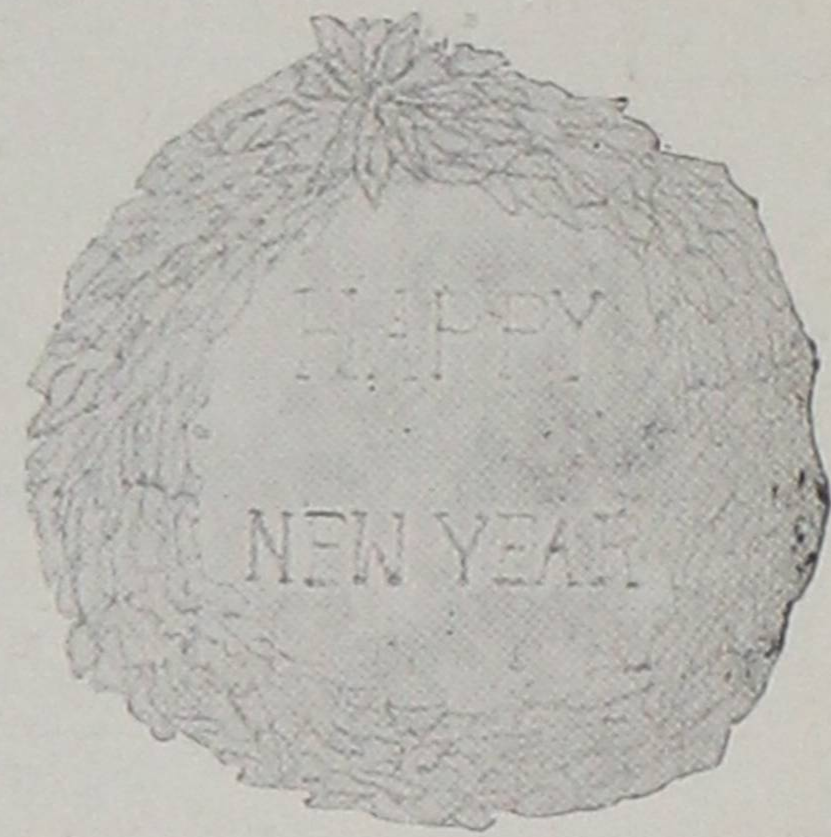
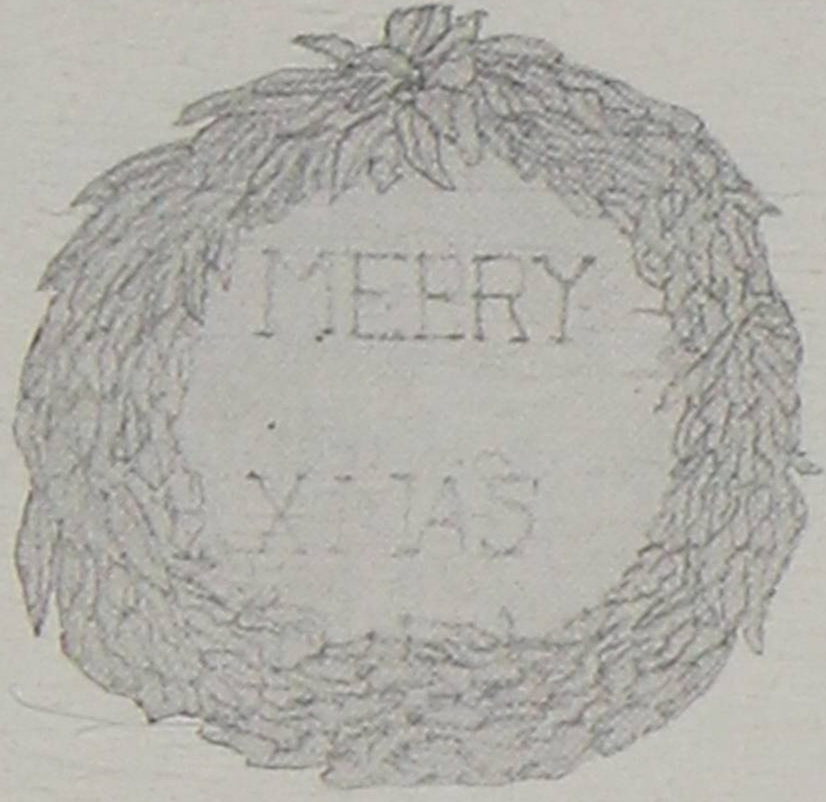


Dec 1921

# THE TRAIL



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DECEMBER

1921

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VOL. XI

Tacoma, Wash., Dec., 1921

No. 3

Published monthly, from October to May, by the Associated Students of the College of Puget Sound. The purpose of the Trail is to give expression to the intellectual and literary life of the undergraduates and to provide a field for the thoughtful discussion of questions relating to the College. In the realization of this purpose the Trail cordially invites the co-operation of students, alumni and faculty. Contributions should be addressed to the Editor, or may be left either in the Trail Box or in the editorial room. The terms of subscription are \$1.50 a year. Single copies are on sale at the book store at 20c or may be obtained from the Business Manager.

For advertising rates see the Business Manager.

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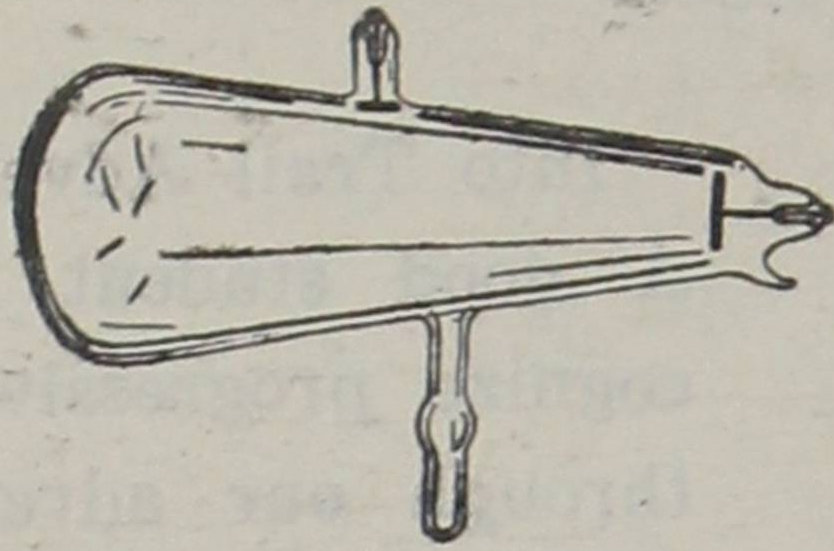
Hilda Scheyer

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





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SIR James Mackenzie Davidson visited Professor Roentgen to find out how he discovered the X-rays.

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Sir James asked him: "What did you think?"

"I didn't think, I investigated," said Roentgen. He wanted to know what made the cardboard glow. Only planned experiments could give the answer. We all know the practical result. Thousands of lives are saved by surgeons who use the X-rays.

Later on, one of the scientists in the Research Laboratory of the General Electric Company became interested in a certain phenomenon sometimes observed in incandescent lamps. Others had observed it, but he, like Roentgen, investigated. The result was the discovery of new laws governing electrical conduction in high vacuum.

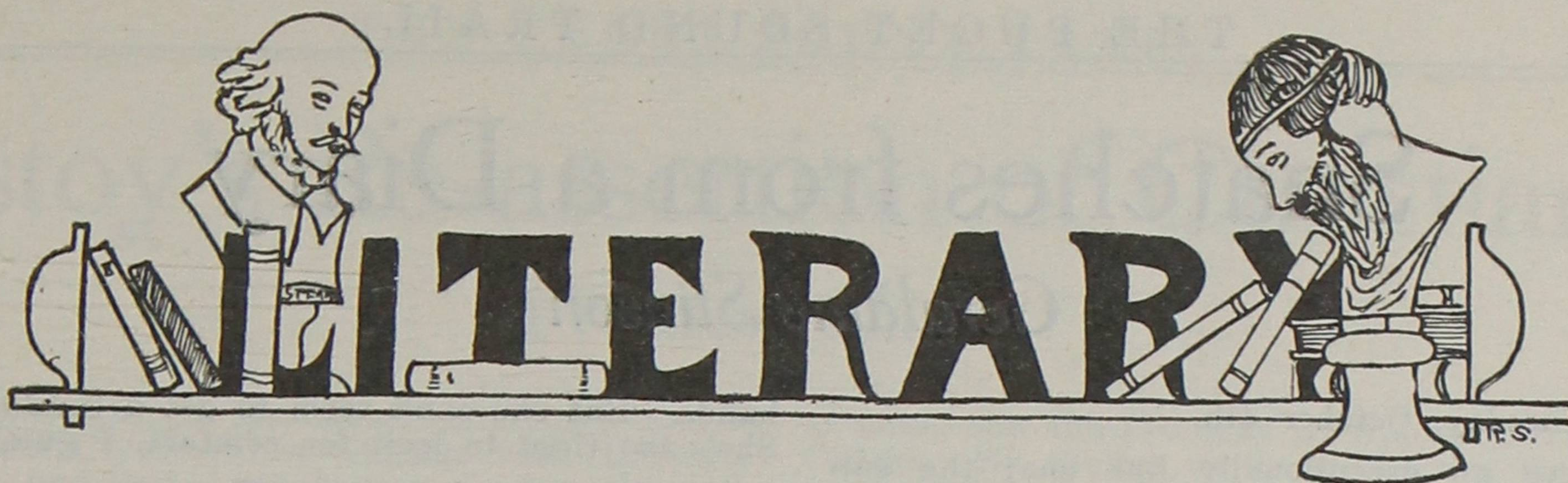
Another scientist in the same laboratory saw that on the basis of those new laws he could build a new tube for producing X-rays more effectively. This was the Coolidge X-ray tube which marked the greatest advance in the X-ray art since the original discovery by Roentgen.

Thus, scientific investigation of a strange phenomenon led to the discovery of a new art, and scientific investigation of another strange phenomenon led to the greatest improvement in that art.

It is for such reasons that the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company are continually investigating, continually exploring the unknown. It is new knowledge that is sought. But practical results follow in an endless stream, and in many unexpected ways.

**General Electric**  
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HELEN MONROE, *Editor*

CHRISTMAS AT OUR HOUSE

*There's somepin' wrong, at our house,  
It ain't the same no more.  
Cause brother's been so dreadful good  
He never slams the door,  
Nor teases me, nor make me cry,  
He doesn't even whine  
When Father says, "Get in the wood  
And split the kindling fine."*

*And sister sits around the house;  
She's surely got it bad!  
She's always hangin' round the shops  
An' watching every "ad."  
My, but she's good to Father!  
She smooths away his frowns  
And then she whispers in his ear  
That furs are coming down!*

*The baby's used up stacks of stamps  
'N envelopes and things,  
Awriting notes to Santa Claus  
To tell him what to bring.  
She's already hung her stocking  
For fear she might forget,  
But I can trust the good old Saint,  
He ain't forgot me yet!*

*And Mother, she's the worst of all,  
She sends me out to play  
And then she makes the goodest things  
And puts them all away.  
We dassn't look in the cellar  
Nor in the dresser drawer,  
Oh, gosh! it makes a feller wild  
To take a peek or more.*

*But Father's getting pale 'n' thin,  
His face is long and drawn,  
He scarcely even smiles no more,  
Nor tells his favorite yarn.  
He just looks at his bank book  
And heaves a great big sigh,  
"This Christmas comes but once a year,  
But aren't the prices high?"*

—R. S.

—o—  
Quietness

Dean Cunningham

CHRISTMAS may be thought about from many angles. It may serve to illustrate the power of one person to stamp himself on human affairs; to point out that here and there among our holidays are a few that have come about from other than military or political causes; or it may mean giving gifts, or entertaining, or come down merely to the pleasure of eating.

It has been the custom for years to use the Christmas season as a basis for hopes of world peace, for the cessation of military conflict between human groups. And this ideal may in time be a reality. But here we want to speak, not of the peace of nations, but of individual personality.

The recent war stirred us most profoundly. Emotional depths were plumbed; strange affective disturbances racked the organism; surprises upset, fears harassed, hopes lured us. Small wonder we came through such experiences more or less shattered.

But when the war excitement ceased, our violently active emotions were suddenly left without a further cause: like a

stream from a hose continuing in the air when the water is suddenly shut off at the hydrant.

Instead of recoiling upon ourselves, we invented substitutes. We took up fads, entertained lavishly, expressed exaggerated opinions, enlisted in a great number of "causes" designed for various uplifts some of them of doubtful value. We looked for thrills to take the place of those so suddenly shut off; we demanded excitements of strong flavor. And in a sense this stage is still with us.

This Christmas season of "peace" should be for us a call to a more normal life of quietness; a call to arrest hectic movement and let the deeps of our inner natures speak in their still small voices. For the healthy life should live from inner springs, and not be dependent on excitements from without.

Drop thy still dews of quietness,  
Till all our strivings cease;  
Take from our souls the strain and stress,  
And let our ordered lives confess  
The beauty of thy peace.



# Snatches from a Diary

Geraldine Stinson

Tuesday, October 4th.

**T**O-DAY has been an exceptionally fine one; the sun shone brightly this afternoon, and the air was full of the feeling of fall. The trip back and forth was almost enjoyable as the boat ran along smoothly and everyone on board was as cheerful as the weather.

Monday, October 10th.

The weather has surely changed since the last time I wrote, for four days it has never let up raining. It is dark and dismal all the time. I don't blame that dear little creature, the Tired Lady, for saying she hates the rain; it does make the trips so much harder. They are too hard for her anyway; she's so little and frail, and her cheeks are so white. With me it's different, I'm used to the routine and anyway mother and I couldn't possibly get along if I gave up. The Tired Lady is so different though; she's not the kind to stand it long; I'm worried about her.

Friday, October 14th.

How sweet is love's young dream but how terrible its consequences. The deck-hand, Pete, and Sarah Bings, who has a fine job in one of the restaurants in town, have just been two of many to find that out. Poor Pete has only been working on the boat a month, and he has been trying his best to make a good impression on the other fellows. But Sarah is one of those girls who plays havoc with good impressions and men's ambitions in general. It was last night while Pete was cooking supper, in the galley, and the pleasant smell of onions was being wafted out into the passenger cabin. There is a ventilation pipe leading from the second deck to the galley and Sarah knowing where and at what her sweetheart was occupied, went over to the pipe to look down and get a peek at him. Pete, not content with the satisfying odors arising from his meal, walked to the stove with a kerosene lamp in his hand to see how all was progressing. But some cruel trick of fate made him take a glance up the ventilation pipe, and seeing Sarah's bewitching face peeping down at him, he dropped the lamp, breaking it into a thousand pieces, spoiling the supper with kerosene and glass and almost starting a serious fire. After the excitement was over and we folks in the cabin found out what had happened we all had a good laugh over it. Pete has lost all his dignity now; however, I'm surprised he didn't lose his job.

Thursday, October 20th.

What a help a good-natured person is in this world! Nothing seems half so bad when there is some one around to look at it the right way. I have never seen any one who was half as cheerful as the Jolly Man. He even laughed and told jokes on the way in this morning when it was so unpleasant. The heat wasn't on in the cabin and the fog was terribly dense. The whistle blew so often that it was troublesome to try to talk. I don't believe I can think of a sound more dismal than that of a constantly blowing fog horn.

The Tired Lady was as pale as usual; she sat so still in her seat that she worried me. She was huddled in her coat, the coat that doesn't look half warm enough to me. She was shivering, too. How old she looked as she sat there! I used to think she was not more than twenty-five, but this morning she looked nearly forty.

The windows were covered with steam and the little girl who sat in front of me found much amusement in writing initials in the thick coating. Mr. Frank, who is quite an artist, drew a fine picture of Wilson on one of the panes; he gets a great deal of comfort out of his drawing and he's very good at it. I see where Peter will have a window washing job on his hand if the crowd takes a sudden artistic tune.

Monday, October 24th.

I'm beginning to like that Jolly Man real well. He tells such funny stories and has such a hearty laugh. He told a funny one this morning about a hen-pecked husband and a poodle dog, and even the little Tired Lady laughed out loud. Whenever he makes the Tired Lady laugh I like him better than ever. She needs someone to cheer her up; she doesn't take an interest in anything. I always have my books, of course, and my work; so the time doesn't drag so on my

hands. But she can't seem to get a comfort out of anything. She's too tired to look for comfort, I guess.

Tuesday, November 8th.

A terrible thing happened this morning. As we were going down stairs into the cabin the Tired Lady slipped and fell and fainted dead away. The Jolly Man and I brought her out of it and she looked so white I was afraid she might be dead, but she finally opened her eyes. She sat right up and said she was perfectly all right. I told her she must go back home on the return boat and rest for the day. But she would not, she said it was simply impossible. The Jolly Man told me afterward that he felt awfully sorry for her. I said she needed some one to look after her, he didn't seem to hear what I said, though.

Saturday, November 12th.

I've had the blues to-day and I've had them bad all day long. What are the blues anyway? What makes us have them? There are certain days when they get a hold on us that seems impossible for us to free ourselves from. There is usually not particular cause for them, they're just a natural state. This evening on the trip home I was so blue that even the book I was reading didn't interest me. I let it drop on my lap and dreamed of a day in the future when I would stop making these trips back and forth to the city each day. When I might stay at home and enjoy myself like people who really live life are doing. But those were only air-castles, senseless air-castles I was building. There is no such day coming; there is always mother to support and she will never leave the old place; I couldn't myself now, it has come to be so much a part of me.

Tuesday, November 15th.

I'm writing my bit in the book tonight on the return trip. The Tired Lady and I have been sitting here talking but she has fallen asleep sitting up straight in her seat, and the Jolly Man is so unreasonably serious that I don't care to talk to him to-night. He seems almost offended by it, too.

I've finished my book and as I have no other with me, I'm trying to make one out of the people on the boat here.

Pete and Sarah are sitting out in the stern in the dark. They sit there every night altho it's so unbearably cold I don't know how they stand it. Of course Pete has to leave her at every stop to help with the ropes and gang plank, but there's plenty of time between docks at that.

The lady in front of me has a little two-year-old boy. He's been enjoying some lovely chocolates, but I'm afraid he's cheated himself for most of them are on his face. I like children, it isn't that; but why must they always have dirty faces? I know I shouldn't be so critical, I'm getting to be nothing more than a "finiky" old maid. I know it, but what can I do to stop it?

The lady in the first seat up there insists on telling all her confidences to the friend with her, in a voice that every one in the cabin can hear. In spite of my efforts I can't seem to be particularly interested in the fact that she has only fifteen hens now and is getting as many as twelve eggs a day, and that those Johnson's up on the hill whose eldest son ran off with the Justice of the Peace's daughter have a fine new Jersey cow. I'm not the interested type, I guess.

Friday, November 18th.

A queer thing happened on board today; I was visiting with the Little Tired Lady, and just for fun I asked her what she thought of the Jolly Man.

I was overcome with surprise to see her blush quite visibly and answer: "What makes you ask me that, anyway?"

"I was just wondering," I said.

"Well, if he thought half as much of me as he does of you, I might tell you," she said almost sadly.

"Of me?" I said, almost falling off the anything but softly cushioned seat.

"Yes, you," she answered.

"Why, my dear girl, I said much amused. "He doesn't know I'm on earth. You don't know what you're talking about!"

"I do, tho," she said. "I know he is in love with you. I know it!" And would you believe it, the Tired Lady had tears in her eyes, when I looked at her again?

(Continued on page 22)



# Tolstoy's Re-assertion of Christianity

Professor Chislett

IN 1907 or 8 the members of Mr. Robert Herrick's course in the Novel at the University of Chicago read Tolstoy's "Anna Karenina," and that, I think, was my formal introduction to the greatest of the Russians. Before that time, though, I had been reading the beautiful, artistic stories of his great contemporary, Turgenieff.

Then the War came, and after it was well under way I went one day to a Los Angeles High School to hear Tolstoy's son lecture on his father. "Everyone in Russia," said he, "is reading War and Peace." So I followed suit. I found it the most amazing work of fiction of the modern age, in size, richness, vividness. It paints the Russian aristocracy for all time; it burlesques Napoleon, condemns war, declares for Christianity and ridicules so-called History.

When the War closed and I found myself, if not in Moscow, Russia, at least in Moscow, Idaho. Thither again came Tolstoy's son, this time, even more democratically, on the Chatauqua platform. After saying in a most Christian manner to several little boys on the front row, "Children, won't you be quiet, please, and let me finish my lecture?" He discussed conditions in Russia and reiterated Tolstoy's principles of love and peace for his own country and the world. "The Bolsheviki cannot endure," said he, "because they use Force."

After he was through, some of us lingered about, for he came forward and welcomed talk. He was an aristocrat; his manners were sincere and simple. But then he is a Christian aristocrat! He said something, I forget what, about colleges and universities, so that gave me an opening. Presently we were on our way down town to the hotel and I found myself saying, "Your father and Turgenieff were friends, weren't they?"

His face clouded, then cleared. "At first," he said, "my father and Turgenieff were not friends, but after my father's religious experience, he wrote to Turgenieff, who was in Paris, and begged him to visit him in Russia, and Turgenieff came readily, and their affection and admiration for each other continued thereafter." On his death-bed Turgenieff begged Tolstoy to return to his novel writing; and in due time Tolstoy produced "Resurrection," a great novel and a great tract.

What was this religious experience of Tolstoy, this conversion of the year 1881? Well, that is a large question, and one not yet fully written up, for much of Tolstoy's work remains unpublished, they say. But in brief, Tolstoy repented of his youthful follies, of his inherited tendencies, properties, ideas, creeds, politics and military activities. He determined to arrive at a real religion, to discover his relation to God, to still the insistent questionings of his conscience.

He first consulted priests, monks and theologians, but found their lives at variance with their professions. He then talked to peasants as they passed his estate as pilgrims to Kieff or Jerusalem. He saw that Faith was the power of their lives. Then he decided that he could find God only by changing his mode of living, through prayer, and labor and consecration. Meantime he studied Mohammedanism, Buddhism and books about Christianity. Finally, he threw them all aside and attached himself heart and soul to the four Gospels, and especially to the Sermon on the Mount. Then his troubles began, for he found the Church and State supporting organizations that cramped the individual and wars that made away with him, thereby interfering with his divinity, and discountenancing Christ's injunction to love. The Church excommunicated him, the state feared and distrusted him, the censor blotted his writings. But he went gravely on. His wealth, his high birth and his watchful wife preserved him from want and exile. People made pilgrimages to him. Edward A. Steiner was one

of these, now the Professor of Applied Christianity at Grinnell College. Mr. Steiner writes in "Tolstoy the man:" "The Jews came to Yasnaya in goodly numbers to see a man who was really living the Christian life, not merely preaching it; and under the influence of that life they accepted the Christian faith. At first Tolstoy encouraged the baptizing of one or two of them into the Greek Church; but he always expressed himself as regretting this act. If he had had Jewish blood in his veins, he would have found it difficult to prevent his being declared the Jewish Messiah. But Tolstoy was neither the organizer of a movement nor a zealous propagandist. He did not care whether he had followers or not; and when men and women came to worship him he would say in the language of the Angel of the Apocalypse, "See thou do it not,—worship God", and when they called him Master he said: "One is your Master, even Christ." When they called him Teacher, he answered: "Call no man Rabbi." He did preach to every man who came; if he were rich he took him into the woods and looked into his soul with his piercing but kindly eyes, saying repeatedly and insistently; "Sell all thou hast and give to the poor." When the mighty and strong came and asked what to do to be saved, he would tell them: "Thou shalt not kill." When the spiritually blind came he repeated Christ's words: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

To the Socialists, with their grievances and schemes, Tolstoy said: "For man shall not live by bread alone." He was indeed a "Gospel Preacher," so narrow that he saw salvation for all who followed the Christ, no matter to what church they belonged, or whether they belonged to any. While he did not shirk from accepting the consequences of his teachings for himself, he did not force others to do so, and to a friend who found it difficult to part from his land he writes thus: "Do not mind what the world will say about your retaining your property; it is a question which concerns you alone; and if your conscience does not condemn you, do just as you have planned."

Tolstoy drew up "The Gospel in Brief," a running summary of the Christian teachings as he understood it. Out of it he educed five commandments: (1) Don't be angry; (2) Lust not; (3) Swear not; (4) Resist not evil; and (5) Love your enemies. For his exposition of these, or for his reiteration of them, I refer you to his religious writings, to his biographers and to the critics.

In his "The Christian Teaching," for example, he warns us all against Sins and Snares. The Snares are interesting and characteristic. They are the Personal, the Family, Activity, Fellowship and the State. Give not thyself wholly to any or all of these. They will wean thee from God and thy great duty to mankind.

Tolstoy has been criticized for his views by artists, musicians, churchmen, kings, warriors, economists, historians and political scientists. His family, his friends, the literary world regretted his defection from his great work of picturing Russia in fiction. Yet this novelist, aristocrat, soldier and landholder chose to reassert the integrity, the soundness of primitive Christianity. At the end he could say, "Not only have I no regret, but I rejoice at the thought of the passage which awaits me. 'Into thy hands I commend my spirit.'"

Tolstoy's theories have grave practical defects that you or I can detect at a glance. But his name will never die from among us as long as we endeavor to live the Christian life, and as long as we labor to rid the world finally of War. If only, to return to the Old Testament, no man coveted what was his neighbor's! Then would the millenium be here.

## CHRISTMAS

*As once again the Christmas-tide  
Draws nearer day by day,  
Forget your burdens, cease your strife;  
Be calm and strong and pray  
That all the weary world around  
May know the Gift God gave,  
For nineteen hundred years ago  
The Christ-child came to save.*

*He came to bring us peace and love,  
Goodwill to-ward fellow-men;  
So let us raise a song of cheer  
And praise Him once again,  
That His dear Son who died for us  
Then triumphed o'er the grave;  
For nineteen hundred years ago  
The Christ-child came to save.*

P. N., '23.



## THE MEDDLESOME MISTLETOE

'Twas the night after Christmas, and all thru the house  
Came the sound of revelry—never a mouse  
Would have dared to poke its nose out anywhere,  
Such a terrible racket was going on there.

A girl—extra nice—was in one of the rooms,  
Her eyes like twin stars, her cheeks apple blooms.  
A boy stood beside her—nice, too,—as boys go—  
And over them both hung the mistletoe.

Now this sounds exciting, but we all make mistakes,—  
Your imaginations must turn on the brakes.  
Sure, he wanted to kiss her—he'd done it in dreams—  
But a difference of opinion existed, it seems.

So, to simplify matters, the girl moved away,  
Leaving behind her the mere lump of clay  
Forlorn and forsaken. But the mistletoe  
Had a fine bird's-eye view of the little tableau.

To itself this able assistant of Cupid  
Said, "The lad, like most others, is certainly stupid.  
But I sympathize with them, in such situations—  
He at least shows good taste in his inclinations.  
So next time, altho a fine chance he has missed once,  
I'll try and give him a little assistance."

The mistletoe watched; and it wasn't a very  
Long time until back came the radiant Mary.  
Just an instant she paused 'neath the fateful bough—  
But an instant's enough for what happend, I trow.  
No, nobody kissed her—worse than that!—for, instead,  
A bit of the mistletoe dropped on her head!

So softly it fell on her shining gold hair  
That Mary went on without knowing 'twas there.  
"If he can't succeed now, he hasn't a fraction  
Of sense—and I hope she drives him to distraction!"  
Was the candid opinion of the mistletoe,  
"For it spoiled my beauty to let that twig go."

In a very short time poor mistreated Bob  
Discovered the thing—and it made his heart throb.  
To still its wild thumping—as did little Jack Horner  
When he lifted the pie—he retired to a corner.

Now, men are the vainest of creatures, you'll find,  
If you live as long as I have, and aren't blind;  
And thinking it over, with shivers of bliss,  
The only solution Bob thot of was this:

"Mary's sorry she wouldn't permit me to kiss her,  
So she's got that on now to be sure I won't miss her.  
It will take a whole lot of nerve for me to do it—  
But it sure will be rapture when I really get to it."  
Then he searched thru the drawingroom, look down the hall,  
And was thinking, "Suppose I don't catch her at all!"—

When, glancing behind some tall palms, there he found her—  
But somebody else's arms were around her!  
And Bob thot his eyesight was surely affected,  
For the cad kissed her twice—and she hadn't objected!

It couldn't be!—mustn't—but oh, it was true!  
This fact at last soaks Bob's cranium thru;  
His heart is crushed—broken. The joy of life ceases,  
And he leaves without stopping to pick up the pieces.

This sad but true tale shows the tragical fate  
Of an also-ran who comes 'round too late.  
Ask Bob what was wrong, and I'll bet you a nickel  
He'll tell you the trouble was, Mary was fickle.

But I tell you the very best reason I can—  
The monstrous, unlimited ego of man,  
Which has always existed, I firmly believe,  
Since first Adam tried to blame it on Eve—  
Causing best-laid plans agley to go  
Of mice and men—and mistletoe.

—Carol Vinson.

## Stranded in Paradise

William Brown

ARIZONA! What memories that name recalls! I have  
but to shut my eyes and again I can see the low, rolling  
mesas, the distant mountains and the sages growing  
purple as the sun goes down. Again I seem to see  
the stern eyed, silent men, with whom I once cast my  
lot. Their heritage was the plains, their homes were the soli-  
tudes and their joys were few.

As I gaze into the roaring fire-place tonight, I can see the  
fires built of crackling cotton wood, built by the night riders  
as they kept their nightly vigil over the silent herd. Here it  
was that I heard many a story of the days when the West  
was young; while the stars shone big as saucers and the coyotes  
voiced their disapproval in long weird howls.

It was on such a night that I heard a very interesting  
account that happened back in the eighties; told us by the  
foreman. Since the night was Christmas Eve, it held a large  
share in his choice, but so interesting to us that when he paused  
to roll a cigarette it seemed minutes before he continued again.

Men called the town Paradise because it was on the edge  
of the desert. After crossing the latter any place looked like  
Heaven. It was composed of about thirty sun baked and blis-  
tered shacks built of rough boards and around it nothing but  
cactus, sun and sand.

There were many reasons why it was ill named. When the  
cow men cantered dustily thru its single street bent on remov-  
ing the alkali dust from their throats, they gazed disgustedly  
at its appearance and compared its resemblance with the  
Infernal Regions. Not only was it warped with sickening  
heat and out of the course of traffic, but it lacked the inspiring  
and moral presence of a single woman. Since no community  
can hope to exist without the gentler sex, Paradise was doomed  
from its very birth.

Into such a grave had John Foster buried himself. His  
history was short and a common one in those days of Western

migration. When still a boy, his father had died bravely carry-  
ing the standard of the South up the bloody slope of Cemetery  
Ridge, carrying it to its very crest where he thrust the handle  
of his flag in the mouth of one of the Northern cannon.

His son had inherited this dogged persistence and courage  
and so he bore the brunt without a murmur. He took charge  
of the old Alabama Plantation and looked after an invalid  
mother and younger brother.

When his brother Fred reached the age of twenty, he turned  
out to be the only black sheep the Foster family had even  
sheltered. Quick-tempered and over-daring, the little southern  
hamlet with its staid customs and old traditions were too peace-  
ful a back ground for his adventurous spirit. He got into some  
trouble and was forced to leave to avoid the disgrace of going  
to prison. Once in a great while John and his mother heard  
from him; sometimes Texas, sometimes New Mexico or southern  
Arizona.

Not much later his mother died and John promised her  
that he would go West and find his brother.

At Paradise he kept his troubles to himself. Occasionally  
he took a long ride alone, sometimes taking a week; but he  
always returned empty handed but since he was a Foster he  
never admitted defeat and his eyes still shone determinedly.

To ask Foster his reasons for his searches never even oc-  
curred to his friends. That was against their code of ethics.  
They never asked a man his right name or his business but  
still his actions were a common topic when he was absent.

Only at Christmas did the region entirely throw off its  
reserve and entirely relax. Once in a while work was suspended  
to chase a few daring bandits who promptly lost their pur-  
suers across the border in Mexico or in the mountains back  
of the town according to their degree of initiative at the time  
they were pursued.

(Continued on page 23)



# The Little Ones

*Helen G. Monroe*

THE littlest angel crowded timorously a bit nearer the wisest angel, for he had a very big problem on his heart. If the wisest angel would finish with the council just perhaps before anyone else came, the littlest angel would have time to speak to him.

The council of angels was met to see if anything could be done to make the world of men honor the time of the Christ Child's coming by forgetting for that one day the troubles between them, the strife between those who worked and those who profited, the trouble between a big country with not too many people and a little country which was crowded and wanted room for its people in the heart of the big nation, the strife over keeping or destroying the things which nations use for fighting. It had been a long meeting of the council and reports from messenger angels had not helped. The littlest angel sighed. He did not understand much of what was said. His work was children—sick children mostly who could never get well. If you have noticed in wee ones who can't get well a something which tells you that they are seeing and hearing things they can't tell, things which makes them seem already belonging to another world, which makes them wondrously content not to stay here, if you have noticed this then I know that it is because the littlest angel has visited them, and in your hearts be thankful for him.

Now, the littlest angel's problem was just this. He had found in rather a sumptuous sort of a nursery, with three nurses to watch him, a little boy whom he knew belonged to him, for he was not deceived by the very unplayed with toys in the nursery or the persistently cheerful face of the mother. The little three year old boy in the bed would never walk or use his tiny arms. The reason he needed to see the wisest angel was that three nurses tended the little child in the daytime and three at night, so that never once did the littlest angel have a chance.

But the council went on and the wisest angel was so weary and perplexed that the littlest angel just couldn't add to his burdens one more. Besides, he had no time to wait for the settlement of international world affairs. His little boy might be suffering.

Mr. Richard Carver, ex-war profiteer, statesman, member of the International Peace Board, sent the three night nurses out of his son's room and tried to face things. A typical example of the rich man with all save the one thing needed to make him happy he sat staring down at his pitifully small child. The bright eyes of the boy restlessly glanced from his father to the wall, up to the ceiling and down again to his father.

He whimpered a bit and his look was that of a hurt thing that can't understand why.

Mr. Carver was exhausted, for beside the care of this precious son of his there weighed heavily upon him his duties, as a member of so all important a board, his need of handling an opposing force in the form of labor, that was rapidly growing too strong for his control. Gradually his head dropped forward and the burning eyes closed, for the first time in six days and nights. When he awoke the boy's whimper was gone and the restless eyes looked somehow peaceful and, yes, the little pinched lips were smiling.

Perhaps because peace and that almost ethereal something which mere humans seldom know transmits itself from one to another, possibly because a little sleep clears many cobwebs which waking can never clear, and just remotely possibly because of something else, Mr. Richard Carver went to a meeting of the Board the next day with a plan which, because of its willingness to start with the home nation in sacrifice, and because of the brotherly love in it, revolutionized the thought of the nearly exhausted board members and which made possible long before it had been foreseen, the coming of peace founded on the love of brothers. This same Mr. Carver astounded the delegates from the Labor Conference by making concessions which would ultimately mean the highest good, not only for Richard Carver and the hundreds who toiled and were dependent upon him, but also for their brothers throughout the nation.

When Mr. Carver reached his son's room that night he found him still with that bit of a heavenly smile on his little face, and though sometimes in the days that followed the eyes reflected some of the pain that racked the boy's body, never once did he lose that bit of heaven from his lips.

And when, at the end of a week Mr. Richard Carver hurried home to find him slipped away entirely with his beautiful child soul free from the torturing body, he did not grieve as he would have done had it not been for that night a week before when he dropped asleep a moment to find the boy smiling and that something else had happened while he slept.

The littlest angel was very tired, for the little boy had not been the only one of his charges, and when he crept up to the council meeting to wait to speak to the wisest one, he fell asleep so that he did not hear them say that, without their solving, the problems of the last meeting, had almost disappeared and in their place in preparation for the time of the advent of the Christ Child, love was beginning to rule in the world where strife had been master. "How," they asked each other, "has this thing come about," for they were supposed to have entire charge of these big problems of the world of men.

Perhaps had the lightest angel been awake he could have told them and then again perhaps not.

— o —

# His Great Desire

*Eileen Yost*

GENTLE reader, have you ever experienced that agonizing feeling of longing intensely for something and not knowing what that something is? If so, you will understand this story and for that reason perhaps it will appeal to you.

The room was illuminated only by the firelight which cast strange shadows over the wall and played fitfully on the carved legs of the mahogany piano stool. A man sat in front of the grate upon a little hassock. It was Oswald Oysterbuilt. He wore a loose-fitting suit of gray and lavender tweeds and about his shoulders was thrown a yellow and green striped mackinaw. His feet were carelessly thrust into his favorite pair of black overshoes which kept dropping off at frequent intervals causing him to stoop over and replace them. The fifth time the left one dropped off he fooled it by not replacing it. Instead he sighed and murmured wearily, "What does it matter? What is anything worth while to me except that which I want but cannot

remember what it is? What is it? Ah—if one only knew!" He stood up regretfully and threw out his arms.

"Tell me!" he shouted to the empty room, "What is it that I seek? It is certainly something!" He strode over to the doorway and picking up the little cowbell that hung from the chandelier he rang for his valet, Hasper. Almost at once Hasper came skipping merrily into the room and stood before his master.

"Did you ring, sir?" he demanded.

Oswald sighed again and stroked his forehead with a jewelled forefinger. It was a long time before he could bring himself to speak. When he did his voice was low and musical, but with a note of sadness in it.

"Yes," he answered, "I did."

The valet stood on tiptoe and putting both hands on Oswald's shoulders he looked deep into his eyes.

"I believe you," he murmured.

Oswald threw himself frantically into the nearest chair and broke the silence.



"You may as well," he said.

Another silence fell and again he broke it.

"Hasper," he went on, "I need your help. What can I do? I want something more than I have ever wanted anything in my life but I cannot remember what it is. I only know that I must have it. I cannot live without it. Think, man, think. What is it that I crave?"

Hasper stood on both feet at the same time and twisted a cala lily between his agitated hands. At last he elevated his eyebrows and suggested, "Perhaps it is Love?"

Oswald shook his head and wrinkled his nose impatiently. "Never," he muttered, "Think again."

This time Hasper gently crossed the room and bit a little piece out of one of the piano keys.

"Is it not Literature?" he offered.

"No, no," moaned Oswald, "We have many books but I have read both of them. I see now that you have no sense. You are powerless to help me. Kindly send for the police. I will ask them."

When the police arrived, Oswald told them of the pathetic position in which he now found himself and going down on his knees he besought them to help him. They sat in a neat row side by side and thought for twenty-eight minutes but at the end of that time they were still as much baffled as when they had begun and could offer our hero no solution to the crisis that confronted him. They bade him farewell and departed, after Oswald had given each one of them a little basket of sweet potatoes as a memento of his appreciation.

The days dragged by and Oswald tried desperately to find out what it was that he wanted. He put advertisements in the newspapers. None of the answers satisfied him.

He invoked the aid of spiritualists, fortune-tellers, clairvoyants, detectives and chiropractists.

They could not help him.

Every morning at ten thirty he wrapped himself in a Turkish carpet and silently rolled around the back yard but even this failed to inspire him and at a quarter of eleven he invariably came in tired and discouraged and still without a solution.

He grew nervous and irritable. The strain was terrific. He would sit for hours at a time staring into the fire and rousing himself only to throw a piece of coal at the cat or a brick from the fireplace at his faithful valet.

He wore a weird, hunted, puzzled expression and two pairs of bone-rimmed colored spectacles.

He lost seven pounds and was still unenlightened.

But it was the will of Fate that Oswald should not live the rest of his life in such misery. It was one Thursday afternoon that he found what it was that he longed for.

He was curled up dejectedly in front of the victrola. Hasper was playing "The Sextet from Lucia" on his trombone. Suddenly Oswald uncurled and sat up staring into space. Slowly but surely in his eyes dawned the Idea. He uttered a shriek of joy.

"Hasper!" he cried, "I have found it!"

Hasper excitedly swallowed the trombone in his delight. "Allah be praised!" he ejaculated, "What is it?"

Oswald turned a summersault and gurgled with happiness. Then he stood up, straight and tall, and said, "It is a dill pickle sandwich. You are very stupid. Why did you not think of it long ago?"

Hasper kicked himself sharply for his stupidity.

"I cannot imagine," he answered.

"Never mind," said Oswald generously, "Hurry and bring it to me."

Hasper returned promptly, bearing the long sought sandwich on a silver salver. Oswald ate it and rejoiced. His question was answered. He had found it at last. His soul was satisfied.

— o —

## Letters of a Frosh

DEAR OS:

It's been some time since I writ but in the meantime I've been chipper as a deaf piano tuner. Things is o. k. as far as I see here, how's they there.

Since I communicated with you last (note the word) We has played four more football games of which we won two; honest. The first one we didn't won but it was played up at Bellingham with the Normal school boys. We didn't have no chance at all for four of our men got stuck in the mud in the first quarter and didn't get holed out until after the game. We got beat I think something like 35-10 but we can excuse this o. k. for some of our players was out with hangnails and dandruff and anyway we would have tied the score in the last minute of the play only just when we was getting started, Jesse James, the head linesman called an offside and penalized our squad 5 yds., which took the heart out of the boys and they weren't able to score 25 points in those last two minutes. This was the bunk for none of our team was ever offside in their life. We beat Ellensburg which kept us from being tarred and feathered when we arrived back here.

When we plays Pacific our forensic attack was the peppered doughnuts which don't help us any in football so we was socked 21-14. I won't offer any alibis for this w. k. contest or you will think I am writing this letter out of the joke book which I aint. We won from Willamette and this put us in swell with everybody and they forgot to erect the gallows which we deserved for not beating Pacific.

Well anyway, football is over now and I have began to start going to classes which is pretty good for y. t. These profs is the bunk around this place. They try to spoil the darn school by making you go to classes. It sure gets them in bad with studes all right, take for instance the other day a guy comes up to me and says, "My prof is an old crook" and I says right back, "Oh I don't think he is so very old," but anyway this would be some swell place if we didn't have to go to class.

Things is pretty interesting now. Take for inst. I have joined a literary society. These things is the bunk and they sure took me in for a roll of cast iron baby ribbon. They aint society and they aint literary, just like Welsh rabbit, not Welsh and not rabbit, just a big hunk of cheese. Well, anyway, I joined but just imagine me a member. One night they

said they was going to initiate me and I says not by a darn sight, I was operated on once for lock jaw but never again. Well they says initiation aint operation but you is lucky if you don't need one afterwards.

They says "you got to come, we'll make you, now you will come won't you?" "Yes, I says, with pleasure" but I was a darn liar, the only pleasure I could have had was to whang my knuckles on his jaw bone.'

Well I was initiated. We all got together and then they tied a rag around my eyes and said was I prepared to meet my doom and I swung on 'em and then about forty of them sat down on me while the other half the members got ready to initiate. After a while they stood me up and asked me questions some of which I have writ:

1. Was your father cross eyed?
2. Can you spell your midle name backwards?
3. Do you ever drink coffee?
4. Is you feet big?
5. Ever play golf on Sunday?
6. Have you got a dress suit?

A man what could answer either yess or no to these questions could be a member.

Then they all gathered around and gave you the vow and the by-laws which is that you must never take any lady professor to a dance or play marbles on the football field with the President, you must set your watch by the daylight saving plan and wear suspenders.

After that they give you a solution of pine tar, alum, camphor, and peroxide which is supposed to purge you so you is fit to be a member. When you have finished drinking it you will be fit for a member in St. Peter's quire, believe me.

Then they give you the handclasp which is to place your left hand firmly on the other bird's adam apple until he is black in the face; then when he says cuckoo, cuckoo, you slap him on the back and say "howdye brother" but if he isn't a member and don't say cuckoo, cuckoo, you call for the undertaker and make ready to leave school.

Well this is about all for this tm. Basketball time is coming on now but I dont think I will like as well as football. They ain't half as much chance of getting killed.

Adois,

SKY.



# The Path of Death

Gus Partridge

THE stage was set for the grande finale in the great drama of life in which Phillip O'Hare was the hero, entire cast and scene shifter. As a drifter, soldier of fortune and newspaper man, O'Hare had been what you would call a success. But alas, the dance was over and the fiddler had come for his fee. Tomorrow he would be forced to walk out on the street and take his medicine.

O'Hare's last venture had been as a leader of a small band of rebels in Honduras. Everything had gone well for a while. The poorer classes had looked up to him as their savior and indeed he was. The worst that you could say of him was that he tried to give the lower classes a square deal. In England he would have been called a Robin Hood but in Honduras he was called a rebel and the government put a price on his head.

"There is always a better man in this little old world than you and you can't get away with your game all the time," he always said. And this turned out to be the case. Just three weeks ago yesterday O'Hare and his little band had been lead into a trap and over half of his followers had been captured along with himself.

His comrades and himself, now prisoners of war, had been taken to a small dirty prison at Puerto Murez, directly after their capture. One by one they had been court-martialed and sentenced to be shot, all except O'Hare. Being a brave man he was sentenced to die via the path or what is known in that country as La Promenaud de Morte—"The Stroll of Death."

This method of execution is carried out by having the prisoner walk down a given street. At any time, generally when he is not expecting it, death will overtake him in any form. The prisoner never knows how he will be killed or when. Sometimes it is a bullet, sometimes a knife or a well-placed Machete blow. Should the prisoner reach the gates of the city and get safely outside he receives his release and is given the keys to the city. Nothing in the history of the country, however, showed that any one has ever been successful, so far, in reaching the goal.

Tonight was Phil O'Hare's last night in jail. Tomorrow he would take his last walk. It was only right, in that case, that he should review his past life in his last few hours on earth: His experiences as a captain of infantry in the late war with the huns, as an explorer in darkest Africa, as a star reporter on New York's greatest daily, and as a soldier and officer in every war that there had been since he had been able to shoulder a gun or swing a saber. All these things came to him as he sat in the center of a pile of straw with his back up against the damp wall of his narrow prison cell.

There had been very few women in the life of Phillip O'Hare. However, occasionally one would slip into his sphere for a short time but before long some new war or exploration party would attract his interest and the affair would be thrown down. Women didn't interest him to any great extent.

Nevertheless, as is the case with most men, there was one girl who he had been unable to get out of his mind. She was the daughter of a rich exporter who lived about two days' journey from Puerto, Murez. Mercedes Lisbonde was her name and as a good fellow she had no equal. She was the possessor of that rare trait that so many women lack, the ability of coping with any situation that might arise.

Strange stories were told of her daring. One was about the breaking of an outlaw horse that had been given up by her father's cowboys as unconquerable. Another time it was said that she held three Hondurian Gurillias off with an empty revolver while her father securely bound them with pieces of rope. Indeed, the girl who had captured the heart of Phil O'Hare was no commonplace girl.

O'Hare called to mind the last night he had spent at her home. They had wandered out in the garden and while sitting on a bench beneath the waving guava trees, Phil O'Hare came almost losing himself. In fact, he would have if it hadn't been that he was to leave on the morrow for the interior of the nation on a very hazardous expedition from which he had slight chance of returning. He was now fumbling with a tiny gold locket that she had given him that night.

Now he asked himself if she was in love with him and was he in love with her. Phil O'Hare, battle-scarred and woman-proof, asked himself these things. Was it the thots of his coming death that caused him to have these thots of

Mercedes? He had long before his capture resigned himself to his fate. He knew that sometime he would be captured and that the penalty would be death if they succeeded in keeping him in their prison. And he knew that he would die with his boots on like a man and an American. But the question kept coming back into his mind, was he in love? After he had spent over an hour on this question he was forced to give it up without coming any closer to the answer than he had been when he started.

A ray of light crept across his hand. His castles in the air suddenly came crashing to the ground. Dawn had come. In a very short time his captors would come for him and lead him out to his death. He was a brave man but nevertheless the thought sent a chill through his veins. Well, he could at least be a man about it and take his medicine as a man should. He would make those damn spicks sit up and take notice at the way a man could go west, he told himself.

Suddenly he remembered that he had not made his peace with God. He wondered if it would be right and proper for a man of his stamp to attempt such a thing, for praying had not been one of his habits for many years. However, he remembered his mother's words to him when he was but a lad at home. "No matter what your troubles are or how bad you have offended God, never forget to make your confession to him and he will see you through your trouble, Phillip." He fell upon his knees and for ten minutes he prayed for a strong spirit and a brave heart to carry him through his last ordeal.

When he had completed his prayer he arose from his knees and busied himself in making his toilet. He washed his hands and face, brushed his hair, straightened out the wrinkles in his clothing and donned a bright tie.

He laughed when he thought of how he was cheating the home folks out of the chance to follow him to the graveyard. That wayward son of Molly O'Hare, who had never stayed at home and settled down as he should have done, would have caused much gossip in his home town if he had been buried there instead of here, a thousand miles from nowhere. He even pictured the local minister, a worthy man with all the piety of the small town curate, preaching his service over the remains, as it lay near a mound of fresh dirt in the cemetery, and trying to be as liberal with his praise as possible. He could see the curious townfolk who stood around his casket with bared heads. Well, here there would be no hypocritical tears over his remains and he would be buried in peace.

After he had completed his toilet he sat down again on his pile of straw that served as a bed and took up his chain of thoughts where he had left off.

Finally the sound of a measured tread as if a body of men were marching came to his ears. The time had come. "Now stand by, you gooks, and watch a real man die," he murmured to himself. A key scraped in the door. It opened, displaying to his view four barefooted federal soldiers. One of them stepped into his cell, looked around and then said in a low voice, "The time has come, Senior O'Hare, will you precede me?"

"Si, Comrade," replied O'Hare.

One last look around the cell that had been his home for the last two weeks, then he stepped out into the corridor and walked on out into the sunlight, flanked on either side with his barefooted captors.

From the corridor O'Hare stepped out upon a long low veranda that surrounded the prison. The sky was clear as all tropical skies are. From the cocoanut palms nearby, came the chatter of tropical birds and little chimpanzees scampered here and there, chattering to each other all the while. O'Hare loved his tropics as only a "Typical Tropical Tramp" who has missed his quota of boats can love them.

He tried to tell himself that he was only playing the game of life but somehow it failed to calm his nerves completely.

From his hip pocket he drew a full pack of cigarettes. Drawing one out for himself, he passed the package on to the tall guard with instructions to divide them among his fellow soldiers. Then calmly lighting his own cigaret, he stepped from the porch and started on his last stroll.

There was not a native in sight. All had been ordered indoors until after the execution. But from every closed

(Continued on page 22)



FLORENCE MADDOCK, '22—Editor  
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# THE TRAIL

Published by the  
ASSOCIATED STUDENT BODY  
of the  
COLLEGE OF PUGET SOUND  
Phone Main 1455

HAROLD FRETZ, '24—Business Manager

Circulation  
Arthur Harris Hilda Scheyer  
Stenographers  
Edith Thomas Katheryne Chester  
Myrtle Warren

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

## Editorials

### *The Spirit of Christmas*

THE story is told of a man who, while walking along the street of an eastern city, saw some men at work, erecting a new building. He paused and addressed the first man, saying: "My man, what are you working for?" And the man replied: "I am working so that I may draw my wages, which are ten dollars a week." The man went on and met a second workman, to whom he said: "Well, what are you doing here?" "I am working to help finish this building." A few moments later the man met a third workman and spoke to him, asking him to explain what he was doing. "Me?" asked the third workman. "Oh, I am building this cathedral."

Which all goes to show that it is all in your point of view. You can make of your work what you will. Are you doing your work with the idea that it is simply a task that must be accomplished, or have you come to the place where you can look at your work and realize that what you are doing now will have its effect upon all future generations. Such a view is not only a sure cure for discouragement, but it also tends to make college that ideal place which we all dream about.

The point of view just outlined can be adopted at no better time than at the Christmas season. Christmas Day may be degenerated into just a day to exchange pres-

ents and attempt to get something for nothing; it may mean the day of the birth of Christ; but it may have the maximum meaning for us, i. e., a day for the people of the universe to make new consecrations and have spiritual rebirths, so that the world may come to be the world that Christ means it should be. Then there will come to the peoples of the earth the true spirit of Christmas.

### *Thank You!!!*

DURING this year the Trail Staff has published three copies of the paper. These copies have been made more enjoyable because certain people have taken the time to contribute articles, stories, cuts, etc. To the students who have contributed so generously we extend our thanks; those Professors who have taken the time to write for us, we also thank; and last, but far from the least, we wish to thank those Professors who have given us so much of their time, in offering suggestions whereby we might make this paper more nearly the ideal that we wish it to be.

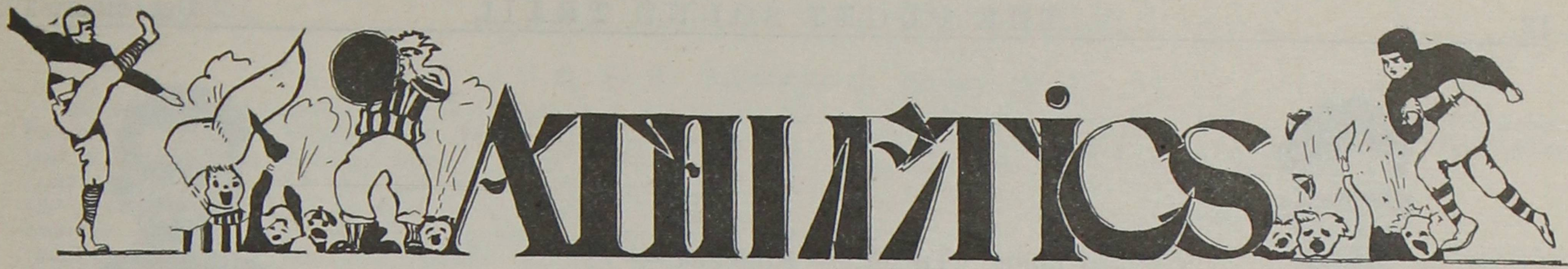
In the last issue of The Trail we published a story called "Oswald's Overshoes." This story was written by a girl who attended Summer School, and who is now at the University of Oklahoma. Because we felt that these stories would add greatly to the attractiveness of our paper she allowed us to publish them and at this time

we wish to especially thank Miss Eileen Yost for her splendid spirit of co-operation. There are two more stories of the series which will be published in the following issues of this magazine.

Greetings, have you ordered an out-size Christmas stocking yet?

A Few Nights Ago  
\* \* \*  
The Editor of This Paper Had A Dream;  
\* \* \*  
And It Was Christmas Morning  
\* \* \*  
And Everything Was Set For A  
\* \* \*  
Regular Old-Fashioned, Raring-to-go  
Christmas Day—  
\* \* \*  
When Suddenly the Editor Realized  
\* \* \*  
That There Was No Material In For  
\* \* \*  
The January Issue Of The Trail.  
\* \* \*  
And Lo! That Day The Editor was Beset  
\* \* \*  
With That Morning-After-The-Night-  
\* \* \*  
Before Feeling  
\* \* \*  
And There Was No Gladness For  
\* \* \*  
The Editor  
\* \* \*  
On That Day.  
\* \* \*  
Be That As It May  
\* \* \*  
The Trail Staff Wishes You  
\* \* \*  
A Very Merry Christmas  
\* \* \*  
But,  
\* \* \*  
Give Us A Chance To Be Happy, Too,  
\* \* \*  
And Turn In Your Material  
\* \* \*  
For The January Issue  
\* \* \*  
At Once.  
\* \* \*  
Thank You!!!!





# ATHLETICS

## C. P. S.—ELLENSBURG GAME—6-0

**F**RIDAY, Nov. 4, the Varsity journeyed to Ellensburg to play the State Normal School. A fine show of school spirit was displayed at the Union Station. The team was to leave at 7 A. M. There were fully forty students there, to see them off, cheering and singing as the train pulled out. Evidently this display did not do any harm, because Puget Sound was the victor in the afternoon's game by a score of 6 to 0.

The weather was perfect—cool and clear. The field was ideal, being covered with a short growth of dry grass in direct contrast to Bellingham's slippery, muddy field. The Epworth League of the local Methodist Church entertained the team at lunch and the game was called for 2 P. M. The contest was hard fought and excellent sportsmanship was manifested on both sides. The regular backfield of the college were more or less cripples, and substitutes were freely used.

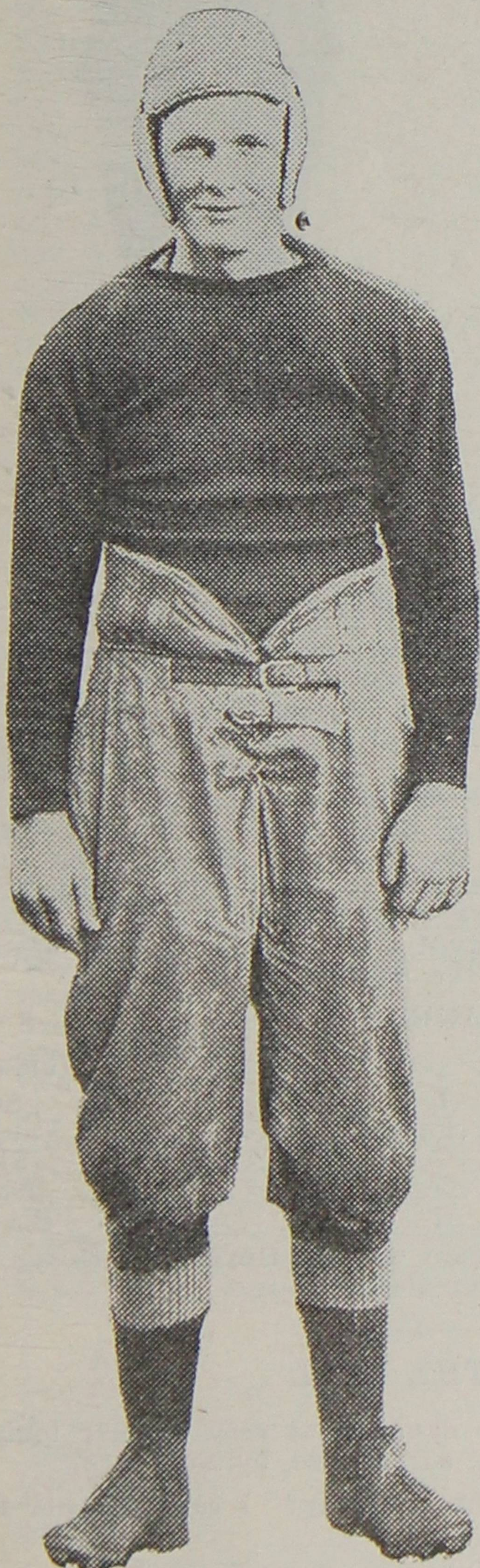
### THE GAME

Rumbaugh kicked off for C. P. S. Immediately the game settled into a punting duel, neither side being able to make yardage, nor was either side able to make any material gain

by punting. At the end of the first quarter C. P. S. made first down three times in succession when the period ended. The second quarter opened with Dorsey making fifteen yards around. Right end to Ellensburg's ten yard line. Here Revelle was sent in Rumbaugh's place, but Ellensburg received the ball on down on their one yard line and immediately punted out of danger. The game again resolved into a punting duel, C. P. S. having a slight advantage. As the half ended Puget Sound attempted a drop kick which failed.

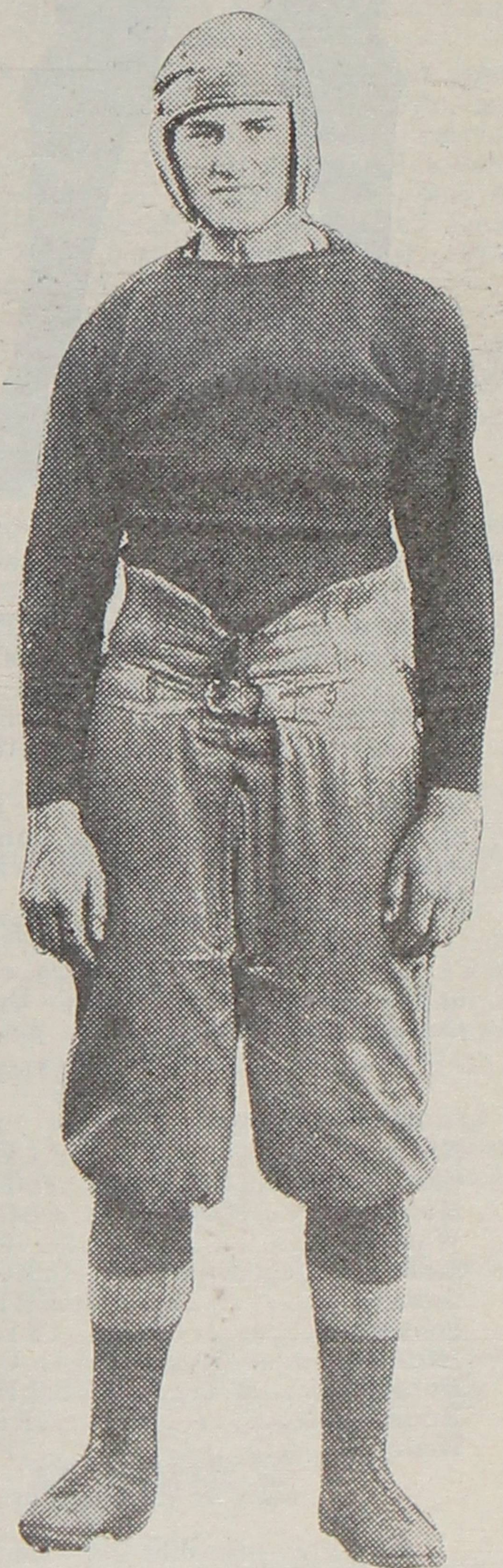
Ellensburg kicked off at the beginning of the second half. A see-saw game started each side making first down once or twice and the punting. The third quarter ended with the ball on Ellensburg's fifteen yard line and in their possession.

Fourth quarter. Ellensburg punted out of danger and the College woke up to the fact that it was time to win the game. By a series of line smashes, crossback and end runs netting first down twice and a long pass from "Rip" to Blanton netting twenty yards the ball was placed on Ellensburg's nine yard line. At this time Turley was sent in to relieve Henry. Three line smashes by Revelle, Dorsey and Morrow and the ball was still three yards from the line.



JESS MATHIS

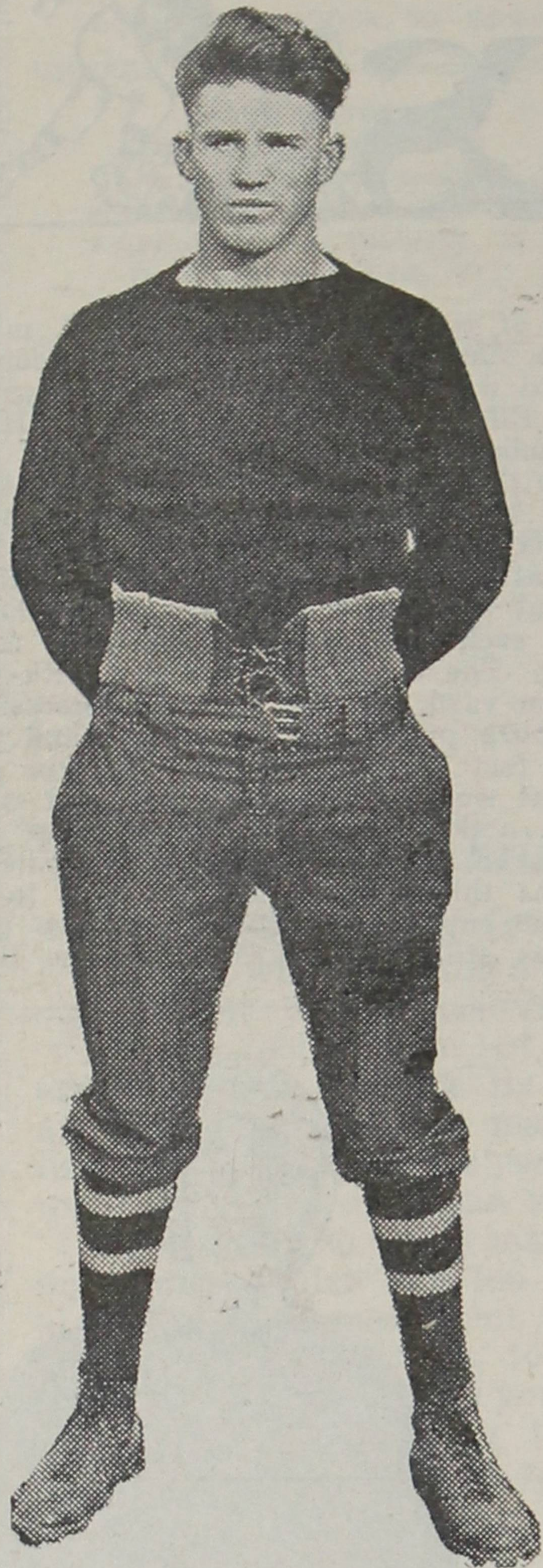
Jess Mathis—Guard—This was Jess' first year at C. P. S. He made a fine showing and promises to be a four year letter man.



ED. AMENDE

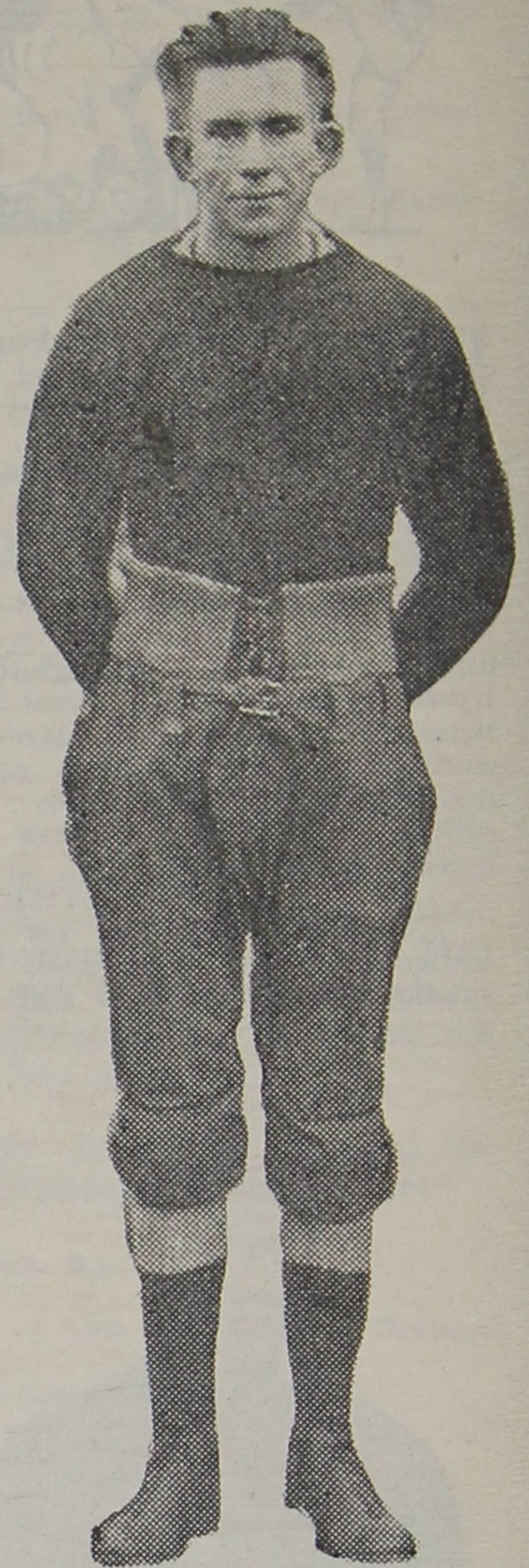
Ed. Amende—Guard—Another Frosh letter man. Ed. is a coming whiz at football, has the weight and build and is aggressive.





CLAUDE TURLEY

Claude Turley — Fullback — “Give it to Turley.” That’s what was said when it was absolutely necessary to have a few yards. Turley played in rather hard luck this season, being knocked out several times but he had usually scored enough points to make the game safe.



ROY MORROW

Roy Morrow—Quarter—It was Morrow that piloted the Varsity this year and he did it nobly. Morrow has three years more at C. P. S. and is sure to be a mainstay on the team.

On the fourth down Turley despite his injured ankle and crippled shoulder took the ball. There being no hole in the line he dived up and over the top, crossing the goal line by two feet. The goal was not kicked. This ended the game as far as scoring was concerned. C. P. S. again kicked off and Ellensburg opened up with a large assortment of passes advancing the ball to the C. P. S. eight yard line, only to be held for downs. C. P. S. punted out of danger and once more by passes and end runs Ellensburg carried the ball down to the five yard line when the final whistle blew and the game was over.

C. P. S.—6. ELLENSBURG—0

One of the odd features of the game was that brothers opposed each other. “Jack” Dorsey playing Left Half for the College and “Bob” Dorsey playing Center for the Normal.

LINE-UP

C. P. S.—		Ellensburg Normal	
Kinch.....	LER.....	F. Robinson	
Crawford.....	LTR.....	Alderson	
Mathis.....	LGR.....	Mueller	
Wasson.....	C.....	R. Dorsey	
McPhail.....	RGL.....	Harmon	
Stone.....	RTL.....	Fowler	
Schrader.....	REL.....	Robinson	
Morrow.....	Q.....	Green	
Dorsey.....	LHR.....	Whipple	
Rumbaugh.....	RHL.....	Barnes	
Henry.....	F.....	Cook	

SUBSTITUTIONS

C. P. S.—Revelle for Rumbaugh, Blanton for Schrader, Stiles for Mathis, Schrader for Henry, Turley for Schrader, Henry for Turley.

BASKETBALL

BASKETBALL season is again with us. Monday, November 28, the Frosh A team defeated the Junior team, on which were three members of last years varsity. The game was bitter and some football tactics were indulged in it being the first game of the year. In the first half the Frosh had a big advantage, as is shown by the score at the end of the first half. Frosh 15, Juniors 9. During the second half the scoring was close, the Juniors overcoming the Frosh lead and being ahead themselves by one point. The Frosh settled down to business however, and won the game. Frosh 24, Juniors 20. Laakso played a star game for the winners and Scott and Stone were the leaders of the losers.

LINE-UP

Frosh—		Junior—
Laakso.....	F.....	Scott
Gordon.....	F.....	Vaughn
J. Hoyer.....	C.....	Stone
G. Hoyer.....	G.....	Brooks
Newell.....	G.....	Beattie

Substitutes—Frosh: Mackay for G. Hoyer; G. Hoyer for Newell. Juniors: Cruver for Beattie.

AT THE BALL

Maternal Parent: “Our daughter is very popular tonight. Do you see her over there surrounded by admirers?”

Paternal Parent: “Is that Dorothy? I can’t see her face from this distance.”

Maternal Parent: “Neither can I. I recognize her knees though.”



C. P. S.—PACIFIC U. GAME—21-14

November 1, Armistice day the College met defeat at the hands of Pacific University of Forest Grove, Oregon. It was a battle from start to finish. Three times in the first quarter C. P. S. had the ball within striking distance of the goal only to lose it on down or a fumble. In the second quarter Pacific opened up with passes and put over two touchdowns before the half closed. In the third quarter again Pacific made a touchdown as a result of a pass. This however finished the scoring for Pacific. A short time later Schrader, C. P. S. end, recovered a fumble and dodging past the Pacific safety ran forty yards for a touchdown. "Rip" kicked goal. Soon after Captain Kinch interrupted a pass and broke thru the line to Pacific's eight yard line from

where the backs smashed it across for the second touchdown. During the last quarter C. P. S. repeatedly threatened to score but were unable to push the ball across.

LINE-UP

Kinch .....	Left End	Stone .....	Right Tackle
Crawford .....	Left Tackle	Schrader .....	Right End
Amende .....	Left Guard	Morrow .....	Quarter
Wasson .....	Center	Dorsey .....	Left Half
McPhail .....	Right Guard	Revelle .....	Right Half
	Turley .....		Full

Substitutions—Henry for Turley, Rumbaugh for Morrow.

C. P. S.—WILLAMETTE U.—18-7

Thanksgiving Day the Varsity broke two records. Not only was Willamette's goal line crossed for the first time but it was crossed enough times to win the game, and C. P. S. defeated her old rival. The goal of all the football activities is to "Wallop Willamette" and Willamette certainly was walloped.

A close game was expected. C. P. S. had an exceptionally strong team while Willamette is a member of the Northwest Conference and plays several of the State Universities. They were evenly matched as to weight, the varsity having perhaps a pound or two to the man advantage tho both teams were light and fast.

The game was played in the Stadium. The field was rather wet, but in excellent condition considering the weather, there being a foot of snow on the ground four days before.

First Quarter.—C. P. S. kicked off and Willamette returned the ball to their forty-three yard line only to lose it on a fumble on the fourth down, C. P. S. was unable to make yardage and punted on the fourth down. Willamette's quarter fumbled the punt and Turley nabbed the ball and ran fifteen yards for a touchdown. The goal kick failed. C. P. S. kicked off again and again Willamette fumbled C. P. S. recovering. Willamette had Puget Sound for downs and received the ball on their fifteen yard line. Willamette punted out of danger. C. P. S. made first down three times in succession and smashed over a second touchdown. No goal. Willamette kicked, C. P. S. made first down and fumbled, Willamette recovering. Here Willamette started on the rampage, making first down twice. C. P. S. 12, Willamette 0.

Second Quarter.—Willamette continued her gains, making first down by passes and end runs and completing a pass to the three yard line. Here they had four downs to make the goal but C. P. S. displayed real football, breaking up Willamette plays before they got under way and holding them for downs. C. P. S. punted. Willamette advanced to the twenty yard line and attempted a drop kick which failed. C. P. S. punted. Once more Willamette started for the goal and this time they were more successful. By a long pass the ball was placed on the eight yard line from where they carried it across, kicking the goal immediately after-

wards. C. P. S. kicked and Willamette made first down on passes three times only to be held for downs on the five yard line and here C. P. S. fumbled the ball, Willamette recovering it. Willamette was forced back and tried for a place kick which was blocked and rolled toward the center of the field. Willamette recovered it. Willamette punted and the half ended. This was the only quarter where Willamette seemed the stronger. C. P. S. 12, Willamette 7.

Third Quarter.—Willamette kicked off. C. P. S. made yardage twice and punted, Willamette and C. P. S. exchanged punts. Willamette made first down and fumbled and C. P. S. recovered. C. P. S. attempted a place kick but failed. Willamette punted. C. P. S. ran the ball back and once more attempted a place kick and again failed. Willamette punted and this time C. P. S. did not attempt anymore field goals but by straight football made first down three times and Dorsey carried the ball over. The goal kick failed. The quarter ended with a kick off by Puget Sound and a return punt by Willamette. C. P. S. 18, Willamette, 7.

Fourth Quarter.—C. P. S. and Willamette exchanged punts. C. P. S. held for down. Willamette made first down once and another exchange of punts followed. C. P. S. received a punt and made yardage three times and attempted another place kick which failed. The rest of the game was a punting duel C. P. S. having a slight advantage and Puget Sound attempting two more place kicks both of which failed. Final score—C. P. S. 18; Willamette 7.

Zeller was the shining star for the visitors.

Speaking personally the Athletic Editor thinks this was one grand ending for the football season and expects to see Willamette's football hung up in some suitable place to be gazed upon by all.

THE LINE-UP

Kinch .....	Left End	Stone .....	Right Tackle
Crawford .....	Left Tackle	Schrader .....	Right End
Amende .....	Left Guard	Morrow .....	Quarter
Wasson .....	Center	Dorsey .....	Left Half
McPhail .....	Right Guard	Revelle .....	Right Half
	Turley .....		Fullback

In the final quarter Stiles substituted for Amende.

SLAUGHTER

Frosh girls, 34—Junior girls, 1

In a desperate game the Frosh girls overcame their friends the Juniors by the score of 34 to 1. The entire Frosh team displayed excellent teamwork, and individual playing. The Juniors were rather weak nor having practised as a team. The thrilling climax of the game came in the last five minutes of the second half. Coach Peck blew his whistle one of the Frosh girls had taken two steps with the ball. Gravely Coach Peck took the ball and placed it in the hands of Miss Ohlson. The spectators were tense. There was not a sound in the vast gymnasium. Miss Ohlson advanced to the line. Her body was set for a moment and then the ball went flying toward the little iron hoop. It hit the hoop, bounced against the back board and down to the hoop again, hesitated and in it rolled. From the galleries came a mighty shout. The Juniors had made a point.

THE LINE-UP

Frosh—		Juniors—	
Dorothy Floberg 24	.....F.....	Dorothy DuBuisson	
Carol Vinson 10	.....F.....	Margaret Ohlson 1	
Evelyn Ahnquist	.....JC.....	Ethel Storrey	
Edith Thomas	.....RC.....	Gladys Harding	
Wilma Zediker	.....G.....	Esther Graham	
Mildred Eaton	.....G.....	Hilda Scheyer	
Substitutions—Juniors: Mary Anderson for Esther Storrey.			
Final Score—Frosh 34, Juniors 1.			

Frank Henry was severely injured in football practice on the afternoon of November 17. He jumped to catch a pass but when he came down his foot was turned in some manner that several bones in his ankle were fractured. He was confined at the hospital for a few days and then taken to his home. He will be back in school in a few weeks. Henry is one of the exceptionally promising men among the Freshmen for the backfield. He played in three of the varsity games and acquitted himself in a very creditable manner. He will probably be in the regular lineup next semester.

The Athletic Department wish to extend their thanks to the new sorority, the Delta Alpha Gamma, for entertaining the Willamette team the evening after the game. Good organization and school spirit were manifested.

Thickly hand coated, hand roll rich centers, that's Chocolate Shop Chocolates.

Spread Christmas Cheer with Plants and Flowers, gifts that beautify the home and bring cheer.

H. W. MANIKE

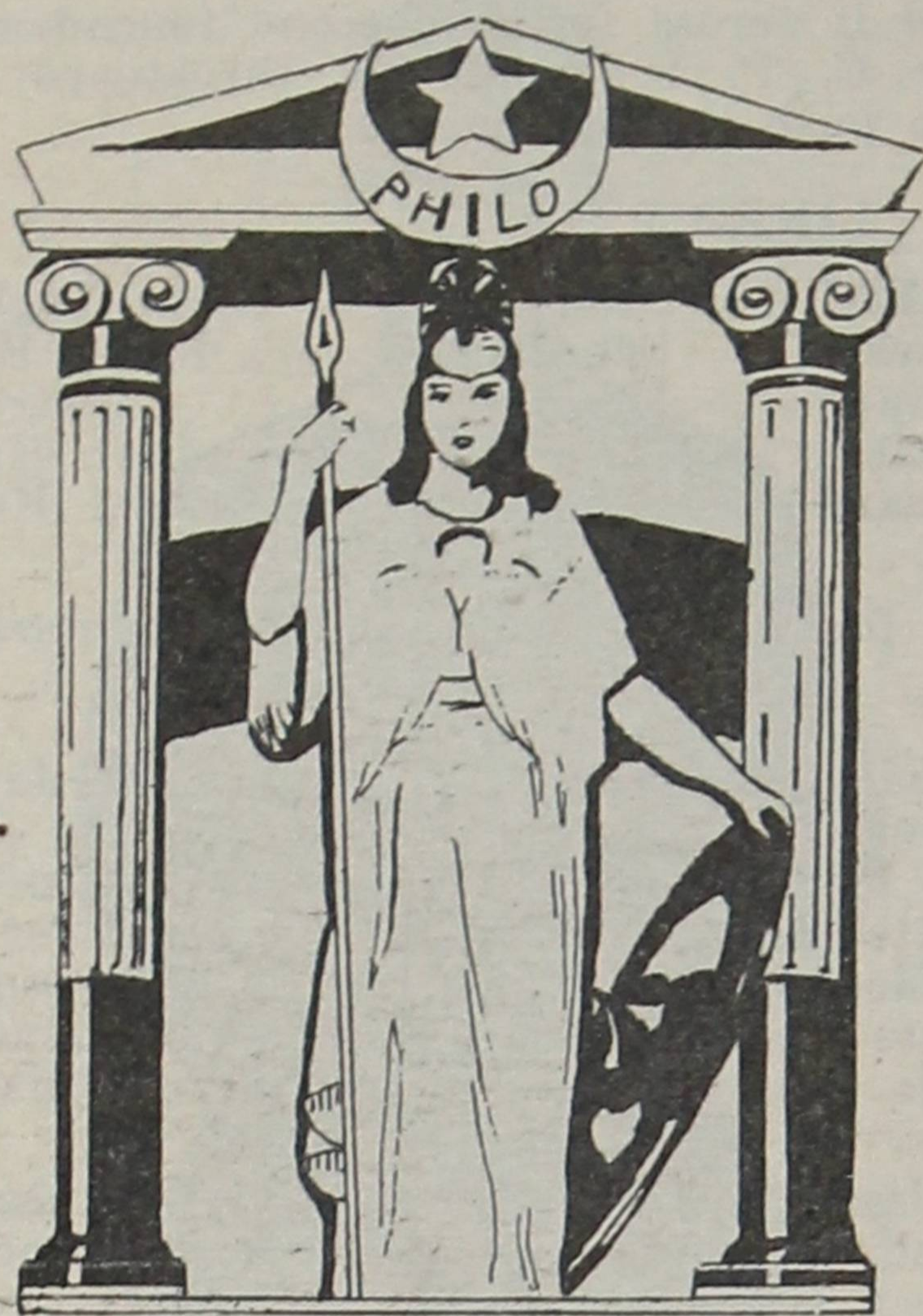
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PHILOMATHEAN NOTES



**P**HILO considers herself peculiarly fortunate in having secured the following new members: Misses Florence Davies, Hazel Bréger, Dorothy Perris, Averill Isenhardt, Ann Davies, Frances Clinton, Wilma Zedicker, Marian Harding, Lucille McWilliams, Willa McKay, Astrid Rognan, and Esther Osborne; and Messrs. Roy Morrow, Archie Laakso, Theodore Upton, Ted Raudebaugh, Lyle Lemly, Harold Mackey, Douglas Wight, Ray Henton, Wilfred Jones, Harley Notter, Harold Snyder, Ed Newell, Frank Henry, Harold Huseby, Russell Gordon and Lyle Andrews.

These people have all taken first degree and are now waiting anxiously to ride the goat. The "Baby Program" which is given annually by the new pledges, was unusually clever this year and if our "Philoettes" continue to prove their worth to such a marked degree we will indeed consider ourselves fortunate.

We miss very much our two members who are out on account of illness; Anne Davies underwent an operation for appendicitis but we are glad to hear that she is getting along very well indeed; Frank Henry is enjoying a memento of football season in the form of a broken ankle. We are sorry that he will be obliged to be out of school a month yet but we wish him the best of luck.

Philo is eagerly anticipating a cake from Luella Peterman and Lyle Andrews, who announced their engagement recently. We extend to them our heartiest congratulations and know that they will be very happy.

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

SILVER MOON

917 Broadway

KAPPA SIGMA THETA



**W**ITH a great deal of enthusiasm and anticipation, Kappa Sigma Theta is looking forward to the inter-society debate during the first part of December. On that night the Theta debaters will meet the Philomathean team on the question, "Resolved that the Panama Canal should be open to all vessels of all nations on terms of entire equality." Theta upholds the affirmative and Philo, the negative. We are mighty proud of our veteran debater, Florence Maddock, who always puts the thing across. And we are expecting just as much of our new member, Roma Schmid, who has already showed a great deal of talent in oratory. Every Theta is backing her worthy debaters.

Considerable talent has been shown by our new members during the past month along both musical and literary lines. Freshmen Flashes, a program cleverly given, preceded our Thanksgiving program, which was as follows:

YE THANKSGIVING PROGRAM

- The First Thanksgiving ..... Margaret Moore
- The Modern Thanksgiving ..... Dorothy Mendenhall
- Duet ..... Lucille Allsip, Anita Greenlaw
- Value of Thanksgiving ..... Juliette Palmer
- A Thanksgiving Story ..... Geraldine Stinson
- The Turkey's Thanksgiving—
  - Father Turkey ..... Hilda Scheyer
  - Mother Turkey ..... Mabel Swanson
  - Sally Turkey ..... Marjorie Guptil
  - Bobby Turkey ..... Roma Schmid

AMPHICTYON NOTES



**T**HE Amphic programs of the last month have been of the very best and have journeyed into many fields.

Of special interest was the program, the "Green entertains the Gold." The new Amphics displayed excellent talent in their rendering of so delightful a program. Everybody was there, even Romeo and some of our sailors who brave the briny deep.

"See America First" was a program that attracted much attention and favorable comment. Each subject dealt with some form of America's wonders and carried out

the idea of seeing America first. The paper on "Our National Parks," given by Evelyn Longstreth was especially interesting and deserves much credit.

Our Thanksgiving program was a decided success.

DELTA ALPHA GAMMA SOCIETY

**T**HE Delta Alpha Gamma society which was organized some time ago, has now perfected its organization and affairs are running smoothly. Mrs. C. A. Robbins, who is sponsor for the new society has given freely of her time and advice and the girls owe much of their success to her. The officers are: Ardis Fox, President; Agnes Scott, Vice President; Helen Small, Recording Secretary; Norma Lawrence, Corresponding Secretary; Willabelle Hoage, Treasurer; Helen Miller, Sergeant-at-Arms; Katheryne Chester, Artist; Edith Thomas, Dorothy Floberg, Program Committee.

*Wouldn't it be a grand and glorious feeling if the Faculty should give us a Christmas present by calling off all final exams?*

ARE YOU ONE OF THE CHOSEN FEW?

An important business meeting was held by the Squawking Ducks Saturday, November 6th. New members were initiated during the course of the proceedings.

A new organization is formed in our midst in the form of the Safety Pin Club. At present we do not know what those bright and shiny safety clasps mean but we guess "Safety First".

Happy Jack five cent La Champ Candy Bar, Chocolate pudding center.

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# Society

MILDRED FORSBERG and RUTH WHEELER, *Editors*

"W E'LL Wallop Willamette" was the last echo heard by the unfortunate fleeing student making the last train for the old home town Thanksgiving Eve. Unfortunate, say we, in that he missed all the fun of "getting his feet wet" and that wonderful thrill of seeing the TEAM put it across. But, no doubt, it was a "grand 'n' glorious feeling" to be back home again with all the "folks". For every one came back with sweet and "plentiful" memories of Turkey Day. Those who enjoyed the holidays out of the city were the following: Misses Hilda Scheyer, Lois and Helen Brace of Puyallup, Wilma Sediger from Granger, Marjorie Anderson of Bellingham, Geraldine Stinson of Gig Harbor, Marjorie Guptil of Sumner, and Miss Averill Isenhardt.

## YE FROLICSOME FROSH CARNIVAL

ORIGINALITY! That's what characterized the party the freshmen gave for the sophomores on the tenth of November. We aren't thru laughing yet at the Hayseed band, the Girl and Her Fella, and the colored "ladies". And all day suckers! We ate so many we were ashamed of ourselves, but we kept on eating. When supper was served we were in the most hilarious of spirits and munched animal cookies in congenial good will toward all our fellow men. Never will we be able to say the frosh aren't clever. They certainly put across SOME PARTY!

MRS. Lynette Hovious entertained at an enjoyable dinner party Thanksgiving Day for a number of her friends of the faculty. Later in the evening the party attended the Rialto Theatre to see "Way Down East". The guests were Miss Crapser, Senator Davis, Miss Balke, Mr. Winslow, Mr. Chislet, Miss Carol Fay Hovious and the hostess.

*Even if everything happens that the pessimists predict, it will still be fun to live. Christmas is coming!*

## FRENCH CLUB

A FRENCH Club is being organized in C. P. S. this year. The meeting for organization will be held on Dec. 8. All students who are interested in French, whether you are taking it now or not, are cordially invited to this meeting. Everyone who comes is asked to have a name to present for consideration for the name of the club. We want to put on some very good programs this year, so come out and help us organize. Remember the date! Dec. 8, at 4 p. m. Watch the bulletin boards for further announcements of our activities.

## COLLEGE TEA

A CHARMING tea was given by the women of the Y. W. C. A. Advisory Board for the college women the Thursday before Thanksgiving. The attractive home of Mrs. Muffley on Prospect Hill was thrown open for the occasion. Miss Alice Brown, the North Western Field Secretary, talked in an interesting manner on the Value of Friendship among the Women of all Nations. After friendly visits and renewing of old acquaintances, tea was served from a daintily appointed table. The guests were received between the hours of three and six by Mrs. Edgar H. Dodd, Mrs. Edward H. Todd, and Mrs. Muffley.

On Thanksgiving night the Delta Alpha Gammas were hostesses at a delightful party in honor of the Willamette football team. The home economics rooms were the scene of a merry assemblage of college students and faculty. Decorations in school pennants and colors lended spirit to the evening's merriment. A program of peppy games and pleasing music made the time enjoyable for all.

A novel dinner party was enjoyed by the Scientists at Hoyts Donut Shop during the past month. The clever setting of greenery against a black and white background and the wailing strains of "Marjorie" were indeed different from the usual. An interesting program was given in the living rooms of the Sacajawea Club at a latter hour.

Thanksgiving week-end, the time of all times in the year for a good time, was celebrated by some of the college folk at a house party given by Charles Brady at his home in National. The guests were the Misses Winnifred Williams, Willa Makay, Ruth Wheeler and Margaret Ohlson, and Messrs. Frank Brooks, Matthew Thompson, and Newell Stone. The two days were filled to the brim with fun in the form of hikes, eats and "rook".

The Delta Alpha Gamma Sorority was entertained at an enjoyable theatre party during the holidays. After the matinee, the balcony of the Pheasant, exquisitely decorated in the sorority colors, afforded a pleasant spot for tea.

Oh! Yes! It rained but what could spoil a rip roaring peppy house-party. So they all said—I mean those who enjoyed the Thanksgiving week-end at the Warburton country home at Steilacoom Lake. With the wind whistling and the rain whipping around the chimney tops, the merry warm blazes of the huge open fireplace furnished all the cheer that could be asked. But nevertheless the sprained ankles and painful limps told tales of one LONG wild hunt to say the least. Those who enjoyed the pleasing hospitality of Stanton Warburton were the Misses Francis Goering, Dorothy Mendenhall, Lois Brace, Geraldine Stinson, Florence Maddock and Greta Miller; Messrs. Tom Swayze, Everett Stiles, Spencer Smith, Ray Fisher and Elmer Anderson. Miss Crapser proved SOME CHAP, we hope to shout!

The many friends of Miss Helen Monroe are delighted to hear that she is speedily recovering from a recent illness. Miss Monroe is now at home on North Eighth Street and receiving friends in her usual pleasant manner.

We are glad to report that Miss Anne Davis, one of the most popular members of the freshmen girls, is recovering exceedingly well from a recent operation. We hope that she may be with us again soon.

We're all so sorry to hear of the misfortune which befell on the all-star football player, Frank Murry, and we hope that his recovery may be as speedy as possible.

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# Exchange

NELSON PIERCE, *Editor*

UNIVERSITY of Washington—"University of Washington Plays", a series of plays written last year by students in play writing, is the first book of its kind to be published in the West and will be off the press early in December. The publication will contain a variety, ranging from near tragedy to comedy satire. It will be published by the editorial staff of the Columns, Washington's student opinion magazine.

I'd rather be a Could Be  
If I had not been an Are,  
For a Could Be is a May Be  
With a chance of touching Par.

I'd rather be a Has Been  
Than a Might Have Been, by far,  
For a Might Have Been has never been,  
But a Has was once an Are.  
—Stanford Chaparral, Weekly Messenger, The Rainbow.

How much did Philadelphia Pa? Whose grass did K. C. Mo? How many eggs did New Orleans La? How much does Cleveland O?

What was it made Chicago Ill? 'Twas Washington D. C. She wooed Tacoma Wash, in spite of a Maryland Md.

When Hartford and New Haven Conn What reuben did they soak? Could Noah build a Little Rock Ark If he had no Guthrie Ok?

We call Minneapolis Minn, why not Annapolis Ann? If you can't tell the reason I'll bet Topeka Kan.

But now you speak of ladies what A Butte Montana is. If I could borrow Memphis Tenn I'd treat that Jackson Miss.

Would Denver Colo cop because Ottumwa Isa dore And, though my Portland Me doth love I threw my Portland Ore.  
—Lippincott's.

"I say, Harry," said a mnier to his mate, "What's a cosmopolitan?"

"Suppose there was a Russian Jew lived in England with an Italian wife, smoking Egyptian cigarettes, near a French window in a room with a Turkish carpet on the floor. If this man drank American ice cream sodas while listening to a German band playing 'Come Back to Erin,' after a supper of Dutch cheese made up as a Welsh rarebit, then you might be quite safe in saying that he was a cosmopolitan."

## THE RAINBOW

"The Great Auk's ghost rose on one leg,  
Sighed thrice and three times winkt,  
And turned and poached a phantom egg,  
And muttered, 'I'm extinct.'"

—The Ubysey.

# School Notes

ESTHER GRAHAM, *Editor*

## DEBATE NOTES

ON the evening of Nov. 16, the debate program for the year was launched. An informal dinner at the Woodstock apartments was the occasion, the largest crowd in the history of local forensics being present. Several sponsors of debate and oratory in the College of Puget Sound were present to give their encouragement to the aspiring orators. The year's work was outlined and every thing points to a most successful season with steady progress over last year's program. It was announced that an effort will be made to affiliate with one of the national debating fraternities this year.

First interest centers around the Inter-Society Debates to be held this month, with the handsome Newbegin Cup as a prize. On Dec. 12 the Kappa Sigma Theta Sorority meets the Philomathean Literary Society, the question being Panama Canal tolls. Florence Maddock and Roma Schmid debate for Theta, while Russel Clay and Alfred Matthews uphold the Philo side of the argument.

On Dec. 16, the H. C. S. fraternity meets the Amphictyon Society with a question new to this section as a basis of contention; i. e., the substitution in criminal cases of three experts, a criminologist, a psychologist, and a doctor of jurisprudence, for the present jury. For Amphic, Ernest Ross and Claude Turely argue the affirmative with Feilding Lemmon and Stanton Warburton upholding the negative for H. C. S.

The College of Puget Sound meets Willamette University in debate this year and also will clash with Pacific U. The debate manager is endeavoring to arrange a triangular debate in March, for this purpose. The women debaters will have a chance at their Willamette rivals in February when one team journeys to Salem, the other meeting a Willamette team here.

Every opportunity and incentive will be given the debaters this year. Prizes will be given to the best girl debater, the best man debater, with several in oratory and reading.

## DRAMATIC NOTES

THE Dramatic Department really started its objective work of the year on December 1st, when the Philomatheans presented "The Mouse Trap" by Mrs. Burton Harrison, in student assembly. Each of the other societies will be represented in the next few weeks.

The attention of the student body is also being called to the play "\$1200 a Year", which will be presented in the Chapel during the first week in February. This is a thoroughly representative college play with a number of good leads and anyone interested in Dramatics is urged to try out.

## SCIENCE NOTES

THE regular monthly meeting of the Science Club was held at the Ladies' Dormitory, November 23rd. Mr. Newell Stone was host. After a bounteous repast the business was taken up.

The following reports were given:

The relation of Soil Fertility to Vitamine Product in Grain, Mr. Anton Erp.

The manufacture of Artificial Silk, Mr. Clyde Kinch.

Radioactivity, Mr. Elmer Carlson.

The next meeting of the Science Club will be held on the 14th of December.

## SOPHOMORE NOTES

WE have a mighty fine basketball team this year and the Sophomore class is rooting for them. The line-up is as follows: Revelle and Norris, forwards; Schrader and Wasson, guards; Ellis, center.

Rip has the same speed and pep in basketball that he has in football. "Big Dick" and Gene are playing a speedy game and Norris and Ellis complete the team with some mighty fine playing. All these men are experienced basketball players and we are expecting great things from them. Let's turn out to the games and root for them!

## SCIENTIFICIANS

ON November 16, the Scienticians met at Hoyt's for a Dutch Treat. After dinner, we all went up to the Girl's Dormitory to hold our regular meeting. Miss Ohlson reported on "Efficiency Aids for the Queen of the House," Miss Warren, on "Defects found in Drafted Men," and Miss King on "Chemical Research as applied to Industries."

We are delighted to announce that Miss Balke is our new Faculty sponsor and we are sure that we shall enjoy the year with her very much.

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### DORMITORY LIFE

"DORMITORY Life" at least in the boy's Dormitory, is the life ideal, the "Modern Utopia." It far excels the dreams of the wildest Communist. It typifies brotherly affection, self sacrifice and altruism in it's highest form of Development.

In order to present to you vividly a picture of dormitory life I will now take you on an imaginary journey thru the Dormitory. As one steps from the boulevard upon the cinder path winding up to the marble portals of the dormitory, an imposing structure of granite and marble, he is deeply impressed with the ideal surroundings. Off to the right rises the lofty spire of our Gothic Chapel and further in the distance amid the ancient oaks can be seen the massive outlines of the Administration Building. Occasionally one catches a strain of harmony arising from the Conservatory of Music, as some budding prima donna develops the voice that will some day enthrall the nation. But returning to the dormitory. As we mount the granite steps and pass thru the massive bronze portals we are struck with the profound quietude that prevades the entire structure. We first read a notice, posted in the vestibule, admonishing the inmates to refrain from undue disturbance after seven in the evening. Of course this is but a piece of rare humor for in the dormitory there always prevails that atmosphere which is conducive to study.

We will visit a few of the rooms in order to more fully appreciate these ideal conditions. The first room we enter is that of Mr. Paul Snyder and Elmer Carlson. These two personages are beheld reclining upon leather upholstered davenports, diligently pursuing their studies. The most striking feature of this and indeed all of the rooms, is the high degree of order maintained therein.

As we step from the domicile of these people and are again in the hall we come upon our friend, Ed Amende, at the telephone, conversing with another student. The conversation must be very interesting for he does not even become aware of our presence.

I will now conduct you to our cullinary department, which is a marvel of modern cleanliness and sanitation. This department is supervised by Chef Penning who is famous for his wonderful pastery. I regret it is not meal time for to witness a meal at the Boy's Dormitory is equivalent to reading several volumes on etiquette.

There is one other room we must visit before leaving. This is the room belonging to Mr. Clyde Kinch, the model room in the dormitory. As we enter we are overwhelmed by the studious atmosphere which envelops the place at all times. Thru this haze of intellectual atmosphere we perceive Mr. Kinch and his roommate Noble Chowning, sitting at the mahogany table deeply engrossed in the preparation of their lessons for fully two weeks hence. Indeed so thorough is their concentration that they are entirely oblivious to our presence. As we stand and behold this diligent meditation we receive an inspiration, as if from on high, and quickly we take our departure to pour over our neglected lessons.

To some, experience is a headlight; to others, it is merely a sternlight, illuminating only the waters of the past.

### JUNIOR NOTES

THE Juniors haven't won any laurels in basket-ball yet for you see it's just this way. The other day Professor Chislet said in chapel that we should use our dictionaries more. We followed his advice and as a consequence lost the ball game. Just listen to this:

In promulgating your esoteric cogitations, or articulating your superficial sentiments and amicable philosophical or psychological observations, beware of platitudinous ponderosity. Let your conversational communications possess a clarified conciseness, a compacted comprehensibleness, a consistency and a concatenated coquency. Eschew all conglomerations of flatulent garrulity, jejune babblement, and asinine affections. Let your extemporaneous decantings and unpremeditated expatiations have intelligibility and veracious vivacity, without rhodomantade or thrasonical bombast. Sedulously avoid all polysyllabic profundity, pompous prolixity psittaceous vacuity, ventriloquial verbosity, and vaniloquent vapidity. Shun double-intendres prurient jocosity, and pestiferous profanity, obscurant or apparent.

In other words talk plainly, briefly, naturally, sensibly, truthfully, purely. Keep from slang, don't put on airs, say what you mean, mean what you say. And don't use big words.

At a recent Junior meeting Miss Phoebe Nicholson was elected as Editor of the "Tamanawas" and Roy Cruver as Business Manager. The Junior Class is behind them to a man.



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## LUNDQUIST-LILLY

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## SACAJAWEA NOTES

By "Gosh"

**T**IMES are dull. Thrilling times have ceased to was. Ye humble scribe most frantically knashes her hands and wrings her teeth, for she fears her "nose for news" has lost its sense of smell. Ah! woe is me!

Aha! We have it! We will impart to the unsuspecting public, divers famby secrets, which have long since burned a hole in our pockets; i. e., viz., to-wit, as follows:

The time is after dinner, the place is the kitchen, the girl is Margaret Ohlson:

A slight scratching noise is heard in the wall.

Paprika: "I guess it's mice."

Mrs. Simpson: "It's probably rats chasing mice."

Ma (in amazed surprise): "Oh! Do rats eat their mice?"

The other day Marj locked herself out of her room and Anton Peter was doing second story work preparatory to opening her door via the window route. He was having difficulties when Dorothy Wallace yelled:

"Why, Marj, why dont you go and open the window for him?"

A deep discussion is going on in the back hall. Ethel Mae speaks:

"Well, I'm going to take a bath in the meantime."

Jolly Junior: "I'd suggest a bathtub."

Yours truly: "Marj, tell me a joke."

Tuck: "Nip and I are being sensible this week."

Anton and three other girls enjoyed Thanksgiving vacation at the Dorm.

We are glad to welcome Genevieve Wilson to the Bosom of our well regulated family.

They say little Tommy Tucker sang for his supper. All we have to say is that if he did as well as Averill Isenhart, he deserved his supper.

Gladys Trew hasn't said anything this month that is fit for publication.

The days of romance have not yet ceased to be. It is reported that Ethel Mae Storie and Roy Morrow took the fatal plunge last week at Dr. Todd's home and they say that he performed the ceremony: We wish them luck, but we greatly fear that Ethel Mae Storrey to Morrow.

Our freak songs are a thing of the past. Cayenne and Paprika are bent an acquiring a freak vocabulary. Their one ambition is to go to Boston and show them how much they know.

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YOUR PORTRAIT

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## Y. W. C. A. NOTES

**T**HE most important affair of the past month was the beautiful tea given by the Advisory Board for all the girls of the college. Mrs. James I. Muffley opened her home on North Prospect Street for the occasion. About thirty-five young women attended and had a very enjoyable time.

On Dec. 5 two very interesting little playlets were given by the girls of the organization.

# Alumni

PAUL SNYDER, *Editor*

**T**HIS year as we look out over the world we find that our Alma Mater is represented in every country and in many states. Our graduates are working in many lines of endeavor and have made good.

Wm. Pflaum is the head of the Iquique English College at Iquique, Chile, and is reported to be doing very successful work there.

Mark Freeman is a missionary in the far East and is building up a wonderful reputation for himself.

Paul Todd is Supt. of Schools at Napavine, Wash.

Henry Cramer is studying law at Columbia.

Hack Goodman is coach and teacher at the Arlington High School.

Paul Hanawalt is principal of a school in Puyallup.

Carl Curtis and Muriel Hoover Curtis are at Leavenworth where Carl is principal of the High School.

Samuel Dupertis is in France doing reconstruction work and was recently decorated by the French government.

Mr. and Mrs. (Jimmie) James recently sailed for China as missionaries.

Garland Smith has been doing post graduate work in Edinburgh.

Marmaduke Dodsworth is a missionary in India.

Harold Hong is teaching in the Kent High School.

Harry Gardner has returned from the east and is preaching at Morton.

Leon Bain is attending school at Seminary Hill, Texas.

Mary Cochran is teaching in Alaska.

Gladys Moe is teaching in the Fife High School. Charline Tuell is enjoying her work at the Seattle General Hospital.

Arthur L. Marsh, formerly Dean of this College, is publishing the magazine put out by the Washington Educational Association.

Raymond E. Cook is Supt. of schools at Chehalis.

"Ted" Dunlap is a professor in the University of Ames, Iowa.

Cora Schiebner is teaching in Anacortes.

Helen Bradley is attending the Washington State College.

Three weddings took place this summer: Erma Tuell was married to Mr. Eldin Tuell and is now living in Seattle; Hertilla Barlow married Sherman Day and is now living at the Lakeside Country Club; Josephine Moore married Mark Stewart and is living on Sixth Avenue, Tacoma.

Miss Jessie Rummel, after a tour thru Europe studying art, is now a member of the faculty of an exclusive art school in New York.

James Milligan is Pastor of St. Paul's M. E. Church, Tacoma, and is very successful in his work.

Grace McGandy, formerly a professor at C. P. S., is connected with the St. Helen's Clinic.

Rev. Gambill is preaching at Wilkeson.

Vinnie Pease is in the Department of Agriculture at Washington, D. C.

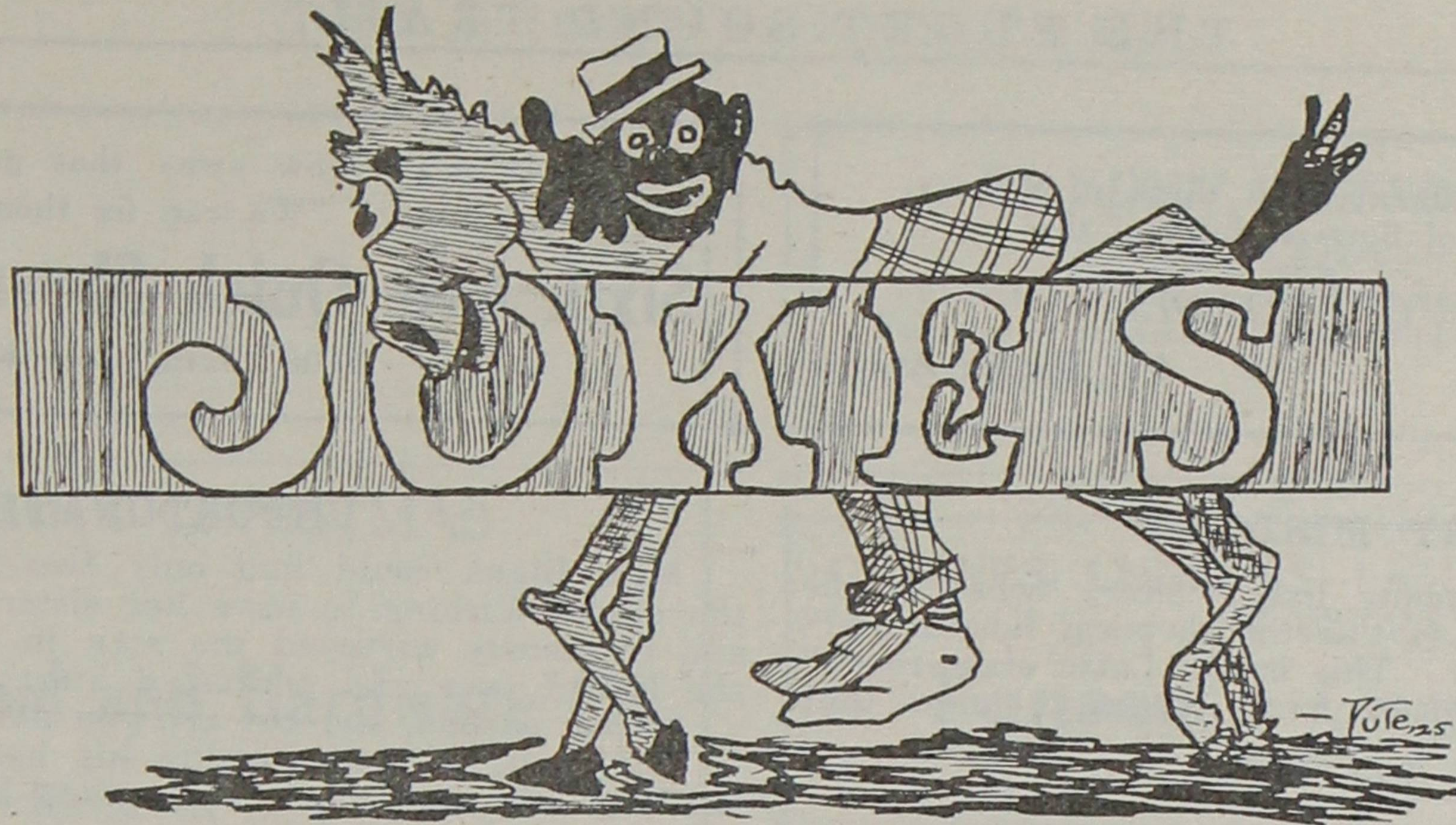
We wish our Alumni the best of Christmas Wishes and hope that they will continue the great work they are doing.

The fact that, with the exception of the defeat by Oregon, Pacific has a clean slate in football this season takes some of the old timers back to the years of 1892 when Pacific first started to play the game. She was one of the first colleges in the northwest to start playing it according to Philip E. Bauer, 200-pound Congregational pastor of Seattle, who was a member of the first team that played and still has the enthusiasm for the old game.

—The Weekly Index.

Special Candies at special prices, every day at Chocolate Shop, 908 Broadway.





SPENCER SMITH, *Editor*

### IT CAN'T BE DONE

He came from where he started  
 And he started from where he went.  
 He hadn't had a speck of food  
 Not even had a cent.  
 He never even muttered once  
 Till he began to talk.  
 And when he left the kitchen door  
 He took the garden walk.  
 Then I asked him where he came from  
 This was just before we parted,  
 And he muttered indistinctly,  
 "Oh, I came from where I started."

—o—  
 What's the difference between a hair dresser and a sculptor?  
 I dunno, what?  
 Well, a hair dresser curls up and dyes while a sculptor  
 makes faces and busts.

—The Eh Kah Nam.

### THIS IS ONE ON THE BISHOP

A small boy met a Bishop on the street and inquired for  
 the time. He was told that it was 3:30.  
 The boy answered the Bishop and said, "At five o'clock  
 you go to hell."  
 This made the Bishop very mad and he started to chase  
 the boy. The boy turned a corner and the Bishop in turning  
 ran into another Bishop.  
 "What's your hurry, Brother?" inquired the run down  
 Bishop.  
 "I was just told to go to hell at five o'clock."  
 "We you needn't be in such a hurry about it, you have an  
 hour and a half yet."

### MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY

"There is not a boy in this town who is as clever as our  
 Bill Clay."  
 "How is that?"  
 "Look at those two chairs. Bill Clay made them out of  
 his own head, and he has enough wood left to make a table."

—o—  
 Rector: My brother takes up Spanish, French, Hebrew,  
 German and Scotch.  
 Tom: Where does he study all that?  
 Rector: Study? He don't study. He runs an elevator.

—o—  
 Lyle: "Do you want to see the place where I was vac-  
 cinated?"  
 Helen: "Why, sure."  
 Lyle: "Just wait a minute and I'll drive around that  
 way."

—o—  
 Fresh green paint on the garden seat had ruined the  
 new cream-colored trousers that Uncle Moses coveted. Never  
 the less Mose tried his best to remove the stain. "Ah done  
 tried everything, boss," said the darkey. "Soap, ga'line, hot  
 iron—"  
 "Did you try ammonia?"  
 "No, boss, no," he answered brightly. "Ah ain't tried 'em-  
 on-me, but Ah knows dey'll fit."

### A RICH VOICE

He—Ed. clothes his words well.  
 She—How is that?  
 He—His tongue always has a coat and his breath comes  
 in pants.

—o—  
 One day as St. Peter was walking down to the pearly  
 gates of Heaven, he thought of a new idea of how to classify  
 the new comers.  
 One nice looking fellow came in and St. Peter asked  
 him what kind of a car he had on earth.  
 "Oh, I had a Packard," was the reply.  
 "You go over there and stand with the Methodists."  
 And the next person he asked:  
 "And what kind of a car did you have?"  
 "I had a Paige."  
 "You go over and stand by with the Presbyterians."  
 And to the next he asked the same question and got this  
 reply: "I had a Studebaker."  
 "Well, then you go and stand with the Congregationalists."  
 Finally a meek little man came in and the Saint asked  
 him what kind of a car he had on earth.  
 "I had a Ford," came the answer.  
 "You didn't have a car, you just think you did. You go  
 and stand by the Christian Scientists."

### CASE PROVED

—o—  
 Ted: "And why do you think that I am a poor judge  
 of human nature?"  
 Helen: "Because you have such a good opinion of yourself."  
 —o—  
 Poor Orphan: "Say, waiter, is this an incubator chicken?  
 It taste like it."  
 Waiter: "I don't know, sir."  
 Poor Orphan: "It must be. Any chicken that has had a  
 mother could never get as tough as this one is."

## CONNIE CO-ED

This bluffing is a funny thing,  
 Most everyone can do it,  
 Just say, "I know but  
 can't express."  
 And that's all there is to it!





When you think of California you think of flowers;  
When you think of flowers think of the

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DON'T throw away that pair of shoes.  
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#### A SLIGHT MISTAKE

"Professor," asked the young lady visitor, "what is the strange odor in this room? Is this the chemical laboratory?"

"No, my dear young lady. This is the Latin class room."

"Of course! How stupid of me! I always knew that Latin was a dead language!"

Jess—What's the matter, Andy.

Andy—Oh, Jess, I was eating my dinner and swallowed the spoon—and now I can't stir.

#### TO PROVE A TON OF COAL EQUAL TO A COLORED MAN

A ton of coal is a wait.

A wait is a pause.

A pause is a short stop.

A short stop is a baseball player.

A baseball player is a foul-grabber.

A foul-grabber is a colored man.

If a man had a nose twelve inches long, would it be a foot?

M. T.: "Heard the story of the peacock?"

K. T.: "No; what is it?"

M. T.: "Its a beautiful tale."

#### Christmas Gifts Easy to Mail

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"Now, Thomas," said the foreman of the construction gang to a green hand who had just been put on the job, "keep your eyes open. When you see a train coming, throw down your tools and jump off the track. Run like blazes."

"Sure," said Thomas, and began to work his pick. In a few minutes the Express came along. Thomas threw down his pick and started up the track ahead of the train as fast as he could run. The train overtook him and tossed him into the ditch. Badly shaken up he was taken to the hospital where the foreman visited him.

"You blithering idiot," said the foreman, "didn't I tell you to get out of the road? Didn't I tell you to take care and get out of the way? Why didn't you run up the side of the hill?"

"Up the side of the hill, is it, sor?" said Thomas, thru the bandages on his face. "Up the side of the hill? By the powers, I couldn't beat it on the level, let alone running up the hill."

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#### UNFORTUNATELY

Mrs. Blank could find only two aisle seats, one behind the other. Wishing to have her sister beside her, she turned and cautiously surveyed the man in the next seat. Finally she leaned over and addressed him:

"I beg pardon, sir, but are you alone?"

The man, without turning his head in the slightest but twisting his mouth to an alarming degree and shielding it with his hand, muttered:

"Cut it out, kid, cut it out! My wife's with me."

#### ILLUSION SHATTERED

Stage Hand (to Manager): "Shall I lower the curtain, sir? One of the livin' statoos 'as got the 'iccups!"

Golfer: "I want a boy who can count. Now, what are five, six and three?"

Caddie: "Five, six and three, sir? Eleven, sir."

Golfer: "Come on, you'll do."

The best place in town to lunch is the Chocolate Shop, 908 Bdwy.

#### CLEVER

Crook (under arrest): "Kin I go back and get me hat?"  
Officer: "Certainly not. You can't be running away from me that way. You stand here and I'll go back and get it."

#### AMEN

A small boy in the visitor's gallery was watching the proceedings in the Senate Chamber.

"Father, who is that gentleman?" he asked, pointing to the chaplain.

"That, my son, is the chaplain," replied the father.

"Does he pray for the senators?" asked the boy.

The father thot for a moment and then replied: "No, son, he goes in and looks around and seeing the senators sitting there goes back and prays for the country."

Prof. Slater (in Biology class): "Now, class, in order name some of the lower animals beginning with Mr. Kinch."

The little Moths are never gay,  
They do not dance at all.  
I wonder what they do when they  
Attend a Camphor Ball.

A colored man in Chattanooga, Tenn., wrote this letter to a colored man in Mason, Georgia: "Dear Sam: 'Is you dead or is you alive? If you is alive, send me that ten dollars you owes me.—George."

A week later George received this reply: "Dear George: I is dead, and that ten dollars was used to help buy my coffin.—Sam."

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**NOT WORTH MENTIONING**

Frosh (to teacher): "I am indebted to you for all that I know."  
 Teacher: "Don't mention it; it's a mere trifle."

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**CRASH!**

He had married a widow and all went well for a week and they had their first quarrel. The next day he came down to breakfast with a mourning band on his arm.  
 "Oh, I'm so sorry," said his wife. "What is it for?"  
 "For your first husband," he replied. "I'm sorry that he died."

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#### SNATCHES FROM A DIARY

(Continued from page 4)

Monday, November 21st.

Old maid, or no old maid, that I am, the Tired Lady was right. That same Jolly Man, I've been telling you about, proposed to me on the boat tonight. He asked me to sit outside with him that he had something to ask me. I had no idea it was anything so important as that. I didn't accept though, although I like him fine. Somehow I couldn't say yes because he wanted to go away and, of course, I can't leave mother. He said he was tired of being alone, he wanted to live in the city and have a home and someone to look after things for him. I'll bet you don't know what I said to him. I told him it was the Tired Lady he loved that he had made a mistake. I don't know why I told him that. At any rate, he didn't deny it, so maybe—

Tuesday, November 22nd.

The Jolly Man spoke to me this morning as if last night had never occurred. He's as jolly as ever in fact.

The Tired Lady looked frailer today than I have ever seen her before. She won't stand these trips much longer, the hours are so long.

Saturday, November 26th.

Pete and Sarah have settled their brilliant careers. They ran away and got married without giving anyone the least hint of it. Pete is going to continue his work on the boat, he says a fellow can't find a good job every day in the week. Sarah is going to go on working in the restaurant, too; she says they'll need so many things for their little home. They're very happy, those two. Do you suppose the Jolly Man and I—

Tuesday, November 29th.

They were married today, the Jolly Man and the Tired Lady. I went with them to the minister's. They came down to the boat with me afterward.

They're going to have a nice little home in town, the Jolly Man wants some one to look after it for him. When I kissed her, the Tired Lady whispered something in my ear. I couldn't hear first what it was, but it was something about my being right and that she was mistaken about him. She won't have to make any more trips back and forth now; she'll get all over being tired when she lives with the Jolly Man and his jokes awhile. Why her cheeks were pink and her eyes brighter even today and she hasn't started to rest yet. I waved my hand to them standing together on the dock; they looked extremely happy. I went back into the cabin then feeling very glad that I wouldn't have the little white faced lady to worry me any more; I was thinking I wouldn't have the Jolly Man's jokes to laugh at either. I picked up my book and began to read; books are such a comfort!

#### THE PATH OF DEATH

(Continued from page 9)

shutter O'Hare could detect cigarette smoke that told him that this last act was to be witnessed by all of the villagers.

Slowly he marched down the street, stopping here and there to admire this garden and that view of the mountains that raised their bare peaks to the sky away over in the west. At one of the gardens he picked a flower. From all outward appearance O'Hare was perfectly calm but inside he was slowly wearing down to cowardice. Why didn't these damn spicks shoot and get it over with? A few more minutes and he would go to pieces, the strain on his nerves was too much.

House after house he passed and nothing happened. Evidently the Hondurians were taking their time. He quickened his pace. He was now anxious to get it over with. He had given up all hopes of escape days ago. At first, he had thought there would be some flaw in the guard watch kept over him but in this he had been mistaken. The Hondurians had kept an ever watchful eye open and one move would have spoiled any chances that he ever had.

At last O'Hare rounded a curve in the street and beheld the gates of the city not three hundred yards away. He slowed up his pace again and gazed about him. A parakeet spied him from the uppermost branch of a cocoanut palm and sent a long rigamaroll of chatter after him. "Pardon, Senor Parakeet. I didn't mean to spoil your slumber," he apologized.

Poof—O'Hare felt a slight sting in the back of his neck. He grabbed for the spot and when he brought his hand down it held a long thorn about four inches in length, the point of which was sticky with a reddish colored paste.

How well did he know what that meant. The poisonous thorn had been chosen to put him to death. Already the poison was in his blood. He could feel a clutching at his throat and lungs. He walked or rather staggered on for a few steps and then suddenly turned and faced toward the north. Somewhere up there were friends and home. Then slowly drawing himself up like a soldier at attention he fell straight backwards. Try as he might, he could not help but twist his body now and then as he lay there on the ground with the awful pains shooting through him. Suddenly he stiffened out and then relaxed. He raised himself up on one arm and looked toward the gate. The sight that he saw caused him to give a gasp, then he fell back to the ground and lay still. Phillip O'Hare, soldier of fortune and savior of the poor had passed to his last reward.

At the gate just outside the town stood a girl in riding togs beside a horse panting and covered with froth. Her face held a look of horror. She clung to the saddle as if for support but as O'Hare fell for the last time she sprung away from her horse and ran towards him. The first two hundred and fifty yards she ran as fast as she could but as she neared the body she seemed to stagger. The latter part of the distance was covered and as she reached O'Hare's body she fell forward in a dead faint across it.

The street thronged with people who gazed silently at the tragedy that was being enacted before their eyes. Two men came forward and picked up the body of the girl and carried her away, while four men picked up the body of Phil O'Hare and carried it out back of the village to its last resting place. Mercedes Lisbonde had been too late to save her lover.

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**PRETTY PERSONAL**

A street car collided with a milk cart on Broadway and sent can after can of milk splashing into the street. Soon a large crowd gathered. A very short man coming up had to stand on his tiptoes to see past a stout woman in front of him.

"Goodness," he exclaimed, "what an awful waste!"

The stout woman turned around and glared at the little man and said, "Mind your own business!"

"Name two large joints," quoth the bone teacher.  
"Dinty Moore's and Hoyt's."

"Dogs will never go mad," says a scientist, "if they always have plenty to drink." Under those circumstances, who would.

**FISH**

There was once a fellow named Fisher  
Who fished at the edge of a fissure,  
A fish with a grin  
Pulled poor Fisher in,  
Now they're fishing the fissure for Fisher.

**COMPETITION**

"Are you trying to make a fool out of me?" he cried.  
"I never try to interfere with nature," replied the girl with the painted cheeks and pencilled eyebrows.

**INCIDENTAL**

She: "I can't marry you!"  
He: "Why not?"  
She: "I was married last week."  
He (breathing a sigh of relief): "Is that the only reason? I was afraid you didn't love me."

**STRANDED IN PARADISE**

(Continued from page 6)

But Christmas was their Roman holiday. Even old Judge Cameron, the patriarch and most temperate man in the community always celebrated Christmas by getting gloriously drunk. Since his state of saturation only came once a year it was eagerly looked forward to by his younger and more vociferous comrades.

On such a Christmas Eve, Foster sat gazing at a picture of his brother and wondering where he could find him. The picture itself could offer no clue and yet when alone he often gazed it at. The bold, handsome face was quite dear to him and he was determined as he gazed at it to give his brother a fresh start in life when he found him.

In the direction towards town he heard the rapid firing of revolvers. Not being satisfied with only having fireworks on the Fourth of July, your cow puncher deems it also necessary to waste lead in the general direction of the stars at Christmas. Thru his window he could see them building a large bonfire in front of the sheriff's home. A feeling of loneliness came over him and he decided to join in their fun. Before he went he decided also to fire a few shots with his heavy 45-70. It would seem more like his old home town where they always had fireworks and a barbecue on Christmas, much to the delight of the negro element. Shoving a handful of shells into the magazine, he approached the door; pumping a load into the chamber. Instead of firing towards the sky he chose the desert because it's spell was hateful to him and he was sure no one would be on its sandy surface. The shots came in quick succession in terrific volume. After finishing his random salvo, he started away to join his friends.

They had heard his shooting and one of them said with a grin as he bit off a generous portion of tobacco, "If a shot from that old siege gun of Foster's ever hit a man, his remains wouldn't be much of a comfort to his friends."

That same afternoon a man might have been seen riding across the desert waste and in the direction of Paradise. He was young and handsome in a picturesque way, with his broad brimmed black Stetson hat and flowing silken scarf. His feet were thrust in high heeled riding boots; from the heels of which, the spurs gleamed in the purple of the gathering dusk. A man more acquainted with the characters of the time would have noticed the heavy black revolver and the Winchester rifle which lay in its scabbard between his leg and the horse. The holster of his revolver was partially cut away to promote ease and swiftness in drawing. Despite the gentle caressing pat which he occasionally gave his horse, no one would be fooled as to his ability and would rather have him for a friend than an enemy.

Every once in a while he gazed anxiously at the sun which was threatening to set. He well knew the dangers of getting lost on the desert and the speed at which he held his horse



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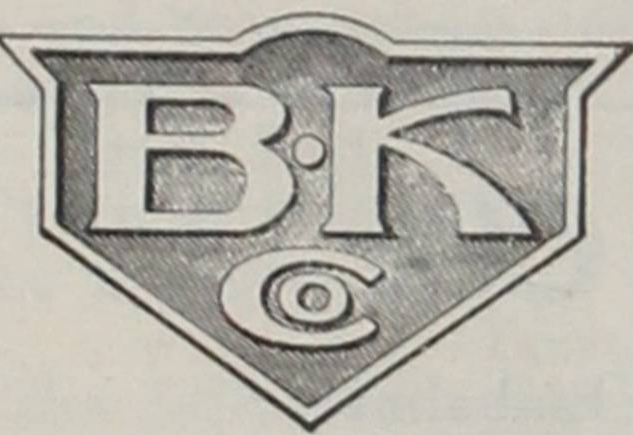
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meant that he was taking no chances. However, darkness overtook him and he was about to stop and camp for the night when his keen eyes noticed the lights at Paradise. As he approached he heard the shots of the inhabitants and understood their cause. Circling the town he started past Foster's cabin, the horse going at a dead run. The man wished to avoid being seen and reach the shelter of the foot hills beyond. He never got there for at that same minute Foster opened the door and fired aimlessly into the night.

The first shot went screeching over the rider's head. With the swiftness of long practise, the rider made a down and up sweep of his right hand, the steel glistening as it was caught by the moon's rays. He was about to press the trigger when again Foster fired.

Ballistic experts say that a man never hears the shot that kills him. This one did. He saw the orange jet and felt the lead shattering its way thru his breast. He fell slowly and without a sound to the ground. The horse turned and came back to his master. The man had witnessed death before but then his superior swiftness had saved him.

Unlike more cowardly men in the same condition he did not repent nor try to convert himself in his last minute. Instead his only regret was that he had been the victim, as he thought, of an unfair advantage. His only consolation as he looked helplessly around was that his boots were on his feet. He tried to roll a smoke but the paper and tobacco fell from his unsteady fingers. After a bit of coughing he lay back and gazed at the stars thru fast closing eyes.

Early the next morning the sheriff still lingered on his front porch, gazing at the smoldering remains of the night's bonfire. He was trying to play "Annie Laurie" on a dilapidated guitar. Rather, I should say, he was endeavoring to try and play it, for it sounded much unlike the piece. To make matters worse for the sleeping town, the exponent of law and order must needs raise his voice in song. His vocal cords were of a lustrous nature and could have no doubt been heard above a stampede but its range was about three notes. Blissfully ignorant of the forcefully spoken appreciation he was receiving, the sheriff continued until his attention was attracted to a horse leisurely cropping grass a few score yards away. Buckling on his heavy cartridge belt, he approached the horse, who raised his head and came to meet him.

"Let me see," murmured the sheriff, addressing the horse. "You came from Texas, judging from that saddle and your master left you hastily or he would have thrown that bridle over your head. I guess the best thing to do is to follow your back trail."

To say that the sheriff was astonished when he discovered the dead man only several hundred feet from Foster's cabin would be putting it mildly. "Shot thru the lungs. Looks bad for Foster," was all he said but he acted immediately.

All the evidence was against him. The probed bullet proved to be from his rifle, the only one of its kind in town. Also the empty shells were found on his porch and his rifle was still fouled with powder. As soon as Foster saw the man he kept quiet but pleaded not guilty.

Border justice under Judge Cameron was swift but fair. Foster was found, by a jury of his peers, to be guilty of murder in the second degree. And yet the verdict reached in the case of "The People versus John Foster" was never carried out, drastic as it was. That very afternoon that the jury reached their decision, a stranger arrived in town and witnessed the close of the trial. From his uniform he proved to be a Texas Ranger, a member of the world's greatest troopers.

When the trial had ended and before anyone had started to move he arose and addressed the judge.

"Your honor, this morning I trailed an outlaw into this town and I find that the man that has rid the Southwest of one of the worst characters is convicted of murder. For the capture or killing of a bandit, known as Steve McDonald, there is a reward offered of five thousand dollars. Mr. Foster, let me congratulate you." So saying the officer handed Foster a check.

His attentive audience was flabbergasted for a minute and then their relief knew no bounds. But their joy was turned to dismay as Foster slowly tore up the check and threw it in the stove.

If they could have seen him gazing at the picture of his brother that evening, they would have understood his strange treatment of the reward money. For the face of the dead outlaw was the same as that which gazed up at Foster from the picture.

When the foreman had finished his story, none of us spoke. It may be that we were too tired and sleepy to question him and then again it might have been something in the speaker's voice had already told that he was the man of whom he spoke.



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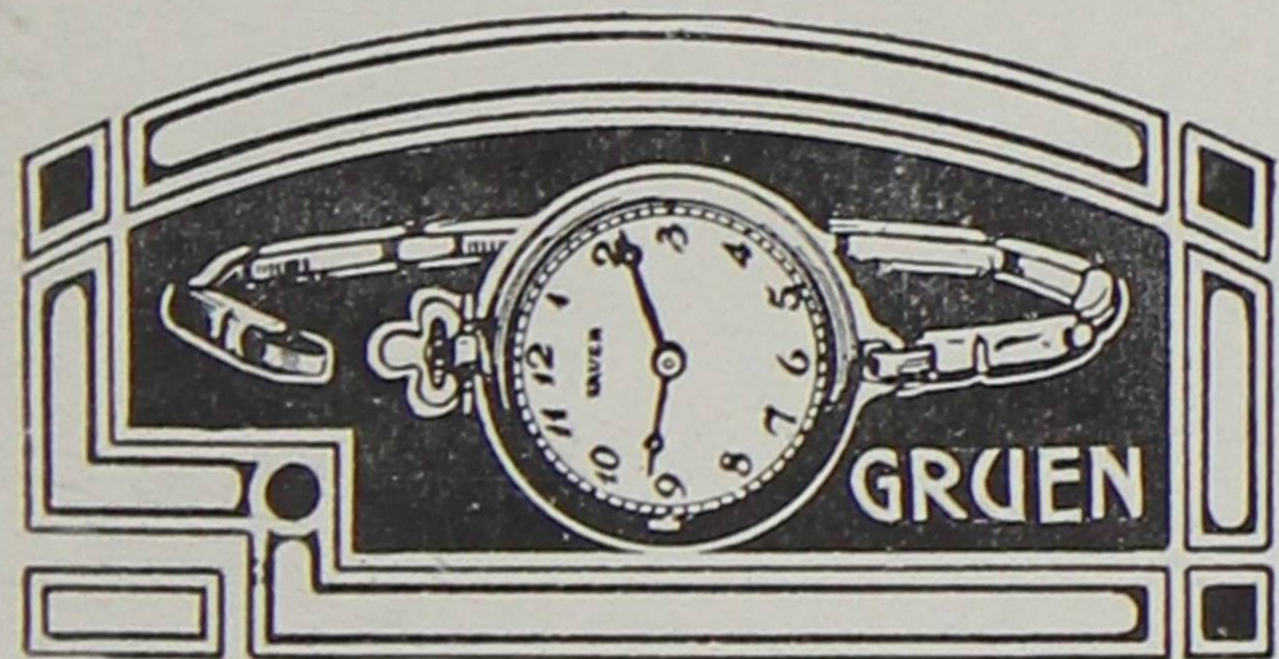
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