

PUGET SOUND TRAIL

AVARIENTOS WINS PRIZE FOR ORATION

Harold Nelson is Chosen as Winner of Second Prize

Eugenia Avarientos won the oratorical contest Thursday evening in the college chapel. His oration was the Progress of Democracy.

"ILL STEVEDORES" WILL BE GIVEN SATURDAY NIGHT

The Seniors are Offering this Attraction to Opera Goers in the College Chapel

Because numerous requests have been made by persons unable to attend the western premiere of the one act grand opera "Ill Stevedores," given at Epworth M. E. Church last Saturday, by Prof. Hedley's College Sunday School Class, the opera will be repeated on Saturday evening, May 3, 1924, in the College Chapel at 8 o'clock.

The proceeds will go as a benefit to the Senior Class, to help pay off last year's Tamananaweb debt. Tickets are twenty-five cents and may be obtained from any member of the Senior Class. There should be a crowded house, as the opera is well worth seeing.

Come and bring your friends. The best kind of publicity consists of facts. Cast your eye over the following lists of singers and musical numbers, and judge for yourself whether you can afford to stay away!

CAST La Tauku, who starts all the talk—Soprano. Hermine Briquette—Azu Seena, professional villainess—Contralto. Rafaela Brunoni—Nirli Goudenuff, almost the hero—Tenor. Blanco di Robini—Rigger Letter, finishing the quartet—Baritone. Elleno Briquette—Titanic Tootsies, a fairy—Premiere danseuse. Ralaina Granissi—The Rainbow Sprites—Chorus. Katrina Bradi, Alysia Olsini, Margafete Berosso, Claretta Pristli, Marguerite de Andre, Agnic Landoni, Oliva Madduco, Ermine Eganne. Wood Nymphs—Ballet. Beniamino Andre Sonne, Enrico Ernesti.

SPECIAL NUMBERS IN THE SCORE Overture. Madrigal for Chorus "You've Got To" Snake Dance and Chorus. "Did You Ever Go?" Dirge for Chorus. "Here's Where" Recitative for Soprano. "I am She." Chorus. "Yes, We Love." Soprano Ariette and Chorus. "The Squeak." Tenor Recitative. "For You." Duet (Soprano and Tenor) and Chorus. "Lovely, Lovely." Quartet. "Gee." Grand Ensemble. "It's Opera." Baritone Aria "Now It's Getting On." Scene and Chorus. "Help." Duet (Contralto and Baritone). "Villainous Creatures." Cavatino for Contralto. "If You Want." Berceuse for Tenor "Now, Villains" Scene and Chorus. "Moskeeter." The Duel. Duet (Tenor and Baritone). "Dying."

CHRISTIE DISCUSSES INTERNATIONAL GAMES

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA (P.I.N.S.)—Walter Christie, American Olympic track coach, addressed a meeting of the International Forum on "The International Aspect of the Olympic Games."

DRAMA CLASS PLAYS ARE WELL RECEIVED

Much Good Acting and Good Staging is Seen in the Four One

The college class of educational dramas presented in a very creditable manner their second group of one-act plays, on last Friday evening. A large and enthusiastic audience filled the college chapel. The four plays presented were: "Flittermouse" by Mary K. Reely, "Caleb Stone's Death Watch" by Martin A. Flavin, "The Revolt" and "The Flight of the Herons" by Mrs. Hunter Kennard. All of the plays were well presented and the class is certainly to be complimented upon its good work.

The casts for the four plays were:

- FLITTERMOUSE Place: A Parlor CAST Mrs. Ellis...Hilda Rasmussen Maude...Alberta Shipley Grissie...Carolyn Wellman Gerald...Richard Wasson CALEB STONE'S DEATH WATCH Place: A Sick Room CAST Caleb Stone...Robert Schmid His Nurse...Carolyn Somers Carrie (his sister)... Mrs. Emma Rasmussen Henry (his daughter's husband)... Ronald Graham Tony (his granddaughter)... Gladys Anderson Tom (his son)... Ernest Miller His Doctor... Richard Weir Fred... Grisdale Crosby Jim... Wendell Brown THE REVOLT Place: A Classroom CAST Pauline... Carol Hovious Grandma Gregg... Lorette Grass Susan Jane Jones... Therese Lundquist Kate... Joyce Hazelton Ida... Carolyn Wellman May... Betty Reynolds Grace... Alberta Shipley Edith... Florence Witenburg THE FLIGHT OF THE HERONS Place: In Russia, Ten Years Ago Time: Sunset CAST Anna Kernoff (a prisoner)... Dick Weir Ivan and Michael... Guards of the Prison... Ernest Miller and Robert Schmid STAFF Critic... Prof. Lynette Hovious Business Manager... Richard Weir Posters... Irene Neilson Electricians... Lynn Lougheed and Edwin Newell STAGE MANAGERS Flittermouse... Florence Witenburg The Flight of the Herons... Wendell Brown The Revolt... Joyce Hazelton and Dick Wasson Caleb Stone's Death Watch... Grisdale Crosby and Mr. Richards Colorature Air for Soprano... "My Poor Little Hero." Coloratura Air for Soprano... "Why Stick Around." Chorus... "Now the Opera is Over." Ballet, with vocal obligato... "We Forgot to Say." Ballet and Chorus "Pretty Clumsy" Solo Eurhythmic... "Stumble On" Finale... "Smile."

SOPHOMORE SONG COMES OUT FIRST AT ANNUAL GLEE

Lorene Bonds Wrote the Music and Eldon Chuinard the Words of the Winning Song

The Annual Glee was won by the sophomore songsters, Thursday. The winning class will have their numerals put on the Annual Glee penant for this year. Lorene Bonds composed the music and Eldon Chuinard wrote the words of their winning song. The song was presented in a peppy style that was pleasing to all those who were there. The Senior song was given careful consideration by the judges before they gave their decision in favor of the second year class.

The judges were Miss Reneau, Mr. Johnson and Mr. Kleopfer. The losing classes felt that the decision of the judges was just, and a good spirit was shown. The program was well given, and the spirit of the few who were at the sing was fine.

Much criticism was heard after the glee about the small crowd out. This is considered one of the biggest events of the college year in music, and it is not good school spirit when only a small group of people are willing to come out. Most of the student body could have attended if they would have cared to come. These turnouts show an utter lack of any kind of college spirit or interest in the activities of our college.

The words of the winning song are: Oh, here's to her, may she always be Our Alma Mater in the years to come; Our school we'll praise And her glory raise When her name in love is sung.

In the future years may she ever lead On to greater deeds to praise her name A guiding light To the boys that fight For the victory of the game. Chorus: Our Alma Mater on fair Puget Sound Thru all the West her name resounds; To her we'll be true, our school, the best; Rah, rah, rah for C. P. S.

TRACK PROSPECTS LOOK BRIGHT FOR THE 1924 SEASON

Saturday the Loggers Will Send a Relay Team to the U. of W. Meet

The greatest track season in the history of the College of Puget Sound will get under way this week. Saturday the Loggers will have a relay team at the University of Washington meet at Seattle, and Allerdice will probably be entered in the 100-yard dash event.

The runners have been hampered by the lack of a place to train regularly, but the last week or more the track stars have been able to get out on the Stadium track for some good training. Most of the men have gotten themselves in good condition by work on other tracks or road work away from the college. The relay team will probably be made up of Weisel at the half mile, Upton for the three-quarters mile, Nottor or Allerdice in the 400 yd. event, and the 220-yd. position is being fought for by Ralph Brown, Leak, Pugh and Bohne. The short run is being bitterly fought for, and some keen competition is being shown every afternoon.

The men have not made time that is causing any excitement around the college but they have been improving enough to be able to encourage their backers. If Allerdice is in good condition Saturday the coach will probably enter him in the 100 yard dash. He has been showing some promising results during his training, but his condition, the first of the week, is not as good as it should be. Some of those who will not get to go with the team Saturday will probably enter in some of the bigger meets about the last of May.

A COMMUNITY SCHOOL of Religious Training was opened in Fisk Hall, Wesleyan University on March 3. One hundred and twenty persons were present and enrolled for the course of lectures which will be given throughout the next few weeks. Representatives from the various Bible Schools in Middletown and surrounding Connecticut cities were present at the session. Religious proadogogy formed the subject of the initial lecture, which was delivered by Professor M. A. Honline of Pasadena, California.

Carnegie Foundation President Deplores Lack of Individuality

NEW YORK, April 25.—The evils of over-organization in the public schools of the United States are stressed by the annual report of Dr. Henry S. Pritchett, president of the Carnegie Foundation, made public here. The report says: "The softness of superficiality that have crept into the elementary school and the secondary school affect the colleges and universities in an equal degree." No group of men in the country are better cognizant of this state of affairs than college teachers themselves. The college like the high school, has spread its offerings over too wide a field.

The report also takes up intercollegiate athletic. The report says South show a healthier condition in athletics than rumors and comments have indicated and continues: The question of the honesty and lack of intercollegiate athletics comes back to a question of honesty integrity and courage of those who direct the college. Faculty Athletic Control Faculty control is practically universal as regards eligibility, entrance requirements, and scholastic standing, but, in many cases, the faculties do not control the financing of athletics, selection of coaches, and arrangement of schedules. The average expenditure for athletics, season of 1921, by 26 colleges was \$24,334.09. The highest was \$109,791.41, and the lowest \$1,820.27. The committee believes that in the great and growing cost of inter-collegiate athletics lies one of the greatest abuses, because it over-exaggerates in the mind of the student the relative importance of athletics in the general scheme of college work. Prices for admission are raised as high as possible. Football shows the largest profit. Head coaches in football receive on an average in 26 colleges \$3,000 per year. One man was paid \$7,000 for the season. The inference from these and other facts is that the athletic coach, and in particular the football coach, sets the standard for the whole system of inter-collegiate sport, and is responsible for any of its most demoralizing features.

"Ringiers" in Athletics Other abuses include "ringiers," who are often "special" students, "scouting" which 20 of the colleges condemn, unhealthy rivalry, over-emphasis on training, too much newspaper publicity, gambling and betting.

W. S. C. HAS BIRTHDAY PARTY

W. S. C. (P.I.N.S.)—March 25 was the 34th birthday of the Washington State College. "Foundation Day" was celebrated by a special chapel at which "Dad" Waller, vice president, gave an illustrated lecture based on the historical founding of the college.

W. S. C. ADOPTS NEW SPORT

W. S. C. (P.I.N.S.)—In all probability riding will be adopted as a regular school sport here. More than 75 girls and several faculty members have signed up in the riding classes which were opened a few days ago.

"ALL WE LIKE SHEEP HAVE GONE ASTRAY"

Throughout the revised constitution these words seems to predominate and because the common herd has supposedly failed, the control must be put in more capable hands. Truly this would be a fine thing but will the revised constitution make this change?

First, let us ask whether the past student control has been a failure? From the speech in chapel Monday of this week, it seemed that it has been a shameful failure. When we consider however the many obstacles and handicaps that the student officers in the past have toiled under, our attitude must necessarily be less harsh and a certain measure of success must be attributed to those who have worked for their Alma Mater.

In the past this school has attempted to carry out a big program with limited finances. Inevitably, friction will arise in such a case. However, last football season was a success, not simply because of faculty control. It was a natural outgrowth to a larger athletic program. Now as this school is ready to expand and go into a new permanent home, new rules and laws will be necessary but this reason should control of student activities be placed in the hands of the faculty. Faculty advice is a fine thing but faculty autocracy is not. I once attended an institution where the faculty trademark was stamped on everything that was said and done and it was the biggest college morgue I ever saw.

We are told that we go to college to learn and are urged to take a part in school life and activities. Will the student be inspired to take this initiative when as many as half of the members of student committees are from the faculty. Emphatically no—it is not in the course of things.

This school has progressed and established itself even by student control and earnest effort of the student body. Let the students have the chance to take their affairs and consider them and formulate a method that will make this a greater C. P. S. with a hard working student body in the future.

THE DEBATING TEAM of Intermountain Union College, Helena, Montana, since starting on its extensive program four years ago has won thirteen of the seventeen matches it has taken part in. Six of these decisions were unanimous. Their present schedule will take them over a course of 5,000 miles and will include debates with eighteen colleges and universities. Dean Allan C. Lemon, Iterim Administrator of the College finds time on the side to teach the team the fine arts of argumentation.

ing, and too great an insistence on turning out a winning team. The committee appointed by the Foundation is of the opinion that with control of the athletic policies and practices entirely in the hands of the president and the faculty and with each institution making conscientious efforts to eliminate the abuses within its own walls, many of these evils would rapidly disappear.

LOGGER MEN WIN BASEBALL PRACTICE GAME

Games with Willamette and Pacific are a Possibility

The Loggers baseball team won a practice game Friday afternoon from the City Lumber Company team in the Stadium by a 5 to 0 score.

Leak for the college team and Hobbner for the losers pitched a good brand of baseball. They had a long list of strike-outs to their credit. The Logger team gave Leak better support than his opponent received. In the fourth inning the college boys got on by a hit and a couple of errors and managed to get three runs across. Again in the fifth the Puget Sounders put over a couple of runs.

The game was slow at times. Neither team was doing any batting that was pleasing to their followers. Some of the good hitters of last years Loggers team did some very poor hitting—no hitting, in fact. This week there will not be much doing in baseball, due to the hard track training that will be on every afternoon.

The college team will make the trip to Oregon to play the Willamette and Pacific University teams if they can get any transportation. The team will be able to make a good showing if they can get the trip, as the feeling around the college, but just try and get there—it might be done.

PRESIDENT TODD GOES EAST TO M. E. CONFERENCE

Monday, April 21, on the 6:10 p. m. train, Dr. E. H. Todd left for Springfield, Mass., where he is a ministerial delegate from the Puget Sound Methodist Conference to the Methodist Conference which meets every four years. Delegates from the whole world will assemble at Springfield.

On his way east he will make business calls in Chicago, St. Paul, Buffalo and New York. Dr. Todd will return the second or third of June.

Dix H. Rowland, the secretary of the Board of Trustees of C. P. S. is a lay delegate to the Conference.

Weekly Calendar

- Wednesday, April 30 12:05 Girls' Glee Club 12:05 Knights of the Log 12:05 Ladies of the Splinter 4:00 Sorority Meetings Thursday, May 1 9:50 Student Assembly 12:05 Sigma Mu Chi 7:30 Delta Kappa Phi 8:00 Delta Alpha Gamma—Parliament-Faculty Reception at the home of Carol Hovious 8:00 Sigma Mu Chi Fraternity entertains Lambda Sigma Chi Sorority Friday, May 2 8:00 Girls' Glee Club Concert at Buckley, Wash. Saturday, May 3 8:00 "Ill Stevedores," the western premiere of the one act grand opera in the Chapel Monday, May 5 12:05 Girls' Glee Club 12:30 Oxford Club 7:00 Discussion Groups 8:00 Philomathean Literary Society Tuesday, May 6 9:50 Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A. 12:45 Y. W. C. A. Cabinet 8:00 Sigma Zeta Epsilon

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OUR THANK YOU

If all goes as planned, this is the last issue that the present editor of the Trail will have charge of. We feel that quite a bit has been accomplished this year that would have been impossible without the loyal and efficient work of the members of the Trail staff. We wish we could really express our very deep and sincere gratitude to those workers who have been so faithful and dependable and have made our work so much easier. We have of course made mistakes during the year and of course, these have been called to our attention in no mistakable terms, but on the whole, everyone has been very tolerant and helpful to us in the errors that have occurred, and we are grateful to our readers for this. We are thankful to the printer for his help, and to everyone who has in any way contributed to the success of the Trail this year.

We have enjoyed our work, although we certainly will leave a sigh of relief when we turn our keys over to the new editor. We wish him the best of luck and we can think of no greater good fortune for him than to have the assistance of as willing and efficient a staff of workers as we have had during the year. The paper will continue to grow and become better and more helpful to the interests of the College and the Student Body and be worthy of the place it will hold on the new campus. Here's to the success of the Trail next year and in all the following years.

STUDENT SUPPORT

The crowd that was present at the Annual Glee and Oratorical Contest on last Thursday was a very small percentage of the members of the Student Body. We were very much surprised and ashamed of the size of the crowd. That was an all College affair, and yet just a few members of each class were out. No class had any more than half of its membership there and most of them less than that. That is not the way to create enthusiasm and interest in the activities of college.

FAITHFUL AT BOTH ENDS

A number of years ago a member of an Eastern Geological Society was appointed to go into the Western plains, and make an extensive geological survey. So after brief preparations and several uneventful days passed on board train, he found himself in a little desert town of Arizona. The first day he passed in securing suitable living quarters, and getting his equipment ready. The succeeding days was spent in studying the geological formations and ascertaining their value relative to science.

One day, while ambling along and musing over his data, he was rudely interrupted by a rasping, rattling sound. Becoming instantly alert he realized that he was in the immediate proximity of a rattlesnake. Soon he discovered its location, and his one thought was to exterminate it. But before he had completed his motive his hand fell to his side and his stern expression gave way to one of pity, for across the back of the snake lay a large stone. The snake had such an imploring and beseeching look in its eyes that the man had not the heart to kill it, but instead he very cautiously removed the stone, which had cut the rattle's back quite severely. By way of showing its sincere gratitude the rattle followed the geologist round for several hours. A few days after this incident the geologist returned to the east to submit his report.

A year or two later the geologist found himself in the same locality for the purpose of continuing his survey.

He had entirely forgotten his previous experience with the rattle-snake—in fact the subject of snakes had not entered his mind. Presently the vast stillness was broken by a sound that was unmistakable—that of a rattle and near at hand. The man jumped back as if struck in the face and peered anxiously round, endeavoring to locate it. And then he saw it—the largest one he had ever seen in his life; and it was racing straight toward him—a very disconcerting fact indeed. But—hold!

What did all those strange actions mean? Why was it waving its tail and wagging its head from side to side? These were strange antics indeed, and very unbecoming of a rattlesnake. Then the geologist saw that which very quickly explained these peculiar and extraordinary actions. On the back of the snake was a deep scar which recalled to the man's mind his previous experience and he recognized this as the same snake; and the antics of the snake were only signs of recognition for the man. For the remainder of the day the rattle followed the man around and showed such unusual signs of friendliness that he having tested it out in several ways, thought that there would be a rare type of pet; so he decided to take it home with him, which he did when he left a few days later.

The rattlesnake was soon accepted as a household pet in the home of the geologist. Precautions were taken, however, that it did not get out of its room on the second floor. Regardless of these precautions friends of the family warned them that some day they would pay dearly for their foolhardiness—that the life of their baby might be the price.

One day when the mother was working in the kitchen, after having put the baby to sleep, and the geologist was working in his laboratory, the stillness was pierced by shrill screams from the baby. The instantaneous of each parent was: Where is that snake? In his mad rush toward the stairway the geologist noticed that the door of the snake's room was ajar. He met his wife at the door of the bedroom, and crazed with fear they entered. The most gruesome sight met their terrified gaze. Lying on the bed kicked and screaming with all its might

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ORGANIZATIONS

AMPHICTYON

"Mas vale tarde que nunca." That accounts for the tardiness of our Easter program, but nevertheless, we enjoyed it beyond words, especially our Mr. Peter Rabbit. Our program included the following numbers:

- EASTER**
- Easter Greeting Helen Kennedy.
 - The Meaning of Easter Borja Dakershoff, Ruth Bitney, Shirley Pannell, Elmer Carlson, Harold Wade.
 - Easter in other Lands Vilva Cory.
 - The Fate of My Easter Bonnet Grace Eddy.
 - Xylophone Solo Mary Lou Bechard.
 - Easter Surprise Stunt Mr. Peter Rabbit.

Loggerithms

By Flunkey

A student is called a dumbell, A lapper, "Oh, how cute!" A girl is another belle, And a male is "ill repute."

— L —

A New Definition

A professor is a man who teaches a few classes to get his mind off the poker results.

— L —

Engagement rings and shingled hair are the latest fads at C. P. S.

— L —

The other day we though we were in a taxicab when we only were in the chemistry lab. Ruby Tennant stuck her head in the door and in a commanding tone yelled, "Home James!"

— L —

"Didn't I see you in Portland a month ago?"

"Don't believe so. I never was in Portland."

"Neither was I, it must have been two other fellows."

— L —

Another Just Received

Cupids Cottage, Hartsவில், Loveland

My Dearest Sweetheart:

'Tis you I've chosen first of all on whom to make my "Leap Year" call, your heart and hand I ask not in jest, but hope you will answer my request; and send me without delay your answer, no—or—yes.

If you say you will be true, my heart and hand I'll give to you, I'll mend your clothes, I'll darn your socks, and even the cradle I'm willing to rock. But if your mind does not incline to wed-lock to your hands with mine, then you must "Leap Year" obey and down to me five dollars pay and kindly send a handsome dress, don't you fret I'll get you yet. Now you may think this letter funny, but I must have either man or money, so now do send me your reply, and let me be your wife until I die.

But if you think I am a dandy, send me back a box of candy, and if for me there is no hope, send me back six yards of rope.

If the writer's name you guess, send it back to my address. With lots of love and barrels of kisses from one who wants to be "Your Mrs."

UNIQUE AWARD IS GIVEN FOOT BALL CHAMPIONS

WHEN MORNINGSIDE COLLEGE won the football championship of the "Big Nine" Conference last fall, the student body determined to express in a unique way its appreciation of the work the team had done. All members of a championship team in this Conference are entitled to wear small gold footballs, engraved with their names and a statement of the championship. Without any plea from student officers or anyone connected with the athletic department, the students at a mass meeting voted to raise the money to purchase these footballs for twenty-two members of the squad whom the Coach designated as deserving them. The funds were promptly contributed, and at a recent chapel service the emblems were formally presented to the men by the president of the student body.

Frosh—We have some pretty good wrestlers this year.
2nd—We have some good dancers too.

was the baby, while above its head the snake coiled round the bedpost. In its mouth it held a burglar by the coat tails, while its tail was sticking out the window vigorously rattling for a policeman.

DICK YOST.

PHILOMATHEAN

On Monday, April 28, the Philomathean gave the following program:

- MODERN LITERATURE**
- Stephen Leacock Miss Harding
 - Plays of Bernard Shaw Miss Fuller
 - Piano Solo Miss Waters
 - Modern Poetry Miss Ekberg
 - Dan Marquis Miss Edwards
 - The Modern Novel Miss Young
 - Text Books Extempo
 - A Modern Drama Miss Bradley, Mr. Pugh, Miss Denny, Mr. Fuller

Kappa Sigma Theta was entertained Wednesday afternoon at a tea given at the home of Ellena Hart by the Lambda Sigma Chi.

The program was highly entertaining and the refreshments served with Lambda colors were lovely to say the least.

OTHER CAMPUSES

W. S. C., March 31.—Kappa Sigma, national social fraternity, recently won the intramural basketball championship by defeating the S. A. E. chapter 19 to 18. This is the second consecutive victory for the Kappa Sigs. By winning next year they will become permanent holders of the intramural basketball cup.

W. S. C., Mar. 30.—Because of a fire in the chapter house, the members of Kappa Psi, men's national pharmaceutical fraternity, were forced to accept the courtesies of the other fraternity houses. A loss of \$2,500 was incurred in personal property. Two study rooms with their contents were entirely destroyed while the rest of the house was badly damaged.

The Oregon Alpha chapter of Theta Alpha Phi, national honorary dramatic fraternity, gave its initial play on the evening of March 6, at a local opera house. The play was "Polly With a Past," by George Middleton and Guy Bolton.

Final plans for a new \$750,000 stadium at the University of Minnesota, construction of which is to begin next spring, has been announced by Professor Mann, Minneapolis architect. The stadium will be a single deck, U-shaped structure with an opening at one end to allow erection of additional seats to accommodate 7,000 persons. The capacity of the stadium will be about 50,000, according to Mr. Mann.

Sophomore men at the University of Southern California will wear lumberjack shirts in the future to distinguish the members of the class. The shirts, of uniform checked design, will be worn as sweaters over their shirts.

Scholarship day was observed at Penn State recently. Scholarships were awarded and pledges to honorary scholastic societies were named at the annual exercises.

SOUTH AMERICAN GIRL IS ELECTED MAY QUEEN

WHEN a college of American girls will unanimously elect a foreign student to fill the royal position as Queen of May, there is usually some very good reason. Miss Sarita Jones of Chile, South America is the reason that the three hundred students of Illinois Woman's College selected her as May Queen for the coming year, to be crowned at the biggest festival of the College year.

Miss Jones, who was born in Santiago, Chile, and lived there until 1920, when she came to this country to enter this Methodist institution, is one of the most popular girls in the college. She has always taken an active interest in school affairs, participating in all the social activities, sharing in all the responsibilities of student officers and taking the greatest advantage of its scholastic opportunities. At present she is president of the Senior class.

Miss Jones is very petite in appearance, with dark bobbed hair and alert brown eyes that accentuate her slightly foreign appearance. She speaks with an almost imperceptible foreign accent.

After securing her Bachelor's degree in June, she will attend Columbia University to take up a three months course in Science. In September she will return to South America where she will fill the position as head of the Science department in one of the best private schools in Chile. Miss Jones came to Illinois Woman's College through the influence of Bishop Oldham of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Drunk—Shay, of fisher, where ish maine street?

Officer—You are standing on it.

Drunk—No wonder I couldn't find the thing.

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Literary

The Cave In

Charles Brady

It was night, and the miners of the Black Hill Coal mine were gathered in their bunk houses, some playing cards, others reading and lounging about.

It was then that Jim Blake took a seat near Old Tom, his partner, and spoke in a low voice to him.

"Tom, I saw that Black Lady again today; it's the third day in succession that I've seen her, she walked right down the shaft in front of me when I was driving in. She was all dressed in black, her face and hands were white like a dead person's, she walked as if treading upon air, and didn't look to the right or left till she came to branch tunnel No. 1, then she disappeared in there. I believe old Topsy the mule saw her, too, because she snorted and laid her ears back and I had to heave bits of rock at her to keep her going.

"I tell you something's going to happen. It was the same woman I saw at Diamond Hill before we were shut in there. I'll never forget those three days of hell, and you know it was only by God's mercy and your own cool head that we got out at all. I'm not going back in there, and Tommy, old pal, take my advice and stay away. I've spoken to some of the other fellows about it and they laugh at me so let them take a chance.

Old Tom sat with his chin resting upon his hands and did not speak for a minute or two, then said to his companion, "I'm sixty-four years old and have followed this mining business ever since I've been big enough to walk, and just last month I was made a shift boss, it's the first time I've ever been anything but a common miner since I started in. You know what kind of a fellow the 'push' is; if I'd stay out I'd lose my job and, I'm getting old and I'm beginning to feel it. If I lose this job, God only knows when I'd find another like it. But I believe everything you say, Jim, and I'll be careful. I don't want another experience like the last one if I can help it but you see how it is; I'll have to take a chance with the rest of them."

"Well you know what's best for yourself," replied Jim, "but for God's sake be careful." With this Jim went to his bunk and prepared to go to bed.

Tom stood up and stretched himself, showing his great size. Two hundred pounds of sinews and muscles were stretched over his large frame, six foot-one in height. He was dressed like all the rest of the miners but it did not take close observation to distinguish him from the mass of them.

His arms were exceptionally long with large boney hands, his shoulders and weather-beaten until it resembled a whole remnant of that of a huge gorilla. His head sat on a short bull-neck. His face was wrinkled hooked nose and cold grey eyes exhaled old leather. A thin mouth gave no expression of mirth, and the long hooked nose and cold grey eyes expressed an alertness that seemed ready to meet any occasion.

His steps, somewhat shambling, had a noticeable spring to them that showed that the physical power that had once been his was not entirely gone.

Old Tom was a shift boss in the Black Hill mine that, like the tunnels of the mole that seams the fields with cross tunnels and branches and occasional heaps of dirt where the tunnels appear on the surface, was eating to the very heart of the Black hills.

Like so many moles, walking upright, were the men who operated the mine. Black with dirt and dust from the coal veins they trooped out of the mine in the evening and went to the shower bath and removed the dirt, and soon after would file into the cook-house, then eventually to their bunks. In the morning in cars drawn by raw-boned mine mules, they would go again into the shafts to dig and blast, keeping a continuous stream of coal and waste materials going out of the mine.

The entrance of the shaft in which the dark entrance to the den of some gigantic animal. One not used to the underground work, on entering the shaft would recognize nothing but the disagreeable damp darkness that surrounded him.

A visitor in one of a string of cars that rattled over the little track with remarkable speed for the lean animal that pulled it, would notice the top of the tunnel was scarcely seven feet high, braced every

ten feet by heavy timbers that might add to the sense of security of the visitor.

Electric lights cast a yellow illumination at intervals of every hundred feet, giving the rider a little view of his surroundings. Sometimes he passed the walls of solid rock, some light granite, others of soft crumbly sandstone. In places large sheets of slate formed the walls and roof. At places, water dripped from the roof, showing signs of underground streams. At other places bubbles could be seen rising in water holes along side the track where gas vents were present. Along the side of the tunnel was a large iron pipe which was connected on the end on the outside of the tunnel, with a fan, which formed a suction to draw the impure air and gas out of the shaft. At the end of the tunnel men stripped to their waists, sweating and dirt covered, toiled to keep the ever appearing cars on the move.

It was here that old Tom stood watching the men who were timbering up. He surveyed the results of their labor with an experienced eye and when they moved on to another place, he went over and placed a huge hand against the upright timbers and pushed. It gave a little as he pushed. He called to the timbermen, "Hey, you fellow, come here!" The timbermen approached him. "What do ya want," asked the foremost.

"Go down the shaft and every one of these timbers that I mark take them out and put them in right."

"There's nothing wrong with them, you don't see any of them fallin' down do ya?" replied the timberman.

"That's not sayin' they won't fall down when a jar comes; you'd better start with this one," returned Tom.

"I guess what you're lookin' for is a new set of timbermen," replied one of them, and putting down an axe he was carrying, started walking toward a string of cars just about to be hauled to the outside. The rest of the timbermen followed him.

They stood waiting for the car to receive the remainder of its load, when a string of empty cars came rattling in. The young superintendent jumped out of one of the cars, brushed the dirt off his walking breeches and began looking around at the operations.

He was the nephew of Old Jackson, known to the miners as the "head push" of the entire mine company. His record in college had been a brilliant one, and on several engineering expeditions he had shown signs of what Old Jackson called the "real stuff." When the former superintendent retired, "young Jackson" was put in his place. Now he was learning the inner working of the mine under his charge.

He saw the timbermen waiting to go outside. He approached them. "What's the matter with you fellows?" he asked.

"Oh, I guess we've got our stake made," replied one of them.

"This is pretty sudden, isn't it?" inquired the superintendent, "can't you wait till the end of the shift?"

"Not if we've got to go back and do over all the work we've done for the past week, we can't," replied one.

"Who said you had to do that?" asked young Jackson.

"That's what the shift boss just got thru tellin' us," they replied.

"Oh, Tom, come here," called the superintendent. "What's the matter with the work these men have been doing?" inquired Jackson.

"Well," replied Tom, "I've been watching it for a couple of days now and those timbers are not in solid enough, so this morning I went over and tried one and I could push it out of place with one hand. The mine ain't safe with that kind of timber work. I told them about it and they quit."

The Superintendent went to one set of timbers and examined them, then to another. He pushed at them; they did not move. "There's nothing wrong with that work, it looks good enough to me. You men go back to work," he said. Then turning to Tom, he said, "Tom, you're getting old and this mining business is getting on your nerves. Don't you know timbermen are hard to get? We can't have them quitting on us like that." Tom made no reply and the superintendent went on surveying the mine.

In branch tunnel No. One, the powder monkey and his helper were just putting the last big charge of dynamite in a wall of rock. They carefully covered it with dirt and tramped it down, then lit the fuse. "Fir-r-r-e," came the voice of the powder monkey in a long vibrating call.

Men dropped their tools and start-

ed for the string of empty cars. Piling in them, they were drawn out to a safe distance.

Old Tom, not finding a place to ride, started walking swiftly after the cars. Then to make sure every one was safe, he looked back and to his surprise saw the Superintendent calmly examining pieces of coal. He was about to call to him when the powder monkey and his helper came running out of the branch shaft. "You'd better get a hurry on ya," yelled the powder monkey. "It's a dang big charge and a short fuse."

The words had scarcely left his mouth, when the ground trembled under them and a dull roar was heard. The men were hurled to the earth by the force of it. Pieces of rock dropped from the roof. Then a large sheet of slate loosened by the jar of the blast, slipped down against a cross timber. The timber held it for an instant; then an upright timber gave a little under the weight, making a side strain on the cross piece, a cracking noise was heard. Then the timbers were shivered to bits. Great sheets of slate and tons of dirt came crashing down, cutting the four men off from the outside world.

The suddenness of the disaster and the impact of the blast left them dazed for a moment. All was dark except for the little shafts of light from the small electric lamps on the miners' caps, that swept in faint arcs as the miners turned or moved their heads.

The Superintendent was the first to recover from the shock. "Dig, boys, dig for your lives," he yelled and threw himself at the huge barrier of debris and began to work frantically.

Then Tom's deep voice was heard. "Don't be a fool! It might take us weeks to dig out of here, and we wouldn't last a day the way you're starting. Gas is coming in from the branch tunnel, we've got to cut it off."

The powder monkey and his helper following old Tom's lead, began to work with all their power. Young Jackson, seeing the logic of their work fell to helping them.

Boulders, slabs of slate and broken timbers were piled up, and a cement of mud and pieces of the men's clothing filled the chinks and cracks till the branch tunnel was completely sealed.

"We might just as well do this thing right," said Tom, "we might be here till they carry us out or we might out today. Which ever it is we've got to keep a clear head. Let's hunt for an air vent."

The men starting in various ways began groping around in the darkness. Five minutes later the "helper," a boy of eighteen who had climbed upon the mass of debris, shouted, "Here's a fresh air comin' in here, darn little though." Then he pressed his face between two rocks and began to breathe deeply. The men gathered at the air hole.

"We've got to take turns," said Tom, one fellow takes the air for a minute, then works for five." Then addressing the helper he said, "You can have the air first, kid, in one minute one of us will change with you."

Three of them fell to work, carrying away huge rocks and slabs of slate and shoveling away the dirt, starting a path thru the barrier.

For two days they worked like supermen at the mass before them, and every few minutes with clock-like regularity one man would change shift to breathe the fresh air and rest.

Their clothes had nearly all been torn from them in the haste of their labor, and their bodies were covered with a coating of dirt and dust, seamed in various directions were little rivulets of sweat coursed down their bodies. Life was half extinct in all of them and they staggered like drunk men. Occasionally one of them would fall into a spasm of coughing because of the dust and impure air. But they kept doggedly at work.

The pick wielded by the old powder monkey dived against an object that didn't yield before it. "Something pretty solid," the powder monkey mused to himself, and began digging the dirt away from around it. Soon he exclaimed to old Tom who worked back of him, "It's just like the wall of China, we can't never get thru it with these tools."

"What's that," said Tom, straightening up.

"I think we've struck somethin' pretty tough," replied the powder monkey. "We can dig out some more, though it may not be as bad as it looks. Give me a little help on it, will, Tommy boy."

Several hours later all men had ceased work for the first time. They gazed upon a great sheet of slate, that like a gigantic door cut off the passage so completely that every effort the men had made to dig around it, under or over it had been futile. It was as if the hand had

SIGNS

Marie Rafn

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(Continued on page 4)

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Judge—Twenty days for vagrancy, lock him up Dan.
Prisoner—But, your honor, I'm not as depraved as Byron, as corrupt as Swift or as dissipated as Poe or perverted as—
Judge—That's enough. Get the names of those other fellows Dan and bring them in. They're a bad gang.

—C-P-S—
Tiny Tot—Daddy how big is a whale?
Father—What kind of a whale?
Small son—A big one.
Father—How big?
—C-P-S—
Victim—Wow, that razor pulls.
Barber—Don't mind the razor. I'll get the whiskers off if the handle don't break.

—C-P-S—
Cub Reporter—(handing in manuscript of his first assignment)—Look this over and see if you don't think it is a rare bit of art.
Editor—Rare is the word, it certainly isn't well done.

—C-P-S—
"Won't you join me in a cup of tea?"
"Well, you get in and I'll see if there is any room left."

—C-P-S—
Little Willie in a playful mood was caught by his mother when he was trying his new knife on the old grandfather's clock which stood in the hall.
"Willie, what are you doing?"
"Just whittlin' away the time," was his answer.

—C-P-S—
Customer—You are positive that this century plant blooms every hundred years?
Florist—I'm absolutely positive of it. If it doesn't, bring it back.

—C-P-S—
She—We are going to live in a better neighborhood after this.
Her (next door)—So are we.
She—Why, are you moving too?
Her—No, we are staying.

Narcissus—Looky here, Black Man, what's you all goin' to get me for a birthday present?
Black Man—Close your eyes. (She did as told.) Now what yo' see?
Narcissus—Nothing.
Black Man—Well, dat's what you all's going to get.

—C-P-S—
"It's been a trying day," said the judge as he locked up the courtroom for the night.

—C-P-S—
"How did you get out tonight? I thought your wife objected to stage parties. She must have changed her opinion of them."
"Nope, I've changed my wife."

—C-P-S—
The lady from upstate had been thru the college museum, and had been properly impressed, but she still felt that something was lacking. "Now where is it," she asked the guide, "that you keep the curriculum?"

—C-P-S—
Hi—Say, Si, come to our house for the meetin'. We've got a whole dern gallon.
Si—Can't, got a case of tonsillitis at our house.
Hi—Good, let's hold the meetin' at your house.

—C-P-S—
The Man—At last I have found you out.
The Girl—Oh no, but you will the next time you call.

—C-P-S—
"I hear the neighbors are in debt."
"Yes, even the canary has a bill."

—C-P-S—
"I was out with Jenny last night and she fell down and sprained her ankle."
"Did you have to carry her back home?"
"Yes, I carried all of her home."

—C-P-S—
Prof (to tardy student)—What are you late for?
Student (sleepily)—Er—Class, I suppose.

THE CAVE IN
(Continued from page 3)

rock. "The shortest one remember," reminded Tom.

"Well I've lived for more than fifty years," said the powder monkey, "if it's my turn to go I guess it's all right." With no outward signs of emotion he pulled out one of the slivers.

Tom turned to the Superintendent and said, "Well, it's between you and me."

The younger man before the disaster had issued orders to Tom, and Tom had obeyed them. During the fifty hours they had been entombed, Tom had held the upper hand and the Superintendent had jumped to obey every command of old Tom. Now they stood on an exactly even basis, both of them ready to receive their orders from the God of fate.

The Superintendent was making a brave effort at self control. But his hands trembled and his eyes danced with emotion and he could not trust himself to speak.

Old Tom sat as unmovable as the great slab of slate cut them off, his small emotionless eyes expressed nothing. His calm manner seemed to reassure the Superintendent. With a mighty effort to be calm, he drew a sliver.

The Superintendent looked absently at a short sliver of wood he held in his hand. Then with twitch of his fingers he flipped it away.

"Well you fellows get the charge ready," he said. "I'll write a note to my wife. If any of you fellows get out, give it to her and tell her I went, doing my duty."

The powder monkey disappeared in the darkness of the shaft and soon reappeared with a box of dynamite. Old Tom and the helper soon found drills and drill hammers and set to work at the great slate barrier. It was not long until the powder monkey was stuffing sticks of dynamite into a hole in the rock, tramping it down and packing it in, and soon the entire boxfull was packed in the rock.

Three men stumbled back in the shaft looking for places of safety; the fourth picked up a drill hammer and made his way toward the rock when he was going to release from entombment the other three men. His steps were slow but steady.

Further back in the shaft, Old Tom, hunting for a place of safety from the coming blast, stopped suddenly, then fell upon the ground and held his ear on a pipe. The pipe now a tangled mass of iron had before the cave in, been the pipe attached to the big fan on the outside that had acted as a suction to carry the impure air and gas out of the mine.

For a short moment Tom listened then jumped to his feet and letting out a shout like the bellowing of a bull, raced toward the rock barrier with amazing speed for a man who was so near exhaustion.

The Superintendent not seeing Tom and apparently not hearing his shout, stood with the heavy hammer raised to strike. The hammer was about to descend.

There is a place on the All-American football team for the man who could make such a tackle as did old Tom. Two hundred pounds flew through the air, and struck the superintendent amidrift, carrying him back against the side of the shaft. The hammer already descending for the fatal blow was knocked spinning from his hand.

"We're safe, we're safe," cried Tom, showing excitement for the first time since the cave in. "A message from the outside came in over the pipe."

Jumping up he ran back in the shaft and again held his ear against the pipe. The other men gathered around him. To their ears came a faint tap-tap-tap with the cadence of a telegraph machine. When it stopped Old Tom looked up with a big smile wreathing his wrinkled old face.

"It's from Jim Blake, good old Jim. He was in the Diamond Hill cave in with me. We used that same code. He says to hold out another day and they'll be with us."

Then picking up a small piece of slate he began to send back a message. The other men, too near exhaustion from the work and strain to show signs of joy, relaxed completely and lay in various places on the ground.


When Tom quit tapping and lay back the helper asked, "What did you say to them, Tom?"

"Oh I just told old Jim we were getting pretty tired waitin' for him, but since there isn't any place else to go we'd stay awhile longer."

Scarcely a moment had passed until three men heard a rumbling sound like a heavily loaded freight train pulling up a steep grade. Tom was sound asleep.

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