YULETIDE.
(By Flora C. Rosenberg.)

A Christ-child thou art bending
O'er palace home and mart,
The gift of love art sending
Into each lonely heart.

The pain of all the ages
With all its gruesome fears,
Dark sin and all its wages,
Have melted 'neath Thy tears.

Each child that wanders homeless
May feel Thy look divine,
And banish pain and loneliness
While kneeling at Thy shrine.

A Christ-child tender, holy,
Give us the gift benign,
To reach the poor and lowly,
And heal with love like Thine.

A star with silver splendor,
Blaze with Thy guiding beams,
Compassion holy, tender,
Blooms where Thy glory streams.

A star with beauty gleaming,
Radiant Eastern Star,
Thy bright prophetic beaming
Shines on the gates ajar.

JANUARY 2, 1914.
Welcome to the New Year

A Medley, Selected from Many Authors.

By Mrs. Dillon.

The mountains were clad in their robes of state—garments of purple haze, touched with golden glory that comes with the early shadows. The world was a garden, and the fields and woods were soft in the fading light. A hush came over the sleeping hills; all things waited for night. Soft tints of sunset flecked the sky, northeastern winds prevailing.

The golden sun sank from his pathway diurnal; afar, in the calm, quiet sky, shone the glistering stars, all eternal. Soft fell the evening's grateful gloom; the old clock ticked its warning clear and slow; and strangely, with the fading, fitful glow, the moonlight mingled in the silent room.

Mournfully, so mournfully, the wind played through the trees the saddest measures of a dirge, on nature's minor keys. The lamp burned low; the hour was late; the embers died within the grate; and the gray Old Year was dying. Fast his sands of life were falling; voices from the shadows calling; and the Year was dead.

The air seemed darkened by his loss; Earth's shadowed features looked less fair; for he was our friend.

But why mourn we that our aged friend is dead? We are not sad to see the garnered grain; nor when the mellowed fruits the orchards cast; nor when the yellow woods shake down their ripened mast. Why weep we then for him, who, at last, life's blessings all enjoyed, life's duties done, serenely to his rest hath passed?

There are tears enough in the old world's eyes; and a path that is rough is not smoothed by sighs. We must try the effect of a good, strong light on a gloomy picture to make it bright; and life is all too brief, the world too wide, too wonderful, for grief; too crowded with the loveliness of bird and bud and leaf.

So, though we said goodbye with bitter, futile tears, the dear Old Year and I, I hide behind a cheery smile the pain that warps my inner heart; for I know that though my friend is gone, a smiling, glad New Year has come. And in the new loneliness of the new-born Year, ere we can dream of it, spring's fair, new gospel will be writ.

Fiercer and louder the wild winds blow; but we, who are in the secret, know that short is their time of savage power—the sun comes nearer hour by hour. And we know not every morrow can be sad; so, forgetting all the sorrow we have had, let us fold away our tears, and put by our foolish fears, and through all the coming year—just be glad.

For do we not know that a bright, cheerful smile will all trouble beguile and dispel even mountains of woe? There's nothing so catching as laughter; it drives death, oft, back to its lair; it acts on the nerves, it good health preserves, and annihilates loads of despair.

Then let it come out when you feel it; don't check it, but give it full play. It will drive away grief, if there's any around, and illumine like sunshine your day. 'Tis like silvery moonlight at evening; it lights up life's dark, gloomy way, does good, honest laughter: 'tis that that we're after. Then let us give it full play.

Thus, little New Year, our new-found friend, we welcome thee with mirth, and joy, and song. Pray guide us on our upward way; protect us from all wrong. Take our allegiance as thy right; accept the Old Year's throne, his sceptre rise, and be our guide; from harm protect thine own.

We loved the old year, little King; we mourn his loss today. But we, his loyal subjects true, for thee, our new King, pray. We sorrow for our dear Old Year; he was our friend. And we, to show our love for him, present his crown to thee. His throne, his crown, his friends, are thine; oh, King, we pray thee now, make strength, and peace, and goodness, shine upon thy noble brow.

Now one and all, with one accord, though be ye far or near, lift up your hearts in joyful song, and bless the glad New Year.
University Day by Day

By Prof. Walter S. Davis.

Saturday, November 29—Funeral of Mrs. Harry Luke (nee Clara Wood) a former student.

Tuesday, December 2—Greeting to Dr. Selinger of chapel. Philo boys present triad scene.

Wednesday, December 3—Rev. Maples, of Roosevelt Christian Church, addressed the Y. M. C. A. Marriage of J. W. Whealdon and Estella Burwell, former students.

Thursday, December 4—Dr. Foster speaks against a celibate clergy. Grace Lawson prayer meeting leader. Dr. and Mrs. Selinger attend prayer meeting. Progressive speech at prayer meeting by Thurman Billinger.

Friday, December 5—Recital by students in oratory and music. Reception to Dr. and Mrs. Todd at residence of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Brix. Chapel talk by D. T. E. Elliott.

Saturday, December 6—Prof. Zoller reads the third chapter of Ecclesiastes. City school board election.

Sunday, December 7—Mayor Cotterill, of Seattle, speaks at city Y. M. C. A. on the Minian temperance conference and state-wide prohibition.

Tuesday, December 9—Philo girls’ entertainment.

Saturday, December 13—Chapel exercises in honor of Dr. Foster’s eightieth anniversary. Banquet at Seattle Y. M. C. A. in honor of Dr. Foster. Conference of Christian Workers at University of Washington.

Sunday, December 14—Dr. Foster’s eighteenth birthday. Governor Lister speaks at city Y. M. C. A.

Monday, December 15—Chapel attended by the M. E. ministers of Tacoma. Chapel talk by District Superintendent Elliott. Anthiphylion Christmas party.


Wednesday, December 17—President Todd’s chapel talk on “Soul Suicide.” Prayer meeting topic, “Thoughts on Christmas. Recital by students of music and oratory.

Trout Fishing On

The Nooksack

By Guy E. Dunning.

“The salmon trout are biting.” This was the word passed ‘round among the disciples of Isaac Walton living in the little city of Ferndale one bright afternoon in early August. Ferndale is built on the banks of the Nooksack river, a beautiful stream of cold, swift mountain water, famous as a good fishing place. On the afternoon above mentioned the river was just beginning to subside after a series of heavy rains, accompanied by warm “Chinook” winds, had raised it until it had almost overflowed its banks.

To those living in that vicinity who are wise in the science of “Fishology,” a rise in the river, particularly in the late summer and fall means good fishing. For they know that in the course of a couple of days after the rise, while the river is subsiding, the trout run up the river in largest numbers and also are hungriest then.

On the evening after the magic words had been passed ‘round I was not surprised to see many true lovers of that greatest of all sports, fishing, industriously digging in their gardens, not for exercise, nor to improve the gardens, but with the sole object, seemingly, of imprisoning as many slick, fat earth worms as possible in rusty, old tin cans. For the trout is an epicurean and determinedly chooses his own bill of fare on which earth worms appear prominently, until late in the fall when they are displaced by salmon eggs.

Being, I confess, an ardent disciple of Walton, it is nothing strange that I was one of the most industrious of these diggers. And after I had filled my can with worms, seen that I had plenty of sinkers, hooks and line, mended my fish basket and glanced anxiously at a clouded sky, I went early to bed. For at 5 o’clock on the following morning I had agreed to meet a friend on the bridge which crosses the river about half a mile above the best fishing grounds.

At 4 o’clock on the following morning an insistent, intermittent alarm clock (the use of which, by the way, should be illegal except on the mornings of
THE UNIVERSITY DAY BY DAY.

Friday, December 19—Chapel talk on “The New Chivalry” by Dr. Clide Smith. Holiday vacation begins. Faculty presents a casserole to Dr. and Mrs. Selinger.

Tuesday, December 30—Meeting of university trustees to confer with Dr. John W. Hancker, representing the Methodist board of education of New York city. The general board gives financial aid to our school. President Todd presents a plan of growth to the trustees.

Thursday, January 1, 1914—Wedding of W. D. Fusselman and Miss Ada Horten, former students.

Friday, January 2—Recitations begin again. Dean Jarsh, chapel leader.

Saturday, January 3—Chapel address by ex-President Zeller on “The Fundamentals of Christianity.”

TROUT FISHING ON THE NOOKSACK.

fishing excursions) aroused me from a sweet dream about trout fishing in which I had been most successful, having filled a generous-sized basket with beautiful specimens of trout. I jumped out of bed, hurriedly raised the curtain of my bedroom window and looked into a sky which augured a most perfect day for fishing. For not a cloud was to be seen, and the sun, which was just rising from behind Mt. Baker, seemed almost as strong at that early hour as at mid-day.

Promptly at 5 o'clock I met my friend at the designated meeting place and we started downstream toward the fishing grounds.

Now this friend, for excellent reasons, was commonly known among his associates as “The Phonograph,” and I had been rather dubious when arranging to go with him as to the chances for catching any fish while in his company. But he had insisted that he could keep still while fishing and on that day he proved the truth of his assertion.

We reached our favorite fishing place about an hour after we left the bridge. The trout were biting well, and as evidence a fellow townsman who had preceded us by two hours, showed us a fine string of the speckled beauties.

We then baited our hooks, cast them and settled down for a day of thorough enjoyment. Soon after casting I felt a fierce tug at my line. I knew that I had a big one on. I gave a slight jerk to fasten the hook and then “gave him his head” by letting out my automatic reel. He was a game fighter and gave me a fine battle before I was able to at last easily reel him in, a thoroughly beaten but splendid two-pound salmon trout. Hardly had I landed him when my companion also hooked a large trout. The scientific way in which he “played” his trout and the game fight put up by the fish were almost as interesting as my own “battle” had been and when the speckled beauty had been finally landed in my companion’s fish basket I felt that the day had been well begun.

We were not to enjoy our day of fishing without interruption, however, for soon after our first “catches” a party of ladies from Bellingham, who had come up on the 7 o’clock train took possession of the bank of the river just opposite to us. They opened out their fishpoles with a clatter, and with a great deal of amusement we watched their attempts to bait the hooks. One would squeal because the worm squirmed; another would scream as the sharp point of a hook entered her tender thumb and another would exclaim wrathfully because the worm wriggled off after it had been put on. At last, however, the hooks were baited and we watched them throw out their lines into the stream, regardless of the depth or swiftness of current at that particular place.

While they were fishing we were entertained by a running conversation which they kept up and which was varied somewhat, but for the most part consisted approximately of the following:

“Oh, I’ve got a bite, I’ve got a bite, I’ve got a bite!”

“Well, pull him in. Don’t waste so much time. I don’t believe you even jerked the line to fasten the hook!”

“Now, stand out of my way! Don’t you see that I’ve got to swing him right where you’re standing?”

Then we heard a loud “swish” and with a flourish and a triumphant squeal the luckless fish is landed high up on the bank. Every fisherwoman drops her pole and runs to examine the catch:

“Oh, it’s only a bullhead!”

“Poor little fellow!”

“Let’s put him back!”

“See how he struggles!”

“They’re no good, anyway!”

So the bullhead is carefully picked up between two sticks and thrown back into the water to aggravate some other fisherman a few moments afterward probably.

Thus we watched them catch several bullheads and we noticed that they were becoming quite exasperated, when suddenly one pulled from the water what appeared to be a large trout. Immediately she screamed, “Oh, isn’t it a darling!” and then jumped on it to keep it from struggling back into the water. All of the other ladies now left their poles and ran up to examine the trophy. “Why,
hasn't it a funny head," said one. "What a queer mouth it has," said another. At last, after a careful examination, they had to disappointingly acknowledge that it was only a sucker!

"Yes, those suckers and bullheads are such d**gs," remarked one of the group, ironically, as she returned to her abandoned pole. The one who had caught the sucker said nothing.

I guessed, and rightly, that our fair fishermaids wouldn't remain long with us after that. They left soon after, one of them remarking as she left, "I have always thought that this river wasn't any good for fishing anyway, and now I know it."

My companion and I continued fishing in the same place after the ladies left during the rest of the day. While our luck was not phenomenal, we had the satisfaction at night of taking home in our baskets twenty good specimens of the finny tribe, several of which had shown gameness enough to give us a good fight before we had succeeded in landing them.

I wouldn't attempt to say which I enjoyed the more during the excursion, the actual fishing or the lady fishers on the opposite bank. Anyway, I was sorry when they left.

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Poet's Corner

CHOOSE THE KIND WORDS.

(By Mrs. N. G. Dunning.)

Let the bitter words remain unspoken,
Why should you grieve the hearts you love?
For they can never be forgotten,
And will to your heart a burden prove.

Speak gently, speak softly on life's journey;
It will bring you joy to know
That you've cheered the heart of another
By the kind words you speak as you go.

NOTHING HAPPENED.

(Judge.)

She sat beneath the mistletoe,
Without the slightest fear;
She felt no wild, glad tremor, though
She knew he lingered near.
She sat there calm and unafraid,
And sleepily he yawned, for they'd
Been married for a year.

THE PLEDGE.

(New York Times.)

Whenever you have crossed your heart and hoped to die, an 'en
You go an' tell a secret 'at you said you won't, and when
No matter even if your sweetheart asks you to, you tell
What you have crossed your heart about an' swore you'd keep it well,
You'll never get believed again, no matter what you do,
Nobody never trusts you an' the boys all lay for you Whenever you go fishin' an' they never go along
Cuz if you cross your heart an' tell it is a dreadful wrong.

Oncet Henry Bemis told me of a little boy he knew
Who crossed his heart an' hoped to die, an swore he'd keep it true,
An' went and told the teacher what he crossed his heart about
'Is tuz he was a todey; an' the boys all found it out,
So's ever after that they hated him an when they're in a crowd
An' he 'ud come around they'd call him "tattle-tale" out loud,
An' all of 'em would go away, an' Henry Bemis said
He bet he was so lonesome 'at he almost wished he's dead.

'Cuz when you cross your heart it is the solumestest thing
'At you can do, an' even if you wuz a mighty king
An' crossed your heart an' hoped to do, you wouldn't never dast
To tell what someone told you, but you'd have to keep it fast
An' locked up in your secret breast till him 'at told you said
He'd take the cross off'n your heart, or else 'at he was dead,
An' 'en it wouldn't matter; but as long as he was mum
You'd never dast to tell it even to your dearest chum!

Humorous

Prof. Zoller, in chapel, after hunting for five minutes to find his place, reads: "There is a reason for all things."

(Continued on page Seven)
THE PUGET SOUND TRAIL

The Puget Sound Trail

TACOMA, WASH.

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BY THE ASSOCIATED STUDENTS OF THE

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SAMUEL DUPERTUIS ---- Business Manager

Entered as second class matter October 14, 1911, at the Postoffice at Tacoma, Wash., under the act of March 3, 1879.

1913 VS. 1914.

Twelve months have passed since we began the lap in the journey of life marked by the mile-post "1913." How different the year has been from what we expected it to be! What a number of unexpected joys were ours; and even greater was the number of unexpected disappointments. What a small part of that which we expected to do was really accomplished! How many of our most cherished plans were shattered in the bud! The good resolutions firmly made and yet because of human frailty so easily broken, were so many! And now we stand at the beginning of 1914. Before us now, as twelve months ago, stands the unexplored year. Shall we, remembering the unrealized expectations, the shattered plans and the broken resolutions of last year, begin 1914 in the passive spirit of "Let come what may!" No! Let us rather launch out onto the unknown waters of the new year with the firm determination that our ship is to be a guided one, instead of a drifting derelict. Let us have greater expectations and make more plans and resolutions than we did a year ago at the beginning of 1913! For we gain through our attempts, though many of them be failures, valuable experience and strength of character; while the drifter never reaches a higher level than that of the lowly oyster which can eat only the food which is brought to it.

At last steps are being taken to provide adequate protection for the passengers and crews on ocean, river and lake-going vessels. Senator La Follette has introduced a bill in the senate which provides that each passenger boat must carry enough lifeboats to accommodate its full list of passengers and members of the crew. Indications are that the bill will be passed and become a law and if it does it will be one of the best and most needed laws placed on our statute books for some time. Of course the steamship companies are fighting it hard, but as the leaders in both the house and the senate favor it, it is likely that the bill will pass. "Unsinkable ships" have proven their success as "unsinkable" with the "un" left off. The best protection for passengers seems to be lifeboats, as they will keep their occupants from a watery grave until one of the many passing ships of the present time picks them up. The next great life saving law should be one which compels dividend-grasping mine-owners to so construct their mines as to adequately protect the workers.

The currency bill has passed both houses, has been signed by the President and is therefore now a law. Although its terms are technical and the bill is little understood by the average man, it makes some radical changes in our financial system and these changes are thought to be generally beneficial. Time only will tell whether the law is as beneficial as its champions would have us think. We hope, for the sake of the country, that it is. For our banking system and Wall street methods of financing have long needed a corrective agency to work upon them. The new currency law would make a good topic for a paper or discussion in our literary societies. We would like to see it taken up by the societies as all are interested in it and need to know its provisions.

U. P. S. can look into the face of the new year and say "Hurrah!" for the outlook is bright—the greatest part of the anxiety for our future is left behind. Last year at this time there was a serious question in the minds of many as to whether or not the doors of U. P. S. would be open at the beginning of 1914. Now with $80,000 voted for maintenance, with $38,000 of that already raised and with everyone getting behind the movement for a bigger and better U. P. S., things are taking on a rosy hue. Let's all boost in our home towns and wherever we are for our university!

Guy Hudgins, a prominent Amphictyon and member of the sophomore class, left for his home in Eastern Canada on December 10. He will arrive in Tacoma to renew his studies on January 10. On his return trip he will stop off at Kansas City to attend the Volunteer convention.

Mr. and Mrs. Giehert spent the holidays with home folks in Everett.

Prof. Hanawalt's class in Arithmetic and Methods is doing actual teaching of the subject.
Jim—Say, Frank, I saw a miracle performed on the street the other day.
Frank—You don't say! What happened?
Jim—Why Mr. Wood met Mr. Stone on the street and they engaged in conversation. While they were talking, a woman wearing a slit skirt passed by. Thereupon Wood turned to Stone, Stone turned to Wood and then they both turned to rubber.

Loyd Burke, in English class—Now, if a fellow could only have Ed. Shaper's head and my delivery—

A negro and an Irishman were once matched for a prize fight. Neither one was overly well endowed with courage and neither wanted the fight to go to a knockout. So they made an arrangement before the fight began that whenever one of them should have enough he should cry "Sufficiency." The fight began and during the early rounds the negro had all the better of it. He pumelled the Irishman around the ring at will and punished him so severely that the Irishman had all he could do to stand. The negro couldn't help wondering why the Irishman said nothing. After awhile, however, the Irishman began to get the better of the argument and knocked the negro down. The black man then immediately cried "Sufficiency." The Irishman stood over him, shaking his fist and said, "Ye dirty black spalpeen, I've been trying to think of that word for the last thirty minutes!"

Prof. Zoller, in Applied Chemistry class—Now, students, I want you to familiarize yourselves with soap as much as possible.

An Irishman was walking along near a fort late one afternoon and heard the usual sundown gun. He asked a small boy what the noise was. The boy said that it was the sundown. The Irishman replied: "Many a time have I seen the sun go down in the old country, but I nivir heard it make a noise like that."

A travelling man received the following telegram from his wife: "Twins arrived tonight. More by mail." He went at once to the nearest office and sent the following reply: "I leave for home tonight. If more come by mail send to dead letter office."

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On The Campus

INTERCOLLEGIATE PROHIBITION ASSOCIATION.

By Bess Johnson, Assistant Editor.

The Temperance class, which was recently organized under the auspices of the intercollegiate Prohibition Association, meets every Friday at 2 o'clock in Prof. Davis' room. Under the direction of Prof. Davis the class is studying "Winning the Fight Against Drink," and the members can truthfully testify to the spirited discussions which take place.

At present interest is centred around the state and local contests. Several of our students have signified their intention of entering the race. The local contest will be held February 13 in the college chapel. The state contest will be held February 26 in Seattle.

You fellows who have grit, get some more and enter these contests!

DECLAMATORY CONTEST A PARTIAL SUCCESS.

The annual declamatory contest of the students of the academy was a decided success insofar as program was concerned. Financially, however, it was not a success. Only a small crowd was present and consequently not near enough money was taken in to meet expenses. It is noteworthy that the large crowd which gathers and practically fills the chapel at free recitals is strangely absent when a small admission fee is charged. The annual academy declamatory contest is an important and worthy event and should be patronized better both by the

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students and people of the university neighborhood. This year's contest was won by Lloyd Burke, Mildred Pollom taking second place. There were only two other declaimers, Mrs. Blanche Hudson and Ulric Sellers, both of whom did well. Many who were present thought that Mrs. Hudson did so well that she should have been entitled to one of the prizes. The judges, however, evidently thought differently. Mr. Sellers has an excellent voice for declaiming and his enunciation is also excellent. He has, in fact, the best voice of any who declaimed in the contest. What he lacks is experience and training. When he has received those he will be a credit to the U. P. S. in declamatory contests. The judges of the contest were Rev. Robert L. Hay, Miss E. Oriola Scott and Miss McCaffey. Excellent music was furnished for the program by Clarence Keen, Arthur Smith, Edwin Davis, Winfield Sypher, J. Walsh and Harry Thornton.

NOTES FROM HELEN'S HALL.

The girls had their Christmas tree on Wednesday night, December 17. The room was lighted by the fire from the fireplace and the candles, which made it seem like Christmas at home. The tree was decorated with tinsel and bright red apples, also by the many presents.

The girls left on Friday, December 19, for their respective homes: Marie Opdahl, Buckley; Icel Marshall, Centralia; Bessie Shone, South Bend; Maud Huntington, Castle Rock; May Stoliker, Tenino; Vivian Todd, Tenino; Mabel Holland, Waterville; Flossie Duncan, Waterville; Mary Bonds, Sumas; Haldora Andresen, Port Angeles; Merle Olin and Erma Olin, Bothell.

Irene Richardson's parents came from Aberdeen, S. D., to spend the Christmas vacation with her here.

Georgia Webb spent her vacation working in Tacoma.

FIRST YEAR ACADEMY NOTES.

Yes, we lost, but we are not dead yet. Alas, and the third years will die trying to keep the ancient rules (4-year presidential term) of 1472 in this modern land of ours. Why not shake off the shackles of our president and give our president a chance.

"Oh you windy debaters No. three." Sing on your song of tyrannical customs. Heed not the demands of common reason; your own arguments some day will cause your death, or else you will go broke buying presidents at 10 cents each. But

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THE "GIMME CLUB" TRAVELS.
Fred Crane had as his guests at his home in Harrison, Idaho, during vacation Arvid Beck, Lynn Wright, Frank Bonds and Vernon Schlatter. All of these boys are members of the "Gimme Club" and while east of the mountains they played several games of basket-ball and made it a point to encourage students over there to enter our university next fall. The "Gimme Club" will put a team in the field here which bids fair to hold its own with any of the Tacoma teams.

NEWS FROM THE THIRD YEAR ACADEMY.
By Orva Lang.
Zip, Bum, Bah!
Zip, Bum, Bah!
We’re the third years,
Rah! Rah! Rah!

We go to every ball game free;
We’re the best class in our university.
Zip, Bum, Bah!
We’re the third years,
Rah! Rah! Rah!

We are still alive. If you have not heard from us before, I am sure you would like to know some of our history. Some time ago we organized our class. Our president is Mrs. Hudson, vice-president, Miss Fritz; secretary and treasurer, Miss Thomas. Our colors are purple and lavender. You will be convinced of the loyalty to the class of all members by noticing each has a pennant. We won the championship of the academy debate. Now say we are not up and doing! Yes, we are right there! You will hear from us again.

WILLAMETTE HAS A BAD CASE OF "SWELLED-HEAD."
Our sister university to the south, Willamette is evidently in the throes of a bad case of the malady commonly known as "swelled-head." The symptoms indicate that the disease is quite firmly grounded and that unless something is done to check the fever always attendant on such cases, the students down there will soon be utterly unable to buy hats commensurate with the size of their distorted domes. Yea, verily, they will have to reach far out, of a morning, in order to allay the itching in their educated, curly locks. For they must surely be educated to the very roots of their hair as well as to the tips of their fingers.

The first indication that we had that the above-mentioned sickness had laid hold of our sister uni-

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University was when we read an article in the last issue of the "Willamette Collegian," which stated that Willamette had about decided not to meet U. P. S. in debate because we are not in their class! In fact the article stated that in meeting us they feared the possibility of meeting only a third rank team! The article at the same time expresses the fear of the possibility, (meeting a third rank team), if they were to debate the University of Washington or Pacific University. So they are going to debate the University of Southern California! Shades of Don Quixote! After recovering from the lack of breath caused by the consummate egotism exhibited in the article, we can best express our feelings by quoting the remarks of Cassius when he said to Brutus: "Upon what bath this our Caesar fed that he hath become so great?"

An inkling as to that upon which Willamette has been feeding is probably given us by an article on this year's football season which appears in the same issue of the "Collegian." The writer of this article, after giving an account of Willamette's football successes, finishes up in grandiloquent oratorical style by saying: "No defeats for us—Napoleon conquered Italy. Will we ever meet our Waterloo?"

Well, dear "William-ate," football heroes rarely make good debaters and muscle and brawn acquired on the football field avail nothing in a battle of wits. Your football record will not help you any in a struggle in forensics. And if you are bankering for a "Waterloo," you can have a perfectly good one handed out to you if you will only debate U. P. S. this year, as per proposed schedule.

The annual Amphictyon Christmas party was the most successful of all our parties of this year. It
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was a “kid” party and everyone came dressed as children.
Strange to say, those who are generally the most dignified looked the most “kiddyfied.” And such fun! Everyone threw off all restraint and enjoyed an old-fashioned good time. Kid games were the source of the evening’s entertainment and “London Bridge Is Falling Down,” “Pig-in-the-Parlor,” “Jolly Miller Boy,” etc. were really more enjoyed than they were in our juvenile days. A well-decorated Christmas tree containing a gift for everyone present stood in one corner and added brilliancy to the tasty decorations of the room. Promptly at 9:30 o’clock Leslie Johnson, who with Billmeyer’s Alaska suit and a Santa Claus mask, made an excellent Santa Claus, entered the room, accompanied by the jingling of bells. He distributed the gifts from the tree to the “children” who were seated on the floor. After Santa’s advent refreshments were served and then the evening’s good time was brought to a close by the singing of “Amphic” songs and giving “Amphic” yells.

H. C. S. ENTERTAIN THETAS.
By Bess Johnson, Assistant Editor.
The H. C. S. fraternity gave the Kappa Sigma Theta sorority a rare treat on Tuesday evening, December 16, in the form of an open program. What Theta lives who doesn’t love to hear Arvid Beck sing solos? And the girls report that he sang thrice that evening. Lynn Wright gave our some splendid information, about which many Thetas (M. B., A. F., et cetera) have already formed some rather decided opinions. De Loss Hart read a paper. Fred Crane and Vernon Schlatter transported some Idaho fairies up to the Theta room and told stories about them. The last number on the program was musical.
Among the guests of the fraternity were Adele Westerfelt, a prominent Theta of last year, and Mrs. Wright.
EVERYDAY.

(Washington Star.)

—

We love the day of song and jest,
That brings the night of festal glow,
We love the simple Days of Rest
Which mark the weeks that come and go,
Yet most we cherish, after all,
Those many days throughout the year
Which greet us with an honest cheer—

The Day that tells of Duty done,
All free from Fancy's cunning spell;
The Day of something fair begun
Or something that has finished well;
Though holidays may gleam anew
Amid the revelry so gay,
A welcome true we'll hold for you,
Oh, good, old, honest Everyday!

Locals

Christmas parties, the interchange of Christmas wishes, the recital by the students from the Schools of Music and Expression and various other indications of the season characterized the spirit which was dominant during the last week before vacation at Puget Sound.

On Friday evening, December 19, the members of the faculty presented to Dr. and Mrs. H. P. J. Selinger a beautiful casserole. Prof. Davis made the presentation speech and Dr. Selinger accepted with a speech neat and appropriate to the occasion.

The birthday banquet given to Dr. Foster at the Y. M. C. A. in Seattle on the occasion of his birthday was a success in every way. Letters of congratulation from all parts of the world were received and read. Mayor Cotterill made the chief address. Many dignitaries from all over the state were present, including the faculty members of our university.

The girls of Helen's Hall gave a farewell Christmas party at the Hall on Wednesday evening, December 17. Miss Haldora Andresen took the part of Santa Claus and it is said that she was SOME Santa Claus.

Some of the students who left Tacoma to spend the vacation at home were: Bessie Schone, of South Bend; Icel Marshall, Centralia; Maude Huntington, Castle Rock; Mabel Holland and Flossie Duncan, Waterville; Haldora Andresen, Port An-

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Dr. and Mrs. J. C. Zeller spent the holidays in Tacoma, Dr. Zeller returning to Chicago after the holidays to renew his studies at the University of Chicago.

Miss Ethel Miller completed her normal work before she left for her home at North Yakima for the holidays. Consequently she did not return to Puget Sound.

During the Christmas vacation the ruins of the old gym were cleared away. We all hope that next summer a beautiful new structure will rise, Sphinx-like, from its ruins.

Pauline Wells, of Mount Vernon, a former student in the department of Oral Expression, visited friends at Puget Sound last week.

Miss Wiles will probably take up her work again next semester.

Miss Ruth M. Reynolds, a popular member of the sophomore class and of the Kappa Sigma Theta sorority, has been elected captain of the girls' basket-ball team. The girls' basket-ball team is now turning out regularly for practice and a championship team is in prospect. Ann Iry, Erma Olin and Mabel Myers, of last year's team, are in school again and will help to strengthen this year's team. Miss Hassebroek is coaching the girls.

Mrs. Blanche T. Hudson, one of Prof. Lambert's most promising pupils, has been coaching the students of Barlow high school in the production of their play.

Jack Murback, president of the student body, left just before the holidays for his home in Almira, Wash., to attend the wedding of his brother to Miss Ellen Morrow, a former U. P. S. student.

Arthur Hungerford and "Tiny" Benbow, both former U. P. S. students, visited at the university just before vacation.

Prof. H. F. Zoller spent his holidays in Oregon.
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