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# THE TRAIL



NOVEMBER, 1921



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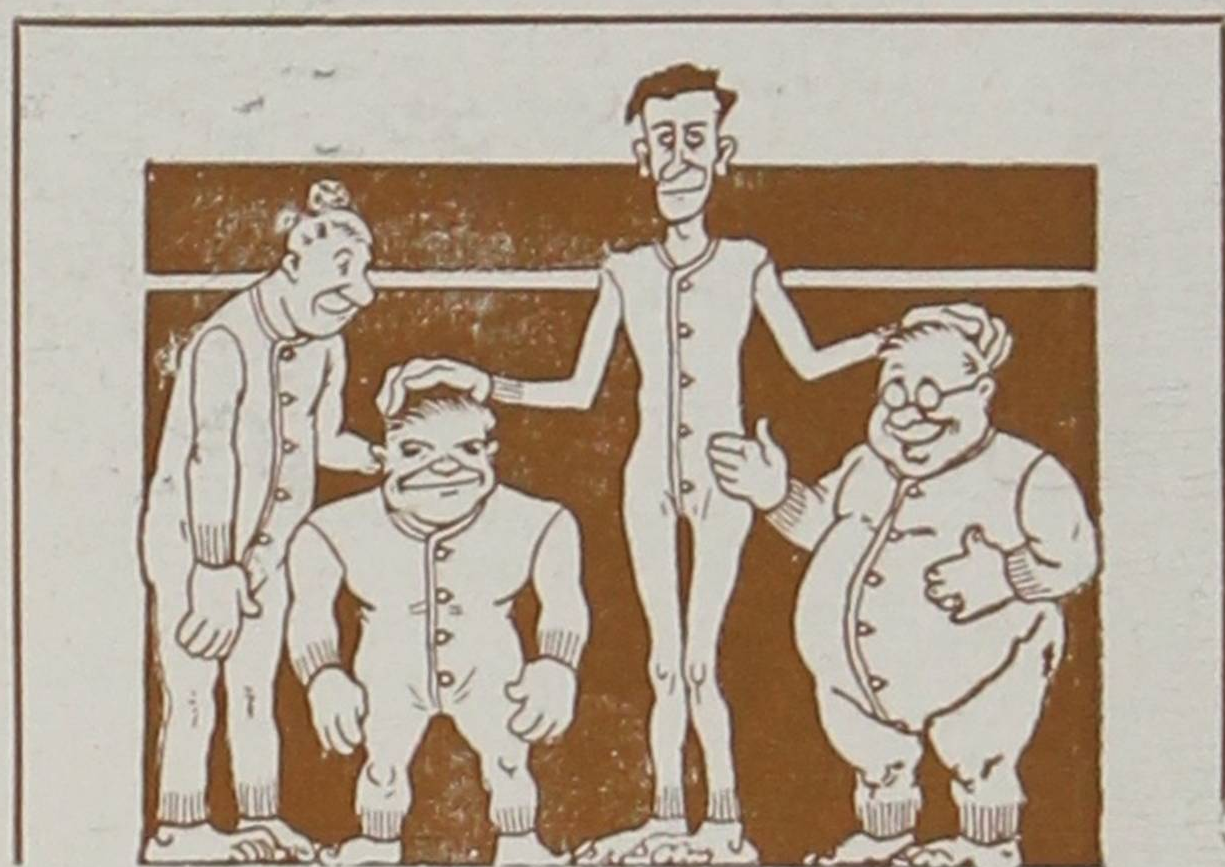
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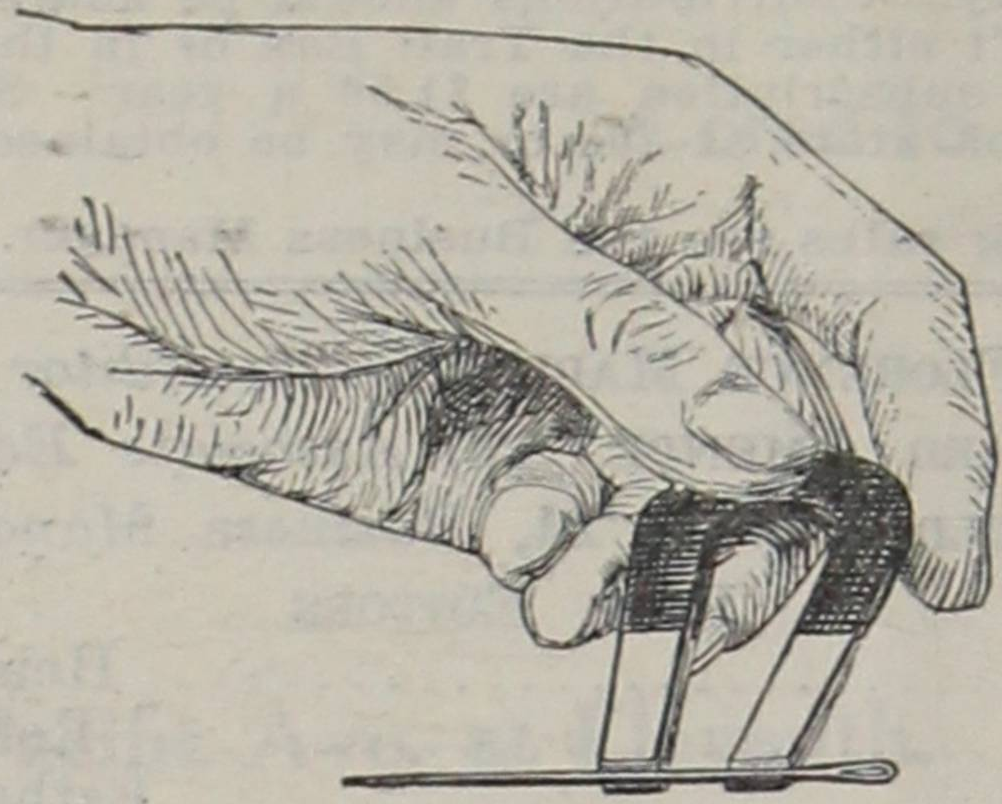
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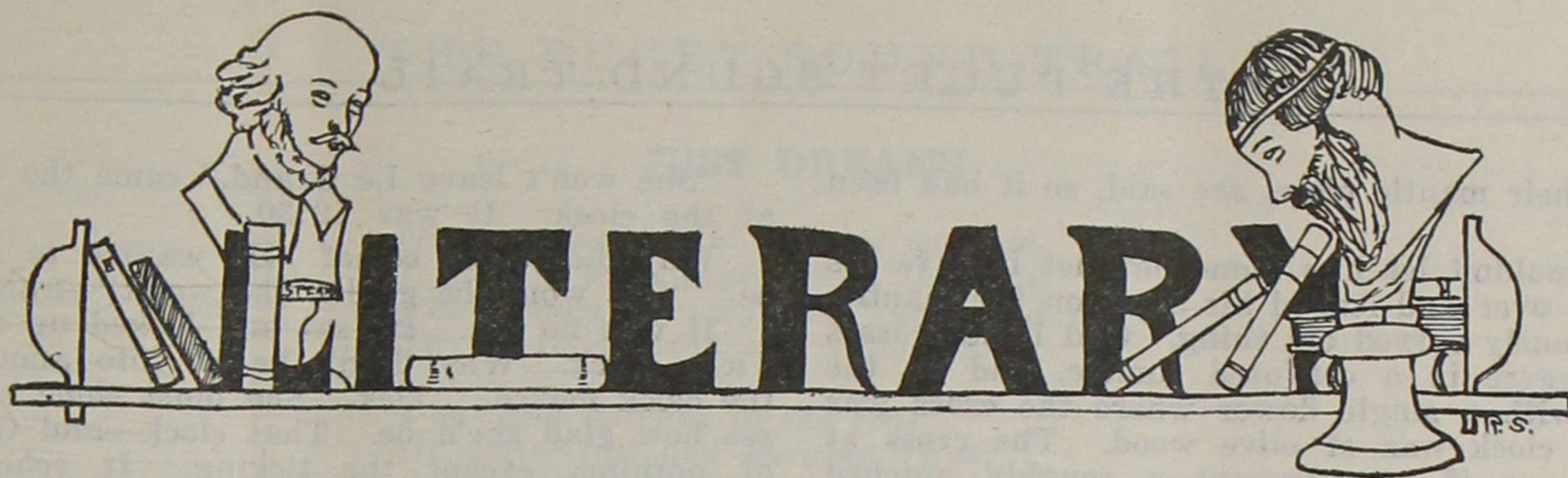
**General Electric**  
Company

General Office

Schenectady, N. Y.

95-453H





HELEN MONROE, *Editor*

### THE FELLA' WITH A SMILE

*There is always a place in this wide sphere,  
There is always a spot worth while,  
There is always a welcome waiting here,  
For the fella' with a smile.*

*Can you tell me one among the throng,  
Who can turn his back in snobbish style,  
On the fella' who knows a little song,  
Or the fella' with a smile?*

*Everyone's fond of a certain friend,  
Perhaps a girl, perhaps a boy,  
But aren't you more proud of the one who can lend  
A little more sunshine or joy?*

*If you're feeling blue just listen to this—  
Nobody's life is all happiness;  
But they're hiding their troubles in a pile,  
Way down beneath a cheery smile.*

*The fellow whose eyes are always bright,  
The fellow whose heart is always light,  
He's the man who wins by a great big mile;  
That same old fella' with a smile.*

Geraldine Stinson.

## The Silver Flower

Helen G. Monroe

THE book fell from Howard Grayson's fingers. How long had he been staring at it and listening to the ticking of the clock on the mantle piece before him? He rose and lit a cigar—then walked over to the window, but the only thing of which he was conscious was the sound of the clock.

Mayowin, his wife, would be back soon and if she were not it was her privilege to spend the evening with some one else. He was such a stick; that was it, just when she was wanting music and plays and life, he had been carrying the burden, which only tonight had lifted and had made him a man of wealth and position, instead of a failure. How big it had seemed—that possibility of failure. He'd have that clock removed. It made everything seem so quiet. If only he hadn't heard that dirty whelp of a Cummings talking at the Club. Why hadn't he come home after it was over? Mayowin wouldn't have been there but he would have missed Cummings' infernal lying, sneaking gossip. The words of the man kept coming back to him. They ticked themselves out on his tired brain like the ticking of the clock.

"It's too bad Grayson couldn't hang on at home like he did in Wall Street. If the little lady does ring down the curtain on the home scene and sails off to an island and Frank Le Grand, I suppose Grayson will buy the island for them." For a minute the man in the room wished he had stepped out and killed the whelp instead of just seeing red and going out to walk it off. He'd been home an hour. It was eleven thirty. Mayowin had left word that she'd had tea with the Fishers and they had waited for him before going to the opera. She'd probably be home as soon as he was. He had come home from the office after midnight often these last few weeks.

That clock was getting on his nerves. He rang and when the maid answered asked if Mrs. Grayson had said definitely when she would return.

"No sir, she didn't. She said Mr. LeGrand was of the party and would see her safely home."

"Thank you, Marie. That will do." He wished he'd asked for coffee—anything to keep her in the room so he wouldn't hear the clock. He'd never noticed before how infernally still the house was. Why didn't someone do something?

What a poor fool he was! To let a bit of gossip upset him. He'd stake everything on Mayowin. What was the matter with him tonight? Nerves—from too much work. Mayowin had suspected that it was nearing the crisis, he thought. He was glad he hadn't bothered her with details. Women should have things,—and not worry about the how. He was glad it was over. He was safe now. He wouldn't monkey with it again. He stood to lose too much, and now could play again. He thought idly how it would be to go back to the glad days when money and its making hadn't meant so much to them.

They'd take a trip-cruise around the South Sea Islands. What had Cummings said about an island? Impatiently he crossed the room and sat at the piano. It had been a long time since Mayowin had played for him. She had done it a lot in the old days before things had changed.

He hadn't gotten away from the clock. It seemed to be at his shoulder,—insidiously ticking the seconds into minutes. He turned. It was twelve, and he thought it at least three.

He wished Mayowin would come. He wanted to see how glad her eyes would be when he told her. She didn't know how much had hung in the balance, but anything that was a step up, and made him happy—made her glad.

Mayowin was thirty. He couldn't think of her as more than nineteen—when he had first seen her. He remembered her little corner-wise smile, and the way she crinkled her nose a bit when she laughed, and her eyes—he'd missed the little flash of happiness she always showed in her eyes first. He hadn't seen her much lately. Funny how a husband and wife could be too busy to stay acquainted sometimes.

That clock. It was Mayowin's idea—the only real antique in the room. She had found it when they were in Ravenna.



It just belonged on their mantle piece, she said, so it had been there ever since.

Since the clock wouldn't let him alone he'd let it have his attention. He strode over and leaned his arms on the mantle-piece. It was a curiously carved old thing. Odd little crosses and swords and daggers in a confused jumble, and on the top a larger cross, with a single flower where the cross was formed. The entire clock was of olive wood. The cross at the top was carved as if to represent a roughly notched tree. The little flower was a silver inlay. It was very small—yet it seemed to dominate the pattern of the entire clock.

He sat down again in front of the fireplace. Why didn't he read? Why didn't she come? It was 12:13—not an unreasonable hour surely for a theatre party. Why had she gone with Le Grand? Why shouldn't she have gone with him? He was pleasing, musical, poetic, as Mayowin was. He was a very integral part of the crowd of which he and Mayowin,—tho' lately it had been mostly Mayowin,—were a part. He'd never heard the men say much about him, tho they belonged to the same club. Once there had been some talk of an affair with Freedland's wife, but it had blown over, and Le Grand and Freedland seemed pretty friendly.

Mayowin was with Le Grand. Probably the party was having supper somewhere. They'd soon be coming. Then he could tell Mayowin. They'd get away soon. She had begged to go somewhere,—just the two of them together, but he'd had too much before. She'd be glad.

"Maybe she won't want to leave the crowd here"—ticked the clock. Then, "Maybe she won't want to leave Le Grand."

He again stood up and walked over to the window. "She won't want to leave Le Grand"—the ticking followed him.

With an effort he fairly jerked his attention from the clock. He had to see Fredericks about the papers tomorrow. He'd leave Fredericks in charge when they went on their trip. Fredericks was not brilliant, but you could depend on him, and that was what the company needed now.

"She won't leave Le Grand," came the ticking. He looked at the clock. It was 12:30.

Why didn't she come? He wanted to see how glad she'd be. "She won't be glad. She won't"—announced the ticking.

It was no use. He sat and looked up at the clock. Tick. Tick. Tick. Why didn't he go into another room, or have the clock moved? Tick. She must come soon. He needed to see how glad she'd be. That clock—and Grayson could think of nothing, except the ticking. It echoed inside of him. His brain repeated it. He tried to will his thoughts back to the office,—to Mayowin,—anything. He couldn't. His entire being was centered on the ticking of a clock.

Mayowin opened the door quietly and then seeing her husband she ran over to him, and sinking on the floor beside his chair, buried her face. "Oh, Howard dear, I just heard that you had been having trouble—that everything depended on what happened this evening. Howard, I could see when I came in that you'd failed. I'm glad, glad. Now we can go away from everything here, and be together. I've wanted you so. I'm glad you've failed. I want you. Howard, we can go soon. Can't we? Next week? Don't mind dear. It is nothing to have failed. Don't you see how good it is to have each other again?"

Howard Grayson's eyes were fixed on the clock on the mantle. He had not moved them since she had come in. His arms lay rigidly along the arms of the chair.

His wife took his hands in her's and he let her, without relaxing the muscles.

"Howard," she called. "Howard, I say I'm glad dear, that you've failed. I'm glad we'll have just each other and the need to begin again. Howard," as his hand did not relax, "Howard, Howard!"

It was one o'clock. Mayowin's gaze followed the line of the minute hand up to where a little silver flower was embedded in the heart of a cross. She had come too late. Howard Grayson's mind was lost forever—because for fifteen minutes too long a clock had ticked.

## The Piker

### PART TWO

#### Carol Vinson

THE girl looked up, and I saw then it was Mary Redell, one of the kids in my English class.

"Broken chain," she said, "and I haven't anything to fix it with here."

"Let me have a look," I said, and I saw that a couple of links were gone. There was no use trying to patch it up there on the road, and I told her so.

"Say," I said, real sudden, as an idea hit me, "you weren't headed for town now, were you?"

"Why yes," she replied, turning the corners of her mouth down, real funny. "I'm due there at five o'clock."

I looked at my watch. It was a quarter after four.

"I can't quite see you walking it in that time," I told her. "Jump in the sidecar here and I'll take you in. Then I'll come out again and see about that bike."

She got in and kept still, without fussing and buzzing like most girls would have done. When we got to the burg she told me where she stayed—at Graham's, just around the corner from the pie-shop—and I dropped her there. She thanked me just once, and then went in the house.

I went back and got the bike, taking it in roped across the sidecar. When I got it fixed up I took it to the Graham house, and Mary showed me where to put it, and she was very grateful, and let me get away without raving at me.

I've read and studied about a lot of inventors and engineers of different kinds, but according to my notion Stetson Walsh is by a long shot the pick of the outfit. I'd always thought I'd give my nose for a chance to talk with him and ask him some questions about that classy racing motor of his. So believe you me, when I heard he was coming to our town and was going to make a speech to the guys in the machine shop classes of the high schools and night schools, I was as tickled as a cat with ten tails. And then when a letter came addressed to "Mr. Raleigh C. Stewart," and I found myself invited to a supper after the speech at Charlie Cunningham's, whose dad was to be Walsh's host—Charlie

lives in the other end of town, but he used to be a side-kick of mine when we were little tads—, why, I simply didn't touch the earth, that was all. The other fellows were all green with envy, for none of them got an invite to the supper.

Stetson Walsh was coming to the auditorium of our school, and on the night of the speech I had just parked my motorbike back in the alley, when Bud Allison came strolling along and offered to treat me to pie across the street. It was still early, so I took him up and we went across and found a bunch of the fellows hanging out there.

I was just enjoying my pie and thinking about Walsh when Mrs. James, the woman who runs the shop, called out, "Anybody here who answers to the name of Raleigh Stewart?"

"That's me," I mumbled, with my mouth full of pie.

"Well, there's a phone call for you," she said.

I took up the receiver and a voice said, "This is Henry Johnson, who lives in the house by the lake—right next to your motorboat shed."

"There's a friend of yours here—calls himself Swat Franklin—who's rather badly hurt, I fear. He had a fight with some men—three of them, he says—who were breaking into the boathouse—they got your boat, by the way. You'd better come out and get the boy as quickly as you can. I haven't a machine."

I rang off and dashed across the street and down the alley to my motorbike. I'd just got backed up and had gone a few feet when the thing stopped, and I found I had run out of gas! I'd been so up in the air about Walsh's coming I hadn't attended to filling up.

Well, there I was, stalled, and something had to be done quick. It would take too long to go home and get Dad's car—and anyway, I remembered that he and Mother had gone away in it for the evening—, and I couldn't get my motorbike to a service station.

(Continued on page 22)



## JUST DREAMS

*One evening when the sun was set,  
I climbed with eager steps the trail  
That winds its way 'mid rocks and pines,  
To where a ridge and valley meet.*

*I sat and listened to the roar  
Of water-fall and surging river,  
And watched the stars come out o'er head,  
And felt more joy than e'er before.*

*Behind me rose the snowy peak  
Of Mt. Tacoma—wondrous sight!  
While just below the dark pines stood  
And God thru nature seemed to speak.*

*I heard the call of unseen voices.  
I felt the thrill of unseen things,  
As one who in some great cathedral  
Beholds a vision, and rejoices.*

*The dreams I dreamed will be told never,  
In future years some may come true,  
But whether realized or not—  
Still I'll remember them forever.*

Elena Hart.

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## A Tribute

## Dr. F. Gjesdahl

TO every individual, sooner or later, comes the desire to be great, the will to soar above his fellow men and sit, as it were, with his head in the clouds and his feet upon some favored star. But thanks to a beneficent Providence, age garners wisdom, so his plans are oft laid low and altruism supercedes his selfish desire for power. The tinsel crown that he covets may, if his vision becomes keen enough, resolve itself into nothing but a gilded bauble, and he reaches, instead, for the badge of service that proclaims him a member of the universal brotherhood of man.

It is easy in that service, however, to be courageous while the heart beats to the time of the plaudits of the multitude; but the courage that spells salvation to the world is the kind that is triumphant over heartache, sorrow and loneliness. It is not the man or woman who works to the blare of the fanfare of trumpets, great tho the work may be, whose name should be written among those of the immortals, but rather that of the individual who toils with an ideal ever within their vision, and who carries that ideal to completion, alone.

Choose, if you wish, any profession, or any cause that calls for the personal service of men and women, and here you will find a universal contradiction of values. The shallow and cheap will ever be calling for praise and recognition; while the real work at hand is being carried on by those whose hearts are so filled with the bigness of their mission that they are neither desirous for nor conscious of the plaudits of the gallery.

I should like to draw an illustration from the teaching profession, if I may. There we find, I believe, more cases of unselfish sacrifice, unappreciated service, than the world at large is aware of. It is the country-school teacher that I have in mind.

True, modern means of transportation are bringing us in closer touch with her, and we are coming daily more aware of her existence, and yet there are many corners unknown where she is carrying on a truly noble work "unclaimed, un-honored, and unsung". I say she, for it is the women, after all, who are carrying into those places the message of modern education, and who have the devotion necessary to develop that message in the face of discouragement and opposition. It is these women, who by holding in their hearts the children under their control, are able to reach every man and woman within their sphere of influence. Then the teacher is mother

to her flock, elder sister to those above school age, and friend and advisor to the mothers, the old, and the needy. She many times assumes the duties of teacher, spiritual advisor, nurse, agricultural expert, and counsellor-at-law. She is the greatest means of Americanization that we possess; and the foreign homes welcome her as an angel of light. Is the baby sick? Mother sends for the teacher. Has big brother left home without notice? The teacher is called in for consultation. If there is a knotty problem in the political section of the weekly paper, the man of the house brings it up when the teacher is around for settlement. Her dresses set the styles for the ensuing year, and her moral philosophy is found reflected in at least three generations. Next to the weather, she is the most favored topic for conversation. She is envied, loved, hated, and adored by the different units in her district. Yet in the midst of it all, often we find her with her face turned toward the light and a song in her heart, for she is, after all, living the truest life that was ever meant for woman; that of mothering the youth of our nation.

The first and greatest requirement of any teacher is the ability to love and sympathise with child nature. All else comes as a result. But without that single element, the most complete pedagogical training in the world will never develop a true teacher. Because of the ever increasing complexity of modern life, the responsibility thrown upon the teacher is ever increasing, and she is having to take upon herself the duties of the home as well as those of the school. In moral education, she is the controlling factor. Frequently the child of pre-adolescent age has to depend upon her entirely for guidance in the many perplexing questions that come up for solution. It is necessary then that she be qualified to handle the situation, and to be able to approach her work with a broad, liberal and sympathetic point of view.

Not so many years ago, a girl of liberal education who had received all the benefits of a careful home training decided to enter the teaching profession. She was given a country school as field for experience. Her school was located in a remote mountain district. The people were ignorant, superstitious, and of a mixture that was anything but desirable. There was no church, no social organizations and not even a friendly spirit existed in the community. The school house was a miserable one roomed log hut, furnished only with rude benches and a stove.

Yet, this girl, strong in the enthusiasm of youth, rapidly organized her work in such a way that she was able to give



each of her thirty-nine students his due attention and time. But it was not an average group she was handling.

Fully one-half of the pupils were sub-normal. A number of the boys exceeded her in age, and many were her superior in strength and stature. The record of the school was a bad one: so bad, in fact, that no one but men had ever attempted to handle it. However, each and every one had met the same common fate, that of being ejected thru a window when the older boys decided spring was at hand and it was time to go bear hunting.

Yet this girl, still in her teens, had the courage to face this motly crowd and demand order and respect. She was in a locality where womanhood was held neither high nor precious; her school was a mile from the nearest neighbor, and yet her undaunted spirit won the day.

However, her success was greater than she anticipated. Before the first week was over, every boy of any size at all was secretly watching his companions to see if he could detect in them the same condition that was keeping him from enjoying his usual noonday repast. In brief, they were all in love with the "school-marm."

The older and stronger boys formally drew up in battle line every afternoon and decided by a forceful, if not elegant manner who was to escort the teacher home. The road lay thru a lonely forest; it was lonesome and dark, her companion

was always a big husky of half breed origin. And yet, because of her character and will she was safe.

In her work she fought down the strenuous opposition of the older people, organized a health crusade in the homes, a Sabbath School in the school house, and in a short time was conducting night classes for the older people, the majority of whom could neither read nor write. She did this, literally fighting over every inch of her way, without one word of encouragement or advice from a kindred soul. An ignorant, skeptical school board openly accused her of ruining the children with her "new-fangled" methods of learning. Yet when once strenuous opposition was broken down, the progress was wonderful. There arose in the community a spirit of friendly co-operation that had never before existed, a new schoolhouse was erected, a minister was engaged for the following year and the eighth grades without one exception passed the state examinations preparatory to entrance to the county seat high school.

This teacher represents the type our nation needs. Fortunately there are many like her, but many of these unknown heroes that constitute the real foundation of our civilization, loose their vision and so fail in their mission, because we have failed to recognize their true worth. To give just due to these tireless workers means to permit our sympathy and understanding to act as a propelling force toward their ultimate success.

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## Of Another World

Geraldine Stinson

THE sun was setting with a vermilion hue, and velvety red, it reflected in the bay below, and the surface of the water was unusually smooth. There was scarcely a ripple where it met the beach, a great stretch of sand as smooth as a fine gray carpet. In the midst of this profusion of coloring, seated on the beach were two persons, a girl and her mother; they were conversing earnestly, absorbed with one another. The mother was a fine looking woman with a clear skin and shining gray hair; the daughter resembled the mother in a hundred different ways, but her shiny hair was coal-black, her smooth cheeks a deep pink and her brown eyes large and beautiful.

She turned to her mother with a half-whimsical smile. "Well it's a thing of the past now, Mother; it was an interesting experience, a thing I will never forget. It has helped me with my vision of life."

"Yes," said her mother, "Yes, indeed."

"There was no chance for me to mingle in society here, as there was none. I could not have entered into the City near by where I was known. It was my only chance to go away where no one knew me. The colonel was so good about it and with his help it was only natural that it was easy for me to get in. I was Elsa Farnese to them there it was so much not to have anyone know my real name and it made the experience so much more interesting. I was merely an observer of it all; I was there among them and seemly very much a part of it but I was really an outsider, an onlooker.

"But I'm so glad you're back Alice; it use to scare me when I thought of you way back East with those stylish people, I used to get to worrying for fear you would never come back to us. I used to think, too, that if you did come back, you might be dissatisfied with things as they are here. But you aren't, are you Alice dear?"

"Do you think I could long for that frivolous empty life, especially when I have a mother like you?" asked the girl. To answer a question by asking another one is a way to meet many a situation.

Alice Raymond and her mother had been chums ever since Alice began to talk and run around. Their home was near the bay, their front porch not more than a minute's walk from the sandy beach below. Alice's father was a boat builder, they had been very poor but by the time Alice was ten years old they had prospered until Mr. Raymond was able to hire two men and there was some less worry in the family over financial problems. With careful management they had been able to send Alice thru college and three years

had then passed since she had finished. She was twenty-five years of age, keen-eyed, fair-minded, tall and graceful; she was a keen observer of life. All through her years of school she had studied life, but had never seemed to share its sorrows or misfortunes, neither had she seemed to find a great deal of joy. Always there had been that feeling in her mind that she was only an observer of the life around her, like one who sits in the grandstand and looks down on the maneuvers of the players below.

Alice's entrance into Chicago Society had been an unusual affair. There was the old Colonel Brigham who had been a friend of the Raymond's even before Alice's time; and he was a member of a set in Chicago Society that could not be excelled. He had come into the set as a matter of fact; he was interesting company, a liberal spender with a youthful manner which defied his white hair and seventy years. The Colonel had long been wanting to return the hospitality of his friends, the Raymonds, way out West. He loved their little brown bungalow that looked out on miles of smooth, clear water, the winding path from the porch to the beach among the madrona trees and the large rhododendrom bushes at each side of the front steps; he loved every inch of that charming place and the three persons who inhabited it. Many summers had found the Colonel, Raymond's guest for weeks at a time. He found his chance to repay them the second winter after Alice finished college; he found that Alice wished for an opportunity to study the life of the people in society, the people who indulged in elegant city and country homes, in box parties at large theaters, formal balls and other similarly stylish affairs. All those things the Colonel had at his command and could put her into without the least trouble. Finally the plan had been decided upon and she had gone back to his Chicago home posing as a niece of the Colonel's who lived in the West, Alice's clothes had been her only expense for her experience. She had been among his friends and introduced as his niece, Miss Elsa Farnese. She had happily welcomed the scheme as a wonderful opportunity for her to observe a new group of people in a new phase of life, altogether different from any people with whom she mingled before. She had marvelled at the fine homes, at the extravagant clothes and the jewelry of the women, and at the absolute disregard for the almighty dollar that her folks at home always had to work hard to earn.

Soon after Alice's arrival in Chacago she found a new friend, the friend was Robert Walker. He was the eldest son of one of Chicago's wealthiest men, he himself was successfully established in a business that seemed to require very little of his time and brot an income that was anything but



small. Alice and Walker became friends very quickly. He was much impressed with the girl, because she was not as shallow minded as the majority of the girls he had known. Since Alice was supposedly the niece of Colonel Brigham even Walker's particular family had been satisfied with the girl and her position. That Walker's intentions were really serious had never entered Alice's head. Although she had been his partner for every affair, she had taken it as a matter of course not because she was blind or childish but because it was all part of the life at which she was only taking a peek.

The months had slipped by, enjoyable ones they had been for Alice, filled with a variety of pleasure. She was constantly comparing the people of this station in life with the people of her own, the ideas and ideals of these people with those of her people. She laughed at Nancy Clark's absolute despair because she had put off buying that two hundred dollar hat at that smart shop on ——— street and in the meantime some one else had purchased it. Nancy Clark was just recovering from the loss of her third husband,—being one of those people who has hard luck with her husbands. Her first soul mate simply could not get along with her, the second she simply could not get along with and the third had most unfortunately died. So Nancy was again searching for a first mate for her craft.

Alice or Elsa, as you like, came to have a place among those super-stylish people during that winter. Robert Walker was always there although no one had ever before noticed that he was so fond of social affairs. He was a good natured fellow, an interesting talker, and a pleasing companion. He had never dreamed of finding a girl in the society like Elsa. All those he had known were shallow minded, "gushy" and uninteresting. To Elsa Farnese, Walker was one of the fixtures in this novel experience; he was the admirer of the girl she pretended to be. Some day it was all to end; someday soon she would leave them all and go back to her mother,—Alice Raymond again, back where the tide came in and went out every day, where her father made his boats and her mother waited for her only child.

Finally Alice set the day for her departure; the old colonel protested loudly and begged her to stay longer, and his dear little housekeeper as old and lovable as the colonel himself joined him in his protests. Alice was to leave in three weeks from that day.

A week of those three passed; Nancy Clark gave an informal dance at her country place. It was towards the end of the evening and Elsa and Walker were seated on the side porch in deep, comfortable cushioned wicker chairs. The moon was bright and illumined the broad stretch of lawn below.

Walker said rather suddenly and very frankly, "You are different from the other girls in society that I have known, Elsa. You seem to have done a great deal of thinking."

Elsa didn't answer; there was really nothing to say, but she felt a sudden fear come over her. The still moonlight choked her. What had gone wrong anyway? She wanted to get up and hurry away; she was afraid of what Walker was going to say next; she had played the spectator too long. She felt the blood rush to her face and her hands tightly gripped the arms of her chair. Then the man beside her leaned over and put his two hands over one of hers, saying:

"Elsa, I love you. I want you for my own. You are the only one I have ever cared for. Elsa—I love you!"

The girl got to her feet and took a step or two away from him; she must go somewhere, anywhere and she must go quickly where Walker could not find her. He must not find her out; he had been too good a friend, too fine a gentleman.

But as she started, he put his arms around her. "Don't you love me, Elsa," he said, "Won't you marry me? Don't you love me, dear?"

"I can't," said the girl, "I can't," and she tried to push him from her. But he only held on tightly and drew her nearer. There was a light step close behind them and Walker turned in that direction freeing her from his embrace.

Nancy Clark stood there; her face was white and her lips were trembling.

"Elsa," she said, falteringly, "Elsa, we just got word—your uncle is dead."

"My uncle!" said Elsa, not being able to think.

"The colonel, yes, Colonel Brigham is dead."

\* \* \* \* \*

So Elsa had become Alice Raymond again sooner than she had expected. The colonel's death was a shock and a sorrow to everyone in the circle. Alice hadn't dared to stay for the funeral as that would mean a chance for them all to find her out and also the necessity of meeting Robert Walker again. The poor old housekeeper, already broken-hearted over the death of the colonel cried still more when Miss Farnese packed up and left. She knew not where, how, or why the colonel's niece went.

\* \* \* \* \*

That brings us back to where the story began; Alice Raymond was with her mother again, and Elsa Farnese was a mere dream of the past. But the story was so lengthy that Alice and her mother had long since gone back up the winding path, and the water had covered the gray carpet where they were sitting. At her window Elsa was sitting gazing out over the water below; her eyes were unseeing and in her heart was a slow dull pain. She was half imagining, half dreaming; she seemed to see a fairy-like sailing boat glide up to the shore and a tall young man step out of it. He quickly climbed the little hill and as he came towards her window, she realized it was Robert Walker. He stretched out his arms to her, saying:

"Say you love me, Elsa, say you do!"

Alice extended her hands out of the window as far as they would go to try to touch him, to feel his arms around her again, but he was not there; only the silence, the lonesome stillness of the night and the rustling of the madrona trees below. Alice's head went down on her arm on the window sill.

"I love him," she moaned, "but it was Elsa Farnese he loved. I deceived him and this is my punishment." Alice cried with her head on her arms till far into the night. A poor observer of life, you will say, for to be a true observer one must always observe and never really live.

The weeks passed slowly by for Alice and slowly they grew into months. It was strange how different everything seemed at home after those few months away. The very same water that she had loved seemed to sadden her, and the sound of the waves on the beach that used to put her to sleep then made her lie awake in utter loneliness. Yet it surely wasn't the frivolous life she had led for a time, that she craved; it wasn't the bright lights, the extravagant entertainment, or the senseless babble of many voices; it was something deeper, something finer than that. It seemed impossible to her that it was Robert Walker that she missed; the time spent with him was only a pleasant dream. So firmly was it fixed in her mind that she had only been an observer of life there, that she refused to believe what her heart was saying.

A disturbing thing happened after Alice had been at home about three months. Mrs. Raymond and she made a trip to the nearby city; they were walking the streets shopping, when, suddenly, Alice gripped her mother's arm tightly and the color left her cheeks. A well dressed woman was coming towards them. The woman was Nancy Clark.

"Elsa Farnese!" exclaimed Nancy, stopping, "I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw you. Where did you—"

But Alice interrupted her with a politely strange voice, "I am sorry, madam, but you have made a mistake."

"Oh, surely not," said the other, "You are Elsa Farnese, Colonel Brigham's niece."

Alice's grip tightened on her mother's arm, "But I am not," said the girl, "My name is Alice Raymond and this is my mother."

Nancy's face flushed with embarrassment and anger. "Then I have made a terrible blunder," she said, "I beg your pardon," and she hurried past them.

Two weeks later on the night that Nancy Clark returned to Chicago, she drove out to a houseparty at one of the homes a few miles out of town. It was a sort of reunion and seated on the porch were all of the winter's crowd except for two members, the colonel and his niece. Near the end of the veranda sat Robert Walker. It was one of the few times the crowd had had him with them since Elsa had gone. He was smoking a cigar and looking utterly wretched and uninterested; in the last few months he had grown richer than ever, he had also grown pale and thin. The girl he had learned to love had run away and try as he might he could get no trace of her.

Nancy was greeted with enthusiasm, she walked over to where Robert sat and said to him:

"I met a girl out West, Bob, I spoke to her, but she said I had made a mistake. But I would have sworn it was—"

"Where? When? Did you find out where she is? What did she say?" said Walker all in one breath.



"—but I'm afraid it was not she, for this girl was with her mother and her name was Alice Raymond."

"I'm going to find her, this time. Good-bye," said the man. He remembered the name Alice Raymond in the colonel's will when he had first begun his search.

He had left some money to a girl out west by that name. He ran down the steps and out into the night.

\* \* \* \* \*

Alice rose at about the usual hour that morning, taking her time at dressing. There was no need to hurry; that day would be just like the day before had been, and without a doubt the next day would be just like that day had been. The tide was coming in and so was the morning boat. She sauntered out of the house and down the path to the beach below. She was thinking about Robert Walker; seeing Nancy Clark had renewed it all so. How quiet it was down there on the beach, not a sound. Yes, there was too a sound; there was a sound of footsteps very near her. She raised her head, and her eyes met those of the very man she was thinking about.

"Elsa," he said, and his eyes beamed with pleasure, "I have found you again."

It was too late to run away this time, she must face him and play the game again. "I beg your pardon—pardon," she said with an effort, "there is some mistake."

"There is no mistake," said Walker, half bravely, half-pleading, "You know there is none."

Her eyes fell. "I am not Elsa Farnese," she said, "My name is Alice Raymond. I am not the girl you—"

"You are the woman I love," said Walker. "That is all I know or care about."

The tide was still coming in, but the steamer was going out. "I tell you I am not the woman you learned to love," cried Alice, "I am an imposter who invaded a land where I had no right to be. I am not an orphan, I was no relation to the colonel. I live here with my father and mother."

"Do you love me?" asked Walker.

"I tell you I only wanted a peek at that life. I would never want to live in it," explained Alice, "I did not think—"

"Do you love me?" he asked again and the arms she had dreamed of were around her again.

"I deceived you," said Alice.

"I don't care what you did," said Walker, "If you love me."

"But I will never leave my people here. Your life is so different from my own."

"But I love you," said Walker.

She had meant to be an observer of life in that other world; she had flown too near the flame and had singed her wings. His arms tightened about her; she forgot to say, "I can't," this time. She forgot to be a spectator, she was living life, herself.

## In the Mind of a Fool

Warren Perry

**A**RROWHEAD Beach is a stretch of sand and gravel shore which lies almost due north and south. The northern end of the beach terminates in a sharp point where the land shelves off into very deep water within a few yards of the shore. Above this point towers a promontory with a precipitous side toward the water. This cliff rises to a height of nearly six hundred feet, several hundred feet higher than any land for miles around. Away from the shore and down the beach towards the south the elevation falls away quickly, leaving this point a sharp pinnacle overhanging the water and dominating the scene for miles in every direction. At the summit of this point there is a small level space, where grow a few hardy bushes and stunted trees. It is accessible only by a tortuous winding path from the landward side.

From this elevation, there is an outlook over the surrounding country that is fascinating by day and enchanting on a clear night. For miles to the east and north one can see an expanse of water covered here and there by wooded islets, with occasionally a peninsula running out from the mainland. The topography is rugged and there are numerous harbors, lagoons and narrow passages. Directly below one, is the ever changing water, sometimes green, sometimes blue, as only water can be blue, or gray from overhanging clouds, or flecked with whitecaps in a wind. When the tide is flowing the water is a foaming mass of eddies and rifts which make a small boat unmanageable.

From the foot of the hill, along the shore to the south, there is a straggling row of summer homes, some elaborate cottages, other just tents supported by a wood framework. The summers find this row of habitations alive with city people seeking the natural life, and doing it in the most strenuous ways to be found.

During the winter there is nothing but silent, shuttered cottages and bare frameworks. The locality is deserted save for a few all year inhabitants and the occasional farmers who live inland a mile or so and visit the beach only to trade at the general store, which provides post office, club and all facilities that might be expected.

In the general store at the time of this tale, some years ago, there worked a young man of silent manner, slow moving but dependable, who was known as Harry. What Harry's last name was, was never asked. He was simply Harry. He was the man of all work and could find things when everyone else was at a loss. The store handled every manner of goods and Harry had them all in mind. He had been there nearly 10 years and no one seemed to know much about him, except that his folks didn't live around there. He took orders, made deliveries, swept the store, looked after the heavy wares, but was just as likely to be at the top of a ladder getting a box of sleeve holders that had been missing for years. Harry was a little dull people said, but

they guessed he was harmless, and anyway he meant well.

Besides Harry there was only one other young person who lived in the community all the year round. This was Addie, the daughter of a farmer a mile inland. Addie was a care-free, irresponsible young creature with a pretty face, a winning smile and a ready laugh that was always in evidence. Addie was dark of hair and eyes and she was given to displaying bright colors in her clothes.

Being of an age and more or less lonely because of the lack of others, Harry and Addie were much together. The general opinion among the habitués of the store was that Harry and Addie were fixing things up.

The winter before the eventful summer, in which the coming events transpired, was marked by Addie's consent to the engagement. She wore Harry's ring and they were constantly together when he was not working. There were long talks at Addie's gate when Harry was making his rounds. During the winter, business was poor and there was no cause for hurry. Many Sunday afternoons the couple would clamber up the steep path to the lookout on the point and see the winter storms dash waves madly against the foot of the cliffs.

Then came the eventful summer. Campers swarmed on the beach and at once the store was very busy. There was no more time for talks at Addie's gate, and often even on Sunday afternoon found Harry busy selling ice cream to the pleasure seekers. Harry made several efforts to get away from work and frequently found Addie was somewhere else. When he asked her about specific dates she was always busy. Harry's slow brain figured that some campers were taking his girl. In his sullen mind he did not blame the girl, only these frivolous, white-clad youths who came into the store and kept him jumping to satisfy their demands and complaints.

Harry knew that Addie was often with these boys. He sometimes met them with her on the road, laughing and making jokes which Harry felt confident were at his expense.

His spite toward the city youths centered itself upon a certain young man who seemed to be monopolizing Addie's time and crowding out the other campers as well as Harry. He was tall, fair-haired and contrary to the custom among the campers appeared in the most disreputable clothes one could imagine. The cronies on the porch of the store said that this young man went to the University, over by the city. This fact alone was enough to rouse Harry's ire.

Addie became very curt with Harry and often failed to see him when she was with her city friends. Harry watched here more than she thought and he even carried a field glass in his wagon and watched them from a distance. Often he could see them when they were climbing up the steep path to the point. He could catch the flutter of a bright blue sweater which Addie was featuring that summer.



As Addie became more and more cool and abrupt, Harry's sluggish mind evolved a scheme to relieve himself of this rival. In Harry's slow working brain there was very little moral sense. He evolved an elaborate plan.

To put it into execution, he began to cultivate the acquaintance of this rival. He found him genial and interested in whatever Harry might say. Harry could not say he was a snob. Slowly an apparent friendship grew up between the two young men. Harry led the way to his favorite fishing haunts, showed the city man a new way to swim under water, and slowly but surely built up an outward friendly feeling.

To conduct his scheme further, Harry proposed a Sunday fishing trip, in his boat, to a particular spot, some miles away among the islands, where certain fish abounded. The plan was well laid, Harry thot and there was no chance for a slip-up. Tides would be right, the locality they were going to was deserted and he could establish a perfect alibi that would not be questioned, and he would permanently eliminate his rival.

#### PART II.

A full summer moon was shedding its white light over the water. On the summit of the hill, Harry lay sleeping, blind to the witching beauty of the scene spread out before him. Far below on the beach were campfires and an occasional puff of wind swept up the sound of laughter and singing. The sleeper awoke, rubbed his eyes with wonder at the scene before him. The beauty of it seemed almost to cast a spell.

Below him the waves were lapping the beach with an almost inaudible murmur. He could almost make out the details of a mass lying half in the water. He did not need the light of day to tell him. Quickly the spell of the night was broken. Reality tumbled in upon him, and Harry faced his truth. His plan had miscarried at the last minute. The trip had started as he had expected and the fishing ground had been reached. Here the misfortunes began. His companion had turned from watching his line at the wrong moment, and Harry would never forget the look of pained surprise on the man's face when he saw the descending oar. The man had thrown up a defensive arm, but it was too late, the blow had fallen. With a groan the man fell against the gunwale, and then moving as if to escape another blow, slipped over the side and sank like a stone leaving a bloody stain on the edge of the white boat.

Then as was its habit in that region, the tide turned with great force and Harry was swept away in his boat on the

crest of a tide rift, clutching a broken oar and too scared to manage the one remaining sound oar. He had made a mistake in his calculations and the tide had turned before he was ready for it.

The oddities of the tide swept him away in his boat, helpless to prevent it, back to Arrowhead Beach. He had finally succeeded in beaching his boat at the point and he had left it there and had run blindly to get away. Now as he looked down he could imagine the blood stains on the side of the boat. It would be seen and what could he say, when his companion was missing. The body might be found, his weak mind had failed to perceive that before, and the broken oar was still in the boat. It would be a clear case. Harry trembled at the thot, but flight did not occur to him. His memories were all of Arrowhead Beach and a few miles around. Where could he flee where he was not known? Harry crouched there in misery, his poor brain whirling with the unaccustomed demands upon it, for an adequate plan of action.

His ears caught a sound. Voices! Someone was coming up the path. He dodged back behind some bushes, in the shadow cast by the brilliant moon. He could hear the lapping of the waves far below and an occasional night bird calling.

Then came the voices again, much nearer, "One more heave, Addie and we reach the top. The view ought to be marvelous with this moon." A man's voice, and even in his terror, Harry recognized it as the voice of the man he had killed. A ghost, was Harry's first thot. He peered thru the bushes and saw the moonlit face of Addie's city friend. One side of his face was indistinct, as tho bloody, it seemed to Harry. The light of the moon gave the face a deathly pallor.

When the two reached the summit Addie said, "Why there's someone's hat."

As she stooped to pick it up she paused and said, "Did you push something over the edge? Listen." Far below came the rattle and crash of sliding rocks and earth.

"Just a young avalanche," said Addie's companion, "some day this whole hill will slide into the bay."

"Maybe this will start another slide," said carefree Addie, as she flung the hat she had picked up over the edge of the cliff.

As they stood and watched the moonlit scene, Addie's companion said, "You know, I am going on a fishing trip tomorrow with Harry."

"Oh, are you? I should think you would be bored. Well for Heaven's sake don't let him fall out of the boat. He's my only playmate during the long winter famine."

## Letters of a Frosh

### Fielding Lemmon

DEAR OS:

I aint written you since we played the army. Well boys, they was some games. We played three teams the same afternoon and all three together beat us 28-2. The 2 was a luck charm so we wouldn't get shut out. It was a present from the referee who thought he was Santa Claus but who acted like he was Moses leading the children out of the slough of despond. You see it's this way—last year the Army plays us and only beats us 7-0 which scares them so this year they is afraid to play us with the regular Camp Lewis team so takes all the football players west of the Mississippi river and four from east of it and brings them up for the game, this annum which means year when you is getting educated.

It was a grate game and these birds what come from all over the westernarea sure got repaid for their trouble. Repeating, it was a grate game only it reminded yours truly of a relay race between the army and the bench. 1st a sub would come out on the field and touch a man and this guy'd run back to the bench and touch another guy and this other guy would run out and touch another bird on the line and he would run to the bench etc. This happened 28 times during the game and when it was through we was glad that the army coach hadn't decided to call all the army players from the eastern sea coast for if so we would still be lookin' at the game when they had time to play between substitutions. Every time a new sub come in for the army the referee had to blow his whistle, and they came so fast that he hardly had time to take a breath between blows.

Then they was a great big bird which the noospapers says was the army's "ace". He may have been but if he was, they either didn't know how to play him or else they was playing him wild like the "Ace of clubs" which he reminded me of.

Our team made him look foolish for half the game and would have continued to have done so for the other half only you can't very well make a man look foolish when he is sitting on the bench.

The whole game reminded me of a "put and take" game which they plays now with a top. In this game you put in a nickle and spin a top then the guy which is playing with you takes the nickle which is why they call it "put and take." Well this here game with the U. S. Army and the three marines which went to make up the full team, reminded of this game for about all the Army did was to put in a new man and take another one out.

If a guy didn't know a thing about football he could have had a good time watching the officials which is the gents which tell you how to play the game and see if you do it right. the referee was all right only he could write what he knows about fotball on a postage stamp if he wrote real large. The Umpire was a "card". I don't know if he was another "ace" or not but he acted dumb enough for one. He was practicing for an oratorical contest i guess for he didn't do much but argue with the players. Then the head linesman was a nice kind guy with a warm heart. Every time an army guy got off side which was most every time they lined up this bird would think "Oh my, see that poor army man off side. I must tell him so they won't get penalized" and he would do so.

When the game was over the Army coach lined his team up in company formation and marches them off the field. There wasn't a very big crowd at the game but if they had charged the players admission they could have started a mint.

Your's ever,

FREDDY THE FROSH.



# Oswald's Overshoes

*Eileen Yost*

OSWALD Oysterbuild sat in his library and knitted his brows. He knitted them for fifteen minutes and a half. Then he got up from the heavily carved old Italian chair and went over to the mantel and bowed his head on the mantel piece. He remained there, bowed, for another fifteen minutes. Then a coal snapped out of the fire and burned a large hole in the toe of his right shoe. He gave a long cry of fury. He roused himself and began to pace the floor, going first from one end of the room to the other and then turning and going from the other end to the one that he had started from. He bit his lip. He ground his teeth. He was raging. His hair turned from red to white and settled down into a smouldering green. His face was livid with anger. He had a right to be angry. He had been robbed.

## ROBBED!!!

Not an hour had passed since he had discovered his loss. His overshoes had been stolen from him. They had been his dearest and most cherished possessions and now they were gone. They were no longer in the hall on the overshoe stand where he invariably kept them. They had been taken away and the only person who could have taken them was Hasper, his valet. Hasper was the only person in the house at the time of the robbery, therefore it was obvious that he must have taken them. It was shameful. (Imagine how you would feel if you found that your own valet was a thief.) Hasper should pay dearly for this. He should pay for it with his life. Oswald swaggered over to the book-case and taking a bottle of Bevo from its shining depth he lifted it to his lips. He was a desparate man. No one could double-cross him and live.

He rang the bell. Hasper came to the summons. The sight of him served further to infuriate Oswald. He pointed a shaking finger at the thief. He tried to speak. He choked with rage. He tried again to speak. Instead he sneezed. He sneezed two times and then regained his voice.

"Ha!" said Oswald, violently, "So I have found you out!"

"I beg pardon, sir?" said Hasper.

"And you will never be again," snarled Oswald, leaping upon him and throwing him out of the window.

There was a faint splash from below, then silence.

Oswald faltered back and leaned against the wall as the full significance of what he had done burst upon him. He had thrown his valet into the sea! He had killed him! Chaud chien! He fell on his knees and crept under a near-by radiator to recover from the shock. As he did so his head en-

countered a black, shining object. It was not a revolver. It was an overshoe. Behind it was another one. They made a pair of overshoes. Oswald dragged them out and looked within them. In indelible ink he found his own name printed neatly on the flaps. They were his own—the missing overshoes. Like a flash the truth burst upon him as he remembered that he himself had thrown them at the dog only the day before and then forgotten about them. And Hasper, the innocent, had been made to suffer for his own absentmindedness. A great wave of remorse swept over him. His valet—cast into the sea—helpless and martyred.

"Ah," murmured Oswald, "I made a mistake."

He covered his ears with his hands and wept silently for some time. Then he rose.

"I cannot live without Hasper," he shouted, "I, too, will die."

He rushed to the window and threw himself through it. The library was on the first floor of Oswald's home. Two feet below the library windows was the goldfish pond. It was into this that he cast himself. The water was not deep. Oswald sat up and looked about him. Opposite sat Hasper. Gradually the full realization of the situation dawned on Oswald. Hasper was not drowned. He had not fallen into the sea. The sea was on the other side of the house. And he himself was not drowned. They both lived. He turned his face to Hasper and smiled—a slow, sweet smile.

"Hasper," he said gently, "can you forgive me?"

Hasper looked long and earnestly into his master's eyes.

"Yes," he whispered, "I can!"

Oswald felt as if a great weight had been lifted from his heart. He stood up and daintily brushed the goldfish from his garments. Hasper, too stood up.

"Hasper, old thing," said Oswald, again smiling that slow, sweet smile, "Go into the house and bring me my overshoes. they are in the library."

The other bent his head in acquiescence and went into the house. Presently he returned, bearing an overshoe in each hand.

"I will put one on," said Oswald, doing so, "and you do the same. It shall be the symbol of our reconciliation."

The valet put on the remaining overshoe and as the sun went down it cast its last, lingering rays upon the master and Hasper, as, hand in hand, they waded blissfully among the radiant goldfish in the pond below the library windows.

— o —

Spurn ye not the ragged tot  
Who stands beside the bleak and dreary way.  
Nor eye with scorn, the humble born  
Lest in long after years, ye rue the day.

The building stones in angel's thrones  
Have brothers mortered in the roads of Hell,  
The voice that throats low brothel notes  
Could tongue a psalm to highest heaven as well.

Men have scoffed at angel's oft  
And journeyed onward, wholly unaware,  
That illy clad, bowed down and sad,  
A celestial being stood neglected there.

Look ye then, upon all men  
With virtue noting, fault unseeing eye.  
And know that He who made thee  
Respects alike the lowly and the high.

"Raving Rufus."



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## Editorials

### School Spirit

C. P. S. is dead. Wake up!  
Get alive! Show some  
pep! Turn out for foot-  
ball games! Yell! Yell!  
Yell!

We have some good men with us  
this year who have come from  
small high schools where school  
spirits ran high. They have come  
from towns where hundreds of  
people were at the train to see  
them off and see to it that they  
were full of good cheer and ready  
to fight. Whether they won or  
lost, they were always received  
back with smiles and glad hands  
ready to carry their luggage and  
in some cases to carry the players  
themselves. Now get out and  
show the town that C. P. S. is  
really on the map and ready to  
fight to the last breath.

Gonzaga showed us what real  
pep was. They brought a yell  
leader and many rooters clear  
from Spokane, and got out on the  
field between halves and showed  
the team that they were with  
them to the last man.

Why not let all those who wish  
to be yell leaders try out and then  
appoint the best one as yell king,  
and at the end of the year, pre-  
sent him with a sweater and per-  
haps the megaphone, so as to give  
him something to remember his  
college days, when he used to lead

the Maroon and White in the yells  
that made the whole city sit up  
and take notice and get out be-  
hind the teams to push them to  
victory.

Now when Willamette comes up  
Thanksgiving let's all be out with  
lots of spirit and pep to do our  
share and work up an appetite for  
that nice, juicy turkey. What do  
you say??? Let's go!!

— o —

### Thanksgiving

WITH fear and trembling ye  
weary editor approaches  
the already more than ex-  
hausted subject of Thanks-  
giving. Time was when the read-  
ing public accepted with alacrity  
the tale of our worthy forefathers'  
first turkey dinner, and the loud  
praise of their unselfishness in  
founding a new land for the spe-  
cial benefit of us that have fol-  
lowed them. The conclusion to  
be drawn from such sentiments is  
that we should be humbly and  
proudly thankful for our heritage.

We would be practical — our  
aim is service and not soaring.  
For this reason let us consider the  
Thanksgiving spirit, which we are  
going to manifest at C. P. S.  
On the day before Thanksgiving  
we shall be thankful for the two  
days' holiday which the Dean will  
solemnly announce in chapel. On  
the evening of that same day we

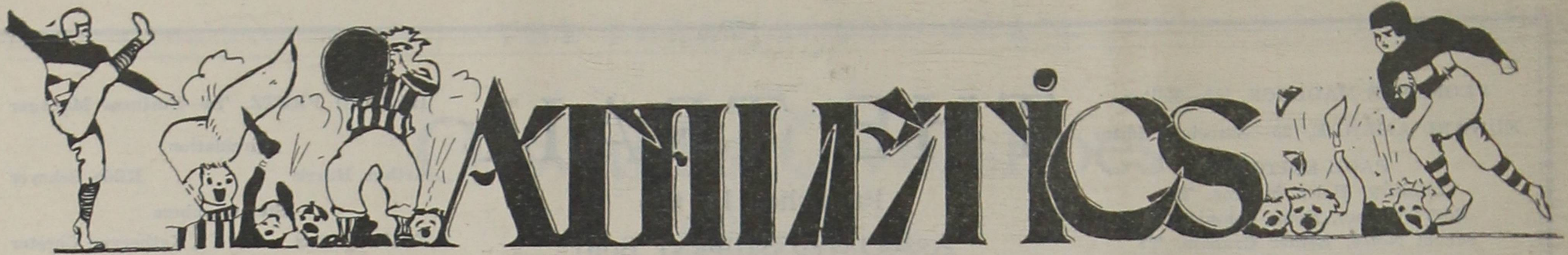
shall be overjoyed to find that we  
have time for such a trivial thing  
as a date, for lo; study for the  
ensuing day will be unnecessary.  
On Thanksgiving morning we  
shall arise with that empty but  
joyous feeling which precedes the  
TURKEY-CRANBERRY SAUCE-  
PLUM PUDDING sort of a din-  
ner. During the repast we shall  
thankfully ponder the prospects  
for the football game which we  
shall be about to view.

On the night of Thanksgiving  
we shall retire, weary in soul and  
body, but still effervescently thank-  
ful. We shall be proud, but not  
because our ancestors long since  
dead, christened an old grey rock  
Plymouth; not because grand-  
motherly ancestors learned to  
roast turkey; aye, we shall be  
proud more than for any of these  
eminently respectable and equally  
antique reasons. Our cause for  
rejoicing will lie in the fact that  
C. P. S. has carved and buried  
forever the scalp of WILLAM-  
ETTE.

— o —

We are not sent into this world  
to do anything into which we can-  
not put our hearts. We have cer-  
tain work to do for our bread and  
that is to be done strenuously;  
other work to do for our delight,  
and that is to be done heartily;  
neither is to be done by halves or  
shifts, but with a will; and what  
is not worth this effort is not to  
be done at all. —Ruskin.





MATTHEW THOMPSON, *Editor*

**C.** P. S. Army game 2-28. Saturday October 15 the Ninth Army Corps played the College eleven in the Stadium. The final score was 28 to 2 with the long end belonging to the Army. The College was out-weighted 25 lbs. to the man and the breaks of the game were against them, many costly fumbles being made. The army used 29 men during the game only three of them playing thru the entire game.

C. P. S. scored when Craig, the big army fullback fumbled a punt which rolled behind the goal and there, before he was able to get away with it, was tackled by Schrader C. P. S. end. The Army's scores were the result of 4 touch downs gained by line plunges by the smashing army backs and four goals.

The last quarter was very exciting. With only four minutes to play it was C. P. S.'s ball on their 15 yard line. First down was made four times before the final whistle blew. Turley made 30 yards thru the line only to be stopped by a "shoestring tackle" by the army safety. "Rip" Revelle made 10 yards around end. Turley made 20 yards thru center only to be stopped again by a "shoestring" tackle. Morrow and Dorsey each made big gains and the game ended with the ball in C. P. S. hands first down and the goal, nine yards away, to make.

**C. P. S. LINEUP:**

Kinch .....	L. E.
Crawford .....	L. T.
Mathis .....	L. G.
Wasson .....	C.
McPhail .....	R. G.
Stone .....	R. T.
Schrader .....	R. E.
Morrow .....	Q.
Dorsey .....	L. H.
Revelle .....	R. H.
Turley .....	F.

Substitution: Rumbaugh for Morrow.

**SEASON TICKET CAMPAIGN**

**T**HE season ticket campaign closed Oct. 8. There were only three hundred and fifty tickets sold, this not coming up to the expectations. Mr. E. C. Wheeler, of the Commercial Club, and Mr. Brown, of Brown and Haley, deserve much credit. Between them they sold two hundred tickets more than the entire student body. Mr. Brown also gave four three-dollar boxes of Oriole candy to be used as prizes for those committees in the school which sold the largest number of tickets. The chairmen of the committees were as follows:

1. Mildred Forsberg.
2. Ed Amende.
3. Ed Newell.

Ernest Ross won the football which was used in the C. P. S. Bremerton game by being the individual in the school to sell the greatest number of tickets. He sold seventeen.

The Athletic Department wishes to extend thanks to the Amphictyon Literary Society for taking charge of the Banquet given by the school to the business men in connection with the season ticket selling campaign.

**BELLINGHAM NORMAL-C. P. S. GAME—17 TO 6**

The time—Saturday, October 29, 2:30 p. m.  
The Place—Municipal Field, Bellingham, Wash.  
Setting—Mud, water, slime, pools, and a partly cloudy, cool day.

Bellingham's team appeared with bright blue and white sweaters and the C. P. S. boys wore the usual maroon and white jersey. After ten minutes of play one man could not be told from another except by latitude or longitude.

The game was hard fought. In the first half the C. P. S. line held in fine shape, but the Bellingham backs began to

find holes during the second half. The first Bellingham touchdown came after a punt by C. P. S. which was blocked and recovered by C. P. S., only to be lost again by a fumble on the C. P. S. 12-yard line and Bellingham carrying the ball over by a cross buck and three line plunges. The ball was barely to the line and the umpire ruled it no touchdown C. P. S. ball, but the Bellingham men objected to his decision and the decision of the head-linesman was a touchdown. The second half, Keplinger, Bellingham's right end, dropped back for a place kick. It was perfectly executed from the thirty-five yard line amid a sea of slippery mud. The ball soared and hit the cross bar squarely in the middle and bounded over. Immediately after this Dorsey, C. P. S. left half, received the kick-off on C. P. S.'s thirty-yard line and ran through the entire Bellingham team to a touchdown. C. P. S. failed to kick the goal. Bellingham's final touchdown came in the final quarter. Morrow received a punt on the 25-yard line and returned five yards. Two line plunges netted two yards. "Rip" dropped back to punt on the third down, but the ball was passed over his head. He recovered it, however. Fourth down again "Rip" dropped back to punt and once more the slippery, heavy, muddy ball went over his head. It was Bellingham's ball on C. P. S. 5-yard line. By a long end run Campbell, Bellingham's quarter, executed a touchdown and Keplinger kicked goal. The game ended with the ball in C. P. S.'s possession on Bellingham's 40-yard line. Final score, Bellingham 17, C. P. S. 6.

**LINE-UP**

C. P. S.—		Bellingham—
Schrader .....	REL.....	Truggbi
Amende .....	RTL.....	Hoyt
McPhail .....	RGL.....	Cone
Wasson .....	C .....	McComas
Mathis .....	LGR.....	Radcliff
Crawford .....	LTR.....	Rairdon
Blanton .....	LER.....	Keplinger
Morrow .....	Q .....	Campbell
Dorsey .....	LHR.....	Fisher, Capt.
Revelle .....	RHL.....	Gaasland
Stone .....	F .....	McPherson

C. P. S. Substitutions—Styles for Mathis.

**BASKETBALL SEASON**

Basketball season is just getting under way. Many new men are turning out. It is hoped that there will be seven class teams in the school. Mr. Russell Clay has been appointed Basketball manager. Mr. Harley Notter is to take charge of the Freshman teams.

\$24<sup>50</sup>

Overcoats — Suits

You can't afford to miss these special values. Others at \$29.50 and \$34.50.

Klever Klothes Kompany

1201 PACIFIC AVE.  
PACIFIC AVE. AT 12TH ST.



H. C. S. NOTES



BACK in 1215 A. D. a group of men in Tuscany on the banks of the river Arno banded together in a Fraternity to help travelers cross the river and to succor them in case of distress. This was the birth of the Fraternity spirit, namely the spirit of "help." This spirit of "help" is the foundation of the H. C. S. Fraternity of this school. We are banded together for a mutual purpose, that of helping each other in case of need.

This year five new men have joined us in our organization. These five men are volunteers in our Fraternity and not victims of any draft movement.

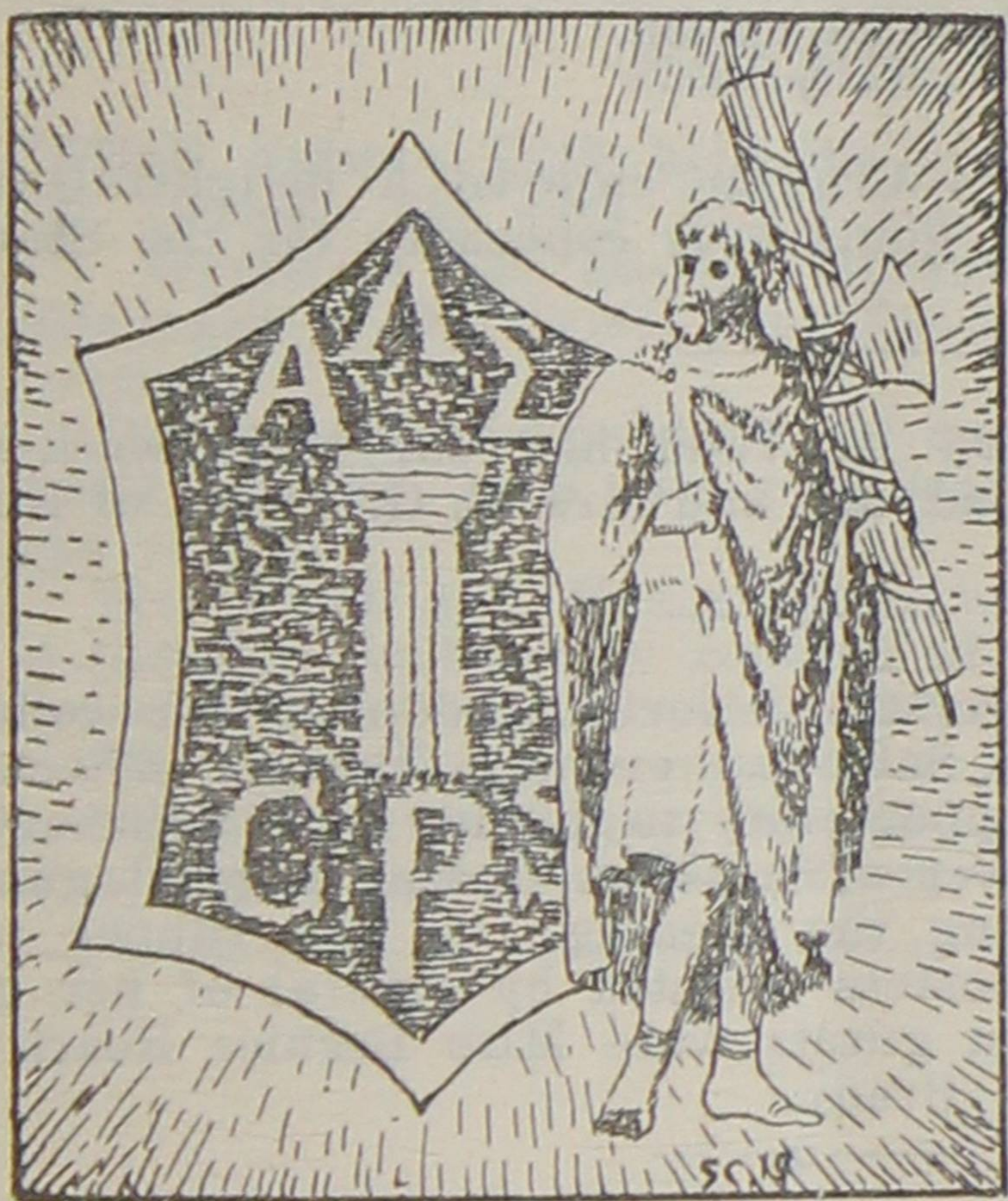
The rush year for H. C. S. this season was marked by unusual quietness and no rush parties of any sort were held by our organization.

Our pledges were welcomed into our society by an elaborate pledge banquet held in the banquet rooms of the Olympus Inn. Following a sumptuous meal the men listened to speeches by Tom Swayze, Steve Arnett, and Roger Peck, our guest of honor.

We have some live-wire plans under our hat for this semester and the coming semester.

And before we close, our new members are: Jess Mathis, Ben Crawford, Everett Stiles, Perry Scheibler, and Harold Blanton.

AMPHICTYON NOTES



ON Thursday evening, the Amphictyon Society had their annual rush banquet at the Woman's Clubhouse.

The banquet table was decorated in the Amphictyon colors, of green and gold. Mr. Nelson Pierce presided as toastmaster with Paul Snyder giving the formal address of welcome.

After the dinner, the guests were ushered into the drawing-room, gaily decorated in the fantastical motif of Hallowe'en. Here an excellent musical program was enjoyed.

Following the program, the entire company journeyed thru the "Enchanted Halls of Camdom" and for the rest of the evening jolly games and stunts held sway. The informal mixer following the banquet gave each one the necessary fun, entertainment and good fellowship to complete the evening.

An interesting feature of the evening was the Gipsy's tent, where Fate presided over the destinies of many who wandered into the weird mystical presence of the gipsy, were dealt their particular "future."

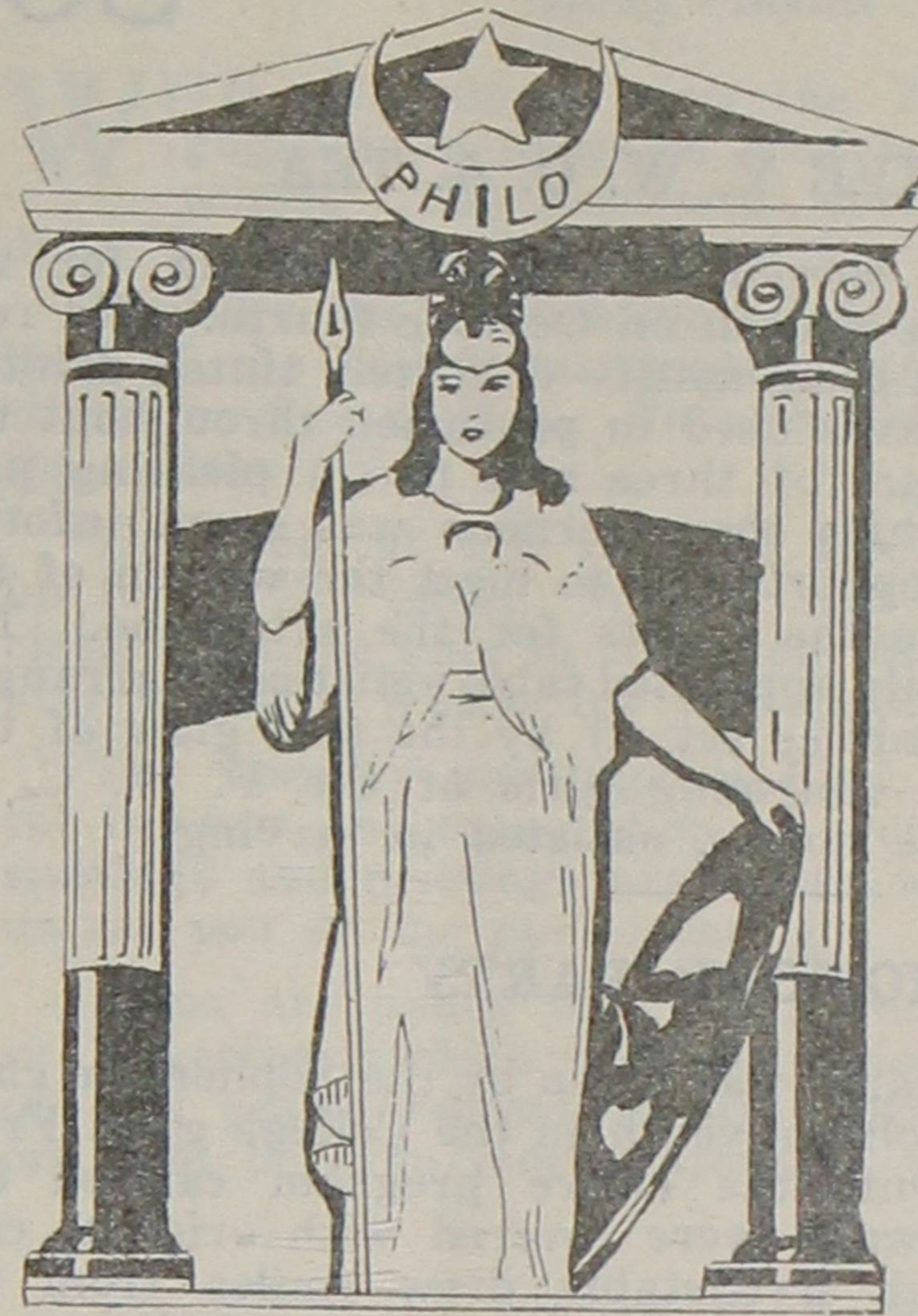
The several programs of the past month have been exceedingly interesting and have taken in various fields. The program on "Modernism" dealt with the various aspects of modern thought and actions.

Discussions on scientific subjects with demonstrations were the main features of the program on "science."

Great dramatic ability was shown in the presentation of the "Burglar Alarm" as was given by some of the Amphic girls. The play was very entertaining and proved a great success. The cast was as follows:

- Aunt Martha ..... Ethyl Shuster
- Aunt Mary ..... Bernice Olson
- Penelope ..... Helen Van Loon
- Bridget ..... Hilda Skreen

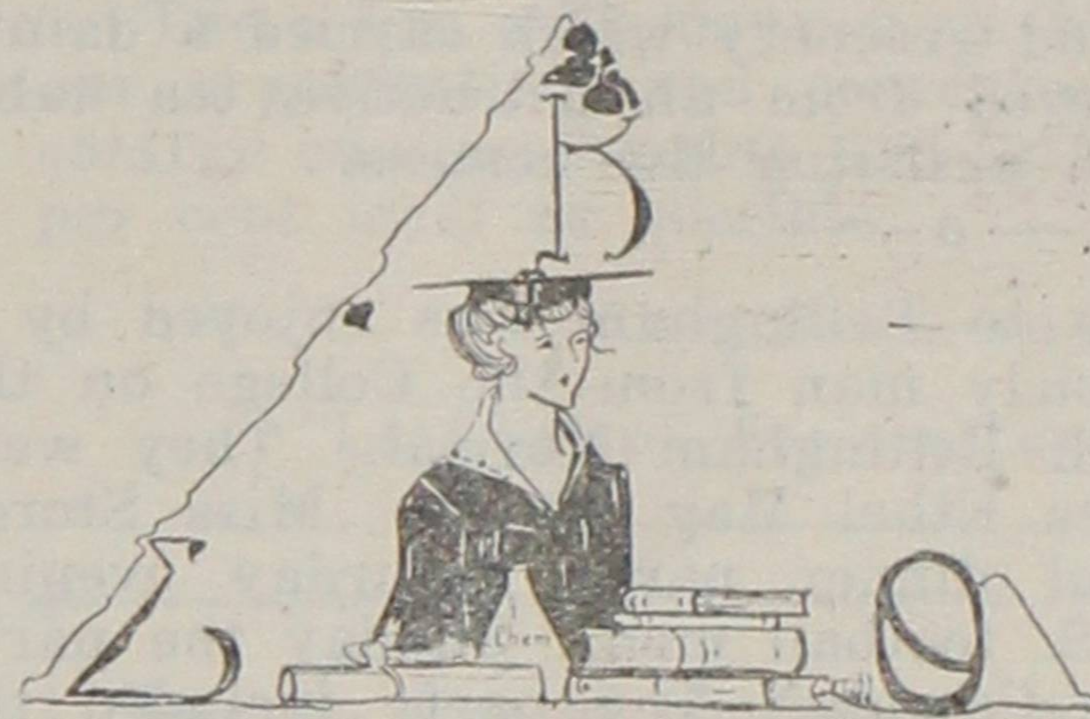
PHILOMATHEAN



THE Philo Rush Banquet stands out as the leading event on the Philomathean calendar for the past month. It was thoroughly successful from every viewpoint, and if our guests enjoyed it as much as we did we feel well satisfied. After partaking of an excellent dinner prepared by a committee headed by Mary Anderson, we listened to speeches by Russell Clay, Frank Brooks, Helen Murland, and Gladys Trew, readings by Ethel Storrey and Olive Brown, and music by Winifred Williams, and also a quartette composed of Miriam Kloeppel, Winifred Williams, David Cook, and Mat. Thompson.

Recent programs have been on the subjects of "Famous Men of Our Time," "Longfellow," "The World's Island," and "Some Famous Buildings." We again wish to extend a welcome to the visitors who have honored us by attending our programs and hope they have found our meetings beneficial as well as enjoyable.

KAPPA SIGMA THETA



THE girls of the Kappa Sigma Theta Sorority consider themselves very fortunate to add to their number twelve new members. They are all-round girls of whom we are justly proud. During the week-end, beginning Friday, November 4th, the Thetas entertained at a houseparty for their pledges at Manzanita Beach. Second degree initiation took place on the following Wednesday in the Theta room, followed by a delightful dinner party. We are pleased to announce the following as our new members: Lucile Alsip, Evelyn Bachus, Lois Brace, Anita Greenlaw, Marjorie Guptil, Margaret Lemon, Margaret Moore, Dorothy Menenhall, Juliette Palmer, Ella Purkey, Geraldine Stinson, and Mable Swanson.

A clever Hallowe'en Program was given on the last Wednesday of October. The Theta room was appropriately decorated with black cats and bats. The dimmed lights and ghostly forms added greatly to the spirit of Hallowe'en.

The program was as follows:

- Origin of Hallowe'en ..... Ruth Kennedy
- Hallowe'en on the Brocken ..... Frances Goehring
- Piano Duet ..... Evelyn Ahnquist, Nan Tuell
- Readings from Riley ..... Florence Maddock
- Spooks ..... Hilda Scheyer
- Ghosts I Have Seen ..... Extempo

"La Champ" exclusive one-pound package hand rolled Chocolates, 80c.

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 For All Occasions — Artistically Arranged.  
**H. W. MANIKE**  
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 6th Ave. and M St.      Phone Main 419



# Society

## ATTRACTIVE Y. W. C. A. TEA

The Sacajawea Club served as a pretty setting for the annual tea for the college women on October fourth. Old rose and green were used as a color motif—delicately tinted dahlias, greenery, and autumn leaves used in profusion throughout the rooms. Between the hours of three and five a pleasing program was given after which the afternoon was spent informally giving the girls an opportunity to meet the women of the advisory board who were the guests for the afternoon. Tea was served from a daintily appointed table artistically arranged with drooping old rose dahlias set off by the soft glow of tall stately candles. Several charming girls of the Y. W. C. A. cabinet in fluffy organdie frocks, assisted in serving.

## SOPHOMORE PARTY

A cleverly arranged party was given by the Sophomore class for the Freshmen on October seventh in the College gym. From invitations to refreshments the entire program carried out the idea "Smile." The walls were covered with original cartoons and pictures which irresistably drew smiles from the guests. The three uninvited guests in the guise of the greenest-of the little freshmen girls added to the merriment when they made their appearance about the middle of the evening. After a delicious supper the entire party adjourned to participate in a football parade to stir up enthusiasm for the game on the following day.

## SMART AMPHICTYON TEA

Miss Ethel Schuster assisted by several other girl friends was hostess at a delightfully appointed tea for several of the new freshmen girls on October nineteenth. The rooms were filled with yellow dahlias and greenery which carried a dainty color motif. Tea was served from an attractive tea table with Miss Helen Van Loon assisting the hostess.

A delightful motor trip to Bellingham was enjoyed by a group of girls and one lonely man from the College on the week-end of the game with Bellingham Normal. They were guests at the home of Miss Ethel May Storey. Miss Storey entertained at a delightful dinner party Saturday evening for a group of the C. P. S. football men. Sunday the party drove across the line into Canada. The party included the Misses Margaret Ohlson, Avril Isenhart, Anne Davis, Ethel May Storey and Edward Amende.

Miss Myrtle Warren entertained at her home on North Grant on October nineteenth at a dinner for the Scientists.

The girls at the Sacajawea Club were hostesses at a clever Hallowe'en party November the second.

Stanton Warburton motored to Portland last week-end, visiting with several old C. P. S. friends.

## DRAMATIC DEPARTMENT

THE Dramatic Department has not made a great deal of stir as yet this fall but preparations for a College Play as well as some smaller activities are well under way. The play reading committee consisting of Paul Snyder, Spencer Smith, Helen Brace, Wallace Scott, and Mat Thompson are responsible for the selection of a play this year and are ready to consider any suggestion of a play. If you have read, seen, or heard of a good play within the last seventy-five years or so, remember the committee.

To start the dramatic program for the year, the department is cooperating with the vice-president of the student body in planning a series of Student Assembly programs in which each society is to be responsible for the entertainment at one Student Assembly period. The program is to be along the line of dramatics, either by the use of a short play or a cutting or by the use of an original skit of some sort. The following dates have been given to the various societies:

## FROLICSOME FACULTY FATE

HAVE you heard the scandal? Well, it's only the faculty Hallowe'en party but wait until you hear the rest of it. A little girl dressed in the cutest rompers was there—with the darlinest yellow curls and white socks. And they say you could see her dimpled knees 'n everything. I can't believe it but I heard it was our own dignified DEAN. And Miss Crapser was a little yellow and black clown with the naughtiest feather duster that simply wouldn't behave. And Professor Slater—you'd never know him guised as a Wandering Lucas." There were Chinese and Turkish girls and spinsters and even a little boy with a Buster Brown collar and red tie. Of course there were ghosts and goblins to add to spirit of the evening.

The gaily festooned home of Mr. Hanawalt was of these frivolities on All Saint's Eve. Pumpkins and cornstalks were strewn in true Hallowe'en fashion throughout the dimly lighted rooms. Merriment was added to the evening by lively games and much munching of apples and drinking of cider thru stick candy. A delightful supper was served at a late hour which meant the end of a delicious good time ne'er to be forgotten.

Mr. Hanawalt attended the District Educational Association in Bellingham during the week-end of the twenty-fourth.

Mr. Kleopper's summer home was the scene of a jolly picnic and boating party in spite of the rain on the evening of October nineteenth. The guests participated in several new and original experiences during the course of the evening. Those present were the Misses Storey, Isenhart, Wheeler, and Messrs. Turley, Morrow, Amende, Thompson and Jones. Mrs. Ohlson was chaperone.

Miss Geraldine Stinson was the house-guest of Miss Ruth Kennedy during the Hallowe'en season.

Miss Balcke and Miss Crapser enjoyed a delightful trip to Seattle last week end, going over especially for the Standford-Washington game.

Dr. and Mrs. Edward H. Todd had for their week-end guests on the twenty-second, Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Hallen of Newport.

Miss Helen Brix entertained for a group of her college friends at her home on Saturday evening, October fifteenth. The guests were given opportunity to display both their artistic ability and their power of intellect in the original games which were played during the evening. A late supper was daintily served by the hostess assisted by several of her girl friends. The out-of-town guests were Miss Bernice Roach of Seattle and Mr. Charles Brady.

Always lunch at the Chocolate Shop.

H. C. S. ....	November 10
Theta .....	November 17
Philo .....	December 1
Amphictyon .....	December 8
Non-Society .....	December 15

## DRAMA CLASS PRESENTS "WILL 'O THE WISP"

THE students and faculty enjoyed a somewhat unique chapel program given Monday morning by the Drama class. After a group of vocal selections by Miss Rita Todd of the Conservatory of Music, a short one act play "The Will 'O the Wisp" was presented, featuring

The Country Woman .....	Mable Bloom
The White Faced Girl .....	Ruth Kennedy
The Poet's Wife .....	Evelyn Ahnquist
Nora, her maid .....	Ruby Tennant



## FRESHMAN NOTES

THE date for the Frosh-Sophomore party, which is to be a carnival, has been set for November 10th. It will be held in the gymnasium and the following committee is in charge: Matthew Thompson, Wilma Zediker, Anne Davis, Evelyn Ahnquist, Ted Raudebaugh and Lyle Lemly.

Basketball teams for the Freshman class are being formed. Wilma Zediker is Business Manager for the Girl's team and asks that all players turn out. Harley Natter is Business Manager of the boys' team and announces that he is arranging a schedule for several out of town games. The following boys have signed up: Amende, Backus, Bieson, Blanton, Chowning, Danstrom, Fisher, Gordon, Haganess, Hinton, Hoyer, Hayes, Huseby, Jones, Laakso, Mackey, Mathis, McAnnally, Morrow, Newell, Notter, Sicade, Smith, Stiles and Turley. All are turning out at present with the exception of the football players. They are succeeding in organizing two teams so far: The Cowlitz County and the Tacoma team.

The Frosh are supporting school activities loyally. They are turning out for glee club and athletics and all work together.

— o —

## SOPHOMORE JABBER

NOTHING much really exciting has happened to us "Sophs" besides getting kicked out of the Library and called down for not going to Chapel. We seem to be happy and healthy in spite of it all.

We have held regular meetings and our President, Harold Fretz, is getting some pep in us all.

Plans are working for the banquet, and the Freshmen had better watch out or they will be left behind in our dust.

We are going to clean up on everybody in basketball from the looks of things. Harold Fretz is organizing the boys and Helen Brix is in charge of the girls' team. Get out of our way, everybody, we're on our way.

There has been great excitement among us watching the Freshmen at the various rushing parties. Remember how we felt, gang, when we were being rushed?

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## SCIENCE CLUB

THE Science Club held its first meeting of the year on October 25, with Elmer Carlson as host. Dinner was served at the Ladies' Dormitory, after which the men adjourned to the living room for their program and business meeting.

On account of the death of our President, Edward Longstreth, election of a new president was held and Mr. Kinch was elected.

Mr. Fretz and Mr. Amende were elected to membership in the club, which now consists of: Clyde Kinch, Anton Erp, Newell Stone, Frank Brooks, Elmer Carlson, and Max Vaughn.

We are looking forward to a good year with hopefulness and pleasure, and expect to gain a great deal along the line of scientific research through our work in the Club.

## Y. M. C. A. NOTES

## Body - Mind - Spirit

WITH this aim in view the Y. M. C. A. is actively engaged in a program that is to include all the men in school. The successful completion of the membership drive is the first step toward the realization of this aim.

Through the cooperation of the Tacoma Y. M. C. A., members of the college association may obtain student memberships for five dollars. This should be an inducement to join the college "Y."

The room at the right of the Trail room is being fitted up for a "Y" office. With a real office all its own the association will be able to carry on its work more efficiently than ever before. Watch for the opening date.

The Tuesday meetings in Prof. Kelley's room should have the interest and cooperation of every man in the college. The speakers and meetings are worth while, and constructive. Let us see you at the next meeting.

Plans are under way for a retreat to be held some time in November, which will be announced later. The memory of last year's retreat is still with us, and the forthcoming one will be even more enjoyable than the previous one.

— o —

## Y. W. C. A. NOTES

NOW that the membership drive is practically over, the Y. W. C. A. is settling down in earnest to the carrying out of the year's program. The meetings so far have been marked by interesting programs and large attendances.

On October 6 we held a candle service at which time the new girls were formally received into the organization. On October 18 the Advisory Board conducted the regular Y. W. C. A. meeting. The different ladies of the board conducted separate parts of the program, which was both entertaining and helpful.

There are still many girls in school who have not joined our organization, and concentrated effort is being made to enlarge our membership and bring it as near our one-hundred per cent ideal as possible.

— o —

"La Champ" five-cent candy bars, best by test.

Reserve, free of charge, private Balcony for your parties.

SILVER MOON

917 Broadway

## Alumni

BY the time you have finished this article you will believe the statement made last month. The Alumni of this school either teach school or get married. Most of them choose the lesser of the two evils.

From the far off land of North Dakota we hear from Effie Huff, who is teaching in Des Laces. Coming a little nearer home, we find Marion Meyers, who is in Idaho.

Not all of our alumni are teaching, however, for Henry Craemer is still searching for the elusive, in the form of knowledge, and is pursuing his studies at Columbia University.

Lewis Cruver has a herd of youngsters under his care at the University Place School, where he is principal. We all expect to see some great debaters come from that school, at least if he argues with them the way he used to at the Boys' Dorm.

The Trail's humor man of last year, in the shape of Charles Brady, is teaching the children of Ashford to read and write.

— o —

The Misses Greta Miller and Katherine Anderson were guests in Tacoma recently visited with their college friends.

Miss Florence Todd spent last week with her sister Mrs. Carl Gustavus Hallen at her attractive country home on Vashon Island.

Start the year right and keep sweet the year through with

ORIOLE HONOR CANDY

Brown & Haley



### SCIENTIFICIANS

ON October 20 the Scientists met at the home of Myrtle Warren for the second regular meeting of the year. Infantile Paralysis was the subject of the evening's discussion. Margaret Ohlson gave a paper on "The Nature of Infantile Paralysis Itself" and Theima Bastler reported on "The Treatment of Infantile Paralysis." Following the program, the new members received their initiation. Miss Balke was the honor guest of the evening.

### DEBATE NOTES

AT a meeting held October 10 the charter members of the Debate Club adopted the final draft of the constitution and agreed that the official name of the club shall be the Delta Sigma Club.

The Club extends a cordial invitation to all students who are interested in this vital phase of student life to attend its meetings which are held on the third Wednesday evening of every month.

### YAKIMA VALLEY CLUB

THE members of the Yakima Valley Club with a number of friends enjoyed an informal picnic at Mrs. Hovious's cottage on Steilacoom Lake, Thursday evening October 20. Altho several members of the party were somewhat late in arriving, we'll say "a very good time was had by all."

### STUDENTS! TAKE NOTICE!

The line of St. Helens exclusive shops gained an addition in the opening of the Sweum's China Gift and Song Shop! The store is owned and managed by Raymond S. Sweum. Orders are taken for hand painted China, China mending and expert firing. In the Song Shop they are handling the latest song hits direct from Eastern publishers. People of Tacoma will be glad to note that the musician is Miss Edith Nordstrom. Every Saturday afternoon a little colored boy in uniform sings in a clever way the new songs as they arrive.

—Adv.—

### COLOR POST EXERCISES

THE Annual Color Post exercises, wherein the Freshman class formally becomes a part of the student body, were held September 13th. After a short history of the Color Post by Dean Cunningham, the 1921 side of the post was presented to the Freshman class by Mr. Sprague, a representative of the class of 1921. Matt Thompson, president of the Freshman class made a short speech of acceptance in behalf of the class of 1925.

In spite of the unusually bad weather, much enthusiasm was shown by the various classes which were assembled on their respective sides of the post. A short pep session was held in the chapel directly after.

### PRIZES AWARDED FOR TICKET SELLING

AFTER a lively pep session last Thursday morning, prizes were awarded by Athletic Manager Frank Brooks for the persons and committees having sold the most season foot-ball tickets. The football went to Ernest Ross, and the chairmen of the committees who received the candy were Matt Thompson, Ed. Newell, Mid. Forsberg, and Helen Murland.

### SACAJAWEA NOTES

THE efforts of Sacajawea, one and all, are at present concentrated on the Hallowe'en party to be given Wednesday evening, November 2. The Sacajawea Club has the reputation for giving parties that are the real thing and this one will prove no exception to the rule except to be better and peppier and more unusual.

We are sorry to have lost five of our members during the past month: Mildred Oaks and Almaire King have set up a housekeeping establishment and Estella Peterson and Jennie Newton have gone to Miss Stringer's. Ermine Warren was obliged to leave the Dorm on account of illness.

However, in spite of this loss we are glad to welcome to our midst Gladys Trew who is in the campaign office.

We are pained to report that recently when Marjorie Anderson went shopping for some little bells, the salesman showed her a rattle.

A number of Sacajawea girls motored to Bellingham for the game and were guests there at the home of Ethel Storrey. No, you're mistaken, they weren't the hoodoos.

### Do Your Holiday Buying Early

Reduced prices on Diamonds, Silverware, Watches, Pearls, Cut Glass, Clocks and Jewelry.

New lines of merchandise of the highest quality.

## Burnett Bros.

Tacoma's Leading Jewelers

932 Broadway

### GLEE CLUBS

UNDER the able directions of Professor Johnson of the Conservatory of Music, both Glee Clubs are doing commendable work. The Men's Glee Club made its first appearance before the student body last Thursday. Their selection, "The Pirate Chief" was received with wild enthusiasm, especially by the feminine members of the audience. The Girls' Glee Club, which appeared in Chapel a few days later, was also well received.

With the amount of interest that is being shown at the present time, there is no reason why we should not turn out two first class Glee Clubs by the middle of the year, with which we'll make folks sit up and listen.

### GIRL'S GLEE

THE Girls' Glee Club is now fully organized, and many plans are on foot for the year. The girls have been practising faithfully and have rendered one selection in chapel. The roll totals forty-five girls, and all classes are well represented.

The officers are: Ellena Hart President; Miriam Kloeppel, Vice-President; Wilma Zediker, Secretary; and Lucile Zirzman, Librarian.

Between meals or for dessert, "La Champ" Big Chief  
5c Candy Bar.

Orders for hand painted China.

We handle the finest staple grades of China, such as the Haviland and Bavarian.

Expert firing.

China mending.

Parchment lamp shades.

Snappy song hits direct from Eastern publishers.

Drop in and hear some numbers.

Open Saturday evenings until 9 o'clock.

## Sweum's China Gift and Song Shop

708 St. Helens



# Exchange

Bellingham Normal is unique among schools of its size, in the amount of its Student Loan Fund. Beginning with a nucleus of \$400 donated by the graduating class of 1904, the fund has constantly grown until at present \$15,000 is at the disposal of Dr. Nash and a faculty committee to loan to deserving students. The limit any student may draw is \$200.  
—The Weekly Messenger.

— o —

First Junior—Why do girls wear hair nets?  
Second Junior—To keep the little rats from drowning in the marsel waves.

—Palouse High School Booster.

— o —

The chief merit of a postage stamp is that it sticks to one thing till it gets there.—The things a man ought to be are often crushed beneath the things he is. Christ calls out this latent possibility and gives power to attain it.—To notice the faults of others and to talk about them means a daily loss of power. To notice the good points of others, and imitate them, means a daily gain of strength.

—The Review.

In the University of Washington, the Sophomore men wear corduroy trousers, the Juniors wear Stetson hats, and the Seniors wear puttees.

We are a little afraid to ask what the Freshmen wear.

—The Ubysey.

— o —

What is the most valuable thing in life? If you don't know you had better find out. Locate yourself and start to live an open, useful life. Find out the real and relative value of all things, then you know good from bad.

—Cushman Boomerang.

— o —

Prof. (in Agriculture Class): "What do you understand by borough?"

Sleepy Student: "A small mule, Professor."

—The Weekly Messenger.

— o —

If you can't be a pine on the top of the hill,

Be a scrub in the valley, but be

The best little scrub by the side of the hill,

Be a brush if you can't be a tree.

If you can't be the sun, be a star,

But the best little booster wherever you are.—Exchange.

## THEY CALL IT POETRY

He stood on the bridge at midnight,  
Interrupting my sweet repose,  
For he was a large mosquito  
And the bridge, the bridge of my nose.

— o —

On a mule we find two hind legs,  
And two we find before,  
But we stand behind before we find  
What the two behind be-for.

— o —

## AS THE GIRLS SING 'EM

"Feather Your Nest"

When we've a date  
We powder our nose,  
And when they're late  
We powder our nose,  
When we're out dining  
We feel it shining  
Like the old silver lining  
So we go and powder our nose.  
When we're out shopping  
We powder our nose,  
And when we're hopping  
We powder our nose,  
We keep them waiting  
To be fascinating  
Go powder your nose.

## MISTAKES AND COME BACKS

When a plumber makes a mistake he charges twice for it.

When a lawyer makes a mistake he has a chance to try the case over again.

When a carpenter makes a mistake it is just what he expected.

When a doctor makes a mistake, he buries it.

When a judge makes a mistake it becomes a law of the land.

When a preacher makes a mistake nobody knows the difference.

But when an editor makes a mistake—GOOD NIGHT!

— o —

A man is just like a worm; he is born, crawls around awhile, and then he is picked up by some chicken.

— o —

Prof Hanawalt: "What is a polygon?"

Eddie R.: "A polygon is a dead parrot."

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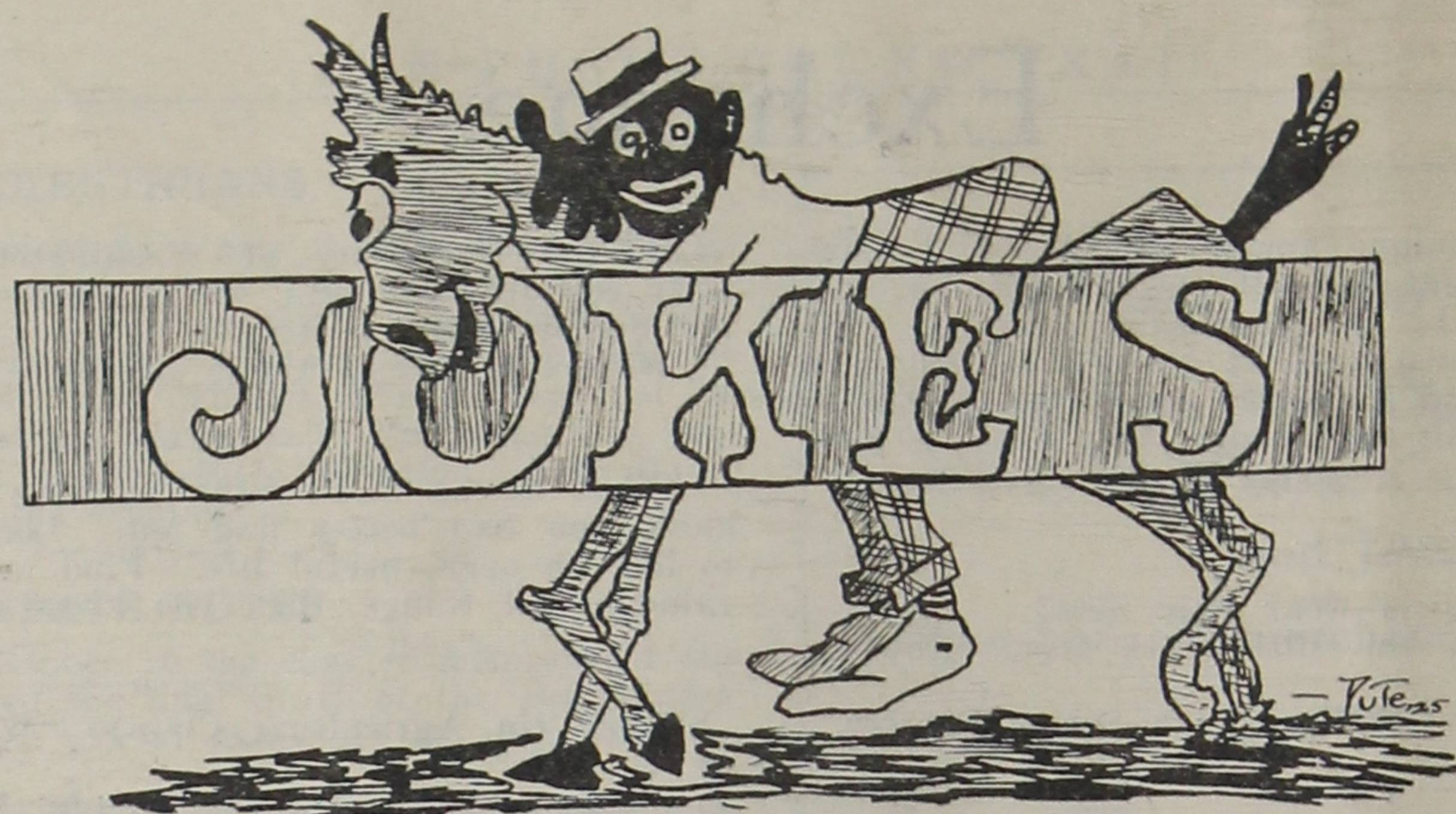
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NOTE—Don't have your jokes printed; just hand the editor the films so he can see through them.

### A HUMOROUS POEM

I've got a cute little dog,  
He's a wise, frolicsome pup,  
For he can stand on his hind legs  
If you hold his front ones up.

Prof.: "Take the ant, for example. It is a very busy animal, works hard all day, and in the end what happens?"  
33333: "Somebody steps on it."

History Prof.: "I prefer that you do not use any black coloring on your maps."  
Clever Student: "How about the Black Sea?"

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself has said,  
As he banged his shin against the bed:  
"!\*æ—?(;\*æ) (\$@\*—!\*æ—!\*—æ@!

Congressman: "Want a job, eh? What can you do?"  
Constituent: "Nothing."  
Congressman: "Sorry, but all those high salaried jobs are taken. You must wait for a vacancy."  
—Evansville Sagas.

Anton Erp (peevishly): "Say are you laughing at me?"  
Freshie: "No, sir."  
Anton: "I think you are; I don't see anything else to laugh at."

The Senior thinks himself just fine,  
The Junior comes not far behind,  
The Sophomore is the slickest yet,  
But the Freshman is the one best bet.

### WHAT'S THE USE

Weep and you are a baby,  
Laugh and you are a fool;  
Yield and you are a coward;  
Stand and you are called a mule;  
Smile and they call you silly,  
Frown and they call you gruff;  
Put on a front like a millionaire—  
And some guys call you a bluff.  
—Exchange.

Friend (viewing picture): "How realistic! I makes my mouth water."  
Artist: "A sunset makes your mouth water?"  
Friend: "Bless me! I thought it was a fried egg."  
—Tidbits.

"Pop what are the silent watches of the night."  
"They are the ones their owners forgot to wind, my son."

Three reasons why I believe that all women are angels:  
1. They are always up in the air.  
2. They are always harping on something.  
3. They are always in need of clothes.

Prof. Davis (taking out his watch): "What time does this period begin?"  
Frosh (sleepily): "264 B. C."

### FACTS WORTH KNOWING

Being able to keep out of jail doesn't necessarily mean that you have a through ticket to heaven.

It's a peculiar transition to see four or five swallows turn into a lark.

The company you dodge is as important as the company you keep.

The earth is often designated as "she" because no man knows the age thereof.

Did you ever notice the hotter the day is, the longer the sun shines?

Rubber will stretch but truth is not of the same substance.

Few horses run backwards.

You are not expected to love your neighbor as he loves himself.

Insomnia is one thing and a night mare is another. Eat lobsters and take your choice.

If a woman declines to tell her age, give her time; time will tell.

As long as you are on the level there is no danger that you will slide down hill.

Dead men tell no tales—and dead dogs wag none.

Ones does not have to be a botanist to recognize a bloomin' idiot.

Glass will frequently break if dropped on the floor.  
Spencer Smith '25.

### WHAT'S THIS

Shee-kow was an Indian maid,  
Boom ta-ta, boom ta-ta, boom ta-ta, boom  
She was loved by a sharp young blade,  
Boom ta-ta, boom ta-ta, boom ta-ta, boom.  
She gomakum goo-goo eye,  
He go skalum other guy,  
She go makum Skalpum dye,  
Boom ta-ta, boom ta-ta, boom ta-ta, boom.

22222: "D'ye know Mac fell in the river on the way home last night?"  
33333: "Ye dinna mean to say he was drowned?"  
22222: "Not drowned, but sadly diluted."



UP TO DATE DEFINITIONS

1. Home Brew—Mixture of anything and everything, filtered and fused with a great deal.

Average composition— Water 60%, Raisins 10%, Yeast and insoluble matter 7%, Hops 15%, Unaccounted for 8%, Kick 0%.

- 2. Profiteering—Refined term for highway robbery.
- 3. High Prices—Reason given for high skirts.
- 4. High Skirts—Reason given for high prices.

— o —

Same old address, Chocolate Shop, 908 Broadway.

— o —

President: "The stenographer is going to marry the book-keeper."

Secretary: "I'm not surprised. I never saw such a girl for making mistakes."

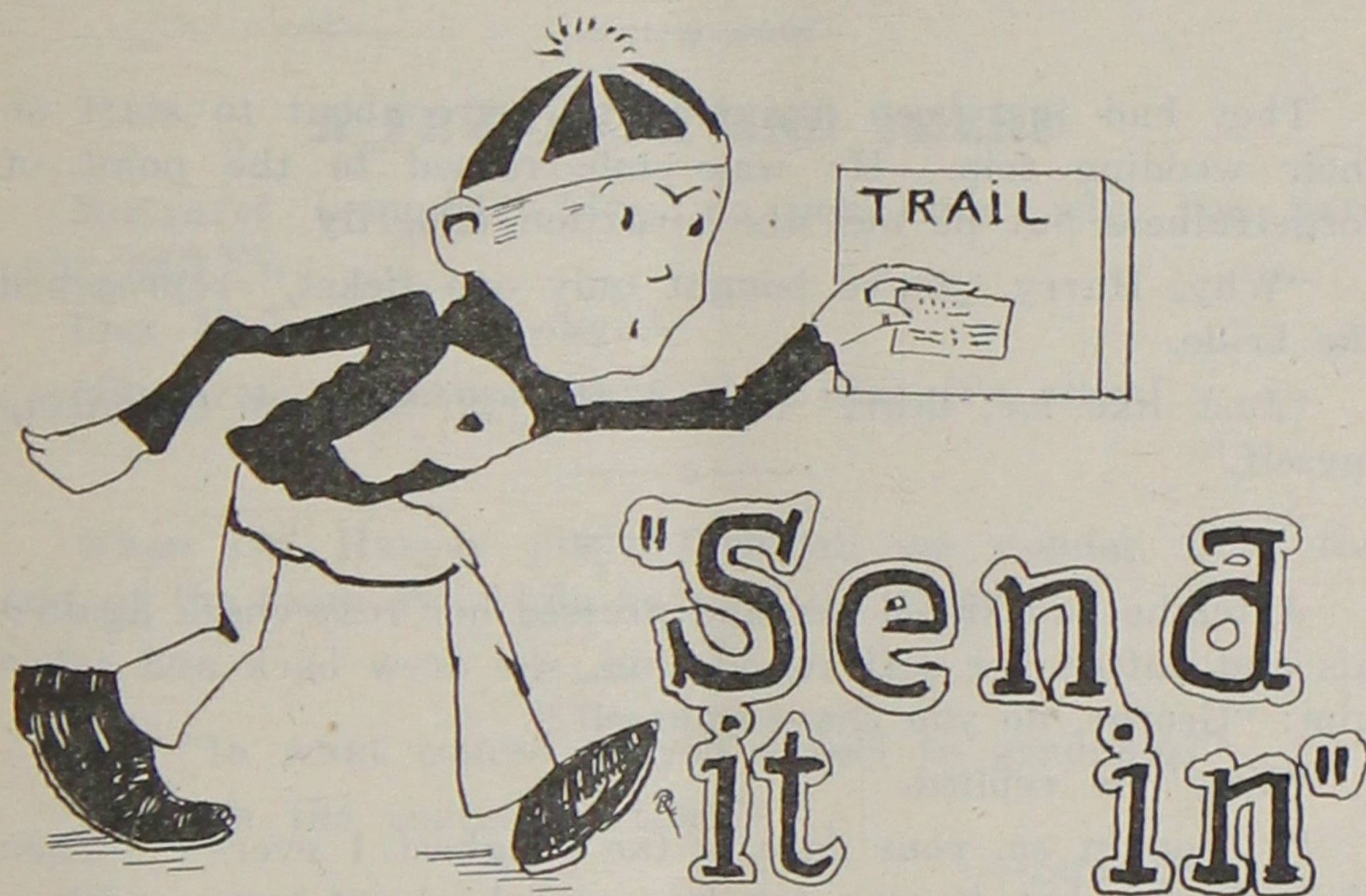
Tom (answering the civil service examination): "What is steam?"

"Steam is water that has gone crazy with the heat."

— o —

22222: "She sure has a pretty waist."

33333: "There's no way of getting around it."



If you have a bit of news,  
Send it in;  
Or a joke that will amuse  
Send it in;  
A story that is new  
An incident that's true,  
We want to hear from you—  
Send it in.

Never mind about the style,  
If the news is worth the while  
It will help or cause a smile,

SEND IT IN!

SAY  
**PYRAMID FLOUR**  
TO YOUR GROCER  
IT GETS RESULTS

IMPORTANT

Prof: "I want you to be perfectly free to ask questions."  
Fresh (timidly): "Who's your tailor?"

— o —

Those who have observed humanity closely are always able to pick out the married man. He is the one with dandruff on his coat collar.

— o —

22222: "Young man, didn't your conscience tell you you were doing wrong?"

33333: "I don't believe everything I hear."

Elbert Hubbard (author) Said:  
"Art is a matter of necktie and haircut."  
You know where to get the haircut.  
You Know?  
**PARK BARBER SHOP**  
Roy D. Russell 817 Division Ave.

22222: "How is Jack coming along at school?"

33333: "He flunked the first semester."

22222: "How come?"

33333: "He pulled a bone in front of the Prof."

22222: "And the the second semester?"

33333: "He passed easily, he pulled fifty bones in front of the Prof."

**CONNIE CO-ED**

There are speakers who use  
the "famous seven",

There are speakers with  
clever repartee,  
But the speaker who bores  
us to extinction,

Ne savent pas le mot  
"cela suffit."

R. S.





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Fair Girl: "What was the row in class this morning?"

The Girl: "I was slow in reciting, and the Prof. told me to shake a leg."

Fair One: "What of that?"

The Other: "Well, I shook a leg, and he excused me from recitation."

— o —

22222: "We're going to hit eighty in a minute! Are you afraid?"

33333 (swallowing much dust): "No, indeed, I'm full of grit."

— o —

22222: "That woman's hose makes me think of a ball game."

33333: "How come?"

22222: "One down and a runner on second for the Sox."

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Tacoma Hotel

If the night is dark and cosy

Don't it make a fellow blue

To hear the lights flick out upstairs

And papa drop his shoe?

— o —

Always lunch at the Chocolate Shop.

— o —

A meat market delivery boy was delivering a rabbit to a customer. He had the address of the house in one hand and the live rabbit by the hind legs in the other. About half way there the rabbit broke away and started running around in circles. A passing pedestrian asked the cause of all his mirth and he rejoined:

"See that rabbit running around out there?"

"Yes."

"Well, he don't know where he is going. I've got the address here in my hand."

DON'T throw away that pair of shoes.

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1108 Sixth, near K St.

In days gone by a maiden's eye

Fell modestly and shyly

If she met by chance a man's bold glance.

Demureness rated highly.

But nowadays we've changed our ways

The cynics murmur dryly,

The boy's gaze drops to stocking tops—

Demurely? No—just shyly.

— o —

She: "The only men I kiss are my brothers."

He: "What lodge do you belong to?"

— o —

A candy special every day at the Chocolate Shop.

— o —

They had just been married and were about to start on their wedding trip. He was embarrassed to the point of forgetfulness but he met the situation expertly.

"Why, Harry, you've bought only one ticket," reproached the bride.

"Just like me, dear," flashed Harry; "always forgetting myself."

— o —

After he had kissed her and pressed her rosy cheek against his and patted her soft round chin, she drew back and asked him: "George, do you shave yourself?"

"Yes," he replied.

"I thought so, your face is the roughest I ever—" Then she stopped, but it was too late and he went away with a lump in his throat.

— o —

"Have you ever been married?" asked the judge.

"Ye-es," stammered the prisoner.

"To whom?"

"A woman sir," answered the guilty one.

"Of course it was a woman," snapped the judge, "Did you ever hear of anyone marrying a man?"

"Yes, sir," said the prisoner brightly, "my sister did."

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**QUITE SO**

"The Brown's named their boy after Julius Caesar."

"Why the crazy idea! What did they do that for?"

"Because he was born too late for them to name him before him."

— o —

"And why have you never married?" asked Stan. "Are you a woman hater?"

"Oh, my no," replied Schiebler. "You see I don't want to make about a thousand girls miserable just to make one happy."

— o —

Did you ever think much about reincarnation?

Think about it? I eat it nearly every day, only we call it hash.

— o —

Ev. Stiles (to his Sunday School teacher): "You know I think the day the prodigal son came back must have been an awful slippery day."

"Why is that?"

"Because the Bible says when his father came out to welcome him he fell on his neck."

— o —

**A FEW HERE AND THERE**

Margaret Lemmon: "Say, do you know why you part your hair?"

Inez Mickey: "No, why?"

Margaret: "Because every block has it's alley."

— o —

When Dr. Harvey played football we wonder what the rest of the team did while he used the field.

— o —

'22: "In what course do you expect to graduate?"

'21: "In the course of time."

—Sun Dodger.

— o —

Ray: "You wouldn't call for help, would you, if I tried to kiss you?"

K. T.: "Do you need any?"

— o —

Could you eat a ton of candy? Try it some time.

Chocolate Shop, 908 Broadway.

— o —

**ACROBATIC**

Irate Wife: "And how did you get that cut on your forehead?"

Envied Gent.: "Musta—hic—bit myself."

Irate Wife: "Gwan! How could you bite yourself up there?"

Envied Gent.: "I guesh I musta stood on a chair."

—Sun Dodger.

— o —

**ITEM—REGENEALOGY**

Fire Fly: "It seems to me you mosquitos are of a very cheap stock."

Mosquito: "You may think so, but we've got some of the best blood of the country in our veins."

Remember the Thanksgiving Hostess.

"Say It With Flowers"

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**SEEN ON THE FRONT PAGE OF A GEOLOGY**

"He who steals my Geology steals trash." Is that so Dr. Harvey?

— o —

Esther: "Do you want to hear some music?"

Turley: "Yes."

Esther: "Well, then listen to the band on your hat."

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A quiet and proper young lady

To the ball game went with her man.

She was cool—he was hot and excited—

But then, she sat next to a fan.

— o —

He (dreamily): "We will go to the country and live in a little love nest."

She: "I don't think I could stay in any nest with a bad egg."

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**WORSE**

The worried countenance of the bridegroom disturbed the best man. Tip toeing up the aisle he whispered:

"What's the matter, Jack- Hae ye lost the ring?"

"No." busted out the unhappy Jack. "The ring is safe enough, but mon, I've lost my enthusiasm."

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### THE ORIGIN

Fifi: "Wonder where the game of poker originated?"

Toodle too: "In the time of Noah. He stacked the deck with pairs."

— o —

"My good man, you better take a trolley car home."

"Shs' no ushe! My wife wouldn't let me—hic—keep it in the houshe."

— o —

Candy by the ton or candy by the dime's worth.

Chocolate Shop, 908 Broadway.

— o —

Paul: "Did you take her home?"

Stone: "No, I only had a second mortgage on it."

— o —

Atlas could never have carried the world had he fixed his mind on the size of it.

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### FROM A NORTH DAKOTA NEWSPAPER

It is reported that one of the fastidious newly married ladies of this town kneads bread with her gloves on.

This incident maybe somewhat peculiar,—but there are others:

The editor of this paper needs bread with his shoes on;

The needs bread with his shirt on;

He needs bread with his pants on;

And unless some of the delinquent subscribers to the "Old Flag of Freedom" pony up before long, he will need bread without a darn thing on—and North Dakota is no Garden of Eden in the winter time.

— o —

### OBLIGATORY

Cholly: "Is Peggy a careful dresser?"

Willie: "She has to be. She wears so little clothes that she doesn't dare take any chances."

—American Legion.

— o —

A retentive memory may be a good thing, but the ability to forget is the true token of greatness.

— o —

"A grpaefruit is a lemon that had a chance and took advantage of it."

— o —

Today is the tomorrow that you worried about yesterday and it never happened.

— o —

Sometimes when Fate kicks us and we finally land and look around, we find that we have been kicked upstairs.

— o —

The man who keeps his friends is the one who never gives them away.

### THE PIKER

(Continued from page 4)

I looked at the big car that was standing just next to my useless bike, and I thought of Swat all bunged up away out there.

There wasn't any choice in the matter. I jumped into that machine, started her up, got out of the alley, and then let her go full clip! That car had power, and she just swallowed up those fifteen miles like they were so much air.

I turned off into the little side road that led to Johnson's, and brought up in front of his gate. Jumping out, I ran up on the porch and knocked. When he came to the door I didn't waste any time.

"Where is who, lad?" asked Johnson.

"Why, Swat Franklyn, of course—the boy who got hurt!" I didn't see the sense of mulling over it and taking up time that way.

"I don't think I get your meaning. Somebody got hurt, you say?"

"Of course!" I was getting mad now. "You called me up and told me to come out here and get Swat, who'd been in a fight with some motorboat thieves. For heaven's sake stop the palaver and let me see him, now I'm here!"

"I'm sorry, boy," said Henry Johnson, "but there's a mistake somewhere. I don't know anything about your friend or your motorboat, and I haven't called anybody up."

"Then what—who the dickens—" It had me floored. I couldn't see through it.

"Perhaps if you went down to the boathouse you might find out something there," he suggested, real friendly and kind. "And if there is anything I can do to help, let me know."

I went down to the boathouse, feeling kind of dazed. I

found it looking perfectly natural, and inside it the "Let—Er—Kip" was lying just like I had left her. I took a good look all around, and then I saw a piece of paper sticking to her bow.

I pulled it off and read it. "Dear Old Bach," it said. "Hope you're enjoying the lecture. Also your own good company. And when you want to go on a boating party you can just flock by yourself."

That was all—no signature nor anything. I was hot all over. If Swat Franklin had the idea that was a good joke he could go hang himself to a telephone pole. I was through with any chap who would play a yellow dog trick like that on his own pal, who hadn't done a blooming thing to him. And if Swat didn't want his half of the motorboat any more that was a swell way to tell a fellow.

I went outside and locked up and stamped through the mud back to Johnson's.

"It was just a joke," I said, short and sour—like. Sorry I troubled you."

"Some folks have queer ideas of jokes," said Johnson. "Better be careful about your car out there. It's a bad place to turn."

He was sure right about it's being a bad place to turn. The mud was that sticky, oozy kind that just hangs on like a lobster, and the car was a heavy one. I wasn't used to driving a big machine like that and in spite of being careful I got stuck.

It took the best part of an hour, with Henry Johnson helping me, to get that thing out. And when at last I got her on a decent road again she was a messy looking sight, I'll tell the world.



I took that car home to our own garage, turned the hose on her, filled up her gasoline tank and attended to various other little jobs that had to be done before she was in proper order again. And when I finally got through it wasn't late but it was early.

I went to the house and hit the hay, feeling like something the cat dragged in.

In the morning I was going to go down and look up the license number, and see whose car it was. I had just got a couple of blocks from home, when I saw Telstrum, the botany teacher—the kids call him Tantrum—crossing just ahead of me. He got a good look at me and I thought his eyes would pop out of his head. Then he pranced up to the car and barked, "Young man, if you know what is best for you, you'll take that car right back where you got it."

"Just what I was going to do," I remarked, and drove on. It wasn't exactly what I had planned, but he was watching to see which way I went, and if he knew something about it I'd better get it off my hands as quick as I could.

I might have known I was headed for trouble for as soon as I reached my roll room the teacher told me I was wanted at the office.

When I got there, there sat Mr. Hall, the principal, and Tantrum, both looking like grim death.

"I have just heard," Mr. Hall started off, "the unpleasant news that you are responsible for the theft, last night, of my car."

The principal's car! Jumping Jehosophat! I could see my finish right there.

"I didn't steal it," I said, like a nut, "I just borrowed it."

The principal smiled what wasn't a smile. "We will not argue that point," he said. "The fact remains that you took someone else's property without his permission or knowledge. Your actions require an explanation. We are ready to hear that explanation now."

"Well," I began, "I had to reach a certain place in a hurry, and my motorcycle wouldn't run, so I took your car instead."

"Rather an incomplete story, Stewart," Mr. Hall said. "You will kindly tell us why you needed to reach that place."

All of a sudden I remembered hearing Nell say at dinner the night before that Swat had taken one of her girl friends down town to a show in the afternoon after school. Then he must have played hookey from school in order to get out to the boathouse to leave that note. And if I told the whole thing he would get called on the carpet for truancy. It would be just what was coming to him, I thought at first—but right afterwards I reminded myself that it wasn't his fault I was in a pickle like this—it was my own, for forgetting the gas in my motorbike. Swat hadn't figured on anything of this kind, and besides, he had been a good chum of mine for a long time.

"We are waiting for that reason," reminded the principal sternly.

I looked at him straight. "I can't tell you that," I said, slow and calm.

Naturally he didn't like that. And Tantrum, I could see, was just about ready to explode.

"Oh, you can't?" said Mr. Hall. "I wonder if it would make any difference with you if I should say that unless you do tell us that reason you will be expelled from school?"

That was a stagger blow. But I wasn't going to show the white feather.

"No sir, it would not," I answered.

He didn't say anything for a minute. He drummed on the table with his hand for a little. Then he looked up at me and said, "I am sorry you said that, Stewart. But—" here he looked just about human, "I am going to be unusually lenient and give you a chance to reconsider that statement. You may have the coming two days in which to think it over. If at the end of that time you have not chosen to avail yourself of the opportunity I am giving you, the result will be as I have already said."

"Yes, sir," I replied.

"That is all, Stewart." And I got out of there.

The next two days were fierce. Some of the fellows tried to pump me at first, but when I gave them to understand I wasn't telling anything they shut up like clams and sent me to Coventry.

And Nell had guessed half of it and kept pestering me with questions until I told her the whole thing knowing she'd find out anyhow. I don't know how she does it, but she always seems to know all about everything that ever happens, so she'd as well be told first as last.



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When I got to the part about Swat and the boathouse I noticed she had a queer look on her face.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"Nothing. I was just thinking," said Nell. "Go on with the rest of it." And so I did.

"Well, the afternoon of the second day came at last, and I had a call to the office.

"Here's where the funeral service is read," I said to myself as I reached the principal's door.

When I got inside, if there weren't Swat Franklin and Mary Redell lined up, sitting one on each side of the principal's desk!

"Sit down," said Mr. Hall in a pleased voice.

I found a chair, wondering why in thunder he had to let those two kids watch me get fired.

"Now, Franklin," continued the principal, "tell just where you were from noon until eight P. M. on Tuesday."

And then Swat started talking. He came to school as usual in the afternoon, he said, and right afterward went home, got the roadster; came back and took Ruth Cartwright down to the Occidental Theater; brought her home at five-thirty; ran the car into dad's garage, and went in to a six o'clock dinner. At a quarter past seven he left home and started for the schoolhouse, stopping on his way at the drug store just three blocks off. As he entered the door he heard my name called, and stopped and listened. He heard Dan Kennedy in the telephone booth giving the exact message I had received, that night, at the pie-shop! He heard it through, then ran for the school to see if he could stop me, but he was half a block away when he saw me turn the corner in the principal's car and swing out along the boulevard.

"All very good," said Mr. Hall. "Now, Mary, it's your turn."

And then Mary told about going around to the pie-shop Mrs. Graham had unexpected company to dinner, she said and there were some boys out in front talking. She couldn't help hearing what they said, and one of them promised to see that I was at the pie-shop at the right time; another said he would take care of the other end of the phone; then two more boys rode up on a motorcycle and said they had attended to the old boat, and maybe after this I'd know enough not to butt in on any more launch parties. That was all she had heard.

When she finished Mr. Hall was smiling all over like a collie dog. He got off some kind of a speech about extreme conditions requiring extreme measures, and that I was entirely justifiable and could consider myself reinstated, and wound up by saying he had found two extra gallons of gasoline in his car.

Well, I had been seeing things pretty fast, and when the three of us got out into the hall, I felt it was up to me to square myself with Swat, if I could.

"I guess you've got a swell opinion of me," I said, "for thinking what I did about you. I was a doddering old idiot, and you've certainly helped me out of a beastly hole."

"I have a swell opinion of you," said Swat. "If I had been hurt, and if I had played hookey—But you'd better tell that last to Nell."

Mary held out something to him. "Isn't this yours?" she asked. Swat took it and turned it over. It was his boathouse key!

"I saw one of the boys drop it when he threw away a chewing gum wrapper," she explained. "I went out afterward and picked it up."

"Say," I said to Mary as Swat hotfooted it down the hall, "do you know you're an absolute wonder?"

Mary laughed. "Tell that to Nell," she said, just like Swat had done.

"Nell's all right, but you're a wonder just the same," I repeated, noticing what classy eyes she had. "How about the opera Saturday night?"

"I'm working for my board," said Mary, "but I'll see if I can get off."

Well, she did. And I had just reached the sidewalk after seeing her to the door of the Graham house on the night of the opera, when Nell came along with a bunch of her friends.

"Girls!" she cried, grabbing me by the arm. "Behold a transformed being! He who was a piker is a piker no more!"

And then they all laughed as though they thought she had really said something. But I don't see how they get that way.

Because Mary, you see—well, Mary is different.



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