THE PUGET SOUND TRAIL

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COLLEGE OF PUGET SOUND

OCTOBER 14, 1911
ALBERS' PURE FOOD CEREALS

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Albers Bros. Milling Co. are millers on the Coast. Their "VIOLET CEREALS" are the best---that's the Albers' boast. These Cereals are so very fine when cooked by their direction that only one word can describe---that word is "PERFECTION".

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You can suspend a hundred-pound weight and strike it with a feather. At first there will be absolutely no response, yet if you continue the striking with regular strokes aimed at the selfsame place in time you will be rewarded with a thrill and tremor and then with motion and at last a swaying to and fro. It is not the keenness of the edge or the weight of the ax so much as the persistence that aims all the strokes that counts in the felling of the forest. If the hare trusts in the fleetness of its feet and takes time for sleeping, t is tartarea is sure to win the race. It is the reason that dull at last frequently succeeds where the brilliant one fails is because the former continually keeps to his task. The reason Stonewall Jackson stood at the foot of his class his first year and graduated near the head the fourth year was due to no other cause than that he was known to do the little things for the sake of being a thorough man. No person that ever disregards the little things will ever be a thorough man. But little the sense of touch and you mar the playing of a Paderewski; lower the pitch of the voice by only a few notes and you lose the marvelous singing of a Melba; vary some of our astronomical instruments by a mere hair breadth and you reduce some of their conclusions to an absurdity; blur the moral sense of men so little and you twit their eternal destiny. If the want of a horseshoe nail may lose a battle; a child's hand save Holland from inundation by the sea; blundering orders cause the loss of Admiral Cervera's fleet in Santiago Bay, then no one can afford to deal lightly with little things. It is not the great disappointments, the large financial losses or the sad bereavements of life let alone them completed. If you can afford to deal lightly with little things, the ingratitude of would-be friends, the thoughtlessness of neighbors and the heartless frivolities of the we have served and cherished. We live but one day at a time and we who learns to live it well, solve its problems and divine the mysteries that should give him light in the passing of a single day, has largely solved the mystery of life itself. Only two talents? Yes! It was only a few small loaves and two fishes that fed a multitude. It was one man fighting at a time that held the pass at Thermopolae. It was twelve armed men who completed his Idyls of the King after he was past his four score years and entered into the evening red of life's setting sun. The pages of history are filled with pictures of men sinking into woeful mediocrity in the realm of effort where they had not been trained. Frederick the Great could be a great general but when he attempted poetry he made himself as ludicrous as a court fool; Admiral Dewey could be a successful hero in Manila Bay but when he sought to write the tales of his victories upon the Spanish ships that he sank; Thomas Edison stands at the pinnacle of all scientific knowledge, yet when he talks upon religion he is as helpless as David in Saul's armor.

The young man who starts out in life must learn the value of doing well whether it be the sharpening of a lead pencil, the picking of his teeth or the combing of his hair. These are all trifles yet their consequences may be far-reaching. The point of his pencil may determine his hand writing, the care of his teeth his future digestion and health, and the politics he seemed as weak as the officers upon the Eddie. The young man who starts out in life must learn the value of doing well whether it be the sharpening of a lead pencil, the picking of his teeth or the combing of his hair. These are all trifles yet their consequences may be far-reaching.

Fidelity to Purpose.

Our two-talent man is true to one purpose. Just as the character of the man determines the tone of the music so will the purpose determine the goal. No man accomplishes much in the world without a fixed purpose. It is not only necessary that he have a purpose but that he be faithful to it, and that he never lose sight of it. Many men fail in life because they permit themselves to be diverted from their purpose. The man who tries to ride more than one horse at a time soon loses his mount, and the man who continually changes horses never becomes a skilful rider.

The purpose of the successful person is the one who selects his work and then stays with it. The man who sets out to become a landscape gardener and grows onions to make a living will never design many public parks; the man who would be a successful advocate must give himself over to that business in order to pay expenses will never be widely consulted because of his knowledge of law; and the man who would become a persuasive preacher who works on a fruit ranch that he may provide against a rainy day is not likely to ever be admired for his power of pulpit oratory.

A stream may run over a river-bed so wide that its water becomes stagnant, when the same volume of water confined to narrow banks will become a veritable torrent. The wag who some years ago realized considerable money by the advertisement, "How to keep a gun from scattering. Information furnished for 25 cents," was justly entitled to his reward. He received many letters from all over the land. To all he gave the unvarying reply, "The way to keep a gun from scattering is to insert just one shot."

Society has altogether too many people upon the Gatling gun order. They are too much like a pepper box in both their thinking and doing. They remind one of the explanation of Southey upon the death of Coleridge. "Robert Coleridge is dead with five thousand things undertaken and not a single one finished." To have sown in the souls of men To the garden of the earth. To have added but one flower To the garden of the earth.

To have sown in the souls of men
One thought that will not die.
To have been linked in the chain of life,
Shall be immortality.

(Continued from last issue)
A "New Declaration of Independence"

It has seemed to us that the "Exchange" department has been the victim of more gross mismanagement than has any other department in the average college paper. The "Exchange" editors of many college magazines the ordinarily quite intelligent have conducted their department as tho entirely lacking in this respect.

Many exchange departments appear to be mere illy assorted mixtures of intellectual froth skimmed from dissimilar periodicals in various stages of effervescence. A mere intellectual nothing, so to speak.

Other "Exchange" editors seemed to consider their whole duty done when they had collected and arranged as suited their fancy what they esteemed the choicest bits from other college papers. Exchange departments of this type exhibit all stages of organization from the collection of irrelevant scraps to the department showing considerable attempt at classification and arrangement. But even in the best of them there is a certain sameness and lack of individuality.

Such departments while perhaps exhibiting a keen sense of humor, some literary taste and a vast amount of drudging labor, would still seem to require no very high order of intelligence to produce.

Still a third type of "Exchange" column is conducted somewhat after the manner of a "Poole's Index" to periodical literature. This type might very appropriately be entitled "Anybody's to College Periodicals, With Brief Notes and Comments by the Editor." In such a column the various college papers received are catalogued and brief comments appended to each, somewhat after this manner: "Siwash Collegian—Glad to see you. Your cover is neat but the contents rather meager." "Skookum War-Cry—Your departments are well arranged. But don't scatter the 'ads.' thruout the departments. It looks bad."

The reader on perusing such a column as this gathers the impression (if he is able to gather anything whatever) that it was not meant for him at all, but that he merely has the receiver down listening to the gossip of a couple of "hello-girls." The editors of such "Exchange" columns would seem to think (if they think at all) that the department belongs wholly to themselves and exists solely for their own particular benefit. Departments such as this are excellent as affording an "Experimental Course in First Principles for Budding Literary Critics and Amateur Journalists," but otherwise quite useless.

Exchange editors who are exceptionally intelligent conduct a composite department embodying characteristics from each of the preceding types.

It is probably due to the abuses previously outlined that the "Exchange" department has of late fallen into more or less discredit among progressive colleges. Yet so firmly entrenched had this department become among the hereditary traditions of college journalism that no editor dared to discard it. The editor-in-chief usually regarded the "Exchange" editor as a very worthless but very necessary and very honorable adjunct to his staff. Accordingly he usually appointed to the position some industrious book-worm who could be depended upon to maintain in all its hoary ancientness this sacred tradition of college journalism. Doubtless the editor-in-chief had some such idea in mind when she appointed the present editor. If so we hope that she may be hugely disappointed. We are insurgent thru and thru and have no regard for traditions.

The present editor does not claim any special fitness for the position nor any great amount of originality. He recognizes also that it is very easy to criticize but vastly difficult to embody the criticism in action. He does not expect to prepare an ideal "Exchange" department. The editor has only one aim and that is to make the Exchange department the most lively and the most instructive to the largest number of readers. He believes that the "Exchange" department may be made the means of promoting a greater fellowship between the colleges thru the opportunity it offers for the interchange of ideas. He desires thru his department to make the students of his own college better acquainted with the sayings and doings (especially the doings) of other colleges.

Y. W. C. A.

Miss Fox, the Y. W. secretary, who spent the weekend with us, was a great inspiration. She congratulated us on our association and pointed out wherein it might be improved. At the home of Miss Ford, Friday evening, she gave an informal talk to the ladies of the advisory board and the cabinet. Miss Fox met with each committee and gave valuable assistance in systematizing the work in the various departments. The cabinet as a whole met with her at noon, when a typical college girl spread was served. The Sunday afternoon meeting was well attended.

At our regular meeting on October 3, Miss Rees presented the subject of "Systematic Giving" in her usual convincing and pleasing manner. The last meeting in charge of the Misses Miller and Ford, who gave a report of the Y. W. conference at the Breakers. Their enthusiastic talks filled every girl with a desire to attend the next conference. A short business meeting followed in which Mae Starr was elected vice-president and Nell Brown reporter for The Trail.

Don't forget to stay for the hot beverage which is served in Mrs. Marsh's laboratory after the meeting. This is for the benefit of girls who do not have time to go home for their lunch.

Y. M. C. A.

In the hurry of student life, men are apt to burden themselves with duties or work without taking into consideration the most essential part of their education. Is this true in U. P. S.?

Men, it is something to ponder over. Plan closely in your school work. Do not squander time, the most precious of all assets, and you will find plenty of time for those influencing forces that keep a man out of
the rut and make him a power among men for the best. The Association wants to be one of those agencies that promote the best in a man and every fellow can make the influence more vital by co-operating. Dr. Selinger, in his address on “The Appeal to Discipleship,” carried out the plans of the Association by making his words general. He appealed to every man.

“Let no man think because he is not a Christian that this appeal does not include him. Indeed, he is a tremendous force in it.”

This is the first opportunity we have had to hear Dr. Selinger and he “made good.” We appreciate his words to us more because of a world-wide experience and vision. We will do mighty well to make of ourselves the kind of men he spoke of, “the heroic type of man, the man with a broad vision of God and fellowmen.”

If you did not attend, come next time and bring the other man that hasn’t thought about it.

PERCY SCOTT.

H. C. S.

After a summer vacation we have again gathered in the U. P. S. halls to take up our work, not least of which is the maintaining of a good literary society. And to show how anxious we are to advance the work, the H. C. S., together with the Thetas, have purchased a fine piano.

The standard of literary work will be of the highest and we aim to help men and want men to help us to become the best organization in the school.

Everyone is invited to our open programs, which are held every Tuesday evening. Come and enjoy a pleasant evening.

Football

After a long summer campaign in the harvest fields of Washington and Idaho, the gladiators have returned to the U. P. S. for another season on the gridiron. Many of the vets are back and we have also a good turnout of new material every night.

Coach Wright, ably assisted by Manager Riley, has rounded the team into shape and a winning schedule is looked forward to.

September 30 we played a practice game with Shelton Athletic Club at Shelton and were defeated 5 to 0.

The referee played a star game for Shelton and had he not been opposed by Beck, our umpire, and Wright, the coach, the score would undoubtedly have been much larger.

As a result of this game several players are now missing from the regular lineup, but they are expected back in the game soon. At present there are five players on the hospital list—Beck, Smith, Tisch, Graham and Webb. However, they will probably be in shape for the Washington game.

Next Saturday, October 14, we play St. Martin’s on our home grounds, and a close game is expected. Then on Tuesday following U. P. S. lines up against her old time rival, Whitworth.

The remainder of the schedule will be announced in a later issue of The Trail.

Recital

The first recital of the school year was given last Friday evening, October 6, by the faculty of the Schools of Music and Public Speaking. If this recital was an example of other good things that we are to have this year, we may well anticipate great things.

Miss Randall has charge of the School of Public Speaking and is thoroughly capable in every respect.

Misses Elliott, Frith and Diehl are the music instructors; Miss Elliott on the pipe organ and piano, Miss Diehl, violin, and Miss Frith in voice.

The program given was as follows:

-Berceuse- Clarence Dickinson
-Elliott.- Miss Elliott.
-Fear Not Ye, O Israel- Dudley Buck
-Miss Frith.- Miss Frith.
-Adagio- Ries
-Miss Diehl.- Miss Diehl.
-Prisoner of Zenda- Anthony Hope
-Miss Randall.- Miss Randall.
-Prelude- Rachmaninoff
-Miss Elliott.- Miss Elliott.
-Open Secret- Miss Frith.
-Polonaise Brillante- Wieniaski
-Miss Diehl.- Miss Diehl.
-The Coquette Conquered- Miss Randall.
-Love in Spring Time- Miss Frith.
-Violin Obligato- Miss Diehl.

Nearly every number was heartily encored, and the second number more appreciated than the first. The pleasant personal expression that Miss Frith puts in her singing was especially enjoyed by the students. It would be impossible to enumerate all the delightful impressions that the four ladies made, so we only say “Come again.”

“YELL LEADERS TRY OUT”

“Candidates to Hold Competitive Drill Enabling Committee to Make Choice.”

The above is the caption of a very interesting news item in the Oregon Emerald for September 27. It is time we had something of the kind here. The yell-master, who has served us so faithfully in the past is gone. We need a new yell-master and we need him right away. We not only need him right away but we need the very best one we can get. The only way we can ascertain who may and who may not make the best yell-master is to have a tryout and see. In the Oregon tryout each aspirant is to be given one night to demonstrate his “vocal and persuasive powers.” Let’s get busy. What are you going to do about it, Mr. Central Bureau?
The staff of the Puget Sound Trail is not complete at the present date, but several good additions are under observation. We do not lack material for our paper, but material of original, spirited, and sound worth. Although the Puget Sound Trail is published by the students of Puget Sound, and we want to feel it is our paper, nevertheless, it is well to place the best man possible at the head of each department. We have such students and it is only a question of recognizing their peculiar fitness for the place. Several good members have been added to the staff during the past two weeks, and are already into active service. We want to thank the students and faculty for their interest and support, for we feel the hand of cooperation reaching out to us already.

In order to make the literary department of our paper hold that place which we would give it, we must have a constant source of good material. Now, we have in our University four good literary societies, all of which are doing good work. And in the various issues of The Trail we shall publish paper, poems, or any article of literary worth, designating before what society, and on what date, they were given. Often there is an exceptionally good number on the program, and only about thirty or forty enjoy its worth. If we publish the things worth while we will give to our subscribers good literary articles, and at the same time raise the literary standard of our societies, by thus bringing their work before the student body. We do not wish to agitate the spirit already prevalent between the societies, but we want each one of the four to feel proud of its work, and give the committee a chance to choose the best papers for publication.

“Loud Day,” as observed by our young ladies, demonstrated in a practical way the charms hidden in nature's adornment of the head. Really, we were not aware of so many pretty faces, and this led us to wonder why they should be marred, for all but one day in the year, by the prevailing good taste.

The appearance of the girls on the day set apart by them to wear their hair hanging in curls or braids was delightfully refreshing and very pleasing in its revelation of the truly beautiful. President Zeller, in his few well chosen words in this connection, appropriately voiced the sentiment of the sterner sex of the school. For we would indeed feel indebted to our fair co-eds could such styles prevail.

Billy Burke clusters and peach-basket hats,
Wads of jute hair in a horrible pile,
Stacked on their heads to the height of a mile.
Something is wrong with the maiden, we fear;
Give us the girls we once knew of yore,
Whose curls didn't come from a hair dressing store;
Maidens who dressed with a sensible view,
And just as Dame Nature intended them to.
Feminine style's getting fiercer each year—
Oh, give us the girls as they used to appear.

—Sterling Journal.

Welcome

Welcome, welcome, worthy guest,
To our city and our hearts!
Welcome to the Golden West,
The widespread hills and busy marts!

When the mountain breezes greet you,
With their freedom and their zest,
And when kindly hand-shakes meet you
From our city of the West;

Know that this betokens friendship
Of our people and our clime,
None in potentates or kingship
Free'er given, fuller thine.

When the inland ocean plashes
Hard upon the shelly shore,
Or the mountain river splashes
Never ceasing, evermore;

Lay aside your stately cares,
Fall a victim unto nature.
Take the song the ocean bears,
Store away the balmy treasure.

Then when woes so dense beset you,
And the heart is burdened down;
Know the West again admits you
In the city by the Sound.

—Marvin Walters.

Amphictyon

One by one the "Old Guard," the Battle-scarred Heroes of our early existence, come back to join their words of wisdom with our new young life, that by their sagacity and our might our society shall achieve that success for which we strive.

Work this year has had its drawbacks and also its halfbacks. We expect to make both ends meet, and are certain that they will, for when we tackle a proposition we are sure to guard our interests well and give no quarter to opposition until we reach the goal of our ambitions.

Dr. Selinger is our critic and you who occasionally visit the room on the southeast corner of the main floor know what that means.

We have a large number of new candidates awaiting the arrival of a modern goat.

For some time we have been casting about for a really modern animal. We received word today that
the Du Pont de Nemours Powder Works have a sample which they are willing to send us on trial. We have decided to use this beast October 31 in our initiatory ceremony. If he proves O. K. we shall proceed to the purchase of the same.

Come Monday evening at 7:45 and visit us.

A. KLEBE, Reporter.

Per W.

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**Locals**

Paul Randolph, son of Rev. Randolph, the new pastor at Epworth church, registered last week in the academy, and J. Nathan Flesher, the son of Rev. Flesher, pastor at Asbury church, also has found a place among us as a college student. We are glad to welcome both.

Senator Victor Murdock lectured in the First Christian church Wednesday evening, October 4. Many of our University students attended.

The U. P. S. boys are O. K., but they are slow. Yes they are, for Dr. Zeller allowed the girls to prove that last week in chapel. His rule is, "Those that move swiftest move first." The girls are being dismissed first.

We were all glad to see Mr. Billmeyer able to attend our University recital last week.

"Tacoma High is alright," says D. Smith and L. Servis, "but U. P. S. is good enough for us."

J. Leland Jones, a former student of the U. P. S., was a visitor at the University last week and sufficient to say he was not alone. Seemingly, the past summer has been a prosperous one. Mr. and Mrs. Jones leave for Southern California on Friday. They will spend a few days at Los Angeles and then go to Arizona, where they expect to remain for a year at least. On their return they may become members of our student body. We wish them well.

It will be noticed that we have a reporter at our chapel exercises. Miss Edna Carlson, who is taking advanced work in shorthand, is just a beginner in this new line of work and hopes to soon be able to report verbatim all chapel speeches.

Dr. and Mrs. McKay entertained last Friday night for the new faculty at Whitworth college. Miss Randall attended the reception and read several of her splendid selections for them.

We are all glad to see the familiar faces of Andy Klebe and James Bailey among us again.

Tuesday, October 3, one of the most important chapel meetings was held. The occasion was a most serious and helpful one. After the devotional services and a splendid speech on prohibition, then "it" happened. What? you ask. Well—most of us know too well what it was, for it surely vitally concerns each and every one of us. The reading of the "University Rules" brings with it that which interests us all very much; and though we were a little bit nervous as Dr.

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**A Bird in the Hand is Worth Two in the Bush**

You can’t keep waiting if you are going to secure an overcoat of really clever style. You must remember this: An overcoat on your back right now is worth two that you might expect to own later. It is the early purchaser who invariably secures the smartest style and the most fascinating fabrics. When you purchase early you have a score of shades, colors and patterns to select from—you have many different models to choose from—you have everything necessary to the securing of garments which will prove an excellent purchase. Come and see us now. Come while the season’s young.

Our excellent assemblage of Brandegee, Kincaid & Co. Models will delight you. Visit our overcoat department while possibilities for a wide choice are great.

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9TH AND A STS. PHONES: A 4343; MAIN 43
Zeller calmly stood there deciding for us what we could and could not do in the coming months, yet after all the rules were read we felt that they were just and would work no hardship upon us in being carried out.

Miss Randall's classes have organized themselves into a league for the purpose of learning, this year, the art of being good listeners. They realize the importance of acquiring such an art.

Miss McKee and her mother have started housekeeping down on O street, near 8th.

Miss Florence Blomberg suffered a slight but painful injury last week. Her ankle was severely bruised by a kick received from an anti-pigtail girl. The University girls extend their sympathy and hope that she will soon be able to walk without limping.

The Junior Class met last Thursday and elected Mae Reddish president; May Starr, vice-president; C. Warren Jones, secretary, and Arthur Hungerford, treasurer. The boys and girls of the class of '13 are planning for a year of activity. It will pay you to keep your ear to the ground.

After spending ten days in the hospital as a result of being run down by an automobile, Thurman Billmeyer put in his appearance last week. Welcome to you, Thurman. We are mighty glad to see you. Mr. Billmeyer was struck by an automobile on the evening of September 23, just after leaving the campus. For a time his life was despaired of, but because of a rugged constitution and exemplary habits, nature and medical skill were able to do their work. Thurman, you have had a little hard luck to begin the year with, but we will trust you to finish well.

Lester S. Jones, brother of C. Warren Jones, entered school the fore part of the week. In addition to his school work, he will assist Prof. Pritchard in the bookkeeping department. Mr. Jones secured his business training in Spokane.

Hurrah for the Class of 1915! We are here about fifty strong ready for work and fun. We have had two regular meetings and are now completely organized. A constitution has been drawn up and accepted and our officers have been elected. They are as follows: President, Warren Rees; vice-president, Myra Ford; secretary, Alice Warren; treasurer, Clyde Bendenom; sergeant-at-arms, Ingoomar Hostetter. We expect the hearty co-operation of each member of the class and we are going to show what we are made of.

PHILOMATHEAN LITERARY SOCIETY
Philo Helps In Little Or Much, Aiding The Happy, Earnest And Noble.
That's the way to spell it; that's the way to read it. Philomathean!

The Philos were never so wide awake as this year. Our president seems to be possessed with the spirit of making things move, and the disease is contagious. We have initiated twelve new members. Of course, we think they are the best young men and women in school, but we give the other societies the privilege of thinking the same about their new members, because they are all students of the University of Puget Sound.

Hurrah for Philo!
Sparks

("A small portion of anything active."—Webster.)

What is a joke?
A joke is something in the Puget Sound Trail which causes the following physiological phenomena: A spasmodic rising of the diaphragm, a violent vibration of the vocal chords and an uncontrollable explosion, the volume of which is variated by the size of the mouth, the curvations of the tongue, and the number of teeth of "jokee."

Psychologically speaking, a joke is the way you look at the thing. For instance:

To the Professors.—H. H. with his lesson prepared.
To Mrs. Marsh.—If He sits in the other row in chapel.
To the Scientific Student.—"Come prepared to pay laboratory fee, $2.50."
To the Dorm. boy.—"Got an extra collar?"
To the Dorm. girl.—"My turn next for the parlor."
To the small boy.—A crooked pin on a chair.
To girls in general.—Something "just horrid" said about the other person.
To Prof. Selinger.—An imaginary chapel post that occupied space and is stationary.

Professor.—Where are the taste buds?
A. W.—In the feet.

Prof. C.—When I hold a rose up before you, what do you see?
Bright Student.—The Goddess of Liberty.

Prof. S.—M.—How do we know that there is life in each cell?
Berna M.—Because when the life goes out the cell dies.

Dr. Zeller—I suppose that Prof. Wright is having the hardest time of anyone in the University right now.
The students turned their sympathetic gaze in the direction of Prof. W., and he was only talking to Miss Gale. (It's time to laugh now.)

Professor in Psychology.—We must make much out of little.
Explanation: Psychology is a study of the brain. So much depends on the way we look at things. For instance, to some Mr. Decker's nose seems to have the appearance of an ear, for one of his teachers told him to let part of his lecture go in through his nose.

Overheard at the Dining Hall (as to getting married): "If you get a good girl it pays to wait and if you don't it's long enough anyway."

In sociology class: Enthusiastic Teacher.—What would man have become if there had been no women.
Sleepy Student.—A bachelor, I suppose. (Bright idea.)

Miss Blomberg in the History Class on Oct. 6—"I am not prepared."
Prof. Davis—"Well, I suppose since the girls were so busy killing rats, we shall have to excuse them."

Found in a Physic's Note Book:
GAME TO THE CORE.

"Menzies & Stevens Clothes" are good all the way through. What you see on the outside is due to the masterful technique which is on the inside. They're so sturdily made that the strongest and most athletic fellows will gain great pleasure and service from their wear.

And, what is of equal moment to the clever dresser, they abound in artful touches, decisive lines, and the many features desired by the athlete, the student or the business man.

"Menzies & Stevens Clothes" are typically American, though many of the fabrics have an "over the briny" look—that little "air" which stands them apart—which makes them exclusive.

We display a dozen or more models in "Rain Proof Overcoat" ranging in style from the long, waisty, convertible collar design to the looser, longer great coats.

$20.00 to $60.00

Menzies & Stevens Co.

913-915 PACIFIC AVENUE
Found in a Physic’s Note Book

Cupid’s Laws of University Flirtation.
(By Dan Cupid, Bachelor of Love, U. P. S.)

1. Every girl in the University attracts a boy of the University with a force which varies inversely as the square of her beauty and directly as the square of her cuteness.

2. The force with which a girl attracts the boy varies proportionally as the amount of attractiveness of other girls in the University.

(For other laws see Prof. A. B. Wright.)

Had you ever noticed:

Margaret and Sam?
That Geo. T.’s hair was curly?
That Prof. H. had stopped running?
That the Freshmen were green?
That Anabel W. looked lonesome?
That Donald Smith was growing taller?
That Berna Miller was dignified?
That Neal Jamison is quite a lightweight?
That Lyle Ford was a typical old maid?
That Arthur H. had some more tickets to sell?
That Prof. C. was making a collection of notes?
That Decker was wide awake in his classes?
That Joseph B. has quit prize fighting?
That Owen Day looks awful lonesome?
That Max Waldron does not look down on many people?

THE PLACE OF THE AVERAGE MAN

(Continued from page 1)

...what his purpose is remains steadfastly by it. He does not continually study to find substitutes for mathematics and languages whether he stands at the foot of or at the head of the class. He will master them whether the lesson costs him one hour or five hours of effort, whether he gets to bed early or retires late. To him mental development ever looms larger than scholastic difficulties.

Our two-talent man is less anxious about consequences than the character of his work. His eye is not continually upon the clock nor his ears waiting to catch the sound of the quitting bell. He is more interested in the work being finished than that his day is finished. He is the kind of man who is just as anxious to be a good clerk when he draws six hundred dollars a year as when paid twelve hundred. He is the kind of manager who will be just as solicitous for the best interests of the owner of the plant when he receives one hundred dollars a month as he will when he receives five thousand dollars a year. He is willing to let the future take care of itself, knowing that industry, thoroughness and fidelity will always reap their sure reward.

It was fidelity to purpose prompting a Hebrew boy not to eat the king’s meat that finally made him a royal counselor; it was reverence for the worship of Jehovah that lifted a Jewish shepherd lad to princely estate among God’s chosen race; it was unswerving devotion that led the peasant maid, Joan of Arc, to head an army that drove out the English invader and set France free; it was unwavering faith in the cause of his native land that after repeated defeats nerved the arm of Robert Bruce to final victory; and it was the singleness of purpose of an honest country lawyer that after many political rebuffs placed Abraham Lincoln in the presidential chair and made him the father of emancipation.

The Need of Industry.

The two-talent man is always industrious. He may have time for a reasonable amount of recreation but none for frivolity. He lives by the clock and makes every hour count. He has neither time nor energy to waste upon trifles. As soon as he recognizes the work he has to do he goes at it. There is nothing of Micawberism about him. He does not wait for things to turn up, nor do the dulcet tones of the Spanish manana pour unction into his soul. The Lord’s work demands haste and he must be about his Father’s business.

It has been well said by Thomas Edison that 95 per cent
of genius is perspiration. Although significant, yet there is nothing so striking after all in the fact that Philip D. Armour, the Chicago meat packer, was at his desk in the morning before any clerk, manager or laborer in all of his employments; that William H. Harner, the educator, in connection with his numerous and varied duties, still taught more hours than any teacher in the institution, and that the Emperor William, with all of the temptations for recreation that his royal position offers, still leads a more strenuous life than any member of his cabinet.

Industry! what magic in the very mention of the word! What has it not accomplished? What great career or undertaking into which it had not entered! In a large sense it has been the price of accomplishment. Accomplishment is written upon her banner. Thrift lies along her path and peace and prosperity ever follow in the wake of her onward march.

Many a man whom failure stared in the face in the beginning has finally won through his industry. General Grant has said concerning the battle of Shiloh: "I thought I was going to fail, but I kept right on." It was his keeping on and pounding away even when the remainder of his army was pushed to the river's edge that finally turned the tide of battle and changed defeat into victory. To no other quality more than his industry did General Grant owe his military success. For him the war was neither a single gain nor loss, a single victory or defeat. What mattered temporary losses so long as he opened the Mississippi river to the Union fleet? What mattered broken columns so long as he gained Missionary Ridge, and opened the way into Georgia? What mattered the appalling death list around Richmond so long as he held his ground, finally conquered the city and ended the war at Appomattox? He never for one moment lost sight of his purpose nor for a single moment abandoned the methods of industry that alone were calculated to succeed. No wonder when senators and congressmen petitioned Lincoln to dismiss Grant and substitute for him a more brilliant man, he made the laconic reply: "I can't spare this man, he fights."

We admire the Russian statesman Dewitte when he drew a line from the Japan to the Baltic Sea and prepared the way for his Trans-Siberian railroad, but we must not forget that only years of industry could lay its tracks; we marvel at the vision of the French engineer De Lesseps in projecting the Panama canal, but we are ever reminded of the great toil and sacrifice necessary to bring it to pass; we are thrilled by the dictum of the great Napoleon that "there shall be no Alps," but we must not forget the labor that was necessary to bring it to realization.

(To be continued in next issue)
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