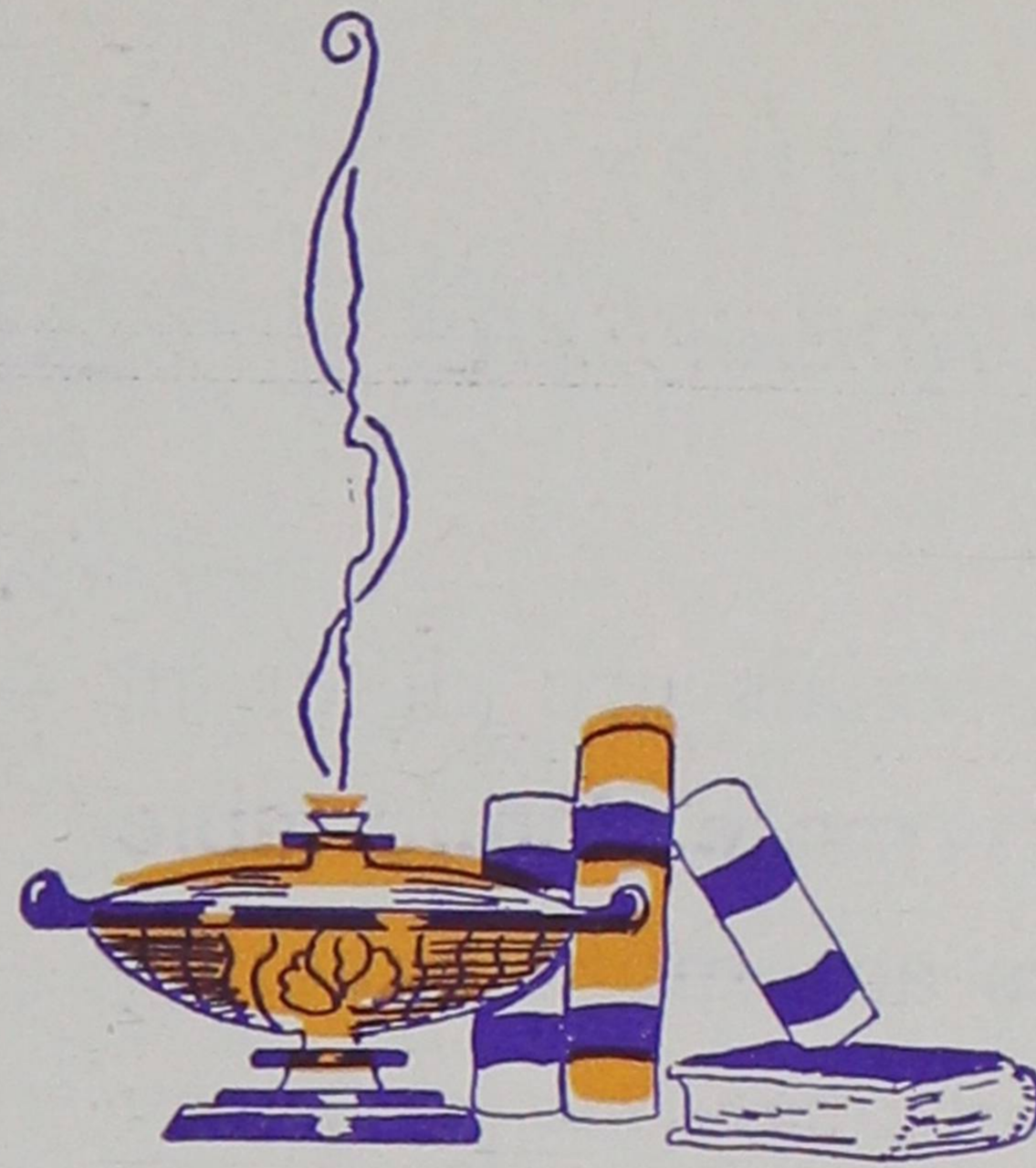


# The Kippail



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COLLEGE OF PUGET SOUND



H.P. Allen

*March 1921*

Easter  
Nineteen  
Twenty = One

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# The Pageant

## Spirit of Tahoma

INTO a pageant of extraordinary symbolism typifying in a series of spectacular scenes, dances and pantomime the westward march of civilization and the conquering of the wilderness by the white man, Prof. Lynette Hovious, of the public speaking department, has woven the threads of history gilded with romance and imagination and has called her symbolic fantasy "The Spirit of Tahoma."

The pageant was written expressly for the May celebration of the college in dedication of the new campus, and will be staged for the first time May 13 and 14 at the edge of the campus by a cast of approximately 500, among them a group of state and city officials and officers and men from Camp Lewis.

### MOUNTAIN IS DOMINATING SPIRIT

The pageant opens with a scene in the primeval Northwest dominated by the lofty spirit of the mountain, which Mrs. Hovious calls by its Indian name "Tahoma." A symbolic personage in flowing draperies takes the symbolic part of the mountain, who acts as guardian, friend and guide to Nature's children, the Indians, the wild animals, the flowers and the forests. A beautiful scene introducing barbaric dances by the Indians; graceful aesthetic dances by the brilliant mountain flowers, forest maids and mist nymphs typifies the untouched spirit of the West before the coming of the white man.

In a forthcoming scene the entrance of the pioneers with their ox teams and prairie schooners, for which Mrs. Hovious hopes to obtain Ezra Meeker and the famous wagon train, gives the first step in the story of the westward course of empire. Action and dash is given by an attack of the Indians upon the pioneers and the rescue by a company of artillery men from Camp Lewis. Symbolic figures representing progress, education, patriotism and religion follow in the wake of the white men and lead up to a grand finale ensemble bringing in some appropriate features in connection with the building of the new college.

The most minute details of the dances, costumes, music, characters and scenes have been worked out by Mrs. Hovious. Two of the most beautiful interpretative dances put on by a big ballet of young girls will be the dance of the butterflies and the dance of the winds.

### IDEAL PLACE FOR PAGEANT

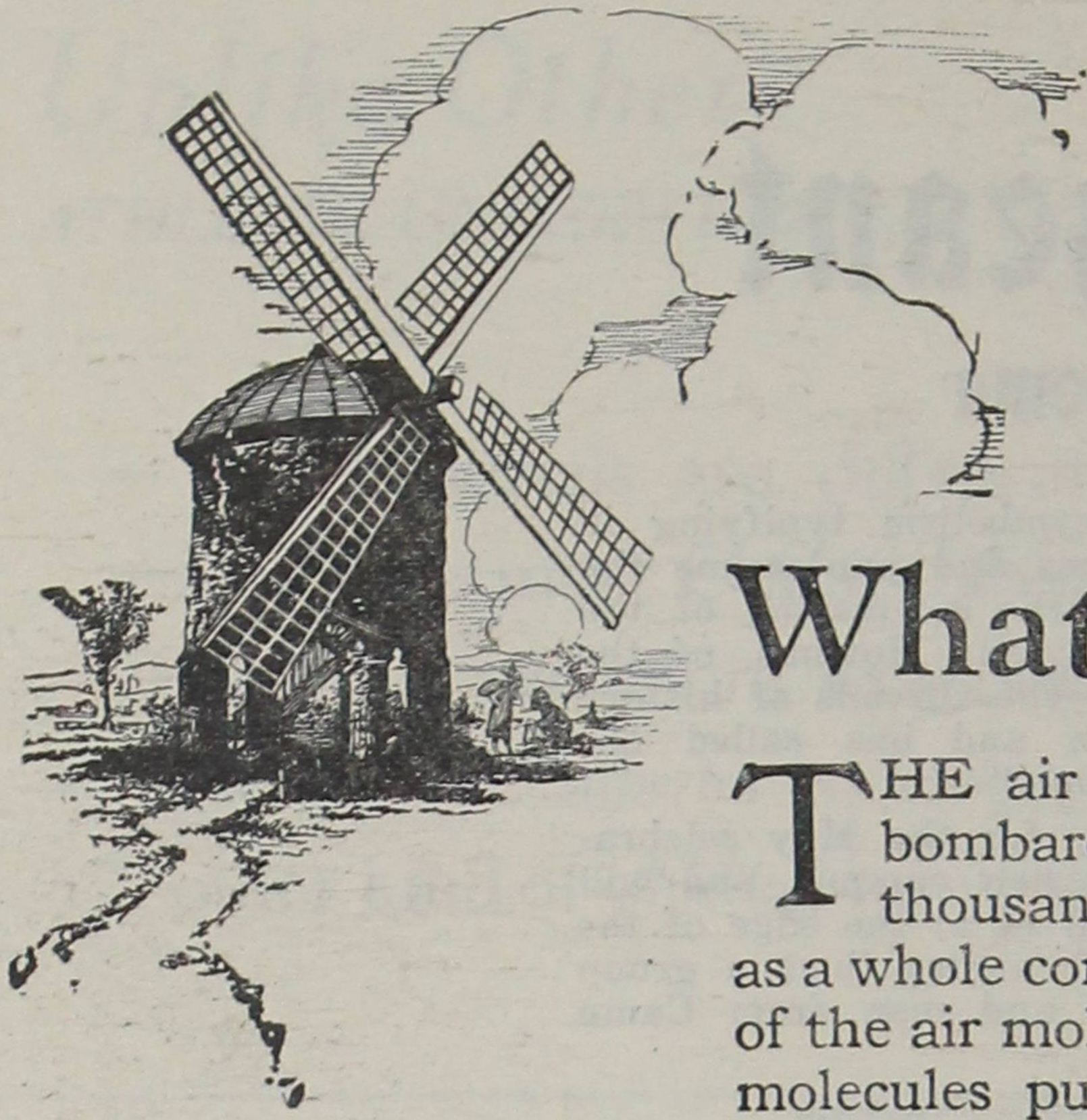
The setting on the campus of the College of Puget Sound, now being cleared, will be ideal for the production. Trees will form a natural background for the pageant, and bleachers seating about 3,000 people will be erected. The pageant will be given the day preceding the formal dedication of the campus, May 15, and will be a celebration of the close of the million dollar campaign for the college.



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## What Is Air Pressure?

**T**HE air is composed of molecules. They constantly bombard you from all sides. A thousand taps by a thousand knuckles will close a barn door. The taps as a whole constitute a push. So the constant bombardment of the air molecules constitutes a push. At sea-level the air molecules push against every square inch of you with a total pressure of nearly fifteen pounds.

Pressure, then, is merely a matter of bombarding molecules.

When you boil water you make its molecules fly off. The water molecules collide with the air molecules. It takes a higher temperature to boil water at sea-level than on Pike's Peak. Why? Because there are more bombarding molecules at sea-level—more pressure.


Take away all the air pressure and you have a perfect vacuum. A perfect vacuum has never been created. In the best vacuum obtainable there are still over two billion molecules of air per cubic centimeter, or about as many as there are people on the whole earth.

Heat a substance in a vacuum and you may discover properties not revealed under ordinary pressure. A new field for scientific exploration is opened.

Into this field the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company have penetrated. Thus one of the chemists in the Research Laboratories studied the disintegration of heated metals in highly exhausted bulbs. What happened to the glowing filament of a lamp, for example? The glass blackened. But why? He discovered that the metal distilled in the vacuum depositing on the glass.

This was research in pure science—research in what may be called the chemistry and physics of high vacua. It was undertaken to answer a question. It ended in the discovery of a method of filling lamp bulbs with an inert gas under pressure so that the filament would not evaporate so readily. Thus the efficient gas-filled lamp of today grew out of a purely scientific inquiry.

So, unforeseen, practical benefits often result when research is broadly applied.

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

# Thoughts Concerning Astronomy

Frances W. Hanawalt

Department of Mathematics and Astronomy

*When we asked Professor Hanawalt to write an article for the student publication we knew in advance what he would use for his subject. There is nothing so dear to his heart as the study that discloses the secrets of the vast interstellar spaces. Jupiter, Mars, Saturne, Orion, all of those knights of the infinite space he is chummy with. One evening I accompanied him down the walk on my way home; by the time I arrived at the house I felt myself an authority on stars. And here's a secret, although we don't like to give "Hany" away—he has a special preference for Venus.*

“THE heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork.”

This quotation from the psalmist indicates one source, at least, of his inspiration. Thousands since have admired the spangled heavens by night and glorified their maker when the sidereal king sat in a canopy of blue illuminated heaven by day. Perhaps the clear skies of Chaldea encouraged not only the shepherds to become star gazers but also encouraged her wise men to classify and organize their knowledge and thereby cause astronomy to be the oldest science. We are surprised at the advances made by the old Chaldeans and Greeks. Indeed, every step of progress from that day to this is intensely interesting. While our terrestrial explorers discovered new lands and sailed unknown seas in circumnavigating our planet, the astronomers learned that we were not the center of the universe, but only a small unit in the solar system. The age of invention brought us a more accurate timepiece than the hour glass and clepsydra, and an arrangement of lenses to bring distant objects near to hand—the clock and the telescope—and now when men are exploring earth, air, and water for minute details with improved apparatus, the astronomers, by means of the spectroscope and photographic plate, have begun the gigantic and apparently Herculean task of solving the mysteries of the starry universe. How long it will take no one can say, but some ask: “Why strive for the seemingly impossible?” The mind and soul of man are so created that he cannot stop. His is the law of progress, the truth must be found. But will it be of any practical benefit to know whence the solar system is speeding—to know about the sizes, distances, composition, and habits of other suns, with their supposed retinue of planets, or even to know just how solar systems are evolved from nebulous matter? Will we discover the home of the comets? How far back can we trace the finger of God in creation?

Dr. Staught, of Chicago, once made the statement concerning discoveries in pure Mathematics that it was not the business of the investigator to say what his discoveries might be good for, but to ascertain the truth. What their utility might be, he said, must be left to someone else.

Astronomy is interlinked with nearly every other science; it cannot go far without chemistry, physics, geology, botany, zoology, etc., neither can any of these work all their experiments alone. The velocity of light was determined by observing the delay in the regular eclipses of Jupiter's moons when the light had to travel the extra distance across the earth's orbit. The solar laboratory on Mt. Wilson, with its 100-inch reflector, may simplify our present table of natural elements—this is one of the many problems awaiting solution. When Prof. Chamberlain began work on a new geology he determined to investigate how the earth was formed and took his mathematical problems to Dr. Moulton. They proved that the Nebular Hypothesis could not be true, and they together worked out the new Planetesimal Hypothesis, seemingly a more complex theory, based largely on the great number of spiral nebula which have been observed and catalogued.

With such correlation it is easier to see why astronomy is as new and up-to-date as any other science—its text-books grow old in ten years or less.

The Einstein theory has been announced. It has been said that while England and the allies were checking the ravages of the German advance during the war, the peaceful arts were making progress, that an English eclipse expedition was confirming the supposition that rays of light passing thru a strong field of attraction are slightly bent from a straight line similar to the case of the refraction of a ray in passing from one medium to another of different density. This could be measured by photographing the stars near the sun at the moment of the total eclipse, and comparing with a photograph when the sun was far removed from the first position. It may also be said that the results of the expeditions at Goldendale, Washington, and Baker, Oregon, in June, 1918 (the time of our last eclipse), do not necessarily confirm Einstein's claim. Future observations will be necessary to establish or to reject the theory. Many problems of the attraction of three or more bodies can never be solved outside of a celestial laboratory, so with many scientific questions.

We have said that astronomy keeps pace with other sciences. It may be true that in its more recent discoveries, nothing has been as startling as the X-Ray, radium, or the wireless telegraph and telephone, but it by no means follows that discoveries just as striking will not come from a knowledge of other bodies than the earth; for instance, the electrical possibilities of our sun may be revealed and even harnessed for man's direct use.

At present it can well be said with David Todd that astronomy is “one of the most practical of all sciences.” Indeed, it is hardly an exaggeration to say that there is no civilized person in existence whose comfort is not enhanced, whose life is not rendered more worth the living, or who is not affected, at least indirectly by the work of astronomers, and by those who, though not astronomers, are yet practically applying the principles of this science to the affairs of everyday life.

The only correct time-piece known to us is the earth rotating on its axis. By it, all traffic on land, air, or sea, is regulated, all business is guided. Determining a position on land or sea, so necessary in laying out the boundaries of nations or determining one's position in crossing the ocean, can only be accurately done by practical astronomy. This again is beautifully stated in the words of Professor Todd: “Astronomy binds earth and heaven in so close a bond that it even maps the one by means of the other, and guides fleet and caravan over wastes of sea and sand, trackless and unknown.”

What is the place of astronomy in education? Its facts and principles are so simple and yet so profound that the child pursuing nature study in the grades finds it a delight; the student in high school or college meets a wealth of material from which to select and study his science, finding pleasure as his aspiring mind investigates this field of knowledge. The world was recently surprised at an announcement from Mt. Wilson that Betelgeuse of Orion is thousands of times as large as anyone supposed it to be. This was determined by using a new method of Professor Michaelson and the best known parallax. Of course, it will need confirmation, but it may mark a new mile-stone in the knowledge of stellar research.

(Continued on page 16)



### LOVE

**L**OVE, enter my heart,  
I, pleading, cried;  
Love, do not depart,  
With me abide.

Love did not deign  
At me to glance;  
I tried in vain  
Love to entrance.

Love passed one day,  
No more I yearned,  
Love glanced my way,  
His plea I spurned.

Now Love was caught,  
The tables turned;  
Love comes unsought,  
Too late I'd learned.

### TO-WHIT TO-WHOO

A solemn old owl sat up in a tree,  
He sat as still as still could be,  
To-whit, to-whoo;  
He seldom spoke, he seldom stirred,  
He listened close to all he heard,  
For he was a very sage old bird,  
To-whit, to-whoo.

Now everyone thought him so wise,  
He always knew—he'd never surmise,  
To-whit, to-whoo.  
How did this owl his fame attain?  
Now surely that is very plain,  
From useless chatter he'd abstain,  
To-whit, to-whoo.

—Sigrid A. Van Amburgh.

### RANA CATESBIANA

In a marshy bog near an Eastern town,  
Lived an ancient frog of great renown.  
For hours and hours before a rain  
His body 'd swell and his voice 'd strain,  
He'd croak, croak, croak.

One day Sir Frog, he hopped out West,  
Chose our cellar as one of the best,  
And there he proceeded as before  
To prove himself a very great bore,  
He'd croak, croak, croak.

Never would that frog abstain  
From prophesy of the least rain;  
And since it rained most all the time,  
With every drop his voice would chime,  
He'd croak, croak, croak.

So every morning, noon and night,  
His voice would rise in great delight.  
He'd keep on till he'd roused my ire—  
And now I have but one desire—  
He'd croak, croak, croak.

### THE TRAIL'S TRAIL

You're walking up a trail blazed long since for you  
By those who had a vision clear and bright;  
Whose knotted fingers turned their few loved pages  
Whose hours of labor compassed day and night.

These pioneers of truth and life and duty  
Thus blazed the trail that leads you to the goal.  
What are you gleaned from their blood-bought treasure?  
What honor are you bringing to your soul?

Go "Trail," blaze bright the pathway to perfection,  
Write largely in the light that all must see;  
As those before us blazed a trail to knowledge,  
Let's blaze a trail to What Each One Can Be.

—M. B. B.

# The Chee Chee's Way

Steve Arnett '22

I BOUGHT him in Calcutta for a rupee. I'll admit the price was a little high, but I have never regretted buying him. He was a common gray chee-chee bird, but he had a fine memory, and I liked him because he proved to be a dyed-in-the-wool bachelor. I was standing at a bird store in the market-place idly watching the birds. Of a sudden this chee-chee uttered a queer cry and after flying around for a minute, he settled on my shoulder.

"It is death to you, Sahib, if you do not keep him, for he is the sacred bird of India," said the birdman.

"Treat him well and good fortune will attend you; treat him evilly—huh—may Allah protect you! If he leaves you before one year has elapsed your end is near."

I looked into the eyes of the birdman, and they were serious. I knew that he believed what he said. Anyway, it could do no harm, so I put down a rupee, and the chee-chee and I walked out.

You may think me a superstitious fool, but I kept that bird and fed him well. He was no bigger than a canary, and was of a deep gray color. His eyes were very large and green. For a bird of his size he could emit the most ominous, fiendish, blood-chilling sound that I have ever heard. He evidently liked me, for nothing I could do seemed to frighten him. He perched on my shoulder a good deal of the time and went where I went, even in the open and in dense crowds.

It was while walking down one of the narrow streets of Calcutta one day that I ran across old Farquhar again. Poor Farquhar. He came to a bad end in the sacred palace of Rabahan, as you shall see.

I first ran across him down in Mexico City. He was in jail for a number of crimes all committed at the same time. Some of them were drunkenness, assault and battery, resisting an officer, treason, arson, theft, and murder. I paid his fine, which was three pesos. From then on he was my friend. Next day his allowance came from England and he insisted on paying me the three pesos. We had not seen each other for five years, and I took him to my hotel, that we might talk over old times. He was in India for no other reason than to find the lost sacred palace of Rabahan. Only a few men had gone in search of it, and none had returned. I tried to dissuade him, but to no avail. When decided to do a thing he put it thru. I'll say that for him. That adventure spelled the end of poor Farquhar, however.

I could not persuade him to drop the search, so there was nothing to do but go with him.

We outfitted in Calcutta and hit into the hills three days later. The chee-chee went with us, riding part of the time on my shoulder and part of the time on Farquhar's. Sometimes he hopped along beside us in the dusty road.

After two weeks the chee-chee suddenly left us in the heart of the jungle. Our packers, noting his disappearance, did likewise. They believed as the birdman did and feared the curse of Allah. Consequently we were left alone. The next night this roving chee-chee returned. I was lying half asleep in the tent with only a candle burning for light. He flew in at the open flap and perched lightly on my shoulder. After sitting there for perhaps two minutes he gave vent to this wierd wail of his. I was startled, to say the least. I half rose, and in doing so, I saw a cobra coiled on the bed at my feet. He drew his head slowly back and swelled out his hood, preparing to strike. If snakes have minds, he changed his, and I am here today instead of lying in the jungle in India, a prey to lions and evil smelling, diseased hyenas. My cold .45 was hanging in its holster not two feet from my hand, yet I'll venture to say that it took me a full fifteen minutes to reach it, so careful was I not to anger the cobra. Well, I finally got hold of it and splashed Mr. Snake all over the side of the tent. Farquhar was sweating like a butcher when it was over. He pardoned the chee-chee for driving away our packers.

We kept on as best we could, searching for Rabahan's palace. The chee-chee stayed with us continually now. He nearly died on us once, however. In fact, we came within an ace of dying on each other. Farquhar and I came to a grove of beautiful trees on which were growing very appetizing looking berries. We learned later that they were chonga berries and deadly poison. We ate some of them, and in a few moments we were hoping that Allah or Mohammed or Buddah or whoever it is that looks after and watches over the destinies of fools would let us die quickly. The chee-chee ate his share, but we were too sick to notice him. Spells of dizziness and nausea swept over me as regularly as breakers on a smooth beach. Blackness, dizziness, nausea. It reminded me of the time I smoked my father's corn cob pipe, only worse by a thousand times.

After an hour I managed to get myself untied and straightened out. Farquhar stood it better than I did, and when I came to, he was about O. K. The poor chee-chee took it hardest of all. I thought his time had come. After the sickness left Farquhar and I, it seemed to go harder with the bird. Had we not developed such a liking for him he would have appeared laughable. He lay on his back and fanned the air with his feet, continually splitting the jungle stillness with his unearthly wail. After a time he became so weak that he stopped clawing the atmosphere and settled over on his right side. Farquhar was dismayed. Aside from his liking for the bird I really believe he thought it had power to bring good fortune and that its death would send the wrath of Allah upon us. The affair of the snake had about convinced him. Old

Farquhar would have made a good Mohammedan, undoubtedly.

For two days the chee-chee lingered between life and death. On the third morning he stood up and feebly walked across the floor of the tent. His head and tail nearly touched the ground. He was certainly a sick looking bird, this chee-chee.

I am not superstitious, neither am I sentimental, but I was delighted to see him get well. In the jungle man can develop an attachment for anything. Besides, he had saved the lives of both Farquhar and I.

We plowed on day after day, day after day, Farquhar always

leading. He seemed to know where he was going. At every village we questioned the natives about the palace of Rabahan, and everywhere we were met with a volley of exclamations of horror. They wailed and screeched like lunatics when we told them we intended to find and explore it.

"The Sahibs will die," they cried.

"The Sahibs will be tied to the tops of the towers and their eyes will be picked out by the vultures. Their arms will be torn out at the shoulders and they will be turned into the jungle, blind and helpless, to die."

This had no effect on Farquhar. He laughed at them as he had laughed at me. He was a wild fool, this Englishman, Farquhar, a freelance if there ever was one. He was the true type of adventurer. This Rabahan wild-goose chase marked the end of his adventures, however. It was his last great trek, as a South African would say. I liked Farquhar and I did my best to dissuade him from going in search of the sacred, mysterious palace of Rabahan. It was to no avail. I washed my hands of all the responsibility. I had to go with him, for the wanderlust had him, body and soul, and only death would have stopped him. We went on and on, deeper and deeper into the trackless jungle, Farquhar, chee-chee and I.

The country grew wilder and more mountainous. We saw hundreds of delightful, grassy valleys, surrounded by high, precipitous peaks. The country swarmed with game. At night beyond the glow of our fire, we could see tiny green lights, always in pairs, moving noiselessly here and there. It grew depressing to realize ones self the object of those glowing eyes. I could not sleep at night for thinking of them.

(Continued on page 16)

# Love on a South Sea Island

Being the diary of a ship-wrecked sailor

Ralph Thomas

March 4, 1918—

Last night the most fearful wind blew that I have ever known. I landed on this island three years ago. I am sure that at no time during the night was its velocity less than sixty miles an hour. I have no instruments, of course, but I have not sailed the seas for twenty years without learning a few things, and I can tell the speed of a blow pretty accurately.

March 5, 1918—

This morning the beach is strewn with wreckage. Outside the lagoon the breakers are pounding to pieces the battered hull of a steamer. Her funnels and superstructure are gone entirely. A strange thing is happening on the beach below me. I see a beautiful black haired girl, evidently Spanish, leaning against a huge stone. How she escaped the sea I do not know. She is scarcely able to stand. A man, evidently an American, is laboring through the surf. He makes the beach with a desperate effort and staggers toward the girl. She holds out her hands toward him and plunges forward face downward in the sand. He staggers up the beach, attempts to raise her, but fails and falls in the sand beside her. I reached them a few moments after.

March 12, 1918—

I have not written in my diary for a number of days. I have been very busy.

Jackson, the American who was saved from the wreck, and myself have built us a house of ship timbers from the wreck. My own cabin I gave to the Spanish girl, Francisca, who was also miraculously saved from the wreck.

I have learned something about them. Jackson was on his way to Spain on business and Francisca was returning to Madrid after a visit to the States. Her mother was drowned in the wreck, as was everyone on board save Jackson and she.

Jackson is a fine fellow, over six feet tall. He is very serious and thoughtful. He is very considerate of Francisca and does his best to smooth out her troubles. He seldom speaks. He spends a great part of his time at the top of the cliff, gazing away toward the states. I know how he feels. I have been here for three years now, yet I dare not go back. There are reasons which no man shall ever know. Anyway, I think this island is uncharted. Not a funnel of a steamer nor a wisp of smoke have I seen in three long years.

The girl from Spain is perfect. She hides her grief and despair like a born soldier. The death of her mother was, of course, a great blow to her, yet not one word of complaint has she spoken. I have seen her looking longingly away toward her beloved Spain many times. Yet she always shrugs her shoulders and walks resignedly away.

June 1, 1918—

Nothing of interest has happened during April and May. My paper and pencil are running short and I must conserve. I will record only the interesting events. To anyone who may chance to read this diary they may seem dull, but to us on this island without books or anything with which to pass the time the most prosaic and common-place things are interesting.

Jackson and I salvaged a number of useful things from the wreck. We fish in the lagoon when the tide is right. The days are perfect. We swim and ramble over the island. There are dozens of wild pigs in the woods back of the cliff. The long smooth beach stretches away to either side. It reminds me of the race course at Santa Monica. Bananas and mangroves grow a-plenty on this tropical island. All in all, we get along beautifully.

June 11, 1918—

Francisca and Jackson are really having a delightful time these days. They stroll on the beach in the moonlight, they wander through the mangroves. Jackson and I have fashioned a log canoe with outriggers, and together they paddle about the lagoon for all the world like two lovers.

June 15, 1918—

Jackson and Francisca are in love. No doubt about it. He speaks to her with love in his eyes and a voice that is queerly not his own. I have never been in love myself, but I think I recognize the symptoms. At any rate, I am not blind. He tells her of California, his home, and she talks

to him for hours of the beauties of Spain. They sit together on the cliff a good deal and look away over the South Pacific.

June 30, 1918—

A subtle, yet noticeable change has come over Jackson in the last two weeks. He no longer stands on the cliff and looks for ships. He seems satisfied. He worries about Francisca, however. He is madly in love with her. I can see that. Evidently he has said nothing to her about it. She still looks longingly toward Spain from the top of the cliff.

August 1, 1918—

Jackson and I were standing on the edge of the cliff today when a strange thing happened. Francisca was asleep in the cabin. Jackson and I were looking away toward America and home when of a sudden he turned to me and shouted: "Look!" Sure enough, I saw a wisp of smoke far away on the horizon. Before long I could make out the funnels and upper works of a tramp steamer. We watched her nearing the island, and after a few moments Jackson turned to me and said:

"Dawson, why are you on this island?"

I told him that for me it was the safest and happiest place in the world.

"Then you do not care to leave?" he continued.

I replied that I did not.

"We will stay," he said finally.

We watched the steamer for perhaps fifteen minutes. She neared the island, then veered away to the South. We did not light our beacon nor did we make a sound to attract her attention. Soon she was but a speck followed by a thin streamer of coal smoke far out on the smooth southern sea. We stood and watched her disappear and I cannot say that I felt the least sense of loneliness or sorrow.

I cannot ask for better or pleasanter friends than Francisca and Jackson. This is my world and I am content. After perhaps thirty minutes Jackson turned to me and said in a strang voice:

"You may think me a selfish dog, Dawson, but I could not bear to hail that steamer. Francisca would return to Spain and her people. She told me so, if we should ever leave this island. God forgive me for my selfishness, but I cannot help it. This island is more to me, now that I love Francisca as I do, than is my home in the States. In fact, I have no home. She need never know. We will be happy here till we die. Why leave?"

We walked together down to the beach. Francisca awaited us in the door of the cabin.

September 30, 1918—

Everything is delightful on this beautiful tropical island. It is certainly the land of the sirens and lotus. The nights are perfect. The breakers are rolling upon the smooth white beach. The two are happy here, I am sure. Jackson was right. This is a land of languor and contentment. We will stay here till we die. How long that will be I do not know but at least fifty years. Why I should be thinking of such things, I do not know. Surely no harm can come to this peaceful island.

October 1, 1918—

Francisca, while looking out to sea this morning, fell from the top of the cliff. She died two hours afterward. She seemed to be conscious, yet she could not speak. I do not think she recognized Jackson and I as we carried her to the cabin. Jackson is nearly insane. He calls himself a murderer and a cur.

"If I had only signalled the ship she would be alive and happy today," he cries.

He waves his arms and strides about like a lunatic. Other times he is prostrated with grief. It is a disturbing sight to see a big man such as he is crying piteously. He takes all the blame for her death. He is beside himself with remorse.

We buried Francisca in a grave at the top of the cliff, overlooking the sea and her beloved Spain. Jackson cried softly, to himself, so to speak. She was about all he had, you see. I had quite a good deal of trouble getting back down the steep trail to the beach. I couldn't see very well for some reason. I stumbled a number of times.

(Continued on page 16)



# Brain Food

Isabelle Mullenger

This isn't what you think it is

**M**Y topic is brain food. This subject can be regarded in two different ways, either as food for the building of brain tissues, or as food for thought.

Let us first consider the former. It has been said that scientifically speaking, the finest brain food is fish. At any rate, it has been heralded as such in song and story for, lo, these many years. This theory sounds fishy, however. It is time for fish as a brain food to go out of fashion, since every possible pun about it has been sprung by would-be wits on the unsuspecting populace at least 2001 times, each. All jokes on this theme have succumbed to senile debility so long ago that they belong on the shelf with the favorite mother-in-law and prohibition jokes that swept our country with a wave of smiles.

After the fish theory has outlived its usefulness as a giggle getter, it will probably pass out of existence, because a certain scientist says, like the Irishman's corpse, it has no less than three fatal wounds, not to mention a number of minor casualties.

One of the fatal wounds, probably the most fatal, is that the idea that any particular kind of food goes to any particular tissue is as logical as the belief of little Mary that we are told about in the story.

Mary was a little servant girl who had a mistress whom she adored. Above all, she admired her mistress' wavy golden hair, and wanted her own to be like it. So every morning at breakfast she would shove each mouthful of bread and milk against the roof of her mouth before swallowing it, in hopes that it would soak upwards and make her hair grow.

If little Mary had been successful it would be advisable for some of us to bandage a fish on top of our heads so that it would soak through. Then we would at least be strong minded. Aside from being a theme for humorists, the fish for brains theory is literally "ignis fatuus," as our Italian friend might say, or in plain English, the bunk.

Then the question confronts us, of what advantage would brain food be if the partaker were minus the brains. This ques-

tion comes too near being personal, so we will pass over it quickly.

It is generally conceded that 16 years in a schoolroom is the best brain developer obtainable. After 16 or more years of learning sometimes we remembr that Washington fought on the southern side in the French and Indian War.

We have probably forgotten that the word "mnemonics" has an "m" in front of it, since the "m" is silent like the "g" in "strawberries." If we remember arithmetic as we should we would be able to find out what is the distance in degrees between C. P. S. and Steilacoom. The answer might be "one degree," because by the time we get that one degree, most of us will be there.

These reams of weighty knowledge do not prove sufficient for some people's six cylinder brains, and they go forth in search of more knowledge. They then start pondering on the why and wherefore of existence and sometimes die of brain fever. After a few million philosophers worry themselves into their graves over the problems of existence, along comes Cohen and sings this little ditty, that answers their grave ponderings as satisfactorily as anything ever will:

"Did you ever sit and wonder, sit and ponder, sit and think,  
Why we're here and what this life is all about.  
It's a problem that has driven many a brainy man to drink;  
It's the weirdest thing they've tried to figure out.  
About a thousand different theories the scientists can show  
And never yet have proved the reason why,  
With all they've thought, and all they've taught, and all they  
seem to know, is  
We are born, live awhile, and then we die.

Life's a very funny proposition, after all;  
Imagination, jealousy, hypocrisy and gall;  
Young for a day, then old and grey,  
Like the rose that buds and blooms, then fades and falls away.  
Battles exciting and fate we're fighting until the curtains fall;  
Life's a very funny proposition after all.

## At the Box Office

Sigrid A. Van Amburgh

SCENE—Ticket window in theatre; long line of people waiting. Two girls, chewing gum, and rather loudly and cheaply dressed, appear. One pushes into center of line, in front of thin, tall man, who mumbles something.

"**W**HY, the idear, Mayme! What did he say? 'That no lady would push in ahead that way!' If he wuz a real gent he'd never notice no such little thing. But some men is such cheap guys. Look at him. Wouldn't he make a good advertisement for the telephone company? Te he! He'd make a good pole—such a stick y'know." (Both laugh loudly.)

(Chews gum rather audibly for a few minutes.) "Oh, quick, Mayme, look at the swell dame. No, not over there—this way. The one in the tight knee skirt. Pipe the trilbys on her. Gee whiz! if I had such mud-scows for an understanding I'd sink 'em."

"Mercy! how many more are ahead of us, Mayme? Wonder if he thinks we've got all day to stand in line! Say, Mayme, d'ye remember that blue silk of mine? Uh huh. Well, I seen a peach of a dress in Worths, on Fifth Avenue, and I'm goin' to change mine to look like it. How can I? Jes' wait an' see! I'm goin' to get some lace at the Ten Cent Store—looks jes' like real lace—and—oh, Mayme, mo's forgot to tell you somethin'."

"Tom called aroun' again last night and tried to make up, but I jes' froze him. Said if he wanted to travel roun' with a dummy from a department store, he could—but they wuz out o' my class. We must draw the line somewhere. You'd jes' ought to hev saw his face. It was some pitcher. Thought I'd fall for him right away, but he missed his guess that

time. Before he left I had him jes' where I wanted him. He jes' crawled. We're goin't to see a swell play Saturday night—Dora Thorne. I jes' adore those kind, don't you? The villain is always so handsome. I wish Tom wuz dark instead of fair. He'd be too perfectly killing for anything."

"Well, say, there's only one ahead of us now."

"I want the best seats in the house—center aisle—end seats. How many? Oh, didn't I say? Two. Four dollars? Watcher givin' us? What's the nex' best you got? Balcony? \$1.50 apiece? Say, are you stringin' us? Ain't you got anythin' cheaper? Gallery, reserved seats, \$1.00 apiece? Well, I'll be flambasted! Ain't that the limit! Jes' to hear Carusy yell his lungs out! I don't care for grand opera but thought it would be so nice to crow over Liz, sayin' as how we went."

"What's that? 'If we don't want tickets, kindly step aside.' Don't get fresh, you scissorbill. I've waited here as long as they have an' I'm goin' to take all the time I want. What say, Mayme? Shall we go? I hate to have 'em flim-flam us like that. Let's not! All right,—we'll go roun' to Christopher's for an ice cream soda."

FLOWERS FOR ALL EVENTS

**H. W. MANIKE**

"The College Florist"

6th Ave. and M St.

Main 419

# News of Alumni and Former Students

FORMER Dean Marsh paid a visit to his Alma Mater early in February. Mr. Marsh was in Olympia in the interest of educational bills before the legislature.

The Y. W. C. A. was glad to hear a talk by Mrs. Wilbur Adams last week. Mrs. Adams was formerly a teacher of business in the old University of Puget Sound. Mr. Adams is principal of the Grant School.

Genira Whitman, a student here in 1917-1918, is a teacher in Laurel High School, near Bellingham.

Grace Lawson, now Mrs. Herman Anderson, is residing in Tacoma.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Nicholson left for California recently. Both are former C. P. S. students.

Miss Bess Satterthwaite, who attended school about 1905-8, is just recovering from an operation. She is in the Tacoma General Hospital. Miss Satterthwaite is employed in the State Library at Olympia.

Miss Vinnie Pease, '07, a prominent student while here, has had the honor of having her Doctor's thesis printed in the American Scientific Journal.

Zaidee Bonney is not, as previously reported, at Stadium High School. During the last year she has been engaged in war reconstruction work in the East. She is now working at the Ferry Museum.

Bess Brown is a teacher in one of the Seattle High Schools.

Fanny Guptil, '18, was married last summer to Mr. Bell, in La Paz, Bolivia. They, together with Mr. and Mrs. John Herrick (formerly Hazel Bock) are at the same mission school in La Paz. Both Mrs. Bell and Mrs. Herrick were prominent Theta girls and active in school affairs.

Anna Easton, '17, is one of our girls who has done well in the business world. After graduating, she became teller in the Puget Sound Bank and now has a responsible position with a bank in Canton, Ohio.

Mildred Vogler Mahncke, '18, was married two years ago to Louis Mahncke, the jeweler. They have a small daughter four months old.

Georgina Wilson, who was married three years ago to Mr. Fred Justin, is now living in South Prairie, Washington. They are the parents of a small son.

Of more than usual interest to many of the alumni is the formal announcement of the engagement of Miss Mae Reddish to Mr. Lee W. Howes, of Rochester, New York. The betrothal was announced shortly after her return some weeks ago from an extended Eastern and Southern trip taken with her mother. Miss Reddish was a prominent Theta while at C. P. S. The wedding will take place in the East at the old family home of Mr. Howes' parents. No definite date has been set, but it is being planned for the end of May, and Mrs. and Miss Reddish expect to leave for the East about May 10, accompanied by Mrs. Lynn Wright and her small daughter.

\* \* \*

Seattle, Wash.

Dear Herb:

I am sending you my personal file of my college days. Feel at liberty to search it through and through. If you can find an idea suitable for progressive present day consumption, jump on it.

I am leaving photos, mementos, and odds and ends in the letter file. You are at liberty to go thru them as it may bring a breath of pioneer days, bearing in mind that the year 1903-3 was spent in the present administration building.

Eternally yours for the Biggest and Best,

EDWIN T. PITTMON, '04.

Dear Mr. Pittmon:

I have just received your interesting letter file containing the student publications of the years 1900 and 1904, and photos, clippings, programs, etc., which were scattered thruout the file, for which I wish to thank you. I only wish I might adequately give expression to my thoughts as I sit behind this L. C. Smith, in our handsome Trail office, and gaze thru "Ye Recorde" of 1900 and "Ye Maroon" of 1904, read the editorials and find that the editors in those olden times wrote about the same line of H. A. that I try to unburden myself of to the effect that the students must not overburden the Trail box with too many contributions, and not to rush the advertisers to death. Same old world, isn't it, Mr. Pittmon, although we have had several earthquakes, some more campaigns, several full moons, Soph-Frosh parties, a five year war, and other things happen in the interim. Yes, Ed, back there in 1901 the Col-

lege had a championship football team, too, didn't it? Champions of the Pacific Coast. Just noticed a photograph with the schedule written on the back—defeated teams from the University of Nevada, Idaho, etc. Well, Ed, we're not champions of the Pacific Coast nor the Atlantic Coast nor any other coast this year. We were too busy, ah, er, with other things, you know, and, but when we get more time and get around to it, why, you'll see!

Here's another photograph taken of one of the classes in front of the college when it was down on G Street. It seems the students at that time were older than they are today. These days it is real difficult to distinguish a high-school student from a college student. I notice the boys had no cuffs on the bottoms of their trousers in those days. Oo la la, what would a pair of college pants or any other kind of pants look like nowadays without cuffs on the bottom—even the Reverend Jimmy James wears 'em.

And the ladies wore sleeves to the wrists, and puffs at the shoulders, while their skirts began right down even with the floor, continuing up to the esophagus behind the ears. Glory, Ed, if those people could stand on 11th and Broadway like I do on nice afternoons for entertainment, sometimes, and see some of the things I see, they'd keel over. (The women would: the boys probably would want to stay right there forever and ever and look.) Derbies were in style then, too. See that young fellow in the front row on the left—how tenderly he doth hold his derby while having his picture took. There are a couple of girls wearing tam-o-shanters, although I don't suppose many people know what they are anymore now—there are some as would think it to be some kind of bagpipe, maybe, eh, Ed?

And here's a Commencement program, June, 1904, class motto—"The Strenuous Life," that was in the days of Teddy, and I see where little Eddy had an oration to deliver on "Man and Money." Do you still think the same as you did then? Aw, now, quit your kiddin'? And here's a memoriam program in honor of President McKinley, September, 1901.

Here is a picture of the boys' quartet, and who is visible second from the left but our old Dean Marsh—looking so "kiddish," and, oh, landsakes, let me peer again—yes, yes, there is, there is,—a little fuzz, down, or whatchumaywannacallit, on his upper lip. Well, now, that's one on Art.

And here, as I dig on through your letter file, Ed, I find a picture of the Puget Sound University Chapel, 1900—nice group of people, but I am chummy with none of them—guess it is a little afore my time—let's see, 1900—hm, I was still wearing pinafores at that time, wasn't I—21 years ago, and I'll bet a lot of these Frosh girls of 1921 were still taking their daily milk from a bottle, and the boys, oh, rats, they were probably chasing chickens in the back yard. (Now, now.)

And say, Mr. Pittmon, here is a letter I'd like to read, if you do not object, because it appears interesting. The date is April, 1898:

Dear Friend:

Many things of interest have transpired since last we met. As you have read, no doubt, rich discoveries have been made on the Klondike and thousands of people from all parts of the world rushed pell-mell to Seattle and thence to Alaska. Many have returned, others will return, but some will never come back. It is not the country of gold. Thousands have gone with the expectation of becoming wealthy, but alas, they were mistaken. I would advise you not to think of going. Stay in the country where there is plenty to eat and all will be well.

The opening for a bicycle racer here is very poor. (At the time this letter was written bicycles were all the rage.) You must remember that this is a new country and until it is older and more thickly settled our bicycle tracks must exist only in name. This country will never furnish such tracks as Indiana.

Well, get out your old musket, Fred, as you may be called to defend your country's honor. When I think of the criminal design for the destruction of the Maine and the manner in which it was executed it makes me feel like enlisting when the time comes. Those treacherous Spaniards have been such an obstacle in the march of civilization in the world. Should Spain and Turkey join hands and march out of the world I would not be sorry. Think of the Armenians in the Old World and the Cubans in the New. What do you think of the Spanish Navy? All that I am afraid of are those torpedo boats. I believe our navy to be superior in every other particular. \* \* \*

Ed, you must have been some shark in your studies. Here is one of your psychology test papers with 98 written on it. Have you met Professor Gjesdahl yet? He dispenses psychology here at the brainorium at the present time. But he does not give 98, at least not to me. He put me down for a 3-minus, and when I asked him why he couldn't give me a "1" he said I didn't put my application in soon enough, and they were all out of "1s," and all he had left were the 3-minuses.

Mr. Pittmon, I am getting hungry and the beans will be scorched if I don't go down and turn off the gas, so I will need to close. But, we are indeed thankful to you for those old Trails, and I just wish we could get a set for the College library. Should you chance across some alumni who have extra, complete files, why, tell them you know of someone who would be very glad to know of it. Looking through these pioneer student publications has made me think, and I am going to write an editorial about what I am thinking about.

Well, "buenos dias," Ed, as Registrar Robbins would say, and drop over once in a while. Brooks will serve tea and wafers in the Trail room.

Yours editorially,  
HERB.

\* \* \*  
**COLONIAL PARTY**

**M**ORE than a hundred college girls and faculty women were guests for the very beautiful tea given at Mrs. James L. Garvin's attractive home by the women of the advisory board of the Y. W. C. A. The spacious rooms had a setting in patriotic colors to honor the George Washington anniversary, developed in brilliant red tulips, freesias and touches of blue. Many scarlet-shaded candles gave their own charm to the picture with small hatchets and the cherry tree motif especially noted in the dining room appointments.

After the collation, for which Mrs. Dodds was assisted by Mrs. Edward H. Todd and Mrs. Cunningham, the girls and older women joined in a jolly program of impromptu college songs. A program of music and readings, arranged by Mrs. Lynette Hovious, gave much pleasure.

Presiding at the tea table were Miss Maude Shunk, retiring president of the Y. W. C. A. cabinet, and Miss Ermine Warren, her successor. Assisting in the afternoon music and readings were Mrs. Henry Skramstad, Miss Williams, Miss Frances Dodds, and Miss Marie Castator.

\* \* \*  
Mrs. Theodore Dunlap was given a pleasant surprise in the form of a miscellaneous shower by the Philomathean girls at the home of Mrs. Cory.

Games were played and several musical numbers were given. Refreshments were served at a table daintily decorated with the Philomathean colors and emblem.

\* \* \*  
Mr. Stanton Warburton entertained informally a group of his college friends at his home the evening of March 4.

\* \* \*  
**PHILOMATHEAN LITERARY SOCIETY**

**P**HILo programs this semester have covered a wide range of subjects including "Etiquette," "Nutrition," "The Farm," and the "Star and Crescent Annual."

The Farm program of March 7 was one of the best we have given this year, and proved a mirth provoker of the highest order.

- "Old Folks at Home" ..... Society
- A "Pastoral Romance" ..... Rosa Perkins
- Song—"Who'll Buy My Lavender?" ..... Helen Brix
- Reading—"Out To Old Aunt Mary's"—Riley.... Miss Storey
- "The Farm: Past, Present and Future" ..... George Monty
- Reading—"Jayville's Serpent Tooth" ..... Carrie Lofgren
- "Farm Products" ..... Charles Brady
- Impromptu—"Why I Left the Farm" ..... Mr. Norris
- Old Time Songs ..... Led by Winifred Williams

The Philo Alumni Bulletin is making its appearance each month. It's aim is to keep the alumni in touch with current happenings in the society and to foster society spirit.

With the coming of spring many anxious hearts are looking forward to the spring house party which will be held during the Easter vacation.

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

**KAPPA SIGMA THETA**

**T**HE first stunt in the series of student assembly programs was put on by the Theta sorority, February 10. It was staged in a typical sorority house, cozily furnished in white wicker with large reading lamps at either end. To add a touch of color the girls appeared dressed in daintily colored organdies and gingham. Generally speaking the sketch was very tasty, especially as the fumes of delicious boiling fudge found its way out to the audience.

The Sorority is proud to announce that it has pledged three new Freshman girls: Evelyn Ahnquist, Mildred Barlow and Helen Buckley. The girls will receive their first degree initiation Wednesday and their second degree a week later.

Theta has been engaged in a study of various authors. Programs have been given on Oscar Wilde's works, also on Christopher Morley, and O'Neil. One of the most unique and interesting programs presented this semester was entitled "Antique." The program was as follows:

- Ye Old Time Slang ..... Kathrine Anderson
- Ye Old Time Literature ..... Greta Miller
- Songs of Long Ago ..... Florence Todd
- Knights of Long Ago ..... Audrene Hedstrom
- Old Time Music ..... Winifred Wayne
- Styles of Long Ago ..... Roma Schmid, Mildred Forsberg, Eva Bock, Helen Brace

The girls are sorry that Mildred Gillies is not able to be with them this semester. She was forced to leave school on account of illness.

\* \* \*  
Watch our windows Friday and Saturday, CHOCOLATE SHOP.

\* \* \*  
**H. C. S. NOTES**

**H.** C. S. is congratulating itself on being the proud possessor, for at least one more year, of the handsome Newbegin Debate Trophy, which was won by virtue of the victory of the H. C. S. debating team over the Amphictyons last month. This makes the second consecutive year that the silver trophy has rested in the H. C. S. halls.

Strong efforts will be made to lengthen the two years into three and hopes are running high, for it is expected that both members of this year's team, Sam Levinson and Fielding Lemmon, will be in the running next year.

Two very enjoyable and educational programs have been enjoyed by the members and a goodly number of visitors at the last two meetings.

On February 28 Gene Schrader addressed the men on "the Panama Canal," giving the complete history of the construction and an excellent description of the operation. The same evening Eddie Rumbaugh gave a lecture on the Hudson Bay Company.

The meeting of March 7 was featured by a talk by Paul Hayward on Alaska and a Psychological Discourse by Lars Rynning. An original poem to the Kappa Sigma Theta girls by Fielding Lemmon concluded the program.

The H. C. S. men this semester are putting a great deal of stress on scholastic standing and the marks are keeping well above the average college grades.

Despite the cramming for good grades we managed to find time to leave our studies long enough to give the Student Body a morning's entertainment on Thursday, March 3. Our offering was a three-act play: "The tragedy of Errors," written jointly by Fielding Lemmon and Steve Arnett.

If laughs can be taken as a thermometer of success our little tragedy sure went over the top. We hoped to inject some much needed pep and punch into the assembly, and we think we succeeded. What say, ol' top?

Wednesday-Thursday, March 16-17  
George Melford's Special Production  
**"BEHOLD MY WIFE"**  
All Star Cast  
**Sunset Theater**



The 1921 Basket Shooters. From Left to Right: Brady, Swayze, (Manager of Athletics), Stone, Anderson, Brooks (Captain), Kinch, Scott, Coach Roger Peck, Hart.

#### SPRING FOOTBALL

**S**PRING football practice is the latest innovation. Practically all the schools that put out winning grid teams endorse the idea. We expect to have a banner team next year to put C. P. S. on the football map, and we are starting in now to go after it as though we meant business.

The first call for practice has been announced by Coach Peck for March 14, and will continue for at least a month. We have a few new players with us this second semester, and together with last year's material we should have a good turnout. So when March 14 comes let every able-bodied man get out on the field for at least an hour a day.

\* \* \*

#### THE WRESTLING SQUAD

**T**HE wrestlers are meeting with Coach Tilly every Tuesday and Thursday at 4 o'clock, at the Y. M. C. A. Some of the men have had experience at the game and all agree that Tilly is a good coach. No meets will be scheduled this year, but next year we expect to see C. P. S. put out a championship wrestling team. A few more men are needed to turn out for the 105, 115, 125, 135, and 158-pound classes. Wrestling is a great game, is splendid exercise, and we recommend it to all who can possibly spare the time.

Come on, men, get in the game.

\* \* \*

#### TRIP TO EASTERN WASHINGTON

**A**FTER seeing the brand of basketball we played against the Olympia Y. M. C. A., which was our last local game before the trip we thought our team would hold their own against any of the Eastern Washington outfits, but such was not the case. However, the scores tell a good story for the boys—they were all mighty close. The peculiar incident in all the games played was the fact that our team led in the first half of every game, but lost out in the second canto by a close margin.

In addition to Coach Roger Peck and Manager Russell Clay, the following men made the trip: Stone, Brooks, Scott, Anderson, Brady, Kinch, and Hart.

Our opponents in Eastern Washington were: Ellensburg Y. M. C. A., Yakima Y. M. C. A., Toppenish American Legion, Cheney State Normal, and Wenatchee American Legion. We were defeated by a margin of over five points in only one game.

**T**HE best advertising agency that any college has is its enthusiastic student body, that is, if the students really have a high regard for their college and are endowed with the proper booster spirit. Knowing that the enthusiastic testimony of a humble student is worth more to a prospective student any day than anything that a member of the faculty, the corresponding secretary, or perhaps even the college president might say, the athletic manager begs leave to make a suggestion regarding the spring vacation.

Tacoma business men have pledged to support C. P. S. athletics to the limit next season if we can put teams in the field that warrant support. So our task is to get the high calibred teams.

The department has secured a list of the high school graduates from almost every town in the state. Students returning to their homes for the brief vacation period are urged to secure a list of the prospects in their home towns, see them while at home, and make a report on them when they return to school. This especially as regards the athletes.

\* \* \*

#### OLYMPIA SNOWED UNDER

**T**HE Maroon and White aggregation hit the stride we like to see when they cleaned up on the Capitol City Y. M. C. A. by a score of 52-29. It was the fastest and cleanest game played on the local floor this season, and was even a closer game than the score would indicate, as the Olympia team played a fast and clever game, but was unable to drop the ball through the bottomless pit.

Brooks starred for the college team, scoring 20 of the 52 points. Stone was a close second with 18 points. This was the first game of the season for Anderson, and he marked his return with a classy exhibition of fast basketball.

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

**SIXTH AVE. BARBER SHOP**

The College Barber

2409 6th Ave.

BELLINGHAM THRILLER

THE Bellingham quintet won by a basket from the C. P. S. aggregation March 4, in as classy an exhibition of the sport as has been seen in many a day on the college floor.

The first act was characterized by flashy team work and nifty passing combinations. The visitors polled the first basket and Anderson followed close with the first score for the Maroons.

Stone, the lanky pivot man who has contributed a big proportion of the season's tallies, brought in ten points, most of which were annexed in the thickest of the excitement.

In the second half with the Maroon-clad quint three points in the lead both teams played more of an open game, with the breaks going to the visitors.

AMPHICTYON LITERARY SOCIETY

THE Amphictyons, with their usual interesting programs, have had some very successful meetings during the last month. Perhaps the most attractive and notable program was that of February 28, when the subject of "Nations" was presented.

- Scandinavian Songs ..... Myhrman and Thorsen
Scotland ..... Marjory Kennedy and Janet Rae
Sweden ..... Selma Peterson
China ..... Lulu Kenny
Mexico ..... Esther Graham
Spain ..... Ethel Schuster
German Song ..... Anton Erp
Spokane ..... Russell Penning

Amphictyon is proud to have pledged the following new members:

Myrna Stoddard, Marguerite Thoman, Evelyn Longstreth, Dorothy Smith, Nelson Pierce, Kenneth Aldrich, George Kendrick.

All Amphics are impatiently awaiting the coming house party. We surely are going to raise the roof and have a wonderful time.

TAMANAWAS

The College Annual, to be good, must represent college life and activities, and to represent the greatest part of college life and activities, and it must have contributions from every individual.

FRESHIES TAKE SECOND GAME

IN the second game of their series, the Freshmen girls sprung a surprise on the Sophomore sextet and defeated them by a score of 9-1, getting revenge for the defeat handed them by the Sophomores in the first mixup.

Each team is composed of six players. The extra player comes in at the center position and is known as the side center player.

Bernice Ohlson set the pace for the Freshmen and showed excellent field shooting, contributing seven of the nine points for her side.

- The Lineup:
Sophomores: Beatrice Clark, Hilda Scheyer, Margaret Ohlson (1), Alice Hammerlin, Rosa Perkins, Agnes Sund
Freshmen: Mid Forsberg (2), Bernice Ohlson (7), Nan Tuell, Helen Brix, Helen Pangborn, Evelyn Ahnquist
Subs: Sophomores—Mary Anderson, Kathrine Anderson. Freshmen—Ruth Wheeler, Mrs. Pakenham.

Established Reputation for Making the Finest Quality Photographic Portraits
James & Merrihew
TACOMA HOTEL

NEW STUDENTS

We are glad to welcome the following second semester additions to the student body personnel. Nice bunch, eh, what?

- Ruth Benjamin James, John Minsch, Clyde Deegan, Nelson C. Pierce, Evelyn Longstreth, Helen Hart, Roy L. Sprague, Arthur Schaffer, Matthew Thompson, Miriam Short, Richard Cook, Leslie Hilliard, Frances Niesen, Ray Fisher, Cecil Cavanaugh, Kenneth Aldrich, Mildred Barlow, Forest Gast, Linnie Hampton, Spencer Smith, George Kenrick, Kathrine Morris, John Crawford, Evelyn Ahnquist, Elva Murland, Helen Van Loon, Helen Buckley, Martha Shackelford, Edward Amende, Ebba Carlson, Agnes Scott, Margaret Dorwin.

Y. W. C. A.

Friday afternoon, February 17, the old and the newly elected cabinets of the Y. W. C. A., under the protecting care of Miss Crapser, left for Seattle in acceptance of an invitation from the University Y. W. C. A. cabinet.

YE MILLIONAIRES

And it came to pass that during the last month, the Millionaires Club has been in a state of perfect peace and harmony—yes, even harmony between Cy Jones and Hillis Griffin.

We do wish that we could get popular with the ladies like our N. T. Stone, who, when it was rumored that he was ill (with spring fever) received a beautiful bouquet of flowers, and he wouldn't even let us smell them.

Clyde is still the same old woman he always was. Paul Snyder went to a masquerade one evening in a striking female costume. He made such a nice looking girl that Clyde followed him three blocks down the street.

Passed by the National Board of Censorship.

FRANK C. HART & SONS
EST'D 1889 DIAMONDS
FINE WATCHES & JEWELRY
THIRTY YEARS RELIABLE SERVICE 1124 BROADWAY

## SENIOR SCRIBBLINGS

MAUDE SHUNK, the President of the Senior Class, has asked me to write the class notes this time, which I'm very glad to do, because there's lots to write about, and I wield a wicked fountain pen. The most important thing, however, is that the members of the senior class expect to graduate next June. Outside of that everything else dwindles into mere insignificance. And I'm glad, glad, glad I've stuck it out these four years; they don't seem so long now at all; just seems like yesterday that I was a freshman, when the sophomores threw me into the horse trough on Jefferson Avenue. I've already picked out a red tie I think I'll wear with my cap and gown. And I'll have a dozen or so picture made when I get the ones for the Tamanawas, and I'll send one to my girl back in old Whitesboro. Yea, boy, ain't it a great and grand glorious feelin' to be a Senior!

Last night I had a funny dream: I dreamed it was Commencement time and I had on my cap and gown and was just going down the marble stairs of the ad building, and all around on the campus was a vast assemblage in a vast diversity of attirement; some had on togas, some nightgowns, some colonial furniture and some quite modern with one-fourth off on each end. And as I descended with the rest of the senior class following after, Alexander the Great stepped out from the throng and held out his hand. I shook it, then to my astonishment Socrates stepped forward likewise and I did him the same way, and I thought of Professor Gjesdahl who said Socrates' eyes were so far apart and his nose so far up that he could turn them in and thus look inwards. So I took a second look at Socrates and found that Professor Gjesdahl was right. I went on and President Roosevelt pressed my hand, then George Washington and Julius Caesar. Anton Erp was next, and then came Hetty Green, after which Rameses with his coffin under his arm jostled Peter the Great in the ribs and said, pointing at me—"That's him, that's him." Then two flappers in the front row giggled and one said to the other: "Gee, memie, ain't he grand?" I afterwards recognized them to be Miss Buckley and Miss Ahnquist. As I proceeded a mist of clouds gathered around my neck and I couldn't see the vast assemblage for dust, and that was where my downfall came in, for I couldn't see my feet either, and stumbled over a piece of chewing gum left by Miss Kennedy and fell—out of bed. And I swore I wouldn't eat any more of Miss Beckman's raspberry cake at night.

Well, as I said before, there is so much to write about that I don't know where to start, but I do sure want to tell you what I think about this college and some of the inmates. In the first place, I wouldn't trade it for forty universities because I do love it, and I've been here long enough to know whereof I speak. I know all the professors and all the a—er—students and I'll kind of hate to leave next June, but it must be did. I want to tell you about Professor Hanawalt. He teaches astronomy and mathematics and comes to school with an umbrella and sets the clocks in the lower hall. The boys in the dormitory tell time by him. When he goes by in the sweet a. m. Penning says "It's 7:55, fellows; Hanawalt's just going to class"—and they, like one man, take out their Ingersolls and move the hands to 7:55. He's awfully forgetful,



because one day he spent a half hour looking for "Math 9" until I asked him what he had in his hand and he looked and laughed and said: "Oh, here it is. Now how do you suppose it got in my hand?" I said I didn't know unless the hand picked it up. Even Professors condescend to attend theatres. I know, because the other evening I saw him at the Opera, I think it was. And the next morning I said to him: "I saw you at the theatre last night and noticed you giving the once over to that young lady I was with. Isn't she charming? Her age, I know, will surprise you. She doesn't look twenty-one, does she?" And Hanawalt must have been thinking about his infinity problems, for he answered with a far-away look: "Not now, George, but I suppose she did once."

But then, he does get his reigns mixed once in a while, because when I asked him if he'd ever journeyed up the Puyallup, he went into ecstasies and replied he had gone to the very top and that there was a glorious view from the summit. I went to Chapel last Friday and a Sophomore announced an Umbrella party; no admittance without some kind of an umbrella—and then the Dean said now I know where my umbrella went—after the party is over I would like to have my umbrella returned—and he never cracked a smile—well, that's the Dean for you—he's always pulling something like that. He isn't forgetful—not much—in fact, he can remember things that he doesn't even know—he's a mind reader. Certainement. When I have my lessons he never calls on me, but when I'm out late the night before and consequently haven't looked at a book, he looks at me, looks through me, and all around me, then looks at the questions in the good book, picks out the hardest and then says, George—His most oft repeated sentence is "Don't you see," or, "There, now, we have it." "See what the author is driving at?" He tries out all kinds of funny stunts. One morning he made us stand while reciting, and say all we knew, without him talking at all. And when we had covered the whole chapter thus, he pulled out his Waltham, smiled and said—it took us twenty minutes—that means that "Heretofore I've been talking 35 minutes at every recitation period.

The other day he told us about his great great grandmother, who lived to be 108 years of the old age, which is pretty old, and about the early pioneers and how oftentimes they would see no other settlers for months and months, and how one day Big Jim rushed into the log cabin up in Missouri, and said to his wife: "Pack up, Mary, we're going to move." Mary asked: "How come?" and he replied: "I was up top o' the hill and saw another man—it's gittin' too ding-busted crowded around here." But that's nothing yet. One day he told us how they discovered they had a crazy professor at Columbia University. They found him up in the poplar trees counting the leaves to see if all poplar trees had the same number. Can't beat that much without using five aces can you?



**FRENCH "6" TO STAGE PLAY**



FRENCH "6" class, under the direction of Miss Crapser, will present a French comedy in two acts entitled, "La Poudre Aux Yeux." They are counting on giving it the last of April or about the first week in May. No definite date will be set until some progress has been made in learning parts, but the play will no doubt be given in the chapel auditorium in the evening.

The humorous aspect of social pretence, is the subject of "La Poudre Aux Yeux." The longing of social strugglers to seem what they are not has its good and its bad, its tragic and its comic sides. A doctor with a generous inherited income and no practice, a confectioner who has retired with a competence, these are the central figures. Their wives are shrewd, economical, housewifely; excellent types of the upper French bourgeoisie. The confectioner has a son and the doctor a daughter, who have met and loved. These are both slightly sketched, for all the world loves a lover, and so the skillful dramatist will not choose him as the object of ridicule, nor can he make a French miss prominent, if he wishes to make her sympathetic. In the nature of things nothing would stand in the way of the smooth course of their affection, but it is the custom in France to commit such matters to parents in a far greater degree than with us, and these parents are so bent on seeming to be more wealthy and aristocratic than they are, that each couple endeavors to dazzle the other, while they strain both their purses and their patience by a show of fashion incongenial to all; until at last each having promised to give the young couple more than either can possibly afford, both determine to break the match by outbidding the other in extravagant promises. This effort to blind each other, to cast, as the French say, la poudre aux yeux, is brought to a sudden close, and the happiness of the young people rescued from ship-wreck, by the advent of a burly bluff uncle, who pricks the bubbles of their pretensions and unites the lovers on the basis of that realistic, not to say materialistic, common sense that seems to form the background and foundation of the French bourgeoisie nature.

The presentation of this highly interesting comedy will be the first play to be given in French at the College of Puget Sound. Therefore, a special interest is being taken by the French department to make it an overwhelming success both as a delightful entertainment for the spectators, and for the benefit derived by those taking part, in the furtherance of their command of the French language.

\* \* \*

**EVERYBODY TURN OUT FOR THE ORATORIO**

OWING to the revival meetings being held in the First Methodist Church, the oratorio, Holy City, by Harvey C. Gaul, will not be given on Wednesday evening, March 23, as at first planned, but will be rendered on Wednesday evening, April 6—the first Wednesday after the spring vacation. It is hoped that the students participating in this event will not lose any of their enthusiasm over the vacation but will come back with the determination to "put it across" in big league style.

The success of this oratorio rests solely upon you students. If your interest is only lukewarm, so also will be the rendition. An event of this kind is just as big an undertaking as any debate or athletic contest. In fact it reaches people who are not interested in either debate or athletics. Let us make an appearance worthy of the name of the College of Puget Sound.

The soloists are the best in the city, and with the whole-hearted backing of the entire student body the success of this undertaking will be assured beyond a doubt.

The soloists taking part are:

- Miss Reta Todd ..... Soprano
- Miss Opal Delano ..... Mezzo-Soprano
- Miss Birdine Strong ..... Contralto
- Mr. Earle Cook ..... Tenor
- Mr. Frederick Kloepper ..... Baritone

Miss Isabelle Mullinger will be at the piano and Mr. Raymond Wilder at the organ. A chorus of at least fifty voices is desired. Considering the amount of talent we have to pick from, this should be an easy task. Let everyone, who can sing, show a little School Spirit, and turn out for rehearsal during the next two weeks. Rehearsals are held on Tuesdays and Thursdays at 12:30.

**TAMANAWAS**

DEFINITE plans have been formulated for this year's annual. The Juniors are showing an active spirit we need the co-operation of the entire College if we are to make this annual the great success that is expected.

If you have a kodak you are expected to use it during the next few weeks for the annual. If you haven't one, you are expected to get one. To whichever class you happen to belong, you are requested to help. The pictures make an annual interesting, catchy and peppy. The frivolous snaps are best. The photographer will uphold the reputation of the serious side of college life. Now for the sunny side. We want a snapshot of *you and you and you!*

The Staff for the annual is as follows:

- Business Manager ..... Paul Snyder
- Assistant Business Manager ..... Ed. Longstreth
- Editor-in-Chief ..... Helen Brace
- Assistant Editor ..... Florence Maddock
- Faculty ..... Victorino Ciscar
- Literary Editor ..... Myrtle Warren
- Alumni ..... Helen Murland
- Conservatory ..... Lewis Cruver
- Athletics ..... Russell Clay
- Men's Organizations ..... Anton Erp
- Women's Organizations ..... Ethel Beckman
- Society and Calendar ..... Helen Monroe
- Art Editor ..... Esther Duffall
- Humor ..... Agnes Scott

\* \* \*

Get in line for the Tamanawas,  
These words must reach all classes;  
The Seniors, the Juniors, the Soph and Freshy,  
The tall and the short, the lean and fleshy.

\* \* \*

The different clubs, societies, too,  
The student and teacher, they'll have to do  
Whatever they're asked and hand out the gold;  
You need not know why; just do as you're told.

\* \* \*

**DEBATE**

On April 15 the women's varsity teams of the college will meet the Willamette University on the question: "Resolved, That all Japanese immigrations into the United States should be prohibited except the student and diplomatic classes."

The men's varsity will meet Willamette on April 28, on the question: "Resolved, That immigration into the United States should be further restricted by increased literacy tests." Negotiations are under way to arrange a debate with McMinnville College the night following the Willamette debate.

The teams are as follows:

- Women's affirmative team: Thelma Hastings and Grace Ross.
- Women's negative team: Florence Maddock and Helen Brace.
- Men's affirmative team: Russell Clay and Alfred Matthews.
- Men's negative team: Sam Levinson and Cecil Cavanaugh.

\* \* \*

**TODD READING CONTEST**

The Todd Reading Contest will be held April 8th in connection with the Annual Glee. All you readers in college show spirit and enter the contest. Mrs. Todd offers a \$10.00 prize for the best interpretation of some selection or oration. Sign up at once with Howard Ericson.

\* \* \*

**BURMEISTER ORATORICAL CONTEST**

The orations for the contest are due at the department of Public Speaking March 22. We want you to get in this contest and write, not only show school spirit, but show Attorney Burmeister that we appreciate his gift. He gives the college orators two prizes of \$75.00 and \$25.00. The orations selected by the committee will be delivered on April 22nd.

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# THE TRAIL

H. G. FELLER, *Editor*

FRANK BROOKS, *Business Manager*

## Editorials

### *Sprig is 'ere!*



LAST month we told you "Sprig is Cubbig." This month we tell you "Sprig is 'ere." How do we know? Why, because the days are bringing forth the sunshine, which in turn brings forth the birds and flowers, which in turn, alas, brings forth the poets and lovers. And that's not the only reason we know "sprig is 'ere." The school calendar tells us that "Sprig Vagashun" is from the twenty-fifth of March to the fifth of April. Hooray for "Sprig." We are glad you are come once again.

### *Introducing Reverend Rolen*

IT gives us great pleasure to welcome to our faculty Dr. Andrew P. Rolen, of Geneseo, Illinois. Reverend Rolen received his scholastic degrees at Hedding College, Abington, Illinois, and has been an instructor in the department of philosophy and religion of that institution for the past twenty years. He will have charge of the first and second year classes in the department of religion.

### *One Per Cent*

IT may interest you to know that a little over one per cent of the entire population of this country has received a higher education. Yet this one per cent holds more than forty per cent of all the positions of confidence and trust and profit which it is in the power of the people to grant. For some good reason your fellow-citizens have thus officially and formally recorded their approval of the results of sound and advanced education.

### *President Harding*

ON the fourth of March, Warren G. Harding became President of the United States—one of the most powerful offices in today's unsettled world. On that day President Woodrow Wilson stepped down from that same lofty pedestal—a man who has carried a greater load than most of us realize—a man marked and broken by the labor to which he gave himself—a man dearly beloved, and terribly hated, whose ideas were too far in the future for today's poor adled world, but whose name will go down to posterity with the chosen few who have stood for the great, pure, worthwhile things in the wonderful progress of civilization.

The problems and opportunities confronting President Harding are equally stupendous. He needs our confidence, and the co-operation of all the people.

### *It's Hard Times, Brutus, and Hard Lines, Too*

AS 1920 passed out and 1921 came in, business in most lines was at low ebb. A year ago everything was at high peak. People were trying to get away with economic murder; laziness, dishonesty and extravagance were replacing industry, honesty and thrift. It seems impossible to keep in mind that no difference what the natural resources of a nation may be, if the people do not practice the simple, homely, economic and moral virtues ruin lies ahead.

A business depression is nature's way of giving a nation an old-fashioned spanking. If the punishment is applied quickly and severely the reform usually follows promptly. Those who had a "beating" coming have probably changed their ways.

We have a business depression in college twice a year—January and June. The depression weeds out those who have practiced intellectual murder, laziness, dishonesty, and extravagance. The industrious, honest and thrifty come out smiling. In other words, final examinations are our periodic spankings and those who have a beating coming soon change their ways.

### *But Don't Let It Run Away With You*

YESTERDAY I went to Moore's and bought a bottle of an anti-septic solution. When I unwrapped it I found a small cork screw tied to the side of the bottle. The man who did that had imagination. He, himself, had looked from cellar to garet to find a corkscrew.

A week ago I saw a man buy a pint of ice cream in a drug store. Instead of handing the customer a paper pail with a wire handle, the drug clerk picked up a molded brick of cream, wrapped it neatly in plain white paper, snapped a rubber band around it, and the customer carried it out like a box of candy. Now there isn't anything brilliant in this ice cream idea, and we aren't in favor of placing a bust of the originator in the public park. He is probably getting his reward in the way of increased profit, which is finally the best evidence of service rendered.

Men had been using shaving mugs for a century before one man realized the convenience and economy of molding the soap into a small cylinder which could be taken in the hand, applied to the face, and then brought to a lather with the brush.

The point we are trying to make here is that imagination occupies a high place and that its exercise pays real dividends. Imagination is the magic wand that adapts old ideas to new conditions.

### *Dancing*

MUCH has been said through the years regarding dancing. No doubt much will continue to be said about it. Because of the apparently wild craze that some students have for dancing in some colleges the authorities thereat are more or less alarmed; they face a problem.

We face no such problem at the College of Puget Sound. Not that there are no students here who dance, but those who do seem to be quite conservative in their indulgences. The school being a Methodist institution naturally does not encourage dancing nor permit it, for that matter, at school functions.



**JUNIORS**

**C. P. S.'ers! Attention!**

**D**O you realize that there remains but a short time before the *Tamanawas*, our school annual, will be published? The Juniors are proud of their staff, for it started out with lots of "pep" and is now hard at work. Big things are to be expected if you too, get into your working clothes.

On these wonderful days, when it seems terrible to have to stay in the library, you can make good use of your kodak right here on the campus. Take snaps! Shoot! Send them in! Don't be bashful! Don't delay! Should you hear of a dandy article, story, or poem by some of our promising authors or poets, tell the staff. Remember the *Tamanawas* represents what our College can do, so let's get busy right away.

"They tell me my tongue's in my shoe  
But if I get no response, I'll use it on you."

\* \* \*

**FRESHMAN NOTES**

Now that the rush period is over, the new Freshmen will be able to settle down and become worthy and loyal members of our splendid class. However, a hindrance is presenting itself for "spring fever" is coming on. Cheer up, Freshmen! Spring vacation will soon be here and then house parties will be in order—n' everything!

The Freshmen put on a stunt in student assembly Thursday, March 10, with their usual pep, vigor and success.

The Frosh-Soph Girl's Games:

The first game was played February 27 and resulted in the Sophomores winning by a score of 6-4. It was a fast game and very exciting throughout.

The second game, played March 4, was won by the Frosh by a score of 9-1.

The last game will probably be played within a week. As this is the deciding game it promises to be full of interest and intense suspense.

The boys' Frosh team went to Auburn February 18, and played the A. H. S. Though they lost the game they certainly put up a great fight. The Frosh team is developing some fine material for next year's varsity team.

\* \* \*

Watch our windows Friday and Saturday, CHOCOLATE SHOP.

\* \* \*

**SCIENTIFICIANS**

The Scienticians held their regular meeting February 23 with Thelma Hastings, where they enjoyed one of Mrs. Cory's good dinners. Mary Anderson gave a short talk on her visit to the Cushman Hospital for convalescent soldiers, outlining conditions and the present needs there. Miss Mildred Brooks sketched for us, in her delightful way, a day's work at the clinic, where she is engaged in the laboratory in bacteriological and blood tests of various kinds.

\* \* \*

**SIMPLE LIFE FOR GERMANY**

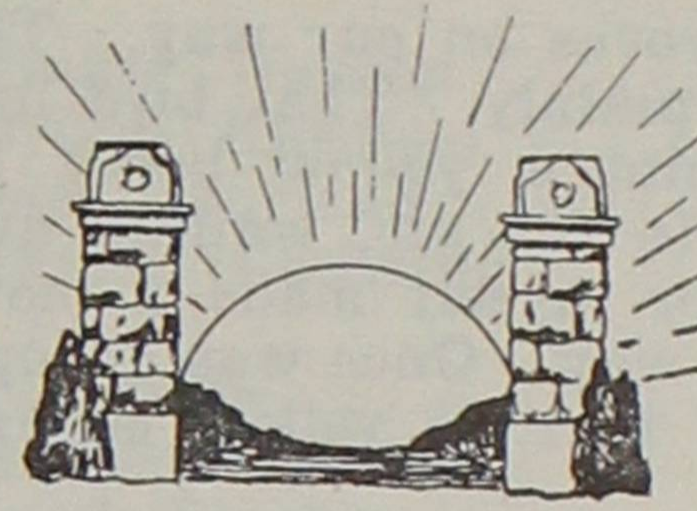
**A** NEW movement known as the League for the Regeneration of Germany, which preaches plain living and high thinking, a return to old time simplicity, coupled with a revival of intellectuality as opposed to the crass materialism of the present day, has been started in Germany. Among the promoters are several high government officials, well known professors, and social welfare workers. They make a plain appeal to the common sense of the people to restrict their general expenditures for the sake of the fatherland.

Should the 52 billion mark indemnity imposed by the Allies force Germany into such a simple life it would, it seems to us, in the end, be a blessing to her, while tending to weaken the character and morale of the Allies and create in them a false sense of wealth.

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**ACCOMPLISHMENT**

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**T**HREE longings has the human soul: for life and power; for ability to perpetuate its thots and purposes; and to build that which abides.

With advancing years this that will come to you: "When I close my eyes in death, must that mean oblivion?" Must all that in which I have been interested, for which I have wrought, to which I have given myself, come to an end when I close my eyes in my last sleep; has it all no place in the great infinite plan which is being worked out through the ages? Will there be no other eyes shining brighter because at some time I have looked into them with human sympathy and affectionate interest? When my hand is marble-cold, will there be no hand still feeling the warmth of my grasp in that hour in which I brought new hope to one almost in despair? When my heart has ceased to beat, will there be no heart throbbing with high aspiration and renewed courage because once I put my heart against it as friend to friend and brother to brother? Will not a single human being have found the world better, and the skies brighter and the horizon wider, and the stars of God shining with clearer light because I have lived and loved and served in my day?

This is one of the three great longings of every human soul—the desire to accomplish something which will endure. Has that longing come to you?

\* \* \*

Watch our windows Friday and Saturday, CHOCOLATE SHOP.

\* \* \*

**TAMANAWAS**

The College Annual, to be good, must represent college life and activities, and to represent the greatest part of college life and activities, and it must have contributions from every individual. So, students, it is your duty to help make The Annual a success, not only for yourself, but for the hundreds who will read and enjoy it.

\* \* \*

Seniors—A name applied to a class of erudite and superior mortals who have arrived at that salutary stage in their development where they begin to believe that there are actually a few things yet to be learned.

Freshman—A peculiar specie of foolah bird, closely allied to the American wild goose, which is found in great numbers in the purlieus of educational institutions and which is much valued by taxidermists for its beautiful green plumage.

Study Room—A place where students take their books to spend a few pleasant hours in agreeable converse and social joy.

**THOUGHTS ON ASTRONOMY**

*(Continued from page 3)*

Bible writers, hymn composers, poets in every century, orators, preachers, public speakers generally, continually use the imagery of the heavens, the sun, moon, stars and meteors, in their illustrations. If one is in possession of even a moderate amount of information regarding this science he can more clearly comprehend what he hears and reads. Sometimes these references have been to astrology, which in the days of alchmy was almost the only astronomy known. Even now in many minds these are synonymous, but we have not attempted any reference to its observations and conclusions.

The words of Addison's hymn may fittingly close these notes concerning the heavenly bodies:

"In reason's ear they all rejoice  
And utter forth a glorious voice;  
Forever singing as they shine,  
The hand that made us is divine."

## THE CHEE CHEE'S WAY

(Continued from page 5)

We passed through many chonga groves on our way. The chee-chee showed his nervousness very plainly. That bird had a good memory. When we offered him a yellow berry he uttered his pet screech and flew high in the air, wailing and squeaking all the time. If Farquhar or myself made a move to eat one of them he acted in the same way. Once was enough for him. He had developed a healthy fear of yellow chonga berries.

We wandered on, keeping no track of time. Our direction was northeast, always northeast. We left a small village on the edge of a dense jungle one sunny morning. From that time on for what seemed to me to be a year we did not see a human being, save ourselves. How I grew to hate the jungle, the sun, everything—even Farquhar and the chee-chee. After I caught the Englishman looking at me with a deadly hate in his eye, but the spells always passed. He dared not kill me lest he go insane. I know I should have gone stark, raving mad without him. I will admit, however, that murder was in my mind. It is strange how those who would die for each other in the world of men fly at each other's throats if thrown too closely together for a time in the jungle. Well, we trudged on for a few more weeks, or years; how many I do not know.

On a sunny afternoon we blundered onto this palace of Rabahan. I will admit that it was beautiful. Built of granite blocks four feet square, it stood easily two hundred feet high above the foundations. It was built upon a high hill, overlooking a beautiful valley.

Our entry into the palace was anything but triumphant. Farquhar stood gazing at it, wrapped in wonder. I gazed at Farquhar. Suddenly we were stricken down from behind. We had evidently been seen from the palace long before we reached it. We were carried through a huge gate in the wall and dumped into a deep dungeon beneath the stone floor. That evil place was darker and more sinister than the "Black hole of Calcutta."

I opened on Farquhar, calling him everything I could think of. I called him names for twenty minutes, and I do not remember saying the same word more than once.

He did not reply. I felt over the dungeon floor and finally found him. He had a fine hole in his head where he had struck the rough floor of the dungeon.

I changed my tactics and fixed him up the best I could in the dark. He wasn't badly hurt and came to shortly. The things I called him had something to do with bringing him around, I have an idea.

Next day we were taken before old Rabahan himself. I will say for him that he was a gambler, and in all, a rather decent specimen. In his chamber he had arranged everything for our benefit. Before his throne, on a slender-stemmed pedestal, stood a glass bowl in which were two berries. We were blindfolded and old Rabahan spoke to us thus:

"White strangers, no foreigner has ever entreed this palace and left it alive. To you I shall be more merciful, however. Just why I do not know. I will give you a fighting chance. Before you uin a bowl are two berries, a yellow and a brown. If you choose a brown, you may go, and Allah go with you; if you choose a yellow your arms shall be pulled out at the shoulders. The crows that swarm about the battlements of my palace shall pick your eyes from their sockets. Before you die your bodies will be thrown to the scavenger hyenas. You, American, will choose first. I shall not consider it a choice until you have taken the berry from the bowl and tossed it to the floor."

A servant led me to the pedestal. I reached in and drew a brown.

"You are fortunate, Sahib," said old Rabahan. My blindfold was removed and I was led to the back of the chamber.

"You, Englishman, will draw now." Rabahan's voice sounded faint and far away.

Farquhar was led to the pedestal.

"So long, Yank," he said evenly, and continued, "I know I'll draw the yellow."

I shook his hand, but I dared not speak. I doubt very much that I could have spoken. Just then I heard a whirring of wings and the chee-chee flew in at an open skylight. He perched on Farquhar's shoulder. Rabahan paid no attention; he had probably seen hundreds of chee-chees.

A queer smile crossed the Englishman's face. "So long, chee-chee, good luck," he said, and was led to the pedestal. He reached quickly into the bowl and drew out a yellow berry. My heart sank. I watched old Rabahan, but his face did not change. The chamber was as still as death. As Farquhar slowly drew the berry out of the bowl the little chee-chee gave vent to his prize cemetery wail and flew straight into

the air. A flash of excitement crossed the Englishman's face. He remembered the chee-chee's screech in the jungle. They were exactly alike. With his left hand he again reached into the bowl and drew out the brown, hurling it instantly to the floor. You see, they were chonga berries old Rabahan had in his bowl.

Farquhar eloped with Rabahan's daughter and is a clerk in a steamship office in Calcutta now. He has to stay home every night and take care of the twins which arrived two years later. I told you that Rabahan's palace spelled his finish. The chee-chee? Oh, he tried to stay in the same house with Farquhar's wife, but gave up in despair. That bird had sense. I'd like to meet him again.

## LOVE ON A SOUTH SEA ISLAND

(Continued from page 6)

October 30, 1918—

Jackson told me to take a walk with him this morning. We wandered aimlessly, and finally wound up at the top of the cliff. Beside Francisca's grave he handed me a note and said: "Read that, Dawson."

Before I could stop him he had shot himself through the heart. I read his note, which is as follows:

Dawson:

I cannot live without her. She is all I had. I know this is cowardly, but I cannot help it. If I had signalled the steamer all would have been well with her. But now—Bury me beside her, Dawson.

Goodbye,

Jackson.

My paper is running very low. I have left out a great deal, but I could not do otherwise. I have been unable to show how their love for each other developed. A diary is a poor medium for telling love stories, but theirs was certainly beautiful, and I had no other means. Jackson forgot his home and everything it meant and lived only for Francisca. He was a model man. I am thankful for his life and that I was by the merest chance thrown into close relationship with him. It partially restored my faith in man. If ever a man loved a girl he loved Francisca, the little Spaniard who talked perfect English, with a delightful accent. I loved them both more than life itself, and would have done anything for them, except return to the land where deceit and pharases rule.

I buried Jackson beside his Francisca and I am alone again. With his customary foresight he walked to the top of the cliff before he shot himself, for he knew that I could never carry him up the steep path.

I am alone now, and there is nothing left for me here. The graves of Francisca and Jackson beckon. That is all. Why should I go on? It is beautiful. Yet very, very lonely. Morning. I do not know the date—

The sun is high in the sky. It is a beautiful day. I have reached the last page in my diary. Today shall be the last page in the book of my life, for I am very tired and lonesome. I will go to Francisca's cabin for one last glimpse at the little home that was for so short a time, and then—goodbye.

In her room I found this note:

Dear Jack:

If anything should happen to me this is asking your forgiveness. Two months ago I saw a steamer not very far away. You and Dawson were asleep and I did not signal to it nor make a sound. I was afraid of losing you. I knew you would go away to your U. S. A. and leave me in Spain. Then what would I do? I cannot live without you, Jack. Please forgive me. I did it because I love you.

Your own Francisca.

I am leaving this diary on the shelf in her cabin. I thank God that I was granted the privilege of building it for her, and will put the note on Jackson's grave as I pass it on the way to the cliff.

Goodbye.

COCHRAN'S HOME MADE CHILI

French Pastry, Pies, Sandwiches.

DOUGHNUT LUNCH

9th & Commerce

C. P. S. DIRECTORY

THE Trail presents the new directory of Who's Who in Student Activities for the second semester.

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- Russel Clay ..... Deputation
- Clyde Kinch ..... Employment

POME

*Two good men and a profiteer  
 Stood at the judgment door,  
 While old St. Peter in the judgment seat  
 Serenely looked them o'er.*

*Said one, "My name is Capt. Kidd,  
 Mayhap you've heard of me,  
 Swashbuckler of the Spanish Main,  
 Freebooter of the sea.*

*"I battled fair, I fought them square,  
 But if they poopooed me  
 I stretched their necks, tore up their decks  
 And heaved 'em in the sea."*

*"Pass on, pass on," said old St. Pete,  
 "The pearly gates are wide,  
 I've fully pardoned your hardened sins,  
 Sail on inside."*

*Said one, "My name is Jesse James,  
 My record speaks for me,  
 I stopped fast trains out on the plains  
 And hooked the bourgeoisie.*

*"I robbed the rich but shipped the poor  
 Around old Joplin town.  
 If any man asked me for cash  
 I did not turn him down."*

*Said Father Pete, "Straight down that street  
 Your old cayuse is tied,  
 Just thru the door is your forty-four,  
 By all means step inside."*

*Said one, "I was a profiteer,  
 And business was not slow,  
 I robbed them all, nor shed a tear  
 Down there on earth below.*

*I rode in twelve-hunged limousines,  
 While doughboys died in France,  
 And crammed my jeans with beaucoup beans  
 My own wealth to enhance.*

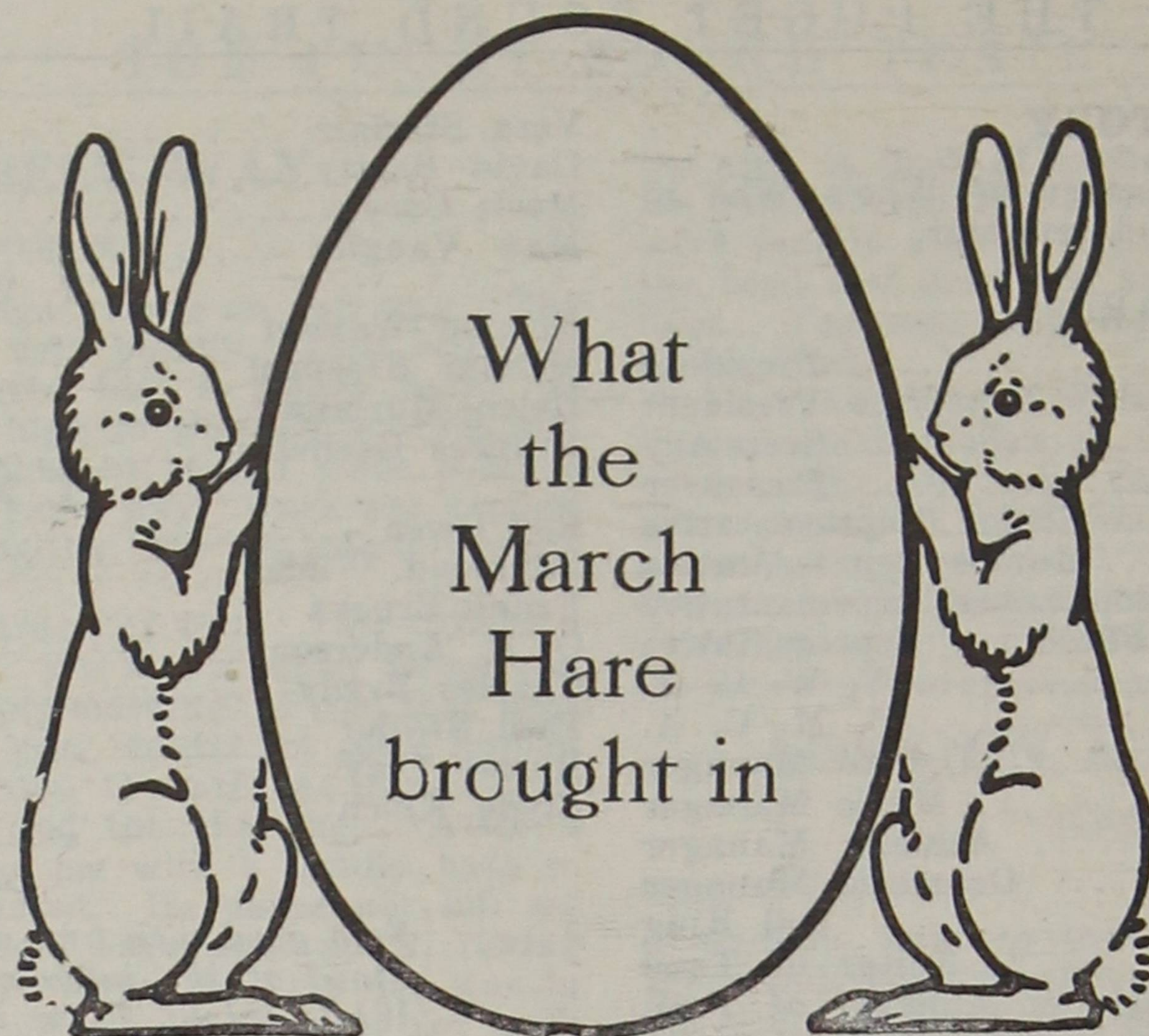
*When spuds were thirteen bones a sack,  
 And eggs two-bits a throw,  
 I garnered in great gobs of jack  
 A few decades ago."*

*"Hold, hold, slow up," St. Peter said,  
 "No more I need to know.  
 Compared to you both James and Kidd  
 Were princes. DOWN YOU GO!"*

Raring Rufus, '22.

SOPH VERSIFLAGE

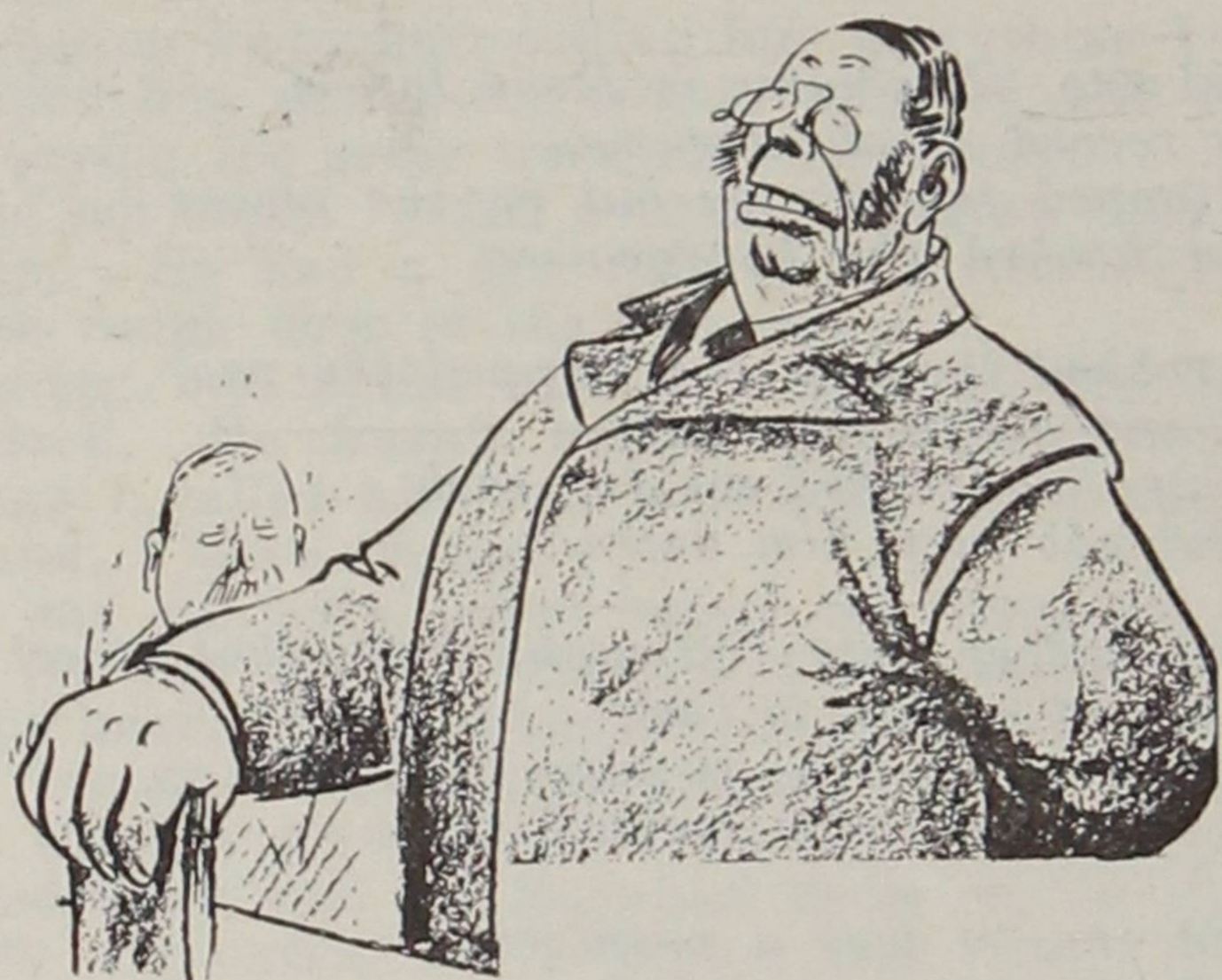
*One Friday night I took a trip  
 I went to town and to the "Hip."  
 I saw Newell Stone with, who d'you s'pose?  
 I couldn't tell for no one knows.  
 She had brown hair and eyes of blue,  
 And she was fair, too true, too true.  
 And poor Newell Stone he lost his heart,  
 An easy mark for Cupid's dart.  
 Ah! wicked Billie, naughty thief,  
 She has his heart, 'tis my belief.*



**TWO VIEWPOINTS**

**The Speaker**

ADDRESS the student body  
 Well, I'd hate to, sakes alive!  
 There's nothing more for them to learn,  
 You can see it in their eyes;  
 They look at you so languidly  
 It takes away your PEP,  
 Your thoughts become confused and dim,  
 Why, I wouldn't on a bet.



It gives me great pleasure to gaze into your bright and smiling faces this morning, etc., etc.

\* \* \*

**The Students**

WE'D like in chapel something new,  
 Just show what you can really do,  
 Why can't you give us something fine,  
 Along a vastly different line?  
 Dean Cunningham talks to the point  
 And what he says is superfine.  
 And others, oh they're not so bad,  
 But just the same we wish you would  
 Present a new surprising caper,  
 A moving picture or a paper,  
 On poor benighted human nature.  
 This hitching wagons to the stars  
 This high-falutin' up near Mars  
 Sounds big and grand and makes a hit,  
 But somehow, someway, doesn't fit;  
 For wagon wheels refuse to turn  
 Unless they're on old Terra Firm'.  
 So one appeal we make to you,  
 Please speakers, give us something new!

—H. G. M. '22

There was a young fellow named Izzy  
 Who went for a drive in his Lizzie.  
 His view of the train  
 Was obstructed by rain,  
 Alas for poor Izzy, where is he?  
 \* \* \*

The Editor of the Trail does solemnly affirm that nothing in the above classic poem is intended as a reflection on the character of Mrs. Bennie (Lizzie) Ford. He also wishes to state that the poem is printed as a Ford (automobile) joke and that nothing personal is intended in respect to said Mrs. Ford.

\* \* \*

Prof. Hanawalt told us the nebula Drier in the constellation Cetus is speeding away from the earth at the rate of 1,250 miles a second. What has it against us, professor?  
 \* \* \*

The next song on the program will be a pome:  
 There was an old man from Duquesne,  
 Who woke with a terrible pesne.  
 He gave a great shout  
 And then he pulled out  
 A tack upon which he had lesne.  
 \* \* \*

Thank you, director.  
 \* \* \*

People who are always telling us that the world is worse than it used to be never seem to realize that perhaps it is because they are in it.  
 \* \* \*

Warburton: "Who was the new girl I saw you with last night?"  
 He: "That wasn't a new girl. That was my old girl painted over."  
 \* \* \*

Heard in 4th period Biology: A frog is a bug with four legs. It stands up in front and sits down behind.  
 \* \* \*

The next song will be another pome (slow music, Mr. Johnson, please):  
 There was an old man of Perth,  
 Who was born on the day of his birth.  
 He was married, they say,  
 On his wife's wedding day,  
 And died on his last day on earth.  
 \* \* \*

Thank ye, Mr. Johnson.  
 \* \* \*

After listening to some conversation in the halls we sometimes think it is downright kind of the English to refer to us as an English speaking nation.  
 \* \* \*

Soph: "Do you know this song, 'Nobody Knows How Dry I Am'?"  
 Senior: "Sure, that's the 'Bottle Song of the Republic'."  
 \* \* \*

Ethel Beckman: "How do you like my marble cake?"  
 Cruel One: "Never saw a better imitation."

Reverend E. H. Todd of Vancouver, conducted chapel exercises September 25, 1901. He gave a very encouraging talk to the students and they will be pleased to welcome him again. —Ye Recorder.

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.

It is said that Alexander the Great came one day upon Diogenes sitting in his tub—the only quarters that he had. "What can I do for you, Diogenes?" asked Alexander. "Just one thing," replied the old philosopher. "Get out of my sunlight—that's all." Diogenes was not afraid to speak independently.

MORE MUSIC (selected by Sigh Jones.)

Her teeth are pearls,  
Her hair it curls;  
Her eyes are shining blue.  
Her lips are rare,  
Complexion fair,  
With pretty dimples, too.  
With all these points to set her off—  
I speak of Mary Slater—  
Would you suppose she had a nose  
Just like a ripe tomato?

Thank ye, Sigh. I'm coming over to the office purty soon now.



THEY'RE MARRIED, SO IT'S ALL RIGHT

"O Tom," she said, on greeting me,  
In tones of great alarm,  
"They said that in the game today  
You'd broken your right arm."

I calmed her tender, groundless fears  
With vehemence and haste,  
And just to prove the arm was sound  
I slipped it 'round her waist.

So nestling close beside me  
She smiled sweetly in my face,  
"That's great," she said; "not broken,  
Nor even out of place."

—Olympus.

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SIDELIGHTS ON THE BASKETBALL TRIP

Peck (looking at bill of fare at Cle Elum): "Gee, the prices are as high as the town."

Dean Hart (he roomed with Bill Clay): "Not mentioning any names, but somebody in my room rolled all night long and talked in his sleep."

Bill Clay bet Newell Stone a fancy sundae that Stone was afraid to write Billy Jones a letter. About an hour later Newell was enjoying some Ellensburg ice cream. How about it, Billy?

Brady and Brooks were out looking for the Ellensburg Normal. Owing to the fact that there were only four boys attending the school, B. and B. were somewhat ashamed to ask anyone the location. Finally, to allay suspicion, they asked an old man where Eighth Street was. He answered: "Over two blocks—that way—the Normals up there, boys."

Andy (looking between a stack of hot): "Why, here's a fly in my hotcakes."  
Scott: "No, that's just a cockroach."

Ellensburg Normal girl, from Stone's home town called Newell on the telephone: "Why, Newell, you've been in town nearly all day; why haven't you looked me up?"

Stone: "Well—er—hum, you see, why, it's er—hum a holiday and of course—er—hum, I thought you wouldn't have any time off from school."

They evidently brought over Sam's seven blonde stenographers from England, because we had them down at Schultz's—eh, boys?

Bill Clay certainly is an efficient manager. If every train had been a half hour ahead of time we would never have missed a train.

Clyde (looking at bathtub at the Davenport): "Gee, that's an awful waste of money—having a bathtub put in and here it's only Friday."

Heard from Brady, while looking at a girl in Yakima: "Gee, I'd like to kiss that girl. (Er—um, don't let Ruth see this.)"

Clyde applied for a fishing license at the county treasurer's office in Spokane.

Treasurer: "And, my boy, where is the fishing at this time of the year?"

Clyde: "Up at the Davenport, sir."

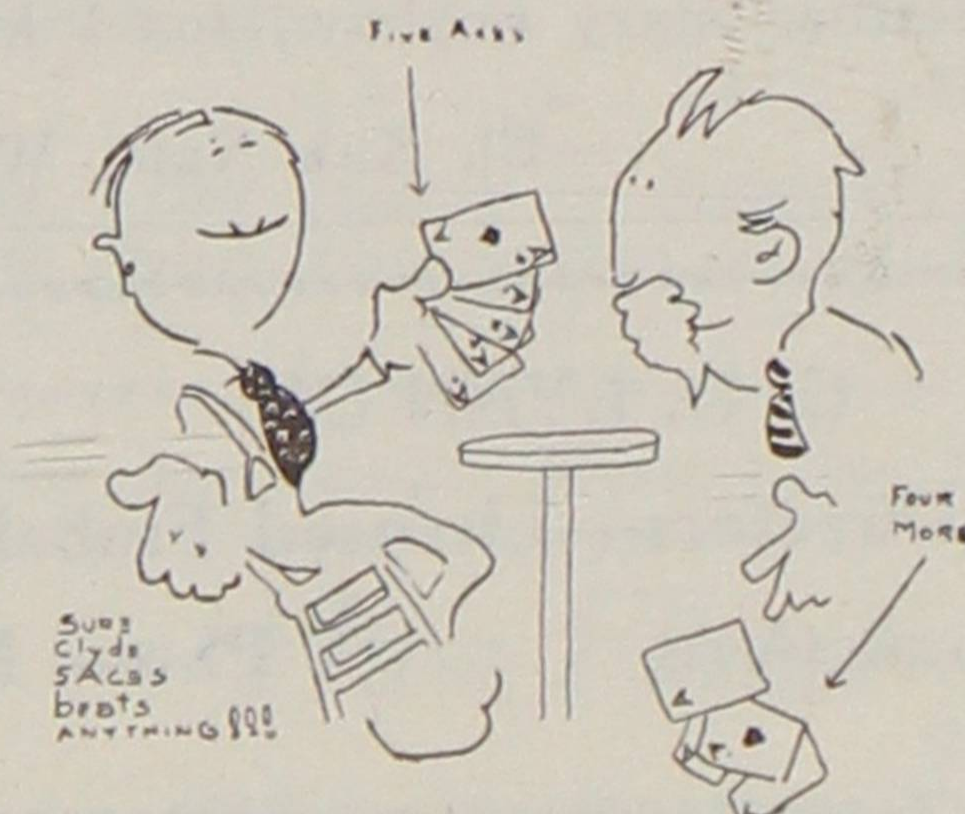
Here's another on Clyde:

Several Normal girls stood on the street corner at Ellensburg. Suddenly one frantically began hugging herself and shimmying at the same time, then spoke to one of her companions:

"I'll take the one on the outside."

Clyde was on the outside. (Boys, page Lucille quickly.) However, the exhibition made him feel so warm that he removed his shoes and went wading in the hotel fountain, and after that, still feeling quite "fussed," he removed the roses from the mahogany, pulled out his famous 5-ace deck of cards and invited the gang over to a "round of rook."

That's about all there is to report, except Charlie's letters to Ruth.



I'm thankful for a lot of things  
Which I could here recall,  
But for the woes that didn't come  
I'm thankfulest of all.

Schrader: "Gee, a Jane must be interested in a guy when she begins to pick threads offen his coat."  
Dunlap: "Nothing to when she begins to picks hairs offen it!"

It is great fun  
Going to the devil;  
But  
Coming back is dreary.  
I have been there,  
The round table,  
The squalid restaurant,  
The high heeled shoes  
And plucked eyebrows,  
The exorbitant quart  
And wooden alcoholic smile,  
All have been mine.  
I am coming back;  
Skipping spirits meet me  
Face to face.  
And drab and dreary ones  
Precede and follow.  
All have dilapidation  
Of the heart and leather livers,  
And holes in their socks  
And thirty cents in change,  
And hoarse voices, and  
Glistening eyes like snakes  
In the grass—wise and wicked.  
Go to the devil  
If you will,  
But  
Remember—  
Coming back  
Is  
No  
Cinch!

Watch our windows Friday and Saturday, CHOCOLATE SHOP.

SH-SH! ITSH A SHECRET!

The policeman watched the man creep slowly out of the saloon. Hastily he approached the unfortunate culprit.  
"I saw you come out of that saloon."  
"Sh! Ever see me before?"  
"No!"  
"Then how'd you know it was me?"

First Lady: "Do you believe Lot's wife turned to salt?"  
Second Lady: "Why, of course I do. A pretty girl crossed the street the other day and my husband turned to rubber."—  
Tye-e Wah Wah.



A FARMER'S LOVE LETTER

Dear Mollie:

Do you carrotall for me? My heart beets for you and my love is soft as a squash, for you are a peach, with your radish hair and your turnup nose. You are the apple of my eye. So if we cantaloupe lettuce mary anyhaw, for I know we would make a happy pear.

HIRUM.  
—Eh Kah Nam, Walla Walla.

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As Bill was going out one night  
His mother questioned: "Whither?"  
And Bill, not wishing to deceive,  
With flushes answered: "With her."

Prof: "How are the ends of the wire joined."  
Rector: "Together."

College men are very slow,  
They seem to take their ease;  
For even when they graduate  
They do it by degrees.

When will wonders in science ever cease. Last week a young lady and gentleman in the laboratory discovered a new chemical compound. They found that potassium iodine (Ki) and sulphur (S) will write,  $Ki+2S=Kiss$ . The ingredients unite with a sharp report; taste sweetish; antidote, take sufficient to act as an emetic.

"In what key should a proposal be made?"  
"Be mine, ah!"

"Enough," said the foreman of an Irish jury in his verdict, "we find the man what stole the horse not guilty."

"Little drops of water  
Little grains of sand,  
Make the mighty ocean  
And the pleasant land."

"Infinitesimal particles of saline humective fluidity,  
Minute corpuscles of non-adhering organic matter,  
Conjointly cause to exist the immeasurable expanse of aqueous sections,  
And their splendid superficial area of dry solidity.

Watch our windows Friday and Saturday, CHOCOLATE SHOP.

Prof. Slater, out with a party of botany students, looking at two lagging behind: "I thought the world was growing better, but it seems to be just the same as it used to was."

"Now do you understand?" shouted the infuriated professor Gjesdahl, as he hurled the ink bottle at the exasperating student in Chinese education.

"I think I have an inkling," the bespattered student replied.



Mr. M.: "What is the meaning of 'cute'?"  
Miss R.: "It means kissable and huggable."

"Behold the basketball boys," exclaimed the young Soph, as those worthies appeared on the floor in their maroon sweaters and gym pants. "They toil not neither do they spin and yet I ween that Solomon arrayed like one of these would look like thirty cents."

AN ORIGINAL STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS:  
Chapter 1.—Maid and one.  
Chapter 2.—Maid won.  
Chapter 3.—Made one.

Tenderly she laid the silent, white form beside those that had gone before. She made no outcry; she did not weep. Such a moment was too precious to be spent in idle tears. But soon there came a time when it seemed as if nature must give way. She lifted her voice loud and long. Her cry was taken up by others who were near and it echoed and re-echoed over the grounds. Then suddenly all was still. What was the use of it all. She would lay another egg tomorrow.



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Mr. Kinch: "You ask for a cure for blushing. My boy, don't have a cause for it."

\* \* \*

Did you hear about the janitor that scrubbed the laboratory floor so hard that he fell through into the basement.

\* \* \*

Watch our windows Friday and Saturday, CHOCOLATE SHOP.

"How's brother Stantan, Rector?"

"Ill in bed, Miss. He's hurt himself."

"How did he do that?"

"We were playing at who could lean farthest out of the library window, and he won."

\* \* \*

**VERNON, HE DID CLIMB A TREE**

Little Vernon found his dad's home brew,  
Thought he'd see what the stuff would do—  
He took two drinks and climbed a tree  
And never came back to normalcy.—Iowa Frivol.

\* \* \*

Professor Shackelford (in history): "What was the message General Hindenburg sent to General Luddendorf the night before the retreat from Chateau-Thierry?"  
Student: "Go early and avoid the rush."



Remember Our Recent Snowstorm?

We used to write: "Now I take my pen in hand." But in these modern days we begin by taking the typewriter in our arms.

\* \* \*

Dennis (coming into barn and finding Pat hung to the ceiling with a rope tied around his body): "Faith, Pat, phwat are ye doing?"

Pat: "Committing suicide, Dennis."

Dennis: "Why don't you put the rope around your neck?"

Pat: "Sure and Oi did, but Oi couldn't get me breath."

Watch our windows Friday and Saturday, CHOCOLATE SHOP.

\* \* \*

"I cannot give," he sadly said

"A first class yacht to you."

"Oh very well," she kindly said,

"A little smack will do."

\* \* \*

Wally Scott, after failing in chemistry Monday morning: "I was thinking about those pretty girls in Toppenish."

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That first semester went by like a North Dakota blizzard. The second semester is usually over before most of the students even get a good start. It behooves us to make the most of each golden minute. Don't make the mistake of the first semester and let everything go until the last week. Salt down a few grains of knowledge at every recitation period, that will lessen your burdens when the next examinations come around again.

\* \* \*

"I don't like these photographs at all," he said, "they make me look like an ape."

"You should have thought about that before they were taken," said the photographer in disdain.

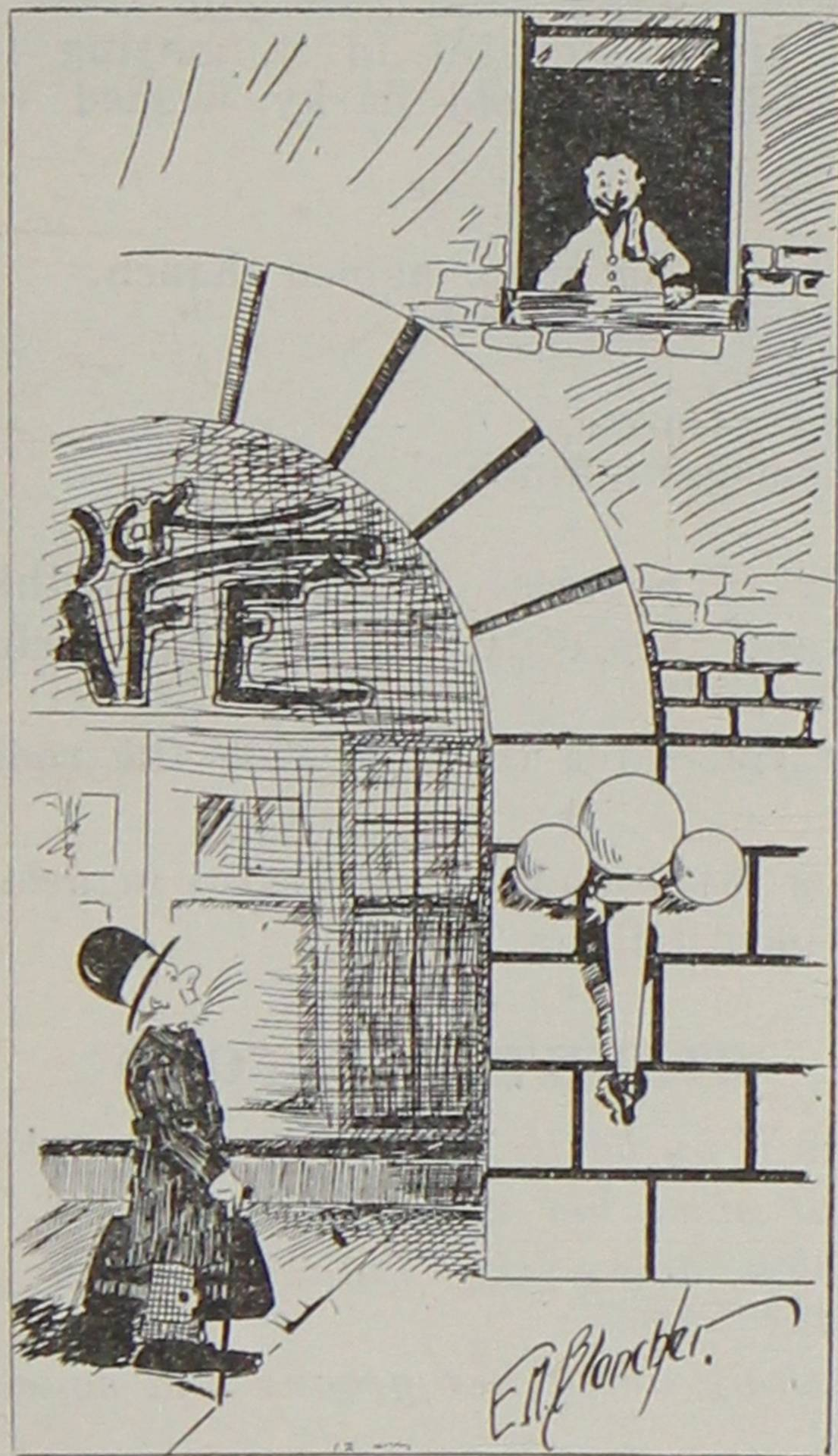
\* \* \*

"Yes mum," sniffled the bum, "I used to ride in my own carriage."

"My, what a come-down," sympathized the kind hearted lady, "when was that?"

"About forty-five years ago," said the bum, "I was just a baby then."

\* \* \*



Jay Walker: "Hey, up thar, is this here place a restaurant?"

Chef: "Yes, mister; did you think this was a church?"

J. W.: "By gum, I thought it was before I saw the devil stick his head out the window."

\* \* \*

Watch our windows Friday and Saturday, CHOCOLATE SHOP.

\* \* \*

"A man came into the hospital the other day and he was so cross-eyed that the tears ran down his back."

"What did you do for him?"

"Treated him for bacteria."

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Heaven knows how Sharpe made his money. Maybe that's why he has that worried look.

\* \* \*

Prof. Dunlap: "Name three things containing starch."

F. Butt: "Two cuffs and one collar."

\* \* \*

Father: "Isn't it about time you entertained the prospect of matrimony?"

Daughter: "Not quite. He doesn't come until eight o'clock."

\* \* \*

"Grace is in luck."

How so?"

"Two fellows are calling on her. One is a florist, the other works in a candy store."

\* \* \*

Oh, nobody nose, and nobody cares.

\* \* \*

Did you get that tennis racket fixed, Ruth?

\* \* \*

I wish Powell would write us another letter from Cashmere!

\* \* \*

A Tacoma street-car conductor has been dismissed because he turned in more money in fares than his register showed. Let this be a lesson to all conductors.

\* \* \*

Ain't nature wonderful?

\* \* \*

The Younger Cruver will now sing us an athletic song.

\* \* \*

Ted Beattie: "The other night I dreamed I was eating shredded wheat and when I awoke half the mattress was gone."

\* \* \*

Registrar Robbins has been a mighty happy man these last two weeks—have you noticed it? Wonder why!

\* \* \*

Professor Gjesdal, you shouldn't give such hefty examinations. Remember we're still undergraduates and haven't gone through the super-torturing process of Ph. D. work at Columbia or New York.

\* \* \*

The library was like a morgue during examination week. How come?

\* \* \*

Have you been over the new campus yet?

\* \* \*



"Do you have any trouble meeting expenses now?"  
 "Lord, no! I meet 'em everywhere I turn."

Said the teacher to the little Hebrew boy:

"Ikey, is the world flat or round?"

"It ain't needer vun, teacher," said Ikey.

"But what is it, Ikey?" asked the teacher in surprise, "if it is neither round or flat?"

"Vell," said Ikey with conviction, "mine fadder he says it vos crooked."

\* \* \*

Watch our windows Friday and Saturday, CHOCOLATE SHOP.

\* \* \*

Bore: "Yes, I don't know how it is, but I feel thoroughly wound up tonight."

Hostess: "How very strange! And yet you don't seem to go."

\* \* \*

There was a man who loved bees,

He always was their friend.

He used to sit upon their hives,

But they stung him in the end.

\* \* \*

After several unsuccessful attempts to get them clean the old negro said. "Boss I done tried gasoline, a hot iron and turpentine and I can't get those trousers clean."

"Well, did you try ammonia?" asked the master.

"No I didn't try dem on me," replied the old negro with a grin, "but I know dey will fit me."

\* \* \*

She: "Are you a doctor?"

Fountain Dispenser: "No, ma'am, I'm a fizzician."

\* \* \*

Percy: "Do you think long hair makes a man looks intellectual?"

Jack: "Can't say, but I've seen a woman pick one from a man's shoulder that made him look foolish."

\* \* \*

Little Rector: "Mother, are they any men angels in heaven?"

Mother: "Why, certainly, dear."

Little Rector: "But, mother, I never saw any pictures of angels with whiskers."

Mother: "No, dear, men get in with a close shave."

\* \* \*

Waiter: "What'll you have, sir?"

Rumbaugh: "A hot grounder and a couple of foul tips."

The waiter brought in a baked potato and two chicken wings.

\* \* \*

Promiscuous kissing may lead to perfected experience, tho it seldom leads to matrimony.

\* \* \*

"Where shall we put this item about the boot-legger?"

"In the footnotes."

\* \* \*

Though years be fat or lean

This vow I here rehearse,

I take you, dearest margarine,

For butter, or for worse.

\* \* \*

"Sambo, I don't understand how you manage to do your work so quickly, and so well," said Andy.

"I'll tell you, boss, how 'tis. I sticks de match of enthusiasm to de fuse of energy—an' just nacherly explodes, ah does."

\* \* \*

Prof. Dunlap: "Could you mention a liquid that cannot be frozen?"

Fretz: "Hot water."

\* \* \*

When the Chem papers are graded

And I receive that final flunk,

Oh, would my tongue could express

Some of those thoughts I've thunk.

## INDEPENDENT MARKET

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

Free Delivery

Phone Main 383

We call your attention to

## MAROON AND WHITE SWEATERS

at \$11.50

Why not wear one?

## The Kimball Gun Store, Inc.

"They shall not pass," the General cried.  
The enemy curled up and died.  
The professor cried, "They shall not pass."  
And proceeded to flunk the whole darn class.

\* \* \*

The preacher's parrot: "What must I do to be saved."

The sailor's parrot: "Pump like the deuce boys, pump like the deuce."

\* \* \*

The old negro servant had just put fresh paint on the lawn seat, and his master sat in it, getting it all over his white trousers, which the old darky wished very much for himself.

\* \* \*

There was a young man named Kinch,

Eating for him was a cinch.

Once in remorse,

He swallowed a horse,

And even then didnt flinch.

\* \* \*

Prof. Harvey in physics: "Here is something Steve and Rector understand prefectly. It is the principle of the Westinghouse brake."

Rector: "Do you infer that we ride the rods?"

\* \* \*

She: "Why is the widow so successful in getting married?"

He: "Dead men tell no tales."

\* \* \*

### STEVE'S OLD FORD

*She is scarred as if by battle, and her fenders shake and rattle,  
Like a wor-out sieve her radiator leaks;*

*And she rumbles down the highway, and goes bumping  
through the byway;*

*Every single thing about her groans and squeaks.*

*Her timer, it is crazy, and her cylinders are lazy,*

*Though she seldom runs on less than one or more,*

*While sometimes three are working and only one is shirking,*

*And she has been known to hit upon all four.*

*Through the holes torn in her cover, you can see the sky  
above her,*

*And her jerky gait reminds you of a toad.*

*Since the day that Ole bought her she has been untouched by  
water,*

*And the mud upon her windshield hides the road.*

*She is all vibrate and quiver, and there's things the matter  
with her*

*That no mechanic in the world can fix.*

*She has been worn out this long while, and she is ready for  
the junk pile,*

*But her glaring lights look like a super-six.*

*But, although she is no beauty, she is a bear to do her duty,  
And she takes Ole everywhere he wants to roam;*

*Though she is neither fast nor frisky, and to travel in her's  
risky,*

*Still she always seems somehow to stagger home.*

—Tyee Wah Wa.

# THE STONE-FISHER CO.

TACOMA. BROADWAY AT 11TH.

PLEASE TAKE NOTICE

YOUNG LADIES, THAT—

NATURE IS PUTTING ON HER SPRING CLOTHES,  
WHICH SUGGESTS—

That it is also high time for every young miss to be taking  
thought concerning—

THE PERENNIAL QUESTION—  
“WHAT TO WEAR?”

And in considering this question so vital and timely, PLEASE  
REMEMBER

STONE-FISHER FURNISHES EVERYTHING TO WEAR FOR HER  
LITTLE HIGHNESS, THE GIRL OF COLLEGE OF PUGET SOUND.

Your choice of candy should be such  
as is displayed in selecting fine artistry in  
perfumes, jewels and those things appeal-  
ing to our refinement.

Oriole Candies bring delight to the  
most discriminating.

## Brown & Haley

Tacoma

A Business Training Includes a Knowledge of Business  
Methods. We Deal in Supplies that are Necessary in  
Modern Business. Our Store is a Good Place to  
Frequent.

PIONEER BINDERY & PRINTING CO.

947 Broadway

948 Commerce St.

WE HAVE

a wonderful stock of French Cuff, Band Col-  
lar Shirts to show you at  
**\$1.25**

And an endless variety from which to choose  
at prices from  
**\$1.50 to \$3.00**

This is getting back to pre-war prices at one  
Jump.

## DICKSON BROS. CO.

1120-22 Pacific Ave.

*READY TO SERVE YOU  
IN EVERY DETAIL OF YOUR  
PREPARATION FOR EASTER*

In the women's apparel sections a wonderfully complete display of the fashions that have the approval of those whose judgment set the styles.

|               |             |                |
|---------------|-------------|----------------|
| NEW MILLINERY | NEW BLOUSES | NEW PETTICOATS |
| NEW SWEATERS  | NEW SUITS   | NEW FROCKS     |
| NEW COATS     |             | NEW SKIRTS     |
| NEW CORSETS   |             | NEW LINGERIE   |

*IN THE FOOTWEAR SECTION*

A very interesting showing of the new pumps and oxfords that dominate footwear styles for the coming season. All the new leathers, new colors, new lasts for women and children.

*AND OF THE LITTLE THINGS*

A complete showing of the best of new styles in gloves, hosiery, neckwear, jewelry, kerchiefs and all other accessories.

*IN THE MENS' SHOP*

New suits, new raincoats, new hats, new shirts, new neckwear, new hosiery.

MAY WE SERVE YOU?

**Rhodes Brothers**

*BROADWAY - ELEVENTH - MARKET*