THE
PUGET SOUND
TRAIL

SEPTEMBER 30, 1911
MY LITTLE TIN BUCKET

My belief in dreams extended only so far as to believe that people dreamed. I knew that I myself had dreamed. I always regarded with decided suspicion the people who tell dreams with a hint, even, that there is to be any significance attached to those mental wanderings when the consciousness is lost in sleep. But belief or not, dreams, as well as other minor incidents of life, frequently impress a person so that a deep inward persuasion is formed, resulting in a complete change of the subsequent life. Trifles are trifles or not, according as they influence action. However, strange as it may seem, I, even I, who prided myself on having no superstitious notions, and no belief in dreamy revelations, now look back over these, and confess that my whole life has been decidedly altered by one of my foolish girlish dreams.

I was a girl just about to leave my "teens." My mother had been dead since I was ten years of age, consequently my work, as I was the oldest child, was such as to make me somewhat older in experience than in years. I never flattered myself on my good looks. As you see I am only a little over five feet in height. No, in my girlhood I was not at all inclined to be stout. Someway I just kept growing—not tall. I did think, however, that my judgment of good-looking people was quite accurate.

Henry was just past twenty-one. He was tall and graceful. His face wore a pleasing smile, and the kind look in his eyes was most winning. His hair and beard—sideburns were in fashion then—were black. There was absolutely nothing solemnish about his dress or manners. In fact, Henry was just what I considered a model of manly beauty—a handsome man. Not another man in all the vicinity could compare with him for beauty. At least this was my estimate of him. Perhaps she did explain to me a kind look in his eyes was most winning. His hair and beard—sideburns were in fashion then—were coal black. There was absolutely nothing solemnish about his dress or manners. In fact, Henry was just what I considered a model of manly beauty—a handsome man.

Henry did not forbid me seeing Henry, but, since his presence was distasteful to her, we arranged to do our planning while walking in the moonlight; or, perhaps, while rowing on the lake some two miles distant. Remember this, however, I was an obedient girl. I never went without Aunt's permission, but—well, I expected to be of age some day.

The summer had passed quickly. My home was just on the outskirts of the town,—just enough country to be called a farm; just near enough to the city so that I felt like a city girl. With farm work and summer outings there was no dragging of time. When the Indian summer came with its cooler evenings, and its delightful days, we found ourselves having more time at our disposal. Henry come frequently, and we walked together, building air castles for the future. My heart beat quickly, as I thought of the blessed future when my Henry and I should establish our own home. My thoughts may be best expressed in the poet's words:

"Oh, but she will love him truly!
He shall have a happy home
She will order all things duly
When beneath his roof they come."

And what girl is not proud as she walks by the side of a tall, handsome, and graceful young man, whose every move and look speaks love,—whose face is the picture of purity? So I clung to Henry's arm. I loved him,—pure womanly love.

This particular night was one of those autumnal evenings. Nature had just begun to paint out the green foliage with a somber brown and yellow. Some of the trees were already more lavish, and displayed their extravagance by putting on the more brilliant orange, purple, and scarlet. The air was clear; the sky serene; and the moon shone full,—soft yet majestic,—as she rose higher and higher. All was still except now and then the clanking of a cowbell in the not far distant pasture, and for the constant chirp, chirp, of the fall cricket and the frequent call of the Katy did. But these so blended with the surroundings that one would really have felt lost without them.

We walked down the road which lead through the sugar-maple orchard. Here we loitered. The road, unused save in sugar season, was somewhat overrun with the summer's growth of weeds. We sat down on a log to meditate and plan. Happy people! Plans are easy, realizing them, how different! How quickly moments become hours, while lovers plan future homes, win fame, and amass fortunes! Slowly we returned. As I bade Henry good-night I looked long into his kind eyes, assured of his devotion to me. The moon
looked silently on, and my young heart, filled to
the brim with life's holiest joy, saw smiles of approval
in the soft, silvery rays that she shed upon us.

I retired at once. I was not disturbed, nor consci-
ous smitten in the least. My young heart was
happy. What redemption for others when my idol,
was to be ever beside me? From joy or from
fatigue sleep failed my eyes, and so, in my imagina-
tion, I walked again and talked with Henry. We
visited the apple orchard; roamed, seeking flowers in
the pasture; rowed on the lake in the calm afternoon
of summer; and at last we walked down again to the
sugar grove.

This time we did not stop to rest by the roadside,
but as we entered the wood we quickened our pace.
A strange feeling came over me, and in some mys-
terious manner Henry disappeared from my side. Still
I could not call out. Neither could I stop or retrace
my steps. By some strong force I seemed impelled
forward. I cannot explain the strangeness of the
entire situation. I was as one lead on by an enchanter.

The road so well known to me, lost all traces of
familiarity, but I continued on, urged forward by that
simplexable force. I noticed also another strange fact.
From where it came, or why I should be carrying it,
I could not tell; but clutched tightly in my left hand
I held a bright little tin bucket. It was new and clean.

The moon, shining upon it, made it look ever so
airy seemed to resound with hums, rumbles, and
confusion, each advising me to throw away the bucket.
And I did. Down! down! down! bright little tin
bucket! Could I possibly have climbed so far? I sat
still watching it bound from stone to stone. As it
went, it took with it the noise that had so much dis-
turbed me. At last it was quite out of sight, and there
was a silence so propound that it almost frightened me.

However, my enchanting force still urged me for-
ward, so I arose expecting to fall again, but, to my
surprise, I found new strength and vigor in my
muscles. The hill had receeded into a long upward
slowly I toiled on. Once I stumbled.

The sky began to cloud up a little. Small black
patches of clouds floated over the moon casting gloom
upon the entire scene, then the brightness again burst
forth, but only to deepen the gloom with the lurid
light sent forth. There was a dismal hum, hum, and
an occasional rumble which chilled the blood. Still
there was no retreat. That same force kept driving
onward, upward,—no alternative.

But my bucket, the more I thought about it the
steeper seemed the hill and the blacker the sky be-
came. The cloud patchwork had now massed itself
together into one thick, black curtain and covered
completely the moon, which had furnished light; and
the only object clearly visible through that dense
blackness was that little tin bucket. That seemed to
shine as if by some illuminating power of its own.

Slowly I toiled on. Once I stumbled. I could
scarcely rise. The bucket seemed to be constantly in-
creasing in weight. There was something about it
which held me down; while I was struggling to
regain my footing one of my girl friends passed by
me apparently unconscious of the darkness and great
activity, while I, clinging to my precious trinket kept
stumbling on in darkness. She called out to me, "Why
Mary! why don't you throw away that tin bucket.
You can never climb the hill with that." A distant
relative passed me. I overheard him say: "If she
only would throw away that bucket! Poor Mary! Her
heart seems set on taking that with her. She was
always determined. She never would take advice. I guess
she'll have trouble enough with that bucket."

People continued passing. Some walked with ease
and apparently light-hearted; others toiled along
laboriously carrying some trinket or some real bur-
den. Some I recognized while others were total
strangers to me. I noted each had a slightly different
path up the hill, although I saw but one general road
that led me. Each passerby who looked toward
me remarked something about the futility of trying
to climb while carrying that bucket.

I sat down to think. Oh, my pretty tin bucket!
How could it be the cause of my hardships? Innocent
little tin bucket! Nonsense! I got up and tried
again; thrice; four times I tried. Each attempt so reduced my strength that I determined to
sit still and use what power I had left to hold my little
tin treasure which by this time had become quite a
burden. I meditated. From everywhere seemed to
come voices: "Throw away that bucket," while the
air seemed fairly to resound with hums, rumbles, and
confusion, each advising me to throw away the bucket.

I held a bright little tin bucket. It was new and clean.

As I emerged from the maple grove I found that
the road turned sharply to the right, bringing me to
the foot of a steep, muddy road that lead up a high
bank—ever so high! Up! Up! Up! Was there no top?
The sky began to cloud up a little. Small black
clouds massed themselves to the left, and the blacker
the sky became. The hill seemed to hold me down while I was struggling

Sitting up in bed I questioned myself: Was it real?
Was it a dream? Or was it a revelation? All day long
I was in a mystified stupor hardly knowing what to
do. My work I preformed automatically. I presume
I preformed my regular daily tasks but to this day I
have no memory of the events of the day. I was living
over again that dream. Each part appeared to me
so plain that I could not but heed its warning. Yet
my will was in the way. How could I? I could not.
But I must. So the hours passed by. Toward evening
I sent a formal letter to Henry. I did not wish to see
him. I could not explain. I had simply thrown away
my tin bucket.

Nor have I regretted my act. I have now past
sixty-two years of my life. My course has had one
way; his another. I have watched carefully but I am
satisfied. My tin bucket did its work. I shall never
forget it.
The Place of the Average Man

The progress of the human race is upward. Everywhere there is a striving toward more perfect form and harmonious action. Whether they attain it or not all men desire excellence, if not perfection. It is this desire, with its frequent disappointments, that leads to the spirit of exaggeration and to extremes in conduct. Moderation has always been rare. Men prefer being abstainers to being temperate, being cold or lukewarm, to the breezy and the floating enthusiasm of democratic ranks rather than being in the middle of the road man. On all sides people have cultivated a dislike of the person who goes but half way, whether it be in his virtues or vices, in his thinking, speaking or acting. Even though it seems paradoxical in view of what constitutes human averages.

Extremes have always been dangerous because they are contrary to the law of nature itself. Nature jealously seeks to maintain the law of equilibrium. Extreme action and reaction have ever gone hand in hand. The religiosity in the need for getting excited to be followed by the somber immorality of the reign of a Charles the Second; the unfeeling arrogance of the aristocracy in the reign of Louis XVI. Will not the world have a Reign of Terror? Nature inclines toward moderation, and bestows her wreath of favor upon the average man. Strike the balance between all the extremes of human intellect, physical strength and grace, weakness, humility, enlightenment and criminal delinquency, and at best you have an average man.

The parable of the talents is a fine type of the three classes. It is concerned with its two extremes of rich and poor, together with the middle class. Our five talent man is an unusual person, the man of genius, of original and creative faculties, with a brain having as many stories, figuratively speaking, as the modern skyscraper. His is the inventive mind, he is invariably a leader and a potential force in society. His is the strength of greatness with all the idiosyncrasies that come with it. His is the position of authority with all of its unrest and responsibility. The criticism and misrepresentation that go with his lot all reduce his responsibility and opportunity to the same meager proportions. If he rends society in accordance with his stewardship no man will ever envy him the five talents that have been committed to his care. He was a Washington, a Napoleon or a Shakespeare yesterday, he is a Gladstone or a Disraeli, an Edison or a Tolstoi in our time. He will be a Roosevelt, an Emperor William or a James J. Hill tomorrow concerning whose memories posterity will compete in showing him the greatest honors.

Our chief concern in this discourse is the man of two talents who is easily recognized as the average man. To him as to the other he shares the same according to his ability. According to the parable each man received an equitable portion of the talents according to his ability. Unlike his fellow laborer who received one talent he thought not of his right but on his duties. He shapes his course by the five-talent man and not by the one-talent man. He prefers the law of success to that of failure. The difference between the five-talent man and the one-talent man is that between multiplication and subtraction. Our two-talent man adopts the method of multiplication. The difference between the five-talent man and the two-talent man is that of measure not that of method. Both men recognize the same goal and waste neither time nor energy in its attainment.

The Power of Little Things.

The average man does not despise the power of little things. Neither is he unwilling to do little things, however meager mention their doing may receive. While it is the corner stone that is observed, nevertheless it is the stone in the remainder of the foundation that constitute the wall; while it is the glaring headlines in the newspaper that first catch the eye nevertheless it is the modest looking editorial that expresses the spirit and the best judgment of the paper; while it is the ship captain who makes titanic efforts toward saving the passengers who is heralded as a hero, nevertheless it is the captain who never has a wreck that performs the best service to the travelling public. No Siren ever sang such soothing lies, nor painter has portrayed such deceptive forms as the exaggerations of the human imagination. Many people would rather build castles in Spain than build the reality. They would rather hear the music of nymphs that would dash them upon the rocks than take time to learn the harmonies of the slower processes.

It is the little things that count. The old couplet was not spoken in vain,

"Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the pleasant land."

Several years ago there were a number of men in the land who were exciting considerable comment concerning feats of great strength. For a time we seemed to have an epidemic of strong men. Sandow was one of them. It is said that Sandow would have a ring of steel placed around his bicep muscles, then by drawing up his arm would break the band asunder. Then he would take a chain of iron and draw it apart. Perhaps his most notable feat was that of supporting a platform over his head and then having ride upon that platform three men with three saddles upon their ponies, and he supporting the platform. One day a man made a wager that Mr. Sandow could not endure the strain of a pint of water being poured upon his arm one drop at a time. Mr. Sandow laughed at the suggestion and readily accepted the wager. The test began. The water was lake warm. It fell upon his arm drop by drop. At the end of one hundred drops Sandow was talking loudly and jesting with his friends. At the end of the second hundred drops he was stilludden fit shough not so loudly as before. At the end of three hundred drops his laughter had ceased. At the end of the 350 drops Mr. Sandow's face became serious. At the (Continued on page 9)
To the Hills

1. To the hills! To the hills! 'Bove the cataract roar!
   Where the sunbeams are free from the dank of the moor!
   Though our limbs often weary, our feet o'en worn.

2. The lark may abide in the lowlands or mead,
   And be piping so loud in the top of a weed;
   But see! he is facing the hills and the heights,
   While he's filling the valleys with music so light.

3. To the hills! To the hills! To the far away green!
   It stretches so far till it's almost unseen!
   May we ever lie down in some leafy lap there
   When we've gained the last step on the perilous stair?

4. Then why all this striving, this toiling and pain,
   If that far away vale we are never to gain?
   Why this falling, and rising, this groan or this sigh.
   But we while on the hours a glad by and by?

5. But the hills seem as far now, the heat of the noon,
   As at morn we set out in search of our boon.
   The wild leaping cataract sparkles afar
   As a child's fancy follows a silvery star.

6. Are we children, and look to the fanciful hills
   That may never be reached from our valley of ills?
   Are we classical fools, seeking isles of the blest,
   Where the vine ever bears, uncultured, undrest?

7. Or may we grow stronger while trudging the moor,
   If we look far away 'bove the cataract's roar,
   And long to be higher, though climbing's so pained.
   Tho' the hills at life's sunset we never have gained?

8. When the lark has sung sweetest those golden-toned notes,
   Bursting forth in such song from his vibrating throat,
   His head is o'er in the rook-bosomed hills.
   While the valley with song he so cheerfully fills.

9. To the hills! To the hills! that are dipped in the blue!
   Let us ble away there, with hearts that are true!
   When the west's all aglow with the embers of day,
   To the hills let us hie in the dew-dripping morn.

MARIM WALTERS.

Y. W. C. A. Track Meet

One of the big events of the school year is over.

The Y. W. C. A. track meet is a thing of the past, but memory is a good friend and our sore throats are another indication that we all had a fine time. As each girl came in the door a small bow of ribbon was pinned on her waist. These various colored bows told whether the girls belonged to the town of Squeedunk, Cornhollow, Pushball, Squashville or Pumpkin-hollow.

When the managers for each town were chosen the meet began.

The first event to be "pulled off" was the tug-of-war. Two participants were given a string with a raisin tied in the center. The ends of the string were to be placed in the mouth and the on first reaching the raisin won the race. Pushball worked a graft and the girls can not imagine how she chewed her string so fast.

The relay race was by four girls from each town. Each girl received a cracker. When the word "go" was said the first of each four began to eat her cracker and when hers was gone the second began. When the fourth one had eaten her cracker she was to whistle. The first to whistle won the relay for her town. There was the broad grin and each girl had a chance to smile her biggest. And for once the girl with the big foot was honored by winning the foot race. But the most laughable stunt was the football game. Kneeling around a long table with their chins resting on it, the girls were to blow an egg into one of the paper sacks which were at either end of the table. We never knew that girls were such blowers.

Two of the girls were peddlers and sold candy, gum and ice cream cones for beans.

Be sure and come to our next party if you want to have a good time. 

R. E. R.

Y. W. C. A.

A busy term's work has been planned in all the phases of association work for Puget Sound girls this fall, and if the present outlook may be taken as a prophecy, the year will be highly successful.

A great deal of interest has been shown in the regular weekly meetings, in the social work, and most of all, in the Bible and Mission Study classes which have just been organized. But we can do better yet—

in our membership campaign we have not enrolled half of the faculty ladies and girls in any one department in school. There are still vacant chairs in the Rest Room on Tuesday noons, and there are places for many more in both the Mission and Bible Study classes.

The Y. W. C. A. had charge of chapel last Saturday, using the period to present the cause of Mission and Bible Study. Mrs. Zeller and Miss Alice Hawthorne each making ten-minute addresses. Mrs. Zeller, who spoke on "Bible Study—Why, How and When," needs no introduction, of course, and all will be glad to learn that she will teach the course.

Miss Hawthorne has been one of the Field Secretaries of the Woman's Home Missionary Society for the last year, and, in June, was one of the faculty at the Northwest Y. W. C. A. conference, at Breakers, Wash. There she had the largest class of the conference teaching "The Conservation of National Ideals," and we are indeed fortunate in procuring her as leader for our class.

Large classes have already enrolled in each course, but let us show these ladies our appreciation for their work by making the classes still larger and just as enthusiastic as possible.

The first devotional meeting of the year was held September 19 in the new "Rest Room." The president, Lyle Ford led, explaining the work and the needs of the local association.

This week's meeting was conducted by Mrs. Marsh, who spoke on "The Opportunities and Responsibilities of a College Girl," and, as always, her little talk was full of good things—advice and suggestions on the practical, every-day problems of the average college girl.

After the regular program, hot soup was served to the girls—instilling a new custom. Bring your lunch on Tuesday, girls, come to the Rest Room at 12:30 to the Y. W. program. Then have something hot with your lunch and join the "acquaintance circle."
THE PUGET SOUND TRAIL

The “Rest Room” is gradually assuming the atmosphere of cheer and quiet, which its name implies. Remember, it is open to every girl—whether a Y. W. member or not. Don’t wait for a further invitation—come up and make yourself at home.

We have all greatly enjoyed the visit of Miss Elizabeth Fox, our new student secretary, to Puget Sound this week.

Next Tuesday noon, October 3, the special election for vice-president and “Trail” reporter will be held. Nominations are posted on the bulletin board. Let every association find out about them and be on hand to vote.

Y. M. C. A.

We take it for granted that every man came to the “Stag Sweater Reception,” who could possibly make the date, for nearly all the attended. The social committee had been devising stunts all summer so when the fellows arrived they began to shoot the fun. There is a tradition that “hot-hand” has taken the place of introductory remarks at these occasions from the first “Stag” until the present year. We did not break the tradition to the sorrow of several who come in contact with Webb and Cottrell. B.suit-shooting and peanut rolling (with your nose) created such an appetite that when the “apple and doughnuts” walked in there was “mass play” without a signal. While the men sat around munching, Prof. Wright spoke a few words concerning “the Y. M. C. A. man in Athletics.” We liked his talk because he gave us a fine insight of what the Y. M. C. A. men are doing, especially in the colleges, and he said it in a few words. Gilbert LeSourd, an alumnus of this University, told us what the Young Men’s Christian Association meant to him. He touched the vital points; those which a man most needs, those which appeal strongly to every man. We men counted ourselves mighty lucky to hear LeSourd for he talked from years of experience in association work. He was a great leader while in U. P. S.

The Bible Study Feed, Friday, the 22nd, is another event that the association is proud of. What does it mean when more than fifty men come to this sort of gathering? Simply this, that they are interested in the great things that Bible Study involves. This is unqualifiedly the biggest thing in college life. The whole world is interested, therefore we are keeping up with the world.

Dr. Lane stimulates men. He seemed to outdo himself Friday evening. At any rate we believe that the men saw greater possibilities in Bible Study by the way they sized up for class s. You men who did not attend or could not sign at the Feed see Geo. Thompson, Glenn Staubra or Arnold Warren and get in on this. We have nearly 40 men starting; men, help us to make it 100 in the next two months.

We are planning some good, strong addresses for our Tuesday noon meetings. The speakers will come from the best men of the student body, faculty and prominent men of the city. Get the habit.

PERCY SCOTT.

I see that one of the wise guys from across the big puddle has been writing us up again and this time in a rather complimentary vein. He writes about our picturesque Slang, which he spells with a capital “S” and refers to as being “multitude in color, and without a rival in the history of speech.” I believe that’s true dope. I’ve never heard of any other nation that could hunch us on the glad lingo; in fact, I am told by well-traveled gezabas of this country that we have all countries frazzled to a fare-you-well when it comes to flowers of speech, whether vernacular or plain. I guess the “American language” is like American people—the richest on the globe. We are rich in word paintings because we get our colors from all the other races, rich in opportunities because we are new and we attract the old (which gives the proper blend), and we are rich in material because we are producers and make scads of money, and we spend it freely, thus obtaining the best products of all the nations that we know of—and we’re willing to know them all. Well, your new fall suit and sky piece is here and you can get the good colors, all right all right. Butt in,

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The belief that the University students, as a whole, take any pleasure in reading a "dry" article, is as illogical as was the idea of the ancient sage, who remarked the wisdom of Providence in making the large rivers flow past the large towns. We fully appreciate the feeling which is predominant, as to the class of reading matter which "takes." In this issue of the Puget Sound Trail we are printing an article which ought to appeal to every man and woman in school. It is not always the privilege of the students to read in a student publication a number of such finish of composition and style, and such breath and depth of thought.

The staff is particularly anxious that the college paper, which is a student publication, shall contain articles written by the students. But when we print something of worth as "The Place of the Average man," we feel sure that the student body will read and appreciate it.

The staff wishes to make no apologies for the non-appearance of certain articles. If any department in college wishes to be represented and receive recognition, that department or organization must attend to it that their article be in by noon on the Tuesday preceding the Saturday upon which the paper appears. We take this method of informing anyone who is interested, and all should be; and we would be glad to receive articles at any time. We cannot assure you that literary productions can be printed immediately but your efforts to co-operate with us will be appreciated.

**KAPPA SIGMA THETA.**

The oft quoted phrase "no friends like school friends," was most clearly brought to mind last Tuesday as the Kappa Sigma Theta girls assembled in the Theta and H. C. S. room for their opening meeting. The atmosphere was pervaded with joy of living while the girls rejoiced that so many of their number had returned; and extended a welcoming hand to several new girls. The latter willingly joined in hanging freshly laundered curtains and giving other touches to the room which go far to make it a pleasing contrast to the recitation rooms below. A not all unimportant subject for conversation was the purchase of the new piano. A short business session was held at which plans were made to insure a high standard of work for the ensuing year.

**PHILOMATHEAN LITERARY SOCIETY.**

There are twenty-three old members back, but that does not mean "Skidoo," for the society but "skidoo" to all opposition.

The Philo Slogan is, "And everything we undertake We always carry through."

And we surely have undertaken big things for this year.

The two programs that we have had this year have gone off without a hitch. Not one of the members placed on the program has failed to appear.

Last Tuesday evening Mr. Bux gave a very interesting talk on his "Trip Abroad," admitting though that he had seen nothing in Europe that appealed to him as did the U. P. S.

Mr. Warren gave us a very vivid idea of a book agents' experiences and receptions. These are only two of the many interesting things that have been given.

Our programs always contain material for thought, enjoyment and inspiration.

The aim of the Philomathean Literary Society is to bring out the very best literary ability, the very best musical talent, in fact, the best of any talent, that its members possess. The best is all that is developed.

The meetings are held on Tuesday evening of each week and the programs begin promptly at 7:30. Every one, especially the new students and the members of the faculty are invited to come. Come and see for yourselves that we are living up to our professed standard.

**Misinterpeted.**

"Do you keep hens?" asked a lady with an incredulous face.

"No," replied the mistress of the farm house, "we are not taking summer boarders."—Ex.

Several of the class were talking about the hereafter, when Mr. Decker, after keeping an anxious silence for three minutes said in strange voice "Let's talk of something more elevating."

**The Bridge.**

He stood on the bridge at midnight Interrupting my sweet repose.

He was a tall mosquito, The bridge was that of my nose.

—Ex.

"Pa, is a vessel a boat?"

"Er—yes— you may call it that."

"Well what kind of a boat is a blood vessel?"

"It's a life boat. Now run away to bed."

—Ex.

**A Metaphor.**

"Why do you put the hair of another woman on your head?" he asked severely.

"Why do you," she replied sweetly, "put the skin of another calf on your feet?"—Ex.

**A Definition.**

Eternity is the time that elapses between a proposal and the answer.—Ex.
Wife: "I want to do some shopping today, dear, if the weather is favorable. What does the paper say?"

Husband: "Rain, hail, thunder and lightning."—Ex.

"Mary had a little rat
She put it in her hair
And every where that Mary went
It peeped out here and there."

Reporter: "What shall we say about the man who was killed in a folding bed?"

Editor: "Say he was gathered into the fold."—Ex.

"Theres many a step twixt the cup and the lip."

Moral: "Use a funnel."

"What are the charges for a funeral notice in your paper?"

"Fifty cents an inch."

"Hully Gee, An' me bud is six feet three."—Ex.

Gent—Do you serve lobsters here?
Waiter—Yes, sir; we serve everybody; sit down.

Jim—I heard you were going on the stage.
Jake—Yip, I went as far as this and it broke down.

Teacher—When was John Locke born?
Freshy—When he was a small boy.

Student—Is prussic acid poisonous?
Prof.—Yes, if you should put a drop on your tongue it would kill a dog.

"What did you do James when Edward called you a liar?" asked teacher.

"I remembered what you said—'A soft answer turneth away wrath.'" Replied James.

"Why, I hit him with a rotten tomato," answered James.

Lady: "Conductor, which door shall I go out at?"
Conductor: "Either ma'am; the car stops at both ends."

A Negro preacher: "Come up and jine de army of the Lord."

One of congregation: "I's done jined."
Preacher: "Wher'd yoh jine?"
Answer: "In de Baptist church."
Preacher: "Why, yoh ain't in de army, yoh's in de navy."

Woman: "Do you take pictures of children?"
Photographer: "Yes."
Woman: "How much are they?"
Photographer: "Three dollars a dozen."
Woman: "Well, I shall have to wait; I have only eleven."

It was reported that a comet was on the University campus last Friday evening. Miss Starr would surely like to see it.

Dr. Zeller gives the girls the privilege of taking any young man . . . . . . . To all appearances some of them are "getting busy" already.

Dr. Selinger thinks that brown and green makes a pretty good combination, but he was referring to Braun and Greene.
Sunday School Teacher Training Class of U. P. S.

Study of scientific methods of teaching Sunday school classes has been carried on during the past year in “Our University.” Last year Prof. Robert A. Cummins had charge of this important work which this year is conducted by Prof. Sellinger.

Haphazard methods of teaching have greatly impaired our Sunday schools but Sunday school workers instead of giving up in despair have set about tackling the problem in a scientific way and thus far they have succeeded wonderfully.

Probably not before the course was offered by the University of Puget Sound, however, did any institution of higher learning in the Northwest take part in providing more adequate religious instruction for the young. The class established this year, like that of last year, has regular standing in the curriculum and credits toward graduation.

Commercial Reception

On Thursday evening, September 21st., the students of the Commercial school came together for their first social affair of the year. The old students under the direction of Mrs. Jones decorated the rooms of the Shorthand department, until they were cozy in the extreme. Thirty-two lads and lassies gathered and had a most delightful evening getting acquainted with each other. The hours of mirth were brought to a close by partaking of a treat of delicious watermelon, furnished by Professors Prichard and Jones, after which the halls resounded with college songs. Everybody left singly or in pairs declaring they had enjoyed themselves and that it paid to be a Commercial student.

Prayer Meeting

Did you start the school year right? The students have a prayer meeting in the preacher’s room every Thursday evening. You cannot be a perfect student and miss prayer meeting. Professor Marsh told us of the traditions of the school, several of which were the school songs, the colors of maroon and white, and the prayer meeting. The students all gave good thoughts. We need you at each meeting. Please take this invitation personally and bring someone else with you. One hour a week is not much when compared with the hours we spend otherwise and think of all the good it does you.
THE PLACE OF THE AVERAGE MAN
(Continued from page 3)

400th drop the expression was one of pain, and when 420 drops had fallen the skin burst and Mr. Sandow gave up the wager. Had the entire pint of water been poured at a single time or even in a stream Sandow would have delighted in it as in a bath, but when it came to the persistent, regular patter of the tiny drops of water not even Sandow could withstand the test.

(To be continued in next issue)

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There are two kinds of "college spirit" prevalent among us; first, the spirit which prompts a student to say a good word for the University whenever an opportunity is offered, and second, the spirit which impels the student not only to say, but also to do. The first kind is good, but it will never build a university. You may laud your football team to the skies, but if you will not go to see the games your talk will count for little; you may consider "The Trail" worth reading, but unless you subscribe it can not pay for the paper on which it is printed; you may feel proud that you are a student of the University of Puget Sound, but as such a student there are certain obligations that, of necessity, fall upon you if you wish the student body to become what it should.

Last spring when the new constitution for the student association was under consideration there was some talk of compelling all students to pay upon registration a certain amount which would make them members of the Associated Students, and also admit them to the games on the campus. This is a common custom in the universities of this country. But out of consideration for you it was decided to make the membership fee only 25 cents, and the matter of joining optional. Yet there are many reasons why every student should identify himself with the organization. The football men expect us to support them. Isn't it no more than right that we should expect them to support us?

The Y. W. girls and the Y. M. men look to us for every consideration. What of their obligation to us? Every one here holds us responsible for a certain order and system in the managing of student activities. But why should they leave that to us?

We have in the University about 210 students enrolled. Out of these enthusiastic, loyal young men and women there are some fifty who are so overly energetic that they are willing to spend a little time in trying to improve "Our University." They realize that they are the components of the student body, and that as they are so will be the student organization. Is it fair that this small percentage of the students have the controlling voice in matters of interest to all? When failure comes are the others willing to withhold their criticisms? Or when success comes will the others admit that they had nothing to do with it? Do not be a knocker, for there is no place for such in the University of Puget Sound; but if you are not a knocker you must be a booster, there is no middle ground. Get in a position now where you can say in latter years that you helped raise the standard of the student body, and then we will not be ashamed to count you as one of our number.

The people of Milton crowded the Methodist church on Friday evening, September 22, to welcome the return of Mr. and Mrs. Jones for another year. Mr. Jones has just closed a very successful year at Milton. The membership is 67 and the Sunday school and League are flourishing. The pastor is expecting great things for his church.
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