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RESOLUTIONS NUMBER

JANUARY, 1922

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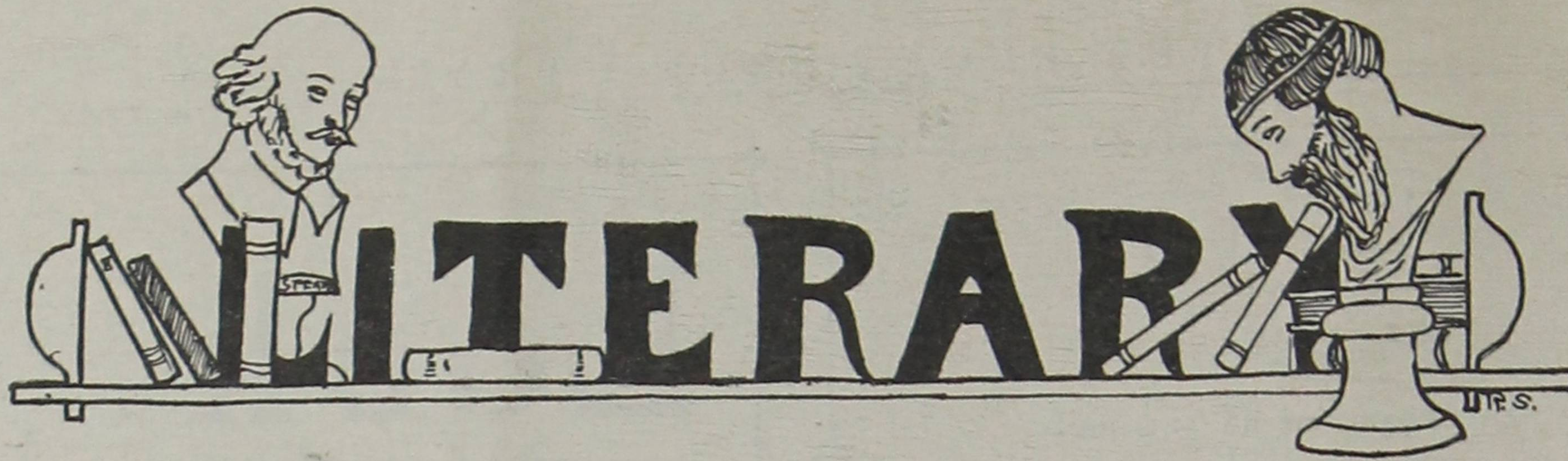
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HELEN MONROE, *Editor*

Thin Ice

By William Brown

THE Northern Lights swept in bars across the Arctic skies. Never changing colors they spread from directly overhead down to the very tops of the distant pines; the green, red and yellow of their combination, slowly fading, only to again burst forth into deep rich shades of radiating light. A giant timber wolf, leading his pack across a moon drenched open space, paused and turning his nose toward the heavens, broke the stillness of the night with a long, weird challenge.

There was a mystery in the frozen night that could be sensed but was far too abstract to be expressed. However, the miners cast away in the camp of Utopia never noticed it. Perhaps their lives were so full of mystery that they were unaware of others. Otherwise why should they waste away their lives in the primitive interior of the great Yukon country? Only men who evade the law or have memories they are trying to forget, work out a mere existence in the Shadow of the Circle.

Gold was their aim and tirelessly they pursued the quest, ever hoping that some day they would strike it rich. When they had first come to the North they had wished to leave, but after a short while they had found they could not go. The North weaves a spell around those that wish to conquer her.

In the early days, because they knew nothing about steam heating, the miners were forced into idleness during the long winter months. If they could have known the present day methods of winter mining they would probably have enjoyed more money and their stay would have been shorter, but as it was what they made in the summer was thrown away in the winter camps.

Utopia was a typical camp of the time. It lay within sight of the Stewart, that great river which flowed on until it struck the Yukon and beyond that—civilization. However, it now lay sleeping beneath four feet of solid ice. In the spring and summer, Utopia was practically deserted, except for a few Indians who came to barter valuable furs for whiskey, but in the winter its log cabins and saloons were full of people, some good and some bad, who spent the long nights in wasting their wealth.

Sitting on the porch of the locality's most populated saloon, Bradshaw watched the Aurora Borealis. Physically he was a man among men, possessed with great endurance, vitality and muscles that moved swiftly and smoothly into action. On many a long winter stampede to some distant creek, he had been the first to arrive and drive his corner stakes because of his ability to get more work out of a dog team than any man on the river.

He had not always been thus. Charlie McDonald, the barkeeper at the Midnight Sun, still told the story of Bradshaw's first appearance in Utopia. It seems that he had entered the room just before closing time one morning and had fainted dead away on the floor before anyone had recognized his condition. His face bore a pallor that reminded one of prison walls and including parka, muckluks and all, he had scarcely weighed a hundred pounds.

Back of him he could hear the music and laughter and the clinking of glasses, but his thoughts were concentrated elsewhere. Beside him, lay the leader of his dog team, a huge, shaggy malamute, whose head was outstretched contentedly across his master's knee.

"Pretty sight, eh Jack?" Bradshaw spoke softly to his dog, as he rubbed him behind his small wolflike ears with a mittened hand. "The North always wins in the end. Remember that, you mangy trail musher. Yes, sir. You and I think we got her bluffed, but when the last card is laid

upon the table, who is it that rakes in the chips? Tell me that. Why, it's the North of course. She is pretty as a woman, pretty, but dangerous, and you can't trust her. She might hand you an air hole in the ice, and give me a frosted lung or the scurvy. But we will fool her, Jack. We'll clean

The dog had often heard this monologue and so he paid little attention, but yawned widely and sniffed daintily at the frozen air.

It was New Year's Eve, and the patrons of the Midnight Sun were determined to escort the old year to the gate in fitting style. Bradshaw heard the music stop with a crash and the stamping of feet and knew that everybody was taking advantage of the intermission by lining up at the bar.

He entered and stripped off his heavy fur parka. Then he jumped up on the bar, raised a glass of whiskey and gazed around at the crowd.

"Boys, here's to the man on the trail tonight. May his matches nor his grub never fail to hold out."

His friends drank his toast with a cheer, following up with several others, in which Bradshaw took no part. He entered a game of stud poker instead. Once when he had drunk a little too much, he had disclosed a few incoherent sentences about a woman he had loved and a man who was his enemy. He had never explained himself and from then had continued to conduct himself in a sober condition.

At poker, however, he was at his best. After everybody had returned to the floor and things became more quiet, the players settled down to a battle of wits. There was Ferguson, a sergeant in the Mounted Police whose stay in the camp had been short and whose business there wasn't known, tho everybody suspected that he intended to wait until the spring came, enabling him to go down the river with his man.

Henderson sat across from him. A silent grim man with a heavy beard and eyes with a burned-out expression. It was plain to see that he had been too long exposed to such a life. He was fairly rich and spent all his time in trying to lose his money playing poker.

The fourth man was Doubleday, an Englishman with a winning smile, a man who had a cunning nature behind a mask.

After an hour passed it was plain by glancing at their faces to see who was winning. Ferguson and Henderson became fighty, and the latter swore with characteristic impressiveness every time he had to buy more chips.

Doubleday laughed and joked like a youngster, pretending that his success was simply good fortune. Bradshaw alone sat composed and indifferent. A master hand, he never lost, so easily could he read a man's thoughts that he knew just when to raise or withdraw.

The Sergeant paused a moment at the close of a hand, to light a cigarette and gazing keenly across the table at Bradshaw, said, "You remind me of a fellow I used to know at Regina." He watched him closely so as to see if his words had any effect and then asked, "Have you ever been there, say in seven or eight years?" Henderson and Doubleday gazed meaningfully at each other and then slowly turned towards Bradshaw.

"No, I've never been there," Bradshaw told him, and added in an indifferent way, "Why do you ask?"

"You play just like him and you resemble him a good deal, too, only you're a whole lot huskier and healthier."

They were about to resume the game, when they heard a dog team pull up outside. The driver berated his dogs in an angry voice as he strove to unharness them.

"That will be Clark from Caribou Creek," Henderson explained. "I wonder what in the name of little apples brings him here?"

"Probably his supply of hootch ran out," volunteered Doubleday. "I know it's the only thing I would drive after at this time of night."

The man entered, shaking the snow off himself and blowing on his hands. He proved to be, as Henderson had guessed, the man called Clark.

"How is everything over on the Caribou?" they greeted him profusely as he joined them.

"Not so bad, at least not for me," and with a jerk he up big and return to God's country when the ice goes out." produced a leather bag and poured a small handful of nuggets on the table.

There is nothing more electrifying to a crowd of old prospectors than the sight of gold. The group was soon surrounded and Clark was bombarded with a thousand questions.

"Where did you find it?" Ferguson was the first to make himself heard.

"On my claim over on the creek," Clark recovered his proof and sat down. "I found it the week before the freeze up, but my partner took sick and I couldn't get away."

"When are you going back?" Henderson asked.

"Tomorrow morning."

"Well, I'm going with you," Ferguson spoke boyishly. "I've been in the Mounted Police Service for about eight years and I've never had a chance like this. Why that creek might be a second Eldorado for all we know."

"We are forgetting one thing, boys. You must remember that we haven't any dogs any more." Henderson's words came like a bomb-shell.

"What about them?" Ferguson asked. "Lord knows there's enough of them around here."

"You don't understand, Sergeant," Scotty hastened to explain. "Before you arrived Bradshaw here bought up every dog in the camp."

Every eye was now turned toward the man in question. He sat idly shuffling a deck of cards and seeing that he was expected to say something, he turned and faced them.

"Maybe you fellows think I'm a grafter, but you're wrong. When I told you fellows that I had a contract to purchase twenty-five dog teams for the Hudson Bay post, you all jumped at the chance to get rid of them for a good price. You knew that you could get a team for a third of their value when the Indian came around in the Spring. Those dogs don't belong to me any more than they do you but here is my proposition. You pay me three times what you sold them for and they are yours. That's final."

Naturally enough, a roar of disapproval went up but Doubleday came to his friend's support. "What do you expect. If you buy your dogs back it means that Bradshaw's efforts to work for the Bay Company are knocked into a cocked hat."

So the men, with much grumbling, weighed out their gold and bought back their dogs at an exorbitant price. Under ordinary conditions such a thing would be impossible but without competition, Bradshaw held the whip in hand.

Early the next morning they started out on their trip to Caribou Creek. After they had gone about twelve miles, Ferguson discovered that Bradshaw was not with them. Neither was he ahead or behind. They held a council in the snows. As Ferguson represented the law he decided to go back and find him. The others were to go ahead and locate their claims.

The closer Ferguson got to Utopia the more suspicious

he became. There was something wrong about the whole affair. Besides he had another question to settle with the Alaskan. As he whipped the huskies on to greater speed, he cursed himself for postponing it so long.

C—P—S

McDonald and Doubleday were having a quiet game of checkers all by themselves in front of a roaring fire when suddenly the door blew open and Ferguson staggered in.

"What's wrong now, somebody killed?" Doubleday asked.

"No, but there is going to be, maybe. Where's Bradshaw?"

"He pulled out towards the river about half an hour after you left." McDonald put on a coffee pot and started supper.

As Ferguson volunteered no explanation, none was asked but the two sat silently watching him eat a large meal.

Next evening they discovered that Ferguson had left and questioned each other as to the meaning of the soldier's strange actions.

"I tell you there's something between those two men that's going to be settled when they meet out there," and McDonald gazed thoughtfully out of the window and shook his head.

"There sure is," his friend agreed. "What beats me is how they never had any words while they was here."

Days passed by but neither Bradshaw nor Ferguson showed up. At last the last of the miners came straggling in, angry and vengeful. They told of how when they reached the creek they found a sign standing upright in the snow. It bore one single solitary sentence which as they read, opened their eyes to the trick that had been played on them. It said:

"Barnum was right; there is one born every minute."

No snow had fallen to cover up Ferguson's trail and so at Doubleday's suggestion a small party of them started out, curious to find out how the pursuit had ended. It led straight north for a whole day along the river bank and the men were about to turn back when suddenly the double trail of sled runners turned east across the river.

The little party was half way across when suddenly Doubleday, who was far in advance of his comrades, turned his sled over by a quick thrust of the geepole and emitted a cry of danger. The others, comprehending his movements, stopped their teams and advanced cautiously on foot to where the Englishman stood, gazing in a horrified way ahead of him. He merely pointed a gloved hand at the ice directly in front of his lead dog.

It was a tremendous hole in the ice. The sled runners of both Bradshaw's and Fergusons' teams led up to it and disappeared. McDonald advanced as far as he dared and swore softly. "How in the devil could there be a pocket here when the ice is four feet thick?"

Doubleday gazed around and noticed that the river was quite narrow in this place, cramped in by gigantic cliffs on either side.

"Rapids," he answered laconically. "The ice was worn so thin by the water in this place that the weight of Bradshaw and his team easily smashed thru the thin surface. To Ferguson a couple of hours later, it appeared as solid as anywhere else." He cracked his long whip and with alacrity the leader swiftly swung the team around.

As Doubleday ran his team back to the safety of the river bank, his mind kept turning back to the words that he had heard Bradshaw say many times. A premonition of his own fate came over him. He could not shake the feeling off. The pines, peaks and even the snow seemed to shout at him as he passed,

"The North always wins in the end!"

C—P—S

A NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION

*"I want to live above the world,
Above this realm of sin;
Far from the snares of wicked men,
Much farther than I've been!"*

*"I want to soar above the crowd,
The ever moving throng,
To mingle with the fleecy clouds
And hear the angels' song."*

*"This earth is weary, troubled, sad,
I seek a higher plane,
I'll soar above this world of strife,
Of sin, intrigue and shame!"*

*"May this my resolution be—
To live above the world!"
So he stepped into his aeroplane
And upward, upward, whirled."*

—E. M. K.

The Ethics of Tennyson

By Ralph Cory

ACTIONS are the truest indicators of character; action expressed in poetry is the truest expression of the character of the poet.

The character of Tennyson, so ably expressed in his own poetry, is so inspiring that too much cannot be said of its worth. His was a finely attained nature, sensitive and impressionable, firm in conviction, but gentle in manner and bearing. It was characteristic of him that he first experienced deeply before giving to the world his poetry. From the wealth of material only a few aspects of the ethical element in his poetry can be considered here.

Faith was the keynote of Tennyson's life. Faith sometimes attained through intense spiritual struggles, but none the less certain.

A friend, walking with the poet in his garden at Farringford, asked him what Christ meant to him. Picking a flower, Tennyson held it up and replied: "What the sun is to the life of this flower, Christ is to me." His poetry is replete with biblical references and allusions; and expressions of faith in God.

*"Cast all your cares on God;
That anchor holds."*

—Enoch Arden.

*"Strong Son of God, immortal love,
Whom we that have not seen thy face
By faith and faith alone embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove."*

—In Memoriam.

What finer expression of faith than this can be found?

Tennyson was deeply concerned about the moral problems and struggles of the individual, and a great many of his poems deal with these inner strivings of righteousness with evil. The "Idylls of the King," taken collectively, form a story of the insidious workings of a sinful influence in an atmosphere of purity. King Arthur's Court is founded on the highest ideals of Christian Service, ideals which have much of import today.

*"I made them lay their hands in mine and swear
To reverence the king as if he were
Their conscience, and their conscience as their king,
To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,
To honor his own word as if his Gods,
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,
To love one maiden only, cleave to her
And worship her by years of noble deeds."*

—Guinevere.

C—P—S

C—P—S

Take My Advice

By Ruth Elizabeth Kennedy

"DAMN women anyway!" growled Wade Dewright, as he lounged in one of the luxurious chairs of his smoke-filled club.

"Damn them!" he repeated vehemently.

"Why so down on women all of a sudden, old man?" asked his pal, Arthur Schmidt, known about the club as "Terrible Schmidt" because of the "rep" he had.

Terrible got his "rep" as most people do in a gossipy club. Even men will gossip. They said that he was a "whiz with the women." He gave them all the same line, but nevertheless many a young debutante's heart fluttered when Terrible asked her for a second dance on her program.

and also:

*"The King will follow Christ,
And we the King."*

—The Coming of Arthur.

Evil influences come into the court, the Queen and Lancelot guiltily are in love, Vivien craftily ensnares Merlin, Tristan and Isolt yield to their passion, and there are only a few knights left unstained by the corruption. The Pure Galahad, Percivale and his sister behold the Holy Grail. Out of the final downfall of Arthur's Court lives the lesson that only those whose lives are pure and Christlike can withstand the temptations of the world. Arthur's last words convey a message for all:

*"Pray for my soul, more things are wrought by prayer,
Than this world dreams of."*

—Passing of Arthur.

It was only after an intense inner struggle of several years duration that Tennyson became thoroughly convinced of the soul's immortality. His deep grief at the loss of Arthur Hallam caused him to question much that he had previously believed, but he was finally certain that with the soul all is well.

*"Whereof the man that with me trod
This planet, was a noble type,
Appearing ere the times were ripe,
That friend of mine who lives in God."*

—In Memoriam.

Over twenty of his poems deal with the problems arising from marriage relations. His ideal is aptly summed up in the previous quotation from Quinevere and the following from "The Princess."

*"—either sex alone is half itself
And in true marriage lies, nor equal nor unequal,
Each fulfills defect in each, and always thought in thought,
Purpose in purpose, will in will they grow."*

Tennyson's poetry covers a large range of subjects and deals with a large number of questions. Other of his better known poems, which are especially worth while include: "Locksley Hall," "The Vision of Sin," "The Lotus Eaters," "The Grandmother," and the historic play, "Becket." But throughout it all there is the element of faith and love, expressed in the last stanza of "Crossing the Bar."

*"For tho' from out our bourne of time and place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my pilot face to face,
When I have crossed the bar."*

No truer estimate of his character has been given than that given by his Rector at the moment of his death: "Truly, Lord Tennyson, God has taken you, who has made you a prince of men."

Terrible took out his silver monogrammed cigarette case, offered one to Wade and lighting one himself continued, "Has Peg gone back on you again, old top? Well, smoke it off and take my advice—don't fall so hard for them. You've never seen me get down on my knees to some blue-eyed baby doll, have you? Single blessedness for me!"

Denny, as he was called, threw his partly-smoked cigaret into the fireplace and said, rather brokenly and somewhat pitifully, "Say, old pal, don't talk that way. This is no joking matter with me. You know I care for Peg. I've always cared. She seemed to care for me too—that is, up until the time she met that fellow from the West. In a way you can't blame her. He's different, you know. I suppose

she wanted a change, but hang it all, Terrible, why couldn't she pay some attention to me? She used to like to have me within calling distance to take her to the theatre or to dinner. I thot she cared. Maybe she didn't and perhaps I've been a fool, but I can't seem to get her out of my mind. Old Pal, she's wonderful—her hair—her eyes—those soft warm hands! Terrible, you've never been in love, and—oh, the devil!"

Denny muttered something else under his breath and asked for another cig.

"I'm sorry I said that, Denny. I may have been a bit hasty but take my advce and forget her, at least for a couple of hours while we go out and shoot a few holes of golf. The air'll do you good."

The drive out to the links was beautiful. Everything seemed to murmur the word Spring, and filled the air with happy thots. All the world seemed in tune, but Denny—the very trees seemed to whisper the name of Peg, and how much like those beautiful flowers she was.

Terrible tried to make conversation, but not being good at monologues he quit. They arrived at the club just as a brown roadster was leaving. Denny gave one glance at its occupants and his heart seemed to come up in his mouth. There she was with that blooming idiot of a Westerner! He tipped his hat and stood there staring after the little brown car speeding down the road.

Denny and Terrible drove off from the first tee. Terrible made a straight 200-yard drive, but Denny sliced. "Oh, how many times Peg had sliced that same way and he would laughingly help her find her ball in the tall weeds!"

They played eighteen holes but Denny had rotten luck. He seemed to have lost his old time skill. He played a fine game when he used to play with Peg, but today every little nook reminded him of her—the whole atmosphere was permeated with her presence and he couldn't concentrate his mind on golf. He wondered what Peg and that Westerner were doing now. Do you suppose she would let that fellow hold her little warm hand as he had done. Denny was furious at the thot and threw down his driver—breaking it in half and resolving never to play golf again, but he played the next day as usual.

He and Terrible went to the theatres in the evening and played golf in the day. Two weeks passed and Denny hadn't seen Peg. He was grouchy and gloomy, but Terrible urged him to take in another musical comedy so the two of them went. The show was better than usual. The music was good, the scenery pretty and the girls were especially beautiful. What was it about that little blonde that reminded him of Peg, tho? Was it the way she tossed her head. Denny wondered if her eyes were blue like Peg's—if her hands were warm and soft.

After the show they went to a roof garden for supper. Men in evening clothes and frivolous women in pretty gowns sat around tables listening to a young girl sing. Terrible and Denny were seated opposite a young couple. The girl was smoking—how unlike Peg. The orchestra started to play for dancing. It sounded tin-pannish, but nearly everyone seemed to enjoy it—almost everyone was dancing. Denny glanced around the room and there in the middle of the floor was Peg, dancing with that fool Westerner. Denny's mouth dropped open and he stared so hard that Terrible had to kick him under the table to make him come to his senses.

Suddenly a determined look came over his face and Denny started to laugh. He laughed and laughed until Terrible

wondered if he was all there. However, he said nothing and Denny ate and ate until there wasn't a sign of a mushroom or a morsel of steak or crab left. He joked and told stories to his pal and they stayed long after Peg and her escort had gone.

The next day at the club he seemed to be his old self again. He talked and joked with the men and in the evening they stagged it to the theatre and Denny was the life of the party just as he had been weeks ago.

Three weeks of carefree living passed for Denny and one day Terrible told him that he was leaving the next day for Vermont on business. He didn't know just how long he would be gone—probably two weeks.

Two weeks passed and Terrible hadn't returned. In another week Denny called up Terrible's housekeeper to inquire after him. His housekeeper didn't know just where in Vermont Mr. Schmidt was but that he was expected home a week ago. In another week Terrible returned. He looked bad, chap. He was rather thin and pale, but perhaps he had worked too hard.

Denny asked him how business was and Terrible said it was "rotten".

He didn't frequent the club as much as usual and one day Denny asked him why. "Business was picking up and he had to work nights," was the only answer Denny got.

Denny went to the club as usual and one day, Ben Stark, a man about town, asked him if he had heard about Terrible and why he hadn't been at the club.

"Well," said Denny, "Terrible seemed awfully worn out when he came back from his business trip and I guess his business keeps him pretty busy now. Awfully sorry it keeps him away from the club tho—I hardly ever see him any more."

Business nothing! Did business ever keep Terrible away from the club? It's that girl from Vermont!" bellowed Ben.

"Girl? What girl, Ben? You don't mean that Terrible actually fell for a girl?"

"That's exactly what I mean, Denny. Why—didn't he tell you about that Vermont girl? She was visiting here and Terrible went with her quite a bit. You know Terrible—night after night—flowers—the theatre—and all that sort of thing. Anyway, something happened an she went home; Terrible followed her but he came home alone and has been grouchy ever since."

Denny swallowed but didn't say a word. The next day he took Terrible out to play golf. This time it was Terrible who couldn't play golf and it was Denny who won the game.

They had dinner at the club and Terrible was quiet—so unlike the old Terrible who was always bright and optimistic. He didn't seem hungry either—even after eighteen holes of golf.

The conversation lagged and finally Denny said, rather sarcastically, "Well, Terrible, how did you enjoy your business trip?"

"I suppose," said Terrible, "that you know all about my so-called business trip but don't rub it in. She doesn't care for me and of course I've got to forget her but hang it all, I can't."

Denny smiled and then his face became a mask as he said, "Well, Terrible, take my advice, and don't fall so hard for them!"

Terrible stared at Denny and then he smiled and ordered another chop.

Funny, isn't it, how nothing can quench a man's love of food—not even a girl?

C - P - S

You Never Can Tell

By Mrs. O'Flyng and G. R. Monty

"WELL, as I was saying, Bill, you never can tell whats going to happen after she lands her man," and so saying, my hostess pulls out her package of cigarette papers and, moistening her thumb and index finger, tears one off. "Let a man once succumb to the cooing deathsong of the female and he'll wear his smoking jacket every night, and say yes m'love till death do them part," she continued as she pulled the sack from the pocket of her khaki shirt, and dusting just the right amount of shredded hemp into the cupped paper,

closed the bag with a deft pull of her teeth. In one flop she had twisted the makin's into a perfect cylinder, while lighting a match with the thumbnail of the other, brot the two into conjunction at her mouth. She puffed luxuriously at the fragrant punk as she settled herself into the depths of an old-fashioned plush covered rocking chair and crossed her knees. I had an opportunity to visualize my hostess as her eyes pursued the little smoke rings drifting ceilingward,

(Continued on Page 18)

AIN'T IT FUNNY?

*A man can fall in love one day,
So deep in love his mind's astray,
But, in a week he can forget;
Can love another—better yet.
Ain't it funny?*

*And what is just as often true
A woman does the same thing, too.
Ain't it funny?*

*If a man's afraid, they call him yellow
If he shows he's brave, he's a forward fellow,
If a girl but smiles, she's called a flirt
Though surely a smile could never hurt.
Ain't it funny?*

*The things you have not are the things you want,
While the things you have are of no account.
Ain't it funny?*

*We laugh with glee at all the jokes
That people play on other folks
But when the joke is turned our way,
It seems like the funny side goes away.
Ain't it funny?*

*The world is a sphere and goes around,
Yet it's easy to keep our feet on ground.
Ain't it funny?*

*The idle rich claim to envy the poor,
But gold to the pauper is heaven, sure.
Youth claims that life's way is paved with gold.
Age points out its rough spots a hundred fold.
Ain't it funny?*

*The world's made of sadness, badness, and strife
Yet most of us get some pleasure in life.
Ain't it funny?*

*The best friend may fail us when we're in need
While the one who stands by us was our enemy indeed
While we keep a-smiling we seem to hold our place,
When we start a-weeping, we fall behind a pace.
Ain't it funny?*

*Bubbles may burst, plans may fail, hearts may break
But the world goes on and on.
Ain't it funny?*

—Geraldine Stinson.

C—P—S

Superstitions

By Marion Harding

SUPERSTITIONS are supposed to belong to people of days long past, to those who were uncivilized, and uneducated, who believed in witches, ghosts, fairies and what not. If persons of this day and age were accused of being superstitious they would draw themselves up, amazed. All are more or less superstitious, and if questioned closely it will be found that everyone has some pet superstition. Distinct traces are to be found in persons of the highest culture and refinement. A test was given to the teaching staff of Harvard and 73.4% were found more or less superstitious. Superstition is in the same class with mental conditions, which cause a person to accept the claims of the palmist to tell the future, or to believe the promises made in a patent medicine advertisement. Superstitions are often connected with the condition of the nerves, and also with indigestion. In every American city a golden harvest is reaped by the fashionable fortune tellers. Learned men say that most of our international misunderstandings are the outcome of what may be classed as national superstition.

If you will honestly question yourself you will probably bring to light at least one pet superstition. I believe my pet superstition is to tap on wood after undue boasting, also

if I take some butter when I have some, or if my nose becomes itchy, I do look forward to company. The company signs are the commonest and welcomest of all superstitions. The scissors, the needle, the fork, the dishcloth, the Saturday sneeze all inculcate hospitality and reward it by an unexpected visitor. If a needle falls and stands slantingly in a crack of the floor it foretells a gentleman. If a dishcloth is dropped it foretells company, but if a scissors is dropped soon after it is a sign of disagreeable company. The common saying is: "Sneeze on Monday, sneeze for danger, on Tuesday, kiss a stranger, on Wednesday, get a letter, on Thursday, something better, on Friday, sneeze to your sorrow, on Saturday, company."

The different superstitions are mostly acquired during childhood and because they appeal strongly to the emotional in man, they persist thru life, subconsciously, if not consciously. Most everyone during childhood has heard that if you sing before breakfast, you will cry before night. The psychological explanation is, that if you happen to sing before breakfast, you will have shown that you were in a state of emotional exultation which would end, if given free reign to exhaust your nervous energy and be followed by a state of irritability and emotional depression.

Many superstitions particularly among those relative to the cure of disease, tended to come true thru the fact that they developed in the believer a state of mind favorable to their realization. Wart curing formula are such. Several are: Rub a bean on the wart and then throw the bean in the well; grease the wart with stolen bacon, and hide the bacon; count out secretly as many stones as you have warts, tie the stones in a bag and throw them where they cannot be found; rub the warts with a penny. The cure is said not to be the particular charm but the faith it inspires.

Several superstitions which most mothers probably know Never start a garment on Friday, for it will never be finished; never pay a visit on Friday, for it will incur bad results. If you hold a pin between your teeth while peeling onions it will prevent you from crying. Of all the distracted hostesses when they find they have thirteen at the table at the last moment!

Did you ever try planting cucumbers on the twenty-first of June, which is the longest day of the year, so as to get real long cucumbers? Who does not shudder when a black cat crosses his path, or when he breaks a mirror, and always goes out of his way, so that he won't have to go under a ladder?

If you receive misfortune when you confidently expect good fortune it has a particularly crushing force. The boasting superstitions are serviceable as enforcing on the mind the dangers of over confidence. Others concerning luck teach valuable lessons. Pick up a pin and all the day you'll have good luck, and if you don't you'll wish you hadn't passed it by, pick it up sidewise, you are promised a ride.

Dream of picking fruit out of season and you'll quarrel without reason. Some people become worried till they're sick over dreams. They believe that dreams are a mirror in

which you see your true selves. If they dreamed of a wedding in their family, it was a sure sign of death.

The way of finding water in the land of superstition is to find a witch-hazel crotch and wind the end of one branch of the witch-hazel crotch around your right hand and the other end about your left hand, then grasp these ends very firmly. The crotch stands up vertically in the air. Walk around in such places that seem at all likely, and when over water the crotch will tip away from you downward. The harder it pulls downward, the more water. Not everybody can do this if they haven't the electricity or something in them.

A baby should be carried upstairs before it is carried down, even if it has to be taken into the garret. To carry it downstairs first would make it low-minded, and it would never rise in this world. This must be the reason for all the low-minded people of this world.

A group of superstitions on weather are: When the wind dies down at sunset it will blow again the next day. If a dog comes in and puts its head under the mat it is certain that there is going to be a cold snap. Between twelve and two at night, you can tell what the next day will be. It may cloud up or clear up later in the night, but the day will be like it was between twelve and two.

Boys, don't ever cut a twig to string your fish on until you catch your first fish, for if you do you won't catch any. Here is a sure cure for disease. The next time Easter comes around, get up before sunrise and fill a bottle with water from a spring. If you become sick drink a little, for it will cure anything.

The winter is coming on, so bear this in mind, that when you're out driving and your feet become cold, take off your hat and your feet will get warm even though they were ice cold.

C-P-S

An Honest Man

By Eileen Yost

OSWALD Oysterbuilt sat on the marble floor of the Carnegie Public Library. He was reading the "Life of George Washington"—with foot notes and six appendixes, including the right to translate the book into Yiddish, Old English, or Esperanto. Oswald was a fine sensitive nature and as he read of the noble words and deeds of the great man his cheeks flushed the color of lobsters and ripe tomatoes, his eyes sparkled and his hair stood up on end and waved back and forth as if a gentle breeze were fanning it. He finished the book and scrambled to his feet. He rushed across the room and stood in front of a mirror hanging on the wall. His Great Moment had come. It was the hour in which he knew his Mission. He looked at his face in the glass and was not afraid. "I will be like him," he whispered, "The Father of Our Country will have nothing on me. I will follow in his footsteps." He hurried over and picked up the book from the floor. As he did so one of the leaves fell out and as he picked it up he saw an italicized sentence which caught and held his eye, "*George Washington was the essence of veracity; the soul of truthfulness. In all his life he never was known to prevaricate; to tell a lie; or be guilty of the slightest deception.*"

"That," said Oswald, signalling violently for Hasper, his valet, "that is my aim in life."

Hasper had been standing on a little heap of Materlinck's plays in one corner of the room. At his master's summons he trotted obediently to him.

"Hasper," said Oswald impressively, "I have received a great inspiration. I am going to be like George Washington, the essence of veracity, the soul of truthfulness. From now on I shall never prevaricate to anyone or tell a lie or be guilty of the slightest deception."

"Yes, sir," said Hasper.

"I will be the man Diogenes searched for but never found," continued Oswald. "How could he find me? I was not yet on this earth when he was trying to find me."

"I beg pardon, sir," said Hasper, "but it is time for you to be back at work, sir."

"Yes," said Oswald, looking at his platinum wrist watch, "you are right. Come, we will go."

As they started out the door a bell sounded sharply and the librarian's voice rang across the room: "Kindly come to the desk."

Oswald went up to her gently, Hasper following.

"Are you taking one of our books away from the Library without permission?" demanded the librarian, with fire flashing from her eyes. Oswald looked at the "Life of Washington" still clasped in his arms. He had forgotten to return it to its shelf.

"Why, yes," he began, "I am."

"Give me that book," snapped the librarian, snatching it from him and knocking him down the steps. "And don't ever try to get away with any of our books again."

It was five minutes past two when Oswald and Hasper arrived at the great department store where Oswald was a clerk in the ribbon department. Oswald took his place behind the counter while Hasper rang up his time card and hung up his hat.

Before long the Duchess of Bugginshire approached the stall and curtsied low to Oswald.

"Good afternoon," she said. "Will you show me some black taffeta ribbon?"

Oswald remembered that only the day before he had sold the last of the black taffeta ribbon and that there was no more in stock.

"No," he answered truthfully, "I will not."

"Indeed!" gasped the Duchess. "I shall report you."

She hurried away to the complaint department as a tall man came up. It was the Earl of Chessnut and a friend of our hero.

"Hello, old thing," he remarked. "Don't you want to give me a light?"

"No," said Oswald frankly, "I don't."

The Earl stiffened and bit his mustache.

"Very well," he said haughtily, "I shall scratch your name off my list."

A very beautiful maiden came next. She smiled sweetly at Oswald and inquired: "Would you advise me whether to get satin ribbon or silk poplin for an opera bag?"

"Certainly," replied Oswald, honestly. "Don't get either. They are much too expensive just now and are going to drop in price the month after this. And anyway, opera bags are a great nuisance."

The girl looked at him for a few moments with her great wistful eyes. She also looked at the floor walker who had strolled up and overheard the conversation.

"Really," she said at last, "how unusual." She hurried

off, and the floor walker pounced savagely on Oswald and tied three knots in his new silk necktie.

"You fool," he hissed. "Don't you know that we lose trade when you advise customers not to buy our goods?"

"Yes," said Oswald, patiently unfastening his necktie, "I do know it."

"Don't try any more tricks like that or you will lose your position," snarled the floorwalker, and hid behind the magazine stand to see whether Oswald obeyed him or not.

In a little while a tall woman in a red coat came to the counter.

"Have you any canary colored ribbon?" she asked.

Oswald showed her a bolt of it.

"Do you think it would look well on my hat?" she giggled.

"No," said Oswald veraciously.

She stopped giggling and straightened up.

"What do you think would look well on my hat, then?" she asked.

"Well," said the candid clerk, "I don't think anything would look well on your hat. I don't like your hat."

The woman raised her umbrella and beat him with it for quite a long time. Then the floorwalker hurried up and tapped him furiously on the shoulder.

"Go!" he cried, choking with rage. "You are fired."

"Know ye the truth and the truth shall make ye free," sighed Oswald, as Hasper approached with his overcoat and walking stick.

As they walked slowly down to the Waldorf-Astoria a little boy with mischievous eyes approached them.

"Hey, mister," he said, "will you do me a favor?"

"I beg pardon, sir," said Hasper, "but I think he is playing a joke on us, sir. Perhaps it would be well not to answer him, sir."

"No, no, Hasper, you are unkind. Of course I will do you a favor, my little man. What is it?"

"Go jump in the river," shouted the little boy, playfully running away.

Oswald realized that he had given his word and must fulfill it.

"Come," he said to Hasper, "I must jump in the river."

They called a taxi and drove to Brooklyn Bridge. Then Oswald got out.

"Hasper," he said sorrowfully, "goodbye. You have been a faithful servant and I shall ask for a reward for you in Heaven. Farewell."

He walked to the middle of the bridge and looked over. The rapids surged below him with terrifying eddies. Oswald covered his eyes with a silk handkerchief and climbed over the railing. He stood on the other side for several minutes and then let go and leaped into the rapids.

But when he came up he found that he was not to meet his death after all, for the faithful Hasper had hired a canoe and paddled out to the spot where he had fallen.

Hasper helped him into the canoe and they drifted down the stream. Now and then they were caught in a whirlpool and spun around like a top for hours at a time, but at last the canoe floated out to the open sea, and after a few days (during which length of time they lived on graham crackers and grapejuice which Hasper had thoughtfully brought along) they came to the Zulu Islands, where they disembarked and lived happily ever after, teaching the savages to be the essence of veracity, the souls of truthfulness, never to prevaricate or tell a lie or be guilty of the slightest deception.

The End

C—P—S

AVIS TAKES THE AIR

*Aviating Avis was neither merle nor mavis,
But a very modern maiden who was chuck full of pep
When she felt the need of motion—
And she often took the notion—
She'd jump into her Nieuport, and on it she would step.*

*Thru the clouds she'd go a-jazzing,
And she'd give the world a razzing,
While she thanked her precious airplane
For relief from earthly bores,
Far below were jealous neighbors,
Cranky profs, and tiresome labors,
And the pestilential speedcops were no more to her eyesores.*

*As she gained acceleration, she felt the exultation
Brot about by conscios freedom from the danger of arrest.
In her flivver days 'twas not thus;
She was always in some hot fuss,
But now the right of way is hers, north, south, and east,
and west.*

*An hour of reckless speeding, all prior rates exceeding,
And our mile-a-minute heroine heads for the earth again.
While a nose-dive executing,
She admits there's no disputing
As a cure-all there is nothing like a joyride in her plane.*

—C. J. V.

C—P—S

In Return

By Gus Partridge

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Jim, an ex-soldier who has returned to France to claim the hand of his sweetheart, Marcelle. Jim is a typical American, medium tall, not handsome, but good looking, uses the common slang of this country and has the bearing of a regular American he-man.

Marcelle, a French girl of unusual character, petite, good-looking, with an atmosphere that is entirely French hanging about her. Marcelle is eccentric, as all French people are.

SETTING

A garden behind Marcelle's home. The garden is decor-

ated with beds of delicate flowers, beautifully arranged. The back shows the house and rear door. The house is of white plaster and has a thatched roof. The door is of heavy oak and has hinges of brass.

To the left is a wall, in which there is a door, to the right, underneath a tree, is a bench, upon which Marcelle is sitting when the curtain is raised.

A COMEDY-DRAMA, IN ONE ACT AND ONE SCENE

The curtain raises and we find Marcelle seated in her garden. The garden gate opens and a tall man steps into the garden on his tiptoes.

Jim (whisper): "Marcelle."

Marcelle turns at the sound of her name, and upon beholding Jim stands transfixed for a second. Then

Marcelle (excitedly): "Jeem, Jeem, Ooooh, mon Jeem!"

Jim: "Marcelle, my love, my own."

Marcelle flies to his arms. They kiss several times.

Marcelle: "Ooooh, Ooooh, My wonderful, great big wonderful Jeem. Ooooh, (more kisses) how I think of you, how I wish, how I distrust, and then you come to me. Oh, poor me, poor me."

Jim: "Why, dear, I promised you that I'd return, didn't I?"

Marcelle: "Ah, yes, I believe at first, but you did not come and did not come, and after a time I thought you were just like other Americans who came to France and loved and then went back to your America and forgot. Oh, I was so unhappy!"

Jim: "I guess you didn't have me panned out right, little sweetheart. I always meant to come back. I'd a been back sooner, but we fellows got it handed to us when we got back home. There wasn't much work to speak of, and the bosses didn't seem to want to give it to us when there was any. Oh, it was hard, but I finally landed one, and here I am."

Marcelle: "I wanted you to come back. Oh, how I wanted you to come back. But I was so afraid, so afraid."

Jim: "Well, it's all right now; here I am, all dressed up for Sunday."

Marcelle: "Oh, you was so long in coming. I am so happy, so miserable. Oh, oh, I don't know what I am." (She starts to sob.)

Jim: "There, there, now, little cherie, I'm here now and you mustn't worry any more."

Marcelle: "But you are so sudden, so quick, I have no time to think or anything."

Jim: "There isn't any need for you to think anymore, dear, except about me. We'll be just like the little fairies you read about. We'll live happy ever after."

Marcelle: "But, Jeem, I—"

Jim: "Oh, that's all right, cherie, you needn't worry about anything. I got a good job back home and a little house with the swellest fireplace that you ever set your eyes on, and all furnished, too. Gee, it's great; wait till you see it."

Marcelle: "But, Jeem, I can not. Oh—"

Jim: "I'd like to know why not. Come, now, don't be afraid. I'm not like the rest of the gang. I won't take you back home and then forget you like they did. Dry your eyes now, dear, and give me one of those pretty smiles like you used to."

Marcelle: "But, Jeem, you don't understand. You don't know."

Jim: "You just bet your last franc I know. You had me figured for a rotter, and when I came back to you, it surprised you so that you can't think. But here, let's quit this. Where's mother? I want to see her right away."

Marcelle: "There is no mother any more, Jeem. I have been alone for two years. Oh, it has been so hard."

Jim: "Why, Marcelle. I'm awfully sorry, dear. You sure have had a hard time here all alone. But cheer up, girlie, it's all over now."

Marcelle: "Is it, Jeem? I don't know. I only wish I did."

Jim: "Say, I can't make you out at all. Why, sure, it's all right."

Marcelle: "Jeem, tell me, you really love me like you say? Do you?"

Jim: "Why, sure I do. Don't this prove it? I wouldn't come all this way to see a girl I didn't love, would I?"

Marcelle: "I am sure I don't know. You Americans are

so funny. But what ever happens, Jeem, I want you to know that I have always loved you and always will."

Jim: "Why, that's all right. I know you do. But what's the matter? You talk as if my coming back was a tragedy."

Marcelle: "That's what I am afraid of. I am afraid it is a tragedy."

Jim: "There is something bothering you, Marcelle. What is it? Tell me, dear."

Marcelle: "Jeem, I can never marry you!"

Jim: "Why—Why not?"

Marcelle: "Because I can't. I—I—I have— Oh, I am afraid to tell you. I am so afraid."

Jim: "Marcelle, let me help you. Are you trying to tell me that you haven't been a good girl always? I haven't been so good myself, so don't let that worry you, and if that is what you are trying to tell me, why, just forget it, because I don't care what you have been. What I am interested in is what you are now and what you will be from now on."

Marcelle: "Oh, no, no, no. It is not that. No, never." (Sobs.)

Jim: "Well, what is it, then. Go ahead and tell me."

Marcelle: "I will tell you, Jeem, but first promise me that you will not once interrupt me while I am talking. Will you?"

Jim: "Yes, I promise. Go ahead."

Marcelle: "When you sailed away for your America I was very sorry, but you said that you would come back, and I believed you. One year passed, and then another, and I did not hear from you in all that time. I began to distrust. Please forgive me, Jeem. You know that so many of your countrymen said that they would come back, and our women waited for them, only to find in the end that they had been betrayed, and that their lovers were never coming back to them. Ah, Jeem, your Americans have caused much grief in this war stricken land of ours. It seemed that they didn't understand or that they forgot very quickly maybe."

"There was a man, his name was Gene, and he and I have been friends ever since I can remember. He made love to me, but I refused him at first. He would not take no for an answer, though, and just a little while ago I told him that I would become his wife. That's all, I guess. We were married yesterday." (Marcelle buries her head in her arms and sobs.)

Jim (slowly): "Marcelle, I'm sorry, downright sorry, if I have made you unhappy. It's me that should be miserable not you."

Marcelle: "No, no, no, it is me. I should have known. Forgive me, Jeem. Tell me that you will forgive me."

Jim: "Why, of course, I do. Are you happy, dear? That's all I care for."

Marcelle: "I was until you came, but now—Ooooh." (Sobs.)

Jim: "Marcelle, listen. My greatest desire is that you be happy. I had always intended to return, but I was too late, and I have lost. I'm going to take my loss like a man, and I want you to forget me and make Gene the happiest man in the world. Just like I would have been if I had got you instead of him."

Marcelle: "You are so kind, Jeem. If you want me to be happy, why, I will try as hard as I can."

Jim: "That's the way, girlie. I am going to say goodbye now, because I know you will want to be alone. (He takes her hand and kisses it.) Goodbye, little girl. Remember I want you to be happy always."

Marcelle: "Goodbye, Jeem. Ah, goodbye, mon Jeem."

Jim lets her hand go and walks slowly to the gate and passes outside. Marcelle throws herself down on the bench and sobs.

Curtain

THIS NEW YEAR

*I will not shirk
But do my work
And be glad each day that goes by
That I can live and work and play
And do something, worth while.*

*I will not knock
But show some pluck
When things don't come my way
And do my best whate'er the test
Avoiding too much haste.*

*But I will seek
Some loads to lift
My moments I'll not waste
But take some time for thots sublime
And live, and love, and sing.*

—G. S.

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Editorials

Resolutions

REGULARLY as each New Year is ushered in, we make resolutions, and each year we systematically break those same resolutions, just as soon as the glamor and excitement of the New Year has worn away. But the significant thing about this ceremony is the fact that we still have the faith to believe that those resolutions, even though they be broken almost immediately, have some value to us.

Frank Crane says: "Once a year the old clock of the Universe strikes, at twelve o'clock on December 31st, and as its strokes thunder around the world they say to men and women everywhere: 'Now you have a chance to try again! Begin Again, Begin Again!' Twelve words."

And so the clock of the Universe has called to us once again. Have you made resolutions and broken them? Begin Again! Worse yet, have you failed to make any resolutions? Start now!

There is an unseen power that is constantly urging the people of this world on, but that power will be helpless unless we make up our minds that nothing will keep us from making this year a bigger, brighter and happier one than the year 1921.

Trail Material

THIS issue of the Trail was published later than we had originally planned because the material was not handed in. It is an obvious fact, or should be, that we cannot accept material one day and publish the magazine the next.

This is a student publication, but it cannot remain so unless each student stands ready to do his part. If you have some news item that you wish printed please see that it gets to us in plenty of time; if your society has appointed you as its representative, feel the responsibility that they have placed upon you and get your write-ups in; otherwise this paper will be a failure.

Show some school spirit, folks; make this the kind of a publication that you will be proud of. Then you'll be happy, we'll be happy, and the activities of C. P. S. will be a credit to the city.

Good habits are not made on birthdays, nor Christian character at the New Year. The workshop of character is EVERY DAY LIFE.

Maltbie O. Babcock.

Finances

TO a casual observer, it appears that Associated Student finances are decidedly in a bad way. There is talk of having to borrow money to continue athletics for the rest of the year, and that a special assessment will be levied to finance the annual all-college banquet. In former years it was customary to have a detailed statement of associated student finances appear regularly in the Trail. What is the matter this year? The students as a whole have paid their money in and are entitled to know just how things stand. The Trail will be glad to print such a statement in the next issue.

C-P-S

How many resolutions have you been able to keep this year?

C-P-S

When we say 1922 it makes us feel ancient. How about you?

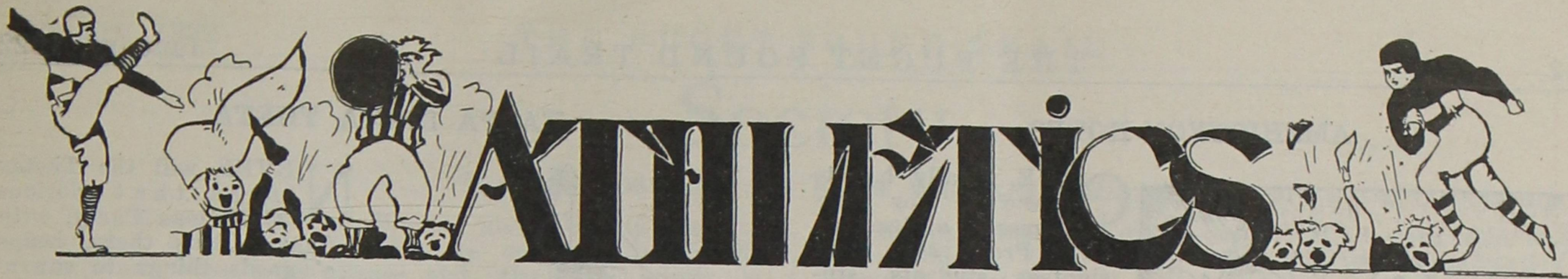
C-P-S

It may be true that nature never made a mistake, but then how do you account for some profs?

Bill: "Harry don't know a blame thing."

C-P-S

Ted: "What a man for a jury."



ATHLETICS

THE men's and women's inter-class basket-ball series were finished shortly before Christmas vacation, the Senior-Faculty team winning the former and the Frosh A girls the latter.

In the men's contests there were several strong teams, notably the Frosh B and the Seniors, neither of which had been beaten until the last game of the series when they met and the Senior-Faculty were victors in a desperate game.

There were two outstanding teams among the women, the Frosh A and the Sophomores, the Frosh A finally winning the championship after a close game.

The men's teams were composed of the following players:

Frosh A: Laakso F, Gordon F, Chowning F, J. Hoyer C, G. Hoyer G, Newell G, Mackay G.

Frosh B: C. Anderson F, Amende F, Mathis C, Morrow G, Turley G, Westbrook G.

Sophomores: Revelle F, Rumbaugh F, Norris F, Ellis C, Schrader G, Fretz G, Wasson G.

Juniors: Scott F, Vaughn F, Cruver F, Stone C, Brooks F, Beattie G, McPhail G.

Senior-Faculty: Clay F & G, Anderson F & C, Robbins C, Kinch G, Peck G & F, Snyder G.

Nov. 28—Frosh A 28, Juniors 20.

Nov. 30—Sophs 18, Senior-Faculty 32.

Dec. 5—Frosh B 24, Juniors 23.

Dec. 7—Frosh A 24, Senior-Faculty 26.

Dec. 8—Juniors 22, Sophs 14.

Dec. 8—Frosh A 19, Frosh B 28.

Dec. 12 Frosh B 27, Sophs 16.

Dec. 13—Frosh A 12, Sophs 26.

Dec 13—Frosh B 12 Senior-Faculty 18.

Standings

Team	Games	Won	Lost	Percent.
Senior-Faculty	3	3	0	1.000
Frosh B	4	3	1	.750
Juniors	3	1	2	.333
Frosh A	4	1	3	.250
Sophomores	4	1	3	.250

Much promising material for the varsity team was discovered in the class games, and some interesting notes gleaned from computing of the statistics. It will be seen that Stone, the only player in three games shot far more field baskets than any other player. Stone shot twenty-two field baskets or an average of more than seven field baskets per game. E. Anderson shot sixteen baskets in three games while Revelle shot sixteen in four games. Clay ties Revelle in shooting, having shot twelve baskets in three games. Ellis and Laakso made twelve field goals each in four games and Chowning eleven. Roy Morrow proved to be the most effective guard. Rarely did he let his man get free to shoot. Kinch however, also showed very strongly as a guard, tho he did not play more than two and one-half games. Newell made a record by converting twenty-three fouls in four games.

The varsity will be unusually strong this year and if the men turn out there will be plenty of substitutes and opposition. The Varsity team has not been named yet and many of the positions are still very much in doubt. The lineup will probably contain Stone, E. Anderson, Morrow, Brooks, Amende, Mathis and Turley. However, these men will have to be on their toes as there is much competition for the positions.

The first varsity game is scheduled for Friday, Jan. 13, with the Bellingham Normal School at Bellingham. Later on in the season a tour will be made thru the Southern and Eastern parts of the state. "Bill", basketball manager, is at work perfecting the schedule.

WOMEN'S BASKETBALL

The following players composed the women's teams:

Frosh A—Dorothy Floberg F, Evelyn Ahnquist C, Edith Thomas SC, Wilma Zediker G, Mildred Eaton G, Hazel Johnson F.

Frosh B—Dorothy Mendenhall F, Carol Vinson F, Grace Bowen SC, Marjory Evans C, Avarell Isenhardt G, Gladys Myers G, Wilma Randall G.

Sophomores—Mildred Forsberg F, Bernice Olson F, Lodemaria Kilborn C, Ruth Wheeler C, Hazel Burger SC, Helen Brix G, Nan Tuell G.

Juniors—Dorothy Du Buisson F, Margaret Ohlson F, Ethel Storrey SC, Esther Graham G, Hilda Sheyer G, Jessie Newton G.

The Games:

Nov. 29—Frosh A 34, Juniors 1.

Dec. 5—Frosh B 4, Juniors 10.

Dec. 7—Frosh B 6, Sophomores 16.

Dec. 8—Frosh A 9, Sophomores 2.

Dec. 12—Sophomores 10, Juniors 0.

Team	Games	Won	Lost	Percent.
Frosh A	2	2	0	1.000
Sophomores	3	2	1	.667
Juniors	3	1	2	.333
Frosh B	2	0	2	.000

Dorothy Floberg led by a wide margin in the scoring, making 31 points in two games. Bernice Olson and Esther Graham are tied for second place. Miss Olson made 16 points in two games and Miss Graham made 8 points in one. Mildred Forsberg's average was 6 points per game and Carol Vinson averaged slightly less. Wilma Zediker, Helen Brix, Mildred Eaton and Nan Tuell made very fine showings at guarding.

For the first time in its history the College of Puget Sound is going to have a Women's Varsity Basketball Sextet. Already the girls are training industriously and Wilma Zediker, the manager, is arranging the schedule, which it is hoped will include Bellingham, Ellensburg and others. There is plenty of fine material and the girls are enthusiastic. Coach Peck has high hopes of forming a first rate team. There are two complete teams on the floor every night and the girls are scrapping hard for varsity positions. So far no one has a place cinched and probably will not have until shortly before the first game.

Basket Ball Equipment

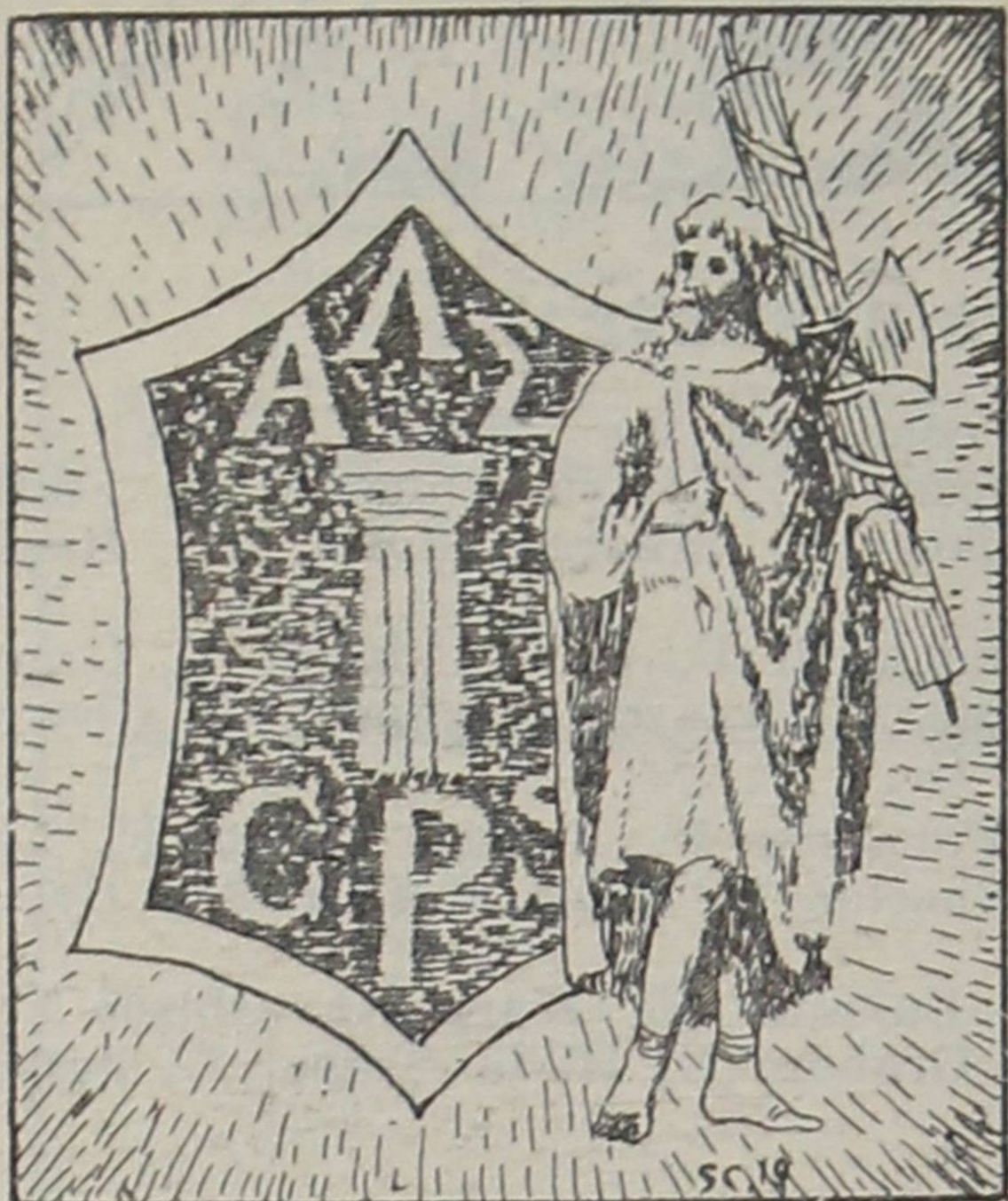
Reach, Rawlings and Goldsmith official balls, suits, pads or shoes. Any designs or monograms in felt made to order.

Athletic Sweaters in all colors and combinations

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AMPHICTYON NOTES



ONE usually has to work for "degrees", at least so the Profs. say, but eighteen students, studious and otherwise, received their second "degree" without the usual intellectual struggle, tho we won't say as to the physical — of some. However, all survived. The home of Katherine Kerr was the scene of action. She says, "Never again." Those receiving said degrees and whom we are proud to recognize as full-fledged Amphictyons are:

Claude Turley, Noble Chowning, Ernest Ross, Paul Rule, Bert Lesperence, R. R. Martin, William Hoyer, James Hoyer, Helen Temby, Margaret Parkin, Marjorie Anderson, Lucile Zirtzmann, Ellena Hart, Elizabeth Crockett, Eleanor Kenrick, Laura Brewitt, Eleanor West and Vera Brown.

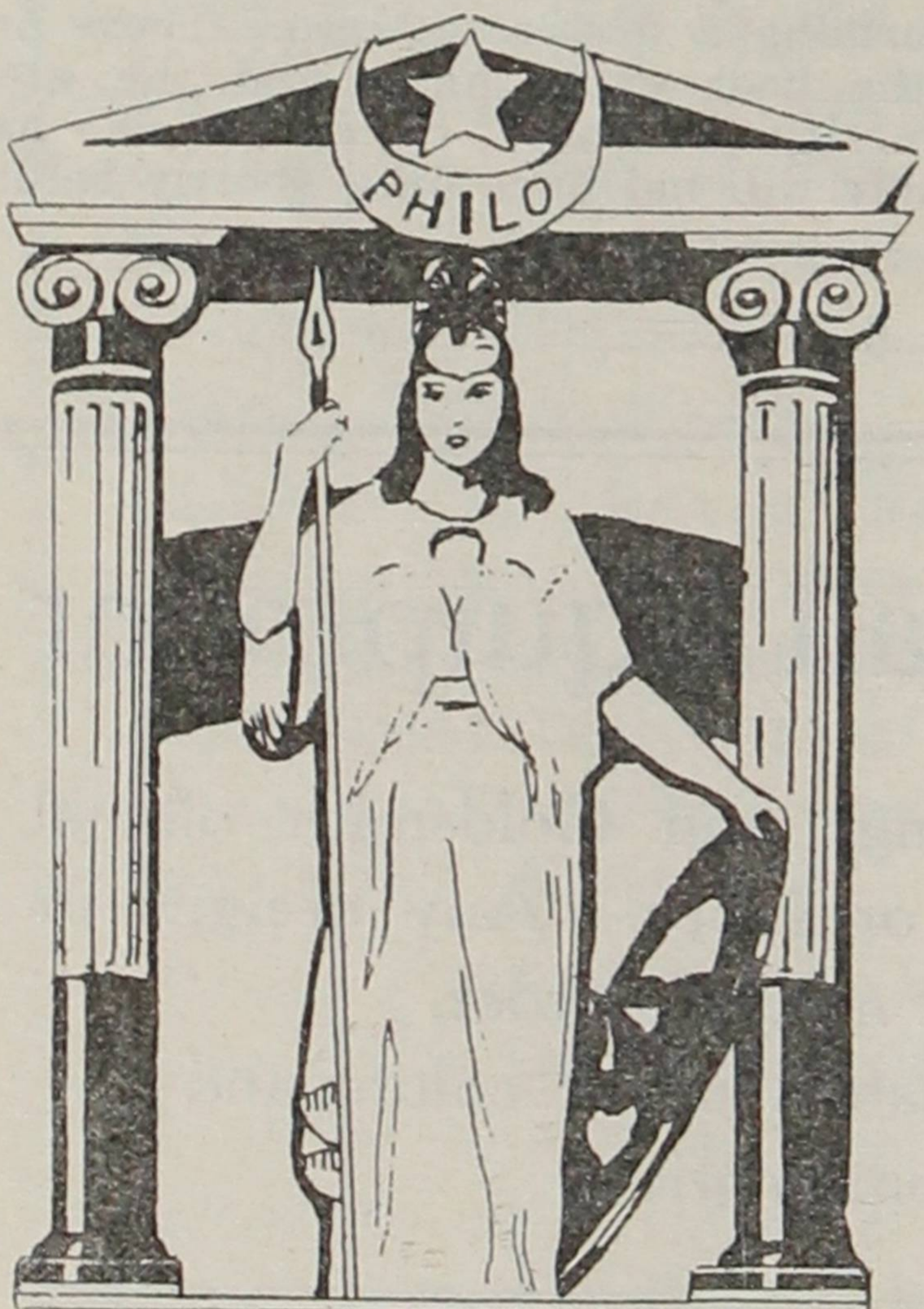
The programs of the last month have been especially interesting and worth while. The Christmas program, proved without a doubt, that talent along all lines, was to be had among the Amphic members. Santa visited us and filled our stockings with—a little bit of everything. Really the whole evening could not have been beaten.

One of the most enjoyable vacation events, was a "cake party" at Peggy Dorwin's home, at which the Amphictyons were the guests of Muriel and Carl Curtis. Those who were not there surely missed a wonderful time. And as for the cake—well, it was the best ever. Query: Who's the next one coming from?

Thursday, January 5, the Amphics put on a mixed program at assembly period. More talent was displayed and from the response the students evidently considered it, at least, not "half bad". Harry Lauder, alias Nelson Pierce, though "rather cool about the knees" thawed out sufficiently to give his songs in an especially delightful way.

C—P—S

PHILO NOTES



PHILO, as usual, spent the last few days of her Christmas vacation housepartying, this time at Steilacoom Lake. Early in the game, the decks were cleared for action, and with short intermissions Rook reigned supreme for the three days. Aforementioned intermissions, however, were noteworthy as the time of many exciting occurrences. Ask "Ma" about slippery logs or Lucille McWilliams as to who took the cakes.

Incidentally, we found that our worthy colleague, Bill Clay, has certainly missed his calling and should be training to be a criminal lawyer rather than a parson. Also, Mat Thompson must be a mistake. He was meant for a girl. Hereafter, no Philo will ever think of stepping on Ted Raudebaugh's dignity so far as to call him Theodore.

Philo always enjoys her houseparties, the nonsense, the practical jokes and everything, but most of all she enjoys the good fellowship of her members and the lifelong friendships that are made. So here's to our houseparties! May the next one be the best ever.

KAPPA SIGMA THETA



NEVER will the Thetas forget that glorious Christmas Party, with Santa Claus there, heaps o' goods things to eat n' everything. Of course the program was splendid. We especially enjoyed the Christmas carols. After many anxious moments of waiting Santa finally arrived with his full pack. N' all of us received our very first Christmas gift—some were funny, others very noisy, and those lovely new silver spoons and salad forks! Of course there was a spread, thanks to our Freshmen, To add their fun to our party came Miss Balcke, Miss Crapser and Dean and Mrs. Cunningham.

N' now we all are glad to be back again after the holidays. Theta has made a fine start at the beginning of the New Year by having two splendid programs. Theta Retrospection, Resolutions and Prophecy were in evidence in our New Year program. The following week a clever skit "All in a Lifetime" was done in pantomime.

C—P—S

DELTA ALPHA GAMMAS

THE Delta Alpha Gammas have been very busy during the past month completing the work of organization and furnishing the new room. Two regular programs have been given, one at the home of Helen Small and the other, the Christmas program, was the formal opening and presentation of the new room. Katheryn Chester gave the story of the Birth of Christ, Dorothy Floberg, The Spirit of Christmas, Mrs. Robbins, Christmas in South America. Willabelle Hoage and Alberta Edtl gave several musical selections.

After the program a buffet luncheon served as a delightful means for the members and guests to become acquainted.

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DRAMATIC DEPARTMENT

THE cast for "\$1200.00 a Year" has been chosen and is working regularly. February 17th is the date set for its productoin. The Chapel is the place. Every member of the Faculty and student body should plan to see this play, as well as to boost for it between now and February 17th. The cast is as follows:

- Paul Stoddard Wallace Scott
- Jean Stoddard Ruth Kennedy
- Winthrop Mat Thompson
- Frances Esther Graham
- Cyrus McClure Salem Nourse
- Stephen McClure Nelson Pierce
- Martha Ruth Wheeler
- Chris Zsupnik Everett Styles
- Mrs. Zsupnik Carol Vincent
- Tony Zsupnik Juliette Palmer
- Professor Salsbury Elmer Anderson
- Professor Snell Ed Newell
- Professor Putman Wilfred Jones
- Mrs. Putman Ellena Hart
- Milly Fanning Ruby Tennant
- Krajick Ed Amende
- Polinski Claude Turley
- Slotkin Ralph Cory
- Gus Douglas Wight
- Mr. Welch Harley Notter

Society

MILDRED FORSBERG and RUTH WHEELER, *Editors*

The Misses Wineferd Wayne and Dorothy Townsend, former C. P. S. students who are now teaching in Kent, entertained Miss Helen Brace and Miss Agnes Scott, at a delightful week-end party at their cottage.

C—P—S

During the Christmas holidays Miss Agnes Scott entertained at a delightful tea at her home on North I St. for a group of University and College friends. Three University girls, Miss Olive Swain, Miss Esther Dufall and Miss Ruth Hart, former C. P. S. students, were especially honored.

C—P—S

Miss Crapser was one of the Mountaineers' party that spent the New Year week-end at Paradise Inn. Miss Balcke who had intended to accompany her, was unable to go on account of illness.

C—P—S

Miss Helen Small entertained a few of her College friends at her home during the holidays. The evening was spent in games and music. The guests were, Kathyrne Chester, Agnes Scott, Edith Thomas, Esther Dufall, Harold Rector, Wallace Scott, Salem Nourse, Steve Arnett and August Partridge. Late in the evening a delightful buffet supper was served by the hostess.

SACAJAWEA NOTES

By "GOSH"

After a profusion of excited parting messages the Sacajawea girls left Wednesday, Dec. 21, for their respective homes and if we can believe the reports, every one had a glorious vacation.

"Ma" and "Evrett" alone of our entire family remained to hold down the Old Home Nest and we think we know the reason for the rug being worn thru in front of the fire-place.

After trying our luck with numerous feline mascots we have at last directed our efforts in the canine direction. "Harmony" and "Cousin Kate" did not appreciate our hospitality so Nip contributed "Jolie" to satisfy our need. We hope "Jolie" will not forsake us as heartlessly as her predecessors.

Plans are developing fast and furiously for the traditional slumber party to be held—well, we'd better not say when. We might want grape fruit for breakfast.

Again we must resort to betraying family confidences.

Ethel Mae (speaking over the phone): "Hello, have you felt by the yard?"

C—P—S

Averill: "Here's your book, Phoebe."

Phoebe: "Oh, no, Marj is using my religion this semester."

C—P—S

Averill says mustaches are a nuisance.

C—P—S

We have saved the best for the last. Anton was telling about a "break" Esther made in Amphic—namely, saying "feet perfume" for "sweet perfume." Tuck: "Why, when was that? It must have been before they took us in!"

C—P—S

Y. W. C. A. NOTES

THE annual joint meeting of the Y. M. and Y. W. at Christmas time was held this year on December 20.

Several musical numbers were given, including the singing of carols by the girl's quartette composed of Ellena Hart, Miriam Kloepfel, Evelyn Ahnquist and Anita Greenlaw; and a solo, "Oh Holy Night" by Rita Todd. Mrs. Hovious gave a Christmas reading from Ben Hur.

Mrs. Cunningham was the leader of the meeting held on the day of our return to school after the holidays. We have been having exceptionally good turnouts to our meetings this year and we hope that the girls will continue to take as much interest in Y. W. as they have so far this year.

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Next to Colonial Theatre

An important meeting of the A. M. A. was held during the holidays. The popularity of this new organization is steadily increasing and it is hoped that several new members may be added to its membership.

C—P—S

Miss Gladys Harding delightfully entertained a group of College students on the evening of December 15th. The occasion was in celebration of Miss Harding's birthday, Mr. Frank Brooks also sharing in the celebration of his birthday. The evening was spent informally with games and music. A delightful supper was served late in the evening by the hostess.

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FRESHMAN NOTES

WE surely had a dandy time over the holidays! Most all of our out-of-town students went home and had a glorious time; they say that Santa Claus was better to them than to the people in Tacoma, but personally we doubt it. Of course we were all overjoyed to get back to our studies; we were sick and tired of staying in bed as long as we liked, then getting up with nothing to do but sit around in the family's most comfortable chair, reading a magazine and eating chocolates or smoking a pipe, as the case might be. We were bored with turkey dinners, too much company, and going out nights. We felt we must have food for our brains so we came back to school.

Speaking of basket-ball, the inter-class series is over; the Frosh girls came out champions of the school. The sophomores gave us our biggest scare, and we were able to win only by a score of 9-2. Our players were: Dorothy Floberg and Hazel Johnson, forwards; Evelyn Ahnquist and Edith Thomas, centers; and Wilma Zediker and Mildred Eaton, guards.

C—P—S

SOPHOMORE JABBER

OUR horn has been quiet but "there a reason." The societies, clubs and other organizations are carrying on active programs. As a result we find that it is the Sophs that are taking the leading part in these different activities. They all have the School Spirit which is the essential thing.

We had rough going in basket-ball the first part of the season, but ended with a brilliant victory over the Freshman A team.

Wrestling is just our dope. Think of any class trying to overthrow this bunch: Ellis, "Big Dick" Wasson, Rip Revelle, Gene Schrader, Ralph Thomas and Roy Morrow. The bacon is ours, boys. Let's go!

C—P—S

DEBATE NOTES

ON Dec. 12, the first of the series of Inter-Society debates were held in the chapel. The Kappa Sigma Theta Sorority met the Philomathean Society, the girls winning by a two to one decision of the judges. The question of Panama canal tollage proved an interesting one to a large audience.

The second debate was held Dec. 16, the H. C. S. Fraternity opposing the Amphictyon Society, with the former society winning by a three to one vote.

On Jan. 16, the winners of the preliminaries, Theta Sorority and H. C. S. Fraternity will meet in the final debate, a phase of disarmament being the question for debate. If H. C. S. wins they will retain permanent possession of the Newbegin Debate Trophy. If Theta wins it will be the first year of its possession of the cup.

The try-outs for inter-collegiate debaters will be held Jan. 11. The three debates which have been scheduled promise an interesting inter-collegiate program.

EXCHANGE

Laugh, and the teacher laughs with you.
Laugh, and you laugh alone.
The first, when the joke's the teacher's,
The last, when the joke's your own.

—"The Tahoma"...

C—P—S

With due respects to R. K.

If you can do your work when all about you
Are raising Cain and wanting you to join;
If you can see them go to shows without you,
And know they're going on your borrowed coin;
If you can cut or take a short vacation,
If you can flunk and still make A's your aim;
If you can meet with honor and probation
And treat those two impostors just the same;
Or walk with Profs. nor lose the common touch;
If you can write exams whose marks won't hurt you,
Or wheedle Profs. and yet not say too much;
If you can bear to see the themes you've fashioned
Twisted about and made a sight to see,
Then take them up and write with pen impassioned
And hand them back to get another D;
If you can fill that fleeting little minute
With sixty seconds worth of Knowledge won—
Yours is the school and everything that's in it,
And what's more, you'll graduate, my son!!

—"Juniata Echo".

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I DON'T

My parents told me not to smoke;
I don't.
Nor even listen to a naughty joke;
I don't.
They made it clear that I must not wink
At pretty girls, nor even think
About intoxicating drink;
I don't.
To dance or flirt is very wrong;
I don't.
Or mingle with the glittering throng;
I don't.
I kiss no girls—not even one;
I really don't know how it's done;
You wouldn't think I have much fun—
I DON'T.

—Anonymous.

R. L.: What is a Pomeronian?
Mr. Hong: A Pomeronian is a man from Pommeronia.
Why?
R. L.: Oh! I just saw a piece in the paper that said that
Mrs. Wellington wore a sable coat and carried a Pomeronian.
—Tye Wha Wa—Sumner.

C—P—S

Some Things That Are Grievously Empty—

1. A head without brains.
2. A wit without judgment.
3. A prof. without a heart.
4. A pocket book without cash.
5. Our classes at 8:00 a. m.

—"The Ubysey".

The Exchanges for this month are: The Ah Kah Nam, Walla Walla H. S.; The Weekly Index, Pacific U.; Tye Wha Wa, Sumner H. S.; The Ubysey, U. of B. C.; The Gateway, Edmonton, Alberta; The Weekly Messenger, Bellingham Normal; The Rainbow, Boistfort, Washington; The Juniata Echo, Huntingdon, Pa; and the Cushman Boomerang, Cushman Hospital, Tacoma.

La Champ Strawberry Whip 5c Candy Bar, simply delicious.

AND THE WIND SHALL NOT BLOW TONIGHT

IT was a scrumptious evening, but it was windy, and the rude wind blew grits of dust into their faces as the youth and maiden strolled down the street. To protect them from this fierce element of nature, the youth took the bright blue umbrella from the delicate hands of the fair maiden, and hoisted it to the starboard side, as they turned the corner. But the youth in his excitement forgot one of the principles of Physics, namely: If an umbrella is not held down it will blow away. Anyway, as they turned the corner the naughty wind lifted the parachute of blue and sailed it on high. As the two enraptured souls stood as one, gazing at the faded blue as it disappeared into the darkness, another gust of wind rounded the corner with a surprise attack, carrying with it unforeseen particles of dust. "Sweetums," he cooed gently, as he drew her close to his manly heart, "did you get any in your eyes?" "Yes, my jewel," she simpered, and mopped away at her optic with a handkerchief, extracted from some hidden place in her attire. "Ah! in which of your glorious eyes reflecting the light of heaven did that beastly piece of dust intrude?" he questioned fiercely. "My right," she said, and added, "Did you get any in your eye?" "Yes, my dove," he responded, while he mopped away at his eye with the same handkerchief which she had used. "How sweet!" she exclaimed, "and yours was the right one too?" "Yes, light of my life." "Adolphus," she whispered rapturously, "do you think it could be part of the same grain of dust?" "I hope so," he answered. "Wouldn't it be lovely," she whispered. "Glorious!" he breathed. And the wind moaned in agony, and the cats nad dogs howled, and the signboard of Dinty's opposite fell with a crash to the pavement.

C—P—S

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Alumni

PAUL SNYDER, *Editor*

Kobe, Japan, October 5, 1921.

We thought it would be of interest to you to know something of our trip thus far and of Japan.

We left Seattle September 16th, at 10:00 A. M., and you will remember that it was a perfect day. The water was unusually calm and the crowd of friends at the dock, about 75 in number, gave us a good rousing send off. We reached Victoria that afternoon about 5:00 and left an hour later. Next morning at 8:00 o'clock we sighted our last land. We were on the grand old Pacific. The weather from then until three days before reaching Japan was quite squally but it was not real rough. On Thursday September 22nd, we came in sight of the Alutian Islands. They are possessions of the United States and the only land we saw until we reached Japan on the night of Sept. 29th. We also saw a whale and several large fish while crossing. These are grand sights to people who gaze for days on water alone.

There were four groups of missionaries in our quarters of the boat and each group contained four in number. Among the groups was Bishop Juji Nakada of Japan. He was an early Methodist convert and later became one of the founders of the Oriental Missionary Society. He is a very great man and is called by some the Moody of Japan. We made several friendships on the boat and had lots of fun playing quoits, deck golf and various other games. They were mostly Japanese games.

We arrived in Yokohama about 11:30 P. M., Sept. 30th, but did not get off the boat until the next morning. There were, however, many that did leave the boat that night. And many friends and relatives met the boat. When we landed it was raining quite hard and the dock was dark save for the lanterns the crowd carried. They had their names on the lanterns so people could see who they were and were being shielded from the rain by bamboo parasols. It is needless to say there was great excitement and such a confusion that reminded one of the dilemma at the tower of Babel.

Of course the inspection of all the foreigners on the boat was very interesting but very brief. We waited over an hour for the Doctor to come and lo and behold when he finally did come all he did was to look us over by one glance and it was all over.

The next morning we got off the boat and took our first ride in the rickshaws. You would hardly believe we were guilty of hiring a man to pull us around over town would you? Yokohama is a city of 420,000 inhabitants but you don't want to look for an improved city. In most places there are no sidewalks, the streets which very seldom are paved reach to the doors of the business houses. The business houses are mostly all one and two story wooden structures although there has been a large number of modern business structures gone up the past few years. The streets are from ten feet to twice as wide as ours. We got into a place this morning that was only half as wide as an alley and with foodshops at nearly every door. The odor was unbearable and we had to leave. They say we will get used to the odors after while, it seems rather doubtful now tho'. American slumes cannot compare with the filth we find here in some of the quarters. It surely makes us appreciate our blessings at home, and helps us to see what Christianity can really lift one out of.

About one out of five men have adopted western clothing but it is very seldom that we see a woman in western clothes. The fashionable ladies come out dressed in their silks with enough powder and paint on to satisfy a clown and behold they are barefooted save for a little wooden sandal held up out of the mud by two little boards set under it edgewise. They have three kinds of foot ware. The one just mentioned, another similar to it is made of matted fiber instead of wood and lies flat on the ground, having no cross pieces under it to hold it up out of the mud. These are generally worn in the house. Then they have a cloth shoe with a fiber sole with the large toe fitting into a place to itself like the finger on a glove.

Their means of transportation are, street cars, rickshaws, and a few autos. These are for passenger service within the city, most of the hauling is done by men themselves. The streets are lined with men pulling carts of wood, coal, vegetables

and everything to be hauled. They have then quite a few horses and oxen. They are worked singly and are led, not driven.

We left Yokohama the same day and went to the capital city, Tokyo. It is somewhat larger than Seattle, having about 2,000,000 people. This brings it near the size of Chicago. We visited Hebya Park there and found it to be the finest artificial park we ever saw. We were also shown about the outer grounds of the royal palace. This was a grand sight to behold. The great gate we went thru was two hundred years old and looked like it would stand several years more. There is a great moat with steep banks or rocky walls surrounding the grounds and to get to the palace one must cross it three times. We were only allowed to cross once.

That night, October 1st, we took a train for Kobe, arriving there at 9:20 the next morning. We found an American hotel and are still here awaiting our boat which sails for Tientein on October 9th. Kobe is a village of over 600,000 and is like the other places in general description, excepting you cannot describe the smells.

The Japanese are very fond of art and some of the finest art I have ever seen is to be found here. Their art however is not to be seen everywhere for most of the scenery is very sad to look upon. The mountains are very pretty and they have very beautiful shrubbery.

October 18, 1921. At present we are located in our quarters at old Peking, China. We left Kobe, Japan, on October 9th, and arrived at Tientein five days later. We stopped a few hours at Moji, Japan, and got coal for the ship. It was put on the ship all by hand by men and women. There were about 100 men and women required to load about 175 tons of coal in about three hours time. Men and women alike smoked cigarettes and such a sight of drudgery and poverty we have never before seen, but they seemed real happy and congenial with each other.

We find the port cities of Japan to be taking on a great deal of western civilization. China on the contrary does not seem to be interested in it. It is seldom we see a Chinese in European dress. We like the appearance of the Chinese better than that of the Japanese and are very glad we are in China instead of Japan. And really the odors don't seem nearly as bad.

The people in China are poorer than the Japanese and wages much less. For example a cook gets \$10 a month and boards himself. Their dollars are only worth about eighty cents so in reality he gets only eight dollars a month and boards himself, but of course that is figuring in our own money.

There are eight of us located in one Chinese compound. It has a wall about it, composed partly of the different apartments and a court in the center. Our apartment has three rooms and a stone floor, but we have mats on the floor and it is very comfortable. We like our house very much. It is home sweet home to us.

We can tell you more about the missionary work later, we haven't had time to get an insight into it as yet.

A street scene is very interesting here. Everybody calls out their wares and there is no system to it, it sounds like a lot of kinds turned loose. They carry two baskets hanging from a pole that rests on their shoulder, and all sorts of things are contained therein. Fruits, vegetables, nuts, and I couldn't begin to name the many numerous things they have. The barber goes along calling out his trade and if you would want a shave he would sit you down in the street and proceed to go at it.

The men are very fond of carrying birds in birdcages with them. And they have all sorts of birds, but in the wild state we find only mag-pies and crows.

The pigs are very funny looking animals, they look as tho' they never had a square meal. They are pointed at both ends and big around the middle. I'm sure some of you farmers would want to buy them to fatten them up, but even some of the people look that way too.

Must close this now. If you were here you could see many funny things that is imposible to described.

Your sincere friends,

MR. and MRS. C. C. JAMES.



SPENCER SMITH, Editor

TRAGEDY TOPICS

Paying \$5 a pint for "cold tea"—and getting it.
 Mickie in the gutter with a "to be called for" tag.
 Believing your clock is a half an hour fast in the morning and discovering it is twenty minutes slow.
 On a trolley car at midnight with a \$20 bill the smallest you have.
 The best restaurant in town with the only girl in the world and your money in your other pants.
 No stopper in the wash basin and somebody stopping the water when the soap is smarting in your eyes.

C-P-S

ENCOURAGING

Harold Hong, a college graduate, was walking down the street one evening with a friend of Irish descent, and, pausing to look at the starry sky, remarked with enthusiasm:
 "How bright Orion is tonight."
 "So that is O'Ryan, is it?" replied Pat. "Well, thank the Lord, there is one Irishman in heaven anyway."

C-P-S

A HARD WORLD

"Mother," said Helen, "when I grow up, will I have a husband like Harold?"
 "Why, yes, I suppose so," answered the mother.
 "Mother," said Helen, after a pause, "when I grow up, if I don't marry, will I be an old maid like my school teacher is?"
 "Yes, I suppose so," repeated the mother, "But what funny questions for a little girl to ask."
 "Mother," after another pause, "this is a very hard world for us women, isn't it?"

C-P-S

Milk Famine—not fed.
 Starvation—he's dead!
 A Freshman.
 Self Importance—swelled head.
 Boxed a Freshman—he's dead!
 A Sophomore.
 Studies failed him—hopes fled.
 Heart's broken—he's dead!
 A Junior.
 Deep wisdom—lofty tread.
 Brain fever—he's dead!
 A Senior.

C-P-S

Early to bed, early to rise
 Does very well for sick folks and guys,
 But it makes a man miss
 And join the stiff's that are gone to the skies.
 Go to bed when you please,
 And lie at your ease,
 You'll die just the same of some Latin disease.

C-P-S

"See here, young man," stormed the irate father, descending the stairs at one a. m. "do you think you can stay in the parlor here with my daughter all night?"

WILLING, ANYWAY

"I'll try, sir," replied the imperturbable youth modestly, "but I'm really afraid that I'll have to leave about four or five o'clock."

Believe not a girl when she says she can love but you. She hasn't met anybody better as yet, that is all.

SUMMER TRAGEDY

He had hovered about her all the evening, notwithstanding her efforts to repulse him. At length, stung to madness by her evident desire to rid herself of his presence, he was about to leave. Then the flutter of her fan disarranged the lace at her throat, leaving her white neck bare and gleaming in the moonlight. With a wild cry of passionate longing, utterly oblivious of the consequences of his rash act, he flung himself upon her. The next instant he lay crushed at her feet.
 Alas! Poor little mosquito!

C-P-S

THEY'LL NEED TO

On one of the tombstones in the old Tacoma cemetery appears the following inscription:

Here lies E. J. Styles—Good and
 Upright Citizen
 Weighed 250 pounds
 Open Wide Ye Golden Gates.

C-P-S

A RARE ONE

I once knew—
 A Girl named Jerry—
 Who was so modest
 That she wouldn't
 Even do—
 Improper fractions.

C-P-S

A negro employed at a cinema studio was chosen to take part in a comedy scene with a lion.
 "You get into bed," ordered the producer, "and we will bring the lion in and put him to bed with you."
 "Put a lion in bed with me?" yelled the ducky. "No, sah! Not at all. I quits right heah and now."
 "But," protested the producer, "this lion wouldn't hurt you. It was brought up on milk."
 "So was I brung up on milk," wailed the ducky, "but Ah eats meat now."

C-P-S

Mr. Slater: "Name two pests."
 Freshie: "Mosquitoes and Sophomores."
 Rector: "The barber told me a very interesting story as he shaved me."
 Rip: "How do you figure?"
 Rector: "Very emphatic; he illustrated it with cuts."
 Gene: "Did Dorothy say anything dove-like about me?"
 Ev.: "Sure, she said that you were pige-on-toed."

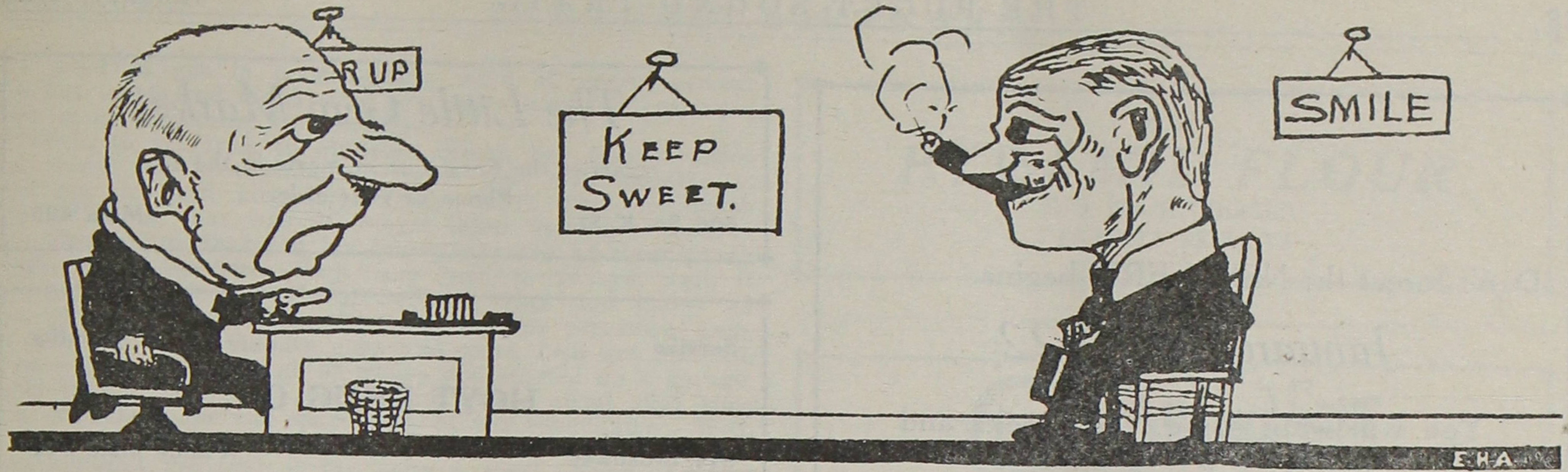
C-P-S

HIGH LIFE

She (as they dance): "Where have I met you before? There is something very familiar in the way you put your arm about my waist."
 He: "Why don't you know me? I was your very first husband."

C-P-S

Roy: "Won't you listen—"
 Ethel S.: "No."
 Roy: "But suppose I offer you a diamond—"
 Ethel: "Oh, I'm not stone deaf."
 Dick: "What is the most nervous thing in the world, next to a girl?"
 Ross: "Me, next to a girl."



FACTS WORTH KNOWING

A cross-eyed girl may be virtuous, but she doesn't look straight.

Umbrellas often sink if they fall overboard. Ask Spencer, he knows!

Fat men fall hard.

No college man is as good as he tries to make his professor believe he is, nor as bad as he tells his girl he is.

He who squeezes the dollar too hard is liable to make the eagle scream.

It wouldn't have taken much of a hand to beat Noah at poker. He only held two of a kind.

Where there is a will, chaperones don't count.

"Say it with flowers"—one case where talk isn't cheap.

Puppy life is the beginning of a dog's life.

From the "ground up", a common expression might often be applied to the sequence of masculine inspection of feminine beauty.

C—P—S

Harvey: "Now when two bodies in motion come together is heat generated?"

Minch: "No, sir, I hit a guy yesterday and he knocked me cold."

C—P—S

Did this ever happen when you were the guest of a C. P. S. faculty member?

When one of the professors of the college was entertaining some visitors the children of the home were sent upstairs and told to be quiet.

During the lull in conversation their youngest appeared at the doorway of the dining room. "Mama," he said, "there's nothing but clean towels in the bath room, shall I start one?"

C—P—S

Prof. (after a long lecture): "And now you are free to ask questions."

'25: "Where did Prof. Robbins get that mustache?"

C—P—S

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Never speak flatteringly to anyone except to the one to whom you are talking.

We eat to acquire nourishment to become strong to enable us to work to earn money to buy food to furnish meat to eat—

Wise men change their minds—fools never get that far.

Always see that your clothes are not nicer than other people's. If they are, someone is surely to call you a high brow.

Gossip is a deadly gas that is often fatal to friendship. When someone borrows note book paper, give it cheerfully and try to look as if you expected to be repaid.

Ambition must mean something more than wishing if it is going to get you anywhere.

If those Louis XV. heels are too high for you—try a lower pair—say about Louis X.

Cats often spoil a pleasant evening.

CORRECT

Recruit: "Shall I mark time with my feet, sir?"

Lieutenant (sarcastically): "My dear fellow, did you ever hear of marking time with your hands?"

Recruit: "Yes, sir; clocks do it."

Nelson P.: "Hush, I am disguised."

Helen T.: "How is that?"

N. P.: "I changed my mind."

"Is this a second hand store?"

"Yessum."

"Well, I want one for my watch."

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947 Broadway

WHO WANTS TO KNOW?

This was found in the hall on a piece of paper. If the young lady or gentleman who lost it and wants the original copy, call at the TRAIL office:

"Please answer one of these questions:

1. Does this coolness mean the end of our friendship?
2. Is this just a misunderstanding which can be straightened out with the consent of both parties concerned?"

C—P—S

Ed Amende looks out of the window through a telescope and whistles at girls passing.

Doc Harvey: "What are you doing there?"

Ed Amende: "Aw, I'm just looking at some girls."

D. Harvey: "Give me that telescope and take your seat."

C—P—S

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We also want to thank you for your patronage of the past
and would be glad to solicit your business for the future

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Main 2655

First Philo: "Any excitement at the meeting last night?"
Second Ditto: "Well, Brooks made a speech and brot down the house."

"Did that break it up?"

"I guess so, the chairman took the floor."

Prof. (after a long lecture): "And now you are free to ask questions."

'25: "What time is it?"

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YOU NEVER CAN TELL

(Continued from Page 5)

lost in thot. She was dressed in mannish array of khaki shirt, breeches and high heeled cow boots. The stringy strands of her hair were thrown together in a knot on the pinnacle of her cranium, while her kindly face reflected the ruddy life of the cattle ranges. She seemed entirely a fitting person to be inhabiting the ranch house of the Bar O ranch, and an entirely capable person to be running it.

"You know, Bill, them creatures that call themselves society women down there in Two Horns, don't know when they're well off, just like a maverick steer. He'll have the best patch of grass on the whole range and be feedin' contentedly, till he sees some little pink calf eatin', half hid by the sawgrass, and up goes his head and down goes his tail and he's off to the new browsing grounds. Pardon my executin' of the lingo, Bill, but she sure do make my blood boil to see how these here little pink calves go cavortin' about after some new steer." And she puffed furiously on the fag. I had dropped in for a little neighborly call on my way to town, and had by chance, caught my hostess in one of those conversationalist moods into which all of us great minds sometimes inadvertently fall. I sunk myself deeper into the flat depths of the sofa and prepared myself to hear something well worth listening to. It never failed. When Mrs. O'Flyng got wound up this way, you might as well let her play, and barrin changin' needles occasionally, you could be sure to hear something good. I had all the time in the world so I let her scratch on.

"You know, Bill, as I was saying, after she lands her man, you never can tell what's going to happen. I remember just before that last drought, eleven years, come next August, down there in the thriving metropolis of Two Horns, Wash.—as the back of the pitcher postcards say in the rack in the depot. Madaline, she spelled it M-A-D-A-L-I-N-E then, was as sweet a young flapper of nineteen that you could ever expect to find in any cow town. Her dad owned three-fourths of the saloons and there were only three and was rakin' in the shekels faster than a con man at a Jewish picnic. Well, 'bout the time that prohibition had come in, he'd scraped together a few cart wheels and opened up a high class Cafe, as he calls it, and Madaline return from college at Seattle 'bout this time. She'd changed the "i" to "y" by now tho, and of all the foolish trumpery them colleges do instill in an innocent little girl. Ma Sweet had to serve all the meals in French and the old man had to eat them all with his fork. He often told me that he never could learn to balance beans with a fork nohow. Well, Sweet's Cafe was pretty prosperous from the start, what with bootleg hootch and the like, and all Two Horns eclat society eatin' there on Sunday evenings—to find out the latest gossip. I used to eat there myself the seventh night just to satisfy my own curiosity as to what Mrs. Justynne Town was wearing or if it was true that Sadie was still keeping company with Hi Cohen. Being out here on the ranch all week, I don't get a chance to keep up with the Joneses, and I don't mind takin' a friendly meal with the good looking hypocrites once in a while myself either."

stored there and the foot rail. It'll seem mighty like home to some of these here exclusive folks that's comin' here this evening. 'Fraid it'll make the old man weep, tho. Just like home,' he said with a rapturous sigh.

"I wouldn't give you that much satisfaction,' she retorts and planks down in my lap and begins to weep. 'Always

I tried to get in a sustaining word of encouragement here but my friend didn't need any assistance and continued right on as if nothing had occurred.

"Well, to get back to Madalyn Sweet, her family vowed that there wasn't anything in town that was suitable to hitch her to, and accordingly they didn't give her much rope. Fact is, that was the worst thing that they could've did. The minute that you try to restrain any of them young bloods, especially after they have been to college, well, it just can't be done, that's all. First thing you know, off runs little Miss Sweet with Lem Small. You remember Lem, his dad ran the blacksmith shop and when Lem got married, he gave him a little chunk of money and started up a garage. Them things were just coming into vogue about that time as a repository for the spare cash of the community. Well, that was an awful jolt that she gave to Mr. and Ma Sweet. They couldn't get over it for quite a time. They had had such hopes and with their name and position, well, it would've had to be a count or a duke or—somebody just like Lem. And he wasn't the sort of a fellow made to grace a ball-room floor. More of the husky he-man type, just like you, Bill, with a good vocabulary of honest-to-gosh American cuss words and a likin' for a horse ropin' contest once in a while and other manly sports, rather than pink teas and gossip fests. Madalyn had always been one of those fetchin', fluffy ruffy little girls and with a big grizzly like Lem for a herder, it was evident who was boss of the coral. And that's why I said that you never can tell, after she's hooked her man what's going to happen.

"They was living just as happy as two doves in a cigar box. The garage was paying better and better, and naturally Miz Small kept getting better and better in her own estimation. And the parent Sweets begun to think that maybe their joy and pride hadn't done so bad after all. Madalynne was breaking into society and you know that society in Two Horns is a pretty hard critter to break. Well, she was a member of the younger set, and they of course that it was up to them to show the way to the elder circle. As for Lem, the old grisly just couldn't seem to get himself adjusted to the saddle of society and his better half only kept on the road going straight by applying the spurs.

I remember going to a tea at Mrs. Brewer's for the benefit of the heathen Mongolians. 'Long dropped in Mr. and Mrs. Small. I knew that it was going to be good, so I stayed later than I expected to just to see how Lem would guzzle the tea. It was a scream. When they passed around the little chinese cups full o' the steaming amber fluid, Lem didn't see the handle projectin' out the back of the cup, but just surrounded it with his paw. The sensation must've been hot and he mad a shift to the other hand. He didn't complete his pass tho, for he got his little finger entwined in the handle. There he sat, balancing the cup with the little finger of his right hand and the first of his other. The cup made a sudden lurch to the left and Lem right after it, spillin' a few drops on the Rainbow voile of Mrs. Douglas. Mrs. Douglas side-stepped to meet the coming onslaught and in so doing knocked poor Lem out of balance and down he went, the cup underneath and the most knowingly surprised look that man ever wore, on his face. When the muss had been cleaned off of Miz Brewer's Oriental and Miz Douglas had given Lem free range of the sofa, Mr. Lem refused the second cup on a scathing look from Madalynne. She was smilingly conversin' with Justynne over the advantages of married life, saying that he never took tea, and he had forgotten to bring his flask with him. I didn't stay to see any more, as I figured it was enough punishment for Lem without a bunch of brayin' femules gazzin' on."

The cigaret of my hostess had gone out, and as she gave it a practiced flip out the window she continued.

"The next contact that I had with his outfit was at the Masonic fete in the old High Horse saloon. Miz Small, as member of the Eastern Star and chairman of the Decoration Committee, had enlisted me and Sadie and a few other of the idle notables to help. I rode in from the ranch and tied Caesar to the hitching post, and stomped in just in time to see the committee debating over whether the picture of the door was a suitable picture for the fete. It was a picture labeled Fresh Springtime or something like that, and you certainly would of thot that the hussy was fresh to have her picture painted in a garb like that. Mrs. Small was strong for it, tho, as she said it was advanced art, and even if the older set probably wouldn't approve of it, we ought to keep it just to show our independence of thot. So there it stayed, till Lem came in 'long towards evening as we were about thru and spied it. 'By gad, now you're talking,' quoth he, as he gazed rapturously at the spring. 'Say, Mad, let's go up to the folks' house and get the old bar we got

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CONNIE CO-ED

I always shudder when I hear
A speaker say, with
manner gracious,
"My time has nearly
gone, I fear."
Such speakers always
prove loquacious.



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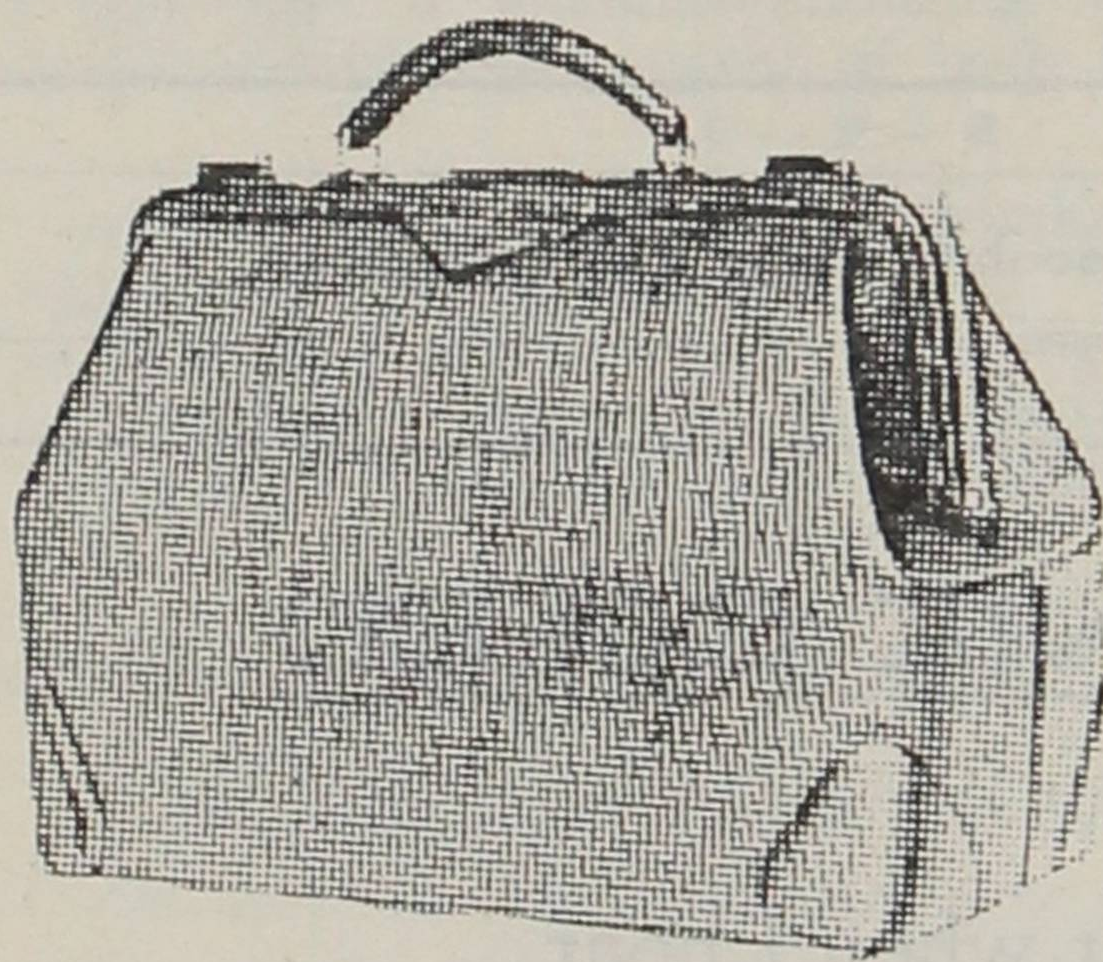
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"Either you or I, old fellow, will be turned down tonight."

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vulgar and common. It's a wonder you wouldn't have a thot for your wife occasionally,' she riddles out. 'Lem Small You just take that picture down immediately, you hear me! Move.'

"At that Lem Small meekly answered, 'Yes, my love,' and proceeded to do it.

"Such is life. Married a year and a half and takin' orders from the little fluffy Madalynne. Lem had always been a hard-boiled guy, and it almost made me weep to think what she was makin' out of him. I'm strong for this independence of the household stuff, Bill, and if I ever get hooked up again, which I won't, the lesser half is going to have free range of the corral.

"It was at the Masonic fete that evening that the sky-works popped. It not only popped, Bill, but fairly sizzled. Lem had got there early, as he was to take part in one of the tableaux that the Commercial Club and Chamber of Commerce were going to put on as their part of the municipal festivities. He was to be the sole Two Horns inhabitant in 1492, dressed up as a cave man, sitting in front of his cave, munchin a steer's hind quarter for nourishment. After the usual speech barrage by the town's right eminent citizens, Judge Sweet and Hon. John Diggers, of Diggers' Hay, Grain and Feed Store, Mrs. Small announced that the tableaux, commemoratin' the foundin' and discovery of the town would, now commence, beginning with the portrayal of Two Horns' first inhabitant, Mr. Lem Small in the leading role. I could see her chest swell with pride with the thot that at last she was going to shine as the brightest star in Two Horns' constellation of four hundred. She had carefully groomed the ever negative Lem so thoroly for the last month, that surely, now, there could be no hitch. She knew that Lem was just the Muscovite to get by with that cave man stuff. In fact when the curtain went up and there sat Lem, grizzly limbed, in the Small's polar bear rug and a bright auburn beard made from an old switch that had been family property of the Sweet's ever since they come from Ireland, Lem would have done credit to any of them shaggy coated Siberians, and if any of my ancestors looked like that, Bill, I'd give up the ghost at once.

"There sat Lem on the stage, in front of a cute looking little cave and chewing nice as you please on a mock roast turkey that I gave to Madalynne's little sister Emma, the Christmas before. Somehow or other, the auburn spinach had wormed its way up into the nasal cavities of Lem's aquiline beak. I could see him wiggle it convulsively, as if something disturbed his peace of breath. Thrice he heaved and recoiled, while the fourth attempt was successful. The flamboyant echoes of that lusty sneeze, reverberated from one end of the hall to the other. Two Horns gasped and then reacted with broad grins from the proletariat and well conserved smiles from the four hundred. But that ain't all—Lem rebounded from that sneeze; he couldn't help himself. For every action, there is an equal and opposite reaction, and into the solid walls of the cave Lem toppled in one fell swoop. The cave wobbled and feverishly decided that it would landslide. It did and with that methodically slow impetuosity that gives weight to action. The cave came down about Lem's ears, full and completely, and the expose was horrible to imagine.

"Now the right reverend Hollyhock Johnstone of the First Baptist Church was in the process of dressing for the scene of the conversion of the Indians, right in back of the cave and just in the act of adding to his garb of socks and frock coat. It was a palpable expose and as the right reverend blinked in the awful thot of what had happened, he grabbed the first thing that came handy, the frame of a picture that was standing against the back wall and, safely behind it, made for the wings. To the parson's mind it was a stroke of wonderful presence of mind, but to the audience * * *

"The gilded frame as we saw it was that picture of Fresh Springtime, with her flaxen-haired head down and those prominently dainty feet, reaching for the ceiling. She bobbed across the stage in unison to the Right Reverend's footsteps and to the excruciating convulsions of the audience and the vermilion mortification of Mrs. Small. Lem had by this time extricated the canvas cliff from about his head and sat up in time to join the guffaw. I was rolling in my seat, Bill, when Mrs. Small made an exit with Lem by the coat collar and since that day, Lem, the cave man, has been as meek as a lamb. I've always claimed that Old Maid Circumstance had conspired against poor Lem but if Lem had had the matrimonial latitude that I enjoy, with my first one dead these seventeen years, it might have been a different story, eh Bill," and with that she jumped up and yelled to Lung to bring in the tea.

C—P—S

STONE-FISHER CO.

BROADWAY AT ELEVENTH

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MERE MALES PLEASE LOOK ELSEWHERE

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