

THE TRAIL

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE ASSOCIATED STUDENTS OF THE COLLEGE OF PUGET SOUND
TACOMA, WASHINGTON, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1923

VOLUME II

NUMBER 8.

LOGGERS MEET PACIFIC U TEAM HERE NOV 10TH

Football will end for the Loggers Saturday when they meet the strong Pacific University team at Forest Grove. The Oregon team is one of the strongest teams that our bunch has been up against, and if we can hope to have the team bring home the long end of the score the student body will have to show the pep during this week that they did before the Husky game.

The Pacific team held the University of Oregon team to a 3 to 0 score early in the season, and that shows that they have some team. McNeal feels that his men can make a good showing, and it will be up to the student body to support the players. The team noticed the lack of support that they received last week, and they say that this had something to do with the poor showing they made when they won from the Willamette players.

The Loggers have had a wonderful season this year. They won from the Naval Training School team 34 to 0, the U. S. S. Mississippi bunch 21 to 0, Ellensburg Normal 13 to 0 and the Willamette University 14 to 6. They played a tie game with the Bellingham Normals. The Belling-

FACULTY

Prof. Hanawalt and Dr. Weir were the regularly elected delegates to the Washington Educational Association meeting in Seattle a week ago, and were present during most of the session. Other members of the faculty were in attendance there, part of the time. President Todd spoke at the Anniversary Banquet on Thursday night. Professors Topping, Budd, Seward, Crapser, Davis, and Wesner were present for a while.

The faculty have ordered about a hundred dollars' worth of periodicals and nine hundred dollars' worth of books for the College.

Dr. Todd met with a committee last Friday to discuss bringing the Kimball school of Theology to our campus. The school is now located at Salem, Ore.

ham team is a very hard fast outfit, and a tie score means that we played real football.

The Husky-Logger game will be remembered as one of the greatest football contests seen in Tacoma. The Huskies only earned 10 points from the lighter, less experienced Loggers. Pure fight and football made the game one of the best of the year.

The student body feels that they should back their team, and if they will do this there is a feeling that the old team will bring home the bacon. That is the way that the players feel, at least.

Display Illustrates History of Bible

Throughout this week the Library will house an exhibit illustrating the history of the Bible, from the earliest days to the present. There are included editions in Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and several modern languages. The New Testament appears in no less than fourteen distinct versions, ranging from the first-century Greek of Paul to the twentieth-century American of Professor Goodspeed.

Explanatory notes are attached to the different volumes, showing at a glance their place in the development of the Bible as we have it today. Half an hour spent looking through this material should broaden appreciably our understanding of the story of the Book of Books. Professor Hedley will be glad to give further information to those whose thirst for knowledge is not satisfied by the notes accompanying the exhibit.

The Epworth Church College Class invites all C. P. S. students to join. Prof. Hedley is a most interesting teacher and we are having some fine meetings every Sunday morning at 9:30 a. m. The church address is Corner of South 7th and Anderson Streets.

Football Men Were Guests at Two Dinners

To honor the C. P. S. Football Team, two dinners were given last week.

The men of the faculty had promised the team a dinner, if it succeeded in holding the University of Washington team to one scoreless quarter. The men gave the dinner which the Domestic Science Class served at 6:30 p. m. in the Home Economics Room. The dinner was entirely informal. In behalf of the team the coach thanked the faculty men for their good will. This was the only speech of the evening.

There was a discussion as to the possibility of C. P. S. becoming a member of the Pacific Coast Conference.

Thursday noon, Nov. 1, the Lion's Club entertained the football men at the regular weekly luncheon at the Tacoma hotel.

Coach R. McNeal told some humorous anecdotes about each of his players, after which Roy Willsby, a Lion's Club member, urged support of the Stadium-Lincoln and Willamette-C. P. S. games in the Stadium on Saturday. The C. P. S. gridiron men were introduced by Dean G. F. Henry, who is a Lion's Club member.

Clinton Hart and Ellena Hart sang duets, and Miss Joyce Hazelton gave two recitations. For both numbers Miss Willabelle Hoage was accompanist.

The Lion's Club men who attended the U. of W.-C. P. S. game in a body, also came to the Willamette-C. P. S. game last Saturday.

DR. INNIS WRITES SERIES OF ARTICLES FOR TRAIL

Last week the Trail published an article entitled "That Father of Mine" written by Dr. Geo. S. Innis.

Dr. Innis is planning to write three more articles, the title of these will be "That Mother of Mine," "That Girl of Mine," and "That Fellow of Mine."

Dr. Innis is well known by the upper classmen and we only hope the Frosh will soon learn to know him. Dr. Innis last year taught Senator Davis' classes while the Senator was in Olympia, and the year before he taught in the English Department.

Before coming to Tacoma Dr. Innis was head of the History Department at Hamline University and dean of the Freshmen for many years.

The Kappa Sigma Theta sorority announces the following pledges: Mrs. Mae Sheen, Evelyn Miller, Wilhimina van den Steen, and Amy Dahlgren.

The Junior class has elected Dorothy Wallace for editor of the *Tamanawas* and Ted Radebaugh for business manager. The other members of the staff will be appointed and announcement of the staff will be made later.

C. P. S. Buildings Will Be Moved

The gymnasium, men's dormitory and the chapel will be moved from their present location to some nearby lot during the Christmas vacation in preparation for the construction of Tacoma's first intermediate school. Construction of the new building will begin before January 1, 1924, Alfred Lister, secretary of the school board, reports. The building should be ready for occupancy August 30, 1924.

Twelve hundred North End 7th, 8th and 9th grade students will be accommodated by the new school, according to plans and specifications completed by Ronald E. Borhek, architect.

Institution of the intermediate system has been authorized by the school board and will become effective in the North End immediately upon the completion of the first of the buildings to be financed by the \$2,400,000 bond issue authorized by voters at a recent election. Partial relief from the overcrowded conditions prevalent at the Stadium high school will be felt as soon as the intermediate system becomes effective, Secretary Lister said. About 600 9th grade students will attend the building to be started this winter instead of entering Stadium high school as freshmen, he pointed out.

The architect estimated the cost of construction at \$425,000. Contractors may obtain copies of plans and specification at Architect Borhek's office in the Puget Sound National Bank building at once. Bids will be received immediately and will be opened sometime between November 19 and November 30, according to Secretary Lister.

The new building will be two stories high, 260 by 360 feet, of reinforced concrete construction, faced with brick and trimmed with terra cotta.

Mrs. Dillon is now teaching in the Tacoma Public Schools.

Tom Swayze and wife (nee Goehring) were present as everyone could tell. Tom has a way of laughing that keeps everyone in suspense. He sells Missouri Life Insurance. Come on grads, give him a try.

Lynn Wright, assistant coach at C.P.S. was wearing a smile that wouldn't come off. Congrats, Lynn, the team did fine work.

Mary Bonds Wright brought over a big cake. Did you get a bite? We did. Yum, yum.

Ye busy scribe was trying to get all the names of former students, but time was too short and there was too much going on to accomplish the task.

LOGGER ELEVEN WINS FROM W U BEARCATS 14-6

Playing listless football the Loggers won from Willamette University team 14 to 6 on the Stadium field Saturday. This was the last home game on our team's schedule for this season.

In the first quarter the Loggers played fair football, and managed to shove over two touch downs. Allerdice kicked goal both times. The first touch down came after the ball had been taken by them in mid-field and marched to within six yards of the goal line by Allerdice, Wellman and Glene. Wellman carried it over on an end run.

The second and last crossing of the goal line by the Loggers was the result of an eighty-five yard run by "Dutchy" Allerdice after he had received a punt. The crowd was brought to their feet by his clever dodging and squirming. He was given good interference by his team mates.

The last three quarters our team did not play the game like they can and as a result the Loggers were playing in their own territory a greater portion of the time. Overconfidence is blamed for the poor showing of the college team. At no time during the game did they show like they did when they met the Huskies.

The last quarter was played in twilight. About the middle of this period, Isham, the clever, fast quarterback of the Bearcats, ran fifty yards, after catching a punt, and crossed the line for their only touch down. The Loggers would let the Willamette team march the ball within their danger zone, and then would hold the Bearcats. Just before the game was called, because of darkness, our team took the ball and started to make some good gains.

The Loggers made 354 yards to Willamette's 284, and 12 first downs to their opponents' 9.

Loggers	RE	Willamette
Stone	RE	Findley
Swartz	RT	Stolzheise
McArthur	RG	Sherwood
Wasson	C	Huson
Amende	LG	Oliver
Blevins	LT	Fasnacht
McDonald	LE	Patton
Parker	Q	Isham
Wellman	RH	Wilkinson
Allerdice	LH	Liljergren
M. Olene	F	Moore

Substitutes: C. P. S.—L. Olene for M. Olene, Revelle for Allerdice, Brady for McArthur, Allerdice for Revelle, M. Olene for L. Olene, McArthur for Brady, L. Olene for M. Olene. Willamette—Logan for Findley, Hartly for Moore, Booth for Logan, Rhodes for Hartley, Moore for Booth, Booth for Wilkinson, Rhodes for Moore, Mason for Oliver, Sherwood for Fasnacht.

Officials—Bell, umpire; Reisberg, referee; Jensen, head linesman.

The names listed above are just a few of the grads and former students who came home. Let's make it twice as many next year. Wow! Let's go!

A new verse for our Puget Sound Alma Mater song has been composed and everyone is urged to learn it so as to be able to sing it whenever the occasion offers.

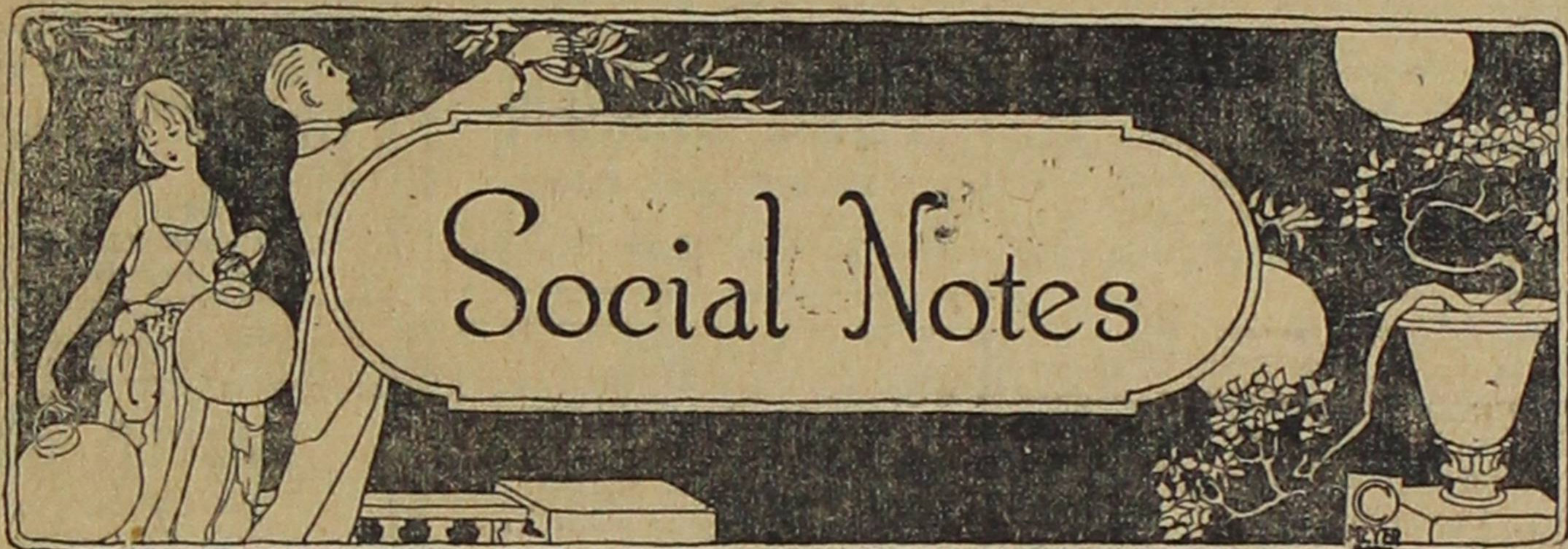
Fair Puget Sound to her we pledge Our deepest loyalty, The changeful years have never dimmed

Her fame from sea to sea, She keeps the White without a stain,

The Maroon is queenly still, While countless hearts look up to her, The College on the hill.

Chorus:

Now she's my Alma Mater, To her I will be true, I love her and adore her, I never shall forget her, C.P.S., I stand by you.



Social Notes

ENTERTAIN VISITING TEAM

The Sigma Mu Chi fraternity entertained members of the Willamette football team at a banquet in the home economics room at the college Saturday evening.

Decorations were carried out in scarlet and gold, the Willamette colors, and places were laid for 28. Coach McNeal and Prof. Seward and Senator Davis of the faculty were among the guests.

The dinner was cooked and served by the members of the Lambda Sigma Chi sorority.

ATTEND PLAYS

Among the faculty members who attended the Moroni Olxon plays at the Tacoma Theater Wednesday evening were Mrs. Lynette Hovious, Miss Ellenora Wesner, Miss Veryl Robinson, Mrs. Mattie Robinson, Miss Ann Crapser, Miss Doris Budd and Miss Olive Brown.

MEMBERS OF FACULTY ENTERTAIN

Miss Wesner, dean of women, with Miss Robinson, head of the home economics department, and Mrs. Hedley, wife of Professor Hedley, gave a luncheon Saturday at her home on South 8th street before the Willamette game. Autumn colors were used in the flowers and appointments and places were marked at the table for nine. In the party which attended the game together were the three hostesses, Mrs. Lynette Hovious, Miss Doris Budd, Miss Georgia Reneau, Miss Ann Crapser, Miss Olive Brown and Mrs. Winifred Burnside.

MISS WAHLGREN RETURNS FROM EAST

Beatrice Wahlgren, who has been visiting in the East with her mother for the past several months, returned to Tacoma last week. "Bea" visited college during the week and attended the Delta Alpha Gamma meeting Wednesday afternoon.

MISS HOVIOUS RETURNS TO TACOMA

Word comes to us from Oregon that Carol Hovious will return to Tacoma the first of December. Carol has been visiting on her aunt's ranch since the first of July.

PLAN HOUSE-PARTY

Members of the Kappa Sigma Theta sorority are anticipating with great pleasure their first house-party of the season to be held at the Blue Triangle Lodge at Indian Point this coming week-end. The camp has been repaired since last spring and many improvements have been made which will add to the enjoyment of the outing.

Melvin Olene sang a duet with Miss Mae Stewart Sunday morning at the First Presbyterian church.

Ben Lampher writes from Portland that he expects to enroll for the spring semester at C. P. S. in February.

Jane Little will spend the week-end in Seattle where she will visit at the Alpha Phi sorority house.

Stan Warburton returned from Alaska last week and visited at college Friday.

Wallace Scott visited school Monday.

Mary Anderson of Rainier, Wash., is teaching everything in the course of study—science, English, French and math. Hard work does not seem to hurt her, as she is as jolly as ever.

Mrs. Dix Rowland, "from the old school," Did you enjoy the cats? I'll say we did. Mrs. Rowland lives in Tacoma and is a peppy "alum" of C. P. S.

Alice Warren '14 is now living in Tacoma. Someone asked Alice if she had a husband yet and she replied, "No, I can't support a husband and a harp, too." She is studying under Mrs. Boyer of Seattle.

Leslie W. Johnson, captain of C. P. S. basketball team in 13-14 is now athletic coach at Edmonds. Leslie is a fond papa now. Leslie Junior arrived on October 20.

Carl Curtiss is now Superintendent of Edison city schools. Carl always was good at doing big things in a big way. Success attend your efforts.

Mrs. Carl Curtiss (nee Hoover). Muriel is just as peppy as ever.

A long, lanky, lean chap by the name of Erp, made his presence known at Homecoming by announcing the fact that he was teaching science at Rochester, Wash. Of course, Mrs. Anton Erp (nee Hastings) was along keeping a watchful eye on hubby.

Harold Hong '21 says he is teaching history in Aberdeen. The wet climate doesn't seem to make that mustache grow at all. All the girls are disappointed.

Henry Cramer, '20, now a prosperous lawyer in Seattle, was shaking hands in true legal style.

Agnes Scott, '22, was flirting with all the boys as usual. Now, Aggie, you behave.

Miss Ethel Cotter, '08, another peppy "alum" of the old school was making things lively in the kitchen. Ethel says, "Men must eat if they are to be contented."

Miss Bonney reports she is taking a course of some kind of gym work, but she said it was rather a joke. Who on?

Elizabeth Pangborn, a student of 18-19, now teaching at Kent, came home to renew acquaintances of old.

Alfred Matthews of Puyallup, employed by A. V. Love Drygoods Co., still keeps his rosy complexion. Dry goods?

Margaret Dorwin, Junior in C. P. S. 18, is still Peggy but not Peggy Still.

THE TRAIL

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Last Saturday's game with Willamette was a good example of how a team can win and yet lose. It was the exact reverse of what happened when C. P. S. met the University of Washington and won, altho the score at the end of that game favored the "U."

Just what happened after that first quarter last Saturday is still more or less a mystery, but the fact remains that after scoring two touchdowns things came to a standstill. Plainly the team lacked the fight and spirit that characterized it a week ago.

Who was to blame? The players realize that they were not quite up to snuff, but isn't the student body in a large way responsible for the fighting spirit of the team? Unless the students keep up their pep during the week, no amount of yelling and rooting at the game will instill the necessary fight to carry a team thru the whole game.

A splendid atmosphere was created for the University of Washington game and then after it was over everyone seemed to forget all about it.

Next Saturday C. P. S. plays the hardest game on its schedule and unless we come out of our slump, Pacific University will again triumph as she has for the past three years.

What do you say, gang? Let's go!

—M. E. O.

CHAPEL NOTES

Rev. Law, the new pastor for Mason M. E. Church, was a recent speaker at Chapel. After reading the scripture lesson, he called on Dr. Howard, who was also present that morning, to offer prayer.

Rev. Law's subject was "Loyalty." He said he wondered whether any person ought to be in College who is not planning for Christian leadership and added, "I doubt it."

In the late war, because the Germans were the most powerful and un-Christian they were the most dangerous. When the people of the entire state are making great sacrifices to prepare for us colleges, we should make the best possible use of them.

President Todd led the devotions on Friday, October 19. He spoke briefly regarding the value of things which seem old. "Do not cast something aside because it is old nor accept something merely because it is new. All truth will be more precious as it grows older."

On Monday, October 22, Mr. Keane, sales manager of McCormack Bros. Dept. Store talked to the students on "What Football Means to a Community and What it Means to a College."

Mr. Keane had played football in his youth at the University of Glasgow, Scotland, and was very much interested in the game. He promised that they would give part of their own advertising space for advertising this football game and they were glad to do it.

Mr. Keane paid a tribute to the men of the West who are more successful than those of the East.

"The success of anything in this world comes from unit playing," declared the speaker. "Most important of all in college athletics is that you play the game as a man."

In going into the game on Saturday, Mr. Keane said the student body had the good wishes and faith of the business men of Tacoma and it was up to them to show the men that their faith was not misplaced.

Prof. Kelly had charge of the chapel exercises on Wednesday. He called on Rev. Hedley to read the devotions. Mr. Fretz spoke regarding the turning in of the tickets and Miss Eagan announced the "pep"

rally for Friday night. The student body then learned a new college song after which Prof. Kelly urged the promotion of the ticket selling by all the students.

Commemorate Theodore Roosevelt Senator Walter S. Davis of the faculty presided at the chapel exercises commemorating the birth of President Roosevelt.

Prof. Hedley led the devotion service.

A poem, "To My Buddy," written by Mrs. Corinne Robinson, sister of Theodore Roosevelt, was read by Miss Joyce Hazelton.

Prof. Lynette Hovious read a tribute to Roosevelt, and Prof. Robbins gave an extract from the noted statesman's book, "The Great Adventure."

"Roosevelt's Last Message" was read by Mr. Chester Bieson.

Senator Davis closed the exercises by commenting on some of the principles for which Roosevelt stood. His two outstanding qualities were courage, both physical and moral, and Americanism.

Dr. Staudt Addresses Students

Dr. C. K. Staudt of the American University at Beirut in Syria, addressed the student body and faculty at the chapel service on Friday, Oct. 26. He spoke first of the struggle which the young men and women of Europe are making in their attempt to obtain an education, for Dr. Staudt was Germany this last summer and observed the educational conditions first-hand.

Since the war, there are more students in those famous universities than before the war. Many of them feel that the only hope for their country is to have an educated group of young men and women and they are undergoing the most terrible hardships and deprivations in so doing.

These students were aided somewhat by the European Student Relief Fund, but it was not enough. Dr. Staudt and friends who were attending German universities this summer raised what money they could to help these determined youths. He made the startling statement that twenty-five cents would support a student in a German university for one week.

The students in Europe will flock to hear a speaker on Christianity,

ORGANIZATIONS

AMPHICTYON

Monday evening, Nov. 5, the following program was given by just a few of our gifted members:

Customs

Chinese Silvia Smaby
Russian Kenneth Bohn
Italian Vocal Solo Shirley Pannell
French Helen Kennedy
Spanish Morton Johnson
Early American Ina Hagedorn
Turkish Jane Campbell
Stunt Barbara Shanks, Maynard Falconer, Stephana Lunzer, Wendell Brown.

The program was very entertaining as well as educational. Monday, Oct. 29, we held a joint meeting with our Philo friends and pledges in the chapel. After a short program of readings, vocal solos, and extempores we adjourned to the Amphic room and gave our pledges their first degree initiation.

"Spouse you want to know who our new members are. Well, we're mighty proud of them, so we'll gladly give you their names: Barbara Shanks, Velve Cory, Mary Louise Bechard, Mary Ellen Painter, Sylvia Smaby, Stephana Lunzer, Winifred Longstreth, Shirley Pannell, Helen Kennedy, Mildred Hawksworth, Grace Eddy, Jane Campbell, Helen Olson, Ina Hagedorn, Ernest Miller, Maynard Falconer, Morton Johnson, Bronson Smith, Boris Dakersehoff, Ray Stuart, Wendell Brown, Kenneth Bohn, and Ronald Graham.

Y. W. C. A.

Dr. Swift who was scheduled to speak at Y. W. C. A. Thursday morning was unable to attend, so Miss Wesner consented to speak in her place. The new rules drawn up by the Women's Council were fully explained.

while philosophy and theology are the most popular courses in the universities.

Dr. Staudt then spoke of his own work. In four weeks he said he was to sail for Bagdad to establish a new university there. He believed that no institution in the world has so much representation of various countries. There were 1000 men students in attendance there. The University is chartered by the state of New York, so that whatever is the standard for collegiate work in New York is the standard of this university.

Dr. Staudt went to then to tell of the activities of such an institution, but his time was so limited that he could give only a very little.

Mrs. C. K. Staudt, who has until recently been with her husband at the American University of Beirut, spoke at Chapel on Wednesday, Oct. 31.

When she was here five years ago, Mrs. Staudt spoke on "Idealism of the War." She said that she could no longer believe in that. Her object this time was to give a true picture of the Near East and Europe and then to show our opportunity in relation to these nations.

The trouble with Europe, according to Mrs. Staudt, is that the border territory is always in a state of conquest. Countries colonize and impose their language on the conquered people in order to make them their own. They forget that age-old hates are hard to overcome.

In Austria, there is an economic and moral upheaval of the people. In Germany there is wretched poverty everywhere, except among the Capitalists, who have made the mark depreciate.

To the Near East, we owe the basis of our civilization. The ancient cities of Tyre and Sidon still exist. The Greeks obtained much of their mythology from Syria where the ancient shrines of Venus and Adonis are found. The three greatest religions have come from the Arabian peninsula.

Mohammed came in touch with dead-Christianity at Syria and evolved something higher than his former religion.

The Turks at the international table obtained all of Turkey and paid no indemnity for it. They are going to drive out all the Christian minorities. One hundred thousand Armenian orphans are thrown on America's responsibility. American young people are the only ones who have a chance. They owe service to America and to the world.

Mrs. Staudt concluded with touching stories of the effect of the the American flag on the hopeless people of the Near East.

The chapel service on Friday,

PHILOMATHEAN

Monday night, Nov. 5, at 8 p. m. the Philomatheans held on "Open Forum" in which everyone was allowed to take part after the main speakers had finished.

The topic for discussion was School Spirit.
Piano Solo Miss E. Miller
For Against
Miss Osborne Mr. R. Norris
Mr. McAnally Miss M. Libby
Mr. E. Newell Miss A. Morgan
Song Society
Farce Mr. H. Ernst, Mr. F. Phil, Miss M. Harding, Miss F. Mender.

STUDENT VOLUNTEERS

The Student Volunteers will have a great treat Wednesday, at 12:35 when Mrs. Staubt will speak to us on the work of missionaries in Central Europe. Everyone is invited.

On Friday morning, at 7:30, we will have a morning watch. We will receive benefit from the meetings in direct proportion to what we put into them. Let us remember these meetings and strive to make prayer a greater power in our lives.

LAMBDA SIGMA CHI

The Home Economics room was the setting Wednesday evening for a dinner given by the pledges in honor of the members. The room was and the tables were beautifully decorated in black and gold, suggestive of Hallowe'en. After dinner everyone went to Winifred Longstreth's home for a Hallowe'en party. Games were played, apples and candy were served and all sat around the fireplace and told ghost stories.

On Saturday night after the game with Willamette, the Lambda Chi girls cooked and served a dinner for the Willamette team, given by the Sigma Mu Chi fraternity.

Nov. 2, was given over to stimulating interest in the C. P. S.-Willamette football game. Short speeches were made by Coach McNeal, Dick Yost, Dr. Weir and Senator Davis.

Aaron Van de Vanter led in some yells.

The following Monday, Rev. Fredericks of the First United Presbyterian church was the chapel speaker. His subject was "Life's Purpose." "Every young person," declared Rev. Fredericks, "should have one chief aim in life, one that dominates all others while the others should contribute to the obtaining of the one main one. The chief end should be to glorify God."

"Do not allow yourself to drift, but try to find the thing for which you are best fitted." Aim at some particular thing. It isn't the easiest or pleasantest way always but the one that will take you where you bluff toward a little shack far out of life by doing all to the glory of God.

DISCOVERING JESUS

One of the most fascinating chapters in geography is the discovery of America. Chesapeake Bay was entirely missed by one explorer. Fog or darkness may have been the causes of missing it, but he missed it, and altho it is undoubtedly there, he made his map without it. A later explorer came and where the map showed a straight line he found a great inlet or outlet. A great deal depended on what it was and the next thing was to find out what it was. One way of finding out was by exploring. A quicker way was by dropping a bucket over the side of the ship. This latter method was used, and when the bucket was drawn up it was full of fresh water. This was the instant revelation of several important facts. There was not an unbroken shoreline; there was a broad waterway up into the country; and this was not a bay, but the mouth of a river; and this implied yet another fact—that men had no mere island to reckon with, but a vast unexplored continent.

Jesus Christ was in himself a very great discoverer for those to whom he gave himself, and the exploration of him shows a somewhat similar story. Men have often said that they could see nothing in him so very different from the rest of us. Others have found in him the "Water of Life." The discovery of the volume of life, which comes from Jesus Christ, is one of the greatest that men have made. Merely to have dipped his bucket into that great stream of life, as it were, has again and again meant everything to a man. Think of what the new-found

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river of the New World meant to some of those earlier explorers, after weeks at sea, when they reached an immense flood of fresh water. It was a new life at once, but it did not necessarily mean the immediate exploration of everything. It was life and the promise of more to follow. In order that men might know more of Jesus they must explore him further, and not rest contentedly with just dipping their buckets into the stream of life and tasting. Most of us will admit that we have not gone very far into that Continent, and a greater majority have not even made the discovery. Christ needs to be discovered and explored by each individual today as well as in days gone by.

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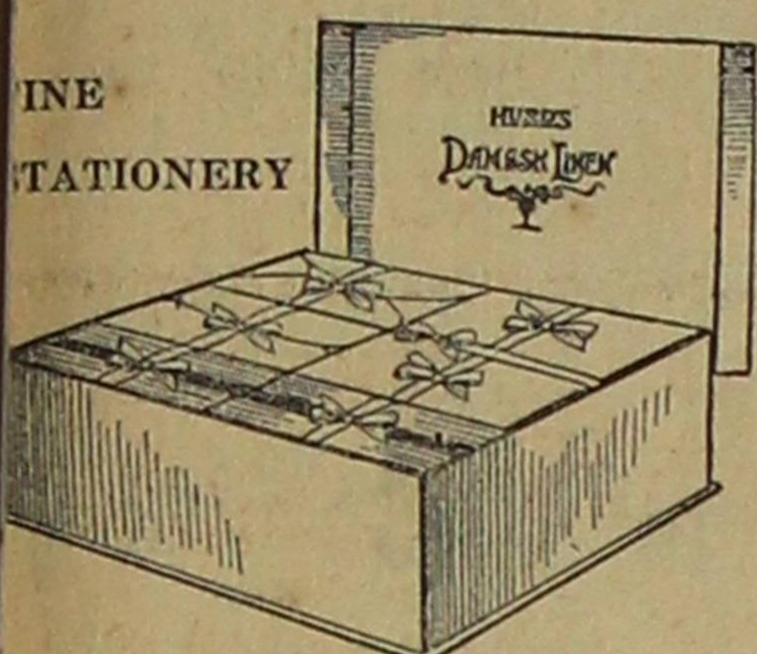
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"Where did you absorb those principles of yours—at your mother's knee?" "No, over my fathers." —Upper Iowa Collegian.

Literary

The Moon-Path

Esther Osborne

I had never seen anything more desolate than the strip of sea-coast I beheld from the top of the bluff, as I rested a moment before descending the steep, faintly marked trail which zig-zagged down the bluff to go. You will get the most below. The spot which held my gaze especially, was a sort of cove directly below me. It was not a cove in the true sense of the word, in that it did not run back into the land, but was formed, rather, by two towering walls of black rock, jutting out from the bluff toward the sea, as if the pounding waters had eaten away the flesh of the land so that two stark ribs protruded.

I love the sea, and never before had the sight of it filled me with such a sense of oppression. Perhaps the description of my prospective host, which the townspeople of the inland village several miles away had given me, had something to do with my unfavorable attitude.

I had explained my desire to find a quiet spot by the sea, undisturbed by tourists or sight-seers, where I might study and paint and at the same time find lodgings for several weeks. My question had caused much nodding of heads, many knowing glances and not a few whispered consultations which puzzled me greatly, and then the old store-keeper, acting spokesman, had said:

"Well, stranger, there's a place 'bout five mile yonder, that I think would suit ye, this is, ef ye don't mind a mite o' queerness along of it. You see, sir, there's a man there goes by the name o' Lamer; bin there goin' on to ten year now. There's something queer 'bout him tho; lives there all by hisself. We've never bin able to find out where he come from but the story goes that he lost his wife at sea when they was on their honeymoon. Anyway, he came there 'bout ten year ago, built his shack and's lived there ever since. Folks don't go there much. The coast's barren and unfriendly, but of it's scenery you want there's lots o' that. Reckon Lamer would take ye in. It's worth tryin' anyway."

In spite of its desolate appearance, I was not blinded to the artistic possibilities of this landscape and the bleak grandeur of its loneliness. I could hear no sound but that of the waves. Not a bird wheeled in the sky, not a living thing moved in the little cove. I reasoned that it must be the cloudy, threatening weather that caused my mood, and, hoping that my three weeks' sojourn here would dispel my first impression of repulsion, I picked up my painter's kit and started down the trail, involuntarily comparing myself to a swimmer diving into unknown waters.

The little shack toward which I had been directed, was built upon piles. It was a solidly built though weather-beaten structure, weathered to a silver gray. At first, I could hear no sound but as I neared the shack, an eerie, minor tune, played very softly, a tune I was destined to hear many times in the days to come, became audible. My rap on the thick slab door was hesitant, I fear. I do not know what I was expecting, or why my heart was beating so wildly, but whatever apprehension I may have had was quickly dispelled when my future host opened the door in response to my knock.

He was a huge man, well past his prime, with grey-streaked hair and beard—a Viking type. His eyes were the bluest I have ever seen, but they seemed to look thru and beyond me, as if seeking something, and I afterwards noticed that when he was greatly moved their blueness changed to the leaden gray of the sea. Except for this peculiar gaze, there was nothing singular about the man, and I laughed to myself at my former fears. In his hand was an ancient black violin which undoubtedly accounted for the

music I had heard.

I introduced myself, and explained that the people of the village had told me that I might find lodging with him for several weeks, while I studied the sea and endeavored to transfer some of its many moods to canvas. He looked at me carefully, then stepped back from the door and said simply, "Come in."

The voice coming from between those bearded lips was another surprise to me, for where I had expected the gruff tones of a seaman, was the voice of a dreamer, low and clear, but the words were spoken as if he himself were not accustomed to the sound of them.

As I stepped inside, my host looked at me queerly and said, "You needn't be afraid of interference while you are here, stranger. Folks don't seem to banker after my company, and the parts around here don't appeal to many, but you're welcome to stay and share what I have—as long as you want to," he added with peculiar emphasis.

"Well, sir," I answered. "If you can stand it, I think I can," and we sealed the compact with a hand-clasp which made us friends at once.

"They call me Lamer," he said. The interior of the shack consisted of a single room. At one end was a bunk, built onto the wall; at the side was a small fire-place; and at the end facing the sea, was a low, long window, so placed that the water was visible from all parts of the room, visible even to a person lying in the bunk. The room was filled with curios, many of great value, which suggested that the owner had been an extensive sea traveler.

Near the fire-place, was a tier of shelves, extending from floor to ceiling and filled with books. In the center of the room stood a massive teakwood table, whose legs were elaborately carved in the form of mermaids blowing upon conch shells. Everything hinted of the sea. I soon found that my host was a man of few words. He seemed busy with his own thoughts, and left me to mine, but with all his silence there was nothing of sullenness or inhospitality.

As evening advanced, Lamer deftly prepared a simple meal of clams, potatoes, hardtack and black coffee, a menu which was much the same during my entire stay.

I noticed, as night drew in, that the smell of the sea grew more and more pronounced. Never before had I found it so definite. Who can describe the smell of the sea; that odor, almost a feeling? It is an elusive, intangible something, solely the sea's. A salty pungent odor, breathing of sea-weeds and sea-shells, dark depths and sea-foam; hinting of unlimited spaces of wind-swept water, of boundless shores and far, far lands. It is the brackish, briny, never-to-be-forgotten smell of the sea—and mystery. Surprised at the strength of this usually so elusive odor, I asked Lamer the reason for it. He looked at me with his seeking gaze and answered briefly, "Why, this is the 'Sea's Solitude' I guess that accounts for it." He did not vouchsafe any further information, and, attributing his manner to the "queerness" of which I had been warned, I let the matter drop.

Early next morning, I started out on a tour of inspection, resolving to first explore the cove, and to determine upon its artistic value. For a short time the sun flooded the cove with light, but soon the rock wall on the south cast a shadow almost across it and so it remained for the rest of the day in deep gloom.

During the course of my investigation, I again noticed the absence of sea-birds of any kind in the vicinity of the cove, altho there were many out toward the sea and on either side of the rock walls. Then, too, I failed to see any indications of crabs, clams or shell-fish of any kind. In fact, animal life seemed to have deserted the vicinity. This phenomenon puzzled me until I hit upon an explanation which, to me, seemed fairly satisfactory. I had

observed the presence of numerous springs in the cove, and it suddenly occurred to me that the quality of the ground thru which they ran might cause them to contain some chemical which would make the existence of animal life impossible. If this were the case, however, I could not account for the fact that no birds would pass over the place on their way up and down the coast unless it should be the lack of food there. Unable to arrive at a more definite conclusion, and resolving to ask Lamer for his explanation, I dismissed the matter from my mind and continued my explorations.

Another interesting discovery was a small, and exquisitely beautiful cavern in one of the rock walls. The walls were black as jet and shining wet. The whitest of sand and the smoothest of small pebbles formed the floor and here and there glowed a richly colored shell or glittered crystal. Strange rock formations, like pillars, extended from floor to ceiling, and on one side was a peculiar formation, which on closer inspection looked like a miniature throne, in the regal style of medieval royalty. The longer I looked, the more pronounced was my impression of the beauty of the spot, and I made mental note of it as a subject for a study in oils.

In the afternoon of the same day I took my host's small skiff and some fishing tackle, and tried my luck at fishing near the cove. I had no success whatever. Not a fish did I catch nor did I see signs of any. The sea seemed to be deserted, as was the land. I was thoroughly disgusted by this time with the monotony of the place and returned to the shack in no pleasant frame of mind.

Lamer was busy frying fish for the evening meal when I returned and I greeted him with an impatient question. "Look here, Lamer," I cried. "What's the matter with this place? Why do the sea-birds shun the cove? Where are the clams and crabs and sea-life natural to this part of the coast? They aren't here, that's certain."

Lamer looked at me pityingly, a half-smile on his lips.

"That's natural," he answered. "The creatures know, just as I know."

"Know!" I exclaimed. "What do they know? What in heaven's name is the matter with the place? I tell you, Lamer, I'm getting tired of all this mystery. Why, man, there isn't even a fish in the water 'round here, and yet, look at those beauties!" I added pointing to the fish in the pan.

With a tolerant laugh, Lamer answered, "Why, nobody would try to catch fish near the cove. They don't come here. As for these, I got them about a mile south. Supper's ready now. Draw up." That was all the satisfaction I received.

During the meal, Lamer was more talkative than usual, asking what I had decided to paint, and numerous questions. At last he asked abruptly, "Did you see the 'Queen's Cavern'?"

Sure that he spoke of the cavern a had admired so greatly, I replied enthusiastically in the affirmative. "But why do you call it the 'Queen's Cavern'?" I asked him. "For the same reason that I call the cove 'Sea's Solitude,'" he answered in his usual ambiguous manner, "because it fits it."

Each evening Lamer used to play, by the hour, upon his old black violin, mellow with age. He always played the same melody, or a continuation of the same melody, (for it never seemed to end) that I had heard upon my arrival—a wondrous, trobbing minor it was infinitely sad but wonderfully beautiful. One night I asked him what it was he was playing and he looked at me in surprise.

"Why, can't you hear it? Don't you recognize it?" he exclaimed. "It is the 'Sea's Song'. Have you never seen the Sea? Ah, she is beautiful, she is beautiful, and this that I play is her song. I hear it always, always, and I love it. When I play it, the Sea is near."

One morning I arose very early, with the intention of making an oil sketch of the beautiful little grotto or Queen's Cavern, while the sunlight was full upon it and before the shadow of the rock wall should have touched it. Lamer had already gone when I awoke, but this did not surprise me, for every morning for several hours before breakfast he was gone, fishing or clam-digging I had supposed.

What was my surprise upon arriving at the cavern to find Lamer on his knees before it, so engrossed in what he was doing that he evidently did not notice my approach. He was busy removing from the grotto every trace of debris left by the tide. He tiniest sticks, the smallest pieces of broken sea-weed did not escape his notice. After he had cleaned it to his satisfaction, he

scattered on the floor several hands-full of fairy tinted shells and sparkling crystals, which he had probably been gathering that morning.

I stepped forward then to get a better view and spoke to him. He turned with no sign of surprise and asked proudly, "Do you wonder that the Sea loves to come here? Do you wonder that this is the Sea's Solitude? Look at the Queen's Cavern and tell me if it is not beautiful under my care."

It was indeed a sight to delight an artist. The pale rays of the early sun threw the throne-like rock into bold relief against the deeper shadows within, and picked out the rainbow colors of the shells and the diamond-glitter of the crystals as they lay on the white sand floor. I was too eager to get to work, to waste much thought upon Lamer's singular greeting.

As we grew more intimate, Lamer talked more in the lamp-lit evening. Occasionally he would tell a yarn of a weird and beautiful sort, more like a myth than a sea-tale. Always the theme centered about some spirit of the sea which hinted of the fables Sirens. Once he had confided to me in a burst of confidence:

"I tell you, my friend, those old Greeks knew more than we think. They used to say that if they humored the Sea, and really loved her, were willing to sell their souls for her and wooed her long enough, she would even give back her dead. And they were right," he added softly, taking up his violin and playing. "You remember Orpheus opened the gates of death with his music."

The days passed monotonously, and try as I might, I could not reproduce the beauties I saw about me. An elusive spirit of "Personality," about the wild landscape seemed to escape the skill of my brush, and the painted scenes lay flat and lifeless on the canvas. I should have soon left the place in despair, had it not been for a singular fascination which this spot, seemingly forsaken by God and man alike, held for me.

As for Lamer, he too, seemed to be at a tension. His blue eyes became more and more searching, as if seeking something continually. I noticed, too, that he always faced the sea, scarcely for a moment did he lose sight of it. When he slept, I do not know, for night after night, I fell asleep to his playing of the Sea's Song, with the smell of the sea strong in my nostrils, or left him sitting at the massive table, poring over some old volume by the lamplight. In the morning he was gone when I awoke.

The day before that set for my departure, I shall never forget. The whole atmosphere seemed tense with expectancy. Whenever I was near Lamer I was filled with a strange sense of foreboding which one often experiences before a terrific storm. Lamer himself seemed strangely happy, but even more silent than was his wont.

By evening, I was exhausted with the nervous strain, and I thot with profound relief of my departure on the morrow, from this place which at once, so unaccountably repulsed and attracted me. Lamer had made no comment on my leaving, altho I had mentioned it to him. As usual, I fell asleep that night to the music of his violin.

I awoke suddenly about midnight with a terrifying sensation that something was wrong. The smell of the sea was strong upon me. It seemed to be fairly alive, to possess a property of weight. I felt myself choking, suffocating with the heavy odor of it. The moonlight was streaming in thru the window full upon the bunk, and I could plainly see that there was no one there or in any part of the room. Then, faintly, as if from a great distance, I heard the Sea's Song!

I ran to the door and peered out wildly. The sand was white as snow under the moonlight. The sea was calm and the great moon cast a silver path upon the waters. There on the sand, walking slowly, slowly, toward the water, like one in a trance was Lamer. And as he walked he played, played as he had never played before, the song he loved, the "Sea's Song." Softly he played it, yet so passionately that the whole cove seemed to be filled with the haunting tones. Slowly, slowly, he advanced upon the moonlit sand, his shadow dancing crazily behind him. Nearer and nearer to the sea he came, till at last his feet touched the water, just where the moon-path began.

The music broke off with a discordant crash; the man dropped the violin at his feet, spread his arms wide and, as if drawn by some irresistible power, advanced deliberately, step by step into the sea, following the shining moon-path.

Horried, I suddenly grasped the meaning of his action. With a vain hope of saving him, I ran across the sand shouting hoarsely for him.

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to stop, anything, anything, to draw his attention. But he advanced steadily, arms outstretched, like a man in a dream. The double echo of my voice shouted back mockingly with a thousand voices from the towering cliffs.

Silently the black water crept higher, covering the searching arms, the bosom, the bare throat, and the head itself.

Did I see a glimpse of white arms reaching greedily, or was it the moonlight flickering on the water? Did I hear a silvery laugh, or was it only an echo? The smell of the sea became intolerable. I was alone at the water's edge with the Sea's Song ringing in my ears.

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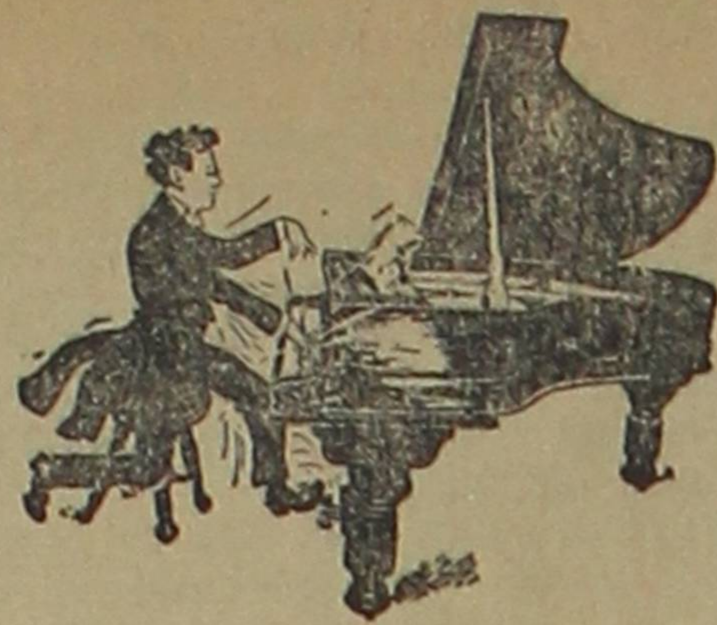
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JOKES

Ole Oleson has been working as an engine-wiper and his boss, a thrifty man, had been coaching him for promotion to fireman with advice such as:

"Now, Ole, don't waste a drop of oil, it costs money, and don't waste the waste either, for it's getting expensive."

When Ole went up to be questioned on his eligibility for a fireman, he was asked:

"Suppose you are on an engine on a single track. You go around a curve and see rushing toward you an express. What would you do?"

To which Ole replied:
"I'd grab the oil can, I grab the waste and aye jump."

Humpty—(reading) Here's a fellow who tried to escape from prison the sixth time he was sentenced.

Dumpty—He had the courage of his convictions, eh?

—C-P-S—

A German shoe maker left the gas turned on in his shop one night, and arrived next morning and lit a match. There was a terrific explosion and the shoe maker was blown out thru the door and almost into the middle of the street. A passer-by rushed to give him assistance and asked if he was injured.

The little German gazed at his place of business which was now burning briskly, and said, "No, I ain't hurt, but I got out shust in time, eh?"

—C-P-S—

Lady—Tobe, I'm sorry to hear your wife's got a divorce.

Tobe—Yessum, she's gone back to Alabama.

Lady—Well, who's going to do the washing now?

Tobe—Well, I's co'tin' now and Ah co'ts rapid.

Two little fleas together sat
And one to the other said,
"I have no place to hang my hat
Since my old dog is dead.
I've traveled the world from place
to place
And further will I roam,
But the first darn dog that shows
his face
Will be my home sweet home."

—C-P-S—

Josh—Well, Hiram, what good did it do your son to take high finance at College?

Hiram—I dunno, unless it taught him to water stock.

—C-P-S—

She—How was the party last night?

He—It couldn't have been much. Everybody attended classes this morning.

—C-P-S—

He—Are you absolutely sure you love me?

She—Heavens, do you suppose I'd sit here and let you bore me like this if I didn't?

—C-P-S—

Bigby—How did you make out in court today?

Littleby—I told the Judge I was deaf.

And did he believe you?

Well, he said I'd get a hearing tomorrow.

—C-P-S—

They were conversing on the Darwin Theory.

He—Just think, according to Darwin your grandfather may have been an ape.

She—That doesn't worry me.

He—No, but I bet it would have worried your grandmother.

—C-P-S—

Doctor—How are my ten patients this morning?

Nurse—Nine of them are dead, doctor.

Doctor—That's funny, I left medicine for ten.

—C-P-S—

Mrs. Plump—If we have another war I hope it's with France. The French are so polite.

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"I hate that chap," said the pretty girl as she rubbed cold cream on her lips.

—C-P-S—

Al—Bobbie was arrested last night. Ted—What was he charged with?

Al—I dunno, moonshine I suppose.

—C-P-S—

Dear Teacher—Please excuse Willie's absence for a couple of weeks; he caught a skunk.

—C-P-S—

The most polite man we know is the fellow who knocks on his own door before he enters.

—C-P-S—

Young Husband (attempting to swallow the bride's first biscuit) Don't cry dearest, it hurts me worse than you.

—C-P-S—

He—Yes, about forty miles out of town we ran out of gas.

She—How ghastly.

—C-P-S—

"You were in the Confederate Army, weren't you, Uncle Iko?"

"Yes, but I wore a unionsuit."

—C-P-S—

Whenever I crank up mi ford, she rattles like a swanin' a bord, sheel turn aroun' on a dime, but she never gets me thar on time. Shees older than me oldest sun, i gess her number must be 1, her paint is full of chex and crax, her fenders bent from lumps and whax. But i put on 10 sax of fede & then get kvite a lot of spead. She runs the grinder, pump, and saw, & worked 2 weeks on balin straw. Shees hard to start an hard to stop & hard to keep out of the shop. She never talkes me anywheres but what she has to have repairs. They ain't no other in her class, that gets less on a gal. of gas. She don't luk like the new ones, but neither does old

Lazy Lou.

—C-P-S—

"Is your boy bright?"

"Bright? Vy he's so bright he's light headed."

—C-P-S—

The wife of a great Botanist beamed across the supper table.

"And these mushrooms are all for me?" she asked.

"Yes, dear, I gathered them especially for you," he replied.

At the breakfast table next morning the Botanist greeted his wife.

"Sleep well last night?" he enquired.

"Splendidly," she answered.

"No pain or no illness?" he pressed.

"Why of course not, why do you ask?" she said.

"Hannah," then explained the Botanist, "at last I have found a new species of mushrooms that isn't poisonous."

—C-P-S—

Four years ago the College of Puget Sound football team was struggling against great odds, and trying to compete with Colleges in its class.

It was almost impossible to get eleven men out for the team. There was a lack of equipment and what they had was not very good. There wasn't sufficient money in the Athletic department to carry out a good football schedule.

That year the C. P. S. squad journeyed to Salem to meet the Willamette "Bearcats." Some of the C. P. S. boys attended an assembly there a speaker said: "We will beat C. P. S. this time but after this year we will not bother with the small Colleges."

The "Bearcats" beat the C. P. S. team by a small score and had to use everything they had to do it.

The next year they did play a small college. C. P. S. beat them 18-6. Last year C. P. S. again beat them 8-0.

This year the C. P. S. "Logger" is still from a small college but the "Logger" is a full grown man.

Very few of the men who were on that team four years ago are still on the C. P. S. squad, but the spirit that made the light, inexperienced team of four years ago, is still in the men of today and the "Bearcat" was defeated 14-6.

—C-P-S—

The handful of Willamette rooters who came to see their team play C. P. S. Saturday in the Stadium were greatly surprised between halves, when the C. P. S. rooters came across the field to where they were sitting.

Led by the Knights of the Log and Ladies of the Splinter, who were carrying the symbol of the "Loggers," the ax embedded in a small fir log, the C. P. S. rooters formed in a long line and serpentine across the field to a position in front of the Willamette rooters. There, the college students, led by Yell King Van deVanter gave several yells welcoming Willamette, to which the Willamette responded.

The C. P. S. students serpentine back across the field to their places in the C. P. S. section of the Stadium just in time to see the second half commence.

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