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# The Trawl

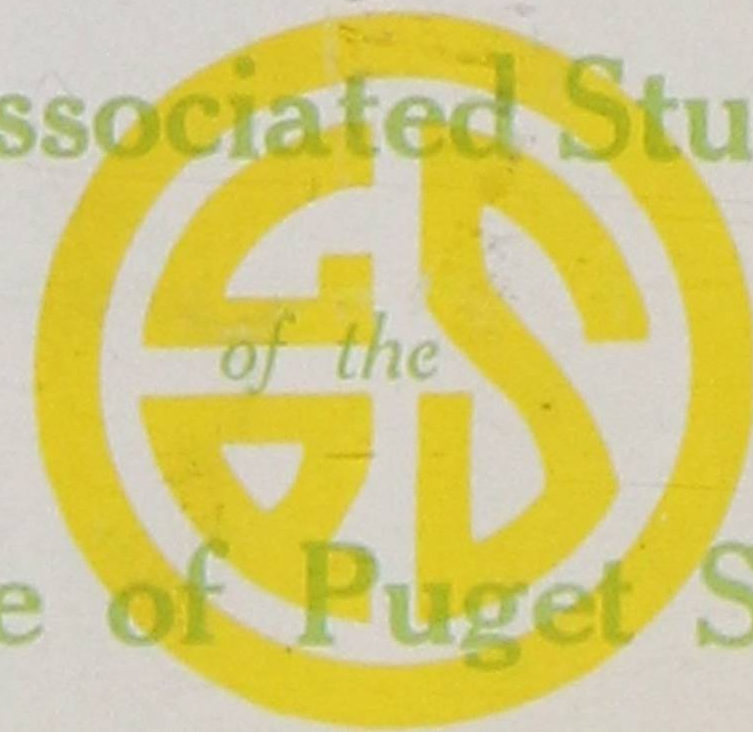


W. J. Falkner

Spri'g is Cubbi'g

*Published Monthly By*

**The Associated Students**



**College of Puget Sound**

**February, 1921**



## GRAVITATION

Causes everything that goes up to come down.

## PRODUCTION and DEMAND

Causes price of Merchandise to be either up or down. PRODUCTION has been very low the past few months, because of very little DEMAND, and prices have come down to a level which we do not believe will be lower; if anything, higher, when Demand for merchandise begins and stocks will be low.

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- Sweaters for Young Men.  
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- Mackinaws for Outdoor Occasions.

“MAKE OUR STORE YOUR STORE”

## GIFTS THAT LAST

All Prices Reduced

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Pioneer Jewelers  
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## 1921 ARRIVAL OF NEW STOCK BASEBALL and TENNIS SUPPLIES

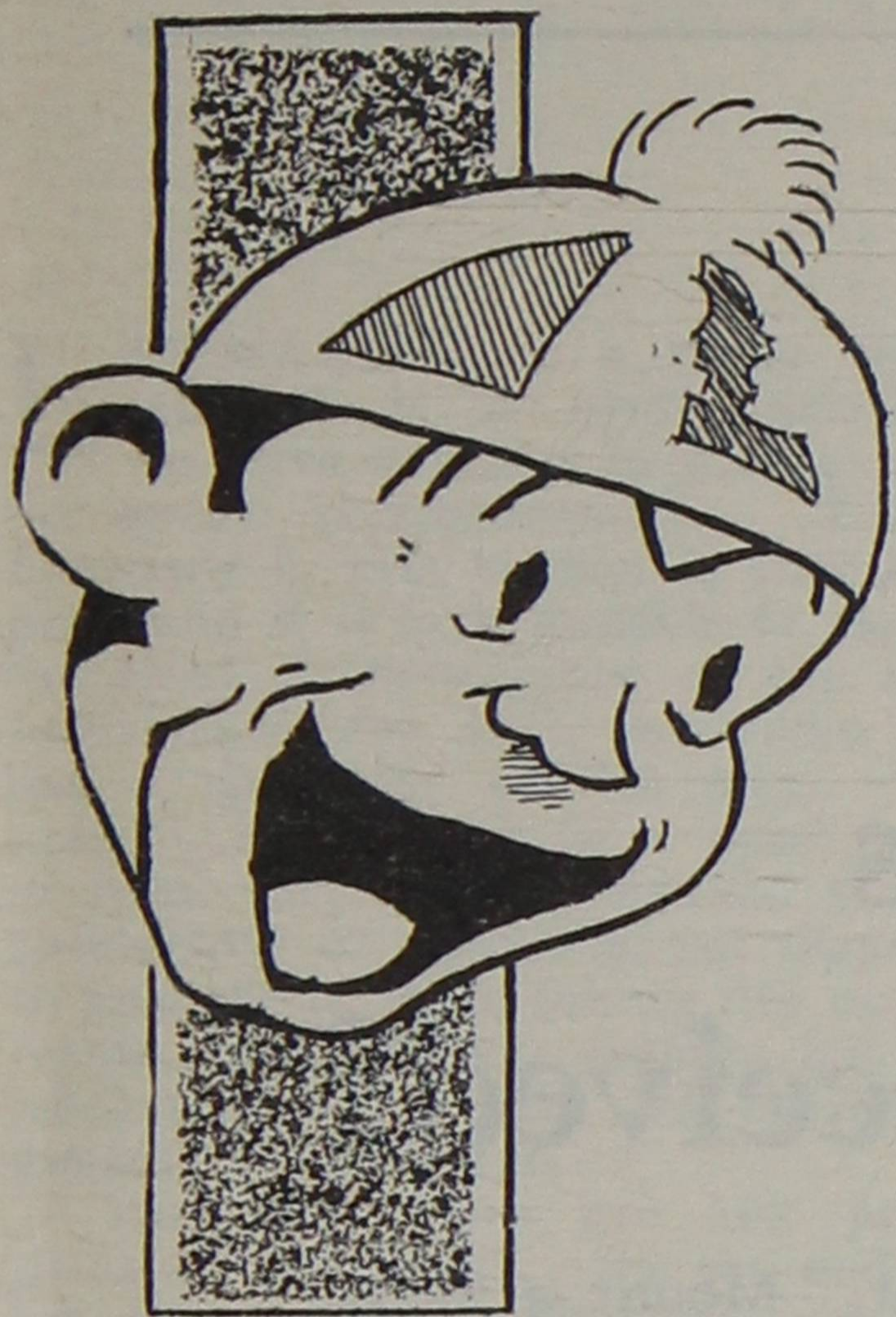
— at —

**Washington Tool and Hardware Co.**

10th & Pacific Ave.

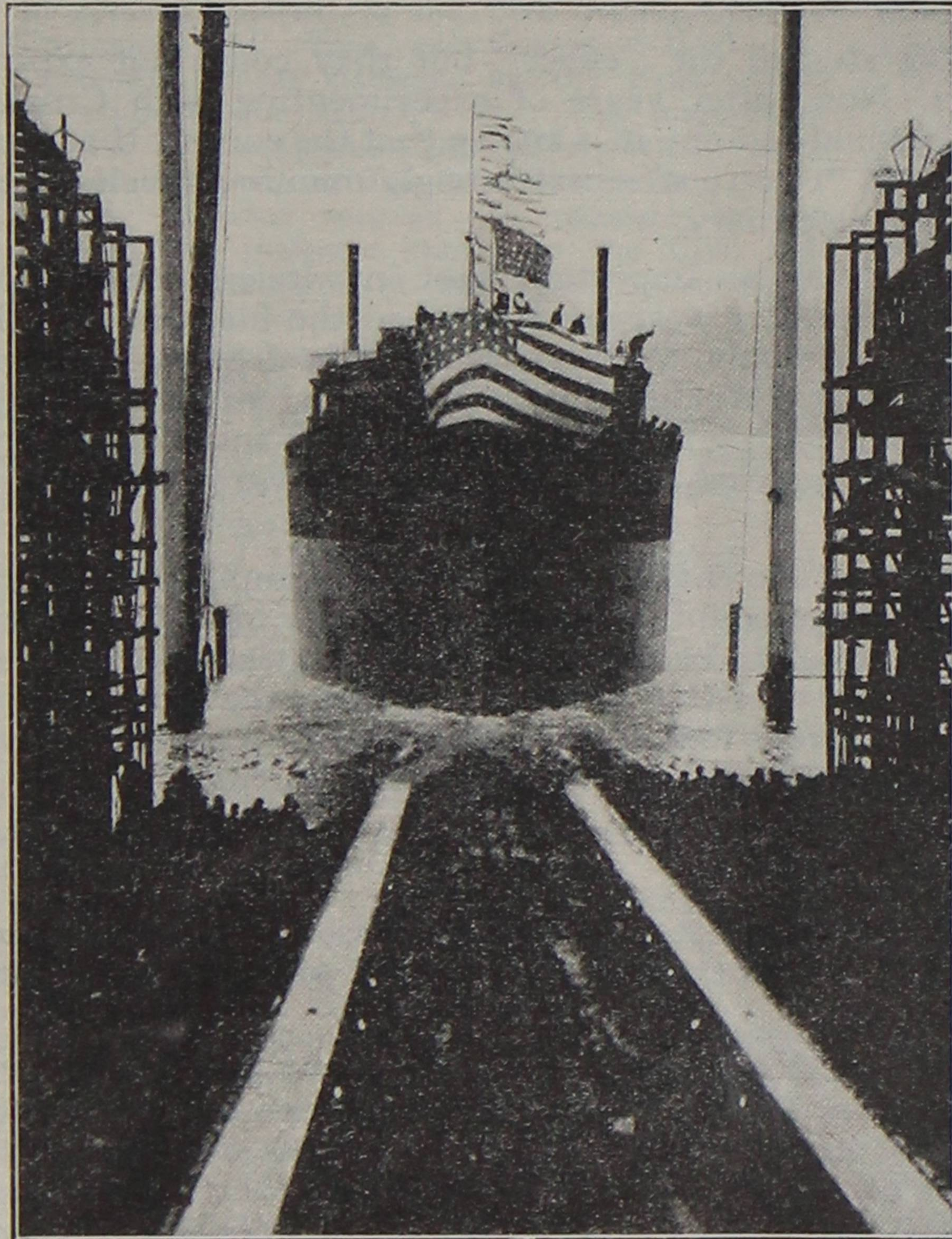
“Home of Spalding Athletic Goods”





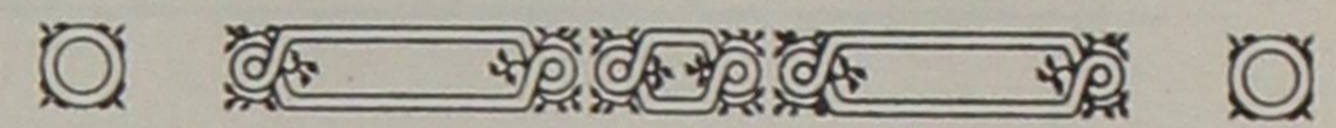
# OH BOY LET'S GO!!!

*Campaign for  
SECOND HALF-MILLION  
Launched February 13.*



Cut furnished through courtesy of Todd Dry Dock & Construction Corporation.

**ONE MILLION DOLLARS**  
for the  
**College of Puget Sound**  
by Midnight, April 14, 1921



## THE TRAIL

for  
February, 1921

Vol. X., No. 5.

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 co-operation of students, alumni and faculty.



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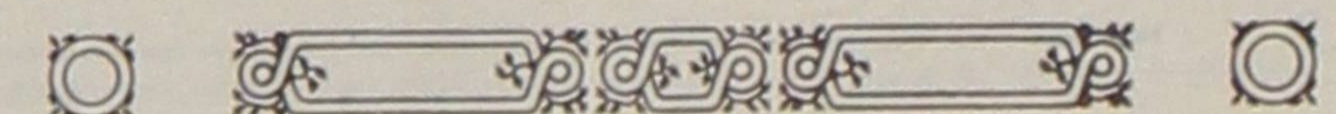
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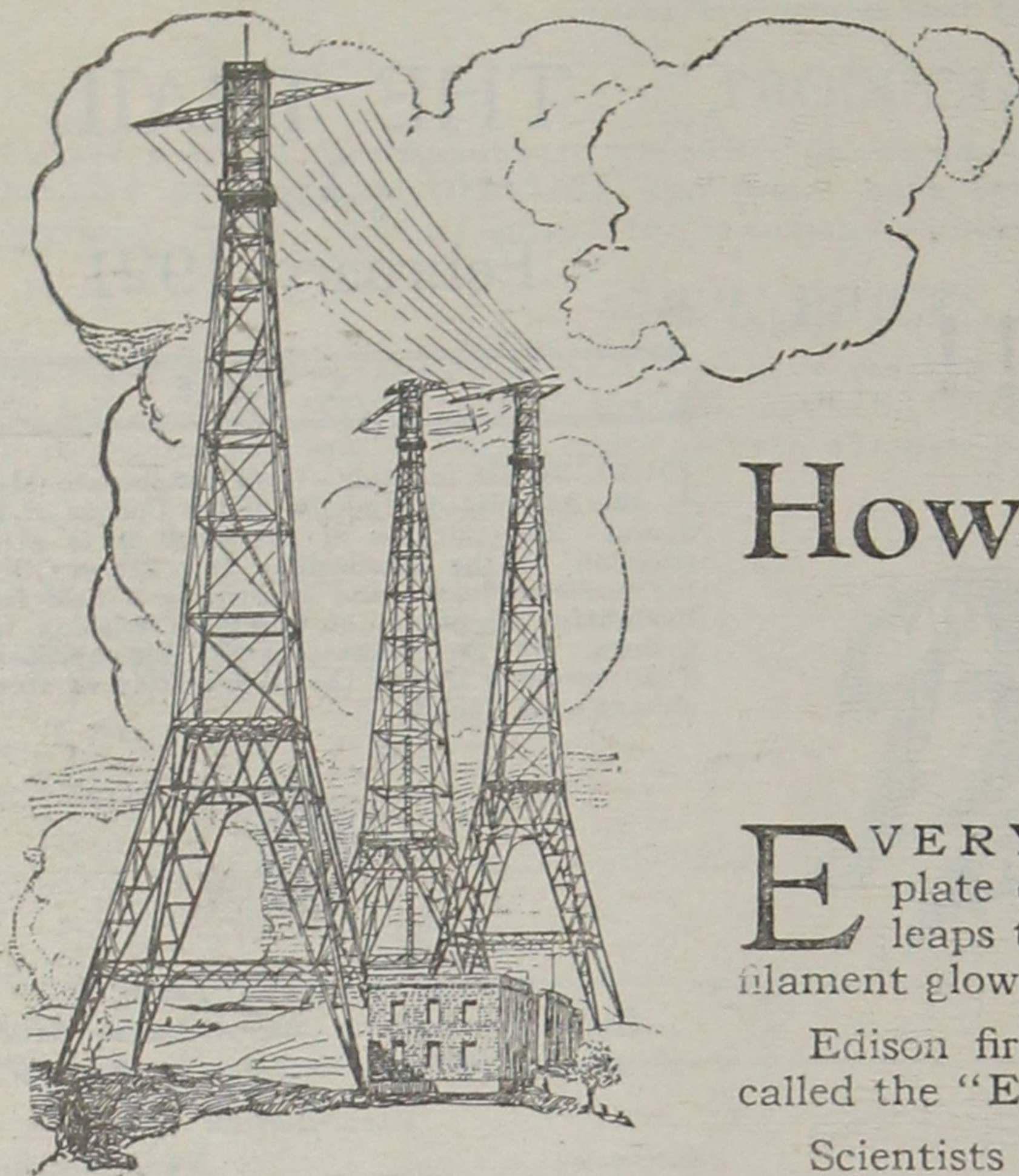
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Entered as second-class matter October 20, 1920, at the Post Office at Tacoma, Washington, under the Act of March 3, 1879.







## How is a Wireless Message Received?

**E**VERY incandescent lamp has a filament. Mount a metal plate on a wire in the lamp near the filament. A current leaps the space between the filament and the plate when the filament glows.

Edison first observed this phenomenon in 1883. Hence it was called the "Edison effect."

Scientists long studied the "effect" but they could not explain it satisfactorily. Now, after years of experimenting with Crookes tubes, X-ray tubes and radium, it is known that the current that leaps across is a stream of "electrons"—exceedingly minute particles negatively charged with electricity.

These electrons play an important part in wireless communication. When a wire grid is interposed between the filament and the plate and charged positively, the plate is aided in drawing electrons across; but when the grid is charged negatively it drives back the electrons. A very small charge applied to the grid, as small as that received from a feeble wireless wave, is enough to vary the electron stream.

So the grid in the tube enables a faint wireless impulse to control the very much greater amount of energy in the flow of electrons, and so radio signals too weak to be perceived by other means become perceptible by the effects that they produce. Just as the movement of a throttle controls a great locomotive in motion, so a wireless wave, by means of the grid, affects the powerful electron stream.

All this followed from studying the mysterious "Edison effect"—a purely scientific discovery.

No one can foresee what results will follow from research in pure science. Sooner or later the world must benefit practically from the discovery of new facts.

For this reason the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company are concerned as much with investigations in pure science as they are with the improvement of industrial processes and products. They, too, have studied the "Edison effect" scientifically. The result has been a new form of electron tube, known as the "pliotron", a type of X-ray tube free from the vagaries of the old tube; and the "kenetron", which is called by electrical engineers a "rectifier" because it has the property of changing an alternating into a direct current.

All these improvements followed because the Research Laboratories try to discover the "how" of things. Pure science always justifies itself.

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



# The Seventeenth Washington Legislature

Walter S. Davis

Member of the State Senate, 27th District.

LAWMAKING is a noble work, and it is a great privilege to have a share in giving laws to great commonwealths. Today, February 8, this session is just half over, and it is now possible to sketch the chief characteristics of the 17th Legislature, for each successive one has a character all its own. The present Legislature is a quiet body of men, earnest, not inclined to the spectacular or dramatic, not disposed to pass many laws, taking life easy, given to frequent adjournments, independent voting, but inclined to give over the leadership to a few self-chosen leaders in the matter of general management.

Thus far there are 102 printed Senate bills and 141 printed House bills. By the end of the session the total will not have exceeded 500—the smallest number in recent years. In 1913 there were about 1100, following the progressive movement of 1912, when many new ideas were thrown into the political arena.

Of the 243 bills so far introduced there are four that stand out and have attracted state-wide interest. First place must be given in general interest to the Civil Administrative Code, the chief proponent of which was Governor Hart.

This is the measure whose passage by the Senate was witnessed by the students on January 31. The inspiration of the movement for the reorganization of American state government comes from Governor Lowden of Illinois.

In 1917 Governor Lowden secured the passage by the Illinois Legislature of the measure known as the Civil Administrative Code. On January 5 of this year, before retiring from office, Governor Lowden in his last message to the Legislature told of the workings of this new code in a most remarkable state paper which will pass into history with a deserved high rank. Could this great state paper have been read by the delegates to the Chicago Convention last June, it is more than probable that Governor Lowden would have been given the presidential nomination.

In his message Governor Lowden claims for the Civil Administrative Code:

“—is a distinct contribution to political science. Illinois is the pioneer in the reconstruction of state, governmental machinery. It has pointed the way for administrative reform in older state governments. Many states have adopted, in part at least, the principles of the code. Others are now making intensive studies of these principles and of the results achieved under them.”

A hundred years ago the state governments were very simple in structure and position. The governor's duties were largely military. Year by year new activities have developed, new powers have been assumed, new inventions have called for new laws, machinery, and commissions.

So American state government came to be highly complex, with much over-lapping, duplication, confusion, illogical arrangement, with chaos reigning instead of order.

Governor Lowden's description of Illinois before 1917 fittingly describes Washington State government in 1921.

“Over 100 offices, boards, agencies, commissions, institutions, and departments, are charged with the administration of our laws. No systematized organization exists, and no adequate control can be exercised. Diffusion rather than concentration and responsibility marks our system.”

Under Governor Lowden's plan, order, unity, and effective supervision are secured by throwing all the administrative machinery, outside of the elective state officers, under nine departments, the head of each being appointed by, and directly responsible to, the governor. Boards and commissions are largely eliminated, except advisory.

Governor Lowden believed in one man for action and results. Responsibility should be fixed and definite. This required it to be placed in each department on one individual.

Such is the origin and original inspiration of the new form of state government which will go into operation on April 1, in Washington.

Under Governor Hart's new Washington code, the state government, aside from the elective state officers and their duties, is thrown under the ten following directors, each

*Senator Davis stopped long enough amidst his legislative duties to write us an article featuring in an interesting manner the origin and advantages of the new Civil Administrative Code and just how it will work. The new Educational Code is also explained, as well as several other bills now pending.*

appointed by, and responsible to, the Governor:

Director each of:

1. Public Works.
2. Business Control.
3. Efficiency.
4. Taxation.
5. Health.
6. Conservation and Development.
7. Labor and Industries.
8. Agriculture.
9. Licenses.

10. Fisheries and Game.

Each director will in turn choose his chief subordinates. These latter will in turn choose their assistants.

Governor Hart is now engaged in the task of selecting these ten directors and expectancy is on tiptoe as to their names, as each director has a good salary and great power and responsibility.

For the happiness and well-being of the people of our state may we hope that Governor Hart may be able to make, to the 1923 Legislature, a report of the complete success of the new plan, just as Governor Lowden did to the 1921 Illinois Legislature.

If any reader entertains the belief that the plan increases the Governor's power, I cannot see that it does, in fact, he gives up much of his appointing power. He simply re-distributes and concentrates that power in order to secure order, harmony, and efficiency.

There are some changes that I would have like to have seen made, e. g., the retention of the Welfare Commission for the administration of the Minimum Wage Law. I believe that time will demonstrate the wisdom of the general features of the Code.

The second important bill is the New Education Code. So far little has been done regarding this bill beyond its introduction and printing, but tomorrow night is to be held a public hearing in the House. There are three chief features to this Code.

1. Instead of the Rural School Director, the Code provides five directors for the entire County outside of incorporated towns. These choose the County Superintendent. This is the County Unit Plan.

2. The Governor is to appoint a State Board of Education of five persons. These are to choose the State Superintendent of Public Instruction from any part of the United States.

3. The State of Washington is to pay thirty dollars for the education of each child instead of twenty dollars as is now done.

Two other measures attracting much attention are the Blue Sky Law and the One Per Cent Gross Sales Tax. There are also many questions of interest to the student of sociology.

A measure beginning to attract wide attention is Senate Bill No. 65, permitting the reading of the English Bible in the public schools, the only literature now excluded.

On another occasion I shall be glad to show many interesting side lights on our lawmakers.

WALTER S. DAVIS,

Olympia, February 8, 1921.

Office Supplies—Gift Stationery  
**HILTON & HOTCHKISS CO.**

Stationers

109 So. 10th St.

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## The Bostonese Burglar

A SHORT STORY

Ed. Bergdal

*Are you tired of reading mushy love stories? Then you will want to read about how Mamie "hopped out of bed and searched him." It's different and you'll like it—start it and you'll let the supper grow cold while you finish it. The story is by one of the best short story writers in the College—a man well versed in the ways of the world, an explorer and traveler, with a wealth of experience to draw from.*

IT was 2:30 A. M. The air seemed choked with silence. It is surprising how silent the residence section of a city can be at this hour. Yet, there was one who was awake and active. If there had been any one watching he might have seen the figure of a man softly mounting the steps leading to the front porch of the Gillick residence. At the top step he turned to the right and walked noiselessly over the porch floor for a few feet and then stepped up on the railing, whence he nimbly climbed up the nearest column, and, aided by the grill work at the top, he easily drew himself over the edge of the porch roof. But in doing so he made a little blunder. He placed the toe of his shoe in the galvanized iron gutter that fringed the edge of the roof, and miscalculating its strength, he exerted a little too much force against it, and it suddenly gave away with a rasping metallic sound. It did not become completely detached, however, and did not fall to the ground. Nor did the climber lose his hold on the roof. He drew himself up to a more comfortable position and then remained motionless for several minutes. While he was in this position he showed no signs of life, but his eyes and ears were active. Apparently he was undetected. He resumed climbing. Above the upper edge of the porch roof were four windows with drawn shades; two of them were partly open. He made his way to one of these and gently raised the lower sash; pushing the shade out of the way he stepped inside and let the shade drop back.

An open window may be entered noiselessly. This was the reason he took the risk of letting himself be seen climbing up the front porch. A back door may be more inconspicuous, but when it has to be jimmed open it is apt to make a lot of racket. And, besides, this requires tools; and these are cumbersome to carry around and it is embarrassing to be caught with them in one's possession.

He flashed a light around the room until it rested on a bed from which peered the face of an apparently terror-stricken woman. So! He was not entirely undetected after all. But it did not matter much; she was too frightened to cry out. He laughed softly and then spoke in a sonorous voice: "Compose yourself, madam. I am not a cannibal or a vulgar person. I always strive to be a gentleman. For my intrusion on your privacy I beg you a thousand pardons; but, though a situation of this kind is very painful to me, it is unavoidable at times in my profession."

He saw a faint smile creep across the woman's face and quickly disappear, and then she seemed to be desperately trying to regain her look of terror. What could be her "game"?

As if it were an answer to this question the room was suddenly flooded with light, and a husky voice roared and chuckled: "Throw up yer paws! I got you, by jimminy, I got you! Haw! Haw!"

The light revealed the intruder standing a few feet from the window through which he had entered. He was a rather slender man of medium height. He appeared to be a little less than thirty years old. His attire was faultless except for some dusty spots on his clothing acquired during his climb. In his right hand he held an electric flashlight.

Facing him, on the other side of the room, stood a robust, baldheaded man wearing a nightshirt and a broad smile, and pointing a shiny large caliber automatic pistol at the intruder. This was Henry Gillick.

Mr. Gillick had not always been in such comfortable financial circumstances as he now enjoyed. He had been fond of strong drink and this had brought him into many boisterous arguments and fistic encounters, with the result that he became a frequent guest at the city jail. With regular irregularity his name, followed by the letters "D. D." had appeared on the police blotter for several years. And the "D. D." did not stand for "Doctor of Divinity" but for "drunk and disorderly."

Then Henry's brother died and left him his homestead, and he suddenly found himself a millionaire. He and his wife went back to the city and purchased a modest mansion in the Cedar Park district, a rather exclusive residence section of the town.

The newspapers for the past several weeks had been full of accounts of the doings of an elusive burglar who had affected a polite and polished speech whenever he had been confronted by anyone. A reporter had dubbed him the "Bostonese Burglar" and the name had stuck.

In the failure of the police to apprehend the Bostonese Burglar, Henry Gillick found a good example of the inefficiency of the police department. They were brave enough to drag into jail a fellow who was just having a "good time" and was not harming anybody, but a real criminal they could not or would not catch, he maintained.

As Mr. Gillick stood facing his captive he felt overjoyed. He had succeeded where the police had failed. He recognized in his visitor the famous Bostonese Burglar.

The latter betrayed no uneasiness. He took his time in complying with the command given him by the other. He knew by his opponent's display of good-natured triumph that he was not facing a nervous man, and therefore there was no need of hurrying. He slowly raised his hands.

Mrs. Gillick sat up in bed and snickered. She had perfect confidence in her husband's ability to handle the situation and she immensely enjoyed the sport of capturing a burglar.

"Bostonee, old boy, that's right, hold them good and high," continued Mr. Gillick, when the burglar had raised his hands. "I could tell it was you by that lingo o' yourn. The police have been trying to catch you for a month and could not do it. But Old Man Gillick is too slick for my, my boy. You made too much racket out on the roof and I suspected right off it might be you. The Old Woman volunteered to entertain

(Continued on page 8)



# "Shoot Him, Obadiah"

Elmer Carlson

*Here's something bordering on the hysterical—short and snappy like the statement on a long overdue bill. You'd never think Elmer would write a thing like this. He's such a slow moving, scant-worded, serious-minded fellow, but you never can tell about these Freshmen.*

OBADIAH SIMPLE presided over a ticket office of a small railroad out in the "Wild and Woolly West." There was a small country hamlet about a mile from Obadiah's station, but he rarely saw any of the inhabitants. Obadiah was the greenest of all tenderfeet—he was just learning to send telegrams.

One day the telegraph sounder at the general office began to click slowly. Obadiah was sending a message. It read:

"There is a grizzly bear on the station platform. Please wire instructions. Obadiah Simple."

Quickly followed the terse reply:

"Shoot him."

There was a pause while Obadiah studied out the message, then he wired:

"What with?"

The reply was another question:

"Haven't you a gun?"

There was a pause, then—

"Yes," from Obadiah.

The operator thought the matter settled, but five minutes later the hesitant clicking began again:

"What shall I do with it?"

"With what?"

"The gun."

The operator collapsed. Then, having plenty of time, he sent the following rather elaborate reply:

"First put a bullet in the gun—at the middle, not at the end, place the wooden end of the gun to your shoulder, point the other end toward the bear, and pull the trigger."

A few minutes later Obadiah wired:

"I got the gun ready but the bear ran away. What shall I do now?"

"Suggest you point wooden end of gun at window, point other end at yourself, and shoot."

The exasperated operator leaned back, thinking he had put a fitting end to the matter. A few minutes later he heard the familiar, hesitating click.

"I followed directions, but the gun didn't shoot. What do you suppose is the matter?"

The operator gave up.

# The Inevitable Payment

T. A. Swayze

IT seems apparent from a survey of one's experiences that very little is obtained in life for which payment in some form has not or will not eventually be made. The law of compensations and balances somehow decrees that a person must pay for what he gets, and further and more significant that a person always gets what he pays for—nothing more, nothing less.

Such were the thoughts and philosophical mental conclusions of Al J. Rogers, northwest agent for the Invincible Automobile Co., and reputed to be the best all around auto salesman in the West, as he lounged lazily in the wicker chair in the passenger saloon of the S. S. Indianapolis, enroute from Seattle to Tacoma, one rainy November afternoon.

It was natural, too, that he should thus find himself in casual conversation with the well dressed, elderly gentleman who took the seat by his side and that the bent of the conversation should be along the lines of the previous subject matter of his speculations, namely, payments eventually for values received.

"But as I was saying, Mr. —ah—"

"My name is Rogers—Al J. Rogers—Automobiles—"

"Harkness—Hamilton A. Harkness," replied the older man to the evident query, "criminology, Chicago University, but my hobby is the collection of unique jewelry—watches mostly."

"But as I was observing," resumed Rogers, "you don't get anything in this life you don't pay for sooner or later."

"On the face of things," said Harkness, "your assertion seems correct—but I believe it is a little too broad. That is, it seems to take in too much territory—so to speak. Now just as an illustration—I've made a special trip out to the coast to secure a certain antique watch, supposed to be the first watch ever made in America. Now the present owner of that watch will part with it at a price less than its real value. Because I don't expect to pay all it is worth."

"But," countered Rogers, "you will pay all it is worth to the owner, but perhaps, not as much as it is worth to you. There is a difference in relative values. Even though you pay less in cash than the watch is worth you pay fully for the watch. I would hardly travel across the continent for the most valuable watch in the world."

"Other things compensate me for the trip," explained Harkness, "recreation, new sights, rest and various things and I get the watch cheap. If I have to pay all the watch is worth I won't buy it. Then in that case, I'll have made the trip west for nothing. Paid for something I don't get."

"Oh, you get recreation and rest and see new sights," persisted Rogers, "and experience. That's always worth something. Take my kid for instance," continued Rogers on a new angle. "I'm having a hard time keeping him in school. I'm paying now for all the trouble and anxiety I gave my parents when I was a kid. I thought I was getting something for nothing, then; but this boy of mine will get an education and he'll pay for it, too, just as I did—he'll pay for the real education he gets and for the education he doesn't get that he has a chance to get while I'm paying the bills. Then someday his kid will keep him awake nights. Oh, I'll tell you Harkness," said Rogers with a sort of finality, "I've figured on this proposition from every angle—we always pay for what we get—and we don't get anything without paying for it."

Just then the steamer whistle blew, signifying approach to the Tacoma dock and Rogers took out his watch with the remark that the steamer had made good time. A careful observer would have seen a look of interest on the face of Harkness as he quickly and furtively noted the valuable solid gold watch in the hand of Rogers.

The two men walked together up the long hill from the dock. As they climbed the steps leading to "A" street at 11th, Harkness slipped on the wet stairway. He almost threw Rogers from his feet as he bumped into him. Harkness regained his balance and warmly apologized for his apparent feebleness. As the two men reached "A" street, Harkness bade Rogers a farewell and hastened on his way.

As Rogers was waiting for a Point Defiance car—Rogers again reached methodically for his watch—and stopped with a blank stare on his face, then he threw back his head and laughed heartily—"A professor of criminology—a collector of jewelry—mostly watches—and he didn't expect to pay all it was worth." And he continued to chuckle.

His watch was gone.



# News of Alumni and Former Students

MAUDE SHUNK, Editor

TWO letters of interest have been received from former students of the College.

Mary Cochrane, who left the first part of this school year to take part in Mission work among the Esquimaux of Nome, Alaska, wrote just before Christmas:

*"I have been in this hospital for two months and am enjoying the work more than anything I ever did. The weather is good and cold and it is daylight only about six hours. At the present time great preparations are being made for a Christmas program. WE, and put the stress on the "we", have a large Esquimaux church and Sunday School to attend to. Owing to the shortage of coal we have to cut down our meetings to once a week, we have been having three. The work is so interesting and I am very glad I came, even though I may not get back to finish that last year in College for a while."*

The other letter is from another part of the world,—the Philippine Islands. Arnold Warren '13, writes to his sister, Ermine, as follows:

*I am now head chemist of the Calamba Sugar Estate, although I am not overly much steeped in the lore of Chemistry text-books. I have charge of a completely equipped laboratory with a staff of thirteen assistants. We make about two hundred quantitative analyses daily of cane, juice, syrup, sugar, molasses, lime and bagasse (the crushed fibre of the cane after the juice is extracted),*

*I have learned a great deal in the last three months about the chemistry of sugar manufacture, simply because I had a definite goal in view and so was able in my study to discard all information which did not pertain directly to the specialized work of a sugar laboratory and to concentrate on the particular work which we have to do. You may tell Mrs. Marsh, (a former professor of Biology) that the biggest regret I now have is that I did not take more of her classes, and the same applies to the Ancient Languages. I think a good deal of the average student's study is waste effort simply because he does not have a definite goal in view. In my opinion a college graduate should have received a training which will qualify him to earn a livelihood in a definite vocation.*

*Give my good wishes to any who may still be there who knew me in the days when I was a student.*

\* \* \*

Dr. Boyer, a former professor in the College is now a practicing physician at Portland, Oregon.

\* \* \*

Charles Blanpied is in governmental work in the East.

\* \* \*

George Helgeson, of the Academy class of '17, is now one of the managers of a large business college in Minneapolis.

\* \* \*

Rolla Clark is pastor of the Clinton, Massachusetts, Methodist Church.

\* \* \*

Katherine Conmey has been teaching for a number of years at Union High School, Bremerton, Washington.

\* \* \*

Zaidee Bonney, is well known to our former Stadium students. She is in the Department of English there.

\* \* \*

John F. Long is pastor of the Methodist Church at Everett.

\* \* \*

Edward Schaper will complete his medical course at Leland Stanford University this year and will become an interne in the hospital there after graduating.

\* \* \*

Alden Warman is principal of the high school at Okanogan, Washington.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Raymond Cook, '08, was seriously injured in an auto accident recently. She is slowly recovering at the Tacoma General Hospital. Helen Lief, a graduate of the Normal Department, class of '17, was also seriously injured in an auto accident lately.

## CHURCH HONORS PRESIDENT TODD

President Edward H. Todd has been notified that he has been chosen as one of the six men from the Portland area of the Methodist Episcopal Church to attend the ecumenical conference of the Church to be held in London in the late summer, probably in August or September.

President Todd said he would attend the conference if the building program of the new College was in such a state as to allow him to get away.

The conference will be attended by delegates from every branch of the Methodist Church and the meeting in London is considered of prime importance because of the changes that have occurred in the religious world since the last meeting which was held in Toronto in 1911.

\* \* \*

## DAY OF PRAYER FOR COLLEGES

The Day of Prayer for Colleges was observed in the College Chapel, February 3, with the following program:

Congregational singing, led by Professor Johnson.  
 Psalter Reading on Education, No. 8.  
 "Purpose and Results of the Day of Prayer for Colleges" . . . . . Dean Cunningham  
 Chorus Choir.  
 Prayers for our colleges.  
 Vocal Solo . . . . . Miss Marion Myers  
 Address . . . . . Dr. John Wallace Kennedy  
 Prayers for Christian Students  
 Vocal Solo . . . . . Miss Winifred Williams  
 Dismissal with the Lord's Prayer.

\* \* \*

## TAMANAWAS

That old phrase that "teamwork wins" is a mighty good one. Teamwork is what the student body must have, so that we can put across a ripping good annual.

## CLEARING THE CAMPUS

The contract to clear, grub out and burn the brush, blast out the stumps, and grade and plow the 40-acre campus has been granted to Otto Stranch, Tacoma contractor, by the board of trustees. This clearing is to prepare the site for the landscaping and is the first step in the building program.

Certain trees and shrubbery on the site which may fit in with the general scheme of improvement will be left. The land is profusely covered with cedar, cascara, huckleberry, alder, and Oregon grape. Until the campus is ready for final improvement the present contour of the site will be maintained and some of the trees and shrubbery retained to improve the looks of the ground.

\* \* \*

## METHODIST CONVENTION AT WINLOCK

With ministers in attendance from the 41 churches in the district, and a number of laymen, the annual convention of the Vancouver district of the Methodist church opened at Winlock, January 28. A dinner was one of the entertainment features of the convention.

Among the prominent speakers on the program were Bishop William O. Shepard of Portland, Dr. E. H. Todd, and Dr. Lovejoy of Chicago.

Reverend E. N. Askey, pastor of the Centralia Methodist Church, was appointed chairman of the Centralia group of the Vancouver district for the final C. P. S. campaign opening in February.

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# Society

MARION MYERS AND WINIFRED WAYNE, *Editors*

**M**ISS Olive Martin, a Junior at C. P. S., left early in February for the University of Southern California to continue her work in the College of Oratory. Olive leaves a host of friends who wish her well.

The Kappa Sigma Theta girls entertained the men of H. C. S. at a delightful Valentine's Party at the home of Myrtle Warren on February 12. The rooms were prettily decorated in hearts and decorations suitable for the occasion. All in attendance had a rousing good time and as this party is an annual affair we are looking forward to next Valentine's Day.

## EXCURSION TO THE LEGISLATURE

The State Legislature was visited by the students on Monday, January 31. The Virginia III. was chartered for the occasion and left the Municipal Dock at eight-thirty, a. m., arriving at Olympia at noon.

The afternoon session of the legislature was attended and the heated debate of Senators Rockwell, Johnson and Cox were greatly enjoyed by the students, some of whom also braved the downpour and visited the Temple of Justice.

At four o'clock Senator Davis led his flock into the Governor's room where each student was presented to Governor Hart.

After the close of the Senate the students adjourned to the city. Three young ladies visited the Candy Kitchen for refreshments. Desiring some amusement they entered into a conspiracy with the storekeeper. A "C. P. S. Special" immediately appeared on the menu. These three young traveling salesladies met all C. P. S. students with this remark: "We just had a C. P. S. Special." This always brought forth the eager query, "Oh, where—was it good?" Even faithful Bill Bowman was caught. The lady of the store gave

## KAPPA SIGMA THETA SORORITY

**M**ANY interesting programs were arranged and presented during the first semester of the school year by the Thetas. The two which completed the 1920 calendar were, the program on Edgar Allen Poe, presented January 19, and the World Interest program was enjoyed on the Wednesday following.

In honor of Olive Martin, who leaves early in February to complete her course at the University of Southern California, Ruth Kennedy entertained the girls at a clever party Friday evening, January 21, at her home on North J Street. Winifred Wayne also delightfully surprised Olive at an afternoon gathering at her home on the twenty-ninth.

A very unique and clever progressive dinner party, given by their little sisters, was enjoyed by the Theta girls Friday evening, January 28. The first two courses were served at Mildred Forsberg's home after which we were delightfully surprised by the presentation of six tea towels daintily embroidered in the Kappa Sigma Theta emblem, and a dish cloth also bearing the same emblem. After a walk of "only a few miles" we were finally ushered into the home of Nan Tuell where we heartily enjoyed our meat and salad courses. The table decorations were cleverly carried out in the H. C. S. motif. Here we were presented with a soap dish and a can of cleanser. After another short "hike" we wound up at the home of Ruth Kennedy where we were served the final course. Here the Theta motive was beautifully done in lavender and green streamers and violets which decorated the tables. The surprise awaiting us here was a large, shiny dishpan and rubber apron. The idea of our little sisters in presenting the Sorority with these gifts was to clean up the "dirty work" which they claim they suffered under their first degree initiations.

the crowd various answers as to how she happened to have a dish made especially for the students. To show their appreciation for the attention and forethought of the storekeeper they treated her to some C. P. S. songs and yells.

The moonlight excursion home was enjoyed immensely. The running light on the back mast served as a moon.

In honor of Olive Martin who leaves shortly for California, Ruth Kennedy entertained at her home, Friday, January 21. A group of college girls were guests and the evening was spent informally with games and music.

Though some error several notes which should have appeared in the last issue of the Trail were mis-placed.

C. C. James brought back to C. P. S. the prize of Battle Ground, Oregon. The Philos will vouch for the fact that Mrs. James, (Miss Ruth Benjamin) is a splendid cook and cake baker in addition to her other accomplishments.

Miss Katie Burton, a former student, and Mr. Ryan, were recently married.

The Theta Freshmen girls entertained their older Theta sisters at a delightful Progressive Dinner Party, January 28. The hostesses entertained at the homes of Mildred Forsberg, Nan Tuell and Ruth Kennedy, respectively. The Little Sisters proved to be delightful hostesses. Dainty and useful gifts were presented for the Theta Hall after each course.

Winifred Wayne entertained at her home with a farewell party for Olive Martin. A group of the honor guest's most intimate friends were present. The afternoon was spent informally.

## AMPHICTYON LITERARY SOCIETY

*"Did we enjoy our house party?  
Indubitably!!!"*

**T**HERE'S nothing like a little house party once in a while! There was not a dull moment for the Amphictyons from the time the ferry deposited them on the Fox Island landing until the Virginia III. picked them up again on Monday morning.

First night out: Marshmallow toast and midnight serenade by Five.

Second day: Hike around the island, fudge stolen, another midnight chorus. (No prize awarded.)

Third day: Cold showers served early in the "mawnin." Purkey ducked, church, taffy pull.

Grand Finale: Collection of supplies and departure. (Tearful farewell.)

At our mock wedding, Elmer Carlson made a most picturesque and blushing bride and looked almost happy when C. Kerr, the bridegroom, promised everlasting disobedience to her lawful authority. Dor, the little flower girl, was daintily characterized by T. Thorsen. Anton Erp was a monumental mastodonic, gigantic success as a captivating bridesmaid. Reverend Longstreth officiated at the solemn ceremony after which the usual group photograph was taken.

Dame Rumor says the Amphictyons will give another house-party at American Lake during the Easter vacation, at which they expect to have their usual good time.

All loyal Amphics out for the H. C. S.—Amphic debate!

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# Sport Review

ROSS MCPHAIL, *Editor*

## 30-31 FAVOR OF CHENEY NORMAL

OLD man jinx, who was a popular box seat occupant at most of our football games last season, made his debut at the Cheney Normal game, January 25. The two teams were about evenly matched and one of the fastest games of the season was the result. The outcome of the game was never certain until the final whistle. Our opponents played a strong offensive and their work was characterized throughout by mighty clean playing.

Credit for the good showing our men made was not due to individual playing, as the whole team played smoothly and systematically.

Brooks and Scott at forward played in good form, always alert on the defense, and either hurried or stopped many shots of the Cheney Normal forwards.

Stone at center was high point man, he outjumped his opponent and was fighting every minute of the game.

Hart, Brady and Kinch, the latter playing the last half, were always "there" at the opportune time, forcing the forwards to top speed when they seemed to slacken their pace.

The lineups:  
 C. P. C. (30) Cheney Normal (31)  
 Brooks, 5 ..... F..... Leach, 4  
 Scott, 7 ..... F..... Swank, 12  
 Stone, 16 ..... C..... H. Wynstra, 9  
 Kinch ..... G..... Howe, 2  
 Brady, 2 ..... G..... W. Wynstra, 4  
 Anderson, substitute

## TILLICUM-FRESHMAN

PRELIMINARY to the Cheney game, the C. P. S. Freshmen tangled with the "Winged Tillicums" of Puyallup, the visitors walking away with the bacon.

Inability to advance the ball much farther than the center of the floor, which gave very few opportunities to try for field goals, together with inaccurate shooting when they did get it near the basket accounted for the Freshman defeat. "Andy" said his team was not in condition and had hardly played together enough.

The lineup: Hedstrom, f; Revelle, f; Cruver, C; Rumbaugh, g; Norris, G; Vaughn, substitute.

## GIRLS' FRESHMAN-SOPHOMORE GAME

THE coming basketball game between the Freshman and Sophomore girls is causing no little discussion around the campus.

At the class meeting last week Esther Graham and Helen Brix were elected captains of the Sophomore and Freshman teams, respectively. These girls are working faithfully for the coming game, which takes place February 17.

The following statements were made by the respective captains when interviewed regarding their teams:

Helen Brix: "My team is improving wonderfully and should give the Sophomores a run for their money. If they defeat us they will know they have been in a game of some sort, as we are in to win."

Esther Graham: "We are gradually rounding into shape. Although outweighed somewhat we will offset this handicap in speed. My team will be in the pink of condition and will fight from whistle to whistle."

Frank Brooks, who is assisting Miss Helen Brix with the coaching says: "I can see only victory for the Freshmen."

Charles Brady, who is assisting Miss Graham, said that if her team does not break training they will be sure to come out victorious. Now what?

Keep up the pep, girls, we're all behind you.

## BELLINGHAM TRIP

Coach Peck's quintet journeyed to Bellingham Friday night to play the Bellingham Normal school and were defeated to our astonishment by a score of 19-33.

This is the second defeat of the season for the Collegians. The C. P. S. team was unable to hit the usual stride until the latter part of the game, by which time, however, the Normals had too great a lead.

Brooks and Stone were high point men for the College. Kinch, Hart, Brady and Anderson also worked hard.

After the game the team was entertained at a party given by the Philomathean Literary Society of the Normal School and had a most enjoyable time.

We will meet the Bellingham quintet in a return game in our gym in the near future. Every student must turn out to back the team.

## U. OF W. GAME

WE journeyed to Seattle one Friday evening, accompanied by a band of rooters, with the intention of bringing back Washington's scalp. YES, with the intention of beheading them, for a C. P. S. team never goes into a game with cold feet or with the idea of being beaten.

It happened, however, that we were beaten—accidents will happen you know, and Rome wasn't built in a day, etc., etc. Yes, we were beaten bad, but what of that, we can't win all the time, can we? We did our best against a much more experienced team.

According to Mr. Brady, the C. P. S. rooters could not be heard amidst the howling U. of W. backers. Coach Peck said his team was not used to such a large gym and appeared stage struck. The Washington boys were shooting in luck, getting them in the basket from all angles of the floor.

Brooks says the Washington boys were shooting so good that they couldn't miss anything, they wouldn't even have missed the gym if it had been taken out from under them.

We all hope, however, to be able to repay this score in the near future.

## THE BOSTONESE BURGLAR

(Continued from page 4)

you until I could get ready for you, and here we are. And don't fergit that I used to be the deadliest dead-shot o' Death Valley; so don't do nothin' rash until I decide whether I'll send you to the police or the undertaker."

"I am charmed to meet you, Mr. Gillick," replied the burglar, with a bland smile. "It was very gracious of you to introduce yourself. As you already seem to know who I am and have a perfectly satisfactory name for me, there is no need for any elucidation on my part. I would like to extend you my hand in a hearty handshake if you would permit me to do so, but I presume you are not inclined to grant me that favor."

"Fergit it, old boy; just keep your hands up. You can't put none o' that stuff over on me," was Mr. Gillick's rejoinder.

"As I surmised," continued the burglar. "However, I assure you that I am perfectly harmless. I carry neither firearms nor cutlery of any sort. I hope you will search me, so I can convince you of the veracity of my statements."

"Mamie, hop out o' bed and turn his pockets inside out," said Mr. Gillick to his wife.

"But, Mr. Gillick, had we not better retire to another room while Mrs. Gillick dresses?" protested the other.

"All right, if you are scared of a woman's bare toes, let's go in the next room while she fixes herself up a little," said Mr. Gillick, quite agreeably.

He backed himself through the doorway and ordered the other to follow.

"I'll be with you in a minute," said Mrs. Gillick, as the figure of the burglar passed through the doorway and out of sight.

She slipped a kimono over her nightgown and put on a pair of slippers and followed the others within a few seconds. The room was in semi-darkness, the only light being that entering through the doorway from the other room. Mr. Gillick had placed the burglar in the gleam of this light while selecting a darker spot for himself. When Mrs. Gillick entered she turned on the light and immediately proceeded with the search. This yielded a few coins and bills, a handkerchief, a card case with some cards bearing the name "Roger Ford," and a small flask, besides the flashlight he still held in his upstretched right hand. Mrs. Gillick placed the flash-

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light on a table and replaced all the other articles except the flask. She sniffed at the latter and then threw it out of a partly open window.

"Moonshine," she said.

Mr. Gillick scowled as he witnessed this act, but he said nothing. The burglar watched him and smiled, and then said to Mrs. Gillick:

"Oh, Mrs. Gillick! Why did you do that? I brought that bottle along for Mr. Gillick. I am an absolute abstainer myself, but I thought I might run across your husband or another jolly good fellow like him, and I am always anxious to please, so I brought it along."

Mr. Gillick's scowl deepened. "Now, don't get funny with me," he said.

Mrs. Gillick returned the burglar's smile, but said nothing.

A servant peered in through a partly opened door leading to a hall and asked if anything was wanted, but was told by Mr. Gillick to go back to bed.

"Now, Bostonee, you kin set down in that chair if you like, and put your mitts in a more easy place, only keep 'em in front o' you where I kin see 'em," said Mr. Gillick, when his wife indicated that the search was completed.

The burglar sat down and assumed an easy position, crossing his knees and locking his hands about the upper one and leaning the chair back on two legs.

"I hope you will pardon my ill manners, but I could not resist the temptation to make myself comfortable," he said.

Mr. Gillick found himself a chair and sat down, laying his right hand with the pistol on his knee.

"Call up the police, Mamie," he said.

Mrs. Gillick hesitated a moment and then said slowly: "Henry, I was thinking we might let the police catch their own burglars. This one is ours."

"By golly, Mamie, you are very smart," replied Mr. Gillick, half sarcastically. "I wish I had some o' your great ideas. What do you want to do with him? Fry him in a pan or broil him on a stick? Or maybe you want to train him for a pet?"

"You are getting pretty smart yourself, Henry," rejoined Mrs. Gillick. "I don't know what to do with him, but it seems to me that if we call the police to take him away they may claim they captured him or that they helped to do so. What's the matter with us taking him to the police station ourselves? Then we can give the police a piece of our mind at the same time."

"A splendid idea," ejaculated the burglar.

"Never mind, Bostonee," said Mr. Gillick. "It won't do you no good, nohow."

Mrs. Gillick continued: "We needn't wake up Jack; I'll drive the car myself, and you can take care of——" she hesitated and glanced at the burglar and smiled. "——of Mr. Ford," she finished. "And we'll get our pictures in the papers tomorrow, and a nice write-up. And the police will wake up to the fact that we are somebody," she added.

Mr. Gillick had quite recovered his good humor. He grinned and replied:

"Well, Mamie, letting you drive the car on a dark night like this, and with this kind of a fellow passenger, isn't what I'd call the safest thing in the world, but if you are game I am."

"Oh, I can drive the car, all right," said Mrs. Gillick. "I drove it all the way down town and back yesterday, and Jack didn't have to touch the wheel at all, except—a few times."

"All right. Get dressed, then," said Mr. Gillick.

Mrs. Gillick went into the bedroom and dressed hurriedly and returned. Mr. Gillick then marched the burglar into the bedroom and had him take a chair in a corner farthest from any door or window, and had him face the wall. He then dressed, keeping his pistol always within handy reach and never taking his eyes off the burglar for longer than a second or two. The latter sat quietly and hardly moved a muscle. When Mr. Gillick was dressed he marched the burglar downstairs and out to the garage, Mrs. Gillick preceding them and opening the doors.

"Well, Mamie, do you think you will be able to get the car out alone?" queried Mr. Gillick as his wife opened the garage doors.

"Just watch me," she replied, with confidence, and entered the garage.

Mr. Gillick noticed an object lying on a grass plot. Without taking his eyes off the burglar he walked over and picked it up. It was the flask his wife had thrown out of the window. It had dropped in the soft grass and was still intact. Mr. Gillick glanced quickly in the direction of his wife and saw that she had her back turned toward him. He then slipped the flask in his pocket.

"With my compliments," said the burglar quietly and with a cheerful grin.

Mrs. Gillick clambered into the car and started the engine. Then she backed the car out of the garage and attempted to turn it around, but in so doing she backed it over a flower bed and into a hedge, where she stopped it.

"You better go and wake up Jack and have him drive us," said Mr. Gillick.

"Why don't you give me that gun and drive the car yourself?" replied Mrs. Gillick.

"Not in a million years will I give you that gun," said her husband. "If I did you would probably shoot yourself or me, but you'd never hit Bostonee. He'd be perfectly safe, and could just walk away."

"You men think you are so all-fired smart," said Mrs. Gillick. "You think you are the only——"

"Permit me to suggest a simple solution of your problem," broke in the burglar. "Why not let me drive the car?"

"Yes, why not let him?" said Mrs. Gillick. "You can sit behind him with your gun."

Mr. Gillick was quite agreeable. "I don't know if you are any better at it than the Old Woman, but I'll give you a chance," he said to the burglar. "Hop to it."

Mrs. Gillick got out of the front seat and entered the rear. The burglar took the driver's seat and Mr. Gillick took the seat behind him, keeping him covered with the pistol.

"Home, James," he said with a reminiscent smile.

"Yes, sir, very good, sir," replied the man in the driver's seat quite businesslike, as he started the car.

Soon the high-powered car was speeding smoothly toward the business district of the city. The driver kept the car running near the speed limit until they entered the down-town section; then he slowed down a little. The streets were deserted even there for several blocks. Then a single figure was seen on the sidewalk a short distance up the street. As the car drew nearer its occupants saw that it was a police officer. The car came opposite him, but his actions revealed nothing to indicate that he had noticed anything peculiar about the automobile or its passengers. This was as Mr. Gillick wanted it to be. He had no desire to be interrupted on the way to the police station. But the driver had plans of his own. He suddenly opened the throttle and the car dashed ahead at a terrific speed. The policeman blew his whistle and Mr. Gillick prodded the driver in the back of the head with his pistol at the same instant.

"Cut 'er down!" Mr. Gillick roared. "Cut 'er down or I'll blow a hole in you!"

The driver instantly slowed down.

"What was your game?" demanded Mr. Gillick.

The driver grinned. "Since you wanted to take me to the station without any help from the police, I thought you wanted to get away from that officer back there," he said.

"Why, you blamed idiot! I came near blowing your brains out for that," said Mr. Gillick. "Do you think——"

There suddenly before them, another policeman brandishing a revolver and ordering them to stop. He had evidently heard his fellow officer's whistle. The driver complied with the command.

The policeman stepped up and surveyed the situation.

"What's this?" he demanded. "Hold-up or kidnapping?"

Mr. Gillick was too vexed to find words for an answer immediately but his wife and the driver spoke up almost simultaneously.

"Neither," said Mrs. Gillick. "We are——"

"Both," broke in the driver in a louder voice than he hitherto had used. "I was driving hoem from my summer cottage in Roseville when these——"

Then Mr. Gillick exploded. "He's a liar!" he roared. "It's my car and he is a burglar!"

"They held me up near my home in Cedar Park," continued the driver. "They forced me to drive——"

"He's the Boston Burglar," said Mrs. Gillick, "and we——"

"You dirty son of a dog," broke in Mr. Gillick again, and his right fist shot out, aimed at the driver's face. The latter ducked his head and the blow missed.

"Here, none of that!" said the policeman. "And give me that gun."

(Continued on page 11)

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# THE TRAIL

EDITORIAL

WHY?



**O**FTEN times the most things can be crowded into the shortest space of time, and so it is with the shortest month of the year.

The weather is not always of the best, especially if the ground-hog sees his shadow on the second, but fine things can happen on dreary days.

Many historical events are attached to this wonderful month. It was in the early part of February that General Grant captured Fort Donnellson and gave to us the now famous phrase, "Unconditioned surrender." Every four years in February the electoral college meets to select the man upon whom the grave responsibilities of the nation shall fall.

February is the month of famous birthdays. Lincoln, Darwin, Washington, Longfellow, and our own Professor Hanawalt, were born in this month.

The greatest of all the winter months in which Cupid may profiteer, is February, when he sends his

HEARTiest greetings

on the fourteenth. It surely cannot be said that there is anything slow about February, and if you are connected with this month in any particular way, you are sure to succeed.

\* \* \*

**H**ERE—the February number of the Trail. The first semester has slipped by and with it the first four issues of our student publication, and before us is the second semester waiting expectantly to see what we are going to do about it.

Our first issue was a big experiment—new in form, mechanical appearance and policy. We have tried to keep out of the Trail everything of a stinging or vicious nature, and have attempted to fill its pages with the best material contributed, although at times undesirable material has slipped through. It is not always possible to publish all the material that is handed in, and in some cases articles submitted were not published. Yet we feel that, in the semester just passed, we have accomplished with reasonable success that which we set out to accomplish. We have tried to please the different types of students, the faculty, the administration, the campaign office, and the alumni. This has not always been an easy task, and for our failings we humbly beg forgiveness.

It now remains for us to do our best in the second half of the school year. The success of any such enterprise depends largely upon the co-operation of the organization behind it. In this respect the Trail has been especially fortunate. From the very first it has received the whole-hearted support and following of the entire College and it takes this opportunity to thank the students, faculty and alumni for their good will and assistance.

*From Reed College Quest, May 19, 1920*  
*When the College of Puget Sound raises half a million dollars for endowment in one week in Tacoma, why cannot Reed College in Portland raise two or three times that amount.*

*The Tacoma school is a denominational institution which has never had anything approaching the standing of Reed in educational circles. It is largely a preparatory school, and school of music, with a struggling liberal arts college.*

*And yet it raises half a million dollars in Tacoma, a city noted for its sleepiness and lack of spirit.*

*It is rumored that there are plans to build Reed women's building in small units because of lack of funds. If Portland cannot subscribe enough to build a dormitory equal to the men's dormitory, it is a disgrace to the city and to the college.*

**T**HE above article from the Reed College Quest of May 19 last year, is old stuff, and the Trail would pass it up but an urge within says "say something," so here goes:

It is true that within the city of Tacoma and Pierce County, the College of Puget Sound raised half a million dollars last spring, as the first unit on a two million dollar endowment program. Just at this time, a campaign is under way to raise a second half million in the State of Washington. Every indication is that that campaign will be successful.

The evident purpose of the writer in the Quest as quoted above was to persuade somebody down in Portland to get busy and build a new girl's dormitory for Reed College. If Reed needs a new girl's dormitory, the Trail says "bravo" to anyone there who has pep enough to start the move to get it, but at the same time is utterly at a loss to understand why the writer need slander the College of Puget Sound and Tacoma in order to bestir Portland and Reed College to action to get the new girl's dormitory for that institution.

The assertion was also made that C. P. S. is "largely a preparatory school." Young journalists very often go off half cocked that way. The College of Puget Sound has had no academy connected with it for over five years. We plead guilty to having a very fine conservatory of music as one department of the college. If Reed doesn't have such a department, we extend condolences. Perhaps an article or two like the above would secure one.

And, sad to say, the College of Puget Sound is a "struggling liberal arts college." We fail to see the disgrace in struggling. We struggled for that half million dollars last spring and got it; we are struggling for another half million dollars now, and expect to get it. Then we are going to struggle some more and get that other million. And we are wondering if Reed has the new girl's dormitory yet. Perhaps, if Reed would "come alive" and struggle a little bit, the girl's dorm would materialize.

Regarding the comparative standings of the two schools in educational circles; we say, that true greatness never assumes a holier than thou attitude. We are also inclined to take exception to the statement by the mis-informed young writer of the article in question "that the College of Puget Sound has never had anything approaching the standing of Reed in educational circles." That is a pretty large statement. Every educational institution in the State of Washington recognizes C. P. S. college and normal graduates, while graduates and students from this school go out into the world and compete creditably with graduates from all other colleges—even Reed. Columbia and Chicago Universities, two of the greatest in the nation, grant full recognition to the College of Puget Sound.

Sleepy old Tacoma! How you Portlanders do hate yourselves. Well, the old town roused up long enough to give its college a half million dollars. Or it stayed sound asleep to allow the college burglars to go out and cop it, which? Anyway, we are doing things up here. And, Reed, please don't knock us anymore. Some time, in the far distant future when the swelling in your head subsides, and *you* begin to struggle, we'll stand on the sidelines and we'll root for you to beat the band. That's the right spirit for neighbors to have.



THE BOSTONESE BURGLAR  
(Continued from page 9)

Mr. Gillick grudgingly let go of the pistol which he had shifted to his left hand.

"As you see, he is quite desperate," said the driver.

The policeman who had blown the whistle had by this time caught up with them and he with his fellow officer, proceeded to search for more weapons, but they found none. They found the flask in Mr. Gillick's pocket and took it away from him. Mrs. Gillick noticed this but she was too preoccupied to pay much attention to it. The policemen then placed themselves one on each running board of the car and ordered the driver to drive to the station. In the mean time the original occupants of the car had continued to explain the matter to the officers, all of them talking at the same time and drowning each other's voices out. The officers finally ordered them to be quiet.

The station was only a few blocks away and they were soon there. As they entered the station the desk sergeant's eye fell on Mr. Gillick. He smiled as if he had found a long lost friend.

"Well, well, well!" he ejaculated, "look who's here! If it isn't Henry Gillick!"

He then noticed Mrs. Gillick. "And the misses too!" he exclaimed. "Why, Mrs. Gillick, I hardly knew you in those swell togs. You must be prospering."

Neither Mr. Gillick nor his wife felt the least bit elated, however, and made no response to the sergeant's greetings.

The third member of their party was a stranger to the sergeant, and he gave him only a passing glance. A keen observer might have noticed that when the former realized that he was the only one there who was a stranger to the sergeant his countenance showed a loss of confidence. But nobody paid any particular attention to him at the time.

The sergeant turned to Mr. Gillick again. "Well, Henry," he said. "I haven't seen you for a year or two. I thought you had quit us for good. I figured that either you had quit drinking or else that you had drunk yourself to death. The old tank never seemed quite natural without a visit from you once in a while. But, as I said, you must be prospering; you are both dressed fit to kill."

"Fit to kill is right," said one of the patrolmen. "Look at the 'gat' I took away from him. He was pointing it at the back of this man's head and forcing him to drive the automobile for him."

He laid Mr. Gillick's pistol on the sergeant's desk, where he also deposited the flask of "moonshine."

The sergeant became more serious. "So! That's how you got your fine duds, Henry?" he said. "Robbery, eh? You have had a turn for the worse since I last saw you. You never had anything but 'D. Ds.' against you then. But you will land in the 'pen' for this. And your wife is mixed up with it too!"

Mr. Gillick and his wife were so thoroughly disgusted with the turn of affairs by this time that they were temporarily speechless. But Mrs. Gillick suddenly recovered.

"He's the Boston Burglar," she indignantly declared and pointed at the stranger. "We caught him and were—"

"I was driving home from my country house at Roseville," broke in the stranger, who had quite recovered his composure, "and this couple held me up—"

Mr. Gillick at this point also found his voice again. "He's a liar, he's a liar!" he burst out. "He's the Bostonee Burglar, and he—"

"Hold on, there;" said the sergeant, "one at a time. Let's see if we can't get this straightened out a little. What's your story, Dick?" he said to one of the patrolmen.

The latter told what he knew about the case and this was corroborated by his fellow officer. The sergeant then turned to the stranger and asked him what he had to say about it. The latter took a card case out of his pocket and drew out a card and handed it to the sergeant.

"My name is Roger Ford," he said. "I was driving home in my machine from my summer cottage at Roseville and was near my residence at Cedar Park when this couple ran out into the street and signalled me to stop, which I did, thinking somebody might have had an accident or something of that sort. As soon as I stopped this gentleman pointed that large pistol at my head and ordered me to hold up my hands, and then the lady went through my pockets, but I don't think she took anything. I carried but little money, and apparently they did not consider the few dollars I had worth taking. They then entered the rear of the car and told me to drive them toward China-town, and—"

With a snarl Mr. Gillick made a terrific lunge toward the speaker. The two patrolmen grabbed him and pulled him back.

"It's my car, and he's a dirty liar," he protested. "He's the Bostonee Burglar I tell you."

"It's your car, Henry?" said the sergeant with a puzzled expression.

"That's what I said, and I—"

"He seems to be out of his mind," broke in the stranger again.

Mr. Gillick roared: "I'll murder you yet, you—"

"Not yet," said one of the patrolmen, laying a restraining hand on him.

"It's a brand new Ellton car," volunteered the other patrolman.

"An Ellton?" said the sergeant still more puzzled. "Do you claim to own an Ellton, Henry?"

"I bought and paid for it myself, so I guess I own it," replied Mr. Gillick.

"What were you doing at Cedar Park so late at night?" continued the sergeant.

"We live there, we live there, we live there," fairly screamed Mrs. Gillick.

"You live there? Are you working for somebody out there?"

Mrs. Gillick tilted her nose toward the ceiling and kept silent as if it were beneath her dignity to answer such a question. Mr. Gillick moved his lips slightly as if he were going to say something, but he did not.

The stranger saw an opportunity to say something again. "I live at 1411 Oak Boulevard," he said, "and I have never seen these people—"

"That's where I—we live," cut in Mr. Gillick, "I own that place, and that scoundrel—"

"He is raving," said the stranger.

Mr. Gillick was speechless but he made another mighty effort to reach the principal object of his anger. The sergeant looked sympathetic.

"Poor Henry," he said. "You'll feel better in the morning, Henry. After spending the rest of the night in the old tank you'll probably feel natural again. And the matron will take care of the misses."

Mr. Gillick roared again. "You dirty pack of scoundrels, the whole bunch of you! You—"

Mr. and Mrs. Gillick were escorted down the corridor and out of sight amid much struggle and flow of strong language.

The sergeant turned toward the stranger again. "He'll be given a preliminary hearing to-morrow—or rather, today," he said, glancing at the clock, which showed that it was ten minutes after four. "Give me your telephone number so we can notify you when you are needed for a witness." He was given a number. "Thank you, that's all, Mr. Ford."

The latter glanced at the clock and remarked: "Well, I must hurry home. My wife is ill and she was expecting me last evening, but I was delayed. Well, good night, sergeant."

"Good night, Mr. Ford."

A few moments later the sergeant heard the door of the "drunk tank" slam shut and then from the street the purr of a high-powered automobile speeding away. He looked at the flask on the desk in front of him and mused:

"That must be some squirrel whiskey to make Henry Gillick commit highway robbery and make him believe he owns an Ellton and a palace in Cedar Park. I almost took him seriously until he sprung that stuff. And the missis too! It's a good thing I knew them or I might have got in bad with the big folks."

Where to get Ice Cream

Always good, fresh and wholesome.

Go to an "Olympic" Store.

26th & Proctor.

South Tacoma

11th & So. K.

38th & Yakima, South.

Main Store, Down Town.



## YE MILLIONAIRE GOSSIP

THE OTHER evening we started out  
 TO VISIT the millionaires in their dens  
 THE FIRST room we came to they said  
 BELONGED TO "Cutie" Kinch  
 SO TO make sure we looked under the table  
 TO SEE if his trunk was there  
 IT WAS  
 THEY SAID that we would find him  
 IN THE library talking to  
 LUCILLE  
 WE DID  
 VERY GENTLY we tapped on the door  
 OF THE brothers Clay  
 VERY CURTLY we were bidden to enter  
 WE TOLD "Ernie" we had come  
 TO PAY our respects  
 HE SAID we had better pay our  
 LAUNDRY BILL first  
 JUST THEN we heard a voice which told us  
 TO SHUT the door from the  
 OUTSIDE  
 WE PROTESTED  
 "WILD BILL" thundered "Get out and stay out"  
 WE DID  
 NOT EVEN bothering to open the door  
 NEWELL STONE told us a sad story  
 OF THE way the boys kidded him  
 AND HE said he was discouraged because  
 HE ONLY made  
 ONE PLUS  
 IN ALL his grades  
 WE AGREED that C. P. S. was no place  
 FOR A dumb head like that  
 WE FOUND "Sigh" Jones taking his  
 DAILY MUSIC lesson  
 WE STOPPED and  
 HE STOPPED while  
 HE TOLD us some of his humorous stories  
 WE ALMOST laughed  
 WE INQUIRED for the occupant of room  
 THIRTEEN  
 AND THEY said that we would find Harris  
 AT THE Oakes Club or doing  
 SECOND STORY work  
 WE HEARD an awful uproar emanating from  
 THE FIRST floor back  
 WE INVESTIGATED  
 IT WAS Lewis Cruver and Ted Beatty  
 ARGUING EVOLUTION in the kitchen  
 WE BEAT it and found Russel Penning  
 WRITING A letter to his  
 CUTIE  
 WITH HER picture before him to give him  
 AN INSPIRATION  
 HE NEEDED it  
 THE INSPIRATION we mean  
 ANTON ERP was working hard  
 AS USUAL

TO KEEP his mind off  
 OTHER THINGS  
 WE UNDERSTOOD that he had had  
 A HARD fall lately  
 THEN WE heard the strains of music  
 (RAGTIME) AND they drew us to  
 A CERTAIN room and we found  
 HILLIS GRIFFIN at the piano  
 HE STOPPED and took us into  
 HIS CONFIDENCE and told us he knew  
 ALL ABOUT them and that it does  
 NOT PAY to like  
 ONE GIRL  
 TOO WELL  
 YOURS AS ever  
 THE IMPOSSIBLE PERSON

For Best in Beautiful Flowers

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Phone Main 7732

## CHAPEL NOTES

We feel that the committee in charge has been unusually fortunate in securing worth while chapel speakers for the past month.

Mr. Geo. Irving, a director of Religious Work from New York, gave an exceptionally fine talk on February 3. While his address was very entertaining and presented in an interesting manner, his talk was at the same time one which was well worth hearing and remembering.

On February 7, we were favored with a decidedly unique address given by Bruce Evans, the Evangelist of the Sixth Avenue Baptist Church. It is clearly to be seen that he rightly earned his title as "The Apostle of Pep." All who heard him expressed the wish that he might come again in the near future.

\* \* \*

## CONSERVATORY NOTES

SEVERAL new classes have started this semester at the Conservatory. College credit is now being given in History of Music in addition to the former credits from the Conservatory classes. This makes four classes that give credit; namely, Counterpoint, Harmony, Normal Music, and History of Music.

The Conservatory is also offering a Music Supervisor's course which is of interest to the Normal students.

An Oratorio by school talent, the soloists to be taken from Conservatory students, is now in course of preparation. We need men's voices. Practice is held every Tuesday and Thursday at 12:30 in the College chapel.

\* \* \*

We believe it will pay you to read the line ads we have in the TRAIL. Chocolate Shop.

\* \* \*

## TAMANAWAS

SAVE your snapshots, stories, cartoons, and poems. Everything that goes to make a good paper, magazine or book, SAVE and send it in to the Junior Class for The Annual.

Hurd's and Crane's Fine Stationery.  
 Engraved Visiting Cards, Invitations, Etc.  
 Waterman Fountain Pens—Eversharp Pencils  
 Office Supplies.

**PIONEER BINDERY & PRINTING CO.**

947 Broadway

948 Commerce St.



**SENIOR NOTES**

THE Seniors are earnestly at work on the "finishings" of college life. Thought, time, strength and ability are being ruthlessly driven by the slave-master—"Thesis." Some have not definitely decided upon the subject of their thesis, but all are at work on material in the fields in which they are majoring.

The majors and thesis are as follows:

Thelma Hastings, Major, Chemistry; Thesis: "Chemistry of Silk."

Winifred Wayne, Major, French; Thesis: "History of the French Drama."

Lars Rynning, Major, Ancient Languages; Thesis: "Vocational Guidance, It's History and Possibilities."

Vera Sinclair, Major, English; Thesis: "Relation of Newspapers to Literature."

Maude Shunk, Major, Chemistry; Thesis: "Butyl Alcohol in the Organic Laboratory."

Elmer Anderson, Major, Social Science; Thesis: "A Study of the Drug Habit."

H. G. Feller, Major, Modern Languages; Thesis: "A Critical Inquiry Into the Student's Difficulties in the Field of Modern Languages."

O. R. Anderson, Major, Education; Thesis: "Rural Schools."

Greta Miller, Major, Home Economics; Thesis: "Malnutrition and Vitamines."

Ernest Clay, Major, Biological Science; Thesis, "Anaesthetics."

Marion Myers, Major, English; Thesis—undecided.

Alta Jeffers, Major, Social Sciences; Thesis—undecided.

\* \* \*

**FRESHMAN NOTES**

ON Friday evening, February 11, the Freshmen basketball team will play the Fife H. S. Alumni team in the College Gymn. The Freshmen played Fife in January and were defeated by a very close score. The boys expect to show Fife up on the home floor. Manager Fretz also announces that he has a game scheduled with Auburn H. S. at Auburn for February 18. Coach Anderson has arranged a new line up as follows:

Rambaugh .....	Forward
Revelle .....	Forward
Hedstrom .....	Center
Schrader .....	Guard
Norris .....	Guard
Substitute, Roy Cruver.	

Here's to our Freshman team.

With Helen Brix as captain, the girls' basketball team is progressing in honest-to-goodness fashion. They have challenged the Sophomore girls to several games. The first game will be played Thursday, February 17, at 7:30 P. M.

The line-up will probably be as follows:

Mildred Forsberg .....	Forward
Thelma Scott .....	Forward
Nan Tuell .....	Guard
Helen Brix .....	Guard
Helen Pangborn .....	Center
Bernice Olson .....	Jumping Center

To all those who are members of the Freshman Class, to all those who are members to be, and to all those who are specials we urge you to attend our very important business meetings. We extend our heartiest greetings to all the new students and welcome them into our midst.

Hearken Frosh! If you are not aware of the fact cupid is capable of working efficiently in the dreary winter months as well as in the spring and summer.

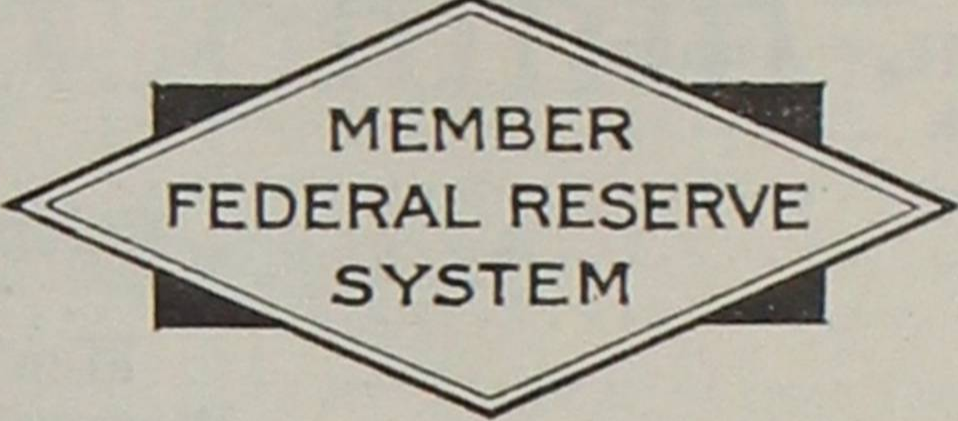
\* \* \*

**SCIENTIFICIANS BANQUET**

Twenty-eight scientists and their friends enjoyed a delightful banquet and program at De Koven Inn a week ago. The following papers were read and discussed:

Salutation .....	Miss Hastings
Response .....	Mr. Erp
The Story of Wheat .....	Mr. Marshall
Problems of Child Nutrition .....	Miss White
Friends We Meet—Friends We Part .....	Miss E. Warren
Miss Ohlson was toastmistress.	

At their next regular meeting, the Scienticians intend to consider some of the problems of a hospital dietician.



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& Trust Company**

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**DEBATE**

The last inter-society debate of the school year will be S. contest for the possession of the Newbegin cup. Edward held Feb. 14, 1921, when the Amphictyons and the H. C. Longstreth and Billy Ross will uphold the affirmative for the Amphictyon Society, H. C. S. will have the negative. Sam Levinson and Paul Hayward representing them. The question is, "Resolved: That the Movement of Organized Labor For the Closed Shop Should Receive the support of public Opinion." The contest promises to be a live one so we want everyone out to hear it.

\* \* \*

**BURMEISTER ORATORICAL CONTEST**

Don't forget the Burmeister Oratorical Contest!

The prizes are well worth working for. There's a \$75 prize for the best oration and a \$25 prize for the second best. Get busy and write, you may be the winner. The orations are due on or before March 22. The following are the rules:

1. The prizes will be awarded for excellence in original oratory, under the following regulations:
2. Orations submitted in competition must contain a maximum of 2000 words, and must be typewritten.
3. They must be in the hands of the Department of Public Speaking not later than noon of March 22, 1921.
4. The four contestants receiving, from a committee of the Faculty, the highest marks for clearness of thought, accuracy of statement, and originality of presentation for their original orations shall be entitled to participate in a public contest.
6. The public contest shall be held on the evening of April 29.

\* \* \*

**TODD READING CONTEST**

Mrs. E. H. Todd offers a ten dollar prize for the best interpretation of a reading or an oration. Those wishing to enter the contest give their names to Mrs. Hovious. The date will be announced soon and will probably be some time the latter part of March.

\* \* \*

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

The old and new cabinets of the Y. W. C. A. will hold a joint meeting with the cabinet of the University of Washington on February 17 and 18.

FOR QUALITY and SERVICE QUICK SHOE  
REPAIRING, go to

**SMITH & GREGORY**

311½ So. 11th St.                      Main 1447



TAMANAWAS STAFF

**H**ELEN Brace, editor-in-chief of the 1921 Tamanawas, has chosen the following staff to assist her in preparing the College Annual.

- Florence Maddock ..... Associate Editor
- Myrtle Warren ..... Literary
- Helen Monroe ..... Calendar and Society
- Victorino Ciscar ..... Faculty
- Anton Erp ..... Men's Organizations
- Ethel Beckman ..... Women's Organizations
- Russell Clay ..... Athletics

Paul Snyder was elected Business manager with Ed. Longstreth as his assistant.

THE SCIENCE CLUB

Instead of the usual monthly dissertation on scientific topics, the men of the Science Club merrily wended their way to De Koven Inn on Friday, January 28 to be banqueted by the Scientists. When we disembarked from the car we decided that the place had been well named—The Lost City. For the night was dark and our old friend, the street light, was not in evidence anywhere on the landscape. However, after a few astronomical observations in a clouded sky, we obtained our bearings and started for the Inn. We arrived safely except for one of our number who very unscientifically mistook for a sidewalk a long, lean pool of water. After a short season of pleasant conversation about the fireplace, the object of our presence was realized. We were ushered into the banquet hall where we did our best to show our appreciation of the feast by doing full justice to it. After our appetites had strangely forsaken us we listened to a very interesting program. By the time we were ready to return from the Lost City all the examination worries which we had endured during the three days previous had forever gone into oblivion.

REPORT OF THE TREASURER OF THE ASSOCIATED STUDENTS FOR JANUARY, 1921

Trail—	Dr.	Cr.	Dr.	Cr.
On hand .....	\$211.78	\$	\$	\$
Receipts .....	213.95			
Disbursements .....		311.30		
Balance .....			114.43	
<b>Athletic—</b>				
On hand .....	23.84			
Receipts .....	4.00			
Disbursements .....		86.99		
Overdrawn .....				59.15
<b>Music—</b>				
On hand .....	23.40		23.40	
<b>Debate—</b>				
On hand .....	31.74		31.74	
<b>Banquet—</b>				
Overdrawn .....		89.95		
Receipts .....	24.00			
Disbursements .....		8.50		
Overdrawn .....				74.45
<b>Dramatic—</b>				
Overdrawn .....		21.55		21.55
<b>Incidental—</b>				
On hand .....	58.63		58.63	
<b>Balance in treasury</b>				
Jan. 31, 1921 .....		73.05		73.05
	\$591.34	\$591.34	\$228.20	\$228.20

Feb. 8, 1921. ANTON P. ERP, Treasurer.

Same old address—908 Broadway. CHOCOLATE SHOP.

Finest Display of FRESH FLOWERS in City

**Hinz Florist**

Main 2655 So. K and 7th St.

"Where Quality Reigns"

Some lively discussions have taken place in Central Board regarding the advisability of installing a new system for keeping account of student body money. With the student body fees doubled within the last two years and a constantly increasing student body, the need for a definite system of bookkeeping has become painfully evident. Any suggestions either from students or alumni would be greatly appreciated by Ernest Clay.

BUSINESS

Is very good, and the bottom has been reached, at least for the coming six months; in fact, several lines have shown a slight increase in cost of production in the last 15 days.

We have Clothing at \$25.00 to \$50.00; Shirts at \$1.50 to \$3.50; Underwear at \$1.75 to \$4.00 a suit; Shoes at \$5.00 to \$9.00; and Hats at \$3.50 to \$7.00.

These are practically pre-war prices and as low as they will be for some months to come.

**DICKSON BROS. CO.**

1120-22 Pacific Ave.

Are you reading the line ads we have in the TRAIL? Chocolate Shop.

ROMANCE OF THE PRONOUNS

*It was evening. It was moonlight,  
It was late and it was fair.  
I was courting. I was happy;  
I was brave for she was there.  
She was pretty, she was blushing,  
She was willing to be wed—  
He arrived and he objected,  
He was papa, so I fled.  
I returned, he was repentant;  
She was coaxing her mamma.  
He relented and I thanked him  
And forgave her dear papa.  
Then he blessed us, I was happy,  
While she blushed a rosy red.  
He was willing, she was willing,  
I was willing—  
So we were wed.*

—E. H. A. '21.

In Spain a reform movement is on foot to curtail the all-night theatre and dance parties—to have them end at midnight instead of at dawn. Some one ought to start a movement at C. P. S. to force some of its over-ambitious students to cease their studies at midnight, too.

What is your goal?

In the years to come when the Greater College will have "arrived" on the new campus the student body will look back upon us and the alumni of today as the courageous pioneers who "made the College," and thereby were made ourselves.

Prof. Hanawalt is writing an article for the March Trail. Watch for it.

TAMANAWAS

That old phrase that "teamwork wins" is a mighty good one. Teamwork is what the student body must have, so that we can put across a ripping good annual.

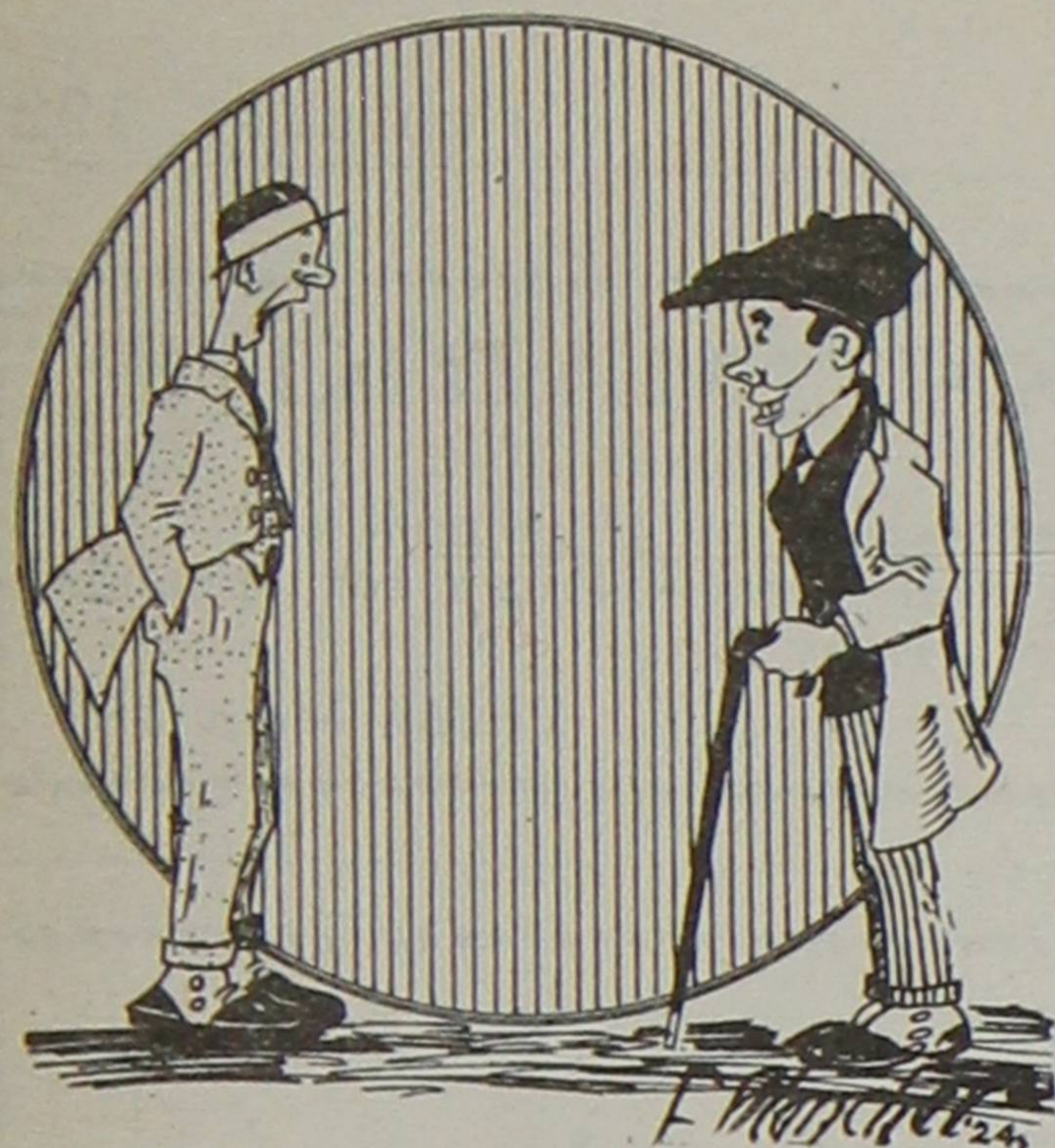
HOYT'S DOUGHNUT LUNCH

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

Main 70.

2412 Sixth Ave.





**CHARITY**

Cannot give to charity  
Low on funds, you say?  
Then come and help your fellowmen  
In quite a different way.

A happy smile and glad hello  
Will drive away the blues,  
And doesn't cost a penny—  
You can give it if you choose.

**DEBATE MANAGER ATTENTION**

Several couples who attended the last debate for the purpose of holding whispered conversations with one another, complain that they were repeatedly interrupted by the speeches of the contestants. This state of affairs should not be allowed to occur again. Will the debate manager please investigate the matter.

Candy Specials every Friday and Saturday. See our windows these days. Chocolate Shop.

**FOR THAT TOOTH ACHE**

Sufferer: "I have a terrible tooth-ache and want something to cure it."

Friend: "Now, you don't need any medicine. I had tooth-ache yesterday, went home and my loving wife kissed me and so consoled me that the pain soon passed away. Why don't you try the trick?"

Sufferer: "I think I will. Is your wife home now?"  
—Gateway, U. of Alberta.

Frosh: "I want to get ahead."  
Soph: "Heaven knows you need one."

**YOU'RE NOT A BANDIT ARE YOU McPHAIL?**

Ross McPhail, medical student and football star, was homeward bound Monday night when he noted a woman walking in front of him who gave evidence of great perturbation. McPhail is a big boy and thinks wise thoughts accordingly. "She thinks I'm a stick-up man or a Jack-the-grabber," he ruminated.

He didn't like to hurry to pass the woman, who was apparently getting more nervous every minute, and he didn't like to linger behind her, for he figured that would only make her more upset.

"Now what can I do to reassure her?" he meditated.

Then he started whistling, "Nearer My God, To Thee," and the woman turned around and smiled at him.

"I understand that Wallace Scott took the leading part in the Pageant."

"Yes, but Mrs. Hovious made him put it back."

**MOST ANY GIRL'S RECITATION**

"Ah—well,  
A King-a, many years ago-a,  
Killed a wife each morning-a,  
Then-a he got a new one-a each day  
But-ta, one day, the king-a got a wife-a  
Who-a could talk a lot more than the-a  
Other.  
So-a, well-a, but-ta, being-a-a-a different,  
She-a thought-a a little,  
And-a hit upon the scheme-a  
To tell-a the king stories-a.  
And-a, so-a, she did-a, and he did-a  
Not-a kill her-a  
She-a literally talked him into submission.  
A-a-just-a as women-a have been doing  
Ever since-a.  
And-a, so-a, well-a, but-ta, they-a  
Lived-a happily ever after-a."

# Foamy Column

"Tells all about it"

Andy: "What do you think of my new shoes?"  
Steve: "They are immense."

Esther Graham in astronomy class: "I think the moon is more important than the sun."

Prof. Hanawalt: "Why is that?"

E. G.: "Because the sun shines in the day time when you don't need it and the moon shines at night."

Old lady: "Do you know where Johnny Locke lives?"

Little boy: "He ain't at home, but I can find him for you."

Old lady: "Alright. You are a nice little boy. Here's your cent. Now where is he?"

Little boy: "Thanks. I'm him."

**AN AUTHORITY ON SCOTT**

"Are you fond of literature?" asked Miss Reneau.

"Passionately," Miss Rox replied.

"Then you most admire Sir Walter Scott," she exclaimed with sudden animation. "Is not his 'Lady of the Lake' exquisite in its flowing grace and poetic imagery?"

"It is perfectly lovely!" she assented, clasping her hands in ecstasy. "I suppose I have read it a dozen times."

"And Scott's 'Marmion,'" she went on, "and 'Peveril of the Peak?'"

"I just dote on them!" she said.

"And Scott's Emulsion?" she said hastily, a faint suspicion dawning upon her.

"I think," she said, "that it's the best thing he ever wrote."  
—Westminster U. Gazette.

**COCHRAN'S HOME MADE CHILI**

French Pastry, Pies, Sandwiches.

**DOUGHNUT LUNCH**

9th & Commerce

CHOCOLATE SHOP. Same old address, 908 Broadway, Tacoma Theatre Bldg.

**THE END OF ALEXANDER**

There was a man who kept a store  
Away out West in Lander.

He always wore a brilliant smile,  
His name was ALEXANDER.

He marked his goods with cunning hand,  
He was a skilful brander  
And since his sugar was half sand,  
They called him ALEX SANDER.

He had a sweetheart who dropped in,  
And lovingly he scanned her.  
He asked the girl to be his wife.  
A ring did ALEX HAND HER.

"I'll marry you," she said one day,  
"If I can be commander."  
And so they formed a partnership,  
And called it ALEX AND HER.

Some are born crazy, some achieve craziness, and some have final exams thrust upon them.

Why does the girl with the silken hose,  
Blanket her ears and muffle her nose,  
When you and I and the whole world knows  
That ain't where she should wear her clothes.



## BASEBALL GOODS

Reach and Goldsmith balls, gloves, mitts, protectors and accessories, Louisville slugger bats, baseball shoes and uniforms of every description.

Come in and be convinced.

### The Kimball Gun Store, Inc.

A negro was being cross examined as to the arrangement of the doors and windows and so forth of the house in which a crime had been committed.

"Which way did the stairs run?" the lawyer asked.

"Well, boss, when I was up stairs dey ran down and when I was down dey ran up."

You can get a 6-oz. box Chocolates for 25c at the CHOCOLATE SHOP.

He: "Something is gnawing at my brain."

She: "Don't worry. It will soon starve."

Captain: "Is this gun working?"

Private: "No sir, it is discharged."

"Why do you insist in beating time with your foot?"

"Oh, I guess it is because there is music in my soul."

She: "I'm worried about my complexion, doctor. Look at my face."

Doctor: "You'll have to diet."

She: "I never thought of that. What kind will suit me best?"

Conductor: "Your fare, miss."

Helen Brace: "So they say."

Prof. Dunlap: "Has an absolute zero been found yet?"

Bill Butt: "Yes, sir."

Prof. D.: "Where?"

B. B.: "On my test paper."

They say that Prof. Dunlap works far into the night in the chemistry laboratory.

Yes, and then he staggers home.

At the San Quentin prison in California a base ball game was being staged between the White and Black prisoners. The game was very close and in the last inning the Whites filled the bases and the Black pitcher—who was serving a term of 35 years—was showing signs of nervousness. Noticing the black pitchers tendency to hurry the delivery of the ball a black prisoner yelled:

"Take yo' time, black boy, yo' got plenty of time. Yo' got 30 years yet."

What makes Rector's hair so red?

He had scarlet fever and it settled in his head.

Kisses for everybody at CHOCOLATE SHOP. Peppermint Kisses—and other kinds.

St. Peter: "How did you get up here?"

Chorus Girl: "Flu."

Suits cleaned and pressed for \$1.75

### MODERN CLEANERS & DYERS

2307 Sixth Avenue

Phone M. 3292

## INDEPENDENT MARKET

Fresh and Cured Meats Butter Eggs  
Groceries and Vegetables of all kinds.  
Watch Sixth Avenue News and News-Tribune for specials every Friday.

Free Delivery

Phone Main 383

Candies, Soda Fountain, Light Groceries, and Stationery

## Yansen's Confectionery

SIXTH AND FIFE

Molasses Walnut Kisses are Good Kisses. Try Them. CHOCOLATE SHOP.

Have you noticed that those examinations are usually about half as hard as we imagine they will be?

### FROM OTHER SCHOOL PAPERS

At the University of California, approximately 5% of the enrolled students received disqualifying grades on their last semester's work, (1920-21) because not passing in at least ten units of work. About two-thirds of the failures were men. O my!

The campus is our world today. The student who scrapes through college on 50% grades will scrape through life in an exactly similar fashion.—The Gateway, U. of Alberta.

Your debating team should be as strongly supported as your football team. It represents you just as truly, and nothing brings a college more to the forefront.—The Glebe, Washington State College.

After all, the student publication is an advertisement of our college. So are all of us from the "Varsity." We are working together to make a bigger, better college. Here is one very real way in which each one of us can help. Even the newest Freshman can do a great deal by PATRONIZING THE ADVERTISERS.—Ubysey, U. of British Columbia.

Our way lies over Matriculation Mountain, past Lecture Lake, and Examination Slough. At every step we are assaulted and belabored by the be-gowned, be-hooded instructors. They fall on us at every corner, trip us up at every turn. Not until we have plunged into the sea of life, on looking back, do we see that those whom we had thought to be devils incarnate were in very truth our guardian angels.—THE GATEWAY, U. of Alberta.

Do you want a real thrill? Go down to the legislature and realize that those 42 Senators and 97 Representatives are speaking for almost two million people, that those are the men your parents sent to make laws for the State,—representative government—neither Bolshevism, nor Kaiserism, but Americanism. Get the thrill?—Olympus, Olympia.

We don't like to brag, but we make good CANDY. Try it; you'll admit it. CHOCOLATE SHOP.

Our Spring Shipments are now coming in and prices are greatly reduced. Now is the time to supply yourself with

FOOTWEAR

## Hedberg Bros. Shoe Store

1306 Broadway



# THE STONE-FISHER CO.

TACOMA. BROADWAY AT 11TH.

*"With silken coats and caps,  
And golden rings;  
With ruffs, and cuffs, and  
Farthingales, and things;  
With scarfs, and fans, and  
Double change of bravery,  
With amber bracelets, beads, and  
All this knavery."*

—Taming of the Shrew.

And so does the great dramatist, with his prophetic pen, accurately set forth this store's displays of

**1921 Spring Fashions**

Now Ready In

**Womens' and Girls' Apparel  
Bijouteries and Fabrics**

**Furnishers to Her Majesty—The American Woman**

## Re Oriole Chocolates

### THE SECRET OF ORIOLE GOODNESS

Whether you enjoy chocolates or not, there will be no question about your taste for Orioles.

They are made primarily for chocolate lovers; but even those who generally do not eat candy find something about them that is irresistible.

It is not in the flavor, because others use good flavorings; neither is it in the filling, because others use good filling; nor do we claim that it is in the coating, because others use good coatings.

But the making—Ah, that is it!

One can buy excellent cooking materials at the grocers, but how few are the cooks who can thoroughly satisfy the discriminating palate?

It is so with Orioles. Others can buy the quality and purity that goes into the product; but how few there are who can give you that exquisitely perfect confection that comes to you in the finished Oriole "Honor Chocolate"!

**Brown & Haley**

## The Fair House

1119 Broadway

New Springtime

DRESS GOODS

SILKS

COATS

SUITS

WAISTS

DRESSES

MILLINERY

are here, featuring quality at the lowest possible prices. You will be pleased with our merchandise.



*YOU WILL WELCOME THE  
NEW SPRING SUITS  
AT WELCOME NEW PRICES*

Early displays of new spring suits are of interest even to the man who cares least for fashion changes, for these new styles bring a message of economy and the return to normal values.

You will find that when the men who have made their boast of not having bought a new suit for three, four or even five years are commenting favorably on the prices at which the new clothing for spring is shown, and many of the early arrivals are already to be seen on the streets.

A very representative selection of the spring models here. Styles for the young fellow who demands lots of "snap" and for the men of more settled tastes who choose conservative models.

Materials are of splendid quality and there are patterns and colors full of individual appeal.

Let us make you acquainted with the new styles, introduce you to the splendid values at

**\$25, \$30, \$35, \$40, \$45, \$50**

**Rhodes Brothers**

*BROADWAY - ELEVENTH - MARKET*