

# THE TRAIL



CARNIVAL NUMBER

JACOBIA PUBLIC LIBRARY

FEBRUARY, 1922

A STORE WHERE YOU WILL LIKE TO TRADE

Everything that Men and Young Men wear at popular prices.

Come to this store for your wearing apparel.

Corner Pacific Ave. at Eleventh.

*Bell's*  
GOOD GOODS

W. C. Bell & Sons Co.

**TENNIS NEWS**

*The New 1922 SPALDING BALLS and  
RACKETS Have Arrived*

WE THINK THEY ARE THE BEST EVER

**WASHINGTON TOOL & HARDWARE CO.**

TENTH AND PACIFIC AVE.

*Spalding Baseball Outfits*

Gifts of Distinction, plus a Delicious Quality

That Delights the Recipient

Oriole Honor Chocolates



Established 1883

Tacoma's Finest Jewelry Establishment

**Mahncke & Co.**

914 Pacific Ave.

OLYMPIC

Jack Frost Cake

Ten Cents

A delicious Chocolate Coated Ice Cream Bar.

At Every Olympic Store.

Look

Into Trail Advertisements. A good student should recognize progressive business through our advertisements. Patronize the advertisers.

INDEX TO ADVERTISERS

Table listing advertisers and their page numbers, including Bell, W. C. & Sons, Bonds & Wright, Book Exchange, Brown & Haley, Buckley-King, California Florists, Caswell Optical Co., Chocolate Shop, Dickson Bros., From, Dr. G. D., Hart, Frank C. & Sons, Hilton & Hotchkiss, Hinz Florist, Hoyt Drug Co., Hoyt Doughnut Lunch, Independent Market, James & Merrihew, Kimball Gun Store, Lynn Co., C. O., Mahncke & Co., Manike Florist, Martin, M. R. & Co., Modern Cleaners & Dyers, Olympic Ice Cream Co., Olympus Inn, Pioneer Bindery & Printing Co., Pettit & Mills Shoe Co., Pheasant Lunch, Pyramid Flour, Rhodes Bros., Rowell, C. W., Shaw Supply Co., Sixth Ave. Barber Shop, Smith & Gregory, Stone Fisher Co., Stratton Barbers, The Little Gem Market, Thorsen, C., Tollefson, Dr. Homer C., Washington Tool and Hardware Co., Wilbur, Dr. C. E., and Yansen Confectionery.

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

SIXTH AVE. BARBER SHOP

The College Barber 2409 6th Ave.

Vol. XI. Tacoma, Wash., February, 1922 No. 5

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

FLORENCE MADDOCK, '22, Editor EDWARD AMENDE, '25, Associate Editor HAROLD FRETZ, '24, Business Manager

PAGE EDITORS

Table listing page editors for various sections: Literary (Helen Monroe), Poet's Corner (Roma Schmid), School Notes (Esther Graham), Athletics (Matthew Thompson), Humor (Spencer Smith), Society (Mildred Forsberg, Ruth Wheeler), Exchange (Nelson Pierce), Staff Artist (Irwin Blanchard, Roma Schmid).

STENOGRAPHERS

Edith Thomas Katheryne Chester

MYRTLE WARREN

CIRCULATION

Arthur Harris Hilda Scheyer

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

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Table listing contents and page numbers: American Architecture of Today (2), I Wonder (5), John Felton's Mystery (5), A Summer Reverie (6), Book Corner (7), A Parable (8), Running Romance Ragged (8), Whom The Gods Destroy (11), Athletics (13), Delta Alpha Gamma (14), Amphictyon Notes (14), Kappa Sigma Theta Notes (14), Philomathean (15), The Surprise of Isadore (15), Junior Notes (15), Sophomore Notes (15), The Annual Glee (15), An Engaged Man's Dream (15), Y. W. C. A. (15), Society (16), Sacajawea Notes (16), Scientists (16), Exchange (16), Senior Notes (17).



# LITERARIUS

HELEN MONROE, *Editor*

## FORWARD

*The Literary Editor hereby makes a plea to students who are interested in writing. If your story, poem or paper does not appear in the issue for which you intended it, either expect it in a later issue or know that the members of the Staff have not found it up to the standard attempted by the Trail. In either case write another and send it in.*

*If, on the other hand, you are in the class of non producers, we beg that your criticisms be constructive and be given to this department.*

*Realize that this paper can only draw upon you for material, and this department will be what you make it.*

C—P—S

## American Architecture of Today

*By Francis Goehring*

THE United States has of late years passed through a period of significant activity in house-building. Beginning with 1899 Americans began to realize that their stock of buildings of all kinds was inadequate or superannuated. Increased volume of business, improved standards of living, higher aesthetic ideals all demanded more buildings, in some cases larger buildings, and buildings of different type. Railroads found their stations cramped and ill-planned, their bridges too light to carry the heavier rolling stock they were using. Inn-keepers discovered that their patrons wanted larger and more sumptuous hotels, and at the same time they wished to take advantage themselves of the recent improvements in the mechanics of hotel arrangement and outfit. The growth of cities and the increase in wealth of their capitalists and banks encouraged as never before in so short a period the erection of huge office buildings; factories and warehouses of greater dimensions and superior equipment were demanded in even larger numbers; western and southern cities as well as New York found apartment houses paying speculative enterprises; and finally, all over the country rich and moderately well-to-do people were stimulated either to build new and larger dwellings, or to remodel and redecorate, with the guidance of the best contemporary standards of design, the dwellings which they already had. A complete set of new architectural mechanism and scenery was required; and it is not too much to say that on constructing it the American people accomplished in a few years an amount of building quite unprecedented in the history of the world.

What dominant tendencies are traceable in this miscellaneous mass of new construction? Which of these tendencies are new? Which significant? Which wholesome? What vitality have these wholesome tendencies? These are some of the questions we will attempt to answer.

The tendency best worth remarking about is the increasing influence of a few general types of design. American architecture is still heterogeneous and indiscriminate enough; but not nearly so much so as it used to be. Certain solutions of special problems have been worked out, and largely adopted; and it is

even more encouraging to note that these special ways of treatment and types of design, while open to many serious objections, have all some measure of propriety. Architecture in America, in other words, is becoming nationalized in very much the same way if not to very much the same extent, as in modern England or France.

The more complete nationalizing of American architecture in this limited sense may not seem to be a very important or desirable achievement; but from the point of view of the history of American architecture, it is both. There can be no doubt that the process in question is one of improvement, and promises by giving some coherence and definiteness to a collection of designs formerly much more incoherent and dubious, to make the long and devious path of American architectural experimentation end in some genuine local architectural types.

It is a singular fact that American architectural practice was most uniform at the time when American social life was most completely divided by local and provincial traditions and customs. Notwithstanding differences arising from the contrast between the manner of life of a New England merchant and a Virginian planter, the larger colonial building was surprisingly the same in all parts of the country, just as it was also surprisingly similar to its prototype in Georgian England. In this case Americans were content to imitate a habit of design which originated abroad and was authorized by the respectable, critical opinion of the day. They were frankly Colonial in their practice, untroubled by any aspirations after originality, diversity or picturesqueness. As American life became more thoroughly nationalized, American architecture lost its early innocence of imitation, and consequently its early uniformity. It abandoned all touch with the respectable critical opinion of other countries; and it was quite without any definite critical opinions, respectable or otherwise, of its own. In fact it had no leading strings, except certain blind but significant instincts. The practice of imitation was deep-rooted; but it was the practice of imitating foreign models exclusively. There was never any thought of working over or of really appropriating the

forms already nationalized in this country. The period of American architecture meant merely the substitution of indiscriminate habits of imitation, for the selective imitation which had up to that time prevailed. The idea apparently was that the United States had inherited, architecturally, all the styles of the present and the past, of the East and the West; and that the best way to use this heritage was to transplant to American soil as many samples as possible of these various types of building. So during the twenty years preceding the war, American architecture showed how disinterested and impartial it was by becoming responsible for a surprising collection of Egyptian and Greek temple-residences, Italian Villas, French chateaux, Oriental Padogas and Gothic cottages. If there was any style of building which the American architect of that period missed, its omission was assuredly due to ignorance rather than to intention. Of course this ignorant and riotous copying was to be found chiefly in the design of private dwellings.

Without going into details of our architectural history, it is sufficient for present purposes to say that design in this country has retained ever since to a greater or less extent this habit of indiscriminate imitation. Its occasional attempts at originality have been limited either to mere exaggerated distortions of conventional types, or to the incongruous mixture of several different types in one building. There has however, been a constant improvement in the quality of the imitation, owing to the improvement in the training and equipment of the American architect, and a number of special architectural movements have at different times had a great deal of influence. During the seventies for instance, the attempted reform of the methods of interior decoration, which originated with Charles Eastlake, had considerable popularity. Next the powerful personality of Richardson printed the Romanesque Revival upon many of the most important buildings erected during the eighties. Since then the current has been running toward several different dilutions of the French Renaissance or Italian styles. All of these architectural tendencies are embodied in a greater or smaller number of buildings; but the point is that the particular tendencies now prevailing are embodied in a greater number of buildings than ever before. The Eastlakian reform and the Romanesque revival affected different parts of the country very evenly. The tendencies now at work are more evenly and generally effective; and if the larger of the new buildings could all be grouped together they would show both fewer architectural types and a wider geographical distribution of them.

Take for instance the designing of tall office buildings. When steel construction began to have its effect upon the height and the looks of office buildings, two tendencies were traceable in their design. In New York there was no attempt as there should be in any kind of building, to make their appearance express their structure. A convention of treating them as columns with a decorated capital, a long plan central shaft, and a heavier base, was early adopted; and within the limits of this general idea, the regular architectural, structural and decorative forms were used regardless of their ordinary structural functions and associations. In Chicago, on the other hand, while many buildings were designed along the same lines as New York,

there was a tendency towards a franker expression in the design of these buildings of the plain facts of their steel structure. Such is no longer the case. The new sky-scrapers, which have been, and are being, erected in large number in Chicago and Pittsburgh, as well as New York, almost all conform to the conventional treatment, long since adopted in the metropolis—and this in spite of comparatively good-looking attempts to solve the problems within the limitations imposed by the structure. Whether or not the American architect has, for the time being, adopted a comparatively uniform type for the design of the sky-scrapers.

The foregoing instances suggests that perhaps the secret of this increased prevalence of specific types is the growing assumption by New York of an actual metropolitan function in the social economy of the country. From this point of view American architecture would be obtaining certain definite general characteristics, because the smaller cities were looking to New York for leadership in matters of taste. There is undoubtedly some truth in this interpretation of the facts. New York is more the leader in matters of taste than it ever has been before. It does a great deal, and is constantly doing more to fix the standards such as they are, of the rest of the country. But the extent to which other cities look to New York for their architectural conventions has some obvious and significant limitations. New York in its relation to the rest of the country has two distinguishing characteristics: It is the city, on the one hand, of the rich man, the national corporations, and the big buildings. On the other hand it is the port of entry of the latest foreign artistic injection. It so happens at the present time that these two different characteristics of New York have a very unequal effect upon the rest of the country. In all showy and costly structures, such as office buildings, hotels and "palatial residences," the general standards and conventions are for the most part derived from New York, and this current of imitation of some part of the latest foreign architectural injection, gives an impetus to a kind of Beaux-Arts movement over the South and the West. For the most part however, the Beaux-Arts influence is confined to New York. It has had practically no effect upon any but the biggest residences and apartment houses. The smaller dwellings in the other cities owe little to New York, while in the western cities an interesting and in some respects excellent local type of apartment house is being developed.

The comparative lack of influence of New York over the design of middle class residences and apartment houses is partly due to the peculiarly local conditions which determine such designs in the metropolis. New York is cramped for space and will remain so until subways, bridges and tunnels abolish the impediments to free communications resulting from its insular situation. Western cities, on the other hand, can expand in almost any direction with the utmost freedom, and a comparatively poor resident of one of them can afford to buy as much land in an eligible location as a very rich man may in New York. In consequence the detached residence still prevails in the west and even in certain parts of the East, whereas the block residence whether private or multiple, prevails and will continue to prevail in New York. New York has of course, its suburbs; but its suburban residences, except in a few choice locations, belong

to an inferior type. Its typical dwelling is that erected on a lot measuring from twenty-five to fifty by one hundred, and covering as large a portion of that lot as the law allows; and the successful solution of the architectural problem offered by such a facade contains little that is useful to the designer of the detached residence of the West.

The influence of New York consequently on residential design does not cover either a very considerable area or very many instances. Some large seven and eight story apartment houses have recently been erected in Washington; and these buildings deplorably out of keeping with the general atmosphere and appearance of the city, might well have been situated in those parts of the West Side of New York most dominated by the speculative builder of flats. Outside of Washington, however, apartment houses of this type are a rare and insignificant excrescence. In the same way the millionaire's residences of the West are frequently nothing more than vulgarized imitations of some of the "stunning" dwellings designed by New York architects for rich New York clients, which instead of being stunning are more often stupefying. The resemblance, such as it is, is much more a matter of the interior than of the exterior. Their detachment so completely alter the conditions under which they are designed that there is a corresponding alteration in their appearance.

The suburban apartment house of the West is a type of residence almost unknown either in New York or its vicinity. The New York apartment house has none of the characteristics of good domestic architecture. At its best it tends to become a copy of the corresponding French type and obtains some of the same effects of festive publicity; but the speculative builder very seldom allows it to appear at its best. It is a kind of residence which no man of taste would choose unless he were obliged to do so. The better suburban apartment of the West, on the contrary, is obliged to make itself attractive. People of moderately respectable means are not forced to live in a flat. If they choose to do so it is not because they can not afford a house; it is merely because they find a flat for some reason more suitable to their particular needs. Flats and dwellings, that is are more nearly on the same economic level and compete freely with each other; and as an incident of this competition, the builders of low-priced flats try harder to retain some of the advantages of private residences without surrendering the advantages of all multiple residences. Consequently the suburban apartment house of the West is frequently built free from neighboring buildings, is surrounded by open spaces, made attractive with shrubbery and flowers; is generally designed in a distantly Georgian and Jacobean manner, and so presents the appearance of a domestic building; and each apartment is often supplied with a pleasant, cozy piazza for the exclusive use of its occupants. It is also easier under such conditions to plan the flats so that the rooms are larger, better lighted and more effectively distributed. It is evident that residential buildings of this type will become still more important in the future, and are destined to be more numerous than they now are in the New York suburbs.

In the design of private dwellings, New York has no more general influence upon the South and West than it does in the design of apartment houses. In this respect the West is adopting a tradition which

has been better preserved in Boston and Philadelphia than in New York, the tradition of the good brick styles. The advantage which it derives from possessing an abundance of comparatively cheap and accessible land cannot be overestimated. The private dwelling which forms a part of the block and tends to become taller and deeper constitutes a mutilated and discouraging architectural problem, and it is particularly discouraging in cities such as those of England and the U. S., wherein architectural ignorance and caprice have not been regulated by convention or law. We believe that the better contemporary New York dwelling is a great improvement upon the corresponding grade of London dwellings, as well as upon the better New York dwelling of ten years or more ago, but it has little interest from the present point of view because it has not as yet succeeded in reaching the respectable routine that would be its best merit, which is the line of development we are now seeking to trace in American design.

The West, however, is emancipated from these disadvantages conditions. Its new urban dwellings, costing from \$40,000 to \$200,000, are designed under very favorable circumstances. The avenues and boulevards upon which its handsome houses are situated are broad and well-shaded and admirably adapted to the use of the automobile—a conveyance which will be extremely effective in confirming the use of this type of dwelling. Each house is a unit, and is generally surrounded by sufficient land to enable the architect to enhance his design by appropriate landscape arrangements. It is possible under such circumstances to give a personal and domestic atmosphere to the individual house; which is just what is happening in the West—particularly in the large middle western cities.

The design of these buildings is beginning to show definite characteristics. The use of brick is very general except in a few of the most expensive houses, and in many cases even these more expensive houses are no exception to the rule. Wherever brick is used it is generally well used. The historic domestic styles appropriate to brick construction are, of course, the Georgian and Jacobean, so that when it is asserted that the great majority of these houses are modifications either of the Georgian or Jacobean types of dwelling, they have been placed in an excellent stylistic tradition. Of the two Georgian predominates, both because of its American associations, and because it is better adapted to the comparatively modest dimensions of the great majority of these houses. The Georgian is also treated with better effect because its forms are less difficult to handle than those of a transitional style like the Jacobean. The only other historical domestic form found in a sufficient number of examples to demand notice, is the Elizabethan timbered gabled dwelling. This type is very popular, perhaps more popular than the Jacobean, because it also is adapted to houses of comparatively small cost; and the architects who use it show much more skill than formerly in avoiding the mere looseness of design for which these irregular styles offer opportunity.

The examples given above sufficiently illustrate the truth of my preliminary statement that American Architects are adopting more than ever certain stereotyped kinds of design. There can be no doubt that the increasing authority of certain special types of design constitutes the line of progress of

(Continued on Page 18)

## I WONDER

*I wonder if really all folks are as bad  
As some people say they are when they are mad  
I wonder if half the things that we hear  
Aren't liable to greatly injure the ear.  
Or if the old weather man honestly knows  
That without any doubt it will snow, when it snows.  
I wonder, don't you?*

*I wonder if men and women will find  
That in the long run it pays to be kind.  
I wonder if money and travel and looks  
Aren't safer for some people in poems and in books.  
Or if the red sun when it sets in the West  
Doesn't feel rather glad for a good night's rest.  
I wonder, don't you?*

*I wonder if millionaires wish they had less  
When their sons and daughters get mixed up in some mess.  
I wonder if all the great men who have brains  
Like to unravel the world's heavy chains.  
Or if the white moon with his jolly round face  
Likes what he sees from his lofty place.  
I wonder, don't you?*

*I wonder if men in their race for pleasure  
Really enjoy what they long for and treasure.  
I wonder if folks will ever find out  
All the truth in the world and so end all doubt.  
Or if the old mountain with its blanket of snow  
Ever feels for the people who live just below.  
I wonder, don't you?*

C—P—S

## John Felton's Mystery

By Ed. Newell

JOHN Felton, had come from no one knew where. He and his mother bought a small cottage on the outskirts of Janesville and kept to themselves much of the time. John attended the local high school and was an excellent student, altho he did not mingle much with other students in any of their social functions. There was a secluded air about him that none of the other students could fathom.

When foot-ball season came around, John turned out which was a great surprise to everyone. He gave them another start when he showed up as a star from the very first. John would easily have made first team if it not been for the attitude of the other boys. They expressed their sentiments, that there was some mystery about him, and thus came the phrase "John Felton's Mystery." And the boys said they could not play with him, John Felton, on the team.

Because of this attitude, John did not really enjoy his hours spent in the school. When the scrubs met the varsity and John was on the varsity, the scrubs always came out ahead. The fellows just seemed to lay down on the job, and did not put snap and pep into the game as they should. The coach, a fair minded man, plainly saw that if he let John play they would lose all chance of the county and state championship, as they had done the year before. What should he do? This, he asked himself many times, and still he could not decide. The days wore on, and as the day of the first game drew near, the students were holding "pep" rallies, but this did not help the coach decide his question.

One day after practice a delegation from the team, called on the coach at his home, and told him frank-

ly, that they could not play right with John Felton in the line-up. When the coach asked them why, their answer was immediate. "When he plays, the rest of us feel, as tho we are playing with some person from another world. He has such an air of mystery about him." The delegation then took their leave, and left the coach alone to his decision.

For a few seconds only, did the coach hesitate, then quickly crossing the room to the telephone he gave a hurried number, and waited impatiently for the connection.

A clear voice answered with a cheery "Hello." "Is this John Felton," asked the coach, and receiving an affirmative answer he continued, "this is Coach Rankin speaking, I would like to have you come to dinner at my home to-night. Will you come?"

"Thanks Coach, I'll be there. What time did you say? At 6:30? Alright. Good-bye." And the coach heard a click which showed him that John had hung up.

Coach Rankin then went to inform his wife, that they would have company for dinner, but that she must not fuss over the meal. His duty done he retired to the den to wait for John and to try to figure out some way to get John to tell him about his former life. He wanted to know if there was any mystery which should be cleared up.

Meanwhile John was dressing carefully, for his first invitation to dinner. And while doing this, was considering what the coach wanted him to come to dinner for.

If he had been inwardly as calm, and as much at his ease as he appeared he told himself that he

would be the happiest man alive. He started out as tho it was a common occurrence, but the nearer he came to his destination the more he wondered what this could hold in store for him. Great were his hopes that he was to play for his school on Saturday. He hurried on, and turning in at the gate he paused a moment to compose his scattered thots, then he calmly rang the bell and waited the result. He asked himself "Did Daniel feel any worse when he was put in the lion's den than he did right now?"

The next moment the door opened and Coach Rankin met him with his friendly smile. "Come right in John. Dinner is nearly ready. You see we believe in the clock."

As they entered the living room, all of John's nervousness left him and he was very much at his ease.

The Coach and John conversed on every subject of interest and in discussing the armament conference they agreed on all points.

Presently Mrs. Rankin appeared at the door and announced that dinner was ready. Mrs. Rankin was a jolly, plump little lady, with a smile that charmed and won even the most shy and bashful.

The dinner was splendid and John did full justice to everything, which gave Mrs. Rankin a very satisfied look. When the dinner was finished they talked of various things until finally the coach suggested that they go to the den, while his wife cleared the table.

After they were comfortably seated before the fire, John surprised the coach by suddenly asking, "Coach, why is it that the fellows won't play when I am on the team?" The coach had wanted this, but coming so suddenly it surprised him. "John," he said slowly, "that was why I asked you to dinner

to-night. I wanted to talk with you about it. The fellows came to me to-day and said they could not play when you were on the team, because you seemed to be so secluded and that you acted as tho there was a mystery in your life."

"Well, Coach," said John in a slow definite way, "there is no mystery in my life so far as I can see. Just because the people of this town can't find out our entire family history, they start some kind of gossip about us, so that there is a mystery connected with our name.

"I was born in Marion, Alabama, and my father was the football coach of a big athletic club there. That is where I learned my foot-ball knowledge. There is one thing that I have told no one as yet, and I do not intend to as it might hurt the Jamesville High, if the gossips got hold of it. They would be sure to get it twisted."

"John, I see no reason why the fellows feel the way that they do. I am going to call a meeting to-morrow afternoon, and perhaps it were better if you were not there."

"Just as you say, coach, I want to play Saturday, but I do not want to spoil the chances of the team winning this first game."

"You will play and the team will be with you, or I'll know the reason why," the coach replied determinedly.

A little later John left, and went home with a light heart. He felt sure that he would play in the game Saturday, and he got a refreshing sleep that night, fully trusting Coach Rankin to make everything alright.

(to be continued)

C—P—S

### A SUMMER REVERIE

*I sat upon the sandy beach  
One day when June was waning,  
The rolling surf upon the sand  
In snowy lines was breaking.*

*The blue sky to the watery depths  
Her own clear hue had given,  
While snowy breakers matched the clouds  
That sailed the balmy heaven.*

*On every hand the ocean wide  
Stretched to horizon's crescent,  
Where union with the summer sky  
Was hid in mist's opalescent.*

*It seemed the very home of peace,  
That azure smiling ocean  
Where white gulls winged their graceful flight  
And fresh salt waves were glowing.*

*But what a terror to men's souls  
That placid waste has given  
When their frail craft is dash apart  
By her wild fury riven.*

*What tragedies unspeakable  
In those weird depths are concealed,  
Where strange sea life of coral and pearl  
To man is unrevealed.*

*How like a treacherous woman's smile  
Is that vast stretch of sapphire,  
Her face by peaceful beauty crowned  
But in her heart the vampire.*

Roma Schmid '24.



# Book Corner

## A NEW DEPARTURE

*Believing the Student Body to be interested in books of the day, the Literary Department is instigating with this issue a Book Corner in which will appear comments on modern books. If you would like to have a particular book reviewed, leave the name of the book and the author in the Trail box. No attempt will be made to give a synopsis of the book, merely a student's impression as to its type and standing.*

### THE CUSTARD CUP: *Florence Bingham Livingston.*

It is a pleasure in this day and age, to find an author who is willing to ignore the conventionalities set by more experienced writers, even tho it may mean that her book is rated among the so-called "second class literature" of the day. If there were no other word of commendation for this book than this fact alone, the book is worthy of a place among the books of the day, for individuality is a characteristic that most writers lack. The Custard Cup, however, has more than this one good point. While it is undoubtedly true that the author has taken her idea and plot from "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" it is also true that she has modernized it in such a way that you have the feeling that she has done so legitimately. As long as the world stands we will need a Mrs. Wiggs in every community, and just so we will need books that will give to us these characters. If you are looking for a modern book, with a snappy plot and a moral attached, leave this book alone, but if you want a book that will make you know human nature and at the same time forget the petty every day trifles, read "The Custard Cup."

### DANGEROUS AGES: *Rose Macaulay.* "As to that," said Mr. Craddock, "we may say that all ages are dangers to all people in this dangerous life we live." Nearly plotless, in a pitilessly clear way it draws the characters of youth, maturity, middle age, old age, and senility.

The passiveness of the oldest, the great grandmother, the restless fear of inoccupation for the next twenty years of the grandmother, the mother's attempt at renewal of productive mental labor, the aunt's unsatisfiable restlessness, and youth's gay and hopeful attitude toward the future are all pitiful to the author who so ably portrays each one.

Modern tendencies affect all save the old, old woman who is passively content, having gone thru the dreadfulness of each preceeding age, and is without capability of worry concerning the future. Her daughter, jealous of her children, vainly striving to keep up with them, and finally finding brief comfort in psychanalysis, is the most tragic of them all.

Next to her, in point of tragedy is the aunt, who misses by a few days her happiness, and sees the man she loves, the lover of her niece, and hating herself, leaves, trying to hide her hurt from the world by cynicism and a carelessness of the world's opinion.

This book is entirely different. It is decidedly worth while and bids fair to stand high in the list of to-days books. Since this is the transition period of the novel it is difficult to say where its place will be in the list of future literature.

### THE AGE OF INNOCENCE: *Edith Wharton.* This, like most of the new books, is written in that

prosey style which is as much a departure from older novels, as is free from metrical verse. There is nothing new about the plot, it being the much used triangle with the wife triumphant; neither is there anything new in the setting, that being New York, twenty-five years ago, with the characters the old aristocracy of New York.

The stress is hardly at all on plot. The characters are visibly results of circumstance. Newland Archer, rebellious for a time against his suffocatingly useless round of business and social life, is content to settle down to the maintenance of an all important dignity. His wife, placidly becomes a replica of her mother, managing when necessary her husband and caring for her children. Mrs. Margath, Old Catherine, as she is called, head and dictator of her clan, is a character departure, and helps provide the relief from a rather drab list of characters. The other colorful character is her neice, Countess Olenska, the apex of the triangle in which are conceived Archer and his young wife.

The last chapter, by a stroke of genius, saves the book. It brings the story up to date, introduces modern youth, gives the clearer, more open atmosphere of to-day, and then in a few words puts the solution of the problem, the solution being in the thought of Newland Archer—"Their long years together had shown them that it did not so much matter if marriage was a dull duty, as long as it kept the dignity of duty."

### MESSER MARCO POLO: *Donn Brynne.* Messer Marco Polo can not be easily classified. Were it of a Scotch hero, it would be easy enough—a Scotch folk tale, beautifully told. Were it entirely a part of Italy or China, that would not be hard but the story of Marco Polo, with its romantic and mystical plot and strange-lands setting, as told by an old story maker of Scotland, is indeed unique in the field of modern literature.

Here and there one finds a modern touch which is a trifle disconcerting. Marco Polo, despite his Venitian setting, speaks the language of the Scot, and is undoubtedly blended with his Scotch interpreter.

The story, a variation of the ancient Marco Polo legend, of how the young man's love for Golden Bells, a princess of China, whom he has never seen, leads him to China preaching the new religion; and once there, how he forgets the mission in the finding of a greater one, the mission of saving the oriental soul of Golden Bells, and how he marries her and three years later she dies, leaving him, lonely to return to Venice, once loved, but now a strange country to him, is told by the old Scot. At times it moves fancifully, at times with startling realism, and usually with the utmost beauty of thot and manner of presentation.

## A Parable

THERE once ruled a sultan of the barnyard, who was lord and master of the twelve ladies who resided there. He kept them happy and working and apparently there was no jealousy. If another, like himself, came along, trying to win the favor of the ladies, he fought the usurper and feared no further trouble.

A young man, observing this happy and powerful sultan, said to himself in the language of the ancient Greek—I, like him, will fall for twelve. If I tire of one's tennis, I will golf with another, or canoe with a third. My heart will not be damaged for if one fails there will be eleven left.

This young man did as he had planned and soon there were twelve to whom he was devoted, to each one for at least a twelfth of the time. He said, "I will save myself trouble and with each will use the same line," and this he did, careless of the fact that several of the twelve were in the same place.

For a month all went well, and he blessed the

sultan of the barnyard for the lesson that he had given to him. But one moonlight night when he called for the girl whom he was wont to canoe, he found another in his place, and he saw by the look in her eyes that the little he would have fought for was already won by another.

He was sorrowful until he remembered that for this he had twelve. Eleven were left. In the morning he would play golf, but on the morrow his place, even as had been done on the night before, was taken and he was left with only ten. As the days went by he found that the number was diminishing until at last none were left.

Again he stood and watched the sultan, lord of the barnyard, and swore a mighty oath. "Jehosaphat," he said, "thou, oh sultan, are more wise than I, yea and more powerful, for thou canst be lord of twelve and I can keep not even one," and he bowed his head sorrowfully.

The moral remains for us to see—Women are women, while hens are hens.

C—P—S

## Running Romance Ragged

*By George Monty*

I SAT ruminating at my typewriter, vainly persuing Dame Romance, only to be jilted and left cold. Somehow or other, I couldn't grasp the elusive threads of inspiration and was waiving madly about in thin air, my gills out of water, my mind in despair. In addition, the H on my Remington wouldn't seem to work, no matter what the thot and I finally lost the last atom of constraint that I had left and reviled the ornery machine with that same H and three letters more. To be cast into such derelictions as I is to warrant and justify the state refuges for the mentally harassed, but I had no kind friend to send me there, so my keys played on and this is the result.

I.

You need not count so very many days back, to when H. Frawley Jones was supremely content in the sweet placitude of life at the steel mills. He started there as a boy and had worked himself thru the mill as he had done everything else, by the sheer force of his personality, tho don't understand that he hadn't been called Hank in his less prosperous days. Henry Frawley Jones was only the supercilious cognomen that appeared as the G. M. on the business edge of the mills stationery, and gave no indication of the man that Henry really was. Born of Scotch-Irish parents, altho the name was a bequest from his relations, he had industriously committed himself to the steel industry at a tender age and had as studiously worked himself to a position of prominence in the company. In the same way, he had ingratiated himself with the directorate and energetically had educated himself from a well selected list of books. He was really and truly a self made man, and the thirty-eight years of

his human residence showed less on his boyish face, than did the conservative black knit tie on his unobtrusive pongee shirt. He was not light and not dark, not tall and not short, not stout and not thin. He was always dressed well as befitted a man of his position, and the knife edge creases of his trousers invariably attracted the attention of the less exalted. One cannot complete the eulogy of Hank Frawley Jones without a reference to his admirable disposition; the sort that model husbands come from, girls, and the kind you dream your sweetheart to have, men. As to his name, it couldn't be helped. His folks gave that to the poor kid, God bless them. It kept the women away, at least, and that was the best thing that could happen. Not a single serious affair with the fair devils as yet and thirty-eight. I hear some fair reader murmur, "It can't be done." My dear, it can and was. But Rome was conquered and Troy fell thru diplomacy. What was it that someone said about the toyish plots of mice and women? A fair parallel I'll admit, for I haven't quite forgiven Rosalie yet and I have gone thru life as a bachelor these some twenty odd years of my existence. I pause to quote Tennyson.

"Break, break, break, On thy cold gray stones, O Sea,  
And would that my breath could utter, the thots that  
arise in me."

II.

Rosalie was godlike in face and form and was the very broth of a girl as a Burns would put it. It was mocking Romance that decreed that she should meet her old college chum Mrs. Summers, nee Chilberg, on that fall day, and it was laughing Romance that made her accept the kind invitation of Mrs. Summer's to occupy the Summers' apartment during

their absence in Jersey. Rosalie, being a well raised economical girl, accepted Mrs. Summers' kind hospitality, as it would save her a hotel bill in New York, and hotel bills there are something to think twice about. Besides, she was going up-state the next day and was only waiting till the morrow for a final fitting at Madame X's.

Rosalie was even then turning the key on the door of the cosy 42nd ave apartment of the Summers', after a tiresome day of doing the shops, just as Clem Summers was slamming his old frat brother Hank Frawley on the back in front of the Patroons Club, much as the thrifty housewife caresses a twenty-cent beefsteak. And Jones was returning the bombastic manifestations of joy with equally profusive ones. "Just like the old days Hank," Clem was saying, as he drew Frawly into the formal confines of the exclusive Patroons Club and sat him down on the slippery depths of an overstuffed leather sofa. "What are you doing tonight," was the next attack and when Clem found out that he was only in town for the one night on business and that he was due to take the limited for East Steelton in the morning, Clem insisted that for the sake of old times Hank make himself home in their apartment on 42d street. He promptly detached his copy of the family latch key and pressed it into the unwilling hands of H. F. J. and again expressed his regrets that he and his wife were leaving for Jersey in half an hour, and to go up and make himself at home, and that he would find the pajamas in the closet to the right and that the night cap was behind the cuckoo clock on the mantel. If you think about it, give the parrot some water and don't forget the address, 42nd street, the Romona, right on the corner. Armed to the shoulders with information, Hank F. Jones bade goodbye of nemesis and drifted out into the swirl of life in the streets and into a tube entrance where he boarded a south bound for thirty-ninth. Getting off, he walked the remaining four blocks and sniffed the unfamiliar air of New York's uptown residence section. It was several hours past dark, when Frawley made his way full stomached into the elevator of the Romona and ordered the negro sky operator to let him off on the seventh. He sauntered down the hall, not overly large, not overly small, but bursting with the satisfaction of a good dinner and complete confidence in the world, free from feminine fantacies. Right into the snickering map of old dame Romance he walked, and right into apartment 713.

It was with immense satisfaction that Jones turned the key and swung the door open and stepped inside. The warm, somehow exotic fragrance of the apartment overcame his natural reluctance and he stepped in like the Sultan of Palestine. He poked at the light and found it after several unusually and violently unsuccessful pokes. The flood of light, soft, comfortable light gave better appearance to the tasty room. He flecked off his hat and his coat, lit close beside on the divan, as he drew himself up to his full five foot seven and grinned a regular boyish grin of thirty-eight. This was better than the stuffy hotel and Clem was a regular sport to let him use it while he and Mrs. were visiting in Jersey. He sauntered to the cuckoo clock, just as polly from the corner trilled a peal of mirthless laughter to the ceiling and remarked in a cordial voice, "O where is my Johnny Walker tonight?" Dame Romance cracked a toothless smile as the clock gaped and yawned eight o'clock, and our

hero H. Frawly Jones downed a gill of amber fluid from the somewhat famish carcass of Johnny.

Enter Rosalie, not literally, but just hopped out of bed and put Mrs. Summers spider negligee over the almost too large nightie of the aforesaid same. What was that noise in the living room? In a strange apartment, loaned to her for the evening, every little noise had a meaning of its own, and she meant to get to the seat of this. She pattered over the deep Wilton to the switch and punched it impatiently as she drew the negligee to her and prepared to peek out of the room. I must say it for Rosalie, that she was raised without fear in her retinue of instincts, also the thots of man were fartherest from her sweet little head. She pouted gleefully as she thot of how she would scold Polly for waking her up in the middle of her beauty sleep. She couldn't keep from showing her twenty-four years if she couldn't sleep the wrinkles away. She hadn't very many either. Thots of men make wrinkles and she had very few. Thots of women make nervous and financial wrecks and Hank was steady as the steel he made and well into the fifty thousand class.

She opened the door, he turned at the click of the lock, the parrot chirruped, "here comes Mabel now," and Dame Romance aired her epiglottis in ecstasy. "Oh," came from the expectant face in the door way. "Oh," came from the turned face by the cuckoo clock. As the "ohs" dwindled to silence, "Hell," finished polly, in usual sequence and the old Dame champed her jaws and frothed at the mouth in pure joy like an ice cream soda. The door slammed and Jones for once in his life couldn't meet a situation. He met the door and that was all, a blank door where but a second before had stood a radiant cherub in a spider negligee. He pulled the immaculate silk handkerchief from his breast pocket and mopped up the profusive moisture on his brow as he vainly endeavored to think. Impelled, as you like it, by sheer force of magnetism if nothing else, he stepped a pace towards the door that cut off his vision and stopped in time to hear a still small voice, full of calculating coldness issue from the keyhole. "What do you want?"

Never before had a feminine tone driven sound from Hank Frawly's pipes but here he stood speechless until a second and more imperative "What do you want in here," caused the whole explanation of his friends apartment, his just coming to town, his just staying for the night and lastly, that he was just leaving, on condition that she would explain to him what she was doing in there. He was becoming eloquently foolish for the first time in his busy business life, when an "Oldstuff, guy" startled his sense of the fitness of appearance and of speech. It seemed strange that such a vision could say "Oldstuff, guy," and get away with it. It riled him.

"I'm not going to leave until you tell me what you are doing here," he was mad now, "as this apartment belongs to my old school chum and his wife, and feeling responsible for it I'm not going to call the police until I get good and sufficient explanation." With that out, he grabbed a chair and planted himself in front of the door, astride the seat with arms on the back and a willed expression of fight and curiosity on his somewhat older face. Dame Romance slipped inside the securely locked door, to see Rosalie sitting cross legged upon the bed which she had drawn up in front of the door, looking much as a judge listening to the foreman's verdict. She had

never before in her short life run up against anything just like this, and was attempting to find a solution by the trial method as she had solved mathematical problems in her college days. Here was a man, outside. What would she do. She wiggled her little toe, clenched her small fist and resolved then and there that she wouldn't let this man drag another single syllable from her. She would sit tight and let him rave and if he got too warm, she would extend her dainty neck out of the window and yell for help. As a matter of precaution, she crawled off the bed and proceeded to look out, and the sight of a policeman on the corner below gave her immeasurable relief. She perched herself upon the bed again, as vainly Hank Frawly Jones tried to make the woman inside understand. It was almost like a naughty prank to Rosalie and she wasn't a bit afraid. Dame Romance had choked her laughing and saw that things were quieting down. She stepped outside and pinched Henry. Jones hastily got up and made a sally to the clock. This business needed a strong nerve. He came back invigorated to do or die. Just that sort of a spirit. He stumbled on the chair and saved himself by grabbing the door nob, but in so doing rattled the door like a windstorm. No wonder Rosalie came back to earth with a jerk and a scream, and no wonder the policeman on the beat below took seven steps at a time as he negotiated the seven levels of the Romona. It was a belligerent act on Jones' part and I can't in the least excuse him for the consequences. The policeman broke into the apartment in the name of the law. The noise gathered apartment twelve, apartment eleven, apartment ten until all were on the scene of action, and after the minion of the law had affixed his talons on our poor H. Frawly, and Rosalie had sufficiently attired herself in this world's goods to look more than presentable to just an ordinary Irish copper, the inquest began. It was evident from the first that Jones didn't have a ghost of a chance and that public opinion was against him.

What was this man doing in her apartment? He had followed her, had broken into the apartment, chased her into the other room, found the liquor behind the clock, became violent, attempted to gain entrance to the sacred shrine of women's beauty—just as clear as day to Cassidy and after profuse apologies to the almost hysterical Rosalie, he collared the vagabond to hie him to the hoosegow. "Too bad," piped the parrot. "To much," croaked Dame Rumor, "to jail," gritted the copper and to jail our hero wends his sorrowful way with the audience leaving for the 'tween acts cigar.

### III.

No sooner had Cassidy and H. Frawly entered the elevator than the other emitted Mr. and Mrs. Clem Summers in the highest state of excitement. To apartment thirteen they rushed just as the crowd was leaving Rosalie to her hysterics. Women always throw a fit when anything happens and Rosalie was a dear sweet woman. Mrs. Clem embraced the girl and asked what had happened. Mr. Clem addressed

her and asked her what in heaven's name had happened, only he didn't say heavens, he was too excited. Mrs. and Mr. Clem had compared notes on the train and found a grievous error. They boarded the next one back, and here they were. After the usual sympathetic weeps and explanations all around, it was seen that a grave mistake on the part of Cassidy had been committed and it was up to the Summers to expurge the good name of Jones. Rosalie thot it was a beastly shame and such a good looking man, too. It was plain to be seen that it was a case of the heart as well as of the law, and in a taxi they went to the police station taking Dame Romance with them on the driver's seat. Into the night court of the thirty-sixth street station they marched, and by reason of seniority and a calmer state of mind Clem explained things to the desk sergeant, who was mildly curious that a common drunk would have so many good looking friends, but yet he was a common drunk because he, the sergeant himself had smelled it on H. Frawly's breath. It was mute convicting evidence. No, he was sorry, but Hank must remain in the hoosegow till morning and possibly then, if he was sober enough, but he wouldn't promise. He hadn't taken into consideration, tho, Rosalie, who now considered it all her fault. She had heard a little more of the pleasant history of the Jone's and Steelton was quite a nice place and fifty thousand would buy lots of dresses, but she never thot of that. Heroines and women never do. The sergeant had little reckoned how fiercely burned the newly kindled fires of love within that tiny corner allotted to Rosalie's heart. Somebody had spilled kerosene on the blaze and it was now a conflagration. "If I can't get him out, I'll go to him," she said in a voice that wasn't a bit hard to understand and started for a door. "Hold on," came from the heights above. "No one but prisoners and their families allowed." "I will," returned Rosalie. "I'm sorry, you won't," flung back the sergeant. Stunned and rebuffed, she stopped to think. "Won't you bring him out here? I want to tell him how sorry I am." Well, that was reasonable, and it was hard to refuse Rosalie anything.

The prisoner came before the bar, only to look into the liquid eyes of Rosalie and to be deaf to the jabbering, jumbled explanations of the two Summers'. Naught did he see but those eyes that were telling him so much, liquid in their purity, radiant in their love. The sergeant looked at his hands, Clem looked at his feet, Mrs. in her vanity box glass, Rosalie and Henry into each other's hearts. If Dame Romance hadn't been along, a justice of the Peace wouldn't have happened in about then and the wedding would have been postponed several precious hours. The sergeant, a married man himself, gave the bride a wedding present in the form of her husband's liberty and knowing full well that Hank would be well looked after for the remainder of his earthly days, hoped for the best. Dame Romance sheathed her toothless smile and sought new worlds to conquer. I rave on. Rosalie was engaged to me.

C—P—S

FRESHMEN SAVE YOUR PENNIES  
SOPHOMORES YOUR NICKLES  
AND JUNIORS YOUR DIMES  
ALL COME TO THE CARNIVAL  
MARCH 10 AND 11.

# Whom the Gods Destroy

By William Brown

BEDFORD was leaning back with his feet perched upon the railing giving half of his attention to the mountains that loomed ghost-like in the clear summer night, and the rest to Bradley's hair-raising account.

Hillree strolled to the rear platform to enjoy a smoke before retiring and noticed a seeming familiarity in one of the two men.

"That you, Grey?" he queried.

Bedford turned and viewed the speaker inquisitively. Then he jumped to his feet and pumped Hillree's hand warmly.

"Didn't know you were on the train," he exclaimed. "Returning from college, eh?"

Hillree was a likable young fellow, rather quiet and with dark features, lending him a grave appearance.

Bedford introduced Bradley to the newcomer, noticing as he did so the suspicious glance which his companion shot at the college man. He admitted to himself that if he had not known young Hillree, that there might have been grounds for the thoughts that he guessed were running thru Bradley's brain.

"Mr. Bradley here, was just telling me some of his experiences in British India." Bedford settled his corpulent body in a comfortable position and fumbled for his cigarette case. "I'm sure you would be interested in some of them." He spoke dryly and as the light flickered across Bradley's face, he again saw that old haunting stare.

"Certainly," Hillree rejoined pleasantly. "It is too nice a night to sleep and if Mr. Bradley is willing, I would be delighted."

Bradley tossed his cigar over the railing and began. Save for the occasional piercing scream of the locomotive as it wound swiftly thru the mountain passes, nothing interrupted him. He spoke in a firm, low voice, in a voice that rang with truth and emotion.

"I have sought adventure ever since I left college," Bradley began, fixing his eyes on the moon, "and one day the whirlpool of Chance dropped me in Kimberly, South Africa. Here, owing to my college training I received employment in the engineering branch, where I struck up an acquaintance with a young Englishman named Forsythe.

"He had recently been discharged from the British Army in India, and as he was experienced in mining, he had come to Africa, where due to his recent government connection, he was certain of receiving work in the mines.

"We roomed together and became fast friends, owing no doubt to a common aim in life and a kindred desire for adventure. He was a happy-go-lucky fellow and made a pleasant companion.

"One evening, upon returning from work, I found Forsythe sitting on the table, face pale and haggard, a cocked revolver in his hand.

"What's the matter?" I asked in some alarm.

"He said nothing, but pointed the smoking revolver toward the corner.

"I looked and to my horror made out a large snake, lying dead. It had been shot thru the head.

"How did that thing get here?" I asked as soon as I had regained the power of speech.

"It was put here.' Forsythe's voice trembled, his eyes had a queer stare, and I noticed that he appeared older.

"Nonsense!' I exclaimed, more to relieve his apparent fear than to explain the situation. 'Snakes wander into houses every day. Besides that, no one wants to kill you.'

"Forsythe shook his head. 'You don't understand, Brad. That snake is a cobra di capallo, found only in India. So you see that it was placed here in an attempt to kill me. Besides, I know who did it.'

"You what?' I ejaculated, rapidly losing my own calm.

"Forsythe then explained that while in India, he had been stationed at an outlying post in Upper Burma. Here he had killed a native. This fact itself had caused him no anxiety, his brother officers witnessed that he had been attacked and had fired in self defense; the natives caused the trouble. Upon examining the dead man, a large cobra done in beautiful colors and of excellent workmanship was found on his breast.

"It seems that this explained the Hindu's caste. He was a member of a secret band of outlaws, name unknown, though commonly called the "Cobras." It was an old organization and it wielded a powerful influence over the superstitious natives.

"So secret was this society or sect, that none of its members had ever been brought to account and trial. To become an enemy of theirs was to commit suicide, for they never let an injury no matter how slight, go unpunished. So far as known, they always killed their foes with the poison of their emblem—the cobra.

"Forsythe immediately threw up his commission and drew into seclusion, avoiding everything and everybody.

"Is that why you come to South Africa?' I questioned him.

"Yes,' he replied. 'I had begun to believe that I had given them the slip but—' and he pointed to the snake.

"This amazing account furnished food for thought for several days. I had grown discouraged in my search for excitement, yet here it presented itself in the most weird and mysterious manner possible.

"The change that came over Forsythe was amazing in its suddenness. He resorted to liquor to steady his nerves. He quit his job and stayed in our room, avoiding all social intercourse. Many times I was awakened in the night to see him sitting up in bed, wide-eyed and motionless, the revolver tensely gripped.

"Such a condition could not exist forever and so when I found him dead on the floor as I came in one evening, I was not surprised. He had been stabbed with a knife, but what stumped the police was the presence of poison also. They reasoned correctly that it was unnecessary to poison a knife in order to kill a man with it. I cleared up the motive for the crime by repeating what Forsythe had told me. Whether they believed it or not I do not know, but I do know that no one was ever arrested for the deed."

Here Bradley paused to light another cigar. "If I'm boring you with this—"

"Please continue," Hillree interrupted, his face betraying the intense interest that he felt.

"After the death of my friend," Bradley resumed, "I decided to go to India and find out more about this bunch of murderers. I was getting along fine at the mines and was looking forward to assist in the construction of a railroad, connecting the Cairo-Cape Town Line. Such a job in the heart of the jungle would have been fine, but this occurrence changed my plans.

"As it was, I arrived in Calcutta and after a long wait, got work surveying up in the Brahmaputra River country. Work was scarce, but my credentials from Kimberly turned the trick.

"I knew that I was near the region in which Forsythe had been and I did quite a lot of amateur detective work. Dorcester, an old British Army engineer, was my working partner. He had lived in India for years, and yet he was as mystified as I was concerning the 'Cobras.'

"Everything went along smoothly for a while; we covered a good deal of ground; I was enjoying the work and saving my money. One day we noticed a change in the behavior of our native laborers. We discovered signs of sabotage and trouble was impending.

"One evening while Dorcester and I were enjoying our whiskey and cigars, before turning in, I asked him how he explained the change in our laborers' sympathies.

"He looked at me steady for a minute, thoughtfully stroking his mustache and emitted just one word, 'Cobra.'

"Next morning, while I was dressing before breakfast, I noticed Dorcester standing by the fire, reading a card. His high forehead was puckered in a frown and I noticed that his hand shook.

"'Read this, pardner,' he spoke in a tone I had never heard before. 'It concerns us. However, there is only one thing to do.'

"The card was white and about five inches square. On it was written in English, the words:

"'Leave India or leave the World.'

"Below this threatening and laconic command was a coiled cobra.

"Dorcester being an Englishman, was too stubborn to obey the threat, instead he sent for troops. While we eagerly awaited this protection, we continued to work.

"One afternoon, when everybody had knocked off on account of the terrible heat, I missed Dorcester.

"After an anxious search I found his body in a little gulch where he had evidently stopped to examine his blueprints. Before I looked I knew how he had died. I sadly reflected that this was not the first time I had viewed the workings of these cunning Hindus.

"First Forsythe, then Dorcester—was I to be next? Altho I'm not a physical coward, no one can blame me for fleeing from a danger that can not be fought against.

"Returning to Calcutta, I procured passage on the 'Malay Queen' bound for Hong Kong. It was with great relief that I stood on the aft deck and watched Calcutta, second city of the British Empire, slowly fade in the distance. I thought that I was free of strife and worry and sleepless night but I soon discovered that I had undervalued my enemies.

"The ship stopped at Singapore to coal up. This took some time as the work was done by Malays and Chinese; the coal being hauled over the side in baskets. I decided to go ashore and take a walk.

"I entered a little grog shop and seating myself at a table, ordered my drink. My back was to the door, but a full length mirror stood in front of me and I commanded a view of anyone entering from the street.

"I had been sitting there about five minutes when glancing up I perceived in the glass a man standing in the doorway, eyeing me closely. He was a tall Hindu, similar in appearance to some of the men who had been employed by Dorcester. After glancing swiftly about, he drew a dirk from a sash about his waist and curbing it in a swift circle over his head, threw it with all his force.

"Had I not been on my guard, my career would have ended then and there. I stepped aside however and the knife merely shattered the glass. He turned and fled. I gave chase, but lost him when he reached the quay.

"Now fully alive to my danger, I returned to the ship, first purchasing an automatic pistol. I was determined to be armed and prepared the next time my life was jeopardized.

"We left Singapore that night without any further incidents. During the trip to Hong Kong, I died a thousand deaths in nightmares.

"One night I repaired to my stateroom late, intending to read awhile in bed. Just as I was in the act of jumping in, ( I detected a slight rustling sound, coming from under the covers. With a quick jerk, I stripped them back and exposed to my horror, a giant cobra. The automatic came in handy and I was soon rid of the reptile. Never will I forget that black hood, wide diamond figured face and swiftly darting, deadly tongue! The cold sweat broke out on my face when I realized how close I had come to being struck by the poison from which there is no recovery.

"After that I never appeared out of my stateroom, except in broad day light, and even then my right hand always grasped the pistol in my coat pocket.

"Mistaken identity saved my life in Hong Kong, but ended that of another American. I read about it and saw his picture in the paper and had to admit that he resembled me closely. He had been found in an alley way, snuffed out in the same manner Forsythe and Dorcester had been.

"Safe in Vancouver, I partly regained my former spirits. However, the hotel where I stayed was fired one night and I found the door to my room locked from the outside. I shot the lock with my revolver and succeeded in escaping with minor burns.

"But why bother you with more detail? Through circumstance and accident their plots so far have failed. But they're wearing me out. Last month in Ottawa I thought I had shaken them off the trail but only yesterday I received through the mail, a card similar to the one Dorcester found. I showed it to the police and they merely laughed and said it was some practical joke.

"The Cobras will get me! It might be next year! It might be tonight!"

Bradley rose. "I'm glad I met you, Mr. Hillree. If you'll excuse me I think I'll turn in. Comin', Bedford?"

(Continued on Page 18)

# Athletics

## Basketball

WHO says C. P. S. has no basket-ball team? Call 'em a liar. Thus far the varsity team has won three of its four games and these three were not set ups in any way. Does this sound like it?

Bellingham Normal. Ninth Army Corps. Ellensburg Normal.

The only game dropped was to the Cheney Teachers after a royal battle on the part of our men.

The varsity has a fine line-up with plenty of first rate subs. The guarding of Mathis and Morrow is nothing short of phenomenal. It is no trick for them to handle three men at a time, and take the ball away from them in much the same way that a marble would roll from the chapel roof. Morrow and Mathis are both Frosh and have a career of college basket-ball ahead of them. Incidentally they have played against each other many times for they have been members of rival teams in the Yakima Valley. From the team work they display, however, one would think that they had been partners for years rather than rivals. Bellingham Normal-C.P.S.—15-23.

The first varsity game of the season was played with the Bellingham Normal School in the Northern City on Saturday evening, Jan. 14, 1922. The team left Tacoma on a day that is supposed to bring bad luck, i. e. Friday the 13th, and it did—for Bellingham. Bellingham shot only field goals during the whole game and these were shot under difficulty. Stone alone shot five field goals. The game was hotly contested by C. P. S. who was on top the entire game.

### The Lineup

C. P. S.	Bellingham Normal
E. Anderson	F. Vanderford
F. Brooks	F. Hughes
N. Stone	C. Cone
Morrow	G. Keplinger
J. Mathis	G. Fisher

Scoring—Field Goals; C. P. S.: Stone 5, Brooks, Anderson 2. Converted Fouls—Morrow 5.  
Scoring—Bellingham; Field Goals: Hughes 3, Vanderford 3. Converted Fouls—Hughes 1, Keplinger 2.  
Referee—Mr. Leod.

### Cheaney Normal-C. P. S. 27-24

On Jan. 20, Cheaney Normal dropped in and made a call while on their tour and also removed one of Dean Cunningham's well known bacons. They did not get away without a tug of war and only three minutes before the game was called it was in the hands of the varsity. Cheaney starting a strong come-back, took the lead and at the final whistle the score was 27-24 Cheaney. This game was one of the best seen on the local floor. Excellent playing was exhibited by both teams.

### The Army Corps vs. C. P. S. 34-32

Camp Lewis whipped C. P. S. in foot-ball. Camp Lewis has a basket-ball team. Now C. P. S. has evened matters. This same Camp Lewis won from the University of Oregon by a comfortable score. To get down to the meat of the matter. On Jan. 21, the Camp Lewis team came to the City of Destiny to play their scheduled game with the College of Puget Sound. The game was close, the scores never differing by more than 4 points, C. P. S. being in the lead most of the time. In the last minute and a half, Camp Lewis tied the score and forged ahead but Captain Stone put in two goals in quick succession and the whistle blew. A Camp Lewis forward was the high point man, and Morrow was second. Morrow played a wonderful game, holding Cross, the Camp Lewis captain, down to three field goals and scoring two field goals and converting eight fouls. Anderson and Stone also played stellar ball.

### The Lineup

Army	C. P. S.
Johnson	F. Anderson
Cross, C	F. Brooks
Jamison	C. Stone, C
Schwartz	G. Morrow
Daniels	G. Mathis

Scoring for Camp Lewis—Field Goals: Johnson 5, Cross 3, Jamison 4; Converted Fouls: Johnson 4.  
Scoring for C. P. S.—Field Goals: Anderson 4, Brooks 3, Stone 4, Morrow 2; Converted Fouls: Morrow 8.

### Ellensburg Normal vs. C. P. S. 18-28

Ellensburg started their tour off by dropping their first game to Puget Sound. The varsity was rather handicapped, with Stone and Morrow sick and Mathis slightly injured. The team did not seem to get started until the second half. The score at the end of the first half was 14-12 in favor of the college. About the middle of the second half things began to move and all doubt as to the final outcome of the game was removed. Ellensburg had won from Cheney a few days before. The line-up:

Ellensburg	C. P. S.
Masters	F. Brooks
J. Robinson	F. Anderson
F. Robinson	C. Stone
Whipple	G. Mathis
Charlston	G. Morrow

Scoring for Ellensburg—Field Goals: Masters 2, F. Robinson 2, C. Robinson 1; Converted Fouls: F. Robinson 1, C. Robinson 6, Charlston 1.  
Scoring for C. P. S.—Field Goals: Anderson 5, Stone 5; Converted Fouls: Morrow 8.  
Substitutes—Ellensburg, Hawthorne for C. Robinson; Fowler for Charlston. C. P. S., Chowning for Brooks.  
Referee—Woodward.

## THE BASKET-BALL TOUR

THE basket-ball squad started on its annual trip Monday, the 6th. They have several games scheduled and when the trip is over they will have several more scalps added to their belts.

The Itinerary	Leave Tacoma, the 6th
Monday, Jan. 6	Roslyn A. C.
Tuesday, Jan. 7	Ellensburg Normal
Wednesday, Jan. 8	Yakima Y. M. C. A.
Thursday, Jan. 9	Sunnyside A. C.
Friday, Jan. 10	Toppenish American Legion
Saturday, Jan. 11	Prosser A. C.
Monday, Jan. 13	Cheney Normal
Tuesday, Jan. 14	Whitworth College
Wednesday, Jan. 15	Leavenworth A. C.
Thursday, Jan. 16	Leavenworth A. C.

The following men made the trip: Morrow, Mathis, Brooks, Amende, Stone, Swindland and Anderson, Coach Peck and Clay. Swindland is a new man at C. P. S., starting this semester. He turned out for basket-ball and made the team in a very short while. He was a star on the Lincoln High Team until he graduated last June. Since then Ole has been a star forward on the Winged B team of the city league.

Look for the red and white wrapper on Humphrey's Malted Milk 5c Bar.

We are showing new  
Reach and Goldsmith  
**Baseball Goods**

New models in Louisville Slugger Baseball Bats, including the "Babe" Ruth autograph model.

Baseball shoes and uniforms.  
Athletes wear Kimball equipment.

---

Wholesale **KIMBALL'S** Retail

1107 Broadway

**WOMEN'S BASKET-BALL**

THE girls have not had a very successful season thus far due to injuries of their players. In their first game with the local Y. W. C. A. the women's varsity walked away with a score of 33-2. In this game Dorothy Floberg scored 23 points but she was very ably assisted by Mid Forsberg who scored the other 9 points in her own behalf. This was the only game where none of the regular varsity was on the sick list.

The other game was played with the Tacoma Clinic girls. These girls have a very strong team, all of them being old hands at the game. Miss Floberg did not play in this game and Captain Wilma Zediker was out the first half because of injuries, but was unable to resist the temptation to play the second half. The first half was a walk away for the Clinic, the half ending with the Nurses having 17 points and the College only 3. The second a different brand of ball was played. The clinic made 11 points and our own fair ones tabulated 10. The final score was 28-13. The line-up:

Tacoma Clinic	C. P. S.
O. Oppenorth .....	F. .... Vinson
Rawlings .....	F. .... Foresberg
Irvine .....	S. C. .... Thomas
Friars .....	J. C. .... Ahnquist
Nixon .....	G. .... Brix
I. Oppenorth .....	G. .... Kilborne

Substitutes—C. P. S.: Zediker for Kilborne. Clinic: Reese for Rawlings.

Scoring—C. P. S.: Vinson 4, Forsberg 11. Clinic: Oppenorth 20, Reese 8.

C-P-S

Humphrey's Malted Milk Nut Special 5c Bar is "some" bar.

C-P-S

**C. P. S. vs. Half Sox. 23-27**

ONCE more the crippled varsity girls went down to defeat, the Half Sox being the winners. This time it was Miss Zediker and Miss Ahnquist who were out. The first half was a slaughter by the Half Sox, ending with a score of 17-6, but the girls came back strong in the second half. They were not quite able to overcome the lead, however, and the game ended with the score 27-23. Miss Browne was invincible for the Half Sox and Dorothy Floberg made the points for the college. The line-up:

Half Sox	C. P. S.
Coy .....	F. .... Floberg
Brown .....	F. .... Foresberg
Doenther .....	J. C. .... Kilborne
Verato .....	S. C. .... Thomas
Morrison .....	G. .... Eaton
Johnson .....	G. .... Brix

Scoring—Half Sox: Coy 2, Brown 25. C. P. S.: Floberg 23.

C-P-S

Try the new size in La Champ Big Chief Bar.

C-P-S

**DELTA ALPHA GAMMA**

THE Alpha Gammas have held three regular meetings during the past month, the first being devoted to the "Spice of Life" consisting of the following entertaining numbers:

- Cloves ..... Katheryne Chester
- Paprika ..... Agnes Scott
- Ginger ..... Willabelle Hoage

Ardis Fox sang a very peppy Alpha Gamma song. After the program a delightful, spicy nectar, a concoction from the Far East, was served by Edith Thomas and Katheryne Chester.

January 26th a meeting was held at the home of Agnes Scott, which was devoted to sewing for charity. A buffet supper was served at six o'clock, after which the girls enjoyed a short musicale. This meeting was the first of a series to be devoted to sewing for charitable institutions which are in need of assistance, and for several needy families, whom the girls have been helping for some time individually.

The last program, "On The Beach" was very refreshing and breezy. Mrs. Charles Robbins, our sponsor, read an interesting paper, which we all enjoyed.

We are planning a program to which everyone is invited. Watch for a notice of it on the Silver Shield.

C-P-S

Saturday at the Chocolate Shop.

C-P-S

**THE SENIORS MAY ACT DIGNIFIED BUT WAIT UNTIL THE CARNIVAL NIGHTS. WE'LL SHOW YOU WHAT THE WORD "PEP" MEANS.**

**AMPHICTYON NOTES**



IF all the Amphics live up to the resolutions which they made at the New Year's program, won't this be a glorious year? For instance, Noble Chowning resolved to spend more time at the dorm, we wonder which one. Here's, another, George Hoyer resolved to be a good little boy. Our New Year's program is a sample of the excellent program which we have been having, and look forward to having throuth the year.

Who said house-party? Amphics did!

It included everything from cozy evenings around the fireplace to icy dips in the briny deep. In the meantime, in between time, we sure had fun, hiking, toasting marshmallows, eating Brook's chocolates and apples, playing checkers and rook, and telling fortunes. As a grand climax Father Neptune gave us all a kick with only the expense of boat fare. The dashing waves rolled high—you can guess the rest.

The Amphictyons extend a cordial invitation to all to attend our programs.

C-P-S

**ARE YOU BORED BY BUSINESS, CLASSES, SHOWS, AND LIFE IN GENERAL? TRY THE CARNIVAL FRIDAY AND SATURDAY NIGHTS, MARCH 10 AND 11.**

C-P-S

**KAPPA SIGMA THETA NOTES**



FRIDAY evening, Jan. 20, the Thetas helped the Athletic Association in entertaining the visiting basketball team from the Cheney Normal.

The following officers were elected for the new semester: Florence Maddock, President; Helen Monroe, Vice-President; Roma Schmid, Secretary; Evelyn Ahnquist, Treasurer; Geraldine Stinson, Trail Reporter; and Hilda Scheyer, Pan Hellenic Representative.

The program for Wednesday, February 1, consisted of a number of articles on Lord Dunsany and his works. The program follows:

- His Place in Modern Literature ..... Nan Tuell
- King Argimenes and the Unknown Warrior ... Helen Brace
- Duet ..... Anita Greenlaw and Lucile Alsip
- The Gods of the Mountain ..... Geraldine Stinson
- Tales of Three Hemispheres ..... Frances Goehring
- Extempo ..... A Representative Quotation

"SAY IT WITH FLOWERS"

**HINZ FLORIST**

House of Quality

Corner of K and So. 7th Sts.

Main 2655

*The Little Gem Market*

carries the finest line of meats in the city.

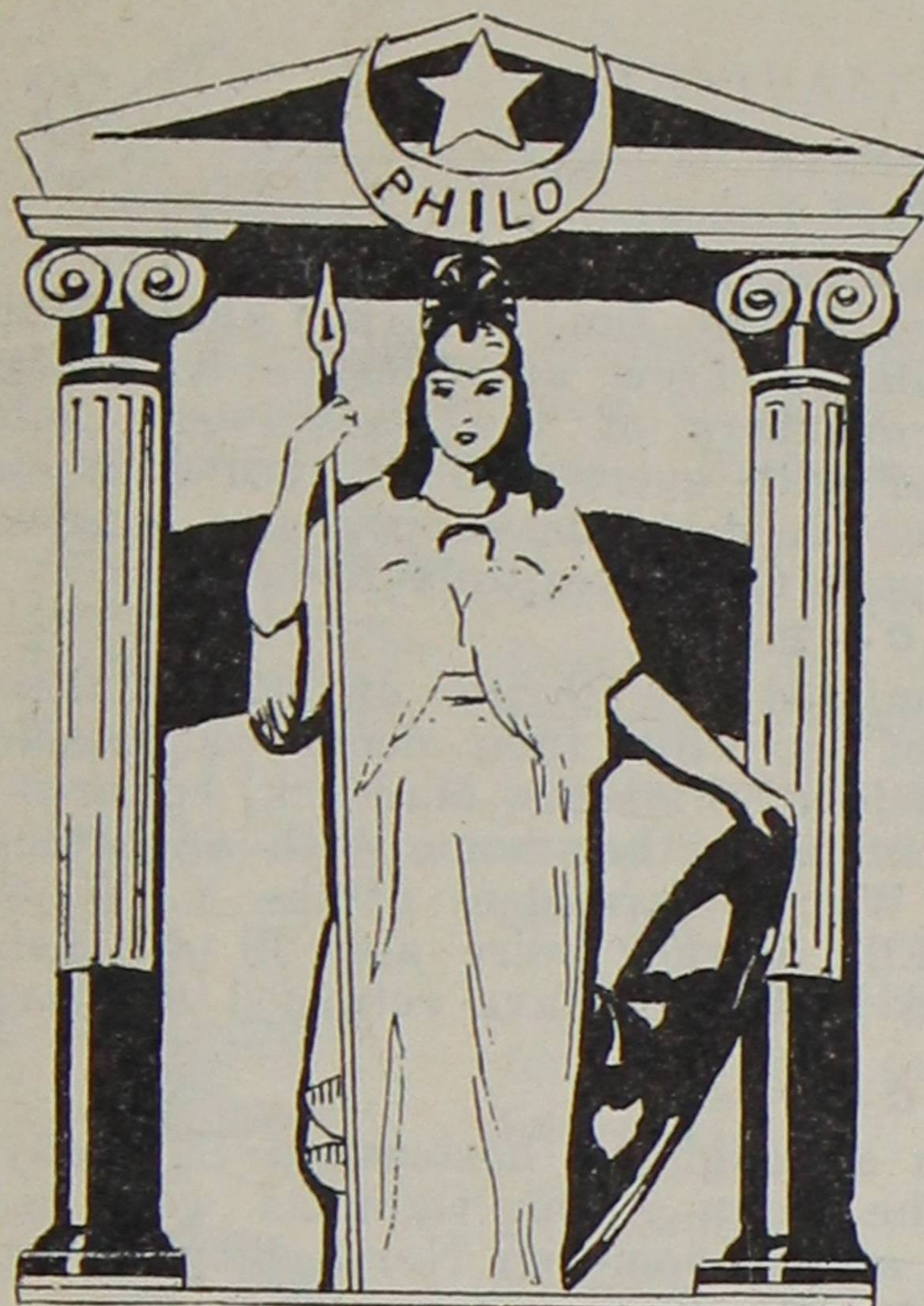
Phone us your order.

606 So. K St.

Main 495



PHILOMATHEAN



PHILO'S officers for the coming semester are:

- President ... .. Mary Anderson
- Vice-President .... Guy McWilliams
- Secretary ..... Harley Notter
- Treasurer ..... Wilma Zediker
- Editor Alumnae Bulletin ..... Gladys Harding

We are proud of our new officers and know that under their guidance Philo ideals and traditions will be worthily upheld.

Philo has visions of a society house on the new campus and with this in view a committee is putting on an attractive program

consisting of plays, readings and music at the nearby towns. They have already appeared at Pacific City, Collins and the Sunset Theater.

Five of the Philos are east of the mountains on the basket-ball tour and we are glad that they are showing every indication of "bringing home the bacon." Our representatives are Russel Clay, Roy Morrow, Ed Amende, Frank Brooks and Newell Stone.

Cupid is still interested in Philomatheans, for we have recently received word of "Cappie" Jeffer's marriage to R. H. Hall; and Winifred Williams has announced her engagement to Hugh Williams.

C-P-S

THE SURPRISE OF ISADORE

THE Surprise of Isadore: a clever one act French play was presented in Student Assembly January 19, by one of the advanced French classes. In spite of the fact that the entire play was given in French, even those who do not understand French were able to follow the story and appreciate the amusing incidents as they came, due to the fact that each character had so proficiently worked out his own part. The characters of the play were:

- Jeanne, the maid ..... Willabelle Hoage
- Isadore ..... Wallace Scott
- The Doctor ..... Salem Nourse
- His Wife ..... Helen Buckley
- Her Mother ..... Ruth Wheeler

Since this play was so successful we hope to be favored with a similar production in the near future.

C-P-S

Members of the Football team were presented with letters by Coach Peck and Manager Brooks at Student Assembly, January 19th, following a short pep session. The team then adjourned to elect a captain for the coming year. Big Dick Wasson was elected to the office by a unanimous vote.

Students who were fortunate enough to be present at Chapel Wednesday morning, February 1, enjoyed a rare treat. Following a well rendered vocal solo by the Dean the assembly was favored with a selection by the Faculty. The audience listened spell-bound from the first note to the last fading tone of the anthem as it melted away into space. What we want to know is—"Why have we been left in ignorance of their musical talent all these years?"

C-P-S

JUNIOR NOTES

THE staff chosen for this year's Tamanawas is as follows:

- Editor ..... Phoebe Nicholson
- Business Manager ..... Roy Cruver
- Associate Editor ..... Frances Goehring
- Athletics ..... Paul Hayward
- Literary ..... Hilda Scheyer
- Society ..... Gladys Harding
- Art ..... Florence Todd
- Faculty ..... Ermine Warren
- Personals ..... Warren Perry
- Organizations ..... Margaret Ohlson
- Alumni ..... Mary Anderson
- Conservatory ..... Esther Graham

SOPHOMORE NOTES

SCHOOL activities including class activities have been going thru a period of rest while the students prepare for examinations. Now that the new semester is on the way, the Sophomore Class will again make itself heard as it has in the past.

The girls are represented on the varsity basket-ball team are Mid Forsberg and Helen Brix. The boys made a good showing in football and Dick Wasson was elected next year's captain. Others receiving letters were Ed Rumbaugh, Gene Schrader and Rip Revelle.

Class elections have been held and the following officers elected.

- President ..... Ruth Wheeler
- Vice-President ..... Alfred Matthews
- Secretary ..... Thelma Bestler
- Treasurer ..... Harold Fretz
- Sergeant-at-arms ..... Dick Wasson

The annual glee is to be held in the near future and the Sophomores are planning to make a good showing.

C-P-S

Have you noticed that 39c Special Candy window Friday and

C-P-S

THE ANNUAL GLEE

THE Annual Glee, a time honored tradition of C. P. S., is scheduled to take place in the early part of March.

It is customary at this time for each of the four classes to present an original college song, the words and music of which are to be composed by some member or members of that particular class. A good lively song suitable for football or rallies is most to be desired altho Alma Mater songs or College Hymns are likewise acceptable. It is highly advisable that each class begin active work towards the Annual Glee at once, as it is one of the greatest honors a class can attain to have its numerals placed on the Maroon Glee pennant, and to have that pennant hung over their section of the chapel.—Get Busy!

C-P-S

How about a cream waffle at the Chocolate Shop, 908 Broadway.

C-P-S

AN ENGAGED MAN'S DREAM

THE Student Body enjoyed a clever program Thursday morning, given by the Thetas. The program consisted of a playlet, "An Engaged Man's Dream." The part of the engaged man was taken by Paul Hayward, an H. C. S. man. Helen Monroe read the play as it was acted out. The musical accompaniment was played by Helen Buckley. The "dream" girls as they passed in review were:

- The little school girl.....Roma Schmidt
- The skating girl ..... Juliette Palmer
- The Western girl ..... Geraldine Stinson
- The belle of the ball ..... Mildred Forsberg
- The tennis girl ..... Evelyn Ahnquist
- The vamp ..... Ruth Kennedy
- The Red Cross Nurse ..... Myrtle Warren
- The College girl ..... Florence Maddock
- The movie actress ..... Ella Purkey
- The city girl ..... Lois Brace
- The merry widow ..... Margaret Lemmon
- The bride-to-be ..... Dorothy Mendenhall

C-P-S

Y. W. C. A.

THE principal meeting of the past month was that on January 17. Mrs. Raymond Beil and Miss Anna Hurd took charge of the meeting. The theme of the program was work among the Girl Reserves. Due to examinations, a song and prayer service took the place of the regular meeting on January 24.

EYES EXAMINED RIGHT

**CASWELL OPTICAL COMPANY**

Dr. J. A. Caswell      Dr. C. A. Green      Dr. B. L. Wood

**OPTOMETRISTS AND OPTICIANS**

That Eyes May See Better and Farther

758 St. Helens Avenue      Cor. 9th and Broadway

# Society

MILDRED FORSBERG and RUTH WHEELER, *Editors*

DeKoven Inn was the delightful setting for the Annual Science Club and Scientists Banquet on January twenty-seventh. The science men proved worthy hosts in a jolly manner. Striking decorations of crimson and orange balloons and festoons were used throughout the receiving and dining rooms. After a delicious dinner several interesting talks were given on modern scientific questions.

C-P-S

The Girl's Glee Club of the college was entertained at an informal tea at the home of the president, Miss Alena Hart. A pleasing program was given during the afternoon by the Misses Willabelle Hoag, Winnifred Williams, and Lucile Zirtsman. The tea table was charming in its pictureque arrangement of silver and cut glass with a center-piece of dainty flowers of the pastel colors. Mrs. Clayton and Mrs. Hart poured while several of the college girls assisted in serving.

C-P-S

Miss Avril Isenhart spent the week-end following exams at her home in Bellingham.

C-P-S

Miss Alice Brown, Northwestern Field Secretary of the Y. W. C. A. spent last week-end in Tacoma as the guests of Mrs. Edgar Dodds. Monday the college Y. W. C. A. cabinet entertained Miss Brown with a delightful luncheon at the Sacajawea Club. Miss Brown gave a talk on Y. W. C. A. work in the college.

C-P-S

The Amphictyons did indeed celebrate the end of exam week in a jolly fashion. Gig Harbor offered many opportunities for boating, hikes, swims (?) and everything that a peppy crowd could think of. Miss Crapser and Mrs. Perry chaperoned the party.

Oh! A slumber party. What fun! During the month of January the Misses Gladys Trew and Pheobe Nicholson were hostesses for the members of the Sacajawea Club. What a gay time was had with every one arrayed in their most striking evening robe. A delicious supper was enjoyed at midnight and then everyone crept stealthily to bed.

C-P-S

Several college girls missed the thrills of taking their exams with all the rest of us. But their doom was sealed upon their return, nevertheless. Florence Maddock, editor-in-chief of the Trail, was confined at her home with an attack of the influenza. Ermine Warren, president of the Y. W. C. A., Ruth Kennedy, and Ella Purkey were also ill at their homes. We are very glad that they have returned and are with us once again.

C-P-S

Miss Helen Miller was a delightful hostess on Saturday, January twenty-ninth. The Delta Alpha Gammas were her guests at an informal tea at her home on North Kay Street.

C-P-S

On the eve of January twenty-second, Miss Willabelle Hoage entertained several of her most intimate friends at a very enjoyable evening party. Jolly games were played in a merry fashion, after which a delicious supper was served.

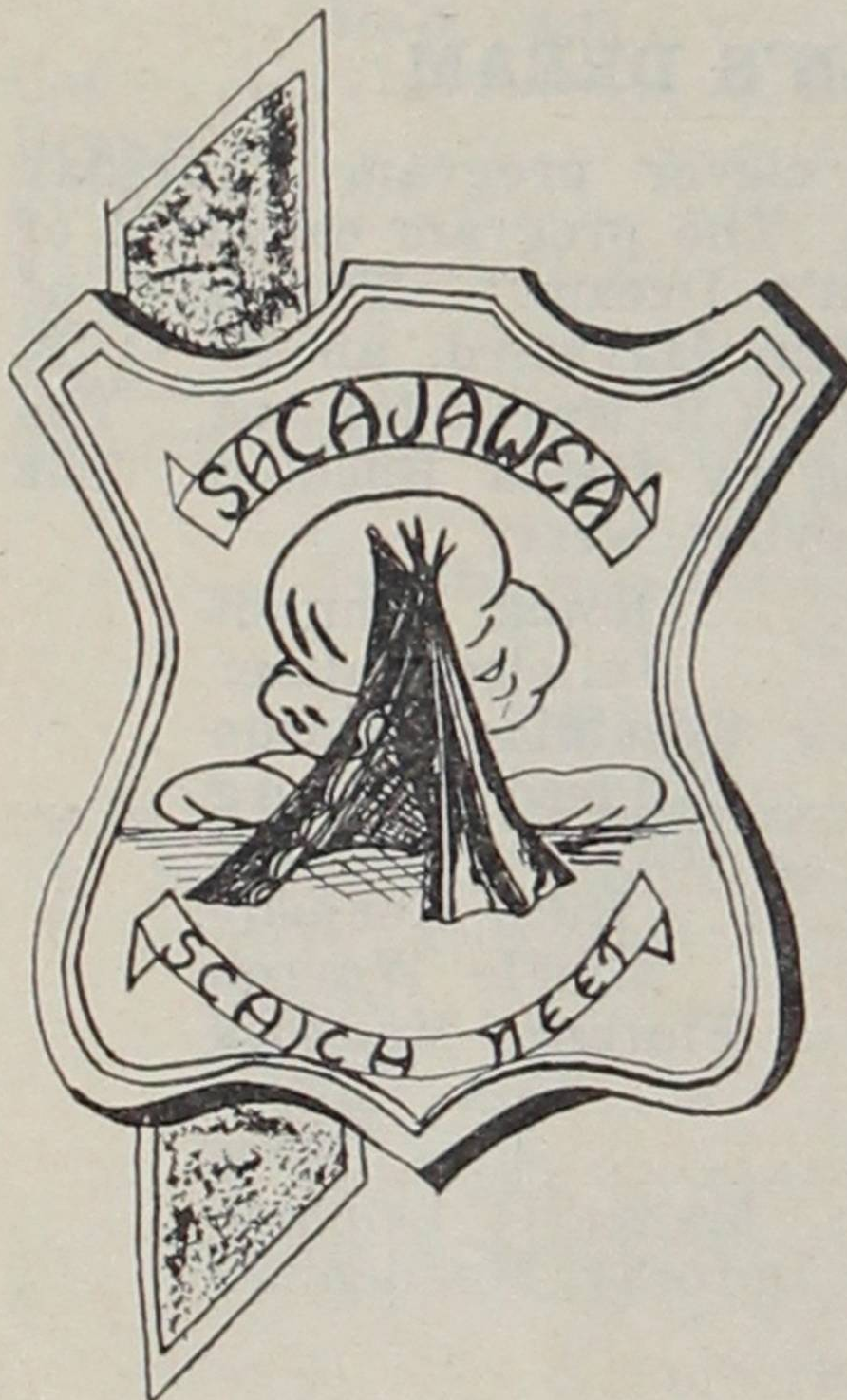
When you think of California you think of flowers;  
When you think of flowers think of the

*California Florists*

Main 7732

907 Pacific Ave.

## SACAJAWEA NOTES



THE Sacajawea girls during the past weeks enjoyed every excitement from exams to fires. The "house-warming" referred to occurred one bleak, dark 4 A. M. and we certainly feel for the poor firemen who had to visit us at that unearthly hour. Yes, all the missing have been accounted for and there were no casualties.

We are very sorry to report that Ethel Mae Storry is suffering from a serious case of the grippe. We miss her very much indeed and sincerely wish her a speedy recovery.

Avril Isenhart spent the week-end between semesters at her home in Wenatchee.

Our tribe has recently been increased by two—Mrs. Goetling of Seattle and Ruth Thacker of Olympia. They have enrolled in

the college for the second semester.

Gladys Trew had as her recent week-end guest, the wee Misses Ruth and Marian Jennings of the North End.

Yes, indeed, we all passed our finals with the utmost ease and wonder now how such trifles ever could have bothered us. We hope your similar experiences proved equally delightful.

C-P-S

**MARCH 10 and 11 ARE GOING TO BE SOME DAYS.**

C-P-S

## SCIENTIFICIANS

THE annual banquet given for the Scientists by the Science Club took the place of our last meeting. The banquet was given at DeKoven Inn on Friday, January 27. The whole affair was delightfully arranged, each step representing the different steps in the operation of a steam engine. One of the most interesting parts which we all enjoyed immensely was the "Intake." After this pleasant occupation

the "Exhaust" followed in the form of an educational as well as interesting program. The principal speech was that given by Professor Henry on "The Modern Theory of the Composition of Matter." The "explosion" was cleverly arranged and accompanied by the bursting of balloons, from which unfolded pennants of the Scientists. The affair will long be remembered by the girls and one and all join in a vote of thanks to the Science Club.

C-P-S

## EXCHANGE

Some people at a public gathering might be a little more careful not to disturb others with their little private game.

—The Ubysey.

C-P-S

"I hear some of the Profs lead a fast life."

"I doubt it. None of them passed me this year."

—Juniata Echo.

C-P-S

The boys who call themselves the Candy Kids are often times the Lemon Drops.

—Bellingham.

C-P-S

Suppose that the locomotive engineer would be satisfied to arrive at a destination within an hour or so of schedule time, suppose banks would collect notes within a day or two of maturity, if preachers would preach their sermons on Monday when they felt disinclined on Sunday, if everybody would make it a rule to put off doing things when it is uncomfortable to do them—where would we be?

We would be just where the student is who puts off his lesson until to-morrow, who waits for the week before examinations before cramming, we would be simply too close for comfort to taking two days in which we ought to do one days work,—we would be just about 50 per cent. of what we ought to be.

—The Eh Kah Nam.

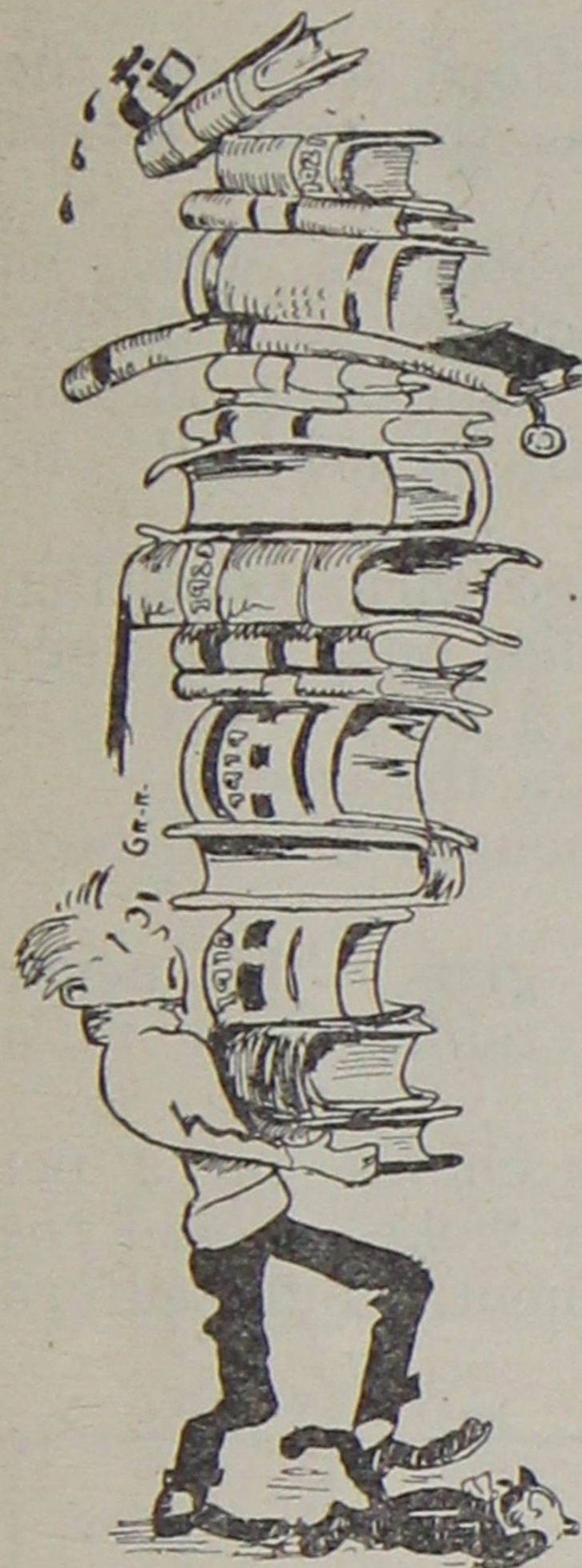
**C. O. LYNN CO.**

Funeral Directors—Licensed Embalmers

717-719 Tacoma Ave.

Phone Main 7745

SENIOR NOTES



CARNIVAL? Where? In the college gymnasium. When? March 10 and 11. How? By the illustrious efforts of the noble and valiant Seniors. Carnival is the word uppermost in the mind of every Senior at the present time. Because it takes first place in the mind of very Senior the Carnival will be the biggest success of the year. Everyone will of necessity remember for many years the tantalizing and mysterious Senior carnival. Let everyone come so that he may have that memory.

The Seniors have elected their officers for the new semester. They are as follows:

- President ..... Myrtle Warren
Vice-President ..... Paul Snyder
Secretary ..... Mrs. Keating
Treasurer ..... Mrs. Chamberlain
Central Board Rep..... Nellie Smith

C-P-S

DON'T BE A KILL-JOY. GET IN THE SWIM AND COME TO THE SENIOR CARNIVAL.

C-P-S

A MODERN TRAGEDY

His face was set in stern lines
His brow with dew was wet,
While with his nervous, shaking hand
He clucked his hair of jet.

At last he gave a dreadful sigh
Of rage and dark despair,
'There's no way out; all hope is gone',
He gasped with listless air.

And then he drew from out his drawer
A long and glistening blade
His snowy collar he removed,
No longer he delayde.

And then he raised it in the air,
A parting cry he gave,
'If these cursed barbers have to strike,
A feller's got to shave.'

James & Merrihew

Leading Portrait Photographers

Main 1157

Tacoma Hotel

GREETINGS: HAVE YOU HEARD ABOUT THE SENIOR CARNIVAL?

C-P-S

Dr. Harvey: 'Oh this wireless telephone is wonderful.'

Thomas: 'Oh, that is nothing, I once knew a fellow who blew a bugel in Ohio and went to Seattle to hear the sound.'

Tell It to Her with CANDY

from

The Pheasant

913 Broadway

McINTOSH & O'NEILL

Ice Cream, Candies, Confections and Fountain Lunch

Professional Directory

DR. HOMER C. TOLLEFSON

Dentist

Tel. Main 1686

703 Fidelity Bldg.

Tacoma, Wash.

Office Hours, 9 to 6. Evenings and Sundays by appointment.

DR. G. D. FROOM

Dentist

Jonas Block, 2505 1/2 Sixth Ave.

Phone Main 4822

Opposite Sunset Theatre

DR. C. E. WILBUR

Dentist

Phone Main 3163

903 Fidelity Bldg.

A PUZZLE

The proprietor of a tanyard was anxious to fix a suitable sign to his premises. Finally a happy thot struck him.

He bored a hole thru the doorpost and stuck a calf's tail into it with the tufted end outside.

After a while he saw a solemn-faced stranger near the door looking at the sign. The tanner watched him a minute and then stepped out and addressed him.

'Good morning, sir,' he said.

'Good morning,' said the other, without taking his eyes off the sign.

'Do you want to buy leather,' asked the tanner.

'No.'

'Perhaps you've got some hides to sell?'

'No.'

'Are you a farmer?'

'No.'

'What are you then?'

'I am a philosopher. I've been standing here for nearly an hour trying to figure out how that calf got thru that hole.'

C-P-S

La Champ Gold Ball Bar is a regular bar.

C-P-S

FROM HEADQUARTERS

William had just returned from college, resplendent in loud-checked trousers, silk hosiery, a fancy waistcoat, a necktie that spoke for itself. He entered the room where his father was reading. The old gentleman looked up and surveyed his son. The longer he looked the more disgusted he became.

'Son,' he finally blurted out, 'you look like a silly fool.'

Later the old major who lived next door came in and greeted the boy heartily.

'William,' he said, with undisguised admiration, 'you look exactly as your father did twenty-five years ago, when he came home from college.'

'Yes,' said William with a smile. 'So father was just telling me.'

PERSCRIPTIONS A SPECIALTY

HOYT DRUG CO.

911 Broadway

Phone Main 112

**ASSOCIATED STUDENT'S TREASURER'S REPORT**  
November, 1921

Department	Bal. Nov. 1	Receipts	Disbursements	Bal. Dec. 1
Athletics	\$ 871.36	\$1161.65	\$1368.81	\$ 664.20
Trail	153.17	95.80	15.75	233.22
Debate	97.60	4.40	9.75	92.25
Dramatics	97.60	4.40		102.00
Incidentals	117.41	9.00	29.45	96.96
Music	48.80	2.20	1.90	49.10
Balance on hand Dec. 1, 1921				\$1237.73
December, 1921.				
Athletics—				
Balance Dec. 1				\$664.20
Receipts				11.50
				\$675.70
Payments				728.45
				\$ 52.75
Trail—				
Balance, Dec. 1				\$233.22
Receipts				85.01
				\$318.23
Payments				228.25
				\$ 89.98
Debate—				
Balance, Dec. 1				\$ 92.25
Balance, Dec. 31				92.25
Dramatics—				
Balance, Dec. 1				\$102.00
Payments				18.59
				83.41
Music—				
Balance, Dec. 1				\$ 49.10
Balance, Dec. 31				49.10
Incidentals—				
Balance, Dec. 1				\$ 96.96
Payments				13.42
				83.54
Balance, Dec. 31				83.54
Balance in Treasury, Dec. 31, 1921				\$345.53
				\$398.28
				\$398.28

January 11, 1922.

GUY E. McWILLIAMS,  
Treasurer.

**THE BOOK EXCHANGE**  
913 PACIFIC AVENUE  
Books of all descriptions  
Stationery      Fountain Pens      Eversharp Pencils  
Drawing and Artists' Materials

Choice Flowers for all Occasions.  
**H. W. MANIKE**  
"The College Florist"  
6th Ave. and M St.      Phone Main 419

**INDEPENDENT MARKET**  
Fresh and Cured Meats      Butter      Eggs  
Groceries and Vegetables of all kinds.  
Watch the News-Tribune for specials every Friday.  
Free Delivery      2303-5 6th Ave.      Phone Main 383

GREETING CARDS      GIFT STATIONERY  
SUPPLIES  
**HILTON & HOTCHKISS CO.**  
Stationers  
109 So. 10th St.      Main 7656

**WHOM THE GODS DESTROY**

(Continued from Page 12)

"In just a miunte, Brad." Bedford surveyed the blurring of silhouetted fir trees as the train swept down a straight grade.

Hillree had been deeply interested in what he had heard. For a while he sat smoking thoughtfully.

"And to think that all that is happening in this modern day when protection of life is assured," he spoke aloud.

Bedford laughed softly, his huge form vibrating. "Hell, man! You didn't swallow that bunk, did you? Why Bradley's insane! Crazy as a loon! Up to a year ago he was attending college in the east."

Hillree gasped. "But—but I thought he had been to India!"

Bedford's face assumed a dry grin. "He never saw India and never will. I'm taking him to a sanitarium for the insane!"

"When in college, some of his chums put a pet garter snake in bed with him. He woke up and the shock caused some mental derangement," and Bedford gravely tapped his forehead.

Hair Dressing      Manicuring  
**C. Thorsen**  
Masquerade Costumes for Rent and Sale.  
Phone Main 6765      Next to Colonial Theatre

**AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE OF TODAY**

(Continued from Page 4)

American architecture. The architect more than any other artist is determined upon precedent. The material of his work is not derived from nature or life but from the work of predecessors. His individual genius counts for less than in the other arts; and the general social and the particular technical standards count for more. This was particularly true in the great periods of Greek and Gothic architecture, whose noblest monuments were almost literally the work of communities and certain particular, although flexible, forms were absolutely imposed upon the architects. With the Renaissance begun a period of more conscious imitation of forms that had already been developed to the highest degree of perfection. It gave the individual architect a greater freedom of choice than he had ever had before, and increased correspondingly his opportunity for merely individual work. But it did not emancipate him from precedent, it only gave him a larger number of precedents from which to choose. Undoubtedly this very freedom of choice, which only reached its height during the last one hundred years, is the chief cause of the degeneracy of architecture during the nineteenth century. It has been almost meritorious in those cases in which certain conventions have been established, as in France. It has been less so when the architect owed no allegiance to any authoritative forms. The architect can never regain the comparative unconsciousness and single-mindedness of his Greek and Gothic predecessors; but with the help of a sound natural culture, he can impose upon himself conventions that will reduce the area of arbitrary choice and enable him to devote himself more to the adaptation and improvement than to the selection of types of design.

This is just what the American architect is now doing. He is imposing certain types of design upon

himself, and is concerned more in appropriating those types and in developing them to a satisfactory finish than in borrowing or trying to invent new types. In using the phrase "the American architect" in the description above I do not mean all American architects. I do not mean even all the good American architects, but only the better and younger American whose work is becoming more conspicuous every day, and to whom belongs the immediate future of American design. The older architects whose work during the past twenty-five years has been so valuable and who have done so much to raise the technical standards of the profession, were essentially liberal and broad and experimented freely with many different types. Their achievements were of the utmost value in making the transition from an ignorant and indiscriminate to an intelligent eclecticism. They served to educate the clients from who they built, the mechanics who carried the designs out, and the pupils who continued the profession tradition. Most of all they have succeeded in educating themselves for their work has shown a constantly growing tendency toward the adoption of certain specific types. The process of educating is incomplete. The formative influences are still weak and uncertain, a vast accumulation of bad habits, indifference, low and easy-going standards remain to be reduced. Yet undoubtedly the younger men are conscious of the need of giving consistency and effect to their work by the persistent use of certain particular architectural types, and by the persistent attempts to give to those types a value that is both newer and more complete.

I have described the growing popularity of special types of design for special kinds of buildings as the increasing "nationalization" of American architecture, but probably that was going too far. The phrase is intended to express a desirable issue faintly promised rather than particularly achieved. Before we can speak of the nationalization of American architecture, says William Croly, "we must not merely be able to trace the constant use of certain special types of design, but show that without losing their traditional dignity those types are being given an appropriate local expression—that they are living types constantly gathering a complete consistency, a better adaptation to the structure and the service of the building and a finer aesthetic propriety. In this sense of the word national American architecture can only to a limited extent be described as in the way of nationalism. The long and difficult task of adopting the traditional styles to the peculiarities of American structural methods and utilitarian requirements is being more frequently ignored and evaded than resolutely faced.

The structure of our buildings and their design are so far almost completely at cross-purposes; and any one who defines good architecture in terms of congruity will find few signs of improvement in recent buildings. But while we may not look for any advance in this very important respect, our architects are nevertheless succeeding in giving their buildings an ever increasing propriety and consistency of appearance. When they design a hotel they use a style that harmonizes with the way we feel when we are living for a few days away from home, freed from routine and responsibility. When they design a private dwelling they seek to give the building a style that is homely, domestic and refined. Furthermore, these styles are carefully studied and

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

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

F. M. BONDS  
 "Service and Quality"  
**BONDS & WRIGHT**  
 GROCERS  
 Corner So. 8th and Sprague Phone Main 735  
 T. L. WRIGHT


When you think of  
 SCHOOL BOOKS and SUPPLIES  
 think of us.  
**M. R. MARTIN & CO.**  
 926 PACIFIC AVE.

FOR QUALITY and SERVICE QUICK SHOE  
 REPAIRING, go to  
**SMITH & GREGORY**  
 311 1/2 So. 11th St. Main 1447

Down town students eat lunch at the Chocolate Shop.

**CONNIE CO-ED**

Our days are like the thorny rose  
 Whose beauty gives us  
 pleasure;  
 Our college life brings lots  
 of cheer,  
 But don't those exams daze  
 yer?



**STUDENTS!**

You can SAVE MONEY at

**PETTIT-MILLS SHOE CO.**  
ON SHOES, RUBBERS and SHOE REPAIR

2517 6th Ave.

Main 1316

**C. W. ROWELL**

GROCER

Fresh Fruits — Fancy and Staple Groceries

2411 Sixth Ave.

Main 337

La Champ 5c Candy Bars are really the best.

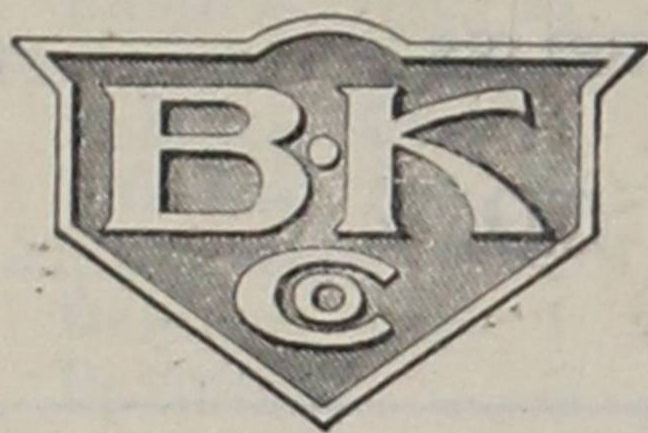
**Hoyt's Doughnut Lunch**

Especially prepared Lunches for C. P. S. students and friends.

Home of the Doughnut that made "Hoyt" famous.

Main 70

2412 Sixth Ave.

**BUCKLEY-KING COMPANY**

Morticians

Telephone Main 412

730-32 St. Helens Ave.

SUITS CLEANED AND PRESSED FOR \$1.50

**Modern Cleaners & Dyers**

2307 Sixth Ave.

Phone Main 3292

CANDIES, LUNCHES, LIGHT GROCERIES and  
STATIONERY**Yansen's Confectionery**

Sixth and Fife

FOUNTAIN PENS

KODAKS

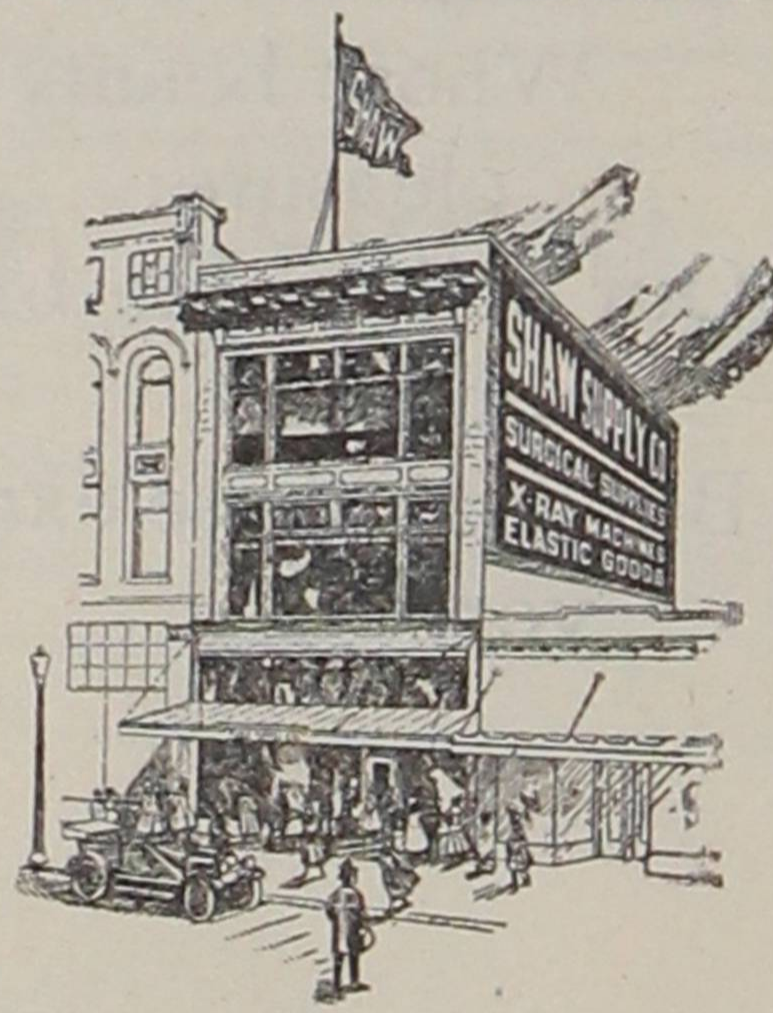
EVERSHARPS

Leaders in Kodak

Finishing.

**SHAW SUPPLY CO.,  
INC.**

1015 Pacific Ave.



Humphrey's Malted Milk 5c Bar—Caramel Center.

are treated generally with an eye to strictly architectural effects. The persistent attempt is to get a building in which the mass, the proportion and the detail each has its proper value, and this is a considerable gain over the past when architects sought merely pictureque effects by also ignoring proportions, and conceived their building as a collection of detail on a large scale.

In another respect also, American architecture, particularly in the case of dwellings, may be said to have grown more idiomatic. If structure and design remain very much at cross purposes, plan and design are becoming friendlier. The plan of the modern American dwelling differs in some important respects from that of any historical type of residence. These variations frequently lead to interesting modifications in the designs. The piazza for instance, which is so necessary in the American summer climate, and which has been an architectural necessity on the majority of country houses, is now frequently treated as an outdoor room, in strict subordination to the main design. Sometimes it appears as a narrow gallery on the face of the house, more often a place is found for it at one or both ends, its lines being used either to continue those of the house or to vary them in an interesting way. This is only one illustration out of many which might be used, but it is typical of the more conscientious manner in which the architect attempts to render in appropriate architectural terms the novel and local conditions given in the plan of his buildings.

It should be added that the adoption of certain definite and appropriate types of designs by the better American architects should help not only to raise the standards of American architecture but increase its popularity. In the past our architects have apparently sought to make their work impressive chiefly by making it striking; but if the impression is to be widespread as well as deep it is rather the familiar than the stunning thing that counts. The people are merely confused by an art and architecture to which they are unaccustomed. They may be stunned for the moment but next moment they forget all about it. On the other hand they are pleased and convinced by a kind of art that finds its way to their apprehension by means of their memories. In the representative arts the subject matter represented must appeal to their common experience. In the more formal or decorative arts form must have the confirmation of association. The difficulty of modern American architecture is that it started with nothing but vicious association and the good architects have been confronted by the enormously difficult task of substituting the comparatively good for the comparatively bad associations of the past. In so doing they have depended too much on obtaining an interesting variety of effect, and too little upon the value of repetition as an advertisement. Architectural repetition is in bad odor in this country because in the past it has been applied chiefly to such dead and dreary material as brownstone fronts. Nevertheless the one sensible course for the future, says Mr. Croly, the one course which will provide both for a better quality of design and for a completer understanding between architect and client—is to make of repetition a conviction and ideal. If the opportunities for repetition are studied with sufficient care the necessary variety and novelty of effect will take care of themselves.

# STONE-FISHER ©

BROADWAY AT ELEVENTH

## FEBRUARY THE SEWING MONTH

—In all well regulated homes that work to a definite schedule of activities, February is the month set aside to sewing and the planning of school clothes for spring.

—Where this good old-fashioned program still operates, the

## DISPLAYS OF NEW FABRICS ARE FULL OF INTEREST

—Multitudes of attractive new cottons, fine gingham, sheer zephyrs and heavier weaves in the popular checks in all sizes and novelty plaids are shown.

—Also staple and fancy white weaves for dainty undermuslins and outer garments.

—Glorious silks in wondrous weaves and glowing colors—taffetas will be especially "good" for youthful frocks with crepe weaves a close second in choice.

—And new woolens for street frocks, suits, coats and skirts—tweeds, tricotine, crepes, twills, etc.

## DESIGNER PATTERNS

—For Spring are ready—the only pattern using the Belrobe system of cutting, saving time, materials and money.

—2nd Floor.

## A BIG LOT

of Shirts came in last week. They run all the way from a fancy Percale at \$1.00 to a Silk Broadcloth at \$9.00, and every one a bargain at the price.

### Dickson Bros. Co.

1120-22 Pacific Ave.

*When you are down town,  
dine at the*

## Olympus Inn

*Banquets a Specialty*

STATIONERY—Embossing and Engraving.  
OFFICE SUPPLIES—"Everything for the Office."  
Eversharp Pencils, Waterman Fountain Pens,  
Loose Leaf Note Books.

### PIONEER BINDERY & PRINTING CO.

947 Broadway.

948 Commerce

## STRATTON BARBERS

Puget Sound Bank Bldg.

Room 224

# True Corset Shop Service



A service that not only assures you a wide choice of the latest models in corsets from makers known for the quality and character of their garments, but assists you in making selections, and insists that you are properly fitted.

Styles for every individual need, for every type of figure, shown in such a wide range of prices that there will be little difficulty in making selections.

Many models for your choosing in such well known makes as

MODART NEMO BIEN JOLIE VASSAR  
FRANCETTE LADY JANE KABO  
STYLISH STOUT WARNER RHODESA

and others favored by well dressed women.

—3d Floor.



## Rhodes Brothers

BROADWAY - ELEVENTH - MARKET