

THE WORLD MOVES  
DITTO C. P. S.



# THE TRAIL

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*Published Monthly By*

The Associated Students

*of the*

College of Puget Sound

*January,*

**1921**

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Advertising discounts they give from their former prices. We have gone through our stock and marked everything at prices based on present market value. You will find real BARGAINS here at the new prices, to say nothing of the lines we want to clean up.

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**BASEBALL and  
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— at —

**Washington Tool and Hardware Co.**

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The "Spalding" Store in Tacoma




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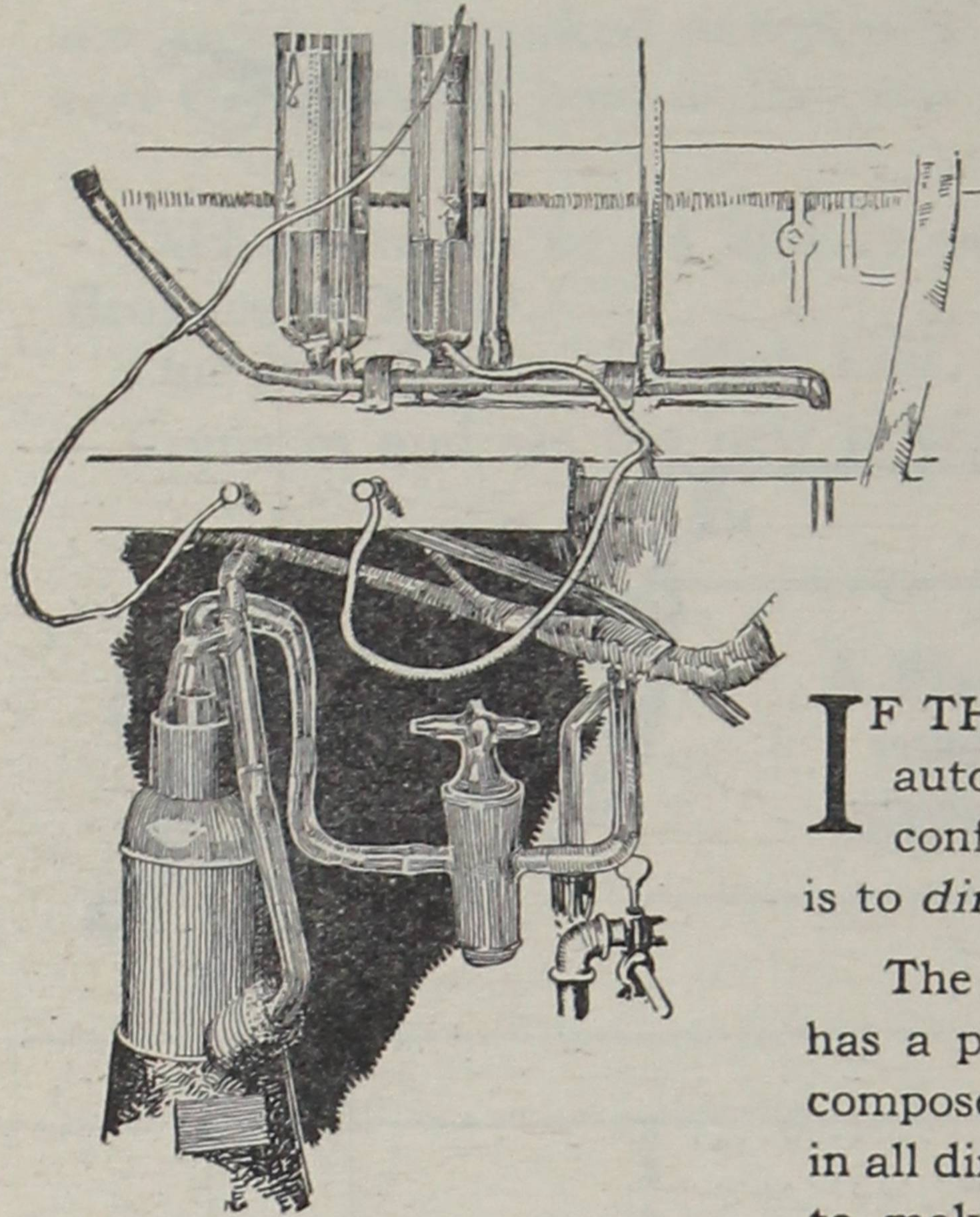
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## What Is Vacuum?

**I**F THE traffic policeman did not hold up his hand and control the automobiles and wagons and people there would be collisions, confusion, and but little progress in any direction. His business is to *direct*.

The physicist who tries to obtain a vacuum that is nearly perfect has a problem somewhat like that of the traffic policeman. Air is composed of molecules — billions and billions of them flying about in all directions and often colliding. The physicist's pump is designed to make the molecules travel in one direction — out through the exhaust. The molecules are much too small to be seen even with a microscope, but the pump jogs them along and at least starts them in the right direction.

A perfect vacuum would be one in which there is not a single free molecule.

For over forty years scientists have been trying to pump and jog and herd more molecules out of vessels. There are still in the best vacuum obtainable more molecules per cubic centimeter than there are people in the world, in other words, about two billion. Whenever a new jogging device is invented, it becomes possible to eject a few million more molecules.

The Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company have spent years in trying to drive more and more molecules of air from containers. The chief purpose has been to study the effects obtained, as, for example, the boiling away of metals in a vacuum.

This investigation of high vacua had unexpected results. It became possible to make better X-ray tubes — better because the X-rays could be controlled; to make the electron tubes now so essential in long-range wireless communication more efficient and trustworthy; and to develop an entirely new type of incandescent lamp, one which is filled with a gas and which gives more light than any of the older lamps.

No one can foretell what will be the outcome of research in pure science. New knowledge, new ideas inevitably are gained. And sooner or later this new knowledge, these new ideas find a practical application. For this reason the primary purpose of the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company is the broadening of human knowledge.

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

# A Message from the Administration Regarding the Latest Developments on the New Campus of the Greater College of Puget Sound

## Our Tangible Growth

Concentration of effort for the final goal campaign for the State of Washington.

*With the mapping out of the beautiful new College site and determination of the location and arrangement of the various buildings, plans long under consideration are taking definite shape. Clearing of the forty acres is to be started immediately. The formal dedication will be observed at the June Commencement with the admission of all past graduating classes into the new College.*

**T**HERE is a visible gathering of enthusiasm in College circles these days, because the institution has emerged from any suggestion of static life or purpose, and is so clearly feeling her strength for her new development. These are *growing days*; days when the College is feeling the impulse to a larger life of power in usefulness; days when plans long under consideration are taking definite shape. No wonder there is a mounting confidence, a growing spirit of satisfaction.

### *Confident of Her Constituency.*

**M**ANY times in the past the College has felt the necessity of turning in times of stress to the real power back of any institution, namely, the actual constituency of the school. And in absolutely no instance has this loyal constituency failed. This consistent reaction of helpfulness is the basis for a profound confidence. The College knows that her friends, who are in their localities the champions of Christian civilization, will be with her in any determined constructive effort for larger usefulness.

### *The Manager of the Campaign.*

**R**ESPONDING to the vote of the Puget Sound Conference to raise \$500,000 for its College, the *concentration of effort for the final goal* is already under way. As manager of the campaign, the Board of Education has chosen Mr. F. D. Empey.

This selection is exceptionally happy. Mr. Empey is a man tried in this kind of accomplishment. For years it has been his specialty. Last spring when the citizens of Tacoma raised \$500,000 for the material equipment of the College, it was Mr. Empey who directed the organization and development of the movement. Since that time he has been absent from the city on similar missions.

First he was at Salina, Kansas, working with the Kansas Wesleyan College. This College was trying for one million dollars, to meet the demands of its growing enrollment. The effort was a complete success and the entire amount was raised.

He went from Kansas to Kentucky, where Asbury College was in a similar movement. Just recently the campaign there was brought to a conclusion, and

the amount originally asked for lacked but \$20,000 of being doubled.

Mr. Empey takes up his work in Tacoma again with all the experience and confidence of his recent successes. He is absolutely certain we will win, and in view of the past history of the College of Puget Sound's dealings with its constituency, an increasing number of others are coming to share this conviction. There is, in reality, but one word that meets the challenge of the day in Christian education, and that word is accomplishment.

### *Work On Our Great New Campus.*

**I**N the initial selection of the Greater College's new campus, one question was allowed to take precedence over all others: "Which place is the best?" Consequently, when the present site was chosen, that act itself was the greatest thing that could be said in its favor.

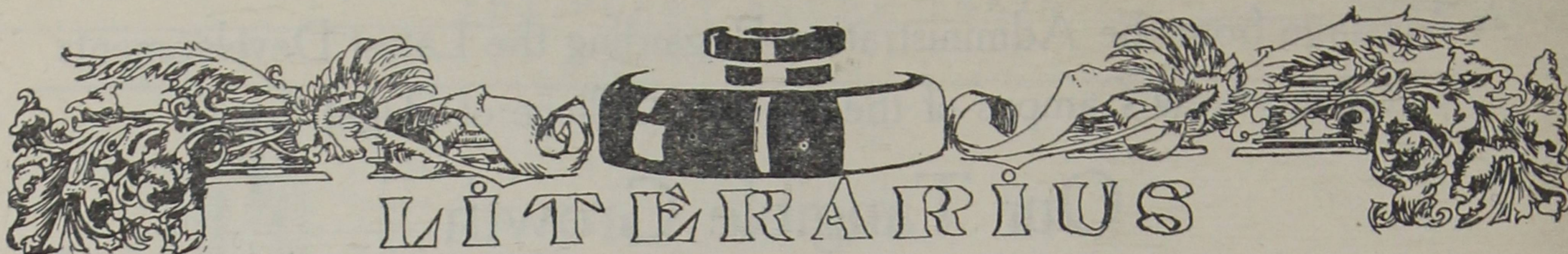
The campus is now to be mapped out, the location of the various buildings will be determined, and a comprehensive plan for the future development of the plant will be made.

The first step in this work is the *clearing off and gardening of the forty acres*. This work will be started immediately. The size of the campus and its topography are factors in the realization of a very beautiful college location. Tacoma and the entire Northwest are to be congratulated.

### *The Commencement Dedication.*

**N**EXT Commencement time, the formal dedication of the new location will be observed. The Board of Bishops of the Methodist Church meets in the Northwest at the time, and a number of Bishops have been secured for participation in this exercise.

A feature of the dedicatory services will be the *admission of all past classes into the new college*. At the Color Post-Exercises, a representative of each graduating class of the past will pass over the line and thus enter the newer life of the institution. The whole program will epitomize the entrance of the College upon a greater institutional life.



# LITERARIUS

VERA SINCLAIR, Editor

## FROM OLD CATHAY

Gertrude Stringer, '23.

*In a book of family notes  
Something there seems like a joke—  
For it says there is a little wife for me,  
And they say she's very neat  
From her top-knot to her feet.  
Just the kind of wife-e for a young Chinee.*

*And her little feet do hobble,  
I could wish the size were double,  
As she comes to serve my mother and the rest.  
She'll be cooking rice and pork-ee,  
Dog-meat, cats, and rats, of course-ee,  
And of all good things that's going, have the best.*

*Oh! my little Chinese wife-ee,  
Blessing hours of my life-ee,  
As she sits around and sips her cup of tea.  
Should she die 'twould be sore trouble,  
Take a month to get another  
Such a wife-ee for a very sad Chine-ee.*

*Ah! Ah! Me Find a wife-ee for a very sad Chinee.*

T—T—T

## It Can't Be Done Lou, It Can't Be Done

### Scoop '22

WE'VE struck an easy burg this trip, ol' top," said G. W. Pinkney, as he leaned across the flat desk that adorned the one room office of the Bonanza Land and Oil Investment Co.

"Yes, Pink, we have done that very thing, but we have got to clean up here and get away before Christmas. The easier the place, the riskier the going. We'll have to watch our step here."

Finishing his remarks, "Big" Loomis, senior member of the firm, rose from his chair, took his overcoat in hand and made preparations for departure. Hat in hand, he dropped his 200 odd pounds of weight that covered his frame of over six feet into the swivel chair again, and added:

"We'll watch our step here and when we're done—I'm thru with the business."

"What!" said Pinkney, dropping his recently lighted cigar and springing to his feet. "Through! What do you mean? What will you do—what can you do if you quit this? Why—"

"What do I mean? I mean I'm thru with this swindle. After we work this town I quit. I'm going straight." Big Loomis arose from his chair and left the bewildered Pinkney looking for his cigar.

Pinkney closed the office that night at 5:30, and still wondering, crunched his way over the recently fallen snow to the hotel, where he and his partner had engaged rooms.

It was Saturday night, a week before Christmas, and the holiday spirit permeated the atmosphere of the town. Shoppers were hurrying along the poorly lighted street that the founders of Braxton had designated as Main Street. The air was crisp and cold, and Pinkney, despite his heavy overcoat, shuddered continually as the wind blew around him. He could not understand his partner's sudden turn of mind. "Big" Loomis of all men. "Big" Loomis, who had earned his name because of his contempt of any small job and was continually after big money.

Somehow Pinkney could not imagine "Big" Loomis going straight, and when he entered the room he went over to where his partner was sitting and said:

"Loomis, if you quit this job what will you do for a living? You haven't much money and it comes mighty hard, even in our business."

"That's all fixed, Pink. My wife has been wanting me to quit my traveling business for a long time and to settled down at home. Pink, that's what I'm going to do. I never got ahead in this work, so I might as well quit. In fact, I had better quit before my wife finds that I am selling 'wild-cat' oil stock instead of men's furnishings."

"That's all right, Loomis, but how about the money deal? What can you do for a living?"

"That's the best part of it. You know I was home here a few months ago when my wife's father died. Well, he left her quite a stake, and she wants me to use it to go into business. That's exactly what I'm going to do. I'll get a real business and I'll make my money honestly."

"It can't be done, Lou, it can't be done," said Pinkney, removing his overcoat and sitting on the edge of the bed. "No matter where you go this business will follow you. You'll either meet somebody you know or you'll revert back to the old job. It isn't as easy as it seems, ol' top, and you'll find that I'm right."

"Pink, you little fool, you can't discourage me in the least. I'd quit tonight, only I have to have fare back home, and then I'll have to have a present for the wife. She always remembers me whether I'm home or away. You say it can't be done, Pink, but I'm going back home and forget all about the Bonanza Land and Oil Investment Co. Forget all about it and have an easy mind for once in my life."

"No, Loomis, I'm not trying to discourage you," said Pinkney, lighting a fresh cigar. "I'm merely trying to shield you from disappointment. You never can get away from this game after you've been at it as long as you have."

"Well, I'll show you," said Loomis, "but in the meantime let's get a hold of some chow and get some plans for next week. We'll clean this town before we dissolve partnership anyway."

Monday morning found the Bonanza Land and Oil Investment Co. ready for business on a large scale. Advertisements had been run in both of the Baxter newspapers and an extra room had been added to the office space.

Early in the morning customers had appeared to inquire into the proposition. Loomis and Pinkney stood by the ship with references, recommendations, and smooth talk. Business did

(Continued on page 13)

# The New Woman in an Old World

By Arthur L. Marsh, '08

*During the last few years the fair sex has industriously set itself the task of equalling the feats of the opposite sex, and many are those who have spilled ink in discussing this urgent social problem—the "Modern Woman's Movement." In the following article Mr. Marsh presents a new point of view—the momentous and far reaching economico-domestic readjustment. It is interesting, not only because of the side lights on human nature, but also because of the interesting style in which it is written—Dean Marsh's own style.*

THE Editor has asked me for a contribution and very considerably makes no suggestion of a topic. That leaves me free to admonish the Freshmen, to lament for the Sophomores, to sigh for the Juniors or to counsel with the Seniors; but I am resolved to do none of these things. Being at a safe distance and wanting to be sure of a hearing I have decided to take a fling at a foible of the inconsistent—albeit lovable—sex. I propose also to offer a *plea in behalf of the poor, down-trodden serf*—once proud lord of his species—mere man. Also I come as Cupid's special ambassador to implore you—whichever sex claims you—to keep at least one eye open, since he can open neither of his, for a new social problem for which the "new woman" is responsible. This much by way of prologue. If you are not sufficiently interested or curious to continue, please pass now to the soft joke column, indulgently provided by the editor for your special benefit. (Ushers, after these Sophomores pass out, please keep the doors closed.)

In the dim, but not distant, past—man was master of all he surveyed. In the home he was the undisputed head of his household; economically he alone went forth to labor and receive wages whereby the household might have food and clothes and shelter; in statecraft he was the sole arbiter; in religion he occupied all places of honor and distinction; in morals he enjoyed a separate standard and a special license; educationally his mind alone was considered logical, rational, and worthy of cultivation, the feminine mind was thought capable only of imitating and memorizing. In every relation man's will was sovereign and supreme. Pretty nice, wasn't it, brother? Yes, pretty soft!

Now all that glorious masculine sovereignty and distinction—whether it be in the state, in society, in the harem or in the home—has gone—gone overnight, as it were, but gone forever, brothers. As today's cartoonists picture, woman has suddenly grown large, powerful, dominant; while mere man is a shrivelled caricature of his former majesty. Of course, the cartoonist slightly overdraws his picture. The truth is that the scales have not been reversed, but are now on the level. *Eve is no longer a "rib," a "side-issue," of Adam's; she is an equal, a partner, a competitor with no favors and no handicaps in the game of life.* At any rate, that is the new order, and if it isn't fully here yet, it's well on the way and just around the corner.

Now those two paragraphs, dear readers, are by way of preface, digging a heel in the ground before shying the pebble. "Listen." This is the inconsistency of the new woman—the lovely vixen!—responsible for all our joys and half our woes.

Yesterday she dreamed only of a courtly knight who could support her after the manner of her father's house; today she asks the glorious privilege of supporting herself, demanding equal pay for equal service in competition with those once privileged lords of creation; tomorrow she will insist that the aspirant to her heart and hand shall be able to provide for her and hers as well as she could provide for herself. Do you see it, sister? Or won't you see it? "You can't eat your cake and keep it too," as they say. If you say to your male competitor in business or teaching or anywhere today: "You may receive no more than I"; you must not say tomorrow—

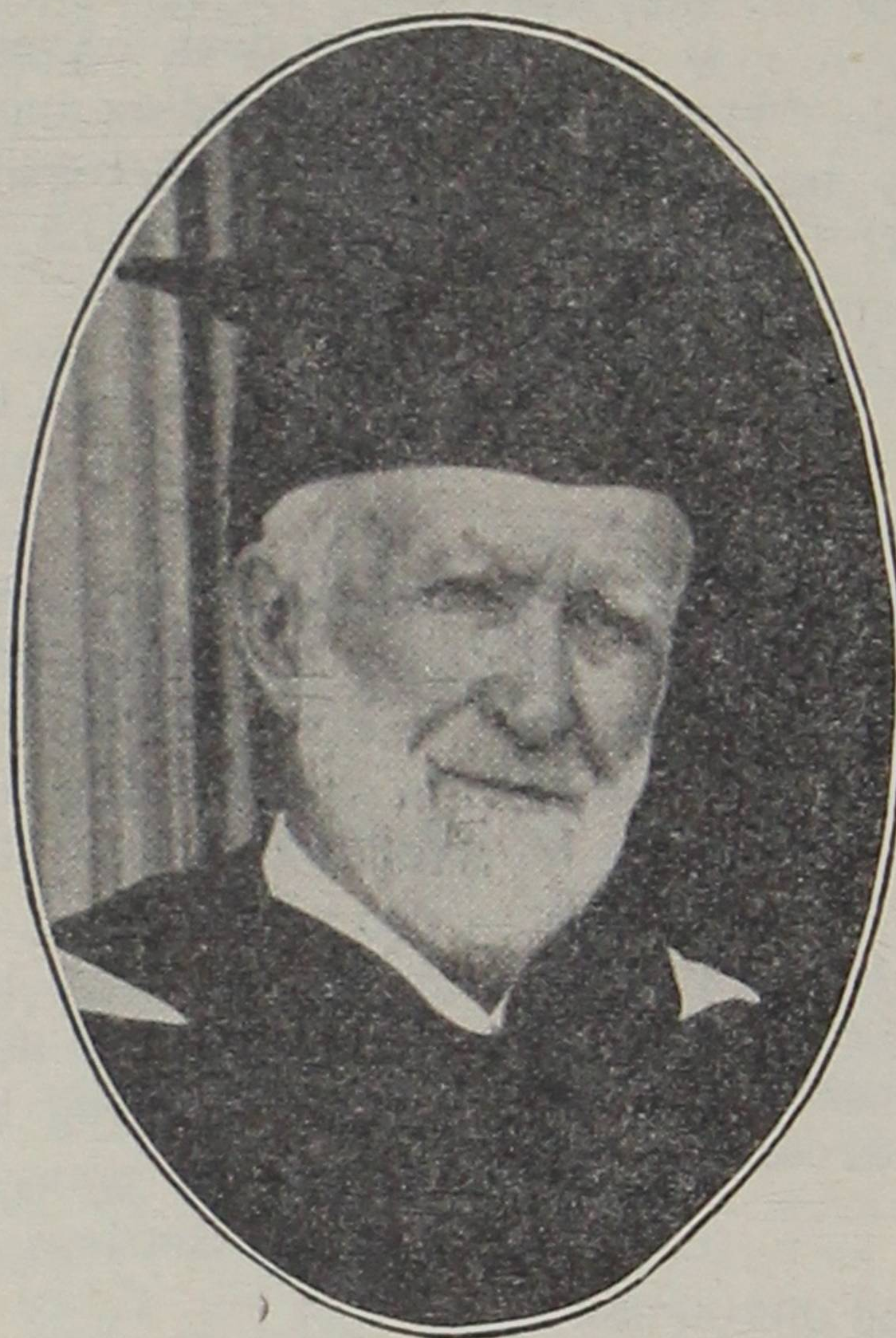
but you will—that he must earn a double or a triple maintenance. If you insist that your masculine competitor be paid only for his own services, he cannot provide for a family as in the olden days when he received for his toil a family wage. Two can't live as cheaply as one, sister, and neither can three or four or five. *One and one are one*—in fiction and in fancy, but not in the arithmetic or at the depot or at the hotel or at the grocery store. And in the problem of supporting a family "*every little bit added to what you've got makes just a little bit more*"—(if you get what I mean). Yes, it really does. Every increase in the size of the family means a corresponding increase in the requisite size of the budget, but does not necessarily mean a corresponding increase in the value of friend husband's services at the office or shop or factory.

"Aye, there's the rub." So today the young man with half an eye open halts and hesitates as he sees out of the tail of his eye a diminishing chance of supporting his heart's desire as she is able to support herself. His thumping heart bids him shut his eyes and take a chance, but cool reflection tells him it can't be done. And if he takes the chance, then what? It is true he may not have to join the "this-way-out" procession to divorcedom. In Seattle he has one chance out of two of staying married, and in Tacoma he has two chances out of three. He may be even fortunate enough to be married to a sacrificial wife and be "happy though married," but the problem of dressing three or four in one person's clothes, and of feeding as many on one person's food, is not calculated to enhance the joys of married living—for any party concerned.

Now, to close, this is my plea, fair "co-eds," if you are still here and attentive. Get the man's point of view on this economico-domestic problem and "have a heart." Don't be too envious of the male competitor who has a little bigger salary and a much bigger expense, even though you are rendering the same service. And don't think less highly of Tom or Dick or Harry if he does not respond at once to the lure of your smiles and graces by declaring his fervent devotion and asking you to "name the day." It's more than likely that he is having to hustle to pay his own and just a few of your bills. He is not afraid to speak up and express himself—not these days—but he is troubled about being able to buy your raiment and pay the grocer and doctor and landlord and the rest of those monthly "please remit"-ers. And he has reason to be troubled. He doubtless calculates that by the time he is thirty or thirty-five he can turn the trick, after he finishes his education, gets established and gets a few "bones" in the bank. And put this down in your notebook, sister, that in this day of sex equality—politically, economically, and every other way—his problem is your problem, and society's problem too; and, listen—it may have to be solved in the legislature or in Congress or at the ballot-box, providing for the home-maker and mother the compensation to which her splendid service to society is as much entitled as the service of the teacher or stenographer or clerk (or husband, for that matter). In the meantime here is the problem; *we have a new woman, but we still have an old world.*

Brothers and sisters, I thank you for your patient attention. Ushers, will you please open the doors.

# In Memoriam



JOHN ONESIMUS FOSTER

Born 1833—Died 1920.



### A TRIBUTE TO DR. FOSTER

*Given in behalf of the College Administration, by  
Dean Cunningham.*

ONE element of my interest in Dr. Foster centered about his teaching methods. To an unusual degree he was an objectivist. He strove constantly to provide external illustration for his thoughts. In Room 3 of the College are numerous maps, carefully guarded by him, which he faithfully used in objectifying his material. In the Dean's office is his bookcase; and here are further evidences of his objective method; bits of stone gathered from Palestine, views for the stereoscope, pictures of people prominent in the development of the Bible. In another place are maps, diagrams of Biblical tendencies, graphs of development, illustrations of Biblical practices. All of these, now mute testimonies, bear witness to a painstaking effort to make clear and objective the truth which he had to present.

To place him mentally, he was one of the strongest visualists I have ever known. For him the external world was always assuming form in colors, or taking its orderly place in space. Any developmental process became a vivid visual march. Thus the Bible took the form of a library, the sixty-six books placed in orderly rows, and colored by their historical divisions; the law books were black, historical books brown, the Biblical poetry pink, the prophetic books orange, the minor prophet books a dark blue, the gospels light blue, and the epistles green.

Not only did he visualize external and material things, but he went the limit of the visualist and conceived abstract ideas in terms of color. The College has, in addition to the chart described above of the books of the Bible, a diagram made by him of the doctrine of the Trinity, in which God with his three-fold nature is represented in terms of color, as follows: God himself is pictured in deep green; the Holy Spirit in purple; and Jesus Christ in living red. Before the birth of Jesus the three colors run along parallel and joining; at the incarnation the red breaks from the line at an oblique angle and comes to the earth; at the ascension it sweeps upward again; while the purple line then veers downward as indication of the Holy Spirit's entrance into the world at the time of Christ's departure.

It is well known that this tendency to visualize abstract ideas represents the fullest development of the visual tendency. Doubtless this good man imagined the Holy City, to which he has now gone, not in terms of the music of the redeemed, for this is auditory; nor in terms of distance, for this is kinaesthetic. For him the New Jerusalem would be a city glistening with living sapphires, the dwelling place of light.

In Dr. Foster's teaching, the element of verisimilitude was constantly sought after. He endeavored, that is, to surround his teachings with the atmosphere of the period under consideration. The Lord's Prayer he presented in Greek, with the accent, grouping of words, and simplicity of the New Testament record.

To portray the Anglo-Saxon Bible, he presented a page of early Anglo-Saxon, a copy of a document written about 800 A. D. The page of the Lord's Prayer, from the English of the thirteenth century, where "our" is spelled with an e; hallowed, h-a-l-e-w-i-d; and earth, e-r-t-h-e, undoubtedly has the effect of bringing verisimilitude into the classroom.

He possessed the one thing which is an absolute prerequisite of the successful teacher. Without it the brilliant man is sure to fail; possessed of it, there is hope for everyone. It is a love of his particular teaching field.

Dr. Foster was respectful of the other departments of learning. He realized that knowledge covers a broad field, and that the cultured man has information of many kinds.

But he was possessed of such a love for his own field that he had a lurking belief that it was more important than any other. He exalted it, dwelt on its intricacy, variety and intriguing interest.

In this connection I may quote the idea of a contemporaneous educator, that it is not until a teacher begins honestly to believe the material of his special field is perhaps a shade more important than that of any other, that he acquires an enthusiasm for it and a devotion to it, that light it up with a great and commanding interest.

Twice Dr. Foster and I lived in the same town in the East. Knowing the same people back there it was through the agency of reminiscences concerning them that we were first drawn together. How well I remember him a year and a half ago, as his eagerness ran ahead of his words while he spoke of events in the past!

Last spring we had almost a real game during the sessions of the General Conference of the Methodist Church. It concerned the chances of various men for election to the bishopric.

Dr. Foster had the entire slate picked out the first day of the Conference, and when a man was suggested for the episcopacy whom he had not placed in that high office, he would rap the desk with his cane and declare against him!

But these are memories. They come back to me now as specific pictures, and I treasure them, even as one treasures the gentler memories of life.

He was a good man, and we all respected him. I am inclined to think that during these latter months he called to our minds the words of Holmes:

*"But now he walks the streets  
And he looks at all he meets  
Sad and wan;  
And he shakes his feeble head  
That it seems as if he said,  
They are gone."*

But he lived to a ripe old age, and being ready, answered the call of the spirit to the city of gold. And we may say with Wordsworth, seeing he has entered upon his rest:

*"As if but yesterday departed  
Thou too art gone before; but why,  
O'er ripe fruit seasonably gathered,  
Should frail survivors heave a sigh?"*

T—T—T

### A TRIBUTE TO DR. FOSTER FROM THE FACULTY



TWO things are honored by men above all things. The one is represented by Raphael's Madonna, the mother with a child in her arms. The other is trembling age, with its white hairs, honor and respect. When age is combined with goodness how much greater is our respect and honor. President Garneid has well said: "No emotion touches my heart more quickly than a sentiment in honor of a great and noble character;" and again: "A noble life crowned with heroic valor rises above and outlives the pride and glory of this world."

So this morning we honor Dr. Foster not only for what he has done, but for what he is, for his goodness, for his service, his altruism, his love of his fellow men.

Our meeting this morning is unique, in that no teacher of our college, since it has been on these grounds, has been taken by the hand of death. Dr. Foster would not have this to be a sad occasion. He was ready to go in the Heavenly Father's own good time. He would not consider his going any more sad than the garnering of the ripening grain in the golden harvest time, or of the falling of ripe fruit in its season.

Born in the Hoosier state in 1833, he removed with his father to Iowa. Here he learned the carpenter's trade, and between the years 1854 and 1860 literally "hammered" his way through Cornell College. In 1860 he was licensed to preach, and in 1862 was graduated from the Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, Illinois. His marriage occurred on December 14, 1863, on his birthday anniversary, as it was also of his wife, who was Miss Catherine Bolles. Late in the Civil War, Dr. Foster went to the front as an agent of the United States Sanitary and Christian Commission. He rode to Richmond, Virginia, on the same train with President Lincoln, and was in Richmond at the time of Lee's surrender. Here he helped distribute supplies of food, clothing and medicine to the needy. One of his companions in this work was Dwight L. Moody. At this time the southern people did not understand the great heart of President Lincoln and the North. A few days following the death of President Lincoln Dr. Foster called at General Lee's Richmond residence, and said, when General Lee came to the door. "I have come to ask what you think of President Lincoln's assassination." General Lee's reply was: "Sir, I will say to you, I very much regret it." The sight of so many wounded and dead men, and of the piles of arms and limbs, gave to Dr. Foster a great horror of war. For that reason, among others, he favored the adoption of the League of Nations. Following the war, he was a member of the Rock River Conference, preaching in and around Chicago.

In those years Dr. Foster did an amount of good which only the eternities can measure. In 1902, when Dr. and Mrs. Foster were on a visit at the home of their daughter in New Jersey, whose husband, Rev. Stephen Herben, was a pastor, Mrs. Foster died. In 1904 Dr. Foster came to Seattle to visit an old classmate, Dr. W. S. Harrington. So well pleased with the Puget Sound country and climate was he, that he made his home out here. His daughter has urged him to make his home with her in New Jersey, but he says he could not stand the climate back there.

In 1905, President Joseph Williams of the College of Puget Sound urged Dr. Foster to take charge of the young men of the College who had chosen the ministry as a life work. The invitation was accepted, and for fifteen years this has been Dr. Foster's chief work in life. In the earlier years he came over from Seattle to Tacoma on Wednesday and returned on Thursday, teaching those two days. The past three or four years he has come over and returned to Seattle on the same day. His two chief courses have been the Life of Christ, and the Life of Paul. In earlier years he paid more attention to later church history. He was always orthodox, yet his mind was open to new truth. His earlier classes were quite large. With declining years and the division of the work of the Department, he was not able to do so much work. He attributed his long life to his weekly boat ride on Puget Sound from Seattle to Tacoma. For many years he lived at the Seattle Y. M. C. A., but this spring he purchased a fine home of his own at 4105 Whitman Avenue, Seattle.

Some characteristics and loyalties of Dr. Foster may be noted: He was devotedly attached to his daughter and her family, and took pride in his two grandsons, both of whom saw service in the Great War.

He loved his country as few men do. He was a great admirer of President Roosevelt, whom he affectionately called "Teddy." In the 1920 campaign, his choice was General Wood. Owing to his horror of war, he was for the League of Nations with Senate reservations.

While a loyal member of the Methodist Church, he had many friends in all churches.

Few men had such a love of learning. His mind was ever active. Like the Athenians, he was eager "either to tell or to hear something new." He was deeply interested in all the happenings of the College, and often, on coming over on Wednesday, would ask what had happened since he had been away.

His versatility was remarkable. Not only was he a mechanic and a teacher and preacher and author, and traveller, but also an inventor. A school desk of his invention is pronounced by experts to be a model. His genius is shown by his device for recording chapel absences, which for a time was made use of by Dean Marsh of our College. He has made improvements in fountain pens. These are but a few of many examples of his inventive skill.

He took an interest in fraternal life, and was national chaplain for the Sons of the Revolution. He was known for his charity, and always did his share in every good enterprise. He appreciated the fine arts, paintings, sculptures, architecture, music. He was interested in the progress of science, and loved the chemical laboratory. His friendships were strong. He loved the presence of young people. He always appreciated the visits to his Seattle home of students and faculty of the College. He took a deep interest in the welfare of his students.

It was his good fortune to enjoy the friendship of great men. Among these were General Grant and Thomas A. Edison.

His many friends looked forward with pleasure to his annual birthday celebrations on December 14th, which have been observed since 1909, being held alternately in Tacoma and Seattle. On these occasions letters were read from friends in many parts of the world. Had he lived two weeks longer, his 87th birthday would have been celebrated in the First Methodist Church Parlors, at Seattle.

His connection with the College of Puget Sound for the last fifteen years surpasses that of any teacher with the exception of Dean Marsh. This comprehends one-half of the life of the school, which was founded in 1890. This long connection supplies an element much needed by our own and other western colleges, i. e., that of longer terms of service on the part of its faculty, an element in which eastern colleges are more rich. This helps to attach alumni to their Alma Mater, to find there on their return the professors with whom they had work.

Dr. Foster has gone. No more shall we hear his friendly greeting. He has gone to join the company of the Redeemed—many by his own labors. He has gone to join the company of the brave heroes of the public to whom he ministered in the great days of the Civil War. We shall meet, but we shall

miss him. We shall miss his wholesome influence. We shall miss his devotion to his Master, and like Him, he went about doing good. He leaves behind the record of a noble life, the most priceless treasure which the past has bequeathed to the Past and Present. He will live on in the hearts and lives of his many students.

T—T—T

Given in behalf of the Associated Students by  
Charles Clinton James

PRECIOUS in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints.

"We do not come to weep above the pall,  
And mourn the dying out of noble powers;  
The man's clearer eye should see in all  
Earth's seeming woe, seed of immortal flower."  
(J. R. Lowell.)

For truly the life of Dr. John O. Foster will be immortal among the students of the College of Puget Sound. Can we forget his smile, his glad handshake, his words of encouragement, or his love for young folk? Nay! never can we forget so great a soul.

Since 1904 Dr. Foster has been the religious instructor in the College of Puget Sound. And it has been in these 16 years of labor that he has become the Saint John of the College. He won the young people because he loved them, he enjoyed their sport, he knew how to appreciate a joke. If called upon he was ready to give an hour lecture on the various college sports of the past two thousand years. Or if it were a more serious subject he was prepared to give you first class information. He could trace Saint Paul in his missionary journeys, lecture on the Archeology of Egypt, Greece or Persia, or give a discourse in Roman law. Why should not students love such a man? He was patient, loving, tender, true to the highest ideals; always endeavoring to lift humanity to the high ideals of Christ Jesus, for whom he was here as an ambassador. He has taught us as students to despise idleness and to labor for the crown of knowledge. It can be truly said that this man was never idle, he had no desire to be so. Even now he leaves some unfinished writings which he hoped to have in the hands of the publishers in the near future. Very few men have had such a full life as has Dr. Foster. A week and five days before his death, he met his class in regular session. Suffered, yes, he suffered, but complained not. He was opposed, but won his opponents by his mastery of mind and humbleness of spirit.

He was a wide reader both in current events and ancient literature. He had a large collection of ancient writings, some on their original tablets, some on manuscripts, and others translated into the English language. But he was more than a reader, he was an author. A great deal of his time was spent in producing his several works. In the school year 1915-1916 he had nearly a third of the student body in his classes. At the close of the year's work he presented each of his pupils with a book of his own production entitled "The Words of Jesus." This is a very beautiful book with full leather binding and high gloss paper. His pupils have reached the home and foreign missionary fields, and are to be found in nearly all the leading professions of the day. Truly his influence will reach the ends of the earth.

His classes were always honored by an invitation to his birthday dinner, which was held December 14th. Plans had already been made for the celebration of his 87th birthday, but alas! he was called two weeks before it arrived.

But why should we wish him back? He who has labored in war and peace, sacrificing himself for others; never thinking of himself alone but of the good he might do. Why should we desire that he battle longer with the trials of life or that he should yield himself longer to the service of others? Why should he hear again the voice of suffering humanity? Why should his eyes continue to see unseemly things?

Nay, let us allow the heavens to open that the toiler may have rest; that henceforth he may see and hear the beautiful; that putting off this mortal clay his soul might take its flight to the land of unending day, where he shall hear the voice of his Master saying: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Like the tides on the crescent sea-beach  
When the moon is new and thin.  
Into our hearts high yearnings  
Come welling and surging in.  
Come from the mystic ocean;  
Whose rim no man has trod.  
Some of us call it longing;  
Others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty;  
A mother starved for her brood.  
Socrates drinking the hemlock,  
And Jesus on the rood.  
And millions, hungry and nameless,  
The straght, hard road have trod.  
Some call it consecration;  
Others call it God.

—Gyped.

## Advantages of the Small Institution

The following extracts are from a letter written by the Dean of Women of the University of Washington to Mr. Blaine, President of the Board of Trustees concerning the value of a small high school. Because the same principle is true of a small college, and because the expressions reflect so clearly the aims, purpose, and ideals of the College of Puget Sound, they are published as an appropriate and fitting statement at the beginning of the present campaign for additional endowment and equipment.

Mr. E. L. Blaine:

It is always easier to talk loosely offhand than to reduce ideas to writing. Still, my convictions are so strong regarding the superiority of the small school that I shall try to recall as nearly as possible what I said on Friday.

One of the things which the small school teaches is loyalty. In a great institution like a huge city high school or an urban university there will always be many who just come and go—largely for lack of coming in touch with the smaller enthusiastic number in every institution who acquire or who inherit from their parents that traditional love for the Alma Mater which is the mark of every alumnus who is more than a name to his college. Hence, much of the so-called "school spirit" is artificially worked up at considerable expense of time and strength, and which, being artificial, does not hold over into life. The "Rah! Rah!" spirit with nothing behind it is pretty sad stuff to substitute for loyalty.

It is apparently not so clear to everybody, however, that young people cannot be trained to think en masse, nor to study en masse. They can be made only to feel en masse, as the psychology of crowds has long since demonstrated—but this feeling is not necessarily that of the highest minded—it is usually that of the strongest personality.

Young people waste a large amount of time finding themselves in a large institution, when, if their state of mind were

known, as it would be likely to be in an institution of limited numbers, they could be helped to a decision easily.

Yours very sincerely,

ETHEL HUNLEY CALDWELL,  
Dean of Women.

## Concentration of Effort on The Pageant

At a special student body assembly Monday, January 17, the students decided to postpone the All-College Play this year and put all their energies on the Commencement Pageant. The vote was preceded by a lively discussion of both sides of the question.

Miss Perkins, the Manager of Dramatics, spoke for the plays, saying that since they had been arranged for the middle of March that leaves sufficient time for preparation for the Pageant. Mrs. Hovious, head of the Department of Dramatics, favored postponing the plays this year and concentrating all our attention on the Pageant. Mr. Harvey gave it as his opinion from observation that the plays were a greater attraction than the Pageant and a greater advertisement for the College.

Mr. Cunningham brought out the fact that the administration is planning on making this Commencement one of the greatest in the history of the institution, and that the Pageant is to be one of the special features, that to make it a big success the Administration favors the subordination of the plays to the Pageant. Miss Myers, last year's manager of Dramatics, spoke for the plays. Other speakers brought out the difficulty of financing and making a success of both and seemed to favor the elimination of either the one or the other.

Mr. Clay, presiding, then called for a rising vote in which those favoring the Pageant outnumbered those favoring the plays about two to one.

## The Stars

### A translation of Daudet's "Recit d' un Berger Provençal"

HERDING the sheep on the Luberon it was oft-times weeks that I saw no human being. I had only my flock and my dog, Labri. From time to time the hermit of Mont-de-Lure passed, in his wanderings, or perhaps I might at times even see the black face of a miner of the Piemont. But these were people of quiet, uncommunicative mien and knew nothing of what was going on in the village below. Every fourteen days, old aunt Norade would make me happy by a visit. She would tell me the news of the village. The marriages, especially, interested me, but the item of greatest interest for me was news of the daughter of the "patron." Little Stephanette was truly the prettiest girl within miles. I was twenty years old and really could see nobody but Stephanette.

It was Sunday. I anxiously awaited the arrival of my aunt. She was late,—but perhaps that was due to the late mass. Towards noon we had quite a storm, the roads were in very bad shape, but by three o'clock the sky cleared, the sun shone once more and finally I heard the "tinkle, tinkle" of the bell and I knew it was Aunt Norade and the pack-mule.

But I was mistaken. It was not my aunt. It was—imagine—our little miss herself. The farmer boy was sick, she said, and as for aunt Norade, she was on her vacation. Ah, but Stephanette was a picture, her bright skirt, her flowery ribbon, and her laces. She said she was late, but had been delayed in finding the road. Oh! pretty creature, I could not take my eyes from her. I had never seen her so close.

After we had unloaded the provisions from the mule she teased me a bit, asking if the fairy Esterelle often came up to keep me company. And I'll vow that even while she said it she seemed to me to be that fairy,—that pretty laugh, that teasing, tilted head and her hurry to leave—yes, it all seemed like a fairy's visit.

Towards evening I heard someone call. Turning I was indeed surprised to see Stephanette. The stream had been so swollen by the noon storm that it was impossible to cross. She had turned back. She wasn't laughing anymore now. Instead she was full of anxiety. It would be necessary for her to stay at the farm that night. However I assured her that in July the nights were very short. I started a big fire to dry her shoes and coat. Then I brought her food, but she did not touch it. Instead she began to cry, and watching her I really felt like crying too. Soon she fell asleep. I went outside and sat down by the door. It was a starry night, a wonderful night, such a night as must fill one with great happiness.

I had fallen into a half sleep when I heard the door open. Stephanette came out and sat down beside me. She was afraid to stay inside alone, and I was glad that she was afraid. Even now she trembled when she heard an animal calling in the valley below and when she saw one of the stars streak across the sky she wanted to know the significance. I told her that a soul had just gone to Paradise, and I crossed myself. She did likewise. She wanted to know if I knew all the stars by name and I said, yes. I told her about the Great Milky Way, about the Big Bear and the Dipper. I told her of the marriage of Maguelonne, the star of the shepherds, the most beautiful star of all, to Pierre de Provence. (Saturne.)

"Then there are marriages among the stars too?" she asked.

"Why, yes," I answered,—and while I was trying to explain it to her I felt something soft and warm on my shoulder. It was her head, heavy with sleep. She remained thus without moving until the stars in the skies paled and the sun ascended in the eastern sky.

I watched her sleeping there; a little troubled I was in my soul, but those stars have never filled me with anything but clean and good thoughts. Around us the stars had continued their silent watch through the night, docile like my great flock of sheep, and in time I came to think that one of those stars had lost its way and come to rest on my shoulder to sleep.

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# News of Alumni and Former Students

MAUDE SHUNK, *Editor*

MR. and Mrs. Ray Winden are the proud and happy parents of a daughter. Mrs. Winden was formerly Lois Buckingham, and graduated with the Class of '19. She was elected May Queen during her Senior year.

T-T-T

A holiday wedding of interest to the students was that of George Pflaum and Miss Oberlin of Northwestern College, Naperville, Illinois. Mr. and Mrs. Pflaum are living in Waterville, Washington, where Mr. Pflaum is principal of the schools.

T-T-T

Mr. Allen, '09, is now pastor of the Fern Hill Methodist Church. Mr. Allen, while at C. P. S., was a noted orator and one of the participants in the Prohibition Oratory Contest.

T-T-T

Miss Elizabeth Shackelford, '18, is taking the place of Professor Davis while he is attending to his duties in the legislative halls at Olympia. Miss Shackelford is an alumna of whom the College is proud. Her representation of the Alumnae Association with an extemporaneous talk at the Annual Banquet was exceptionally fine.

T-T-T

Frances Coffee, a sister-in-law of Professor Harvey and a former student, is teaching school at Huntley, Illinois.

T-T-T

Clark Cotrell is residing in Port Townsend, Washington, where he is pastor of the Methodist Church.

Miss Margaret Dorwin, '18, is quarantined at her home with mumps. She was expecting to make an extended visit to California but is "sorely disappointed."

T-T-T

Guy Dunning, '14, is superintendent of schools at Wash-tucna, Washington. Mr. Dunning was editor of the Trail in 1913-14.

T-T-T

We wish to thank Ray E. Gaines for the films he sent in of Dr. Foster. He is now living in Dayton, Washington.

T-T-T

Two of our alumni are teachers at Lincoln High. Miss Lyle Ford teaches English and Mr. William Grass is a teacher in the Commercial Department.

T-T-T

Victor Hedberg, '16, is editor of the Tacoma Daily Index, the business paper of Tacoma. Mrs. Hedberg, who was Miss Alice Goulder, is also a graduate of C. P. S.

T-T-T

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Harader are the proud parents of a son. Mr. Harader, '19, is a teacher in the Puyallup High School.

T-T-T

John Olson, '09, connected with the Standard House Furnishing Company of Tacoma, is president of the College Alumni Association.

## Society

MARION MYERS AND WINIFRED WAYNE, *Editors*

AMONG the pleasant New Year's parties during the holiday season was one at the home of Greta Miller at Indian Point where the Theta girls entertained for their friends. The party left Friday afternoon and returned to town on Saturday. A jolly time was enjoyed by those present and all agreed that Greta proved herself a royal hostess.

T-T-T

Fox Island holds a warm place in the hearts of many of the students. A large group journeyed out to the Island during December for a delightful house party which will long be remembered by those who were there.

T-T-T

After a successful Eastern trip, President Todd returned in time to spend the Christmas holidays at home.

T-T-T

Professor Walter S. Davis left Sunday, January 9, for the State Capitol at Olympia to perform his senatorial duties. During his absence Miss Shackelford, of the class of '18, will have charge of his classes.

T-T-T

January 31 is the date selected for the traditional visit of the students to the State Legislature at Olympia.

T-T-T

Over 200 students and friends were present at the annual banquet held December 21 at the Commercial Club. Throughout the dinner school songs and cheers were given, adding a snappy touch and a wholesome display of spirit. T. A. Swayze acted as toastmaster.

Quite the most popular number of the evening was the quartet from Rigoletto (Verdi) which was given in splendid fashion by Miss Rita Todd, Miss Birdie Strong, Earl Cook and Frederick Kloepper.

An anthem, "Inflammatus," from "Stabat Mater," (Rossini) was given by the school chorus, Miss Rita Todd singing the solo part.

Ernest Clay, president of the student body, gave a talk on "Our College," and prophesied in eloquent manner the future of C. P. S.

Archie Smith, a baritone of unusual voice, sang "Sword of Ferrara," a most dramatic number. To hearty applause he responded by singing a lovely number, "Morning."

Miss Elizabeth Shackelford responded extemporaneously to a talk on the alumni.

T-T-T

The girls' trio, the Misses Marion Myers, Winifred Williams, and Ruth Hart, gave a charming group of Roumanian love songs.

T-T-T

Other addresses were: "Hobby Horses and Their Riders," cleverly done by Miss Reneau, and "Wise and Otherwise," by the Reverend R. H. McGinnis.

T-T-T

Have you noticed the Daily Candy Sales at the "Chocolate Shop?"

### KAPPA SIGMA THETA

ALL the members of the Kappa Sigma Theta Sorority safely returned from their Christmas vacations with very favorable reports as to the kind of a time they had and whether vacations are profitable or not. Most of the girls enjoyed Christmas trees at home, but declared they weren't any more thrilling than the Christmas tree in Theta, in fact, not quite so mysterious and surprising.

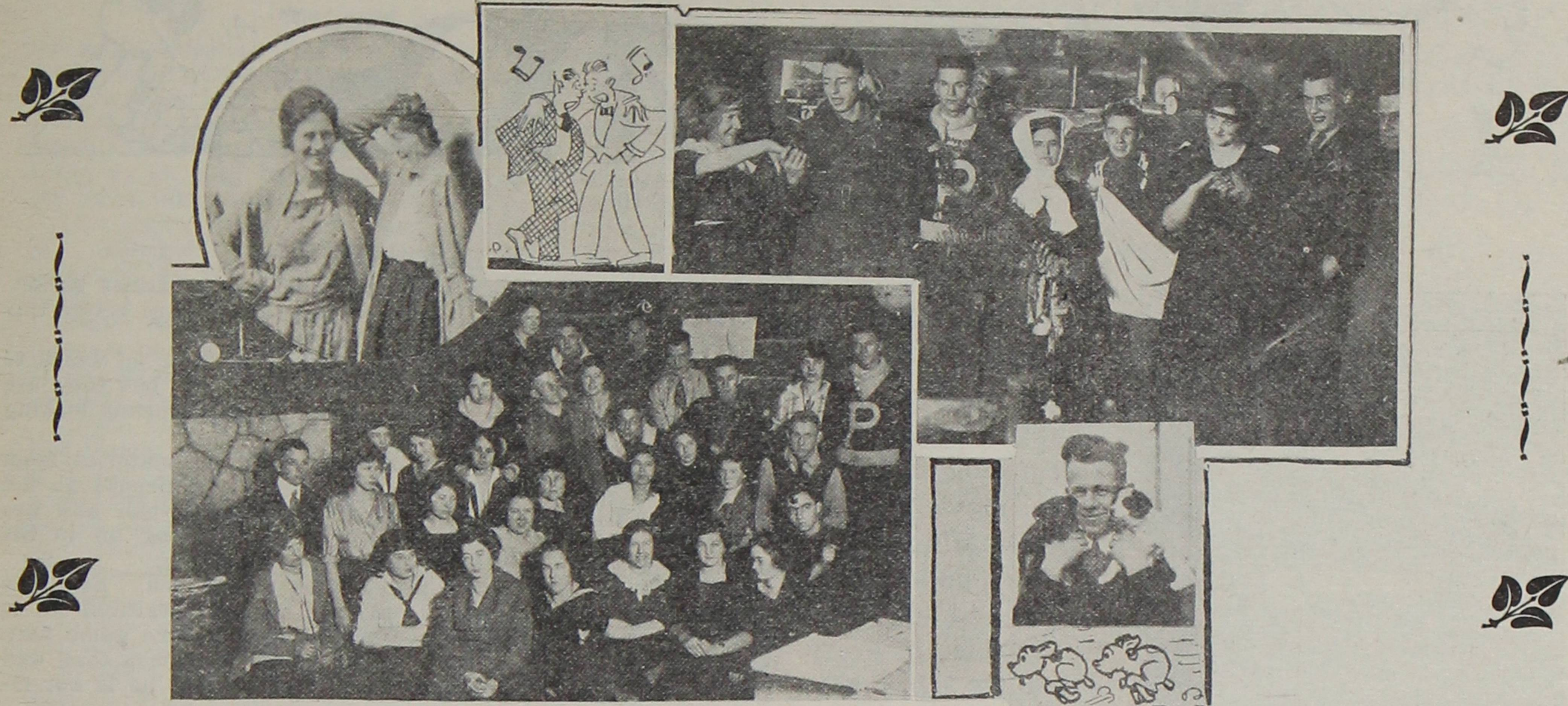
The Theta girls who remained in Tacoma for the holidays were together twice during that time. The Thursday following Christmas they prepared and served a dinner for the Citizen's Athletic Committee and New Years Eve Miss Greta Miller

entertained the Theta girls and their friends at a Watch Night party at her home at Indian Point.

Since classes were resumed the most noticeable program of the sorority was the one on "Mothers," at which program all Theta-Mothers were guests of honor. The program follows:

#### "MOTHER"

A Tribute To Mother ..... Florence Maddock  
Mother's Influence ..... Greta Miller  
Mother's Faith ..... Ruth Kennedy  
Mother Machree ..... Kathleen Boyle  
Mother's Patriotism ..... Anna Tuell  
Mother Love ..... Helen Monroe



**PHILO HOUSE PARTY**

WITH 36 passengers and numerous boxes, crates, and sacks of supplies, together with bundles of bedding and suitcases, the little launch looked like a combination of passenger boat, transport, and freighter, but it was only the Philos en route to their house party at Miramar, Spring Beach. The voyage was short and nothing of extraordinary interest occurred except the exciting Rook game, and the rain.

Ruth Hart and Ruth Wheeler preferred taking chances on being drowned by the rain rather than give in to the intoxicated feeling produced by the nervous action of the launch on the six-foot waves. After we arrived at our destination and had stored our provisions in the kitchen (and part of them in our interiors) we proceeded to take a complete survey of the house and surrounding beach. The Rook game that had originated on a suit case in the launch received added momentum when it had a chance to expand, and continued on into the wee hours of the night.

Then we had a taffy pull and everyone succeeded in getting stuck on everybody else. This created a frivolous mood that gave rise to a Pit game that made the quiet little summer resort sound like the retention home for those whose mentalities are subnormal (or abnormal). Sometime during the night retirements were in order. (One or two said they really slept, but we all have reasons to doubt this statement.)

Everyone arose in the morning with much pep, as was shown by the rapid consumption of over 85 pieces of toast (exact count taken by Benjamin Franklin Brooks), along with numerous other things.

**H. C. S.**

OUR most successful meeting of the year was held on Monday night, January 10. The subject of our program was "A Non-Political Discussion of President-Elect Harding."

The program was very interesting and instructive, but the biggest factor of the evening was a pleasant surprise of having a large number of visitors who came prepared to satisfy the craving that usually exists after an evening's program.

We take this opportunity of inviting our visitors to return many more times during the school year and hope they will be able to accept this invitation.

The program for the evening was:

**PRESIDENT-ELECT HARDING**

- His Parents and Early Life ..... Sam Levinson
- Education ..... Fielding Lemmon
- His Early Work ..... Lars Rynning
- Harding, The Newspaper Editor ..... Stanton Warburton
- Sidelights On Harding ..... Ed Rumbaugh
- Reasons For Harding's Success ..... Paul Hayward

We have some more interesting programs on "tap" including a few outside speakers of note who will talk to us. Men who have made a success in different lines of business will be the type that will address our meetings.

T-T-T

For a quick lunch, try a Sugar Waffle at the "Chocolate Shop."

The morning attractions were Rook, boat rides, hikes and the broncho busting contest staged by "Irish," Billy Jones, Agnes Sund, and three burros. In the afternoon more Rook, also a long hike wherein a number of us accompanied Miss Crapser to Magnolia Beach.

About nine o'clock came the launch, bringing the "late arrivals" to the party, and then the excitement ran high. Rook, pit, flinch, checkers, and more Rook, held sway for a time, then we had our program. Anyone who did not "hear" the Philo spirit or see the blushing young brides or hear the clever readings that were given cannot appreciate what they missed. In concluding the program the regular Philo custom of seeing the old year out was observed. Then came the "eats", and such perfectly "yummy" cakes as we had one doesn't have the opportunity to see and taste every day. About three-thirty in the morning the party "retired for the evening."

Saturday was spent much as the day before, with the exception that it started with Professor Slater's far-famed hot cakes instead of toast "a la Brooks." The Rook game did not weaken all day and did not cease to exist until we stepped down the gang-plank in Tacoma about seven o'clock in the evening. Everyone, though much lacking in sleep, agreed that the party was a grand success, and now we are eagerly waiting the spring vacation. (Can't beat it much without cheating, can you?)

T-T-T

Notice how fat the Philos are becoming lately? This is caused by the many wedding cakes that have been brought in. But continue, lovesick ones, we can eat all the wedding cakes you can bring.

**AMPHICTYON LITERARY SOCIETY**

THE Christmas play, "Where God Is, Love Is," (Tolstoi) in which Paul Snyder, Ruby Tennant, Clyde Kinch, Hazel Brasslin, and John Purkey took the leading parts, was a splendid success. The only "hitch" came when the infant refused to eat the food offered it. Many appropriate gifts were handed down from the Christmas tree.

Our second degree initiation was held in the home of Hazel Brasslin. Did we have a rousing good time? Did we nearly raise the roof? You know we did!

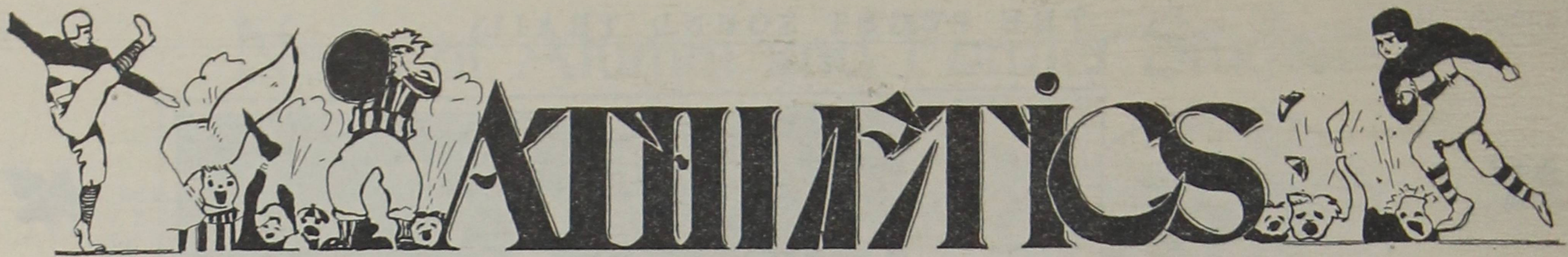
The Amphictyons will hold their annual house party at the Y. W. C. A. lodge on Fox Island, between semesters. On that occasion we will have to "ditto" the above paragraph referring to the rousing good time and the roof raising business. Will we? You know we will!

We miss Billy Ross very much. Here's hoping she will be with us again very soon. Measles are such an inconvenience.

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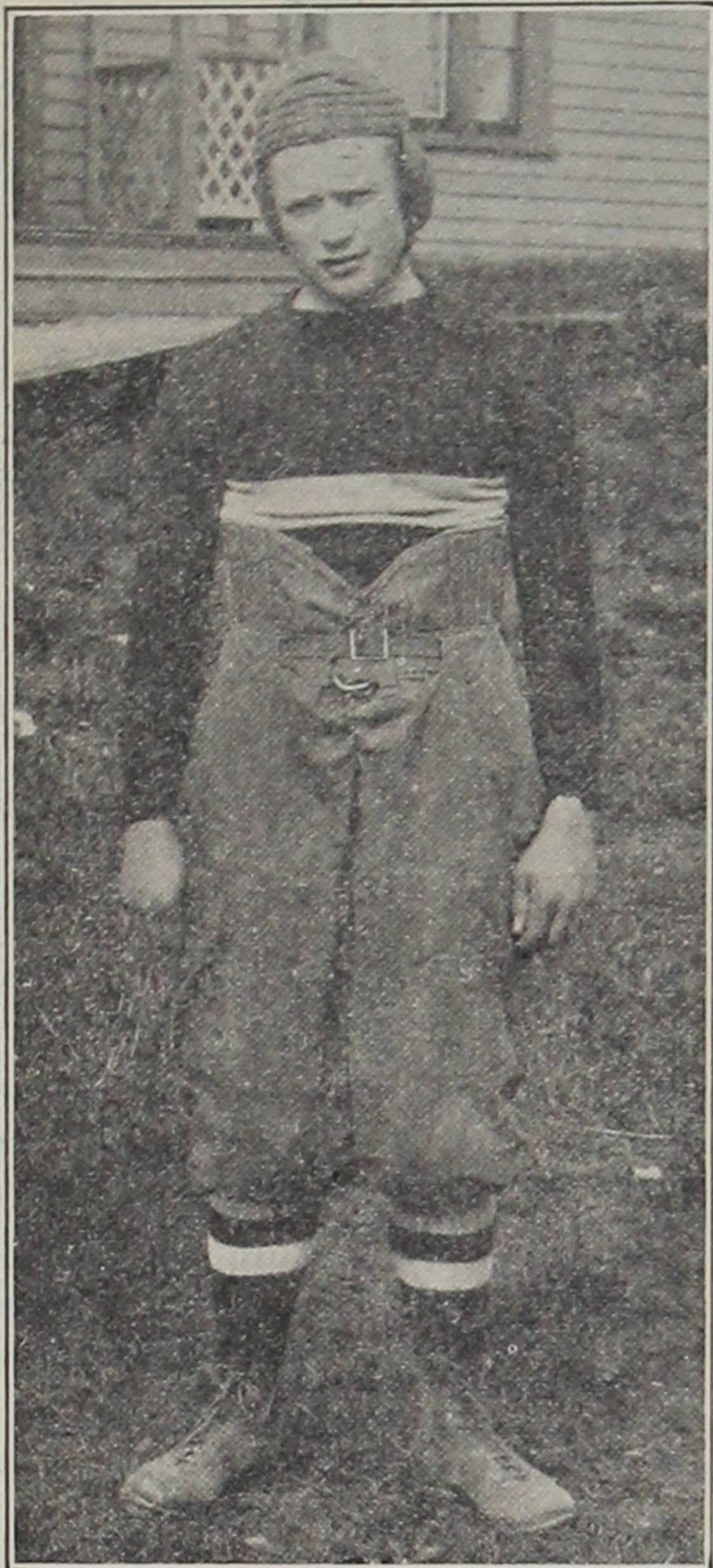


FIELDING LEMMON, Editor

### KINCH ELECTED CAPTAIN

Kinch's stellar work on the 1920 football squad won recognition when his team mates elected him captain of the 1921 squad. The stocky end has been in the thick of every encounter this season.

The election took place at a banquet given to the football letter men by the athletic department on the evening of January 12. Short addresses were made by President E. H. Todd, Dean Cunningham, manager of athletics, Tom Swayze, and Coach Peck.



T-T-T

### INTENSIFYING ATHLETICS

The following clipping, taken from a Portland newspaper, shows what one of our east of the mountain sister colleges is doing in the matter of getting everybody interested in college athletics. The results obtained at that school apparently are satisfactory enough to make our college students think of the advisability of the same or some similar plan.

More than 90 per cent of men students registered at Whitman participated in football games of an intra-mural or varsity nature at Whitman last fall, as one result of the system. Every man received complete football equipment. The system also brought out "dark horses." No student at Whitman is excused from physical exercise unless he gets a physical examination by the college physician, and is pronounced unfit, or has been excused by the board of deans.

Not only did this vast number of students play football last fall, but they are now indulging in basketball, and when basketball is over, there will be indoor and outdoor baseball, and tennis. Here again equipment is furnished to every student, with the single exception of tennis shoes. In basketball, every man in every organization, fraternity or club, plays. Each team plays from two to three games a week.

Because of this system Athletic Director Borleske has seen nearly every college man playing basketball, with a view to his possibilities as a varsity player. No other institution in the northwest has worked the intra-mural system of athletics to such a fine degree as Whitman. It is an extensive system of athletics between groups. The championship is decided not by one sport, but by a series of contests extending throughout the entire year. In the fall, series in football, tennis and handball are participated in; in winter, series in basketball, indoor baseball and wrestling; in the spring, baseball, tennis, track and swimming.

### BASKETBALL

INDICATIONS at the present time point to a banner basketball season this year. At least the prospects are better this season than they have been for several years.

To begin with, the team has a fairly good floor on which to practice. Accommodations may not be the best, but they are better than the average, and the team is by no means kicking on this score.

Coach Peck has a very promising bunch of material from which to pick his squad this year. Scott and Brooks at the forward positions have been playing fair basketball and are improving rapidly. Stone, center, is also picking up in his playing and is showing the results of his coaching.

For guards, Peck has Brady, Hart, and Kinch. Brady is playing for the first time this year at a guard position, but is making a creditable showing. Hart is learning the game fast. Kinch is also playing his old "bang-up" style of basketball and will be used as a first string "sub", even though he is not included in the regular lineup.

The basketball schedule is rapidly taking on form under the busy hand of Russell "Bill" Clay, late of Onio, and several fast games have been lined up for the season. The first trip of the year will be up into British Columbia, where the C. P. S. team will play two Canadian Universities and then will drop back into Bellingham to take on the Bellingham Normal School.

Another trip is being worked out to include games east of the mountains, and a third one will probably be taken into Oregon. A good start has been made towards a successful season.

T-T-T

### TENNIS

THE College of Puget Sound will enter the Northwest College tennis held for the first time in the history of the school this year.

Positive announcement has been made by the athletic manager that a tennis team will be developed and put into inter-collegiate competition this spring.

The college has the material for such a team and the finances will be forthcoming if enough hard work is expended in this branch of sport to insure fair success. Wallace Scott, northwest amateur tennis champion, who is attending school, has been put in charge of the tennis work by Athletic Manager Tom Swayze.

With Scott handling tennis the College is assured of a tennis team that will be given recognition. Without doubt a complete schedule of college games will be arranged.

With the adoption of tennis as a major sport at C. P. S. the College is entering into a new field that is going to be the means of getting a lot of advertising. We should all be anxious to see this sport succeed.

T-T-T

### COLLEGE QUINT AN EASY WINNER

Coach Peck's College of Puget Sound hoop quintet won easily from the 47th Infantry team from Camp Lewis on the C. P. S. floor, score 41 to 10. Stone was high point man for the college team, throwing 11 baskets. L. Bero made a long shot from his own territory that was the feature of the game.

Score and lineup:

C. P. S.	Position
Scott, 11	Forward
Brooks, 6	Forward
Stone, 22	Center
Kinch	Guard
Brady, 2	Guard
Hart	Guard

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

**SIXTH AVE. BARBER SHOP**

The College Barber

2409 6th Ave.

## IT CAN'T BE DONE, LOU, IT CAN'T BE DONE

(Continued from page 4)

not go as smooth as the two had first expected, and as a final measure they forsook the office and began to hunt out the victims in their lairs.

Wednesday morning Big Loomis had a decided case of the blues. "Pink, you sure were wrong when you designated this place as an easy burg. We haven't made expenses. It's me for home this evening. I'll just make it by Christmas Eve."

"All right, that's a go. But we haven't done so bad after all. Albright kicked through with a good roll a few minutes ago, and we can both have our purses lined when we leave town."

"Good boy, Pink," returned Loomis. "You're a good scout. There'll be a Christmas present for the wife after all. I had about decided that part was all off and was trying to think of some good excuse."

"Well, Lou, let's quit philosophizing and make hay while the sun shines. I've got a few more lines out and I'm going to see if I have any nibbles. I'll be back this afternoon." Pinkney picked up his hat and went whistling out of the room. Loomis sat in his swivel chair, staring out of the dirty window that the office boasted. He was glad he was through. He hoped he would never hear of the Bonanza Land and Oil Investment Company again.

"I can get away from this business," he said to himself. "I'll never hear of it again."

It was early evening of the same day that the two late business partners stood on the platform of the station waiting for the coming train. A light, sniting snow was falling, but the two men stood exposed to the weather.

"Well, Lou," said Pinkney, as the approaching train was heard to whistle, "we've been together a long time and I hate to see you go, but I never stood in the way of a man going straight, and I won't begin now. I wish you luck, but if things ever come hard remember I'm looking for a partner again."

"Thanks, Pink," said Loomis, grasping the outstretched hand of his smaller companion, "thanks, but I hope I never have to take up your offer. I hope I will be able to offer you a 'square' job in a little while."

Loomis climbed on to the waiting train, after a last farewell handclasp with his friend, with a funny feeling in his throat. "Pink is a good scout," he said to himself, "but I'm through with his business. The Bonanza Land and Oil Investment Company died in Baxter. I'm through with it and now I'm going to forget it."

He climbed into the train and took one of the seats that remained vacant. The train was unusually full. Families, apparently tired by long journeys, were looking forward to the arrival of the train in Chicago. The Christmas spirit seemed to be present even in the close, crowded train.

Loomis took one long last look at Baxter and settled himself down in his seat. Tomorrow he would be in Chicago and the next day home. It had been a long time since he had returned home, and the thought filled him with a strange longing. Home for Christmas and with sufficient money to make it a real Christmas for him and his wife.

Loomis had little sleep that night, for expectations kept him planning until way into the morning. "Christmas at home with his wife." "No more Oil stock." He had severed connections with all the salesmen that he and his partner had put in the field. He hoped he would never hear of the Bonanza Oil Company again. These thoughts surged through his mind the whole night long.

It was a tired man that was greeted by his wife Friday afternoon in Marysville, but it was a man with high spirits. His tired look seemed to leave him as he talked with his wife and heard of happenings since he had left.

He left the house in the evening to bring his present that he had brought for his wife from the railroad station. Snow was falling in Marysville, too, and it made Loomis think of Baxter. He tried to dismiss the thoughts from his mind, but they reappeared again and again.

It was getting dusk when he returned home with his tightly wrapped package that had been forwarded by express from Chicago. He congratulated himself on buying his wife the fur for Christmas, for he thought with the cold weather she would need it.

A warm cheery fire was blazing in the open fireplace as he entered the house. His wife, sitting by the library table, sprang up in surprise as he entered.

"Am I intruding?" asked Loomis.

"No, dear," replied his wife, "I'm glad you came. I have a surprise for you."

She handed him an envelope which he grasped, wondering what the meaning of it all could be.

"What is it?" he inquired.

"A Christmas present. It's the money I got from my father's will. My lawyer invested it for me and sent me the bonds. Now you can use the money to go into business here in town. You can be at home all the time now. It will be fine. It seems too good to be true."

Loomis took the envelope and tore the end off. Inside were several yellow backed certificates, which looked strangely familiar to him. He seemed to grow sick. A sort of a nausea rose within him. He took the certificates and turned them over. On the face of the first, in large gold letters, was printed: "The Bonanza Land and Oil Investment Co."

Pinkney was sitting in the lobby of an Omaha hotel Christmas morning when the bell boy handed him a telegram. He tore it open hurriedly and read:

"You were partly right, Pink, but I'm going to stick.  
Lou."

T-T-T

Same old address, "908 Broadway," Chocolate Shop.

T-T-T

## ATHLETIC COUNCIL

A SUCCESSFUL football season for 1921 was insured on the evening of December 30, when a group of Tacoma citizens gathered in the Home Economic rooms of the College and organized themselves into the "Citizens Athletic Council" for the purpose of promoting athletics at C. P. S.

J. I. Muffley was elected president of this organization and Tom Swayze was elected Secretary and Treasurer. The men were guests at a banquet given by the athletic department and cooked and served by the Kappa Sigma Theta sorority. The Council will hold regular meetings to discuss the athletic situation at the College and to offer such aid as is needed.

FOR QUALITY and SERVICE QUICK SHOE  
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The month of December seems to have run all to banquets.

T-T-T

The Soph and the Frosh—They're such a loving pair.

## INDOOR TENNIS

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# THE TRAIL

H. G. FELLER, *Editor*

FRANCES GOEHRING, *Associate Editor*

FRANK BROOKS, *Business Manager*

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

## EDITORIAL



OUR body of law-makers is now in session at Olympia. The Legislature convened at noon on Monday, January 10, and will be at work for sixty days. Senator Davis has dropped his school work for the time being, and is giving his worthy advice to assist in formulating laws by which we mere human beings will be required to abide. Those men are actually planning to control everything, from divorce to French heels. To think of a body of men attempting to decide such questions without even one woman to sit with them and advise them!

The students of the College of Puget Sound have decided upon January 31 as the date on which they will make their annual trip to Olympia. It is to be hoped that the Legislature will be in the midst of these touching discussions at that time and that the modesty, intelligence, and wisdom of the students will be reflected from the gallery on the bald heads of the Senators and be of inspiration to their minds.

T-T-T

"STEP ON THE GAS NOW—SPEED UP"

A GOOD way to eliminate the superfluous wishes and to lighten the burdens of students' weary souls, is to begin now to study hard, to make up the back work, to get the note-books up in shape, to do those back experiments, to prepare for finals now while you have two weeks rather than waiting until you have only two days.

Begin to cram now. "STEP ON THE GAS—SPEED UP."

T-T-T

Same old address "908 Broadway" Chocolate Shop."

## A MAROON AND WHITE SPARK PLUG FOR THE TRAIL

THERE was a time when the name of the student publication was The Maroon. The name was changed to The Trail a few years ago because the University of Chicago has the same name—The Maroon. It seems, however, that this United States is big enough to house two Maroons and, moreover, there surely is no danger of our being confused with the University of Chicago, even if we are growing fast.

The Trail—That's a nice, quiet, respectable tune. Reminds one of the old farm when you used to bring the floppy old cows home in the evening dusk adown the old trail; nice, quiet music.

We have been on the trail now nigh on several years, and we are about to arrive on the boulevard. A trail always has a destination. Isn't it time we were taking a sidewalk, say, or a riverside drive, or something like that?

When we "arrive" on that new campus what we ought to do is to roll up the Trail on a stick, put it in a back pocket and adopt the old name—THE MAROON.

"Ernie" will now call for a general discussion.

T-T-T

## LEND ME AN EAR

ONCE upon a time there was a young man who graduated from a young college. His ambition knew no bounds. His imagination was WONDERFUL.

He married, and when he had done that thing, he said to his beautiful young wife: "Dearie, we're going to start a brand new dynasty." They built a little home just big enough for two, bedroom, parlor, and bath.

Ten years later—

Hubby, after a strenuous day of toil, and strenuous calculations trying to figure out additional mediums of income to support his fast multiplying dynasty, comes home as usual on the loaded 5:15. The mother of the dynasty has words to say: "Hubby, darling, Zero the ninth is due in two more weeks—if you know what I mean, and I guess you do, and I don't know where we'll put him. This li'l nest was built for only two and now there are eleven of us. We can't put any more in the parlor and there are three sleeping in the bathtub now."

Question 1: What did "hubby" do?  
Question 2: Who is this "hubby"?

Answer to Q. 2: "Hubby" is none other than Mr. Edward H. Todd, president of the College of Puget Sound. His "darling young wife" is the College, and the young dynasty is the student body. The "bathtub" is the Art Attic.

Answer to Q. 1: What did "hubby" do? Or rather, what is he doing? He's going to build a new College big enough to house his whole dynasty so he won't have to put ANY of them in the bathtub.

## SOPHOMORE PEPPER

THE Sophomore class was well represented at the banquet. One of the features of the evening was the visit of Santa Claus to the Frosh babies, bringing dolls 'n everything to the little ones. He was rather stony, but soon softened under the warm reception given him by the delighted kindergarten class.

Another feature of the evening was the presentation of the Freshman goat to the Sophomore representative, Sam Levinson. It is quite unusual for one class to give its goat to another class. We congratulate the Frosh on their originality.

Sam Levinson entered into an interesting repartee with our friend "Banty" of the Frosh class. But it was a commendable fact that Sam could not give his undivided attention to the business of the evening. We realize that she was quite an attraction. It was the duty of the Sophomore class to keep the Juniors awake and to teach the Frosh to "speak up like nice children should."

Watch the Sophomores shine.

## JUNIOR CLASS NOTES

THE Junior Class has elected the following officers for next semester:

- President ..... Edward Longstreth
- Vice President ..... Paul Snyder
- Secretary ..... Dorothy Michener
- Treasurer ..... Ethel Beckman
- Social Chairman ..... Florence Maddock
- Central Board Representative..... Helen Monroe
- Trail Reporter ..... Helen Murland

Helen Brace has been elected editor and Paul Snyder business manager of the College Annual, to take the places of Fielding Lemmon and Edward Longstreth, who handed in their resignations. Florence Maddock has been appointed associate editor and Edward Longstreth assistant business manager. We want everyone to help us to make this a good interesting annual.

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**FRESHMAN CLASS NOTES**

“LEAVE it to the Freshmen,” seems to have been the slogan for the banquet. The Freshmen were all there with their usual “pep” and ability to make the Sophomores appear ill-at-ease. We all very much regretted the omission of Mr. Levinson’s speech—but really, Sam, “Banty” was so much more entertaining and clever. In the absence of the wit, cleverness and entertainment which the Sophomores should have provided but failed to, we accepted their rattles to amuse us while they were trying to collect their obviously scattered wits.

Well! Well! Initiations are almost over and the Freshmen are still alive! We’re just a wee bit sorry that they are over, because they mark the end of house parties, and house parties are such “enjoyable things,” or at least so say all the Freshmen.

Congratulations, Billy and Rosa! You certainly know a good class when you see one. As you are Sophomores we do not blame you for being ashamed of your class and wishing to join the Freshmen, but really, girls, you know it cannot be. The Freshmen can readily fill their section in chapel themselves. You displayed good taste, however, in selecting a fine class.

Friday evening, January 7, the Freshman basketball team with Elmer Anderson as coach, played their first game with the Burton High School at Burton. Although our boys lost the game by a score of 21 to 10 the game was a fast one from start to finish. Our lineup was as follows: Hedstrom, Schrader, Norris, Rumbaugh, Revelle, and Woodworth.

The team is now hard at work practicing for the Fife and Auburn High School games. The Auburn game is to be played January 21.

There is good material among the Frosh girls for a first-class basketball team. A Sophomore-Freshman game will probably be staged at the beginning of the next semester. Some of the girls who will turn out for the team are: Helen Brix, Nan Tuell, Ruth Wheeler, Winifred Williams, Bernice Olsen, Thelma Scott, Sibyl Heinrick, Thelma Bestler, and Mid. Forsberg.

T—T—T

**DEPARTMENT OF DRAMATICS**

THE Department of Dramatics made its formal debut December 17, when three one-act plays were presented in the chapel as a benefit for Eddie Danielson, who was hurt during last year’s football season. An enthusiastic audience filled the chapel and a neat sum was cleared and sent to Eddie.

The casts:

**GLORY OF THE MORNING**

- Glory of the Morning ..... Helen Monroe
- Black Wolf ..... Alice Beardemphl
- Half Moon ..... Sam Levinson
- Red Wing ..... Esther Graham
- Oak Leaf ..... Frances Goehring

**THE CLOD**

- The Clod ..... Hazel Hooker
- Thadeus ..... Tom Swayze
- Sergeant ..... Hilda Sheyer
- Dick ..... Myrtle Warren
- Northern Soldier ..... Elmer Anderson

**THE DOLL’S CHRISTMAS**

- The Mother ..... Helen Brace
- Little Girl ..... Frances Goehring
- Maid ..... Ruby Tennant
- Rag Doll ..... Rosa Perkins
- Baby Doll ..... Olive Martin
- Lady Doll ..... Sigrid Van Amberg
- Colonial Doll ..... Florence Maddock
- Japanese Doll ..... Esther Graham
- Soldier Doll ..... Helen Monroe
- Harlequin ..... Myrtle Warren
- Jack-in-the-Box ..... Merle Cory
- Peasant ..... Florence Todd

T—T—T

**THE ALL-COLLEGE PLAY**

“The Man From Home,” by Booth Tarkington, has been chosen for the All-College play which will be given at the Tacoma Theatre March 15. The cast will soon be selected, also the officers and the rest of the committees. Do not fail to read the article on dramatics which will appear elsewhere in this issue.



**DEBATE**

OF interest this month is the announcement of the question for the Willamette debate. The women will debate them on April 1, on the question: *Resolved: That All Japanese Immigration Except the Student and Diplomatic Classes Be Prohibited.* The negative team in each case will visit the other school. The Varsity team will meet Willamette April 15, on the question: *Resolved: That Immigration Should Be Further Restricted By Increased Literacy Tests.*

Tryout dates are now posted. The Maroon and White has always had a fine reputation for excellence in debate. Last year we “split even” with Willamette, this year we are going to do our best to do better. In order to do that EVERYBODY who is the least interested in debate must try out. It has happened time and time again that a “dark horse” who had thought himself impossible as a debater has developed into first class material with the assistance of a little coaching and enthusiasm.

*Resolved: That the Movement of Organized Labor For the Closed Shop Should Receive the Support of Public Opinion,* is the question for the final inter-society debate to be held the first week in the second semester. The Amphictyons will uphold the affirmative, H. C. S. the negative. This contest will decide possession of the Newbegin cup for the coming year. The cup is now in possession of H. C. S.

T—T—T

We wish you a Happy, Healthy, Prosperous 1921—Chocolate Shop.

T—T—T

**MILLIONAIRES’ CLUB**

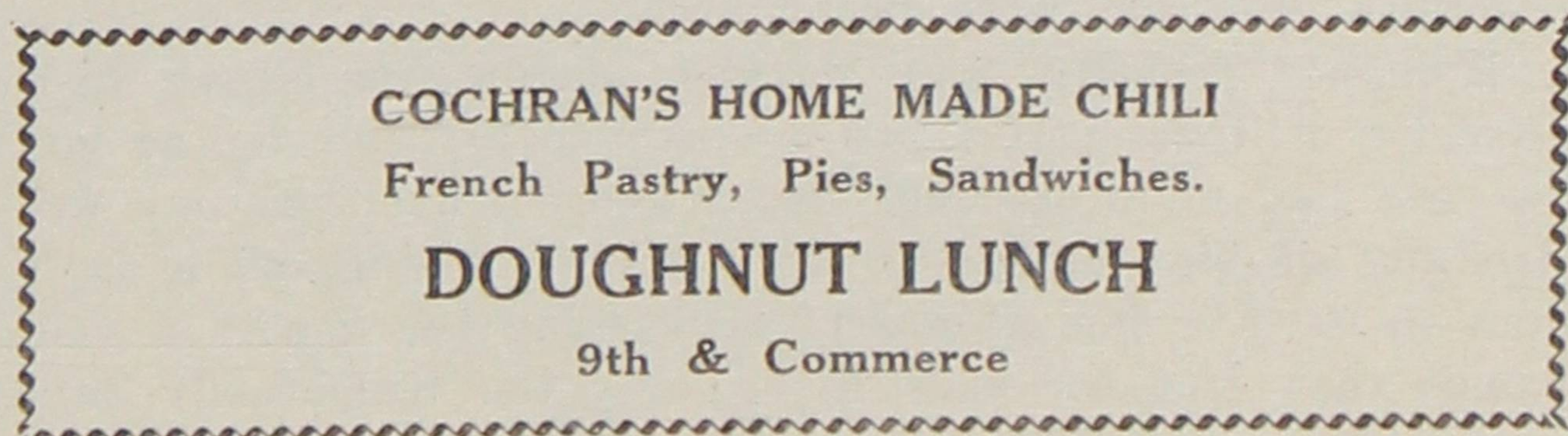
Peace and quiet have reigned at the Club the past two weeks. During the Christmas recess many of the members went to their homes in various parts of the state.

Bud Harris visited his home at Port Angeles, Ernest Clay spent the time at HER home in Yakima, Newell Stone went to Grandview, Anton Erp to Astoria, and Lewis Cruver to Gig Harbor. Ted Beattie spent part of the Christmas holidays at home in Sumner. He went to Spokane for two days on VERY IMPORTANT business. Kinch ran his father’s Fordlet weary between Snohomish and Tulalup. He says it was hard driving. Uh Hu! It would be easier if you’d use BOTH hands on the steering wheel, Clyde. First to go and last to return was little Russ Penning, who was A. W. O. L. for about a week. He reports that all trains out of Spokane have been snow-bound for some time.

The members of the Club have made one resolution; to cease the frivolity and do some studying (for the next two weeks at least) for the semi-annual hard glint is beginning to appear in the eyes of the Professors and they have revived their ancient battle-cry—“They shall not pass.”

Bill Clay’s periodic spell of absent-mindedness has returned. We can only guess at the cause. The other day he was seen gazing intently into a jeweler’s window, then look at his bank book, sadly shake his head, and move on.

In closing, we wish everyone a Happy New Year and a clear brain on examination day.



**SCIENTIFICIANS**

Our last meeting was scheduled for just before the holidays and as everyone was too busy to entertain we enjoyed a "Dutch treat" at Rhodes Brothers tea room. The subject of our program was "Dinner Etiquette." (We are looking forward to our coming banquet.) The following papers were given:

The Well-Set Table ..... Miss Beckman  
 Dinner Menus ..... Miss Warren  
 The Etiquette of Dinner Dress ..... Miss Ermine Warren  
 Table Etiquette ..... Miss Lawrence

**E. F. MOORE**  
 6th and Sprague

DRUGS      NOTIONS      ICE CREAM

Y. W. C. A.

The joint Y. W. C. A., Y. M. C. A. Christmas program December 21 served not only as an entertainment but also promoted a worthy cause as well. Thirty dollars was subscribed by the members of the two organizations for the benefit of the suffering Chinese.

The principal speakers of the past month have been Miss Hazel Baird, one of the officers of the city Y. W. C. A., and the Reverend James Milligan, of the St. Paul Methodist Church. We would like very much to have both of these speakers visit us oftener.

Since no public mention has previously been made of the new serving counter in the Y. W. C. A. lunch room we wish to take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Owens for his kindness in constructing this very useful and commodious article.

T-T-T

**THE SCIENCE CLUB**

The C. P. S. Science Club was entertained at Mrs. Cory's residence on Oakes Street at the last meeting. Mr. Anton Erp was our host and, as usual, we had one of those matchless dinners. Interesting lectures were given by Mr. Brooks and Mr. Clay.

We, the wise and learned members of the Science Club, are looking forward to that dinner with the Scienticians. We would like to say more but we will save our words until after the banquet.

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permitted us to invoice our stock at replacement value.

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**AMPHICTYON NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS**

1. Anton Erp—To finance a banquet every week.
2. Ed. Longstreth—To never carry more than twenty in one car.
3. Dorothy Michener—Not to play ragtime.
4. Billy Ross—Swear off on measles.
5. Clyde Kinch—To go out with only one girl hereafter.
6. Russ Penning—Not to use axle grease in his hair.
7. Esther Graham—To demolish the Freshman basket-ball team.
8. Paul Snyder: To take at least five minutes recreation each day.

T-T-T

Clam Chowder—some dish—every day at "Chocolate Shop."

T-T-T

"Should she die 'twould be sore trouble,  
 Take a month to get another, etc."

T-T-T

Priced "CHOCOLATE SHOP WAY" means lower than most;—Quality Higher.

T-T-T

The Amphic-H. C. S. debate will be the first week in the second semester on the question; Resolved: That the Movement of Organized Labor For The Closed Shop Should Receive The Support of Public Opinion.

# Mine Versus Yours or Red Versus Yellow

*S. Heinrick, '24*

WHEN Mrs. Flannigan arrived at the back door of the Murphy dwelling place, she found Mrs. Murphy engaged in the usual Monday morning celebration.

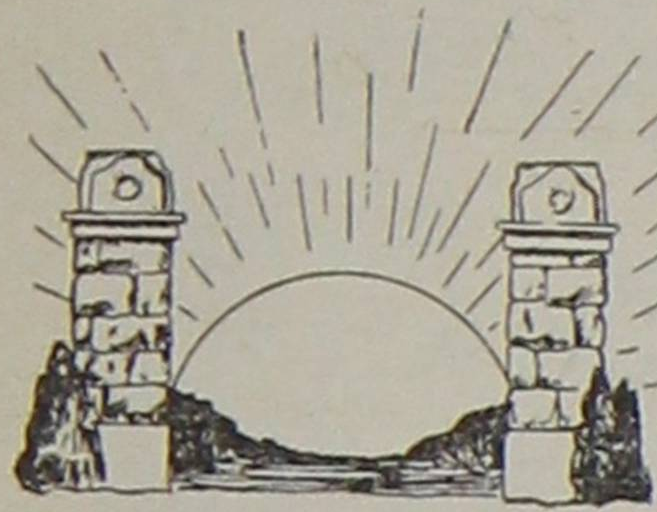
"Good morning to yez," said she. "It's slow ye are. My washing's been out these two hours."

"Humph!" exploded Mrs. Murphy, placing her elbows in a defensive attitude. "If I had as little to throuble me as you I'd have had mine out four hours ago. What with my five girls and six boys to send to work every morning, it's a day's work in itself." She attacked the washing board with a vengeance that sent the suds flying over the temporarily vanquished Mrs. Flannigan.

Yis," the latter retorted, "porhaps that's how yez git so much time to gossip over the fence to Mrs. Hanson about me bhoys. Don't be thinking I don't know what ye've been sayin' since he jined the 'Reds.' Me Jerry is worthe the entoire six of yer bhoys, who haven't got enough pip to jine the 'Yellows'."

With this declaration, she produced a cup exactly half-full of molasses. "'Tis much thicker than what I borried, but 'tis all roight and ye're wilcome to ut. Please don't fergit the six eggs ye borried a month ago. Many a toime I've naded those eggs, and if the hins continue in the business, oi'll be expectin' thim before the proice goes down. Ramimber—before the proice goes down agin."

**THE LONELY BUGLER**



**U**P in the woods back of my house lives a veteran of the Great War. I've never seen him, never spoken to him, don't know his name, nor has anyone else ever told me that he is an ex-soldier. But I know, and my heart goes out to him.

I know him by the peculiar thing he does. It may be sunset, with the western horizon a mixture of gray and gold; it may be early in the morning with the sun's rays just pinking the house tops; or it may be late on a stormy, rainy, black night, when through the fall air comes a bugle call; just one, with no regard for the occasion. It may be a clear, snappy "reveille" at midnight, or "to arms" at sunset, or "first call" at supper time or "chow" at sunrise, or "taps" at noon—just a bugle call—a few notes and then silence again. That's all, just a bugle call, but I understand the loneliness in that ex-bugler's heart, and my heart goes out to him because I know, and I understand. When he sees his bugle hanging on the wall he longs to put it to his lips and "slaughter 'em." It's the old urge and I know he must have been in the "thick" of it because that's what it took to get that way.

And when I hear that call I pause for a moment and my thoughts and my heart go away to other days and other worlds. I may be pounding out a political science outline, or trying to trace the circulatory system of a frog or exposing myself to "metabolism," or an essay on "what is life?" but when the lonely bugler calls I unconsciously stop in respectful attention. If it's reveille march I want to dig my way out of my imaginary mud "dog" and throw my canteen at the bugler and "cuss" a little. If it's "chow" I want to dash for the "line" with my mess gear and cup. I start up—then catch myself and sit there and stare at the wall—until the bugler's few lonely notes die away. And it reminds me of nothing so much as a ghastly spirit returning night after night to the dead corpse—the urge of something that was, but is no more. I remember the days when we "saw behind the curtain" of life, when everything seemed so naked—and I shake my head.

And so the neighbors may "cuss" and probably think that soldier boy is queer—but I know—and I understand.

T—T—T

**USELESSNESS OF GIRLS**

Wott good is gurls, they want too go along  
with boize ann skreme iff ennything goze wrong.  
u never want um but u alwuz no  
thale tel on u iff u doant lett um go.  
They kant go bairfoot wen u kros thee krick;  
they kant gett krabs fur bate itt maiks um sick.  
Thare skairt of todes ann iff u putt a snaik  
on um thale skreme us iff thare harts ud braik.  
they gott wite aprons on ann shooze ann kurls  
ann think thare hansum, but wott good is gurls.

thare like thee wether fur u never no  
Wott thale doo next thare alwuz changen so.  
thale but owt krien att thee littulest thing  
ann iff u ar under wenn thay swing  
Thare offul skairt ann holler down too u  
Ule maik um fawl ann kil um iff u doo.  
thare skairt uv todes ann snakes ann mice ann bugs  
Ann bein kist ann getten wett an huggs,  
gurls is no good ann wimmen folks is wurse,  
no wonder menn is gruf ole bachelers.

T—T—T

**AND UNDUMP DUMPLINGS**

There was a man in our town  
And he was wondrous wise,  
He could unscramble scrambled eggs,  
And uncuss custard pies.

He could unbutton butter, too,  
But with all his skill  
There was one thing he could not do—  
Unpay a paid gas bill.

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Finest Display of FRESH FLOWERS in City

**Hinz Florist**

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So. K and 7th St.

"Where Quality Reigns"

**Y. M. C. A.**

As a fitting conclusion to the week of special services, eight of the "Y" men and the Reverend "Jimmy" Milligan, '07, held a retreat December 10, at the Maddock cottage at Lake Steilacoom. The men left the College after the last service and spent the evening around the fire discussing various phases of "Y" work.

"O Sleep, thou are a blsesed thing." Blessed indeed are those who are fortunate enough to slow down long enough to obtain it. Brady was heard to remark that if fir was a soft wood he wouldn't care to sleep on hard wood. Brooks and "Ernie" entertained the crowd until the wee small hours with their clever imitation of a drag-saw in action.

The next morning after devotions, the Reverend Milligan gave an inspiring and practical talk on the duties and tasks of the College Y. M. C. A. The spirit of the whole affair was one of devotion and a purposeful consecration to the task of Christian leadership in the College.

STAPLE and FANCY GROCERIES

**BITNEY & SON**

So 8th and Sprague

Main 735

"Eight people for a seven passenger car? That was an annoying problem."

"Yes, Pa was put out."

T—T—T

"I hear your daughter married a struggling young man."

Father: "Yes, he struggled, but he couldn't get away."

T—T—T

Nut and Fruit Fudge every Friday, 25c per lb., Chocolate Shop.

T—T—T

"Did you see that string of letters after Prof. Harvey's name? Well, he got that way by degrees."

T—T—T

**BIG REDUCTION SALE**

Fifty per cent. off on all examination papers.

T—T—T

"I'm so glad you came. We are going to have a young married couple for dinner."

"I'm glad, too. They ought to be tender."

You will find here a complete line of  
SCHOOL SUPPLIES  
Including Fountain Pens—Eversharp Pencils

**M. R. MARTIN & CO.**  
926 Pacific Ave.

# Humor

Hand Picked by SAD SLIM BRADY



Just Jazzed in, Happy New Year.

## THE MODERN HIAWATHA

*He killed the noble Mudjekiwis,  
Of the skins he made him mittens,  
Made them with the furside inside,  
Made them with the skinside outside,  
He, to get the warm side inside,  
Put the inside skin side outside,  
He, to get the cold side outside,  
Put the warm side fur side inside,  
That's why he put the fur side inside,  
Why he put the skin side outside,  
Why he turned them inside outside.  
Steilacoom!!!*

—Yakima Wigwam.

T—T—T

Peanut Brittle every Monday 25c per lb. Chocolate Shop.

T—T—T

*"But should some power the giftie gie us  
To see ourselves as others see us,  
Methinks 'twould so reduce our chests  
That some of us could wear our vests  
Twice wrapped about and still so slack  
That they would button up the back."*

T—T—T

Have you any good "snaps" you want to loan the Trail?

T—T—T

Are there enough jokes in this Trail to entertain you, Mr. Critic?

T—T—T

He: "I saw your girl in the garden yesterday with her stockings on inside out."

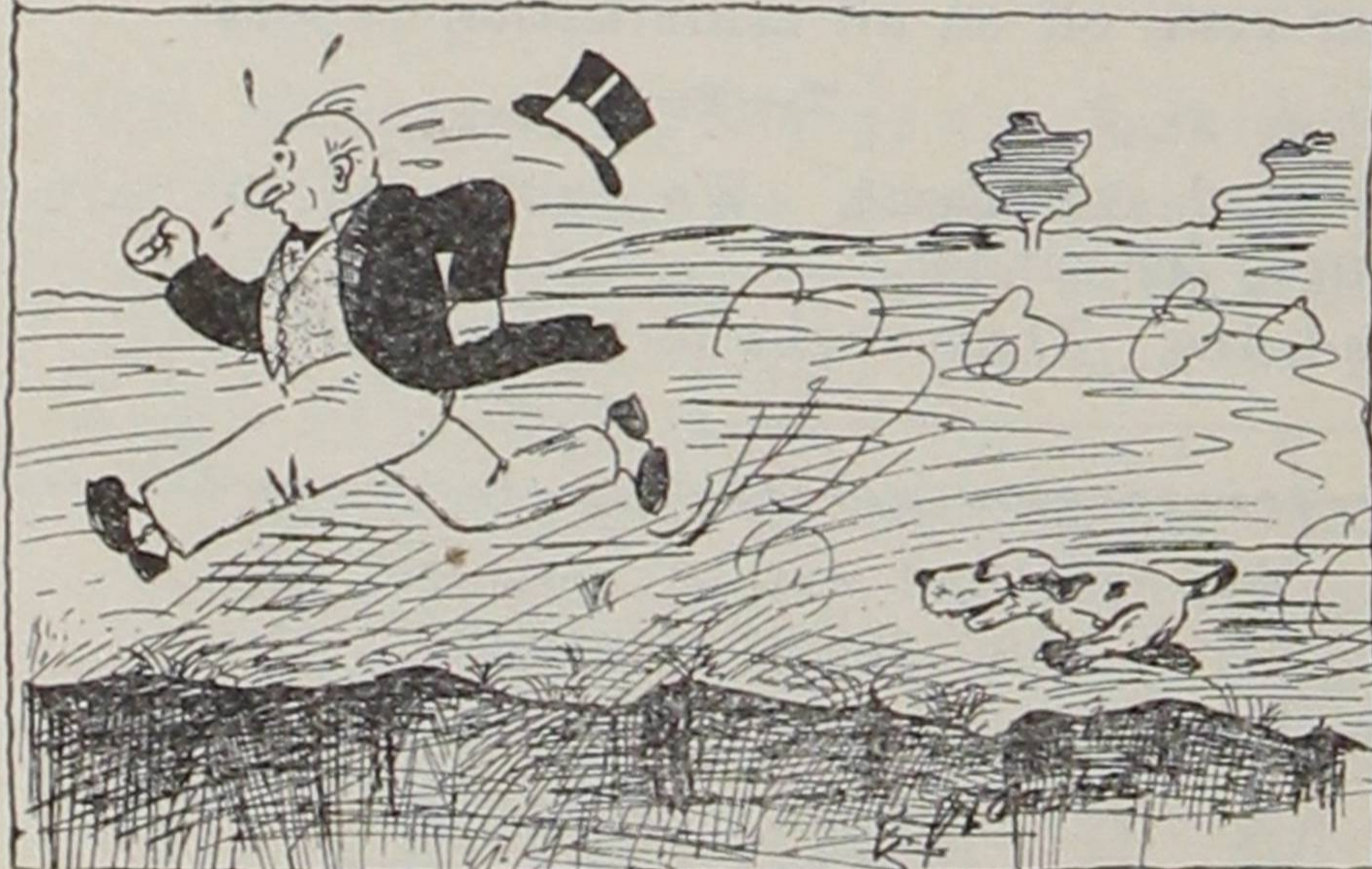
Him: "What did you do?"

He: "I turned the hose on her."

T—T—T

Young Housewife: "What makes the milk so blue lately?"

Milkman: "The milk's as good as ever, ma'am, but we turned the cows into the blue grass pasture."



A Run On a Bank

Tailor (very annoyed): "You were naked and I clothed you."  
Debter: "And you were a stranger and I took you in."

T—T—T

A doctor went out for a day's hunting, and on coming home complained that he hadn't killed anything.

"That's because you didn't attend to your legitimate business," said his wife.

T—T—T

THAT SO?

"Mrs. Hen seems very pleased with herself today."

Yes, she's just heard she's immortal."

"How?"

"Her son can never set."

T—T—T

"How is the sun like a hot cake?"

Reply from Swedish Student: "Because it rises from der yeast and sits behind der vest."

T—T—T

SCRATCHING

"That graphophone record is scratching."

"Only natural."

"Eh?"

"It is playing 'Turkey In The Straw'."

T—T—T

"I'll show 'em," said the hen, as she kicked the porcelain egg out of the nest. "They can't make a brick layer out of me."

T—T—T

She: "I heard your naturalist met with an accident. What was it?"

He: "Some one gave him a tiger cub and said it was so tame it would eat off his hand, and it did."

T—T—T

"I'm hungry," Eve heard Adam shout,

"So hungry that it hurts!"

Then Eve made him a salad out

Of one of her new skirts.

T—T—T

"I'll show 'em," said the raisin, as he jumped out of the moonshine. "They won't get a kick out of me."

## H. D. BAKER & CO.

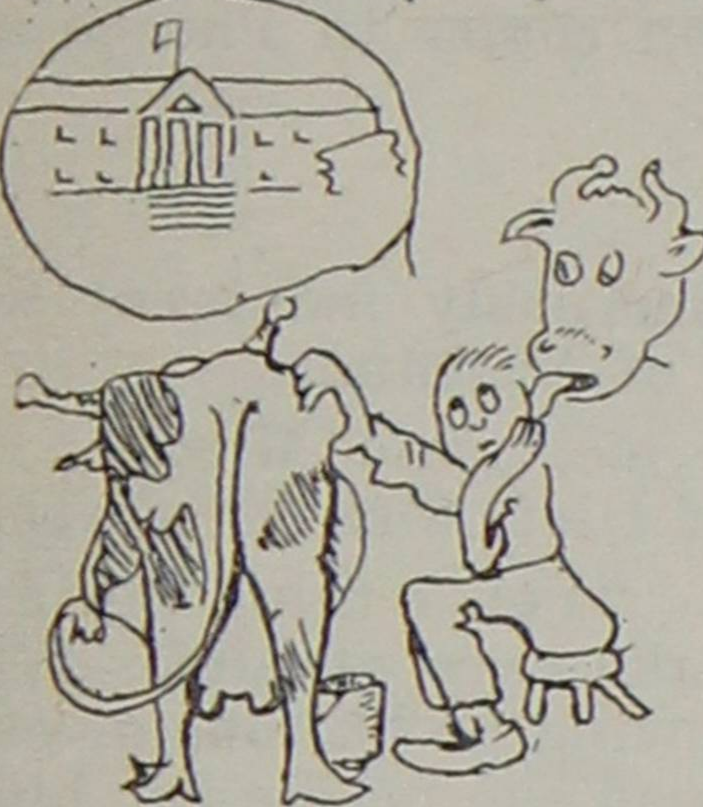
Adding Machines, Typewriters and Office Supplies

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Phone Main 962

Tacoma, Wash.

# PIEPLANT KINCH




OUR HERO PIEPLANT KINCH  
CRAVED FAME AND WEALTH AND KNOWLEDGE  
SO HE LEFT DEAR OLD SNOHOMISH  
TO ATTEND A FAMOUS COLLEGE

With a HEY  
AND A HO  
AND A HEY  
NONINO



EUREKA SHE'S YAK!


THEY LET HIM IN!  
ALL WINTER HE TOILED THRU THE SUMMER NIGHTS  
FROM MORNING SUNSET TO EVENING SUNRISE  
UNTIL HE FOUND THE SECRET OF  
TRANSMUTATION OF THE ELEMENTS  
(WHILE TRYING TO DEBANT  
THE HOLE FROM AN ERPIAN  
DOENUT BY TRIANGULATION)



RUINED!!!!

EXTRA!! EXTRA!!  
MAMMOTH DISCOVERY  
TRANSMUTATION OF ELEMENTS  
PIEPLANT KINCH MAKES DIAMONDS AT 10¢ A BUSHEL  
MANUFACTURES COAL AT 50¢ A TRAINLOAD  
HIGH COST OF LIVING RECEIVES KNOCKOUT BLOW  
SUGAR SOON ON MARKET AT 30¢ A TON

COAL BARON  
DIAMOND MERCH.  
SUGAR HOG  
HURRAH FOR PIEPLANT KINCH FOR PRESIDENT



PUT THE REST IN THE CELLAR  
JAMES AND TELL THOSE KINGS  
I CANT SEE THEM TODAY!

THE WORLD WITH ALL ITS RICHES  
NOW LAY AT THE FEET OF  
OUR PIEPLANT

CELEBRITIES FROM THE  
FOUR CORNERS CAME  
TO DO HIM HONOR

BUT OH!  
THE SAD TRUTH  
3 A.M.  
Pieplant  
GET UP!!  
YOU GOTTA  
MILK SEVENTY  
SEVEN  
HOLSTEINS  
BEFORE FOUR  
O'CLOCK AND  
FEED THE  
BULLS

OH BOOLSHEVIKI!

AT ALL MUSIC STORES LATEST HIT YOU CAN'T DO THAT SHIT HERE

T-T-T

"See here, waiter, I found a button in my salad."  
Waiter: "Well, sir, that's part of the dressing."

Best Dress Shoes Reduced to as low as

## \$7.85

### Cummings & Twining Shoe Co.

4th Floor California Bldg. Tacoma, Wash.

## HOYT'S DOUGHNUT LUNCH

Decorated Cakes for Birthday Parties and Banquets.  
Doughnuts and Coffee 24 Hours a Day.

Main 70.

2412 Sixth Ave.

## MAMMOTH CONTEST

### The Prize, One Million Roubles

### WHO IS THE STRANGER IN HELL?

IT was a gala day in Hell. Crowds of spike-tailed inhabitants thronged the entrance and large asbestos "Welcome" signs hung across the streets of glowing coals. The red-hot sidewalks shone pleasantly under foot and little streams of molten lead hissed merrily down the gutters; from the blast furnaces and sulphur pits the smoke rose in dense columns, stabbed at intervals by a red tongue of flame as the heavy stoking continued; the temperature stood at 1009 degrees Fahrenheit—pretty hot, even for this locality. Evidently they were warming up for a big reception.

The mob at the ever wide-flung gates parted, as, smoothly and silently a heavy, scarlet-tinted Fierce-Sparrow automobile rolled through their midst, bearing in the rear seat none other than the devil himself, who acknowledged the presence of his subjects with an evil smile. The car stopped and a hush fell over the concourse as he stepped out and greeted, with evident enthusiasm, a stranger who had just then crossed the threshold.

"Who is this person whom the devil is so delighted to honor," I inquired of one standing at my side.

The devil looked at me in astonishment. "What, you a college student and don't even recognize him? Why, that's—"

\* \* \* \* \*

Skullers, here's the chance of a life-time. If you are carrying around a grudge, if you want to get "revanche," if the faculty isn't treating you right, if the weather didn't break right for you, or if she turned you down—all you have to do is fill in the culprit's name and send it in to the Trail. Revenge will be yours, you'll have gotten the "maggots" out of your system, and your world will be bright and happy again. And on top of it all—you have a chance to win the prize of a million (1,000,000) "Bullshevik" roubles. The prize-winning Story will be printed in the February Trail.

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Waterman Fountain Pens

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948 Commerce St.

"When I told the man of your proposal he gave vent to a loud series of equine cachinnation."

"What's that you said?"

"He burst out in a horse laugh."

T-T-T

He: "I bought a car the other day,"

She: "Was it a Stutz, Templar, Packard or Locomobile?"

He: "No, but it starts with T."

She: "It must be a Ford. All the others start with gas."

T-T-T

"Your suit looks a little rusty."

"Yes, it was guaranteed to wear like iron."

Suits cleaned and pressed for \$1.75

### MODERN CLEANERS & DYERS

2307 Sixth Avenue

Phone M. 3292

Sunday School Teacher: "Which bird did Noah send out of the Ark to find out what the weather was like?"

Small Boy: "Please, teacher, a weather cock."

T—T—T

"How do you like my new pound cake, dearie?" asked Mrs. Newlywed.

"Why, er— er—" he stammered, "I don't think you pounded it enough, do you?"

T—T—T

Her breakfast tray was untouched. She had arisen and dressed hastily. A few minutes later found her running down the street, tightly clutching a book and a roll of papers. Her eyes were glassy and her jaws set. She must get there! Determination was in every motion.

At the end of the fifth block she dashed up a flight of wooden stairs into a large building. After glancing at the clock on the opposite wall, she heaved a sigh of relief, and sauntered up another flight of stairs. She had gotten to her 8 o'clock class ten minutes early!

T—T—T

#### UNANIMITY

"How is your wife going to vote?"

"Henrietta," replied Mr. Meekton, with dignity, "will vote the same way that I do."

"And how will you vote?"

"I believe in feminine intuition. I shall vote in the way that Henrietta suggests."

T—T—T

O!

Blancher: "I don't think I should get zero on this paper."

Prof. Davis: "Well, I don't, either, but that's the lowest I could give you."

T—T—T

The new night watchman at the college had noticed Professor Hanawalt using the big telescope. Just then a star fell.

"Begorra," said the watchman, "that felly sure is a crack shot!"

Private Clay, a stenographer before the war, had caught the bullet which he thought would send him West. He motioned to the stretcher-bearer.

"Give my love to Winifred and tell her that I thought only of her to the end," he begged. "Carbon copies to Phoebe and Anna and Grace."

T—T—T

The ladies were talking in the humorously indulgent way in which they usually tackle the topic of husbands.

"John is perfectly helpless without me," said Mrs. A. "I don't know what would become of him if I left him for a week."

"Isn't it the truth!" sighed Mrs. C. "You'd think my husband was a child the way I have to take care of him. Why, whenever he is mending his clothes or sewing on buttons or even darning his socks, I always have to thread the needle for him."

T—T—T

Donald Mactavish lay a-dying. He had been all day about it, and his wife, who had watched with patient expectancy since early morn, began to feel the call of her neglected household duties.

"Aweel, Don," she said, as she moved the light to the table by his bed, "I mus' gang along to the kitchen noo. Ye'll no be takin' yer departure afore I come back. But if ye should, ye'll not forget to blow out the candle afore ye dee, will ye?"

T—T—T

Cy Jones sat in the shadow of a stone wall on the bank of a creek, patiently waiting for a fish to take the bait. Just above a sign on the wall which read, "Insane Asylum," sat another man, just as patiently watching him. Finally he asked:

"Caught anything?"

"No."

"Had any bites?"

"No."

"How long you been fishing?"

"Three or four hours."

"Come on over on this side."

### A Second Chance

is seldom given but now you are offered

# A SECOND CHANCE

to enroll in

THE COLLEGE OF PUGET SOUND

in this school year.

The Second Semester Opens

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Special Skirts made to measure, for the making \$2.50. Materials  
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While getting your education, let us edu-  
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For the New Semester Get Your

College Text Books

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We carry full line of loose leaf note books,  
fountain pens and Eversharp Pencils.

*A GOOD TIME NOW FOR MEN TO REPLENISH  
THEIR WARDROBE*

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The price adjustments that have been made on our suits and overcoats are of such decisive character as to meet every reasonable expectation in the way of lowered prices and many of the suits are marked at even less than the figure for which we hope to be able to sell like qualities that we will buy on present markets.

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