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ATHLETIC GOODS
# The Puget Sound Trail

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A Christmas Wager

Edith Rummel '20.

"I'll bet you my squirrel's tail against your pea-shooter that you can't. But how we gonna tell?"

For a minute Billy racked his brain, and then his ever-ready ingenuity came to his aid. "I'll swear this to, Jimmy, and then you swear it to me, and remember that some-thin' awful will happen to you if you break a swear. I'll begin," and Billy, holding up his right hand, tried to assume a tone of awful solemnity. "I swear on my word of honor as a gentleman to tell truthfully how many helpin's of grub I et at Christmas dinner."

And Jimmy, assuming a like attitude and tone of voice, repeated, "I swear on my word of honor as a gentleman to tell truthfully how many helpin's of grub I et at Christmas dinner."

Unknown to the boys, there was a silent audience to this exciting conversation. Jerry Stanton, known to Ferrytown as Dr. J. E.
Stanton, passing close by on his way home from a call on a sick neighbor, noticed the boys playing a game which brought back to him strongly his own boyhood, and he paused a moment, concealed from view by a raspberry bush, to listen to them, caught by the irresistible appeal of the small boy, and the word "Christmas."

A wave of loneliness swept over him as he watched them and heard their words of joyous anticipation of the morrow. What would tomorrow, Christmas Day, bring for him? A long, dreary, lonesome day, dinner alone, no Christmas tree, no children with eager faces alight at the wonders found upon it; none of those beings without whom Christmas is not Christmas—one's own home folks.

He had been at the university each Christmas before, since he had had no home, and had gone home with a fraternity brother for the holidays, and been made welcome by "somebody else's folks." He had been in Ferrytown almost a year now, his first year of practice, but he had been too busy working up his business and doing outside work to enter into the social life of the town. And now, during the last few weeks, he had come to realize that he was lonely; and during just the past few days, when the holiday spirit was in the air, that he was desperately lonely.

Now, as the boys jumped up to leave, he walked away, unwilling that they should catch him eavesdropping.

Billy ran home to the big Reed house on Main street, and shouted the latest popular song at the top of his voice as he ran up the back steps, for the benefit of his sister Emily, who he knew would probably be in the kitchen finishing up the Christmas candies. Emily was twenty and very, very pretty; prettier than anyone else Billy knew, and they were the best of comrades. But Billy, boylike, could not resist the temptation to tease her now and then.

"Howdy, Emmy? How's your feller?"

"What makes you so silly, Billy? Look here. Be a nice boy and I'll roll this nice piece of candy right into your mouth."

Billy, a look of meek submission on his face, opened his mouth wide, and was not disappointed. For a moment there was silence, except for a loud smacking of lips.

"Emmy, ain't you got no feller?"

"Can't you be a nice boy now, when I gave you the candy? Aunt Sarah's here."

With a whoop, Billy vanished parlor-wards.

Christmas was an exciting, busy, joyous day at the Reeds'. Billy was up early, long before any of the company arrived, and already with a picture in his mind of himself as the proud possessor of a squirrel-tail, he refused to touch a mouthful of breakfast, in spite of the entreaties of his mother. Even Emily could not prevail upon him. No, he would take no chances. The question was, how would he manage to get as many helpings at dinner as he knew he could consume, without the family noticing it. It would never do to sit beside Aunt Sarah; she would soon put a stop to such goings on. But Uncle Jim would do anything for his Billy-boy, as he called him. He would do all in his power to get Emily on one side of him, Uncle Jim on the other, and as near to the turkey as possible.
The hour arrived, and assembled all the uncles, aunts, and cousins. At the sound of the bell which always announced dinner at the Reeds' on these festive occasions, the family all marched into the dining-room, led by Grandpa Reed. Billy hung tight to Uncle Jim's hand, but with secret misgivings as to his capacity. The shot of himself going to school with the bushy tail dangling from his buttonhole or cap gave him new courage; but why did Emily persist in sitting at the other end of the table? He steered Uncle Jim up to the turkey end and sat down, only to look up into the face of Aunt Sarah, on the other side of him. This was the irony of fate, indeed; but he would have to make the best of it.

The dinner progressed, and Billy found no difficulty in securing two helpings of turkey and potatoes and gravy. Any small boy would be allowed that much on Christmas Day. But dare he ask for a third? No, he would use a little strategy first.

"Uncle Jim," a very small voice, "will you pass my plate and get me some more turkey?"

"To be sure, Billy-boy," and the plate came back fuller than usual, supposedly for Uncle Jim.

With his mind on the highest object of his attainment, Billy consumed it, only having one or two little sighlets, too small for even Aunt Sarah's sharp ears to hear. Scarcely had he finished, however, when, to his dismay, he heard his father and Aunt Sarah discoursing on the subject of the control of children's food, a subject dear to the heart of Aunt Sarah. The conversation waxed eloquent and Billy, with the insight of a philosopher, saw his chance. With perfect innocence he passed his plate up. His father took it mechanically, the while in earnest conversation with Aunt Sarah.

"I tell you, Sarah (piling on one potato), this question of children's food (two potatoes) is more important than the majority of people realize (gravy). A child should be given just what is necessary (more turkey) for his best welfare, and no more. Lots of children (passing back the plate in the direction from which it came) are allowed to eat entirely too much."

This Billy made away with in a hurry, for now the turkey was being taken off and the dessert brought on. He fared equally well in this, and left the table fully convinced that Sammy Perkins had nothing on him.

All went well for an hour, at the end of which time Billy, attempting to cross the room, saw chairs, tables, people, flying around the room in all directions. A chair got frisky and danced past his ear, the table flew up and hit him a sound whack on the head, and he fell in a heap on the floor.

Mrs. Reed, almost beside herself at his strange actions, hurriedly called a doctor, and Billy was carried into his little bedroom, unconscious of anything going on around him.

A few minutes later, Dr. Stanton arrived, bringing with him a breath of the cold outside, his hat covered with flakes from the sudden flurry of snow. He was led to the bedroom and took just one look at Billy. His eyes sparkled and he was forced to turn his back to hide from Mrs. Reed the smile

(Continued on Page 25.)
A Christmas Message
John O. Foster.

You were born in a land of Bibles. You had from childhood the impression somehow that Christmas was a joyful occasion. You were almost certain of some valuable presents that would make you joyful for many days. Visions of the Christmas tree floated before you in dreams, and became true in after days. There were squeaking dolls, scores of dresses, teddy bears, balls, tops, hobby horses, barking dogs, woolly lambs, strings of popcorn, candies, fruits, books, skates, sleds, baby carriages, and a host of other things calculated to make a child happy. Christmas with its choice presents has captured the childhood of humanity, and will hold it forever.

Who caused this wave of joy, this long tide of unspeakable relief from the steady grind of care and anxiety? Who keeps it going; who has power to stop it and say, "No more"? Has not the young heathen mind heard the fame thereof and cries to be numbered with Christian children and receive some token of love and life, instead of wasting away in crushing care?

Christianity presents a long sweet song of joy and gladness, which is caught up and re-echoed all around the world. To you it may be commonplace, but to those who have just heard of the Christ Child it is a boon of inestimable value, for it is deliverance from a thrall-daw worse than the slavery of Egypt. All the emblems of inventive geniuses have failed to convey the full meaning of Christmas joy, and the eternal hope which comes therewith. The dove of peace, the ark of safety, the anchor of our hopes, the crown of our rejoicing, are all but feeble symbols of our great inheritance in Christ.

Take the escutcheon on this page as a small type of some far more striking in appearance, but perchance none the less real. The words in Latin, "Christus fundamentum," means that Christ is the foundation, the very rock of our holy faith, and on him we may build the eternal habitations. Then there are some little Greek words which mean, "To the top," and that is the Alpha and the Omega of Christian experience. Then to the left is the Vine, for Jesus said, "I am the true vine, and my Father is the Vinedresser." Here is the emblem of the Eucharist, the blood of the Covenant symbolized in a bunch of grapes and leaves. And there to the right is the evergreen, the branch that never withers, the sign of perpetual vitality, the wreath of victory, and many other love tokens. And finally, the great Mountain, the snowy crest, the giant crags, the heavy base, the clinging verdure, and the perennial rills that flow on and on forever, watering all the plains
Christmas, 1917
Vera Sinclair '20.

The Yellow Star gleams on!
Nor is its light dimmed in the skies;
Ease hath given place to sacrifice,
And Our Boys are gone!
Yet the Yellow Star gleams on!

The "peace on earth, good will toward men"
Is drowned by the cannons' fires,
And "Love thy neighbor" as the Law requires
Seems by the nations forgotten.

Yet the Yellow Star gleams on!
Making the path more clear,
Still glowing steadily till the dawn
To tell of the Christ Child dear!

The cathedral bell cries as this Christmas Day dies,
Sadness fills the air;
Yet while that Star gleams—Home ever dreams
Of that peace "which comes from the skies!"

---

The Week of Special Meetings
J. Herbert Geoghegan.

The memory of a highly inspirational series of meetings continued
during one week of the last College year, led the writer to look forward
with anticipation to the time when that event would be repeated.

That time has come, and, as this is being written, has almost gone. Soon the red letter week of the current College year will be a thing of the past, making another addition to our store of pleasant and inspiring memories, for each succeeding meeting brought us to a higher spiritual and ethical level than the preceding one.

Dr. J. P. Marlatt, pastor of the Mason M. E. church of Tacoma, was in charge of the meetings, and throughout the week he sounded a high and clear evangelistic note.

Sin in the heart and the power of the Christ to save were the subjects given chief place among the discourses presented.

In the mind of the writer, the climax was reached in the Friday morning session, when the subject dealing with the Ethics of the Sanctified Christian life was presented. That morning the speaker was truly inspired, and his message will long be remembered by those who were privileged to hear it. The service of the previous evening, when the matter of Sanctification was dealt with so sanely and clearly, prepared us for the address of the following morning.

What can we say to express our appreciation to Dr. Marlatt for the service he has rendered us? It is

(Continued on Page 27.)
Peace on Earth
Kathrena Votaw '21.

From the starry space
Of God's dwelling place
Forth winged a glory cloud of angel faces,
And the celestial lighted caverns of the earth
Resounded with their song of thrilling mazes,
Proclaiming far the Savior's holy birth.

"Good will we bring,
And the peace bells ring."
The strains struck deep in the strife-scarred souls of men,
And swords were broken and cursed hate dispelled,
As the holy power of God's life gift from heaven
Wrought a wondrous lasting calm in hearts that bled.

Ages sped away
To another Natal Day,
And the angels, parting 'way the battle-clouds, looked down
On a fighting flamed nation ruling by sinful might,
Saw the blood of brothers, famished babes and ruined town,
Heard the craven cry of power dethroning right.

Sore the angels wept,
Then downward crept,
And a black hush fell, hearts quaked; the earth was rent,
For thru the war mists, the angels were drawing near,
Crying, "For peace God's only Son was sent;
If men heed not, Christ himself shall appear."

THE DEDICATION OF THE COLOR POST
Scintillating in all its thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents' worth of brass, and rearing like a periscope thru the humidity of high noon, on the first day of December, nineteen hundred seventeen, our Color Post became the official emblem of past achievement and of future intrascholastic amity by the first ceremony of induction of a Freshman class into Student Body Fellowship.

The three upper classes and representatives of the class of '17, each facing the side of the post on which its class colors were painted, ranged themselves in a hollow square. Mr. Dodsworth presided, and Prof. Davis read the inscriptions on the post. Then Miss Junia Todd coaxed an appropriate sentiment or two to venture into the circumambient frigidity, thereby presenting the Senior plate. Mr. Paul Hanawalt presented the Senior, Mr. Carl Curtis, the Junior, and Mr. Gebert the Sophomore plate. Nine 'rahs for each class followed the placing of each plate, and nine 'rahs for the present Freshmen, who stood behind the Class of '17, closed the presentation of plate.
Dr. Morton braved the elements and with fitting brevity reminded us that the post represented the mile-stone completing the course of inter-class barbarity. The Freshmen took the oath to protect the post, and this, with nine 'rahs for the school, closed the ceremony.

Pronounced as appropriate by so exquisite an aesthete as the brown-eyed Dragoness of the English and Philosophy chambers, we could not but approve the ceremony in spite of the external inclemency.

And when, grown hoary with age, you revisit your Alma Mater, it will be a "color post" postal, a facsimile of the emblem of the atmosphere in which your scholarship ripened, that you will select with which to greet your grandchildren.

Concerning Student Organizations

There is a growing and spreading conviction that our student organizations should be more closely correlated into a unified system. Our organizations are mostly of spontaneous origin, answering to the various social promptings of college instincts, traditions, and expediency. With little premeditation and scant reflection the several organizations born to the College community have lived or died, survived or perished. In competition or isolation they have prospered or languished with little concern on the part of all outside the small circle of constituents. Organizations have felt responsible to the faculty and College administration only, and even that responsibility has rested lightly on some. Gradually, however, and unconsciously, perhaps, the Associated Students, functioning thru its Central Board, has come to be something of a nucleus and to exercise a centralizing function in various intergroup relations. As pioneer settlers stake out their several claims remote and independent of neighbors, until at last, because of some natural reason or some fortuity, a settlement is formed that gradually becomes the center and metropolis of the region around it; so our organizations have had their separate beginnings and are now coming to centralize somewhat in the Central Board of the Associated Students.

In the judgment of several, the movement toward centralization is a good one and ought to be encouraged and expedited. Why should not all student organizations be federated or affiliated under the central body? That would not mean a merger in which affiliating organizations would lose their identity, independence, or prestige. They would continue to enjoy autonomy in local matters, but would have a logical relationship to the rest of their College world, and a definite organic instrument for intersocial concerns and activities.

In the event of such a federation as proposed there should be a representative of each affiliated organization on the Central Board of the Associated Students, with or without vote, depending on whether the organization represented is permanent or temporary, stable or uncertain. Such an increase in the constituency of the Central Board, even amounting to one-third, should not render that body cumbersome, and would appreciably
Tug-o-war.

Shoe race.

The Soph's funeral.

Freshman Colors

Red & grey

Blue & Gold
enlarge the perspective of College activities and character, and should tend to lighten burdens that are now too heavy.

To properly administer the supervising functions of a universalized central board, there should be several standing committees, logically constituted, e.g., a committee on literary societies, composed of a chairman, the literary societies' representatives, and faculty counselor,—a committee for each class of student activity in the College life, such committees to be positive and suggestively constructive in their functions.

It is confidently believed that such a correlation and centralization as suggested would be of advantage to the weak, would not be detrimental to the strong, would make for greater harmony and cooperation, would better accord with the principles of organization becoming dominant in the world at large, and would be in line with the growing responsibility and capacity of the students of the College of Puget Sound in the government and control of student affairs. A PROGRESSIVE.

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**Freshman-Sophomore Scrap**

The Freshman-Sophomore scrap, as conducted by the upper classmen this year on November 14, was a lively and fascinating affair. Three events were scheduled by Coach Goodman—a tug-of-war, a shoe race, and a sack race. The tug-of-war between the girls of the two classes was a truly "get-together," but the final gathering was on the Freshman side of the line. The Freshman girls outweighed the Sophomores and had the additional help of a number of boy-coaches on the side lines. Both sides struggled hard, but the Freshmen won the first two pulls.

In the second event—the shoe race—Vincent Hart, Freshman, came in first, and Russel Clay, also a Freshman, came in second. Alvin Campbell won honors for the Sophomores by coming in third. As the Freshmen won both the girls' and the boys' events, the third race was not necessary to decide the contest. With the Freshmen leading, giving their class yells on the way, the two classes marched to the color post on the Campus, where the Freshmen colors were raised on the post, to remain flying for one week.

This friendly, systematized rivalry between the two classes has again proved a successful substitute for the old "hazing" stunts, and the good comradeship shown in this year's scrap shows the great bond between the lower classmen. Paul Hanawalt, President of the Senior class, and Carl Curtis, President of the Juniors, were the officials of the contest. Coach Goodman managed the events.
C. P. S. at the Front

C. P. S. has more boys in the service than she had expected. Every little while we find a new one. It is not only our intention to give the names of those who have entered, but also to keep in touch with them in their movements, promotions, and anything interesting about them.

Fulton Magill, who took examinations last summer for a second lieutenantcy in the regular army, has received his commission. He is stationed at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

George Helgerson, a last year's Academy student, is in the infantry. He was stationed at Camp Lewis, but has recently been moved to California.

Ralph Huntington, who is at Camp Lewis, is now a married man.

Leland Athow has followed Huntington's example, for he is also married.

Wilbur Schlosser is at the U. S. Naval Training School, San Francisco. He entered C. P. S. at the beginning of this year.

Prof. Dupertuis, formerly the French teacher in our College, is now in France with the Y. M. C. A. He is acting as an interpreter.

Elmer Marlatt, a son of the Dr. Marlatt who was with us during the week of special meetings, is with the 161st U. S. Infantry, formerly the Second Washington Infantry of the National Guard. He was a member of the Class of 1918 when a Freshman.

Adin Marlatt, another son of Dr. Marlatt, who was here several years ago, is in the U. S. Navy.

DeLoss Hart, a member of the Class of 1917 during his Freshman and Sophomore years, is training in a U. S. naval training school.

Ira Nickolson, an Academy student of two years ago, is in the U. S. Navy. He is on the U. S. S. Marblehead, now on its way to France.

Ingomar Hostetter is a member of the Naval Militia. It has been several years since he attended C. P. S.

Mr. Aaron Hostetter, of former years, is at one of the first stations at Camp Lewis.

Mr. Allcock, also a former student of C. P. S., is now on the Western front.

Martin Stegin is at Camp Lewis.

We depend upon the Student Body, the Faculty, and the friends of these boys to keep us in touch with the changes and anything interesting concerning Our Soldier Boys.

So we ask your co-operation, that we may know, and that we may tell others.
THE STAFF
Alice Baker --------- Editor-in-Chief
Harry Gardner--------Business Manager
Paul Hanawalt--------Associate Editor
Edith Rummel---------Society Editor
Vera Sinclair---------Literary Editor
Harold Young -------- Jokes
Henry Cramer---------Business Editor
Burdette Busselle ------- Cartoonist

A SERVICE FLAG
Fellow Students, should we not have a Service Flag hanging in the Chapel, to do honor to those of us who are "real nephews" of Uncle Sam? Consider this, and then be prepared to respond with your help when the plan for securing the Flag is laid before you.

WHY IS THE TRAIL?
At the beginning of the school year, the Editor made a resolution not to bring the limitations and needs of The Trail to the notice of the readers of our paper, for obvious reasons.

But a great question has been raised as to "Why is The Trail?" So the Editor hastens to inform, for the benefit of any who wish the information, that a College paper (and hence The Trail) is an expression of the physical, mental, and spiritual activities of the people who compose the membership of that college. Ask any loyal Senior in the College today what The Trail has meant to him. His reply, if he has served his College in the right way, will be that The Trail means to him a written memory (if we may use such an expression) of the various activities of his college days.

The Trail is the biggest unifying force among the students in the College, not only among individuals, but also among the different organizations.

It represents the best interests of the College, willing, at all times, to be the medium thru which any member of the College may express his views on any phase of College activity. The Trail exists today because of the service it can render, and it will continue to exist and work for the best interests of the College in the future. As Doctor Foster says, "It is the best booster the College has."

At a school board meeting in Minneapolis the subject of introducing the Bible into the public schools was brought up for discussion. The newly-elected Scandinavian member of the board was rather doubtful as to the advisability of the move, and requested that the final action be deferred until he had had time to read over the book in question.

At the next meeting, the same topic was opened for discussion and Mr. Swenson's opinion requested.

"Vell," he drawled, "I've looked it over, and I must say that I don't think it advisable. It mentions St. Paul a great number of times, but doesn't say a word about Minneapolis."
Debate

This month has been a busy one in the Debating Department. At first, it was decided by the manager to have inter-class debates this year, but many students and teachers expressed their desire for inter-society debates instead. So the manager presented the matter to the school, and a week later a vote was taken on the question. This seemed to be the only fair and democratic way of deciding the matter. The outcome of the vote was in favor of inter-society debates.

The reason for having inter-society debates is to foster more enthusiasm in debating. It seems certain that there will be more rivalry in these debates than in the inter-class ones, and that we are all wide-minded enough not to hold malice or ill-feeling at the outcome of the debates.

The plan for these debates is that the societies will choose their own teams to represent them in whatever manner they see fit. The specials or those not belonging to a literary society will also put out a team to compete for the School championship. A suitable trophy will be presented to the winning team, to be held by them while they have the championship.

The debates will be held in the following order:

Thetas vs. Amphics—February 13, 1918.
Philos vs. H. C. S., February 20, 1918.
Winners vs. Winners, February 27, 1918.

These will be held in Wednesday student assemblies before the entire school. Then, on the evening of March 5, the championship winning society and the specials. debate will be held between the As this will be on a Tuesday evening, it is to be hoped that the various societies will make this their regular meeting and go in a body to the debate.

The Debating Department has been corresponding with several colleges with regard to inter-collegiate debates. So far one date has been decided upon, that with Willamette University, of Salem, Oregon, which will debate here Saturday evening, March 30. More details on this debate will be given later.

Many of the students received a treat when they attended the debates between the Reed College of Oregon and the U. of W., at both the Stadium and the Lincoln High Schools on December 7. Both debates were very interesting and well given.

A Hazel Nut Bush.

The latest military wedding recorded is that of Colonel Bush, who was but recently united in marriage to Hazel Shell. Just how shall we address the bride? As Mrs. Hazel Bush, or should the Shell and Colonel be worked into the title? Why not compromise, since a nut is a shell and a kernel, and address her as Mrs. Hazel Nut Bush?

Some Excuse.

Johnny was the culprit, and when asked why he had whistled in spelling class, replied, "I—I didn’t mean to; you see, I just had some air in my mouth and wanted to get it out. I didn’t think about its making a noise."
The annual Y. W. and Y. M. Thanksgiving party, held by vote of the student body the Wednesday night before Thanksgiving, was a great success, under the able management of the committees in charge. More than fifty attended and the evening was spent in clever games and stunts. About eleven o'clock, refreshments appropriate to Thanksgiving were served, and at eleven-thirty the party broke up, everyone having had a jolly good time. The committees were: Entertainment, Olive and Maurine Martin; refreshment, Hertilla Barlow, Charline Tuell, Marjorie James; decoration, Paul Hanawalt, Arletta Carter, and Margaret Dorwin.

Just as in olden days the heroes returned victorious, marching to music and the beat of drums, so our football heroes, to the tune of "Oh, C. P. S.," with Muriel Hover at the piano, marched up onto the Chapel platform on Wednesday, November 28. Coach Goodman first introduced the captain of the team, Carl Curtis, and he introduced each warrior in turn, each responding with a little speech, followed by three rousing cheers from the audience. The speeches were as varied in style as in topic, and all were exceedingly clever. They were: "The First Game With Cushman," Everett Buckley; "The W. C. T. U. Game," Mr. Snyder; "How It Feels to Catch a Forward Pass," Mr. Burrows; "How to Make a Touchdown," Mr. Anderson; "Why I Like the Indians," Mr. More. Last, but not least, the coach made a speech, after which the long-promised and hard-earned cake was presented to the boys by Mrs. Marsh, and was immediately consumed. It was one of the best assemblies of the year. Long may our heroes live to bring fame to our school.

The College had the privilege of becoming acquainted with one of its new next-door neighbors on November 27, when Mr. Mackey of the United Presbyterian Church spoke in Chapel. If first impressions mean anything, we are to get much pleasure and benefit from our new neighbor when he speaks to us from time to time.

Several of our out-of-town stu-
dents went home to eat the festive turkey with the home folks on Thanksgiving Day. Those from Chehalis were: Lois Noble, Eva Mae Leonard, and William and Fremont Burrows; from Burlington, Irene Doran. Hazel Hooker and Gladys Trew spent the day visiting friends out of town, Hazel Hooker in Bellingham and Gladys Trew in Seattle, where she also attended the wedding of a friend.

Mrs. Martelle Davis has been honored by election to membership in the American Philological Association at its last meeting.

Mr. Lee Bradley is being congratulated on his marriage, on December 4, to Miss Ethel Neilson. Miss Neilson spent several years at the College of Puget Sound and was a popular and loyal booster for our school. She was a member of the Amphictyon Literary Society.

A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

Continued from page 8

below. "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem so is the Lord round about his people."

A mountain is always a great object lesson, whether it is snow-capped or is all covered with verdure. It tells of strength, endurance, firmness, beauty, grandeur, resistance, supplies, reservoirs of water, held in icy storage and given out when most needed. We never tire of looking at mountains, for they are inherently attractive. The Psalmist said, "I will lift up mine eyes to the hills whence cometh my strength." We lift up our hearts to Christ and pour out our thanksgiving to the head, the fountain, the stream of joy that comes from the throne eternal. The Message of Christmas is love, joy, hope, life, salvation, assurance, and promises so full and free that they cannot be measured. If you have no rejoicings in such an age of hope, and life, then you are of "all men most miserable." See if you can find anything that you have a legitimate right to growl over. Is it the War? But many are now convinced that the world will be a hundred per cent. better when this wreck of humanity is restored. These fires will purge away the dross, and bring out the pure gold of a better humanity.
The Martian, St. Martin's College, Lacy, Wash.—We perused the October number of your paper with great interest, especially your literary department, which is fine. But a few personals and cartoons would add much life and color to the otherwise page after page of prose. It would also help to set off the high literary standard you maintain.

The Albright Bulletin, Albright College, Myerstown, Pa.—A very neat little paper that is everything the name implies. But we find it too much like a bulletin. Why not enlarge on your paper and give each department a larger scope to express its thoughts? As it is, everything is too brief and dull to make it very interesting reading matter.

The Punch Bowl, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa.—The criticism to be made on most papers is that they are lacking in cartoons and light reading; but you have gone to the other extreme. As one looks thru your pages he thinks of the "Life" or the "Judge." You would have a very fine paper if you would add a few good stories and serious articles.

The Pharos, Aurora College, Aurora, Ill.—The arrangement of your different departments is very good, especially that of having your Editorial first. This gives a certain prestige to your paper. Why not scatter your witticisms throughout your advertisements. Your advertisers would secure better results, as the student body would be more apt to see them.

The Dial, St. Mary's College, Kansas.—It is with delight that we peruse your literary department, as it shows deep thought and hard work. But, remember, too much work makes Jack a dull boy. A few personals would help your paper immensely.

The Monnal, Montana State Normal, Dillon, Mont.—A well-balanced paper, with a plenty of serious matter mixed in with the lighter element. You are to be congratulated on your paper as a whole.

Our criticisms are always well meant and we are always glad to receive pointers from other schools. We all learn by the mistakes and experiences of others. We extend to all our sister publications the hearty wish that they will have a Merry Christmas and a very Prosperous and Happy New Year.

"You may read next, Gus."

Gus rose and glanced over the passage, which ran, "The choir rose in sacred harmony," but his version ran thus, "The chore rose and scared hominy."

A Smudge.

In Frosh Chemistry: "What is it that pervades all space, that no wall, nor door can shut out?"

A Millionaire: "Burke's evaporated mush!"
FOOTBALL
College of Puget Sound has at last finished a football season of victories, two of them out of three games played. The team downed the Stadium Athletic Club, 20 to 0, the first week in November, and then tramped on the Cushman Indians, 18 to 6, the Saturday before Thanksgiving.

The first victory was annexed as a result of a fast game played in a fog on the C. P. S. field. All of the players made a good showing. Fremond Burrows played almost the whole contest with a badly injured ankle. Anderson, Curtis, Young, and Kinch did well in this battle.

The second victory was one that seemed impossible. Cushman had eleven experienced men who tied the heavy C. P. S. team of last year. The Maroon and White had but three experienced men and were more than ten pounds lighter than their rivals. Fight, a few plays well learned, team work, and a loyal band of rooters, won the battle in spite of the odds and the sea of mud.

Referee Post and Umpire Deal, both of the Stadium High School, said C. P. S. gave them the surprise of their lives. They added that the team made an almost impossible showing.

Cushman kicked off. C. P. S. made yardage several times, averaging about five yards on every down. The Indians held just before the line was crossed, and then they started a march to a point near the Maroon and White goal. Here the ball see-sawed back and forth until Cushman finally got loose and scored a touchdown.

C. P. S. came back fighting and executed a perfect forward pass, Curtis to Anderson. This scored a touchdown. Intercepted forward passes and big gains off tackle were responsible for two more touchdowns.

Moore, Kinch, and Busselle were practically the whole of the C. P. S. defense. On several occasions they downed an Indian runner before he could reach the line of scrimmage. All of the other men played well. Burke was given an opportunity to play in the last quarter. He made good.

Miss Mary Marshall led some good yelling.

The team this year has made an excellent record under the coaching of Keith Goodman. He knows the game thoroly, or with only a dozen men he could not have developed such a machine out of green material.

Curtis was high point winner for the season, making four touchdowns and two goals, a total of twenty-six points. Anderson was next with three touchdowns, eighteen points. The season's scores were:

November 24, at Cushman: Cushman Indian School 6, C. P. S. 18.
Total: Opponents 25, C. P. S. 44.

BASKET-BALL
Only ten men turned out the first night, December 3, for practice. They were: Clay, Kinch, Buckley, Anderson, Hickok, Hart,
THE STORE OF THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

Make this a real American Christmas

Let us not forget that Christmas—our American Christmas—must be a real Christmas this year. The world’s sorrows must not be permitted to dry up the currents of good will and kindliness and love that always have flowed full at Holiday time. Let us not forget to give special emphasis to the Spirit of Christmas, even though the world is at war.

Shop Early

Early in the week, early in the day. Help us to better serve you, and to better serve the Christmas wants of thousands of men who wear the khaki, and must do their Christmas shopping when they can, and that means, late in the week—and with many late in the month. These men deserve our best service; help us to give it to them.

OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO GIFT SEEKERS---

THE GIFT SHOP  THE MEN'S SHOP
On the Third Floor.  On Broadway Floor.

THE BOOK SHOP  THE VICTOR SHOP
On Broadway Floor.  On Fourth Floor.

THE JEWELRY SHOP  TOYLAND
On Broadway Floor.  On Fourth Floor.

Rhodes Brothers
"In Every Detail Tacoma's Leading Retail Establishment"
Geoghegan, Young, Smith, and Snyder. The second turn-out, December 5, added Curtis, Shurley, Burke, and Dunlap.

Coach Goodman is prepared to make every man work for the team. No one has a place "cinched"; even Shurley and Curtis, who played last year, will agree to that. Moore and Burrows will turn out before vacation time. First and second team schedules are being planned. Every man will have something to work for.

If any men are thinking of turning out, they had better see the managers or the coach at once. The dignitaries are Goodman, Curtis, and Snyder.

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**GIRLS' ATHLETICS**

Nearly sixty College of Puget Sound girls are now taking lessons in swimming, basket-ball, and military training. Indications are that the Maroon and White will be represented by some good athletic teams this year, as well as a first-class "army."

Soon after the Christmas holidays, a basket-ball game between the Swedes and the Irish will be played. At present writing the Swedes wrote a challenge to be presented to the Irish, but a cold wave ran over the feet of the Scandinavians and they do not dare to hang up their defy. The Hibernians are now considering the challenging of the cotton-tops.

After the Swede-Irish affair, inter-class contests will be staged, and then the inter-society games. First and second teams will be chosen to represent the College.

Early in the spring a gymnasium exhibition will be given. Basketball, stunts, and military drills will be on the program.

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**Watts the Juice.**

"What makes that wet spot around the electric light socket?"

"That's where the juice leaked out."

"I thot that that bulb on the end of the wire was to catch the juice that leaked out."

"No, that's put there to stop the juice that the current brings down and force it back up the other wire."

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A Freshman was sent to a local bank to exchange a quantity of silver money for bills. Timidly depositing his money at the cashier's window, he stated his wants.

"What denomination?" asked the cashier.

"Me?" he asked, thinking the cashier friendly, "I'm Methodist, so's my mama; but my papa ain't nothing."

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"Mama, the Sunday school teacher asked each one of us whom we wanted to be like."

"And whom did you tell her you wanted to be like, Mable?"

"I told her the Lord—but I meant Mary Pickford."

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One evening, after dinner, the family were gathered about the fireplace, discussing the events of the day, when Willie, who, with the house cat, was curled up in the biggest armchair, straightened up with the exclamation, "Oh, Mama, the cat's heart jumps when it stutters!"

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Prof. Harvey: "Define horse power."

Slats: "It's the power that will—"

Whispered information: "Lift a horse one foot."
Musical Activities

Now you know we were not boasting when we said Music would give the other activities a hard battle for the title of "The Peppiest Activity in College." We can now say with perfect veracity that there are more students doing active work in musical activities than in any other one activity of our College. Nor is this merely a spirit of restless energy, lasting for a few months. Music shows no disposition to flag, but is adding to its numbers, quality, and enthusiasm with the passing of each day.

However, this is but as it should be. With Dr. Schofield, Mr. Kloepper, Prof. d'Alessio, and other well-known artists allied with us, giving us their support and direction, we should fail greatly in accomplishing our duty if we did not do our best by working our hardest. Considering our advantages and opportunities, our College should be famed for her musical attainments. C. P. S. has already established a name in musical circles on account of her excellent Chapel Choir and quartet. Much remains to be accomplished, however, and with your help it can be accomplished this year. As a conclusion, we are going to make music a success this year for our own happiness, for the enjoyment of those we entertain, and for the glory of C. P. S. Are you with us?

Let's make it a big one. Also, that pennant would look well hanging over your Chapel section.

CHAPEL CHOIR

The Chapel Choir, under the capable leadership of Dr. Schofield, will combine with the Swedish Lutheran choir at the Swedish Tabernacle on Friday evening, December 20, and will render the famous "Christmas Oratorio," by Saint-Saens. Aside from the considerably augmented chorus choir, five of the city's leading soloists will participate in singing the solos, trios, and quintets.

The soloists for the occasion are as follows: Soprano, Mrs. Sarah E. Brush of Seattle; mezzo-soprano, Mrs. J. Austin Wolbert; contralto, Mrs. Everett E. McMillan; tenor, Mr. Ernest Shepherd; baritone, Mr. Fritz Kloepper.

The music will be rendered in truly festival style, and a large attendance by the students, faculty members, and friends of the College is expected.

Each Thursday the Choir has faithfully sung an anthem at Chapel. All of them have been finished productions, for we practice hard and realize we have a reputation to sustain. The anthems are compositions by the great masters, and the enjoyment and instruction we receive from their study greatly over-balances the time and effort we spend. This is not considering your reception, which, of course, we appreciate. You will hear from us regularly, for we do not intend to let the good work slacken.
ORCHESTRA

We will admit we have had a hard struggle for existence, but our efforts are being well repaid. We feared you loyal "C. P. S.ers" would starve us to death, but we have passed the danger stage and can now stand on our own feet. More than that, we are assured an existence—and a pretty lively one at that—until the end of the semester at least. We will perform for your amusement—we will not be surprised if it is amazement (for our accomplishments are truly amazing)—very soon, for we have a number of selections almost ready for you. We are composed now of nine of the most active and enthusiastic music-makers you ever heard, and we would tell you who they are, but we have not yet passed the self-conscious stage.

The orchestra wishes to express its appreciation of Prof. d'Alessio, the director. We are grateful for his help, direction, and enthusiasm, and the sacrifice we know he is making to make our orchestra a success.

Three cheers for the orchestra. We'll be a grown-up pretty soon.

STRINGED INSTRUMENTS

The College of Puget Sound Stringed Instrument Club made its first appearance in Chapel, Wednesday, November 21. Since then, its manager, Mr. Goodman, has received many invitations for the club members to play in College circles.

The players turned out recently for a "marshmallow toast" at the home of the club president, Miss Marian Myers, and a smile creeps over the faces of the members whenever you mention that "feed."

The girls of the club will furnish
a number on the program of the Patriotic League party. They will sing to their own accompaniments on mandolins, guitars, and ukeleles. The soldiers are to be envied.

Every one in the College who plays a guitar, banjo, mandolin, or ukelele, will be welcomed into this musical group.

**GIRLS' GLEE CLUB**
The Girls' Glee Club is beginning its noteworthy career; We are going to perform! We are going to sing at the Patriotic League party—no doubt but that the soldiers will be delighted! We have already been invited to Camp Lewis to entertain—but we will tell you about that later. We have a number of very pretty pieces and we may consent to sing for you in Chapel—some day.

**A Christmas Wager**
Continued from page 7

that, hard as he tried, he could not keep back. Recovering himself, he turned and, in a professional manner, examined Billy, wondering how many helpings of "grub" the other partner in the solemn oath had succeeded in consuming.

Should he tell the real cause of Billy's ailment? No; he had been a boy once. He would not tell. And he hoped with all his heart that Billy had won his squirrel's tail. To Mrs. Reed's anxious inquiries he replied that the boy had probably played too hard after eating and had become dizzy, hitting his head when he fell; but that in a little while he would be as well as if nothing had happened to him.

Having made Billy as comfortable as possible, Jerry Stanton came out of the bedroom into the warm, cozy light of the living-room. A
bright fire blazed in the fireplace, making the tinsel sparkle on the Christmas tree at the other end of the room; the family sat around it, talking, telling stories, laughing at each others' jokes, enjoying in true Christmas manner the companionship.

Involuntarily he paused a moment, as he thought of the cold outside, of his solitary home, and a look of wistfulness came into his eyes. Mrs. Reed saw it and, with a mother's quick instinct, divined the cause.

Graciously she rose and begged him to stay and share their fire, and at an invitation from the whole family he just as gratefully accepted, sitting down a low chair by the fireplace, where he could watch the faces of the family as well as the fire. Soon he forgot that they were not his own folks, that he was really not one of them, and found himself telling stories of his life at college, of his boyhood days; found himself listening with pleasure to Emily's sweet voice as she sang and played.

Billy, consulting Jimmy Perkins the very next day, after each had told what he had sworn truthfully to tell, found himself the proud possessor of the squirrel's tail. Right joyfully did he exhibit it, dangling from his buttonhole, to the other boys.

Coming in thru the back-door late in the afternoon a few days later, after a visit with Jimmy, he heard low voices in the living-room. Tip-toeing to the door, he peeked in and there he saw—he could not believe that his eyes were telling him the truth—there he saw Jerry Stanton, standing in front of the fireplace, looking admiringly down at his Aunt Sarah, and both
were talking earnestly.

Could Jerry Stanton be falling in love with Aunt Sarah? Why, Aunt Sarah was an old maid; she couldn't fall in love!

But, no. How soft and pretty her hair was! How bright her eyes, and her cheeks were really pink! Of all things, his Aunt Sarah was actually pretty!

Vague memories now ran thru his mind. Remembrances of the time when, two years ago, she had graduated from college with high honors, and speaking at the graduation exercises. He remembered having felt a little thrill of pride that she was his aunt. She wasn't old at all, as he had thought, but young. He was seeing his Aunt Sarah thru new eyes now. With a grin, he tip-toed away, carrying his precious squirrel-tail, little dreaming that it was the cause of all this transformation.

When the next Christmas Day came around, the family all assembled in a beautiful new home on Main street, the home of Billy's Uncle Jerry and Aunt Sarah. A big cheery fire blazed on the hearth, and as the family marched in to dinner, Jerry Stanton leaned down and whispered in Billy's ear, "How about the betting, Billy? Have you anything up on this?"

The Week of Special Meetings

Continued from page 9

so very easy to say complimentary things, so very hard to express what one really feels. I do believe, however, that the students generally feel indebted to him for the messages he has brought to us. One has said of them that they were Simple, Pure, and Powerful. Another has said, "Christ has been made to appear to be a Friend."
What more can we say? This means that Dr. Marlatt has done his duty as a man of God and that he has made a very decided impression for good upon the whole Student Body.

On Monday evening, Friday evening, and in Chapel on Saturday, we were especially favored by the solos of Miss Genieta Weaver. Miss Weaver played her own accompaniment on her harp, which makes her music novel and especially appealing. The students surely appreciated the pleasure which Miss Weaver gave to them by her singing.

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Y. M. C. A. NOTES

The past few meetings have been of especial interest to all those present, and those in the future will be just as full of interest. We are glad that so many of you fellows are getting out, but there are a few who have not paid us a visit yet. We do wish that you would come out, and if you can't say anything nice about the meetings, tell us some of our faults. Another thing of great interest and benefit is the noon prayer meetings held in the Student Body room. Come and join us there for a few minutes just after Chapel.

We are glad to see that you fellows have taken so much interest in the evangelistic meetings held for you. We hope that you all received some benefit from them. We have some of the finest speakers in the city lined up for the next few meetings, and we hope you fellows will come out and give them a good welcome. We need your help to make these meetings what they should be.
Y. W. C. A. NOTES

Y. W. C. A. has never been more active than this month. First of all, our Thanksgiving party was pronounced a success by all who attended.

During the week from December 4 to 8, the Y. W. held short prayer meetings directly after Chapel, so this week was inspirational to every girl interested in Y. W.

The Patriotic League, under the direction of the Y. W. C. A., entertained the soldiers Saturday evening, December 15, at the City Y. W. rooms. This is only a starter for work to be done by the Patriotic League; so, girls, if you want to show your patriotism, don't delay becoming a member of our League.

Any young lady wishing to be young all her life, apply to Harold Young, room nine of the men's dormitory, with five dollars, a marriage license, and first right to an interurban bungalow.—Paid advertisement.

I Wonder—

In answer to an advertisement in a city newspaper, for some one to play the organ and direct the choir, the following was received:

"Dear Sir: I noticed your ad in the paper for an organist and choir leader, either man or woman. Having been both for several years, I would like to offer my services."

A Freshman's daily schedule reads: Class 7 hours, study 11 hours, exercise 3 hours, society 2 hours, religion 1 hour. "Where does your sleep and eating come in?"

"I sleep during class time, and eating is part of my religion."
Helen’s Hall had a number of out-of-town visitors during the month. They were:

Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Trew, who visited the former’s sister, Gladys Trew.
Miss Beatrice Childs, a friend of Irene Doran.
Mrs. D. W. Noble, who spent Sunday, November 18, with her daughter, Lois.
Mrs. R. S. Smith, who was the guest of Ginera Whitman on Sunday, December 2.
Mr. S. C. Robertson, who spent Sunday, November 24, with his daughter, Jennie.

Thanksgiving guests at the dorm were:
Mr. Leonard, who brightened Eva Mae’s Thanksgiving by bringing her a box of apples.
Mrs. Hicks and Miss Mabel Meiers, who visited their sister, Madeleine Meiers.
Miss Ellen Johnson, who visited Jennie Robertson.
Miss Gladys Trew spent Thanksgiving with friends in Seattle. There are rumors that she caught the bride's bouquet at the wedding which she attended.
Mrs. Patterson visited friends in Seattle, Friday and Saturday following Thanksgiving.
On Sunday, December 2, Mrs. Hovious and Miss Miller entertained two soldier boys.
On November 22, the members of the Science Club dined at the dorm.

GROWLS FROM THE "DEN"

CURTIS PROMOTES SMOKER
Big Event of the Year Successfully Staged.
Wednesday, December 5, at 11:35 a.m., a smoker was held in the kitchen of the Boys' Dorm., for the benefit of the Hoover Food Bureau. The principal features were a kerosene heat incubator and an innocent pan of Irish tubular vegetables. At 11:33 said kerosene consumer began pouring forth volumes of smoke, carbon, kerosene, dust, etc., which deposited a delicately thin film of soot on the ceiling, walls, dishes, and on the food in the cupboard, much to the chagrin of the officers in charge. Soap, brooms, dishrags, mops, scrub-brushes and elbow-grease concluded the program of the joyful, smokeful occasion.
Young has lately assumed a pie-ous attitude. Or, rather, pie me.
Bill Cook consumed seventeen hot cakes for breakfast the other day. Bill says Hooverizing wasn't meant for him.
Burke and Cook were very happy and thankful to spend the day and evening at home. Different homes, however.

C. C. Moore took dinner at Schofield’s. Moore has very taking ways.

F. J. Lemon has taken up his residence among us, and now is engaged in private study.

Three of our number journeyed to Seattle for their Thanksgiving dinners. They were Curt, Andy, and Young. Andy and Young attended the football game between the U. of W. and the W. S. C.

By common consent, Burke has been chosen Preceptress of our humble flock. Congratulations, Burke. Senator Davis recommends his speech of acceptance along with his speech on conciliation.

Following the resignation of the immortal Burke as chorister, our tenor, Curtis, has been elected to fill that office. Among the musical numbers rendered during the past month were: Violin solos, daily, by Cook; duets, hourly, most everybody; solos, all the time, anybody; bugle calls, mandolin solos, and nocturnes.

F. G. Burrows spent Thanksgiving at home, also seven other nights during the week, besides several noons. Here’s luck, Monty.

Dorm. extra No. 1: Fire in the mountains. Woods on fire.
Extra No. 2: Nye builds a wood fire in the range.

Clay claims that he went out home three nights in succession. But the walk and the exercise does him good.

This dorm, life is too expensive. There are at least four Bills we have to meet every day. Bills Cook, Nye, Burrows, and sometimes Russell is Billed.
AMPHICTYON NOTES

All's well with us—how is it with you? We are glad that the debate work is to take the form of intersociety debates this year, rather than class debates. It gives us something different from our regular programs that have become so stereotyped. It takes us out of our narrow run, gives us a broader viewpoint, and brings us into closer touch with the members of the other societies. This is something the societies have long needed, and we must make the most of it. Let us show the doubters that we can carry this thing thru to the end and come out better friends than ever.

We were surprised recently by the announcement of the marriage of Ethel Neilson and Lee Bradley on December 4. We are looking for a cake before very long, and Ethel sure can make good ones.

Season's greetings from all of us to all of you.

Prof. Davis says that negroes take life easy—and chickens.
PHILOMATHEAN NOTES

We have been instructing fifteen new members in the science of Philo-logy. The following have now been admitted to active membership: Maud Shunk, Vera Sinclair, Dorothy Hotelling, Jessie Clay, Eva May Leonard, Helen Stancer, Ermine Warren, Jennie Robertson, Annie Pederson, Marie Pederson, Marian Myers, Thelma Hastings, Gladys Trew, Russell Clay, and David R. Holmes. Isn't that a splendid assemblage?

At our second degree initiation, which was held at the home of Miss Mildred Pollom, the new Philos successfully underwent the ordeal, and all came away with the Philo spirit warm within them. Did we have a good time? Well, just ask Mr. Burke.

We have been having some splendid programs this semester. They are the kind that remove the wrinkles from your brow and transplant them to your cerebral cortex. Just come and see sometime.

A. B. CONRAD
2507 Sixth Avenue.

HOUSE WIRING

Installing of Electric Heaters and Ranges, Etc.

We Carry a Complete Line of Christmas Footwear

Men's, Women's, and Children's Slippers and Juliets in Felt and Leather.

DO YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING EARLY

HEDBERG BROS.
1140 BROADWAY.

Wilber Carlson
GROCER

Successor to
RICHARDSON BROS.

2715 Sixth Avenue.

Looks Are Often Deceiving.
By way of variation, Ted Dunlap accompanied Geoghegan to the grocery store the other day. As Geoghegan was struggling with a number of large parcels, the clerk remarked, "Why don't you let your son carry some of those packages?"
THE PUGET SOUND TRAIL

THETA NOTES

The mysteries of the First and Second Degrees having been safely mastered, the new Thetas are being thoroly initiated by their elder sisters into the art of public performances—not to say the least of which, are "Extempos." Long and patiently do the new Thetas labor over these aforesaid, in vain endeavor to acquire something of the impromptu knowledge of their sisters.

Although our musical talent is somewhat impaired by the loss of Gladys Bacher, who was an exceptionally brilliant pianist, still we hope to keep that part of our program up to standard, if not occasionally surpass it. And whenever it is possible for Miss Bacher to return to our ranks, she will find Theta with a warm welcome waiting.

Is Theta patriotic? Watch her knitting-needles fly.

Is Theta a booster? Watch her turn out for debate.

Theta wishes you, one and all, a "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."
No, our heading this month does not imply that we are an auto club. But the H. C. S. spirit this year can best be compared to a high-powered automobile that overcomes all difficulties and obstacles. We are in the race of life to win.

It was circulated around somewhere that we were going to change our name, but this is not true. Old H. C. S. with its cherished meaning is good enough for us.

We took in another new member last month. Mr. Hickock, after debating with himself on which was the best society, very wisely decided to cast his lot with us. We are a happy family of one round dozen at the present time.

**Food for Thot Questions.**
- Why does Slats like Chinese noodles?
- When is a Dodge not a good dodge?
- Why do little red Studebakers have side curtains?
- How do you know when a Reo is loaded?
- Why did Andy attend so many vaudeville before a certain H. C. S. program?
- Why does Bud like a uke?

Dean Marsh (to delinquent Chapel student): “Why were you absent last Friday?”

D. S.: “Well, you see, it’s this way. I forgot to hand in my slip when I went out.”

Dean Marsh: “Then you didn’t give me the slip, after all?”

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**MRS. F. HEITMAN**

2511 SIXTH AVENUE

HOLIDAY DESIGNS. ORDERS TAKEN FOR HAND WORK.

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**EVERYBODY BOOSTS**

**Olympic Ice Cream**

BECAUSE THEY LIKE IT.

**OLYMPIC ICE CREAM CO.**
954 Court C.
Main 7919.

PLAIN AND FANCY ICE CREAM FOR ALL OCCASIONS.
And the maiden, ever knitting,
Still is sitting knitting, knitting,
Sitting knitting, never quitting,
Just within her classroom door;
And the moments, swiftly flitting,
For the boy’s who’ve gon to war—
I suppose that she’ll be
Sitting,
Sitting knitting,
Evermore. —Occidental.

The new negro cook introduced
the relish, commonly known as
horseradish, to the Jones’s dinner
table.

At its first appearance little Es-
ther tried an extra large piece.
With a wry face, she removed the
first bite from her mouth, remark-
ing as she did so, “I’ll lay you
donw here to cool!”

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Will please those who stay at home. Come in and let us show you some of the many new styles.

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Furniture is the lasting gift. It will give pleasure day in and day out to those who receive it. So why not make your gifts this year gifts of furniture, chosen at this store, where your money will have the greatest purchasing power, and where, if you wish, it will be "easy to pay the Standard way"

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PHONE MAIN 962. 1007 A STREET
SENIOR NOTES

Didn't the football boys make good use of the assembly we turned over to them? We certainly enjoyed their stunt, and, of course, you did. Now we can't appear and give our stunt until after Christmas, but when we do we'll make it twice as good as it would have been before, to make up for the delay.

Are you all as proud as we are to have your plates on the color post? If you aren't, you had better be—for in such things do you show your school loyalty.

We are beginning to feel our responsibilities as Seniors more keenly, for the Dean has been talking about theses to us. Truly we are beginning to feel very learned indeed. We are doing our best not to show this added feeling of importance, and be as human as possible, so that we won't embarrass you.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all of you, from the Class of '18.

JUNIOR NOTES

Have you discovered it yet? Why, that the Juniors are the "peppest" class in school, of course.

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Christmas Shoes and Slippers

SHOES, SLIPPERS, PUMPS, FANCY HOUSE SHOES, MAKE IDEAL GIFTS; ALSO BOYS' AND GIRLS' SHOES.

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YOUR FRIENDS

can buy anything you can give them—except your photograph.

FRANK J. LEE, PHOTOGRAPHER

SEASON'S GREETINGS

1535 Commerce Street  Main 2289
Besides that, we can also be called the busiest and most energetic. Have you not realized that the Juniors hold most of the prominent positions in the school? Just look around you and observe how many heads of organizations are Juniors. We are too modest to tell it all in detail.

The Color Post looks fine. The rain did not prevent us from enjoying the dedication services under the leadership of our classmate, Marmaduke Dodsworth.

Ward Weisenbach, our old classmate, came over from Seattle not long since, to look in on us. He is attending the University of Washington. Gordon Bouck and Herbert Kahler, also of the class of 1919, are attending the University. We are always glad to see our old friends.

FRESHMAN NOTES

The Freshmen are glad that the job is over. The Sophomores have been subdued. Following the overwhelming victory of our representatives in the inter-class contests, in every event from the shoe race to the feminine tug-of-war, a battle royal for the class colors ensued. After a series of sorties, reprisals and air raids, in which our defenders went "over the top" of the roof and wrenched off the loathsome Soph rag to replace it with our glorious banner, the Sophs sullenly withdrew from the field, with our colors commanding the situation, thereby acknowledging their utter defeat.

A number of Freshmen are turning out for debate, and, according to indications, our class will be represented on the team.

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USEFUL GIFTS FOR MEN AND WOMEN
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85c to $2.50 Pair.

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Bear in mind—that buying practical and useful Christmas gifts is the order of things these days. What is better than a pair of comfortable slippers—especially when purchased here—at a lower price?

Men's Gray Felt Oxford Moccasins, pair $1.25
Men's Tan or Black All Leather Slippers, in the Everett, Romeo, or Opera Style, pair $1.75 to $2.50
Women's "Comfy" Moccasins, in blue, grey, lavender, pink, or red, pair, 85c and $1.25
Women's Fur or Ribbon Trimmed Felt Juliets, in green, wine, blue, grey, black, or brown, pair $1.15 and $1.35

BOSTON SAMPLE SHOE SHOP
The House of Style and Service
924 BROADWAY

"Popular Shoes at Popular Prices"
The Merry Christmas Store

—A great storehouse filled with Christmas Gifts and Christmas Service.
—Filled not only from foundation to roof with thousands of practical and beautiful articles of gift character, but every member of the force is inspired with the spirit of the season—the spirit of service, helpfulness, and the desire to please.
—Selecting the Christmas Gift is a pleasure in such an atmosphere.
—Among the departments featuring merchandise of gift character most prominently are—

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We Wish You All A Pleasant and Happy Holiday Season

We thank you for the business you have given us.
We ask your favorable consideration for the coming year.
We promise in return therefor our careful attention to your every need and we assure you of Good Reliable Shoes at prices that you will know are right and fair.

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