U. P. S. COLLEGE SONG.

A Fine Old School.

(Tune, "My Merry Oldsmobile.")

Washington has a fine old school;
She's one of the best in the world.
The name of this school is U. P. S.,
Her banner's always unfurled.
Now, if you'll come to he U. P. S.,
A dandy place you will see:
There's dandy people at U. P. S.,
So come up there with me.

CHORUS.

Oh! hurrah for U. P. S.,
She can make you win I guess.
She's the best school in the West,
She's far better than the rest,
She has athletes young and tall,
Who play dandy basket-ball;
You'll have to hurry up one and all,
If you beat the U. P. S.
It had been raining a steady drizzle all day and the men came in from work, tired, wet and cross. Now they all crowded about the fire, each one trying to "hog" as much as possible of the feeble warmth for himself. From every hook and nail a cloud of steam arose from some soaked piece of wearing apparel, and the odor of drying socks combined with the foul smell of cheap tobacco till the result was far from pleasing to the nostrils.

Ross Foster sat off in a corner and watched the scene with a new feeling of loathing for it all. The foul air seemed to fill up his lungs and overflow into his throat, till he choked repeatedly. "Ball!" he muttered, "this isn't living— it's just existing. God knows we ain't having it much over the beasts of the woods." He watched half dreamily the course of the brown bottle as it made its round among the men, and measured accurately with his eye the rapid descent of the muddy liquid as the bottle left each mouth. Presently his mind wandered away from the scene and concerned itself with a pleasanter subject.

A clear moonlight night seemed to descend in place of the stormy darkness without, and he was walking again with the little district school teacher the lonely road from the mission church to her boarding place. "You must strive to live above your surroundings," she had said earnestly. "It's our duty, you know, to add what we can to the little measure of virtue in this world." And those few words had aroused within him a sleeping part of his nature which none of the heated sermons of the evangelist had disturbed. Since then, he had lived in a little world by himself, and he looked with alien eyes upon those indulgences in which he had so lately taken a part.

"Hey, pard, wake up! Here, have a pull at somethin' that'll put a little life into that carcass of yours." Ross pulled himself together, to find the ill-smelling bottle thrust in his face. "Thank you, Mas, not tonight," he answered shortly. "No, take it away—I'll not have it, I tell you, he added with some irritation, when the thing was not removed.

"Huh! what's in the wind now?" snorted Bill indignant at this reception of his generosity. "You're some sport, you are."
On The Campus

GREEN TO CAPTAIN FOOTBALL TEAM.

Last week the football squad got together and unanimously elected Tom Green to captain next year's team. The election of Green to the captaincy comes as a reward to him for years of faithful service. Three times a member of the local football team, he proved himself an efficient member every time. He is cool headed, hits the line like a bullet, plays a clean game, and it is almost impossible to hurt him. He knows a football player when he sees one and in fact can pick a team and place them much better than the average coach. His three years of experience will serve him well on the field next year, and we predict that if he has any kind of material to work with and is given free rein, he will lead U. P. S. to many a victory. “Tom” as he is familiarly known, is a member of the graduating class of the academy and of the Amphictyon Literary Society. Next year will probably be the first year at U. P. S. that a freshman has captained the team. But Tom will only be a freshman as far as studies are concerned. At football he is a veteran.

JOHNSON ELECTED BASKET-BALL CAPTAIN.

Last week the basket-ball squad in their annual election elected Leslie Johnson to captain this year's team. While he is a new man in the squad and also in the school, Mr. Johnson has shown ability at the game and has become well liked by his associates. We predict and wish for him a successful season as captain of our team. Mr. Johnson is a member of the junior class and of the Amphictyon Literary Society.

NEWS AND RAVINGS FROM THE GIMME CLUB.

By One of the Tribe.

On Monday night the Gimme Club was visited by several girls who, after a pleasant call, started out of the house with several appropriate souvenirs. But the attempt failed, for the tribe was stirred to anger. And several of its braves waylayed the maidens and rescued all the souvenirs, with the exception of one of the tribe's most valuable conquests—an article captured by its braves in a foreign land. This was not found. But several relics were later that evening captured by the Gimmes. These will repay for the stolen articles.

Arvid G. Beck has discovered a cough syrup that if taken one is unable to cough for twenty-four hours afterwards.

Several of the loyal members were very indigently and informally received by different girls from whom they were trying to seek information over the telephone.

The Gimmes, as a whole, have received an offer to go upon a vaudeville tour, but due to a conflict they will be unable to accept it.

Obituary—The tribe is mourning very much over the loss of Harold Smull. He's gone to Pasco.

Notice to Members—Special meeting next rainy night in January, under the moon.

PHILOMATHEAN.

By Elsa McKibben, Reporter.

Owing to some oversight our report was omitted from the last issue of the Trail, but the Philos are still on deck. We are back since the holidays without the loss of one and are earnestly at work. "Sweetened up and coaxied into a good humor" by the cakes presented by Mrs. Miller and Mrs. Brandt on Tuesday evening, January 6, we started the new year in good spirits. The program of January 13 certainly reflected that spirit. We were fortunate to have two of our old loyal Philos on the program the same evening. Prof. Marsh interestingly related to us the foundation and childhood days of our society. The fact that much of this information was unfamiliar to the present generation, coupled with the unique way of telling it made his paper very interesting to all. Prof. Dupertius' reading on an amusing incident on a railroad train received a hearty applause and he was persuaded to respond to an encore. The boys all appreciated his advice given as to marriage and should you soon see a number of the Philo boys married blame Prof. Dupertius. Mr. Schaper, assisted by his friend, Mr. Bates, favored us with a very pretty guitar and mandolin duet. Of the remaining numbers on the program all of which were well given, Florence Boston, a new Philo, deserves special commendation for her production, "The Philo Newspaper." We were glad to have so many visitors with us for they are always welcome every Tuesday evening at 7:30 in the Preacher's room.
ATHLETICS.
By Jack Murbach.

Tom Green Elected Captain for 1914.

Last Tuesday the football men met and elected Tom Green captain for the season of 1914. Tom is an old man in the institution, understands conditions thoroughly, is a consistent trainer, a good player, and is entirely competent to lead the old Maroon and White through a successful season on the gridiron next fall. Tom played halfback all last season, and it was due to his work largely, that the team made as good a showing as they did. Good luck to you, Tom.

Anybody might naturally suppose that U. P. S. basketball stock had slumped considerably as the result of our first game. The game to be sure was a disappointment. After having followed basket-ball for the past three years here, it is a bitter pill for an old student to swallow to be so decisively beaten by the Lutherans. But wait a minute. That was the first game. The team simply took a toboggan slide in the last half after having a little the better of the argument almost all of the first half. The weakness of the squad were pretty well revealed and instead of being disheartened, the boys are working hard to correct those faults and are making remarkable progress. The team that goes up against Whitworth next Friday will be a different team. We are going to have a winning team this year in spite of a bad start. By the way, the score was: P. L. A. 51, U. P. S. 23. Just keep track of the team this season and see what can really be done when a bunch of fellows are determined to win.

ASSOCIATION.

NOTES FROM THE SCHOOL OF MUSIC AND ORATORY.

Although the composition of the inter-collegiate debating teams is practically decided upon, it will not be probably announced until the agreement governing the triangular debating compact is ratified by the concerned.

The following debaters have been chosen to represent the Academy in all inter-school contests. Miss Vemhardson and Messrs. Gordon, Schafer, Decker, Sellers, Howard and Erp. These all qualified for the academy teams by means of the work done in the preliminary debating series. Arrangements are being made by the Academy Association for debates with outside institutions.

The annual Prohibition Oratorical contest promises to be a lively one this year. An even half dozen contestants are at work on orations, endeavoring to get them into the best possible form for delivery by February 13, the date set for the contest.

The next public recital by students of the Schools of Music and Oratory will take place Wednesday, February 18. Several students from the department of music will appear, while the School of Oratory promises an unusually good program consisting of monologues, dramatic readings and group scenes.

Profs. Schofield and Lambert are in charge of a program to be rendered before the Women's Club at the home of Mrs. J. C. Zeller February 2, and dealing with Stevens art and music.

ACADEMY.

By Sadie Vemhardson.

Who are! Who are! Who are We! We are the Academy See!

The Academy have organized this year for the first time in the history of the school. Prof. Davis is our principal and under his guidance we look forward to a successful year. A constitution has been drawn up by Prof. Davis and the president of the four classes, which among other things provides for the officers of the Academy in a systematic way; the president being chosen from the fourth years, the vice president from the third years, secretary from second years and treasurer from first years. Mr. Harrader is our president, George Pflaum vice president, Bert Paul secretary, Fred Herzog treasurer and George Pflaum yell leader.

We hope to shine this year and to show others that we have an academy in the U. P. S. and that we can and have accomplished things worth while.

We have already shown our ability in debate, the four inter-class debates already given being a decided success. Prof. Lambert says that we have splendid material for debate. The debates with other academies and high schools are to be held next term. We anticipate a good record. The annual academy declamatory contest as far as the program is concerned was a decided success. We feel proud of our public speakers, Lloyd Burk, Mildred Pollom, Mrs. Hudson and Ultrie Zellers. They are a credit to the Academy.

A number of Academy members are planning to enter the oratorical contest. We are expecting great things from them and feel that our expectations will be fulfilled. We look forward optimistically and see a great future for our "Dear Old Academy" as an organized unit.
Dr. Foster has been figuring somewhat concerning the human body, and what a marvelous alchemist is bound up in the life forces of the physical form called the body. He says concerning himself:

"I have had eleven new bodies during the eighty years of my life.

"I have been kept warm by some process of combustion which has generated heat enough to have thawed my way through a cake of ice a mile in thickness. The exact figures would be almost three times this amount, but all these calculations are conservation.

"I have drunk 87,600 pounds of water, or over 43 tons.

"I have eaten seven and a half tons of bread besides much good pastry.

"I have eaten six big beef cattle, ten hogs, and 400 pounds of fowls.

"If my hair had never been cut, it would now be about 40 feet long.

"If my finger nails had never been manicured they would be 17 feet long.

"I have breathed 165,000,000 gallons of air, or 5,000,000 barrels.

"I have lived 29,220 days in the 80 years, not reckoning the odd minutes.

"I have voted for fourteen presidents of the U. S., most of whom were elected.

"I have worn out 100 pairs of boots, 100 suits of clothing.

"I have walked a distance of around the world twice and to the North pole and back.

"I have traveled a quarter of million miles by boat and rail.

"I have been in three cyclones, the first killed one and the second killed 127 and the third killed seven persons.

"I have been under the smoke of battle nearly a whole day.

"I have seen a row of dead men ready for burial, nearly a mile long."

FIRST NUMBER OF U. P. S. LECTURE COURSE.

The first number of our lecture course was given in the Chapel last Thursday evening by Dr. Marvin of Sunnyside. The lecturer took as his theme, "Kipling," and he handled his theme in a masterly manner. He pictured to his hearers the humorous as well as the serious side of Kipling's life and works. He showed his auditors beauties in Kipling's poems which the average reader would never see.

After all, we prosaic people need an interpreter of poetry as much as we need an interpreter of a strange tongue. And this interpreter, in order to be justly called such, much have the soul of a poet. He must be emphatically of the poetic temperament. Dr. Marvin is such an interpreter. His poet's soul fathoms the thought in some gem of poesy and interprets it to the practical world.

We have always blamed Kipling for using so many of his poems to glorify the English soldier who has always been engaged in bloody, cruel wars of conquest. But we can see many beautiful and valuable things in Kipling's writings since Dr. Marvin's lecture that we couldn't see before.

On Friday morning Dr. Marvin favored the students with an excellent talk on Tennyson, which was thought by many to be better even than his lecture on Kipling. It is certain that he is very familiar with Tennyson and quoted many of Tennyson's most familiar poems in such a way as to bring even to those most familiar with Victoria's poet-laureate new beauties and new thoughts.

Y. M. C. A.

Clark Cottrell, Reporter.

The Y. M. C. A. work for the new year began with much promise. The first meeting was led by Rev. Robt. Reld of the Mason M. E. church. On the 14th Senator W. S. Davis gave us a very good talk on "The Great Reforms of Today." The boys were so inspired that they cheered the senator in the middle of his speech and at the close Dr. Foster started to sing the "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

The old cabinet have been doing good effective work throughout the year, and are still hoping for great results in the revivals which will be held in February.
A NEW COMET AT U. P. S.
By “Scratcher”

On the fearful and rainy day of the 12th of January, 1914, certain mongrels and curs among the students of U. P. S. met in a kennel on the second floor of the Administration building and organized themselves into the “Ancient Order of Dog Eaters” to be henceforth known and recognized by the letters A. O. D. E.

The purpose of this canine organization is to capture and devour certain other little brown members of dogdom who are so helpless as not to be able to escape their hungry jaws.

And for the purpose aforesaid and in the firm belief that this would be an act of curishness and for the other dogs reasons, the mongrel assemblage then proceeded to elect the officers of their worthy order.

The Chief Barker was first elected to preside over the pack. Another cur received the title of Vice Barker who was to serve in case his august superior thru some doggone misfortune could not be present. The next officer selected was his excellency the high and majestic Hound whose duty it should be to scavenge about and find, steal, take away or in any other manner appropriate articles of diet suitable for dogs.

As the mongrels did not wish to exclude any member of their order from the privilege of holding office the two remaining curs were elected to the following official capacities: the “Scratcher,” whose duty it should be to disseminate to the world in general and to the inmates of U. P. S. in particular information concerning this order.

This business finished their dogships then disposed of several bones of contention and having devoured many of the before mentioned puppies, dispersed. May our ancient order prosper forever and may the internal cavities of our members never be empty!

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MESSAGE FROM THIRD YEAR ACADEMY.
By the Third Year Reporter.

Christmas and New Years have gone by and we are hard at work again. Most of the professors have shown their appreciation of our return by giving us examinations to find out how much we have forgotten during our vacation.

We learned the other day that two of our faithful members, Miss Shone and Miss Hazeltine, have taken up the study of palmistry.

Anyone desiring to know his fate in the future will do well to call on our girls.

DR. BOVARD ADDRESSES U. P. S. STUDENTS

The Chapel time last Saturday morning was taken up by an address given by Dr. Bovard, head of the Methodist Brotherhood. And to say that the time was well used is putting it mildly. For Dr. Bovard's address was the best that has been delivered at U. P. S. in years and perhaps in the history of the school. In fact the writer would rank the address high up among the best addresses he has heard—and he has heard some of the biggest men of the country.

Dr. Bovard spoke for over an hour and during the entire time he held the full attention of every student. And we were all sorry when he quit. He has an ability to grip and hold his auditors which is possessed by but few speakers. He has the faculty of saying something worth while to modern thinkers in a modern style. He effectively uses facial expression to interpret to his hearers his thoughts. He has wonderful ability for selecting illustrations and using them in such a way that their application to his theme is at once seen and appreciated by his hearers. Perhaps the most apt illustration in his Chapel address was the “Story of the Rivers,” which we'll wager almost all of the students can repeat verbatim now. Dr. Bovard is

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COLLEGE YELLS AND SONGS.

(Under this heading, we shall print, each issue, U. P. S. songs and yells, until the supply is exhausted. Learn them and use them.—Editor.

YELLS.
Scoo-cum Yum-tum,
Cla-she-wah,
Puget Sound
Wah-hoo-Wah!

Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray!
Oh yes!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
U. P. S.

Humorous

“Anyhow, there’s one advantage in having a wooden leg,” said the veteran.

“What’s that?” said his friend.

“You can hold up your socks with tacks.”

Diner—Look, waiter! ‘There’s a gray hair in the soup!’

Waiter—Ah, misieur is like me! M’sieur regret also ze little blonde cook who is gone.

The average man’s arm is thirty inches long; the average woman’s waist is thirty inches around. How wonderful are thy works, oh Nature!—Prince­ton Tiger.

That was a good one that Dr. Bovard sprung on us in regard to Luther Burbank’s experiment in trying to cross the onion and the potato. But we have heard since that Burbank has gone insane trying to prove that two porcupines make a prickly pear.

First Hubby—My wife’s gone to the West Indies.
Second Hubby—Jamaica?
First Hubby—No; she wanted to go.

She—What did you think of Mrs. B.’s new gown at the ball?
He—She must be a great economist.

“What do you mean by cutting your French class?”

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Old Lady (visiting prison)—Poor man, what made you ever take up such a profession?
No. 99765—Well, mum, I found I could open me gym locker.

Pastor—I shall speak on "Married Life" in the morning and "Hell" in the afternoon.
Voice from Rear (subdued)—Why speak twice in one day on the same subject?

An astronomer was trying to explain to an Irishman that the earth is round, but Pat would not believe it. After some discussion the astronomer said: "Now, where does the sun rise?"
"In the east," said Pat.
"And where does it set?"
"Sure, in the West."
"Then how does the sun manage to go back east?"
Pat scratched his head for a few seconds and looked perplexed. At last his face lighted up and he shouted triumphantly: "Sure, sir; it slips back in the dark."

(The modern family is dining.)
The Daughter—Pley, shoot the juice!
The Father—Cut out that slang, please.
The Mother—That's a peach of a way to correct the kid!
The Father—I only want to put her wise. Such talk will queer her.
The Daughter—Ishgebibble!

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She—Can you imagine anything worse than the earache, the toothache at the same time?
He—Rheumatism and the St. Vitus' dance.

It was in the conservatory.
"Won't you let me hug you?" he murmured ardently.
"Not here," she replied. "It wouldn't be proper."
Going out to the dance floor they engaged in a clinch and tangoed under the scrutiny of the staid chaperone.

Y. W. NOTES.
By Marion Maxham, Reporter.

January 6 the Y. W. meeting had as the special speaker Rev. Randolph. He brought a number of good messages. Miss Elsie Moe sang.
January 13 Mrs. Gebert, president of the Y. W. last year, addressed the girls. She drew some new and interesting lessons from the story of the Ark.

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KAPPA SIGMA THETA.
By Bess Johnson, Assistant Editor.

Thetas Give Vaudeville.
Dorothea Satterthwaite and Marion Maxham
Headliners of Bill.
On Tuesday afternoon, January 13, the Kappa Sigma Theta sorority gave an amusing and original vaudeville show. The overture was played by the Theta orchestra, composed of the Misses Todd, Tuell and Johnson. The headliner of the performance was the stunt by Dorothea Satterthwaite and Marion Maxham, who acted out “My Hero” and sang “I’m Afraid” with unequaled fervor of spirit. Ann Fry ably commanded a troop of acrobatic performers. May Niles and Flossie Duncan walked the tight (?) rope with such skill that the breaking of the rope was of no evil consequence. But the act which inspired the spectators with awe was the bravery of spirit displayed by Flossie Dean, the world famous animal trainer.

The guests of the sorority for the farce were Miss Hassebroek, Mrs. E. A. Reddish and the Misses Alice Goulder, Hazel Gale and Alice Pillsbury.

LOCALS.

At last reports, Dr. Zeller, our former president, stood a good chance to become superintendent

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the city schools of Milwaukee, a position for which he is an applicant. The Milwaukee school board uses the elimination system, and at last reports the election had narrowed down to a choice between two, Dr. Zeller and one other. The election began with thirty applicants in the field.

Our student body and faculty all wish Dr. Zeller success in securing the position which is an important one in educational circles.
The Glee Club, under the supervision of Prof. Schofield and Clarence Keen, is making rapid progress now and will soon give a concert. The club organized last week by electing the following officers: President, Paul Granlund; vice president, Otto Schultz; secretary, Ray Gaines; manager, Geo. Thompson.

Prof. Davis led the devotional meeting of the Y. M. C. A. last week and took as his subject, “Young Men and Moral Reform.” He gave a very interesting and valuable talk which was appreciated by all.

Miss Maude Huntington, who has been ill for about two weeks in St. Joseph’s hospital, has returned to college.

Miss Ruth Frame spent Saturday and Sunday two weeks ago in Puyallup, the guest of Mrs. Gilgore.

Miss Sophy Preston of the faculty of the school of music, Miss Grace Gresham and Miss Bess Johnson attended the last recital given at the Temple of Music.

A. J. Storkow, who was recently appointed inspector of weights and measures, is a graduate of the U. P. S. commercial department.

THE LOGGER
(Continued from page Three)

bubbled over, and fallen upon him, since their meeting, he had begun to plan a new life, and new ambitions made themselves known in a way he had not thought possible before. Just a little more of this life now, till he could add a little more to the newly formed bank account and then camp 21 would see the last of him. He would go back to the city to

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school—it wasn’t too late yet. Miss Hilman had told him of a preparatory school where he could go without being ashamed of his age. Then he would work! He would go after the knotty problems of geometry and the sciences with the same vim and force which he applied to the saw in felling the giant timbers. His blood tingled in his veins, and a longing to be at it now—to get there—overpowered him. Then he became calm again, as he thought of those other words of Miss Hilman’s: “We must have patience, Ross, in all things—It is always patience that wins out in the end.” And he would succeed. If patience and will power meant anything, he would bring his education up to the level of Miss Hilman’s, and then—He smiled softly into the darkness as he thought of the half formed ambition. It had never taken definite shape, for she seemed so far removed from him now, so vastly superior in character, that he could scarcely finish his plan without lowering her. But perhaps some day—He smiled again, very softly.

It was late that night when Ross finally sought his bunk. The lights were all blown out, but the regular snores of his companions indicated the lateness of the hour. For a long time he lay there staring into the darkness for his mind refused to give up its pet theme. Gradually he drifted into the land of dreams and a pleasant land it must have been to him. For as the moon came out for a short time from behind the black clouds, it shone in through the window, and the soft light fell upon sleeping faces, hardened, by years of work and dissipation. But it fell too, upon one that wore a smile which softened the strong features, and made it seem wonderfully boyish again.

Time passed swiftly at Camp 21. The little bank account grew by leaps and bounds, but its growth cost Ross his popularity. A logger will put up with a bully, and wink at the sin of intemperance, but never—never will he tolerate a miser.

“I don’t know what’s got into Ross lately,” Dick Wentworth complained to a bunch of fellows one day, “He’s getting that tight-fisted, that when I asked him to lend me a few plugs the other day, and I thought he was going to kiss every doggone cent goodbye before he forked over. If I hadn’t been going to take that little School-marm to the meetin’, I’d have thrown ’em all back at his bean, but I couldn’t go slow on the collection when she was along. Mighty nice little gal, that,” and he winked impudently.

Handsome Dick Wentworth belonged that class of individuals who can never make their purse correspond to their manner of living, consequently he had contracted the neat little habit of borrowing money and forgetting who from.
Ross was not unaware of the fact that Dick often "saw Miss Hilm an home from meetin," but that that bothered him not at all. It was impossible for him to connect their names seriously, "poor devil, he hasn't sense enough to see he hasn't the ghost of a show," he assured himself. "She's just trying to reform him—make a man of him—but She's struck the wrong clay this time. What isn't born in a man can't be cultivated in him afterwards."

Ross himself saw little of Miss Hilm an. He had a vague feeling that it would be best for his interests to wait until there was less difference in station between them. Then there would be fewer barriers to break down afterwards. But, nevertheless, he had managed to acquaint her with his educational plans, and her warm enthusiasm had added much fuel to the fire of his determination.

The time came when Ross began to count the weeks before his departure, then the day came when Miss Hilm an had signed a contract, keeping her school for another year. As he thought of the prolonged absence from her, Ross weakened enough to promise himself that he would see her before he left, and perhaps tell her all—even that half formed hope.

The day before his departure, he sat alone in the bunk house packing his few belongings into a much abused suitcase, planning the while how to word his petition to Miss Hilm an that evening, so that it might not appear too insignificant in her eyes. "Say, Ross, have you heard the news?" a bushy head thrust itself through the door and the fellow continued, in spite of a frown from Ross, who was impatient at the interruption. "Dick's got his foot in it sure this time. He's gone and run off with that little School-marm he's been gadding 'round with, and they say he actually had to borrow the money with which to bribe the parson. The directors are all up in the air, cause the kids is left without a teacher. I guess—" What's the matter, got indigestion?"

The last remark was lost on Ross, for he felt the blood rushing thru his head, and pounding in his temples like mad. For a moment his one wild impulse was to brain the bearer of the news; but then other thoughts crowded in with pitiless force upon him. So this was what her high ideals amounted to! This her idea of virtue—breaking faith with the school board—running off with a worthless wretch whose one recommendation was a handsome face. He thought suddenly of his own ambition—the days and nights he had spent working, planning—striving to reach her level, and he laughed a mirthless laugh, which grated even upon the ears of his hardened companion. "Bill" he said, "I've got a little money on hand that's been burning a hole in my pocket for a while. What do you say to a good old fashioned blow-out?"
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