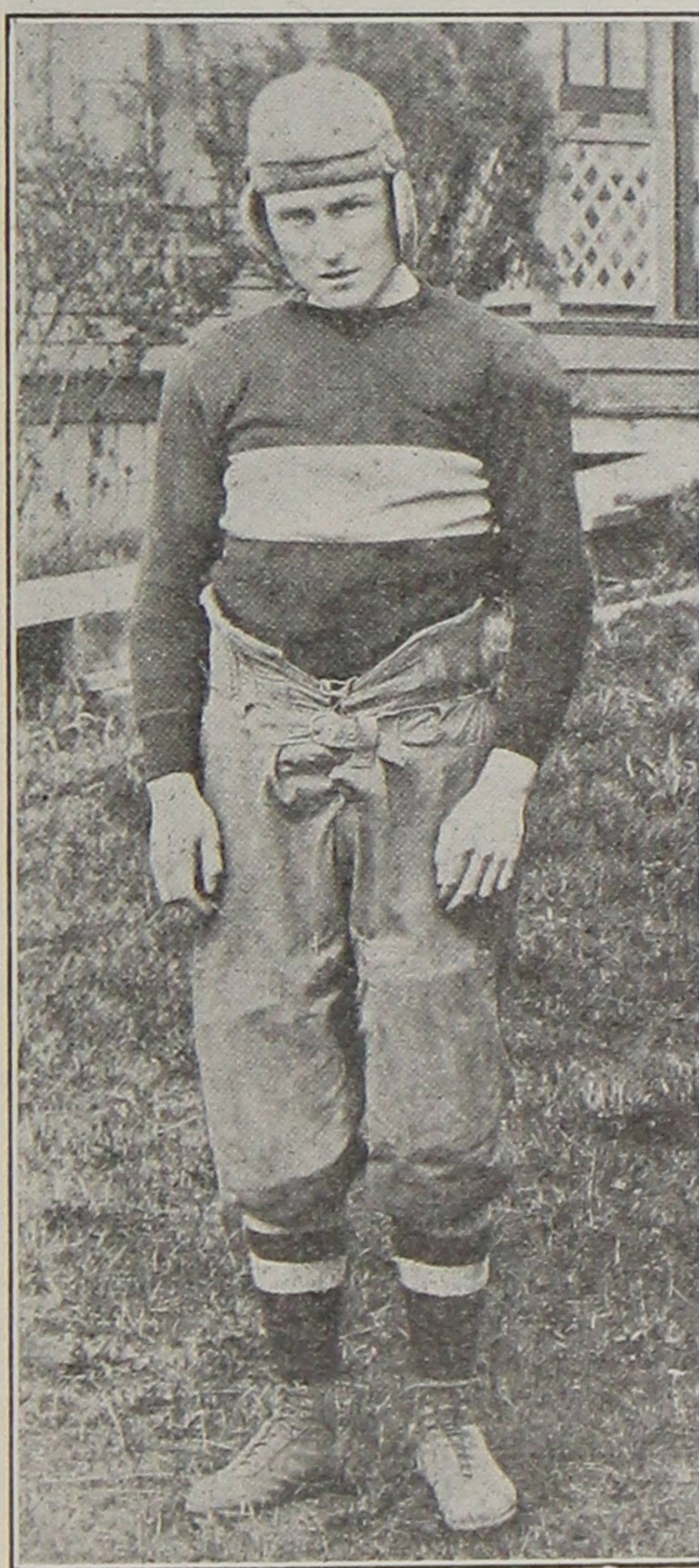
When he awoke the next morning to find he still possessed the same red hair, he argued that as far as the Lord was concerned his case was hopeless, and as a last resort he decided to try out Grace's suggestion and use a little personal effort in procuring results.

There was always a bottle of blacking on the shelf in the washroom. Jimmie waited until all the boys had clattered downstairs; then he locked the door and started proceedings.

Leaning over the basin he poured the contents of the shoe-blackening over his head. No glass being handy to judge results, Jimmie could only pat it down as best he could with the worn brush, and trust to its impartial distribution. Just in the middle of the process, the breakfast bell rang. To be late



GOURLEY
Guard



MCPHAIL
Guard



SHEFFER
Guard

would mean the loss of a much needed nourishment. He realized he would have to curtail the treatment and finish it at a more opportune time. Jimmie mopped the liquid running down his face and neck with a towel which sopped up a good portion that the inflammatory-colored hair did not seem to absorb readily.

One thing Jimmie had not counted on was the necessity of explanation for his changed appearance. It did not occur to him even then, and only when greeted by a simultaneous gasp from Mr. and Mrs. Harper, as well as shrieks from the children, and worst of all stifled laughter from Mr. King, who had just come into the room, did Jimmie realize that perhaps all was not as he had hoped.

"Why, Jimmie!" exclaimed Mrs. Harper. "What have you been doing?"

Thru the streaked portions which had absorbed the blacking, wisps of bright red gleamed in contrast. The tell-tale streaks journeyed over his pale skin and gave him a grotesque appearance. A general uproar followed, and as the laughter burst on Jimmie's ears, his eyes widened in surprise.

"Look at the Indian," one of the children shouted.

The surprise was about as great to Jimmie as to the others, and he sat there almost unaware that the uproar was about him. When he finally awoke to the fact, he shut his lips tightly, determined to bear the consequences.

Mr. King's early visit was due to a remark made by his wife the day before.

"They don't look overfed, and none of them looked kissed enough." He had thought so himself. While gruff in manner, he had a tender heart and he had determined to investigate living conditions at the Home on a day when they were not prepared for visitors. The unusual entrance of Jimmie swerved Mr. King from his purpose. As he looked at Jimmie, who sat determinedly smiling thru the streaks zig-zagging down his face, he decided Jimmie had good stuff in him. But what was the reason? It was evident that the spirit of mischief had not prompted such an action.

The children were silenced by Mr. Harper, and when they had finished their meagre breakfast of plain oatmeal and bread, they buzzed out of the room with toned-down excitement.

"My boy, what made you try to improve on nature?" asked Mr. King smilingly. Jimmie's throat pulsed with the sobs that he tried to control. As he looked at Mr. King, the author of his trouble, an angry gleam came into his eyes. But no amount of persuasion from either Mr. King or the Harpers could extract a confession. They were convinced at last it was useless to question him further.

Mr. King turned to Mr. Harper.

"I was just passing on my way to Hampton, and I thought I'd stop and see if there was anything you wanted for Christmas. I think it my duty to help and shall be glad to do what I can."

He had taken a check book out as he spoke, and as Jimmie looked at him, he turned to the boy and said:

"What do you want for Christmas, Jimmie?"

Jimmie almost surrendered. Now was the time to express the one fervent desire. But, as he looked at Mr. King, the man who had made the cruel statement, Jimmie's mind wavered. There was, however, a peculiar spirit of fairness in Jimmie's make-up, and he realized that what Mr. King had said was true, and he was not to blame.

"What do you want, Jimmie?" purred Mr. Harper, smiling in his bland way as he gazed at the check-book.

As Jimmie stood there, his mind recalled the picture of the visit to the city the week before, with its memory of wonderful toys. He saw the shoppers hurrying along, their arms laden with mysterious packages, and all the Christmas trees gaily decked with colored lights.

He remembered Grace tugging at his arm when they saw a small girl, dressed in beautiful furs, walking towards them with her lovely mother, and Grace remarking:

"Oh, I wish I had some furs—and a mother."

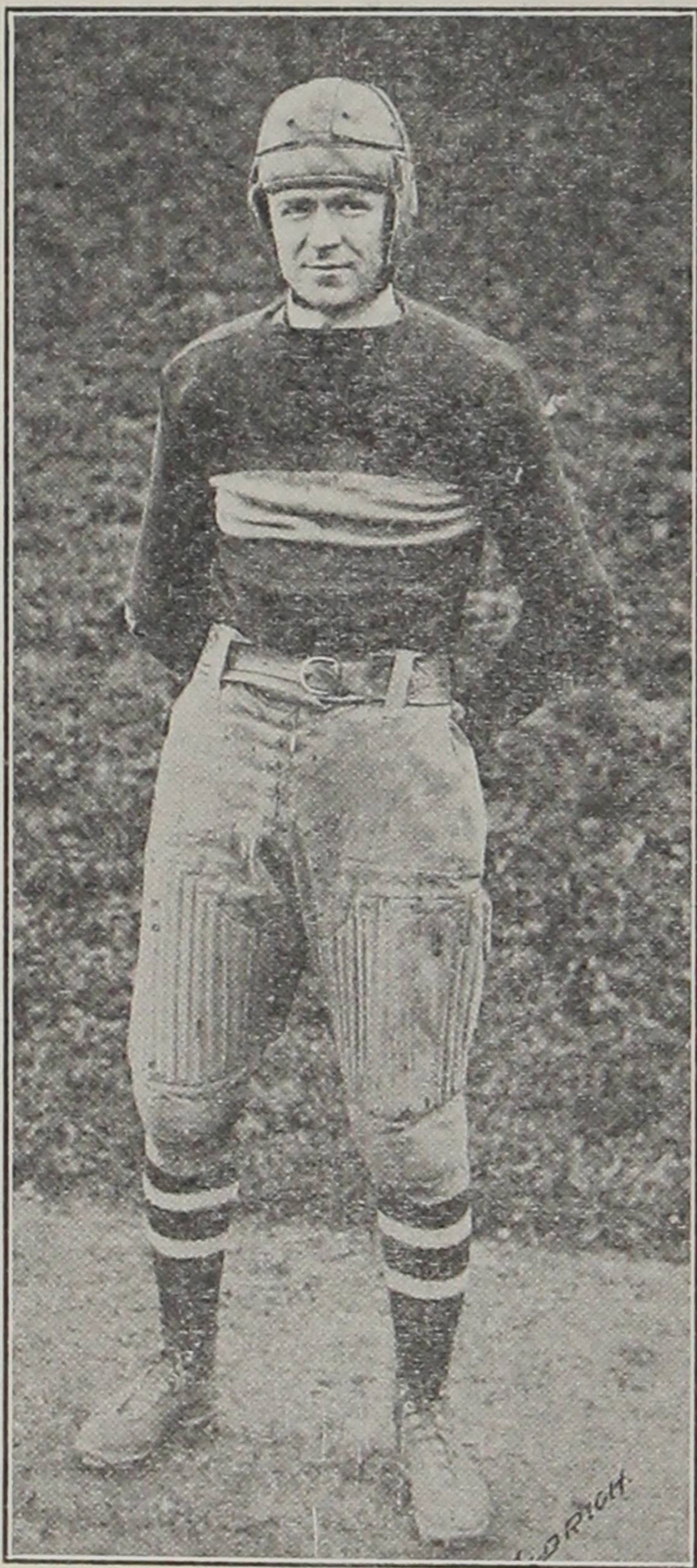
And that was what he wanted—a mother!

"Don't want nothin'," he said, and gazed out the window.

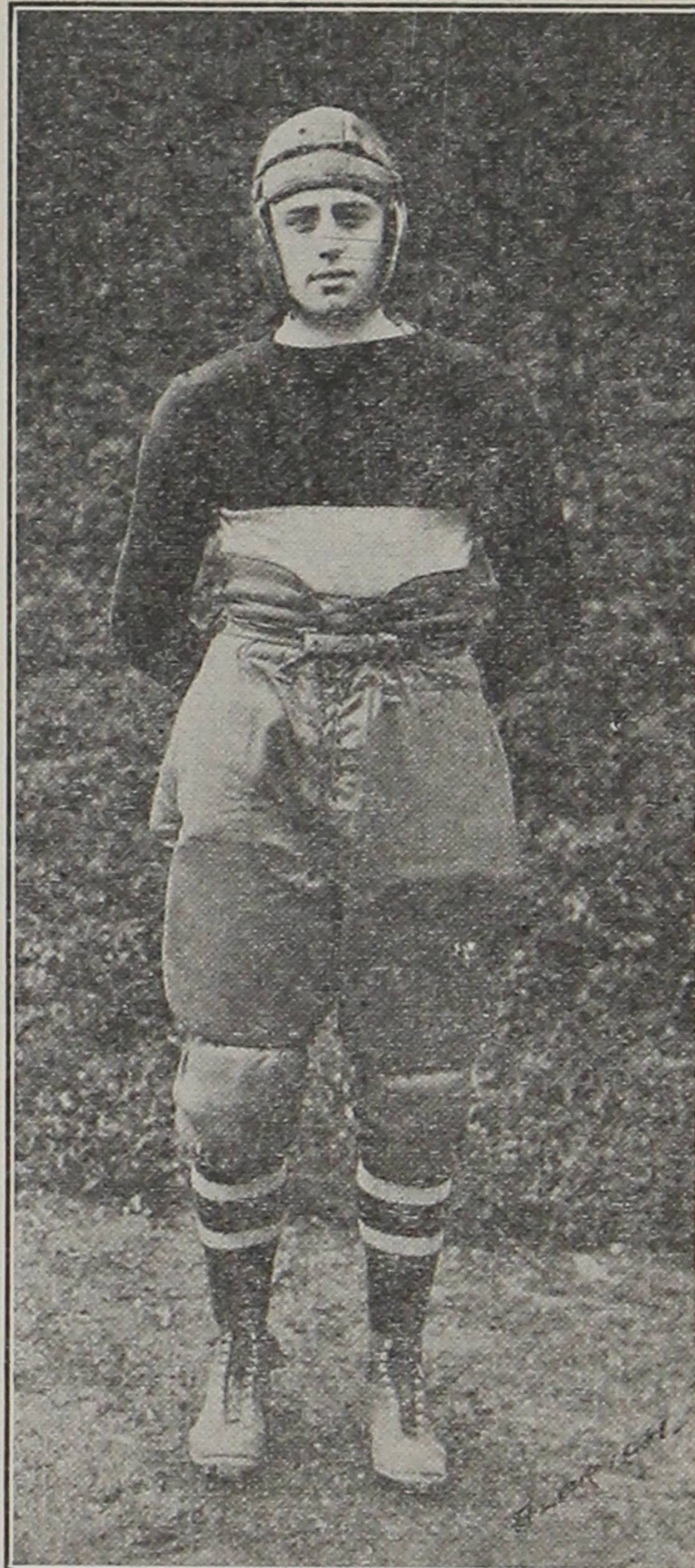
Suddenly he lifted his clear blue eyes and saw real sympathy in Mr. King's face.

"Say—but Grace wants somethin'—she wants—"

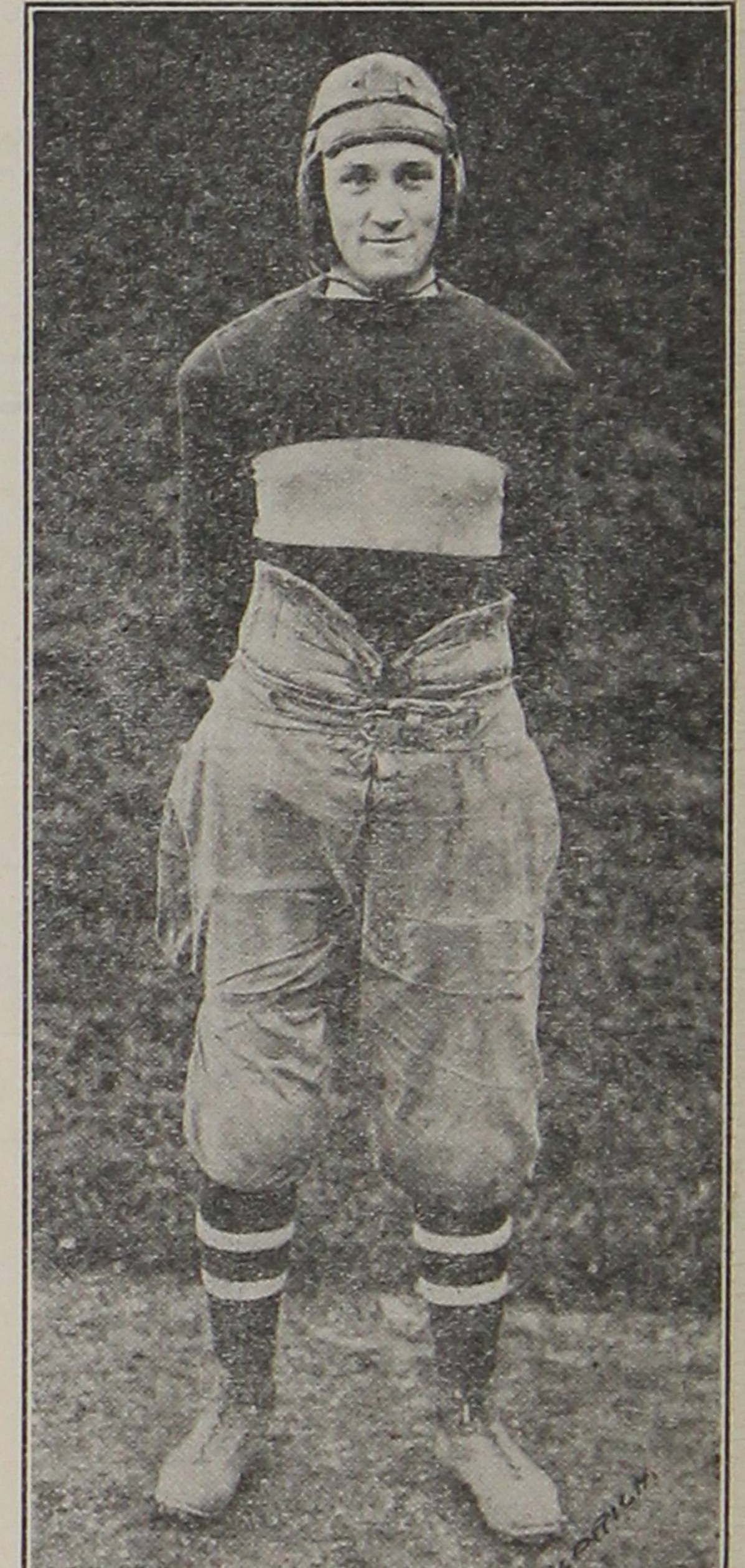
He hesitated a moment, struck by the foolishness of pleading for someone else. No, he wouldn't mention what she wanted. He would speak for those skates he had so longed for, which even tho a secondary consideration to getting a mother and a home, would be something.



DORSEY
Halfback



RUMBAUGH
Quarter



WASSON
Center

As Mr. King saw the hesitation, he urged Jimmie to speak. "What does Grace want?" he asked, as he put his hand kindly on Jimmie's head.

The touch broke the stubborn thots and he burst out: "She wants some white furs just like tha girl on the street—and a mother, too."

"All right," replied Mr. King. "We'll see what we can do for Grace, but don't say anything to her and we'll make it a surprise for Christmas Eve when you have your party. And here's a check for the party, Mr. Harper."

Mr. Harper's eyes bulged as he saw the size of the check; it would be sufficient to pay for the coal, too.

"My, I wish he was my father," sighed Jimmie, as he went slowly upstairs.

As Mr. King looked back at the bleak, plain, unpainted board home, three stories high, he too sighed. But his sadness was overcome as he drove on thru the cool December air. He looked at the purple tinged mountains, which were outlined by the brilliant sun shedding its rays like a benediction over the waters, which in turn reflected the blessings like golden amens, and he determined that he, for one, would bring some enjoyment to the hungry little hearts.

Christmas Eve came. The Home had been decorated with evergreen and holly. The Christmas tree stood glittering in its glory.

Already an audience was assembled to witness the entertainment by the children. Faces gleamed with recent scrubbing, and ribbons fluttered on heads where perhaps they had never been seen before. The children were all excited, and Jimmie, brimming with hope, watched each auto load of visitors, in anxious quest for a sight of Mr. King, whom he finally spied.

After the exercises came the distribution of gifts. One by one each of the children received some pretty remembrance, due to the generosity of the Kings. A call came for Grace. Jimmie's heart pounded as he looked at her, and she, eyes widened with wonderment as to whether she was to receive the

longed-for furs, came forward. Mr. Harper, taking her by the hand, led her over to the gently smiling Mrs. King. And before she could comprehend, she was gathered to a warm heart.

"This is your new mother, Grace," said Mr. Harper.

Jimmie stood speechless. Grace was going to have a real home. He was the one who had made it possible—who had spoken for it. A flash of envy, or resentment, surged thru his heart, but he conquered himself and then knew he was just glad. Almost as glad, if not quite, as if he had been the one who had been so fortunate.

"Mr. King didn't forget," he kept repeating.

One after the other received their gifts. His name alone had not been called. As he noted the happiness expressed around him in which he did not seem to have a share tears came in his eyes, but he fought them back, drawing in the corners of his mouth. The last gift had been distributed; now came the bags of candy and popcorn donated by the Home. He held his limply in his hand, and did not make the usual onrush to break into the contents, as had been his custom.

"We have one more gift," said Mr. Harper. A stillness settled about the room.

Mr. King stepped forward and took Jimmie's hand. Jimmie's eyes had a bewildered look. What did it mean? Mr. King was speaking.

"Ladies and gentlemen, you might like to hear a story."

In a simple way he related the events which had culminated in his decision to adopt a boy unselfish enough to speak for another.

"They are going to be as dear to us as our own children," he added, as he led Jimmie over to his wife, where he was included in the warm embrace which encircled Grace. As Mrs. King put her arm around Jimmie, she said softly:

"I've always wanted a boy with red hair."

And Jimmie could hardly contain this joy as he realized that at last had come the fulfillment of his wish.

Dr. John O. Foster

FAITH

*WHEN sorrow comes, as come it must,
In God a man must place his trust.
There is no power in mortal speech*

*The anguish of his soul to reach.
No voice, however sweet and low
Can comfort him or ease the blow.*

*He cannot from his fellow men
Take strength that will sustain him then.
With all that kindly words will do,
And all that love may offer, too.*

*He must believe throughout the test
That God has willed it for the best.*

*We who would be his friends are dumb,
Words from our lips but feebly come;
We feel as we extend our hands,
That one Power only understands
And truly knows the reason why
So beautiful a soul must die.*

*We realize how helpless then
Are all the gifts of mortal men.
No words which we have power to say
Can take the sting of grief away—
That Power which marks the sparrow's fall
Must comfort and sustain us all.*

—E. A. Guest.

T—T—T

DEATH TAKES VETERAN TEACHER

SUCCUMBING to pneumonia, Dr. John O. Foster, age 87 years, who has held the chair of religion in the College of Puget Sound since 1905, died November 29 in the Seattle General Hospital.

Dr. Foster was said to be the oldest member of an American college faculty in service. He was born in La Porte, Indiana, December 14, 1833. He graduated from Cornell College, Iowa, and from the Garrett Biblical Institute of Northwestern University, Chicago. Besides these two degrees he also held the degree of D. D., received in 1910 from the College of Puget Sound.

For twelve years his birthday had been the occasion of notable reunions of educators, church-men and alumni. Invitations had already been sent out in preparation for his birthday this year.

Dr. Foster was a strong character and had a wide acquaintance through his connection with the Sons of the American Revolution of which he was the national chaplain general from 1917 to 1919. He was with the United States sanitary and Christian commission during the Civil War and was in Richmond at the time of Lee's surrender, distributing food and clothing to the needy Confederate soldiers. He rode on the train with Lincoln to Richmond and interviewed Lee after the assassination of Lincoln when Lee expressed his deep regret at the tragedy. Dr. Foster was acquainted with General Grant, and a few years ago dined with Edison when in the East.

His mind was active and he retained his interest in science, religion, politics and world affairs to the last.

T—T—T

CHAPEL MEMORIAL SERVICE

The memorial service for Dr. John O. Foster was held in the College Chapel December 3. After the opening hymn, Professor Davis, in behalf of the faculty, paid a tribute to the beloved teacher. C. C. James, representing the student body, spoke of the place which Dr. Foster held in the hearts of the students and those who were privileged to know him. Following a vocal solo by Miss Marion Myers, Dean Cunningham spoke in behalf of the administration.

Dr. Foster leaves a great many friends. We shall always remember him with love, and honor, and respect.

T—T—T

CHURCH MEMORIAL SERVICE

(Held at the First Methodist Church, Seattle, Dec. 4.)
Organ Prelude Mrs. Montgomery Lynch
Hymn—"O God, Our Help in Ages Past."
Prayer ... Rev. Geo. A. Landen, D. D., Supt. Seattle District
Scripture Reverend A. F. Bourns, D. D.
Address Mr. W. D. Totten,
Vice-President, Sons of the American Revolution.
Address.. Reverend Philip Bauer, President, Ministerial Union
Address.. Rev. R. J. Reid, Pres. Methodist Preachers' Meeting
Hymn—"For All The Saints."
Address Professor Hanawalt, College of Puget Sound
Address Rev. M. A. Matthews, D. D.,
Pastor, First Presbyterian Church.
Address Rev. J. E. Crowther, D. D.
Pastor, First M. E. Church.
Hymn—"If On A Quiet Sea."
Organ Postlude Mrs. Montgomery Lynch

"Merry Christmas Tommy"

By Rosa M. Perkins, '23

HE was just a chap of seventeen, of the typical American type. His merry blue eyes sparkled above his ruddy cheeks and generous mouth.

"I say, Sergeant, have you seen the Colonel?"

"No, I haven't. What you want him for?"

"Want him to do me a petit favah, don't ya know?"

"Say, kid," drawled the sergeant, "What you think yer gonna pull off next?"

"I ain't gonna pull off nothin', yer honor, but I AM gonna do somethin'." He watched the lazy appearing sergeant a moment, then continued: "I'm gonna get \$50 from him for the Christmas fund!"

"Jupiter, kid, what ya think you are; some super-human being or some freak of nature?"

"Nope. I'm just plain Tom Billings, born in Idaho, went thru grammar school and two years in high school; nineteen months in the United States Army. At present serving K. P. Hi, ho!" he exclaimed and showed his delight by going thru all kinds of antics.

"You won't feel so funny, sonny, if you do any such fool thing as that. Do you know you might get K. P. and the guard house for the rest of your career? Better give up that freakish idea. You couldn't get a red cent from that tight-fisted sour old pessimist. Take it from me, kid, I——"

"Yeah? Send me lilies, then, will ya? Ahem! Sergeant Wright, I have come in the interest of the Christmas fund that Company F of the 161st Infantry is raising for the benefit of the incurables and their families. We take subscriptions anywhere from \$1.00 to \$1,000,000.00 This money will be used to get a tree for the men at the hospital and the remainder will be sent to their families. A subscription from you would be very acceptable, sir." He finished standing very straight and looking the sergeant straight in the eye.

The sergeant had stood motionless during the recital, and his face wore an expression of surprise and scorn. Finally he burst out: "Well, what the——"

"A subscription from you would be very acceptable, sir. It is for a good cause. The subscriptions range from \$1.00 to \$1,000,000.00," and he regarded the sergeant quietly but sternly.

"You impudent young jackanapes! I'll tell you wh——"

"Thank you, sergeant. We surely will appreciate your subscription. I'll give you a receipt. How much shall I make it out for?"

"I'll—I'll——"

"How much did you say?"

"Make it out for five and get out of here, you son-of-a-gun. Three more days of K. P."

"Very well, sir. I've saved you till the next to the last and the last is the Colonel. Thank you for the practice and the points I got from you." Saluting, the young American strode down the road toward the Officers' Quarters.

"Hi, there, sonny, come here," called the sergeant.

Tom turned and retraced his steps, wondering how much more of the eternal K. P. he was going to get.

"Sonny, if you get a cent from the Colonel, I'll cancel the order of K. P., and if you get \$50 from him I'll give another \$5. Is it a go?"

"It is! Shake."

The next afternoon found Tom Billings waiting in the ante-room of the Officers' quarters.

"I say, Billings, is the Colonel gonna call you on the carpet?" asked one of the boys, looking up from a ledger.

"Nope. I'm gonna call him on the carpet. Ma Sweetie, I'm gonna get the cute little sum of \$50 from him for the Christmas fund."

"Gad, kid, you want the whole shebang to get ripped up the back? Why, you insect, can't you see that you will get us all in Dutch if you ask him for it? If you——"

"You're an inch and a half tallern he, ain'tcha?"

"Well, if you——"

"Here he comes. Put on the soft pedals."

A tall figure was silhouetted in the doorway. He looked over the situation, strode into the office and returned the salutes of the various men, then went into his office, closing the door none too gently after him.

"Got warm feet yet?"

"Yeah. Nice and warm," and he grinned and winked one eye slowly. "Ask the old deah if I can see him, will ya?"

"I'll do no sucha thing, if——"

"You won't? Well, then, I will." With that he started for the door. The other got quickly to his feet and started after him.

"Hold on there, kid. Can't you listen to reason?"

"Are you going to open that door or shall I?"

"Oh, I will if you insist." He knocked on the door, and when a big voice shouted "Yes," he hesitatingly opened the door and went in. He soon appeared and motioned Billings in.

At the end of fifteen minutes fifty men were waiting near the quarters, among them the Sergeant.

In twenty-five minutes they saw the young private come slowly from the building, with a deep scowl on his face.

"Ha, ha! Didja ever see anyone so happy in your life?"

"Ain't he sweet lookin'?"

"Were the little pills too bitter?"

"Didja get a Christmas present?"

"Hello, Merry Christmas!"

He met all of these taunts and many more with scowls and haughty expressions.

Taking a piece of paper from his pocket, he wrote something on it and handed it to the Sergeant. The Sergeant, grinning triumphantly, took it and slowly opened it. As he read it his lower jaw dropped and his surprised eyes looked at the boy.

"What's it say?" asked someone.

"Yeah. Let us in on it. Read it."

"Er—er—Yes." The Sergeant read: "Dear Sergeant: You remember our bargain. Inclosed please find a receipt for \$5 and a request that you pay at once. I got \$100, a lecture and some fatherly advice from the Colonel. Pay up P. D. Q. I'm in a hurry to get the money in."

Yours truly,

Tom Billings,
Private."

"Yip! Yip! For Merry Christmas Tom," shouted the men.

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Mocha Gloves \$2.65

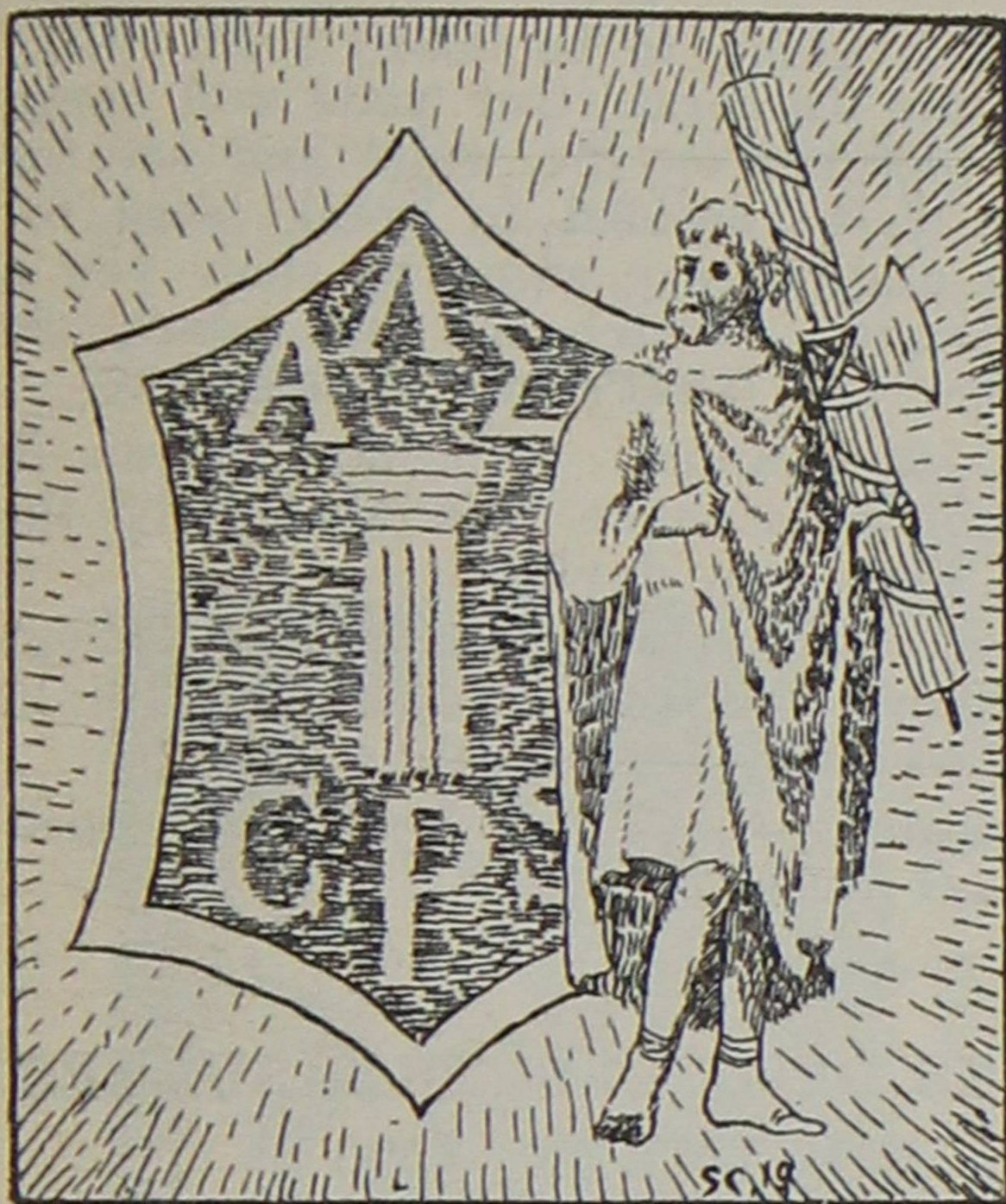
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AMPHICTYON LITERARY SOCIETY



THE past month has been one of success for Amphictyon. We won the inter-society debate against Theta. Now we look forward to our next debate with the H. C. S., who were victorious in the Philomathean-H. C. S. debate.

We also have increased our membership by a goodly number of new students. The list includes:

- Anita Chapman
- Lucile Greene
- Bernice Olson
- Ethel Schuster
- Edith Turley
- Nellie Wallace
- Gertrude Smith

- John Purkey
- Thelma Scott
- Selma Peterson
- Roy Bowers
- Fred Johnson
- Harold Fretz
- Helen Pangborn
- Lula Kenny
- Marjorie Kennedy
- Thelma Bestler

- Russel Penning
- Hilda Skreen
- Effie Huff
- Theodore Thorson
- Elmer Carlson
- Cathrine Kerr
- Sibyl Heinrick
- Roy Cruver
- Ruby Tennant

These members were given their first degree initiation at the last three meetings.

The Amphictyon programs have been few this month, as the debates have occupied most of the time. We are all looking forward to the Christmas program and tree and hope to have plenty of mistletoe.

T-T-T

KAPPA SIGMA THETA



THE Kappa Sigma Theta Sorority is proud to announce the new members who have received both degrees of initiation during the past month, and are now full-fledged Thetas. They are girls of no mean ability and we expect them to take active part in all College activities. They are

Anna Tuell, Mildred Forsberg, Mildred Gillies, Ruth Kennedy, Audrene Hedstrom and Roma Schmidt.

Following our second degree initiation a spread was enjoyed in the Home Economics Rooms and we were glad to have as our guest on this occasion Dean and Mrs. Cunningham and Mrs. Alice Baker Hanawalt.

Our programs have been exceptionally interesting this month. Our special program for Thanksgiving was as follows:

- The First Thanksgiving Eva Bock
- A Modern Thanksgiving Ethel Beckman
- Duet Myrtle Warren and Olive Martin
- What We Owe to the Pilgrims Winifred Wayne
- Blue Laws Hilda Scheyer
- What I Have To Be Thankful For Extempo

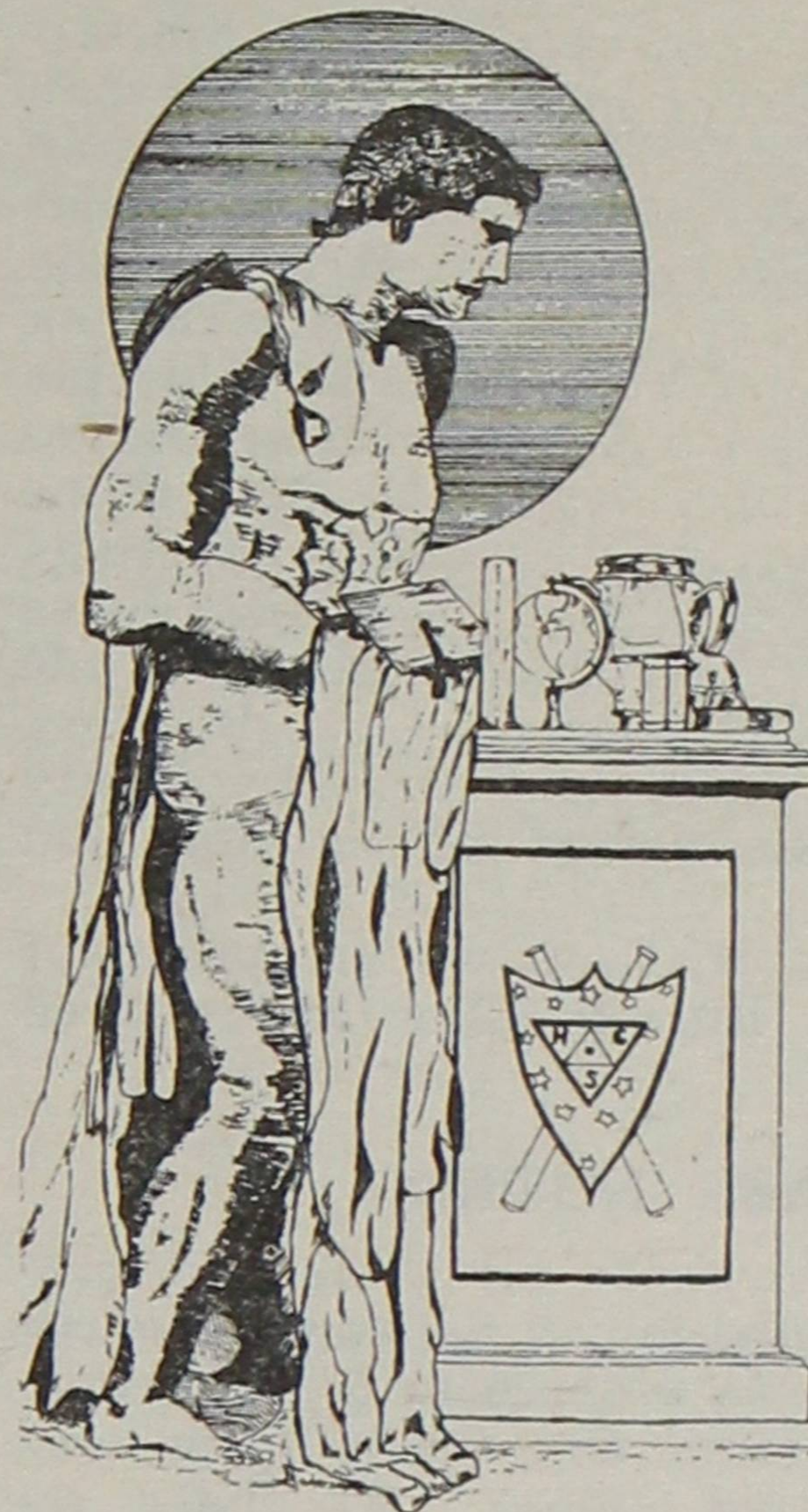
The new Thetas were given their first opportunity to display their ability on December 8, when the following program was given:

COLLEGEOLGY

- Bugology K. Anderson
- Campusology R. Kennedy
- Gameology M. Forsberg
- Solo K. Boyle
- Chapelology A. Hedstrom
- Hipology A. Tuell

For the remainder of December we expect to be busy making plans for our Christmas Tree and Spread, which is an annual affair.

H. C. S.



FOOTBALL season is over now and H. C. S. will be able to get down to work on Literary meetings. During the past weeks we have had to let things go easy because so many of our men had their time taken up by football. Now we are going to have some real programs again.

Our schedule for the winter and spring includes some of the leading business men in town. We will have them address the H. C. S. meetings on their lines of activity. Visitors are cordially invited to attend these meetings.

The new men have gone thru the "mill" and have pronounced it very efficient. The new members are Dick Wasson, Eddie Rumbaugh, Gene Schrader, Stanton Warburton, Lars Rynning and Sam Levinson.

The H. C. S. debate team came out victorious in the first of the inter-society clashes by defeating the Philomatheans on the question, Resolved: "That the Cabinet System of England Should Be Adopted By the United States."

Sam Levinson and Fielding Lemmon composed the H. C. S. team. Our next debate will be with the Amphictyons. The question and the date for this final debate have not been settled. The winner of this contest will keep the Newbegin cup for the next twelve months.

T-T-T

PHILOMATHEAN LITERARY SOCIETY



PHILO is justly proud of its new members and expects great things of them. The new members are:

- Miss Brix
- Miss Keller
- Miss Wheeler
- Miss Williams
- Miss Kloepple
- Miss Coman
- Miss Storey
- Miss McKenzie
- Mr. Hart
- Mr. Erickson
- Mr. Beattie
- Mr. Stone
- Mr. Norris
- Mr. Monty
- Mr. Brown
- Mr. McWilliams
- Mr. Matthews
- Mr. Smith
- Mr. DeWade

As the weeks and months pass by we are sure that the spirit of Philo and the meaning of first degree will have imbued them with the desire for high attainment in all phases of college life.

The new Philos are anxiously awaiting the "awe-ful," mysterious rites of third degree, which will be held December 17.

The sincerest wishes of Philo are extended to our own newlyweds, Professor and Mrs. Dunlap. May their journey on the sea of matrimony be the happiest and brightest.

The "Baby Philo" program of December 6 was presented by the new members and, to say the least, was a screaming success. There seems to be no end to the originality and pep of our new "babies."

As usual, our Christmas program will be a play, this year "The Birds' Christmas Carol," by Wiggin. Miss Perkins is

directing the play, and with the following cast an excellent production is assured.

Carol Bird	Miss Sinclair
Mr. Bird	Mr. Bowman
Mrs. Bird	Miss Coman
Elfrida	Miss Keller
Uncle Jack	Mr. Erickson
The Angel	Miss Shunk
Mrs. Ruggles	Miss Kloepple
Sarah Maud	Miss Ohlson
Peter	Mr. Stone
Peoria	Miss Hastings
Kitty	Miss Jones
Cornelius	Mr. DeWade
Clem	Mr. Cory
Baby Larry	Mr. Monty

Professor and Mrs. Dunlap have charge of lighting and properties.

Although Philo lost the debate to H. C. S. we are proud of the showing made by our team, Russell Clay and Alfred Matthews.

T-T-T

SOPHOMORE CLASS NOTES

AND we all went to Tokyo. We were all there and pronounce it the most successful Freshman-Sophomore party we have ever attended. We were ushered in to a wonderland of cherry blossoms, jack-o'-lanterns and funny little cozy corners as only the Freshmen could create. At times we wondered whether it were not possible that we were really in fairyland. We had a wonderful time playing those unique Oriental games and eating with chop-sticks or chewing strings to get the raisins suspended in the center. As for the orchestra—we pronounce it a "regular jazz." We wouldn't want Coach Peck to know how many cakes or how much candy "Rip" ate.

The Sophomores are taking a very active part in all College activities. Several of our members have taken their places in the societies and are busy acquainting themselves with the ideals and duties of their new life.

Our men have been turning out faithfully for football and Stone, Brady, Brooks and McPhail are easily letter men for this season's work. We extend to them our hearty congratulations.

Billy Ross and Sam Levinson, representing the Amphictyon and H. C. S. societies, respectively, have done credit in debate to the standards of the Class of '23. We congratulate them also in having won the decisions for their respective sides.

We are turning out a fine lineup for inter-class basketball, and are going to give any teams we run up against a run for their money.

T-T-T

FRESHMAN CLASS NOTES

IT is with a great deal of eagerness and not a little curiosity that the Freshmen await the coming of the College Banquet on December 22. The Class will attend as a whole and little urging will be necessary. We anticipate an enjoyable evening, especially as we have heard rumors that our firm friends, the Sophomores, are planning a rare program for our entertainment. We can hardly wait.

Have you noticed the pins we are wearing? We certainly are very proud of them. The Freshmen have all greatly enjoyed the many parties, banquets and suppers given during "rush week." From now on the Freshmen hope to show their appreciation by proving to be assets to whatever sorority, fraternity, or literary society they may have joined.

The Freshman party is now a thing of the past. We are breathing a bit easier now and sincerely hope that the combination of crackers, salt water and rice were not greatly detrimental to the health of our guests.

Tryouts are in progress for the Freshmen boys' basketball team. Harold Fretz, the manager, has secured a game with the Burton High School for December 17. Games with other high school teams are being arranged. The girls are expecting to have a basket-ball team also, but nothing definite has been announced so far.

JUNIOR CLASS NOTES

THERE is one class that is going to be heard from "Big" at the banquet—that's the Juniors. Our yells and songs are going to rock the pictures on the walls and set the window panes to rattling. We've decided to break loose for once from our staid dignity and we are going to show you a thing or two at "THE" Banquet. Watch for our colors, the green and white, on December 22. That's our number, '22.

We are getting busy on our Annual. We have begun in good season and we are going to make this absolutely the very best Annual that has ever seen daylight.

The Junior Class has been well represented at all College affairs. At each football game the Junior Class was to be found backing up and encouraging the football squad.

In the debates, too, the Junior Class has been well represented. Half of the debaters were Juniors.

T-T-T

ASSOCIATED STUDENTS OF C. P. S. TREASURERS' REPORT FOR NOVEMBER, 1920

Trail Fund:	Dr.	Cr.	Dr.	Cr.
On hand	\$ 262.82
Receipts	139.66
Disbursements	\$ 291.03
Balance	\$111.45
Athletic Fund:				
Overdrawn74
Receipts	757.20
Disbursements	732.39
Balance	24.07
Music Fund:				
On hand	22.65	22.65
Debate Fund:				
On hand	29.74	29.74
Banquet Fund:				
On hand	75.50	75.50
Dramatic Fund:				
Overdrawn	22.30	22.30
Incidental Fund:				
On hand	56.23
Receipts90
Balance	57.13
Balance in Treas.				
Nov. 30th	\$ 298.24	\$298.24
		<u>\$1,344.70</u>	<u>\$1,344.70</u>	<u>\$320.54</u> <u>\$320.54</u>

Dec. 2, 1920.

ANTON P. ERP, Treasurer.

T-T-T

NOEL

*C'est la saison du Noel
Et nous quitterons l'ecole
Nous crions avec la joie
Saint Nicholas est le roi*

*Nous retournons a chez nous
L'esprit du Noel est partout
Nous chantons tout le jour
Et joyeux est la coeur*

*Tres excites les petits
Pour eux chaque heure est huit
Le pere et la mere aussi
D'un air secret se conduissent*

*Et moi, je suis si heureuse
Que le monde est plein de fleurs
Le soleil brille plus brillant
Que quelque autres jours du l'an.*

Ruth Wheeler.

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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 College of Puget Sound has long prided herself on the large number of strong, aggressive thinkers which she has trained and sent out into the world, men who have played a leading role in almost every field of human endeavor. These men and women have given testimony for C. P. S. wherever they have gone. It is evidence of the great life of the College that her younger sons seek to emulate the records of those who have "arrived." Just as that "C. P. S. Spirit" put enthusiasm and determination into the very natures of our predecessors, so that same "indefinable something" is filling us with courage and strength to do our best along whatever line we may pursue. What does this mean? Does it not mean that we are finding more to think about than that which sits nearest our noses? If there is a college in which the students are not actively engaged in grappling with problems which really are problems and not mere elementary questions set by the professor upon which one puzzles one's brain to the extent of thinking about them in class just before being called on, that institution is in a deplorable condition. What I claim for C. P. S. is an exceedingly active intellectual curiosity displayed on the part of both students and professors in almost every field of activity. Books and studies are not the whole end of our endeavors. To live, fully and completely, is our endeavor, and this C. P. S. is teaching us to do.

THE TRAIL

We cannot permit this last Trail of the year 1920 to go to press without attempting in some measure to express our appreciation for all the enthusiasm and interest that has been manifested by students, faculty and alumni in the welfare of the student publication. No student body could more loyally support their paper than C. P. S. students have supported The Trail this year. And the faculty has met us more than half way. A few weeks ago the suggestion was brought before a faculty meeting that some of the staff should receive more credit remuneration. Without a dissenting vote the suggestion was passed in its entirety. Could anyone ask for better support than that?

A MESSAGE FROM DR. TODD

In the midst of their work back East in the interests of the College, President Todd and Mr. E. L. Blaine, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, send the season's greetings of cheer and good-will to all the friends of C. P. S.

THE ANNUAL BANQUET

THE annual banquet this year is to be held on December 22, at the Commercial Club. This is one of the finest events outside of Commencement on the College calendar—an event looked forward to by students, faculty, alumni, and all those interested in the College. It is a real family reunion—an occasion for the renewal of former acquaintances and the formation of new friendships. On this great occasion the College body, past and present, is at its best; the classes try to outdo each other in demonstrations of College spirit and cheer and good fellowship reigns supreme.

T—T—T

HAVE YOU SEEN "ELISE"?

Do you want to read a story that's "different"—something wierd—something with a grotesque plot? "Elise" is about the queerest story we've ever read; start it and we know you will want to finish it. It will grip your attention and carry you along to the final period. It's modern and you'll find its counterpart on many a night-court blotter. It is from the pen of one of the best romancers of C. P. S., and has been pronounced by all our literary critics to be "strangely fascinating." Read it, and let us have your opinion.

T—T—T

With that black broadcloth suit Professor Slater reminds us of Abraham Lincoln—all he lacks is the wart.

T—T—T

Yea bo! we're agoin' to the banquet.

T—T—T

The Trail Staff wishes everybody a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

T—T—T

The eventful day fast approaches.

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News of Alumni and Former Students

MAUDE SHUNK, *Editor*

ALUMNI

STUDENTS of C. P. S. have reason to be exceedingly proud of one of their alumni, Dr. Frank La Violette, who has been elected President of the Washington State Commercial Club. That a minister should be selected to head a body of business men is a tribute to this man's ability. We of C. P. S. are proud of him.

Dr. La Violette has built a splendid church in Bremerton, where he is pastor. He received his A. B., M. A., and D. D. degrees from the College of Puget Sound.

It was during the war while he was serving as a chaplain in the army that a carrier pigeon flew into his dugout, carrying a capsule under one wing with a German call for reinforcements. That was at the time of the last big German drive on Paris. The message was received with great joy in the Allied camp and a possible German victory was turned into defeat.

T—T—T

Among our former College girls who are married and living in the city are Mrs. Dix Rowland, nee Georgia Clulow; Mrs. Thompson, nee Lillian Clulow; Mrs. Arthur Mohr, nee Grace Skewis; Mrs. Dexter Armstrong, nee Florence Cook; Mrs. Sandall, nee Lois Beal; Mrs. Burns Poe, nee Elsie Grumbling; Mrs. Victor Hedberg, nee Alice Goulder; Mrs. Ray Hild, nee Edith Tennant; Mrs. Ted Lynn, nee Gladys Maddock; Mrs. Harold Maddock, nee Alma Tuell.

T—T—T

Icel Marshall, '17, is teacher of Public Speaking and Oratory at Bellingham High School.

T—T—T

Bertha Day, '11, a sister of Mrs. T. E. Dunlap, is a teacher at the Logan School.

T—T—T

William and Fremont Burrows are students at the University of Washington. Both were students here in 1917 and 1918. William was seriously injured playing football at C. P. S., and was on crutches for several months, but is now quite recovered.

T—T—T

Alice Warren, '15, is principal of Summit School, McCleary, Washington. Arnold Warren, '13, a brother of Alice and of Ermine Warren, and editor of the first C. P. S. annual, is a salesman for the Calamba Sugar Estate, one of the largest sugar estates in the Philippine Islands. The plantation is near Manila, and Mr. Warren is a frequent visitor of Professor Schofield, who is head of the Department of Music at the University of Manila.

T—T—T

Talbert Crocket, '15, is now County Superintendent of the Kitsap County Schools.

T—T—T

Harold Hanawalt, oldest son of Professor and Mrs. Hanawalt, is now in Tacoma holding a responsible position with the Todd Shipyards.

T—T—T

Ina Bock is teaching at the Irving School. Hazel Bock Herrick and her husband are in the South American Mission Field. Both are graduates of C. P. S.

T—T—T

Ralph Simpson, '15, alumni speaker at last year's Annual Banquet, is now credit man for the Standard Oil Company at Spokane.

T—T—T

ALUMNUS PUBLISHES NEWS FOR SURGEONS

MR. Sidney M. Carlson, a former student of the College, is now managing editor of the "Northwest Surgeon's Guide," published bi-monthly by the Shaw Supply Company. All manner of news of interest to surgeons of the Northwest is contained in the Guide, which has a circulation of over 4,000.

During his college days Mr. Carlson took a very great interest in the student publication. He served *The Trail* as editor, art director, and business manager. In all its career *The Trail* has never had a more talented artist than Mr. Carlson. He keeps a warm spot in his heart for struggling *Trail* editors and business managers and has helped us a great deal this fall in getting our extraordinary 1920-21 *Trail* under way. His "hints" and "suggestions" have been of inestimable value to the staff.

We wish to extend to Mr. Carlson our congratulations. We expect to see him climb steadily on up the ladder of editorial fame. His success will be an inspiration to us.

AN ALUMNUS WRITES

Seattle, Washington.

Editor the *Trail*:

In reading over the Thanksgiving number of the *Trail* I notice the results of your straw ballot and the article of Professor Davis and I am lead to wonder whether or not C. P. S. is "up to" some happenings. For instance, your straw ballot records no vote for Christensen or Debs and Professor Davis makes no mention of the rise of the Farmer-Labor Party. The latter organization will prove to be a power to be reckoned with four years hence. It is a matter of disappointment to me that neither Debs nor Christensen could get a vote in your straw ballot, not because I am especially partisan, but because the presence of such a vote would be an evidence of some independent thinking. Your student body is becoming altogether too proper, I am afraid—too regular. Haven't you any choice "red" spirits among you at all? Or is it that you have not thought it worth while to record their ballot? I am afraid I am going to feel lonesome if I ever return to my first love. Please dig out a Bolsheviki or two just for spice. Why, Mr. Editor, if you are not careful you will be so "regular" by the time the next election rolls around that you will all vote a straight Democratic ticket. You will then have reached the very apex of political respectability!

I notice that the lists are being cleared for the Willamette debate. Say, if you don't clean up that bunch pretty soon I shall lose my patience. I shall never rest easy until C. P. S. has the Willamette scalp hanging in the hall. We had it once, but the Salem coroner refused to pronounce Willamette dead and he glued the scalp back on again. Feed your men on brimstone, chili, anything, threaten them with all the torments of Tophet if they don't bring home the bacon. Willamette must be beaten. I am thirsting for blood—Zowie! Remind your men that they must not be afraid to mix. I came out of our encounter with them with two broken ribs. (They are a rough bunch.) Wade right in—hit 'em low. Let your football coach have a hand in the training of your debate stars this year.

Well I am getting unburdened alright. You see I am going out for Thanksgiving dinner and I want to go out light.

There are a good many former C. P. S. students here at the U. of W. I am considering the matter of organizing a club and holding regular meetings. C. P. S. students make good here and some of them are in positions of leadership. Neil Woody is the Stunt Duke and leader of the Knights of the Hook—perhaps the most prominent position in point of activity outside that of the President of the A. S. U. W. I think we are all rather proud of the old College, though we may have developed a real affection for our "step-mother" at Seattle.

Give my regards to the Philos. I would love to meet you all again. Please invite me to your next banquet and leave me off the program.

Tell the bunch that I still play the Devil occasionally, but the last time I wore my red garb I had to keep my bath robe on. Time and the moths are getting it too well ventilated for modesty.

I notice that Miss Reneau still cherishes the little blind hen. She ought to buy it an artificial tail for this cold weather. One of these days it will catch cold and die. What will she torment poor little Freshmen with then? And say—lay off of Doctor Harvey. If you continue to rub it in he will be resurrecting his old teaser: "What is a Watt?" Then you'll wish you hadn't.

Well, goodbye. I can hear the turkey calling me.

Yours until the snow flies,

Rex (has) fugierat.

(Anonymous by request—the Editor.)

T—T—T

A LETTER FROM "MAGGY"

December 2nd, 1920.

Dear Editor:

I have had the pleasure of reading the last two issues of the "*Trail*," and I wish very much to compliment you upon the manner in which they have been edited. It is a pleasure indeed to read a paper which combines both the excellency of literature and college spirit in the remarkable degree that is evidenced in your Thanksgiving number. To my mind, it far surpasses the issue preceding it, and it is beyond my ability to suggest any improvement whatever. I hope you will continue the good work.

Society

MARION MYERS AND WINIFRED WAYNE, *Editors*



MISS Norma Lawrence entertained for a few of her friends at her home the evening of December 3. Miss Lawrence proved herself to be an ideal hostess, as any of the guests can tell you.

The Freshman Class gave a Japanese party for the Sophomores in the college gymnasium. If the land of Japan was correctly depicted by the Frosh the Sophomores have decided en masse to travel to Japan, for it would certainly prove a land of delight.

Mr. and Mrs. Dunlap were entertained at dinner by Mrs. Cory last week. Several guests and the members of the Oakes Club were present.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Z. Smith, of Barneston, are receiving congratulations on the birth

of a daughter, November 22. Mrs. Smith (nee Dorothy Fulmer) and Mr. Smith are Theta and H. C. S. Alumni, respectively.

Some students who will be going home over the Christmas holidays are Katharine Anderson, Mildred Gillies, Harold Rector, Ross McPhail and Elmer Anderson.

The second week in November was "rush week," and Theta had her share in the festivities. One rushing party was held at the home of Mrs. Paul Hanawalt in Puyallup. Another of the dates was a spread in our Theta room and the final date of the week was a breakfast at the home of Myrtle Warren. All of these dates gave the Theta girls an opportunity to become better acquainted with the new girls. The culmination of the rushing period was Tuesday night, November 16, which was pledge night. Following the Amphictyon-Theta Debate, the Theta's with their pledges and the H. C. S. men with their pledges enjoyed refreshments at the home of Florence Todd.

The C. P. S. New Yorkers had a mighty pleasant reunion last Saturday, Nov. 27th, on the occasion of the Army and Navy football game. Bob Ellsworth visited us in all the glory of a West Point cadet, and it was mighty delightful for the four of us (Cramer, Earle, Ellsworth and myself) to be together in this distant city and talk of things C. P. S. and Tacoma.

All of us here have followed the activities of the football team with great interest, and we were indeed disappointed when the Thanksgiving game was lost to Willamette. We know you fellows fought with all your might, and that you are determined to go for 'em with increased vigor next year. We trust that you beat them in the debating field, and we'll anxiously await results.

I hope the motto "A Better and Bigger C. P. S." is ever before you, and that the entire student body will work harmoniously for that end. C. P. S. has a future, and you fellows who are on the job should feel happy in the fact that you have an opportunity to share in the shaping of her destinies.

Let me hear from you once in a while.

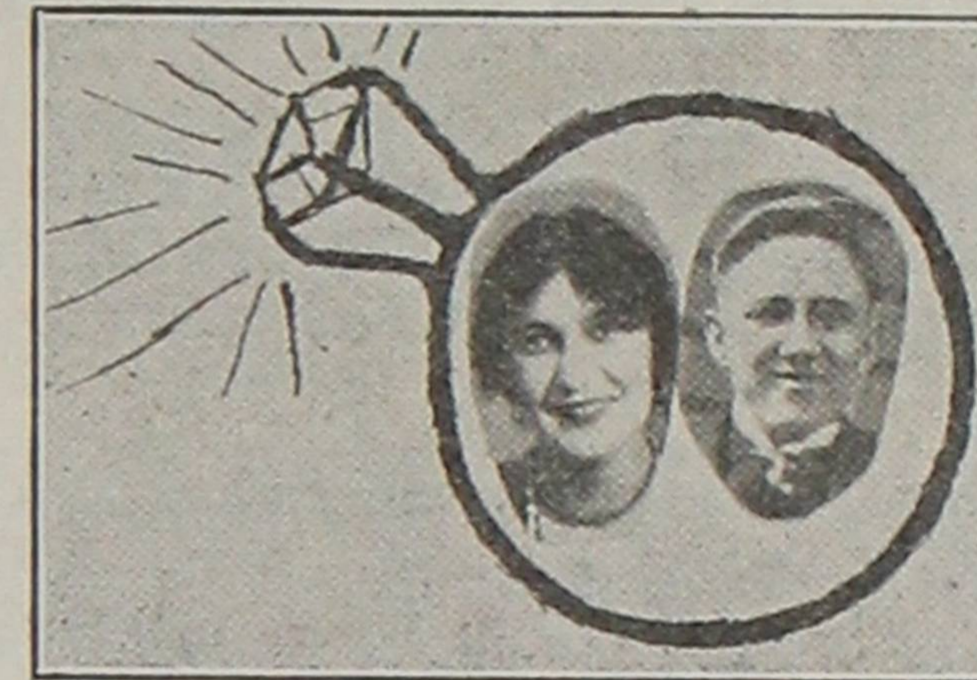
Sincerely,

H. A. MAGNUSON.

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Apartment 61,
New York City.

CHOCOLATES, LUNCHES, LIGHT GROCERIES
and STATIONERY

Yansen's Confectionery
Sixth and Fife



THE WEDDING

Elma was the town selected, Thanksgiving the day, for the marriage of Dorothy Day and Professor Dunlap, both of the College of Puget Sound. Miss Day is finishing her Senior year at the College and Mr. Dunlap is professor of Chemistry.

The wedding was somewhat of a surprise to Professor Dunlap's parents, where he and Miss Day were spending the Thanksgiving holidays, accompanied by Miss Alta Jeffers and Mr. Lauren Sheffer.

When the morning of Thanksgiving Day arrived the maid was shy and lingered behind the portières. Ted took the bride by the hand and led her forth. They accosted Reverend Dunlap.

Said Ted, handing the license to his father: "Here, Dad, is a job for you."

Faculty and students join in wishing Mr. and Mrs. Dunlap all possible happiness.

T-T-T

THE ANNUAL COLLEGE BANQUET

THE Annual Banquet of the College of Puget Sound is to be held December 22nd at the Commercial Club. The principle committees have been appointed by the general manager, Anton Erp, and are completing all necessary arrangements.

Program Committee: Thelma Hastings, Mr. Bowers and Margaret Ohlson.

Invitation Committee: Hazel Brasslin, Myrtle Warren, and Dorothy Michener.

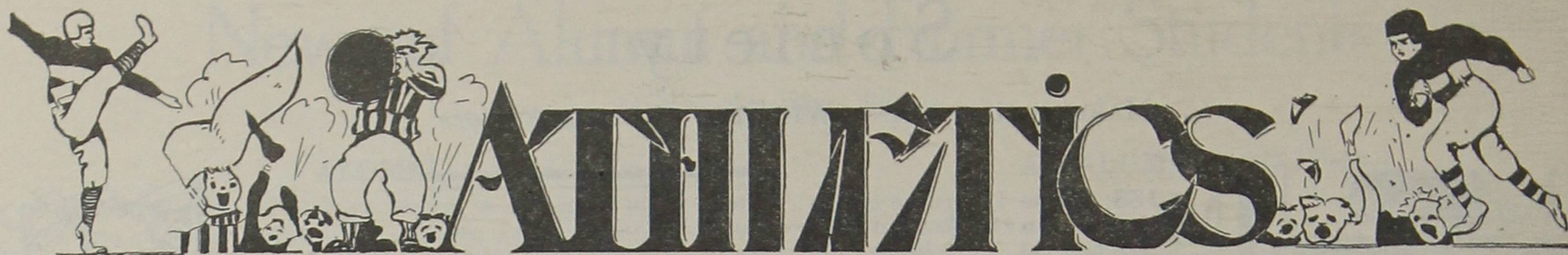
Committee for decoration of Guests' Table: Francis Goehring, Florence Todd, Marion Myers, Ruth Wheeler and Norma Lawrence.

The various classes have also appointed their committees to take care of the decorations for their tables and also to prepare their songs and yells for the occasion.

The speakers have not yet been definitely decided upon, but the toast-master presiding over the evening's entertainment will be Tom Swayze.

About 100 invitations have been issued to the friends and alumni of the College. The whole student body is looking forward to the banquet with great pleasure, as it is the one big social function of the year.





FIELDING LEMMON, *Editor*

RESUME OF THE FOOTBALL SEASON

THE football season is over and we have a chance to look back and see wherein we fell short and wherein we succeeded. It seems to be an impossibility to rectify our mistakes until after everything is over, but now we have the chance.

In the first place we started the school year with a shadow of doubt over the coaching staff. The Administration had engaged some high school coach to handle football this season and when the gentleman failed to show up for work Coach Peck was recalled to do the work.

Peck showed this season that he is a real coach and a coach of college caliber. Whatever doubts that may have been prevalent about him were certainly dispelled after the army game. Our squad of footballers played the game of its life against the Camp Lewis team on Thanksgiving Day, and they showed that they had been carefully and scientifically coached for this contest. Football critics who saw the C. P. S. plays that day have said that the College squad was the best coached eleven in football fundamentals that they had seen for some time, and that their open play was as spectacular and efficient as could be found in any University.

This goes to show what the College can do and next year we are out to do it.

It is hardly right for the season to pass, however, without a few remarks about our players. In the first place, we had another backfield this season that was worthy of all praise.

Rumbaugh, quarterback, is just at the beginning of his football career, and we will have him back again with us next season. Jack Dorsey, who distinguished himself in the Thanksgiving Day game, will be registered as a full fledged student next fall and will be able to play his same old style of fighting football. Arnett probably has played his last football for C. P. S., but we have Schrader to take his place. Schrader has played a good game all season and has the distinction of being one of the three men on the C. P. S. team this season who has scored a touchdown. He went across the line at Bremerton for the only score that C. P. S. made. Revelle very likely will be back in school again next fall. We certainly are hoping that he will be with us, for he gives a football team the proper amount of pep and fight that is so necessary to win games.

This season we were blessed with an exceptionally fine line. "Fighters, every one of them," is the best way to describe the men. Dick Wasson has improved in a wonderful style and will be one of the mainstays next season. McPhail, Gourley, Stone, Kinch, Brooks, Brady, Sheffer, Vaughn, Baker and Clay all played excellent football this year. The line has done a lot of work this season for which they have not been given credit, so these few words will in a small way make up for this oversight.

Financially and from every other standpoint we have had a successful season, and next year the football world in the Northwest will have to "watch our smoke."

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

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The College Barber

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C. P. S. FOOTBALL OUTLOOK FOR 1921

THE football season is over, and may be termed as a great success. For the first time in several years, the College of Puget Sound took its place alongside of the best secondary colleges of the Northwest in football and played creditably in each contest on the schedule. Only strong teams were played and in each game C. P. S. proved a worthy foe for its opponents.

From a financial point the season was a success, also. Heretofore, C. P. S. has played teams that were near at hand, and often times these nearby teams were not of college class. No great expense was involved in the playing of these games. But this year a different policy was carried out by the athletic management. Games were scheduled with teams that were strong enough that it would be a credit to C. P. S. even to lose to them. To play such teams, it was necessary to bring them to Tacoma or to travel several hundred miles to play elsewhere. This involved a large expense. The expenses of the season's schedule have been met, and in addition a large amount of equipment has been purchased. At this writing the athletic management is not able to say exactly as to the season's receipts and expenditures, but it can be said that in spite of the larger and more pretentious schedule, the athletic department will just about break even financially on the season.

Prospects for next season are very good and if present plans work out C. P. S., at the close of next season will be well on its way to a place in the Northwest conference, if such a place is wanted. A majority of this year's players will return again next year. Arnett, Revelle, Dorsey, Shrader and Stone will be a strong foundation for a backfield. As linesmen, Brooks, McPhail, Wasson, Brady, and Rumbaugh as quarter will be back in school. The team will miss Kinch, who has played a stellar game at end and in the backfield, and Ernest Clay, both of whom will graduate. Gourley will probably not be back.

Prospects for next year's team are better than they have ever been because Tacoma business men are more interested in athletics at C. P. S. than they have been at the close of any previous season. A number of these men have voluntarily signified their willingness to contribute financially to the support of the Maroon and White athletic program. On the strength of that interest manifested by Tacoma business interests, the athletic manager will, in the next few weeks, formulate a program for next year and go out to secure an athletic sinking fund of \$5,000. This money will in no sense be used to hire professional players, but will be used to secure the enrollment in C. P. S. next fall of a large number of first class athletes. It takes money to do this. At the present time that money is not available. Our next season's success largely depends on whether or not the necessary funds are secured with which to pay advertising bills and traveling expenses of the coach as he visits, personally, some of the high school stars in an effort to enroll them at C. P. S.

Tacoma has one college and one of the greatest places to play football in the world; namely, the Stadium. Tacoma also has a population of 100,000. This is a great setting for successful athletics and especially football. The one important thing that is necessary is for C. P. S. to have an "A No. 1" football team. The support from the town will come easily then. The only way to have a strong football team is to work for one.

C. P. S. this year has had a great team. The boys have played a high class brand of football. They have played clean and fair and have faced great odds. With no second team with which to scrimmage, and often times with not even eleven regular men out for practice, they plunged ahead anyway and succeeded. Coach Peck and Assistant Coach Wright are to be congratulated on the results obtained.

AN APPRECIATION

To Those Who Have Seen Us Through

WITH the football season over it seems to be the duty of someone connected with athletics at the college to give a vote of thanks to the many friends of the college team that have helped us through the present season.

To begin with those loyal fans who turned out for every game that the C. P. S. team played, or to such games as they were able to get to, deserve the vote of thanks of the entire student body, for it was these people who made our present season possible. Next year we hope to double or even triple this number of loyal spectators who followed the team through the season.

Tacoma newspapers are next in line, for they gave us space to tell the fans what our team was doing. The publicity received by our eleven this season in the newspapers is a bigger advertisement than the College ever has had or can very soon hope to have. At this time we thank the sport editors and hope they will be equally as liberal with us next fall.

Our other advertising friends come next. This list includes the Puget Sound Bank, the Scandinavian American Bank, the Stone-Fisher Co., Rhodes Brothers, The Hoyt Drug Co., and last, but by no means least, the Tacoma Railway and Power Co. The T. R. & P. proved to be a valuable friend to the College and the big ads which they inserted in the papers for us, free of charge, brought many spectators to the game.

The Rotary Club also must receive its share of the thanks for by buying 200 tickets to the Willamette game they gave the Athletic Fund a big boost. We hope the Rotarians will also be back of us next season.

An individual who has taken a keen interest in the college team this year and who should be listed separately under this list is Art Graham, of the Kimball Gun Store, who has followed our team through every game this year, and has been present whenever a lift was needed.

Whatever measure of success the College team acquired this year is due partly to Graham's untiring work, and we take particular pleasure in thanking him for his services.

Others may have helped that have not been mentioned here, and in a general way we thank all of our friends, so that none may feel that they have been overlooked.

Probably the thanking job may fall under some other authority than this, but it appears that no better means can be used for this work than through The Trail, the medium of popular expression at the College.

T-T-T

EDDIE DANIELSON BENEFIT GAME

THE football season closed with a win for the college and the only victory for the football year of 1920. The C. P. S. team, supported by three Camp Lewis players, met and defeated the Tacoma Athletic Club team in the final contest of the season; a contest which was staged for the benefit of Eddie Danielson, who played with us last season.

The final score was 14-13, the College squad winning by a margin of only one point, but the team deserved to win, and should be complimented on the excellent brand of football that was displayed.

Things looked dark in the first quarter for the College squad and the T. A. C. piled up a lead of 13-0 in this first period. The second quarter was ours, however, and when the whistle blew the score stood 13-7 in favor of the T. A. C. Zimmerman made the first touchdown, driving through center.

The third quarter was a fifty-fifty proposition, with neither side scoring, but in the last "canto" the surprise of the season happened. Big Newell Stone grabbed a fumbled punt and ran 65 yards to a touchdown, tying the score, and a few seconds later "Rip" Revelle sent the winning point between the cross bars.

It was all over but the shouting, and a few minutes later the game ended with the score still 14-13, and the game was ours. The final win was a fitting climax for a successful season. Most of all, we wanted to beat the T. A. C., for they thought we could not do it. Now they know we can.

C. P. S. should extend the heartiest of thanks to Roderick, Zimmerman and Crawford, who bolstered up our injured line-up for this game. They fought all the way, and were partly responsible for our victory.

THE BASKETBALL SCHEDULE

BASKETBALL is next on the docket of the C. P. S. sport calendar, and by the time this issue of The Trail is printed we will be engaged in daily practice for the indoor sport.

Prospects are about the same this season as they were last year. We have most of the old men back with us this season and from the present outlook we will have two teams.

Something new is being tried this season, and that is the inter-class games. This should be a good way to work up interest in basketball and get everybody to playing the game.

The letter men who are back in school are Brady, Brooks (captain), Kinch, Clay and Lemmon. Besides these, some promising material is entered at the school. Stone made quite a name for himself at Willamette last season, and will turn out with the men at C. P. S. this year. Rumbaugh, Cruver, Brown, Scott, Levinson and others will be out for the squad, and Coach Peck is ready to begin work on the Varsity.

A complete schedule is being arranged for the team and a good many out of town games are on the list. The best plan for the C. P. S. team is to play most of the games away from the city, as basket-ball does not draw very well here.

High schools will not be bothered with this season, but colleges occupy the schedule list. If a freshman team is organized separate from the Varsity squad, games with state high schools may be scheduled for them.

T-T-T

THANKSGIVING DAY ARMY GAME

THANKSGIVING DAY produced the thrill of the football season for the C. P. S. team, and although our boys were defeated by the Army by the score of 7-0, the game was the kind that makes coaches famous, give spectators a "rise" for their money and furnish Ring Lardner and Irving S. Cobb with ideas for football stories. In other words, the game was a "humdinger" from the time that Homer Tilley blew the whistle for the game to start until final time was called with the pigskin well on the way towards a touchdown for the College.

Starting out in the beginning of the first quarter the Camp Lewis team took the offensive and after considerable line plunging and several exchanges of punts Matlock broke across the C. P. S. goal for the first and only touchdown of the game.

After the next kick-off conditions were reversed and the Maroon and White squad took the lead with a great exhibition of forward passing in which Jack Dorsey especially distinguished himself by taking to the air, bringing down one pass that looked to be out of his reach. The now fighting "Grizzlies" carried the ball to within five yards of the Army goal, but here the soldiers held like a stone wall and took the ball on downs.

Brilliant work on the part of Zimmerman and Roderick took the ball out of the danger zone, but "Rip" Revelle, fighting to the last, but so sick that he walked groggily, intercepted a forward pass in the last quarter that kept the Army from again scoring, and gave the College the ball on the C. P. S. thirty-yard line.

What happened next would have commanded front space on every Pacific Coast newspaper if C. P. S. had the reputation of Washington University, and the Camp team had been the West Point eleven. "If's", to be sure, don't get you anywhere, but still it is sometimes a good thing to stop and "if" and this happened to be one of those "sometimes."

C. P. S. took the ball 70 yards from the goal, and without losing it once carried it to within 4 yards of a touchdown when time was called. And the Grizzlies still had their teeth in the oval and on only first down at that. That 66-yard journey was made by more thrilling open playing with Dorsey, Schrader and Kinch all connecting with passes from "Rip's" hands that netted yardage; by off-tackle plays which Dorsey and Revelle made time after time; and by end runs by Dorsey that netted big gains. Dorsey, diminutive as he may be, was the shining light of the Maroon and White team. Time after time he threw himself through the heavier Army line for big gains, circled the ends for ten yards at a time, and stuck to forward passes like flies to Tanglefoot. And the last half of the game he played with a broken rib!

The whole C. P. S. team played well in this game. The line held in pinches and fought like real gridders. The back-field sped up the play with consistent fast football, and the only marring feature of the whole game was the injury to Steve Arnett early in the first half.

With the crowd that turned out for the game and stood through the first half in the downpour of rain, it is safe to say that C. P. S. can make the Thanksgiving Day game an annual affair and get the support of the Tacoma fans.

C. P. S. DIRECTORY

THE Trail presents this month a directory of WHO'S WHO IN STUDENT ORGANIZATIONS for the use of the students. The organizations have become so numerous that the strongest memory is taxed to the limit in recalling officers of clubs, classes, and associations, for practical purposes of reference.

CENTRAL BOARD

- Ernest Clay President
Ed Longstreth Vice President
Alta Jeners Secretary
Anton Erp Treasurer
Vera Sinclair Senior Representative
Florence Maddock Junior Representative
Howard Erickson Sophomore Representative
Harold Fretz Freshman Representative
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T-T-T

Waiting for your selection—hundreds of boxes of Xmas Candies at Chocolate Shop

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Tacoma's Leading Jewelers

934 Broadway

Dead Men Tell No Tales—neither do dead students.

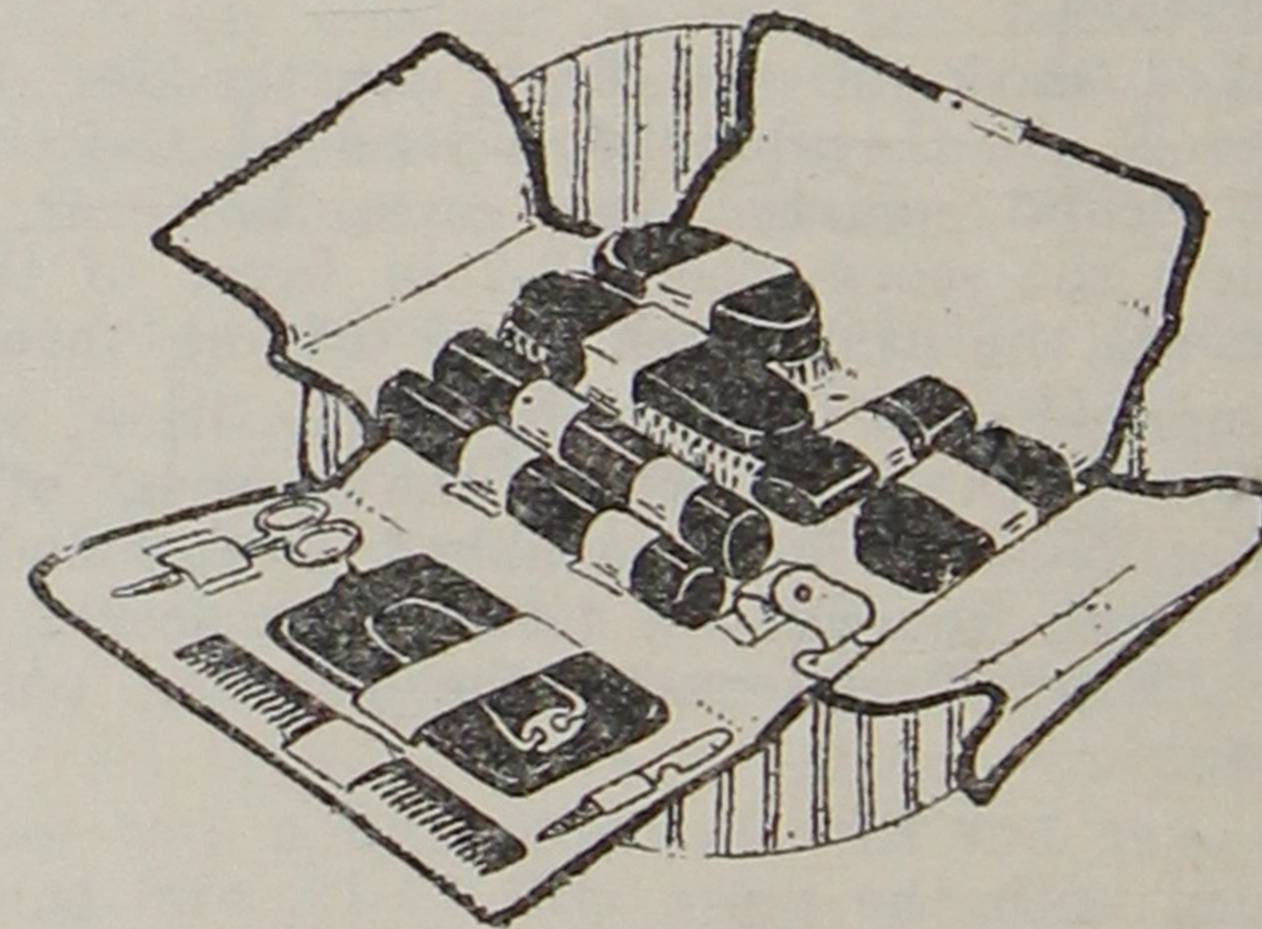
T-T-T

Oh Boy says he'll see you at the banquet.

Big Saving on Leather Gift Articles for XMAS SHOPPERS

REMOVABLE

REMOVABLE



TACOMA TRUNK CO.

932 Broadway

INTRODUCING THE GIRLS' CLUB

The proverbial Methodist preacher has nothing on us when it comes to moving. We claim to have it down to a science. November 5 was the eventful day when we took possession of our new quarters. Noon of the following day found the members of the club gathered in Marguerite's room, parked on various corners of the bed, indulging in cinnamon rolls and pickled pigs feet.

Speaking of the ups and downs of life—an ancient couch possessing a decidedly uneven disposition served as a resting place for Isabelle, Rosa and Esther. Three well filled suit cases supported three corners of the couch, while the other end was held up by a pile of library books. Esther was balanced on the edge. Rosa camped on the window sill and Isabelle occupied the occupiable portion of the old couch. Rosa's regular nocturnal program began with a touching selection entitled: "I'd like to see the girl that would fall for Bill Clay." We are told that other entertaining selections followed which, tho contrary to all rules regarding unity, coherence and emphasis, were cheerfully received by the appreciative audience.

A great deal of difficulty has been encountered in securing an appropriate name for our institution. Since the folks on the other side of the fence are known as the Oakes Club it was suggested that we be known as the "Clinging Vines." This was unsatisfactory, however, for although we admit that the "Sturdy Oakes" are nice enough to cling to, yet the members of our family prefer not to cling. After due consideration of the subject "The Girls' Club" was selected as a fitting name. The charter members are Rosa Perkins, Isabelle Mullenger, Rita Todd, Esther Graham, Gerda Gasman, Marguerite Thoman and Thelma Hastings.

With the exception of Reta and Marguerite, who were able to go home for Thanksgiving, the members of the Club spent Thanksgiving Day at the Oakes Club, where the family with a few Millionaires' Club guests gathered around the table laden with a big Thanksgiving dinner. The program was as follows:

- Song—"Jingle Bells"
- "Spirit of Thanksgiving" Professor Davis
- Original Poem Honorable Bud Harris
- "What I Am Most Thankful For" Thelma Hastings
- "A Turkey's Biography" Ross Cory
- Extempo—"While There's Life There's Hope" ..Maude Shunk
- "Der Sturdy Oakes" Isabelle Mullenger
- "Der Glinging Vines" Esther Graham
- "My Opinion of Oakes Club Members on Thanksgiving" .. Charles Brady
- "A Talk by Ma" Mrs. Cory

Doxology.

After the dinner and program the young folks sang songs and played games. We hope to make our Club an asset to the community and are well on our way, as we have taught several to wash dishes and cut wood and the like.

T-T-T

MILLIONAIRES' CLUB

It is with a deep feeling of duty and responsibility that we take our pen in hand and write this with a lead pencil.

We welcome to our family circle Mr. Spizzerinktum. He is a very accomplished vocalist and keeps us awake nights with his practicing. Senator Davis and Newell Stone have handed in their resignations to the Bachelors' Club, while Bud Harris and Cy Jones have started an organization of their own called the "Down and Out Club." The official color of the club is blue, and the flower the forget-me-not. Someone should tell Erp that bigamy isn't allowed in this state. He is leading a double life.

We have very little hope for Ted Beattie. The only things that keep him alive are a picture on his dresser and a fat letter three or four times a week. They say that prices are regulated by the demand and supply. We wouldn't be a bit surprised to see a sharp advance in the rice market. Things are coming to a serious pass between Clyde and (?). All the Millionaires wish them the best of luck.

Russ Penning says that a change of pasture makes fat cattle, and what's the use of chewing off too much anyway when there is such an abundance. We would have the shock of our young lives if Russ should step out with a girl. Lewis Cruver has evidently adopted the "treat 'em rough" policy. He came in from a visit to Puyallup terribly mussed up and covered with mud. Paul Snyder still "Terrys," but not in Tacoma. Ernest Clay's other address is Vader, Washington.

Bill Clay claims to be the only surviving bachelor in the place, but he has taken a strange fancy to tinted and per-fumed stationery and watches the mail box for letters from his "mother."

OAKES CLUB

There was the tramping of many feet, then the faint strains of music, punctuated by a few short commands, then the bedlam broke loose. There were numerous voices of different pitches, undertones, overtones, and no tones at all. Someone attempted to reach first base, and was thrown out, while another reached for high C, and missed it by half the alphabet. Then a sharp command was heard. The shouting and the tumult died, but more tramping of feet took place, then a great silence like the calm before a storm, then again clashing of steel against steel was heard. This lasted about fifteen minutes, then the shouting broke out anew. But several voices had been seriously changed by these several happenings. Soon the number of voices grew fewer and fewer, and the ones that remained became less enthusiastic, until at last, like a vanquished foe, the violators of the peace and silence, faded away to their beds and the movies. (Mostly the movies.)

No, kind readers, this is not a description of the battle of the Marne, nor even of the Irish rebellion, but merely dinner time at the Oakes Club, with musical (?) accompaniment.

T-T-T

"The Candy with a Conscience," we make it, Chocolate Shop

Heartiest Wishes for a Merry Xmas
and a Happy New Year

From

The Store That Sells

USEFUL XMAS GIFTS

Washington Tool and Hardware Co.

10th & Pacific Ave.

"Home of Spalding Athletic Good"

Oh Boy says the Editor had a hard time with this Trail.

AT FROM 50c TO \$5.00

We can show you a world of useful articles that a man will appreciate and wear and that will, as a consequence, make an acceptable Christmas present.

DICKSON BROS. CO.

1120-22 Pacific Ave.

A. GRUMLING & CO.
 Dry Goods, Notions, Art Needle Work
 Men's Fuurnishings
 2505 6th Ave. Tacoma Phone Main 497

Oh Boy says he can't hardly wait until the Amphic and H. C. S. debaters tangle.

T-T-T

So it's between the H. C. S. and the Amphics, eh?

FOR QUALITY and SERVICE QUICK SHOE
 REPAIRING, go to
SMITH & GREGORY
 311 1/2 So. 11th St. Main 1447

Well, Mathews, somebody had to lose.

T-T-T

Oh Boy says he's glad he don't live in Armenia.

T-T-T

UNEQUAL LOSSES

Frederick was sitting on the curb, crying, when Billy came along and asked him what was the matter.

"Oh, I feel so bad 'cause Major's dead—my nice, old collie," sobbed Frederick.

"Shucks," said Billy. "My grandmother's been dead a week and you don't catch me crying."

Frederick gave his eyes and nose a swipe with his hand, and looking up at Billy, sobbed despairingly:

"Yes, but you didn't raise your grandmother from a pup."

T-T-T

Say, Miss Hart, when you going to sing again?

Brick Ice Cream
 Neopolitan—Vanilla, or bricks to your order.
OLYMPIC ICE CREAM CO.
 Main 7919

What did you buy her for Christmas?

T-T-T

Mr. Wallace Scott, tenor deluxe.

T-T-T

Vestigia Nulla Retrorsum, no footsteps backward.

Christmas Cards—Gift Stationery
HILTON & HOTCHKISS CO.
 Stationers
 109 So. 10th St. Main 7656

DRAMATICS

THE Department of Dramatics has kept up its good work so well begun. The Department has gained the reputation of furnishing good entertainment whenever it is called upon. This is largely due to the time and work Mrs. Hovious has devoted to the Department. She is to be commended on the results she has obtained.

All but one of the one-act plays have been presented before limited audiences and all are now ready for the final production.

"Glory of the Morning" will be presented to the public about December 16. It is a play portraying the life and legends of the Winnebago Indians. Helen Monroe takes the part of "Glory of the Morning" and interprets the character with unusual skill. Alice Beardemphl shows her usual ability in the role of "Black Wolf." Frances Goehring plays the part of "Oakleaf" the "Pretty One" charmingly, and Esther Graham, as "Redwing," "Oakleaf's" brother portrays her character well. Sam Levinson is "Half Moon" in the cast, the white husband of "Glory of the Morning."

With "Glory of the Morning," "The Clod" will be produced also. The role of "The Clod" is played by Hazel Hooker. Tom Swayze plays the part of "Thaddeus" creditably. Hilda Scheyer is cast as the "Sergeant," Myrtle Warren as "Dick," and Elmer Anderson as the "Northern Soldier."

"Dolls," a clever Christmas play, will be presented at the same time.

Last month a recital was given by the department. The program was as follows:

- One-act Play—"The Twelve Pound Look."
- Savanarola—(Cutting by George Eliot) Alice Beardemphl
- Scotch Dialect Lodemia Kilbourne
 - (a) "A Man's A Man For A' That."
 - (b) "John Anderson My John."
 - (c) "Cuddle Doon."
- "Fiddlin' By De Firelight" Olive Brown
(With musical accompaniment.)
- Negro Dialect Marie Castator
 - (a) "'Sprees Yo' Self."
 - (b) "Coquette Conquered."

On December 3, another recital was given in the chapel. The Program follows:

- One-Act Play—"Overtones"
- Harriet Rosa Perkins
- Hetty Helen Brace
- Margaret Olive Martin
- Maggie Florence Maddock
- "Americano Girl" Daly
- "Just Thankful" Ruth Campbell
- "The Happiest Time" Cutling
Mrs. Jean DeLong
- "When Angelina Sings" Dunbar
Clarence Slyter
- "The Clod"—One-act play.

T-T-T

Same old address, 908 Broadway, Chocolate Shop

T-T-T

DEBATE

Of interest this month were the inter-society debates which were held on November 16 and 29. On November 16, the Amphictyon team, composed of Billy Ross and Roy Owen, upholding the affirmative of the question, Resolved: "That the Japanese Immigrants Be Denied Citizenship," defeated the Kappa Sigma Theta team, Florence Maddock and Helen Brace. On the twenty-ninth the Philo team went down to defeat in a hard fought contest defending the negative of the question, Resolved: "That the Cabinet System of Government As Used In Great Britain Be Adopted By the United States." Fielding Lemmon and Sam Levinson represented H. C. S. against Alfred Matthews and Russel Clay of the Philomatheans.

The Amphictyon team will clash with the H. C. S. team probably early in January for the final debate, which will determine the possession of the Newbegin trophy.

Tryouts for the intercollegiate debates will be held immediately after the Christmas holidays. The rules for the oration for the \$100 Burmeister prize have been posted in the Department of Public Speaking. Here is an opportunity to corner something. Try for it.

T-T-T

Vestigia Nulla Retrorsum, hm—I can't recall his face now.

Y. M. C. A.

The Y. M. C. A. has shown a vast improvement over the last few years. Practically every man in school attends the meetings. The leadership as well as the speakers are exceptionally good. The meetings have been a big success so far, and we hope they will continue so thruout the school year.

The Y. M. C. A. urges its members to get behind and boost the 1921 Pageant.

T—T—T

Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. meetings during the past month have been well attended by the girls, and it is a fact that the girls who do not come are missing something good. At the present time the cabinet is adopting plans regarding the Pageant, which will be put on next spring. In order to make it a success it will be necessary for Mrs. Hovious and the committees in charge to have the co-operation of every person in school. Be prepared when called upon to do your part in making this Pageant an even greater success than the one put on last year.

T—T—T

Many specials in Candy for Xmas—Chocolate Shop

T—T—T

TACOMA GLASS CO.

Sash Door Glass

Wind Shields

Plate Glass

Glazing

We Make Mirrors

764 Commerce St.

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CHAPEL REVIEW

Dr. Schuett, of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, and Dr. Kennedy, of Immanuel Presbyterian Church, were two of the speakers of note who conducted interesting chapel services during the past month. The chapel period conducted by Mrs. Hovious was also well received.

Dr. Dyer, of the First Congregational Church, delivered a very timely address on "The Heritage of the Pilgrims," in chapel on December 6, as the beginning of a series of evangelistic services which are to be held during the week. Dr. Coughlin is the speaker for the remaining services.

T—T—T

THE SCIENCE CLUB

The November meeting of the C. P. S. Science Club was held at the home of Mr. Brooks, on South 7th Street. Following one of those indescribable and unsurpassed Science Club dinners, served by Miss Brooks, Mr. Douglas Bowman was initiated into the deep and fathomless mysteries of the life of a Scientist.

The larger part of the evening was given over to listening to papers by Mr. Erp, Mr. Longstreth, Mr. Brooks and Professor Slater, which were the cause of much thoughtful discussion among the members. We were glad to welcome Mr. Ciscar back to our circle after his extended sojourn in distant parts.

Mr. Erp is to be the host at the last meeting of the Science Club in the year 1920.

One of the active members has been so indiscreet as to attach to himself a wife, and since our deliberations are of too deep a nature to be rehashed into any woman's ear, we will gently place our much mourned brother on the roll of those who have passed on. It is with great sorrow that we are compelled to do this for—it was to have been Professor Dunlap's duty to be host at the first meeting of the Science Club in 1921.

T—T—T

Mr. Gjesdahl says his psychology class is getting too witty for him.

Flowers are most welcome gifts
Say it with Flowers at Christmas

HAYDEN WATSON, Florist

911 Pacific Ave.

Phone Main 300

That motto "Vestigia Nulla Retrorsum" on this cover means "no footsteps backward."

BELL GROCERY

R. G. DAVIDSON, Prop.

Fancy and Staple Groceries
Fruits—Nuts—Candies

2602 Sixth Ave.

Main 444

CONSERVATORY NOTES

Howling still goes on undisturbed at the Conservatory. Anyone having an inordinate desire to holler should come over and do it in concert. Chapel choir warbles every Friday morning at chapel, to the accompaniment of Clayton's calisthenics. (He calls it directing.)

Mr. Leon Bain has returned from his evangelistic tour as a soloist. Things look more natural with him around.

Anyone desiring to sit at the Conservatory table at the banquet put your "John Henry" on the list on the bulletin board at the Studio. Let's get some pep—we are going to have the prettiest table of all. Sh! Don't tell anyone.

December 6 we all went down to the Tacoma Theatre in a body to hear Lhevinne. The performance was an excellent one and a large crowd was there.

To those who haven't been at the Conservatory much—here's a tip. Better sign up for some classes next semester. Clayton is usually fifteen minutes late. 'Nuf sed.

T—T—T

Once in a life-time, eh, Ted?

T—T—T

Here's one the copy-reader slipped in without the humor editor's knowledge:

Charlie was seeing Ruth home. They lingered at the front door. Suddenly a distinct "wh-r-r-r" sounded, seeming to come from within the house. Not knowing whether to run or stay and stick it out Charlie stood speechless, blank as to expression, and stationery as the Rock of Gibraltar. Still the wh-r-r-r continued. Finally Ruth had the presence of mind to tell Charlie to remove himself from off the doorbell. "Charlie seems to have a leaning toward doorbells, if not toward Isabelles," says Ruth.

Have you tried Victory Ice Cream?

Made on Sixth Ave.

Phone Main 1793

2801 Sixth Ave.

That was what the second story man said as he rounded the third block on his flight from the "bulls."

XMAS FOOTWEAR

Gift Slippers of all kinds for every member
of the family, at

HEDBERG BROS.

1306 Broadway

Humor

Hand Picked by SAD SLIM BRADY

LETTER FROM A FOND FATHER TO HIS DAUGHTER AWAY AT C. P. S.

My Dear Rebecca:

Ma and I have been much worried since receiving your last letter. I have looked that Wasson up and find he is from Gig Harbor. Now that settles it. Drop him. We like the idea of a lipstick. If that doesn't keep him away get a club. Besides I have a young preacher picked out for a son-in-law.

Your college basket-ball team was in town last Friday and the fools spent two hours trying to throw a ball in a basket with a hole in it. I spent thirtyfive cents to get in and I could not go before it was over, for I thought some fool would discover that the basket had a hole in it. They all had on short trousers and I am glad you were not here to see them. I think that sort of thing should be suppressed.

Rebecca, please don't join any secret societies. I belong to the Grange now and that's enough for one family. Also you don't need to study any foreign languages because you can ask for money in forty different languages now.

Your Glee Club was in town Wednesday night. I took your mother and the tickets cost fifty cents each. When it was over I went up and asked them if they knew you. They grinned and started singing: "How you going to keep her down on the farm."

Your loving Daddy,
Will B. Nutts.

P. S.—Uncle Hiram lost another new hat. It was on election this time. He bet on Cox.

(Apologies to)

T—T—T

Better Service—Lower Prices—For You. Chocolate Shop.

T—T—T

An Irishman was handling dynamite in a quarry. He let a stick drop, and the whole box went up, taking Mike with it.

Later on the quarry boss came around and said to another Irishman: "Where's Mike?"

"He's gone," was the reply.

"When will he be back?" asked the boss.

"Well," was the reply, "If he comes back as quick as he went he'll get here yesterday."

T—T—T

"Hey, what mashed this mountain out of shape?"

"A cloud fell on it," explained the scene shifter.

T—T—T

"What should I wish a lady candidate?"

"Many happy returns."

T—T—T

"So you graduated from a barber college? What was your College yell?"

Monty: "Cut his lip, cut his jaw, leave his face raw, raw, raw."

T—T—T

Man (to the waiter): "Bring me some ham and eggs, some corn and some potatoes. Wait, you may eliminate the eggs."

Waiter (returning after long absence): "Say, boss, wouldn't you all jest as leave have your eggs fried? We done busted our eliminator."

T—T—T

TWO VIEWS

The pessimist:
Love is transient
Love is fleeting
Love is nonsense
Love is cheating
Love is foolish
Love is funny
Love is fickle
Love costs money

The Optimist:
Love is blissful
Love is beauty
Love is joyous
Love is duty
Love is lasting
Love is honey
Love is pleasure
Love costs money

T—T—T

VERILY, VERILY

"Every time I have an argument with my wife I enter it in a small diary."

"Ah—I see. You keep a little scrap-book."

T—T—T

"Excuse me, old man, but your nose—I never saw it like that before. The result of an accident?"

"Partly, but mainly the resulted of a dispute between surgeons. One wanted it set Greek, the other Roman."

"Why did you strike the telegraph operator," saked the police.

"Well, I gives him a telegram to my girl and he starts reading it, and I soaked him."

T—T—T

WORSE'N THAT

"What is it when you marry twice at the same time?"

"Polygamy."

"And when you only marry once?"

"Monotony."

T—T—T

NEVER

"What are you doing here?"

"Just airing my views," explained the photographer, as he put some blue prints out to dry.

T—T—T

YOU TELL 'EM, BACK ROW

Prof. Davis (to Sociology Class): "When you think of Kinch, you think of him in relation to what? Is it football?"

Back Row Student: "No; it's Girls."

T—T—T

Ireland's new phone number: MacSweeney—ate nothing (80).—Ubysey.

T—T—T

Freshie: "What time is it when the clock strikes thirteen."

Soph.: "You've got me. What?"

Freshie: "Time the clock was fixed."

T—T—T

Teacher: "Henry, can you define a hypocrite?"

Henry: "It's a kid wot comes to school with a smile on his face."

T—T—T

"Gimme a chicken."

"Do you wanna pullit?"

"Naw, I want to carry it."

T—T—T

An empty head, like an empty wagon, rattles much more than a full one; in each case, the tongue pilots the rattle.

T—T—T

EVER FEEL THIS WAY, BILLY?

He: "Darling, why are you so sad?"

She: (gulping down a sob): "Oh, dearest, I was just thinking this will be our last evening together until tomorrow night."

T—T—T

Who learns and learns, but acts not what he knows,
Is one who ploughs and ploughs and never sows.

T—T—T

DEGREES OF FINALITY

When a girl says "no"

She may kinder grow.

But there's little hope

When she says "nope."

And there's not a bit

When she murmurs "Nit."

T—T—T

Katie B.: "Will a pair of stocks hold all you want for Christmas?"

Mid F.: "No, but a pair of socks would."

T—T—T

"Dere Editer:

Why does Kathleen go with Lemmon? I thot she preferred something sweet."

T—T—T

A MODERN ROMANCE

Information, speculation, fluctuation, ruination.

Dissipation, degradation, reformation, or starvation.

Application, situation, occupation, restoration.

Concentration, enervation, nerve prostration, a vacation.

Destination, country station, nice location, recreation.

Exploration, observation, fascination—a flirtation.

Trepidation, hesitation, conversation, simulation.

Invitation, acclamation, sequestration, cold libation.

Stimulation, animation, inspiration, new potation.

Demonstration, agitation, circulation, exclamation.

Declaration, acceptance, osculation, sweet sensation.

Exultation, preparation, combination, new relation.

DON'T BELIEVE A WORD OF IT

It has been announced that all the Chem. II. class will get a semester grade of I.

T-T-T

Fred Herzog has a new job. He is the walking advertisement of a new patent hair tonic.

T-T-T

Professor Harvey is organizing a new class in aesthetic dancing.

T-T-T

Newell Stone is a confirmed woman hater.

T-T-T

The library has been reduced to absolute quiet since the petition was sent around requesting silence during study hours.

T-T-T

Clyde Kinch has lost all his former ardor for Lucille.

T-T-T

Professor Slater has decided to convert all lab periods for any of his classes into social get-acquainted hours.

T-T-T

The Day-Dunlap wedding was a complete surprise to the students of the College.

T-T-T

Gene Shrader and Rosa Perkins have organized a mutual admiration society.

T-T-T

Ross McPhail wishes it announced that he expects to be the prize winner in the Oratorical Contest this year.

T-T-T

Douglas Bowman has already launched a political campaign in the hopes that he may be music manager next year.

T-T-T

The charivari on the Dunlaps on the night of December first was a huge success. All the participants agree fully as to the truth of this statement.

T-T-T

Prof. Dunlap: "What is AS_2O_3 ?"

Fretz (thinking): "I have it on the tip of my tongue."

Prof. Dunlap: "Spit it out; it's arsenic."

Beautiful Poinsettias for Christmas Gifts

California Florists

907 Pacific

Phone M. 7732

That's Andy's cry when he makes his daily noon-hour dash for the lunch-room.

HOYT'S DOUGHNUT LUNCH

Decorated Cakes for Birthday Parties and Banquets.

Hot Doughnuts and Coffee after 6 o'clock.

Main 70.

2412 Sixth Ave.

NO, I INSIST

"We pay this author by the word."

"True."

"In Chapter I. the heroine says: 'No, a thousand times no.'"

"Well?"

"Shall we count that as a thousand words?"

"No, a thousand times NO."

T-T-T

Stern Father: "See here, young man. Who do you think is the boss around here, you or me?"

Son: "Sh-h-h-h, pa; mother's in the next room."

T-T-T

CAN IT BE, SYLVIA?

Uncle and neice stood watching the young people dance around them.

"I bet you never saw any dancing like this in the nineties, eh, Unkie?"

"Once, but the place was raided."

T-T-T

Old Lady: "If you want to remain pretty you must always be good."

Her Grandchild: "Then, grandma, you must have been very, very naughty."

FOUNTAIN PENS

EVERSHARP PENCILS

FINE STATIONERY

Stationery is one of the few things a young lady can accept from a young man

PIONEER BINDERY & PRINTING CO.

947 Broadway

Waiter, have you some of this Vestigia Nulla Retrorsum? I'll try a little. I'm bold; 'fact, I used to fit vests down at Levy's.

MAKE YOUR CHRISTMAS ELECTRICAL

Appliances are practical

We'll gladly show you

Domestic Electric Appliance Co.

Phone Main 1475

740 St. Helens Ave.

MAX, HOW ABOUT THIS?

"Father, you shouldn't have kicked poor Max last night. You nearly broke his heart."

"Nonsense. His heart wasn't near where I kicked him."

T-T-T

She: "He talks like a book."

He: "What a pity he doesn't shut up as easily."

T-T-T

Have you noticed our Saturday Sales Prices on Candy?

Chocolate Shop

T-T-T

A ROMANCE

He met her in the meadow

When the sun was sinking low.

They walked along together

In the twilight's afterglow.

She waited until patiently

He had lowered all the bars;

Her soft eye bent upon him

As radiant as the stars;

Did not smile or thank him,

In fact, she knew not how;

For he was but a farmer lad,

And she, a Jersey cow.

T-T-T

"The fool and his money are soon parted."

"Yes, but the mystery to me is how they ever happened to get together in the first place."

T-T-T

Professor: "What is the logical way to reach a conclusion?"

Bright Student: "Take a train of thought, sir."

INDEPENDENT MARKET

Fresh and Cured Meats

Butter

Eggs

Groceries and Vegetables of all kinds.

Watch Sixth Avenue News and News-Tribune for specials every Friday

Free Delivery

Phone Main 383

Yeh, and she'll be there, and Rector, and Wasson and all those pretty Frosh girls, and Dean A. B. C. and all the honorable faculty, and lots of alumni, and Russel, and Winifred, and Miss Hart is going to sing, maybe, and we'll have olives, lots of them, no annual banquet is complete without olives, and when the yells get going there'll be more noise than twenty boiler shops—'n everything.

C. C. MELLINGER COMPANY

RESIDENCE FUNERAL DIRECTORS

510 So. Tacoma Ave.

Telephone Main 251

Tacoma, Washington

We have a large variety of very acceptable Christmas Gifts at reasonable prices.

SWEATERS PILLOW COVERS
ATHLETIC GOODS

The Kimball Gun Store, Inc.
1107 Broadway

BUCKLEY-KING COMPANY
Funeral Directors
730-32 St. Helens Avenue
Telephone Main 412 Tacoma, Wash.

WISHED TO KNOW THE WORST

An Eastern business man, visiting a town in the West for a brief period, found himself obliged to submit to the tender mercies of the local barber. The experience was anything but satisfactory—he was nicked, gashed, and generally man-handled. At the completion of the job the Easterner sat up in the chair and demanded a drink of water.

"You are not going to faint, I hope, sir," said the barber, noticing his customer's distressed expression.

"No," was the answer; "I merely want to ascertain whether my face will hold water."

T-T-T

Just for fun a big Delicious Ice Cream Chocolate 60c per pound. Chocolate Shop.

INDEX TO ADVERTISERS

Bell & Sons	Inside Front
Bell Grocery	21
Bitney & Son	13
Brown & Haley	Inside Back
Buckley, King Co.	24
Burnside Hat Co.	10
Burnett Bros.	18
California Florists	23
Chocolate Shop	Fillers
Dickson Bros.	19
Domestic Electric Co.	23
Feist & Bachrach	Inside Back
General Electric Co.	2
Grumbling & Co.	20
Hart, Frank C.	15
Hayden Watson Co.	21
Hedberg Bros.	21
Hinz Florist	12
Hoyt Doughnut Lunch	23
Hilton Hotchkiss Co.	20
Independent Market	23
Kimball Gun Store	24
Mahncke & Co.	Inside Front
McCormick Bros.	Inside Front
Mellinger Undertaking Parlors	23
Modern Cleaners & Dyers	13
Olympic Ice Cream Co.	20
Pioneer Bindery & Printing Co.	23
Rhodes Bros.	Back Page
Silver Moon	24
Shaw Supply Co.	Inside Front
Sixth Ave. Barber Shop	16
Smith and Gregory	20
Stone Fisher Co.	Inside Back
Sun Drug Co.	10
Tacoma Glass Co.	21
Tacoma Trunk Co.	18
Victory Ice Cream Co.	21
Walters Bros.	12
Washington Tool & Hardware Co.	19
Yansen Confectionery	15

"NINE RAHS"
Monty,
in action
(Monty is a very smart speaker.)

Educated Freshman!—How glorious is the scene below!
Prof Harvey:—Then what did you want to bring me all the way up here for?

A sophomore may be down;— But he is NEVER OUT!

Remember!
Don't spend your Christmas vacation reading the Want Ads! If you can't find a job—
Help Wanted! you might see a man's name. Evidently, he usually has several good bank jobs (piling WOOD, in the basement)

Dean Cunningham once said:—
"The first time you get kicked by a mule, it's the mule's fault. The second time you get kicked it's your fault!"

Make Your Own Love!

Walters: "I went \$4 worth of something to eat"
Walters: "Boss, ya said a mouthful."

E. J. LANDWEHR

Meet me at THE SILVER MOON
Nine Seventeen Broadway
For High Grade Candies, Lunches and Confection
ALFRED and BERK, Proprietors

NOTTY LYRIC

Mary, on her pretty arm,
Found a flea one day,
When she tried to catch the flea
It would hop away.
Fido saw her acting so,
And it made him jolly.
"Woof!" he said; which really means
"Golly, Mary, Golly!"

ELISE
(Continued from page 5.)

The Man: "Charlie! What are you saying? Come back to earth, you fool. She's anyone's plaything, anyone's to caress—to possess—a girl of the streets!"

The Boy: "I don't care! I tell you I could marry her. She has given me my first inspiration in years, my first impulse to regain my idealism. I owe her something for that. I could keep her straight."

The Man: "You fool! Keep her straight. Why, there's not a response in her heart to anything good! Not a spark of —"

A revolver shot is heard coming from a little distance off.

The Man: "My God, she's —"

The Boy (stricken): "Not a spark!"

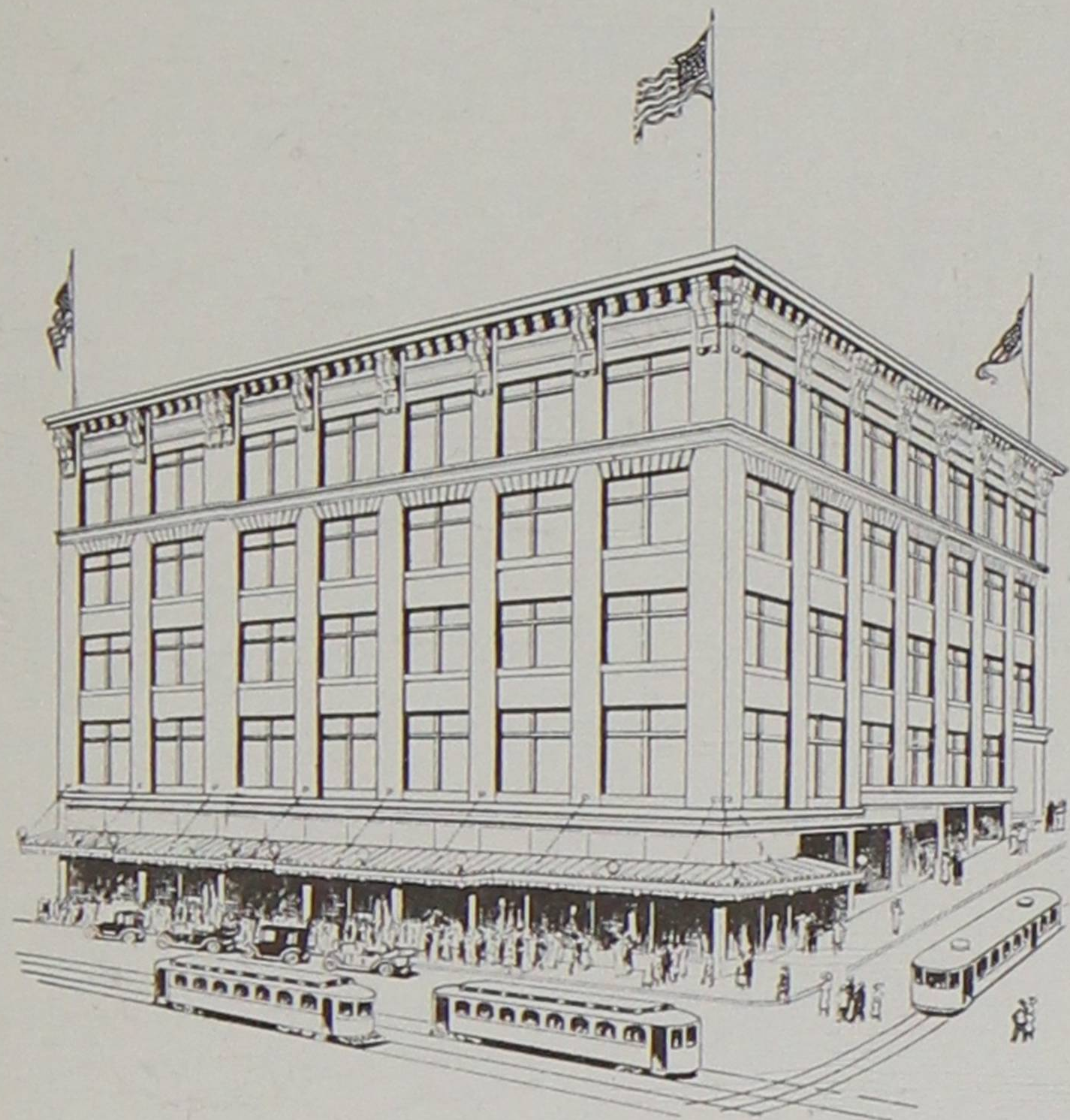
(Boy and Man rush off. Taxi driver jumps from his seat. The Boy and the Man return with the body of the Girl. They lay her beside the taxi.)

The Man: "She's still—laughing."

The End.

THE STONE-FISHER CO.

TACOMA. BROADWAY AT 11TH.



A Christmas Greeting From The Christmas Store Beautiful

We are Glad to Extend
To the Trail Staff
And All its Readers
Our Sincerest Wishes
For
A Merry Christmas
and
A Happy New Year.

AND A LAST WORD

—If your Gift List is still incomplete—This is the Store for Gifts,
beautiful and fine, from extensive stocks, for most helpful service.

THANK YOU

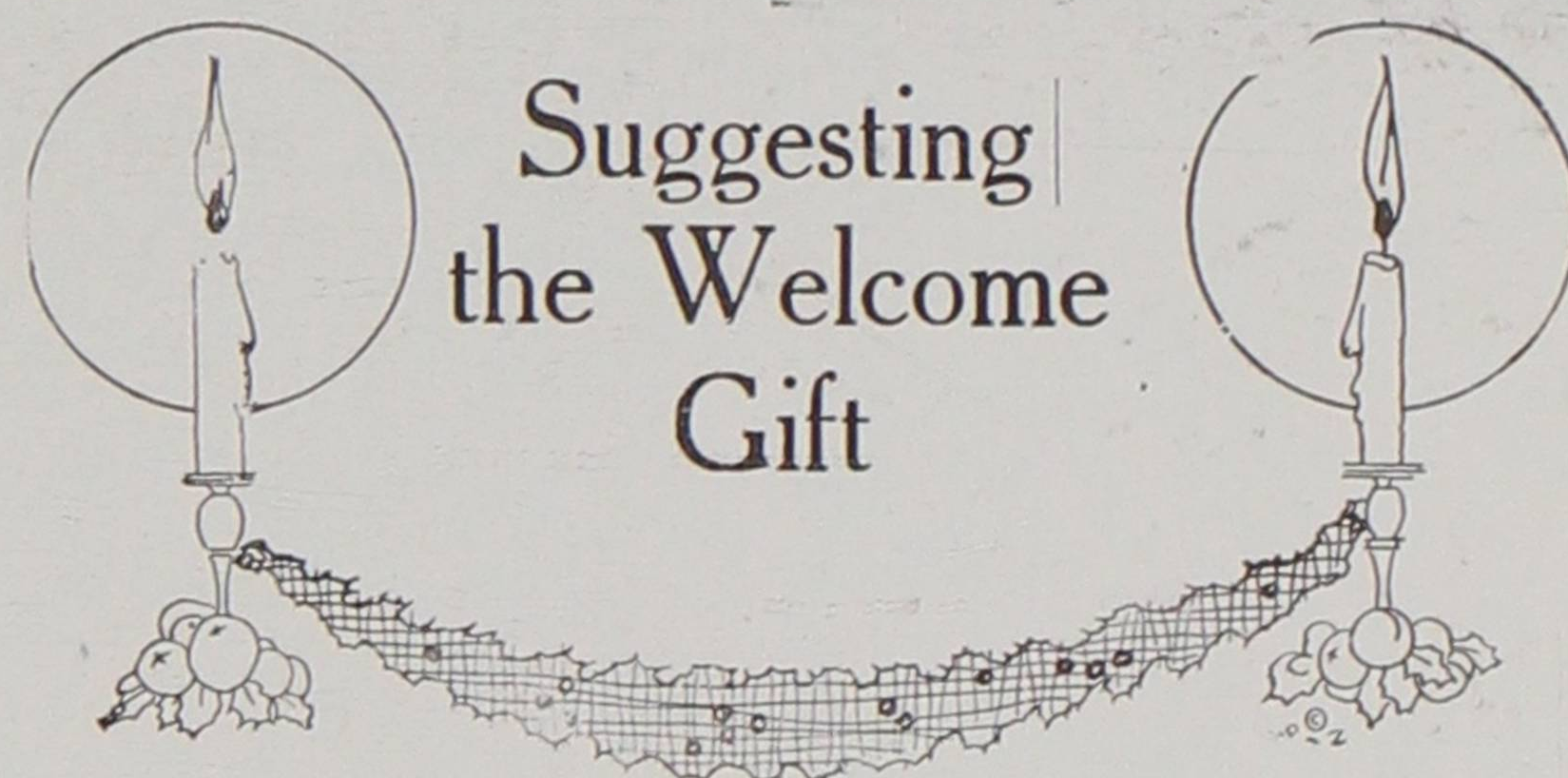
The Perfect Gift

ORIOLE CHOCOLATES

The Hallmark of Good Taste



BROWN & HALEY



Suggesting
the Welcome
Gift

Plan to make your Christmas Gifts thoughtful gifts. Start thinking and selecting now. Each section of this store is radiant with Holiday Displays.

In the spirit of helpfulness the Apparel Sections now present gifts of thoughtful consideration for luxurious comfort.

It is with pleasure that one chooses from our displays of French Ivory, Gloves, Silk Hosiery, Umbrellas, Dainty Handkerchiefs and Neckwear; Bags, Vanity Cases, Pearl Beads and odd pieces of Jewelry.

The Men's Section offers suggestions of an acceptable gift nature, available in a wide variety of novelty and newness.

Let our Ads serve as Suggestions.

Feist & Bachrach

**LET RHODES STORE SERVICE
HELP YOU TO MAKE THIS A
MERRY CHRISTMAS**

In every part of this great store you will find inspiration for selection of worthy gifts; you will find helpful, cheerful service, a whole store radiant with the Christmas Spirit.

**WHERE TO SHOP FOR GIFTS
IN THE RHODES STORE**

For

Books, Stationery, Jewelry, Silverware, Leather Goods, Toilet Goods, Kerchiefs, Hosiery, Neckwear, Ribbons, Novelties, Men's Furnishings, Candies, Kodaks, Perfumes.

1st (Broadway) Floor

For

Slippers, Boys' Clothing, Linens, Bedding, Silks, Dress Goods, Needle Art Goods.

2nd (Eleventh St.) Floor

For

Women's Furs, Suits, Coats, Skirts, Blouses, Sweaters, Petticoats, Brassiers, Millinery, Negligee Apparel

3rd Floor

For

Toys, China, Pottery, Glassware, Housewares, Electrical Goods.

3rd (Market St.) Floor

For

Women's House Apparel, Lingerie, Children's and Infants' Apparel, Rugs, Draperies, Curtains

4th Floor

For

Furniture Groceries Bakery Goods

5th Floor

**For That Particular Gift
THE GIFT SHOP**

4th Floor

SHOP EARLY AND AT

Rhodes Brothers

BROADWAY - ELEVENTH - MARKET