There is a beautiful spirit breathing now
It's mellow richness on the clustered trees,
And from a beaker full of richest dyes
Pouring new glory on the autumn woods
And dipping in warm light the pillared clouds
Morn on the mountain like a summer bird
Lifts up her purple wing and in the vales
The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate wooer
Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.
BOYS!  Here they are

**OCTONEK SWEATERS**
THE BEST OF THE GOOD ONES
We Have Just the Color Combination You Want.

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THE JAZZ — THE PEPP — THE TOWNE — THE STRAND
They are new. Come in. Give them the once over.

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—Xmas Remembrances of Every Nature.

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stands above all things for honest and sincere merchandising. In furniture, stoves and ranges, carpets, rugs, draperies, linoleums, etc., in fact, everything for the completely furnished house you will find better values at this store.

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**STANDARD HOUSE FURNISHING CO.**
927-929 Broadway.
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$39.00
And suits that sold up to Sixty-five Dollars are in a special lot and selling at
$42.00
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DICKSON BROS. CO.
1120-22 Pacific Ave.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, FROM OCTOBER TO MAY BY THE ASSOCIATED STUDENTS OF THE COLLEGE OF PUGET SOUND. THE PURPOSE OF THE TRAIL IS TO GIVE EXPRESSION TO THE INTELLECTUAL AND LITERARY LIFE OF THE UNDERGRADUATES AND TO PROVIDE A FIELD FOR THE THOUGHTFUL DISCUSSION OF QUESTIONS RELATING TO THE COLLEGE. IN THE REALIZATION OF THIS PURPOSE THE TRAIL CORDially INVITES THE COOPERATION OF STUDENTS, ALUMNI AND FACULTY. CONTRIBUTIONS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE EDITOR, OR MAY BE LEFT EITHER IN THE TRAIL BOX OR IN THE EDITORIAL ROOM.

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Entered as second-class matter October 20, 1920, at the Post Office at Tacoma, Washington, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Look

Look at Trail Advertisements. A good student should recognize progressive business through our advertisements. Patronize the advertisers.
I have finished college. Uncle was taken ill at San Jose and now headed toward the door and then stopped in astonishment for his face beamed marks of tempest, storm and blast. And now beneath the shade by pine tree cast he stops; for here he is a welcome guest. Whatever may have been his lonely quest.

There was a chorus of surprised exclamations, "Why, Julia! When'd you come? Where's your uncle? Why, I thought you weren't coming back until next semester!"

"The evening's freshness now has come at last. To give the weary wanderer peace and rest; He's travelled in the east and in the west, The many weary days that he has passed, And now beneath the shade by pine tree cast he stops; for here he is a welcome guest. Whatever may have been his lonely quest.

*THE TRAVELER*

A Sonnet

Robert Jennings, to whom she was engaged, had come to the conclusion that he must go to China or give up his religion. He would not do the latter so he had pledged himself to be a missionary whatever the price might be.

The very thing! exclaimed the girls. "Jul, you're a jewel."

"Why don't you give a cantata," suggested Julia. "You girls can all sing well." "The very thing!" exclaimed the girls. "Jul, you're a jewel."

During the following days the girls were very busy selecting and planning the cantata. Julia Remington played an important part in it as she did in all the affairs of the school. She never placed herself above her schoolmates but was always ready with a helping hand. She did not seem to care for her own glory but was always thinking of others and that was the reason she was so popular at college. She was one of those few girls who have wealth but have not been spoiled by it. Jewel to act so.

The reason of this change was known to only two people. One of these was Julia Remington herself and the other was Robert Jennings, to whom she was engaged.

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Poor Jewel! They had worked her too hard. They ought not to have known better. Thus the girls reproved themselves and sought some excuse for the strange behavior of the girl they all loved.

Thursday morning came, bright and clear, and with it a Chinese girl, Lea Chang, came to the college. The girls’ dormitory was already full but Mrs. Harland, the preceptress of the dormitory, did not know where to put the Chinese girl. It was the largest in the house and Julia was the sole occupant. Why hadn’t she thought of that before? But it would be plenty of room for another bed. Julia was such a dear girl she was sure she would not mind. Mrs. Harland had seen little of Julia the last week and so did not know of the change which had come over her.

That noon when Julia came home from school she found an extra trunk and bed in her room, but as she had to hurry back to class she did not give it much thought. When she returned, however, later in the afternoon she found Lea Chang and the preceptress in her room. Her astonishment was too great for words. Slowly the meaning of the other bed and trunk dawned upon her and anger and resentment flamed up in her heart.

The fact that Julia was such a dear girl made her go to the edge of her bed and regarded the unfriendly back of her hostess. Her sensitive nature told her that something was wrong but she did not know what. For some time she sat regarding the motionless girl at the desk. How she wished she could understand her. A great wave of homesickness swept over Lea Chang. She longed for her friends of the mission school. How strange America was. The missionaries told her that the people would be kind to her in America. She must have done something wrong.

At last she rose from the bed and tiptoed over to the girl at the desk. Temperly she touched her shoulder and whispered, “Me sorry.” But Julia was in no mood for sympathy from such a source and she flung out, “Oh, why don’t you leave me alone?” Her conscience hurt her as she uttered the words but her pride would not let her recall them.

Lea Chang drew back hurt and astonished, yet there was no feeling of anger against the American girl. Somehow she felt that this girl was in trouble and she longed to help her. What could she do? Julia could eat nothing that night. She finally got up and went out for a walk to see if she could get away from her thoughts. Something seemed to draw her to this Chinese girl but she was not ready to give up. She had to be mean and hateful to Lea Chang in order to keep from liking her and yet she hated herself for doing it. She walked rapidly hoping to fly away from her thoughts but even as she turned tired out, she returned home, and threw herself on the bed. But sleep would not come.

Julia had promised to lead the Epworth League the following Sunday so she got out her quarterly with the intention of studying her lesson. To her dismay she found the lesson to be on missionary work. She would tell them she could not lead that league and what was she going to do? At last in utter misery she threw herself on the bed and sobbed. “Oh God I will go to China—I’ll do anything you want me to—only let me be happy again.”

Late in the afternoon Lea Chang came in and found Julia sleeping. There were traces of tears on the cheeks of the slumbering girl, and Lea Chang’s heart was filled with pity. She knelt by the bed and prayed. “Oh God help her.” Julia stirred in her sleep and with a smile on her lips laid her hand over Lea Chang’s. Lea Chang raised her head quickly, but seeing that the girl’s eyes were still closed she very gently drew her hand away and tiptoed out of the room.

That night when Julia got up to lead the league people said they had never seen her look so beautiful. Her face was pale but her lips were smiling and her eyes shone with the light which comes from the soul of him who conquers self. They had a wonderful meeting and the minister told Julia he had never seen such enthusiasm stirred up over missions, but Julia only smiled and said, “God can work wonders when he has His way.”

After the service Robert Jennings stepped forward with an eager question in his eyes and Julia smiled and nodded.

That evening three young people found supreme happiness. One was Robert Jennings, and the other two were Lea Chang and Julia Remington.

At the age of thirty-two Dave Armstrong was a successful man. He was successful by virtue of his own enterprise. When hardly more than a boy, he entered the school of journalism of Columbia University and during his school days and for several years following his graduation worked as a news reporter for several of the New York dailies. He showed during these years a marked ability as an investigator of crime and vice and made for himself no mean reputation in that field.

Desiring newspaper experience outside the city of New York, he was sent as a representative of the Associated Press into Mexico. While there he became associated with some mining men, and through the kindness of a former acquaintance and friend was enabled to make a very profitable investment in a rich new mine. He invested five thousand dollars, the total of his savings, in the venture and within six months was possessor of half a million dollars. His financial success was due to hard work, lucky re-investments, and real business ability.

With the outbreak of war in Europe, Armstrong was requested by the United States attorney for the New York district, to become a special agent for the defense of the United States and in that capacity when the United States finally entered the war, he was granted a commission as Captain in the Intelligence Division of the army, and was one of the first American soldiers to set foot on French soil. This story does not deal with his experiences, obtained during eighteen months of service in France and as a member of America’s intelligence services, but, rather dates from the time that he returned home, a major in rank, and in point of accomplishments a war hero and a successful man.

He had his heart set on a long visit on the old home place in Kansas, for he had not seen his mother in more than two years, and he was worn and tired, too. But his plans miscarried and he was immediately pressed into service by the government and ordered to return to Paris with the peace delegation as a member of the United States secret service. Dave Armstrong had lived an intense life. He had worked exceedingly hard while in school and during the days that he was struggling for a place in the world. His career as a soldier was one long drawn out period of intense action that would have worn out completely any man less rugged and strong than he. Because of this life of action he had not had much time to devote to women. He had rather neglected that phase of his existence and when he was asked, he would not have admitted that it was his intention to start at this time to complete that education, but deep down in his subconscious self, there was the conclusion already arrived at that it was about time for him to marry some good girl, settle down, so to speak, and establish a home for himself.

Major Dave Armstrong did not go to Paris immediately. He spent some six weeks in New York, working some while waiting for final sailing orders, and because of his extraordinary good looks, having a good time. It was during these weeks of waiting and playing that he met Geraldine Wilkins, and here with our story begins.
of a good woman—a natural love for children, and especially not like the words of the Master.

They always were crowded with children. Surely, Jesus said, as they scattered from in front of the car, "1 come unto me, and forbid them not."

Dave Armstrong sailed for Paris. As he

"I never saw such dirty little brats," responded Geraldine as the lines seemed to harden around her mouth. "Oh, I detest them. I can't stand to have them near me. They are too dirty."

The next day, Dave Armstrong sailed for Paris. As he told Geraldine goodbye, he knew that it was for the last time, for he was hopeful and altogether happy—but he knew also that she lacked one of the cardinal virtues of a good woman—a natural love for children, and especially for suffering children.

"Ah, Monsieur Armstrong," softly pleaded the gentle voice of Mademoiselle Louise de Merillon, "you will be disengaged on Monday evening? Ma Mere requests that you dine with us then."

"To oblige your charming mother, Mademoiselle," answered Dave with a smile, "I shall arrange to be free on Friday evening, if I have to carry my request to President Wilson himself."

And Dave Armstrong was free on Friday evening and obliged the charming mother of Mademoiselle de Merillon. And because he had been a soldier, and had been established at Amiens, the former home of the de Merillons, and knew so much about the town and the places familiar to his hosts, he gained ready access to the other fellow.

Dave and Mademoiselle were riding out along the road that led to Versailles. Their horses slowed down to a walk and Dave was able to see the beauty of the Spring morning. The music of the birds sounded very good this morning, because there was music in Dave's heart. He felt that, perhaps, the gods had been kind to him in permitting him to walk along the way that led within the portals of the de Merillon home; that led to that favored place in the esteem of this beautiful French girl.

"Love was beginning to creep in to Dave's heart, and he had no will to shut it out; in fact, he saw no reason at all that he should shut it out, for so far he had found no imperfections in the character of Louise de Merillon."

They were going up a small hill, and Dave was interested in the details of the country. He saw the low stone fence on the left with the tilin g on the top; the hedge row on the right; the aged stone hurdles that stone building away and served both as dwelling and as "Cafe de Vin Blanc;" he saw, also, ahead of them along the way an old, old woman, who was going down with age and her bent and aged back a huge bundle of clothing. As they passed her by, Dave noticed the enlarged knuckles of her hands and the large blue veins in her forehead; her face was drawn and wrinkled; her eyes were dim and bloodshot; she was bent and worn with years of toil and hardship and suffering, yet, she continued up the hill with her heavy burden. Dave's heart went out to this poor old woman; his heart beat in sympathy with this simple peasant mother from whom the world was exacting such a cruel and unjust price for existence.

Dave thought that the lowly Nazarene must have had in mind some such unfortunate creature as this when he spoke the words of that wonderful parable, "Inasmuch, as ye have done unto one of the least of these,—ye have done it unto me."

"I feel sorry for the poor old woman," Dave said, by way of comment when they had passed her by.

"What's the use of being sorry," rejoined the girl. "About what?"

Dave proceeded to mark up the card, placing his initials after each remaining dance.

"And Major Armstrong," smiled Miss Wilkins as she hastened away to dance with the slim Lieutenant, "I am sure that Fate just let you come back from Berlin to dance with me tonight."

"By George, I didn't doubt it a bit," thought Armstrong, as he gazed admiringly after the bewitching young woman. "Geraldine Wilkins has a greater esteem for Fate than I have heretofore had."

The days slipped by, and Dave discovered himself becoming more and more in love with this beautiful light haired girl with the grayish blue eyes. In appearance she was all that a woman should be or could be; her personality was winning more and more in love with this beautiful light haired girl. "And here comes that slim lieutenant that I have after each remaining dance."

Geraldine Wilkins saw them, too, and her words were not the words of the Master.

"I never saw so many children in one place in my life," said Dave, as they scattered from in front of the car, "wonder where the little devils live."

"I never saw such dirty little brats," responded Geraldine as the lines seemed to harden around her mouth. "Oh, I detest them. I can't stand to have them near me. They are too dirty."

The next day, Dave Armstrong sailed for Paris. As he told Geraldine goodbye, he knew that it was for the last time, for he was hopeful and altogether happy—but he knew also that she lacked one of the cardinal virtues of a good woman—a natural love for children, and especially for suffering children.

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November, 1920

THE PUGET SOUND TRAIL

"Yes, it did, I presume," answered Dave, "but that little word 'if' is the saving feature of all this war business. It meant certain death. If the prisoner did not escape. Going into the trenches meant certain death to every doughboy. If he was caught, it meant him hearing the bullets hit him in the right spot."

"Do you know, Mr. Armstrong, that I am glad that there is that little word 'if,'" quietly and soberly spoke Miss Gray, "and I am glad that I should tell you why. I should tell you why, considering the fact that certain thoughts concerning the little word 'if,' and Dave told Bertha the word 'if' is the saving feature of all this war business. It matters very little to them. They were happy. As the hour of clock struck the old bell tolled forth the calls for Sabbath worship. They made no discords in the heart of Dave Armstrong, for his months of service, when on service or possession, like Geraldine Wilkins and Louise de Merilson, had caused a love for ringing church bells to be born within his soul. As he listened to the chimes of St. Peter's mingling with the clanging that came from the towers of other churches he thought that all this was just an echo sounding down through the ages of the music and joy that was brought to the world that glad day two thousand years ago when the Saviour was born in the unheeded stall at Bethlehem. It seemed to him that St. Peter's chimes were crying out "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace to men of good will."

"There are lots of folks going to church this morning," remarked Dave, as he thought that he would like to go to church himself. He thought, too, of his mother at home, and being home, and being a neighbor, he reached the thought that he was just an echo sounding down through the ages of the music and joy that was brought to the world that glad day two thousand years ago when the Saviour was born in the unheeded stall at Bethlehem. It seemed to him that St. Peter's chimes were crying out "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace to men of good will."

"Yes, a whole lot of them go," said Bertha, "but, after all the majority of the people are quite simple minded—and—and downright silly. Why they want to trapeze of church and listen to some poor music and some old man go through and watersoaked watering place in the square, the same as he had seen it many times before. He had traveled far and had seen many sights, but none were more attractive than were those homeless scenes when it seemed to him that she would compare favorably with any girl he had known were bedecked in the same finery as they. He was skeptical, too, and knew that before long, some raw girl in this girl's character would end up his mother to him, and Dave had been to the office for his mail. He started home, and encountered Martha as she, too, was bound for home, so he alighted from the train, and made his way up the familiar Kansas village where she lived for Sabbath worship, that she would be in her regular place up near the altar in the little church."

"I am afraid, Bertha," calmly said Dave, "that if you had gone to Berlin, or had lived one night in the trenches with the great shells whistling overhead and bursting near, you would think differently on these things.

"Oh, you mean that the prospect of dying makes one religious?" she questioned.

"I mean that to face death," explained Dave, "causes one to be honest with himself. Unhappiness serves very well during life, but it is a mighty poor consolation in death."

"Which is just what the rector would have said, had we gone to church this morning," laughed Bertha. "That's what I don't like about them, they always give one the creeps by talking about dying."

Dave said no more. The music died within him. Again he discovered that wit and graciousness, physical comeliness and external culture and refinement were not sufficient to make a woman really beautiful. It was with sadness that he recognized that Bertha Gray, whom he thought was so perfect, possessed, like Geraldine Wilkins and Louise de Merilson, a great flaw in her character. She lacked another of the cardinal virtues of her kind—the Heaven sent ability to profit and to trust in God for the eventual salvation of erring mankind.

Dave Armstrong had traveled six thousand miles in less than three weeks. He was as he had seen it many times before. He knew this, and because of this knowledge his faith in all women was not destroyed. It was a glad day for him, that Monday morning as he alighted from the train, and that Monday evening, he was walking the familiar street toward his home. He had not been in town for five years and he had not written to his mother that he was coming, so he fastened along, not stopping to talk with a few friends he met. The main street was packed but there were the same old hitching posts on the side street, the gnawed and watersoaked watering place in the square, the same stables, and Rogers' barber shop, and the same old place. The grain elevator had a new coat of paint, and a new warehouse adorned a spot in the center of the town along the Rock Island tracks. Otherwise, everything was as he had seen it many times before. He had traveled far and had seen many sights, but none were more attractive than were those homeless scenes when it seemed to him that she would compare favorably with any girls he had known were bedecked in the same finery as they. He was skeptical, too, and knew that before long, some raw girl in this girl's character would end up his mother to him.

He turned in at the familiar gate, his heart was beating fast. He walked around the house to the kitchen door on the board walk. And there on the steps his mother met him.

"O! Dave, my boy," she shouted as she threw her arms around his neck, "when I heard your steps on the walk, I knew it was you. Why didn't you tell me you were coming?"

"I wasn't sure I could come right away, Mother," answered Dave, and he could hardly speak, "and I didn't want to disappoint you."

"I was heart broken when you didn't come last winter, son," said his mother. "Are you going to stay a long time now, dear?"

"I don't believe that I shall go away and leave you again, mother," slowly answered Dave, "that is, not for very long at a time. At least, I'm going to stay at home all the rest of this summer, anyway, and rest up." And Dave did stay at home with his mother the rest of the summer. He made several short business trips that took him away for a few days, but Martha Hopkins lived in Alta Vista, and was a neighbor, and and Dave had shortly claimed her as his own friend, and he always came back. His trips were not lengthy at all.

As the summer days passed, and Dave himself becoming greatly interested in this simple country maid. He knew that she did not compare in appearance with Geraldine Wilkins or Louise de Merilson, and it seemed to him that he would compare favorably with any girls he had known were bedecked in the same finery as they. He was skeptical, too, and knew that before long, some raw girl in this girl's character would end up his mother to him.

Dave had been to the office for his mail. He started home, and encountered Martha as she, too, was bound for home, so he alighted from the train, and made his way up the familiar Kansas village where she lived for Sabbath worship, that she would be in her regular place up near the altar in the little church."

"She's not up today, Miss Hopkins," the child replied, "but she says she's going to get up after a while; she has to."" Isie, dear," said Martha, "you tell mother that I'll be down after a while to help her some, will you? And you be a good little girl, and take care of baby until I come.

"Do you?" answered Dave. "It is quite unusual for a girl like you to be concerned about other peoples' troubles.

"No, it isn't, Dave," she said, "that's when we are concerned most.

"But, honestly," she continued with enthusiasm, "Mrs. Benson is really a fine woman, and I like to help her. And, you noticed those grimy, dirty little children in the yard? Well, you ought to see them this evening through scrubbing them. I just love to get them in a tub and scrub em up. Just to kiss the clean little wiggly toes of a scrubbed baby is reward enough for the scrub woman," she said, laughing.

"If the scrub woman happens to be Martha Hopkins," said Dave soberly, and he was thinking of a hundred or more dirty, grimy little Hebrews that were scurrying from in front of her car in New York's Ghetto. He was wondering how they would look should some one care enough to scrub them up.

(Continued on page 11)
The Basis for Our Askings

By Dean Cunningham

I am told that years ago the people of the City of Tacoma sometimes argued among themselves as to whether they ought to keep the College of Puget Sound in their midst; especially since to keep it meant giving it students, and giving it money, and giving it hearty school support. But that was before my time. It must have been long before, for I have heard none of such talk. The city of Tacoma long since quiet regarding the College as a liability, and now considers it an asset. She is proud of it, just as she is proud of all the other obvious advantages of the city.

Nor is it difficult to understand why any city should be proud of such an institution. The College of Puget Sound is objectifying an ideal. It is putting in the form of acres and brick and mortar; of democratic self-government; of carefully arranged and correlated courses of study; of concrete social service to its community, an ideal deliberately conceived, which rests upon the conviction that the institution which would be greatest should be the servant of all.

In the profoundest sense this is a Christian college. This, to be sure, means more than one thing. It means chapel services during the school week, where worship is an actual fact; it means that the College gives regular courses for credit, in which the Christian philosophy of life is made the cornerstone of character.

But it means even more than this. It seems to me that the Christian college best expresses itself in the life-purposes which it creates within the minds of its students. These students are the College’s product; they go forth to live, to act, to deal with men. The fundamental purpose which inspires such activity, is the most basic thing in life.

Now, the Christian college makes its outgoing students realize that they have been educated, not to go out into a competitive society to win money or fame or power at the expense of others who have not been so fortunate in their education; but that their superior training is in the nature of a trust, a solemn responsibility; a power put within their grasp whereby they may cooperate with all men for the common welfare.

It is on such an ideal that the College of Puget Sound bases its claims for a wide financial support from its logical constituency. Every man knows that in this age of expansion greater assets are necessary for adequate and progressive work, than at any time in the past; and that the College is really displaying its understanding of the times in planning adequately for its task.

And with as great certainty it may be said that it is not a question as to whether some other agency might perform the same task as the Christian college. We do not know that it can; at least none other ever has. Perhaps the Young Men’s Christian Association could do the work of the church, or vice versa; but there are thousands of us who believe both organizations are needed. Every great crisis, such as the recent war, has had its lessons to teach us. And unmistakably one thing we have recently learned is that the small Christian college is a bulwark for sane leadership in our democracy.

The College of Puget Sound now functions as a Christian college. It is an enormous factor in the production of Christian leadership. Surely every man would want a share in such a work as it is doing.

In an age when the most superficial realize the importance to our civilization of good men who have the poise to hold the world steady, there should be absolutely no hesitancy in seeing that the institutions which have been the dominant factors, historically, in supplying such men, should have their power increased by a loyal constituency.

The Presidential Campaign of 1920, Looking Forward and Backward

By Walter S. Davis

Head of the Department of History

I. INTRODUCTORY.

If there be grandeur and sublimity in the realms of nature, in the rush of Niagara, in the mighty ocean, in Mt. Tacoma with its crown of snow, there is an equal grandeur and sublimity in the choice of a rule by a great and free people.

From this point of view our earth never witnessed a scene more sublime than that of November 2, when 27,000,000 of America’s men and women selected their own and the Nation’s President for the coming four years.

In monarchies the choice of a ruler is made by heredity and birth and not by those who bear the burdens of government. In the Roman Empire, in the Imperial throne became vacant the armies on the Rhine, Danube and Euphrates would engage in war and the general of the victorious army would be crowned Emperor. Since 1789 America has furnished a nobler example to mankind.

Some English writers have criticised our fixed and state quadrennial elections, since elections in England come when the Cabinet has been overthrown and where some real issue has arisen. They say we Americans must create and manufacture issues for our presidential campaigns.

To these animadversions on the American system no one has made a better reply than America’s best friend in England, James Bryce, author of the American Commonwealth. He takes the view that “a presidential election is a solemn, periodical appeal to the nation to review its condition, the way in which its business has been carried on, the conduct of the two great parties. It stirs and arouses the nation as nothing else does, forces everyone not merely to think about public affairs, but to decide how to judge the parties. It is * * * a force before which everything must bow. It refreshes the sense of national duty; and at great crisis intensifies national patriotism. A presidential election is sometimes, as in 1800 and as again most notably in 1864, a turning point in history. * * * A presidential election which purports to be merely the selection of a man, is often in reality a decision upon issues of policy, a condemnation of the course taken by one party, a mandate to the other to follow some different course * * *.”

II. CAUSES RESULTING IN THE GREAT OVERTURN OF NOVEMBER 2.

A victory so sweeping as that of November 2, an overturn so overwhelming, naturally leads inquiring minds to seek the causes of an expression of the will of the American people so decisive. The following list is submitted with only brief comment:
November, 1920

THE PUGET SOUND TRAIL

1. The high cost of living during and since the war period, accompanied by high taxation, both Federal and State. It is difficult for any party to survive these two conditions even though the party in power may not be especially to blame.

2. The world wide unrest following the armistice. America shared this unrest. There has been an almost as hard period, accompanied by high taxation, both Federal and State. Even though the party in power may not be especially to blame, many have turned upon the party in power, although whatever blame may attach to it should be shared by all political parties.

3. A seemingly world-wide movement to turn out of power the men and governments who conducted the war. In nearly all the leading countries and in many of the small, the cabinets conducting the war have for some reason, difficult to explain, lost place and power. Lloyd George still survives.

4. The general conduct of the war. Charges of extravagance, unnecessary expenditures. These charges weighed more in the minds of the voters than the assembling and equipping of an army of four million men and the landing of one-half that number on the West Front in time to deliver the decisive blow of the war. There is no record in all history of the transportation of so large a body of men so great a distance.

5. The President's influence with the country has possibly declined. The day will come when the children of the men now living will regret this attitude of their more partisan friends.

6. The President's illness. During his long illness the President's influence with the country has possibly declined. It has not been as great as it would have been had he been in the part and plenty of health of a superb organization.

7. A belief in the superior business ability and government at the present time. Many people have become convinced that the President has a better understanding of business than the opposition parties.

8. The superior organization of the Republican party. For two or three years Chairman Will H. Hays and his co-workers have been creating and perfecting a political organization equal to the best of business. Moreover, the Republican party has something of which has not been seen since the days of Mark Hanna. The organization of the Democratic party fell far behind Mr. Hays' superb organization.

9. League of Nations. It will no doubt be with surprise to many who come to read these pages that I have placed in the ninth place the League of Nations Covenant, as a cause of the overthrow of President Wilson's Democratic party. Many will say that it should have been placed as number one, but I feel sure time will justify the placing of the League Covenant in a much less influential place than first, as a cause of the MIGHTY OVERTURN. The writer knows of many who voted for Senator Harding in spite of, and not because of, his position on the League Covenant. Every reader will know of still others who have voted for Senator Harding believing the faith that he would stand for some great organization of the nations, that would reduce armaments, lessen the probability of war, and promote peace and good will among men. There are those Republicans who fear that a failure to come up to this high expectation on the part of President Harding and those in power might lead in 1924 to a reversal of the triumphant victory of 1920. But in any association of nations America's rights and interests should be fully guarded.

10. The Temperance Question. While the record of neither leading candidate was entirely satisfactory, that of Mr. Harding seemed to be more satisfactory to that of Mr. Cox because of the part taken by America under President Wilson's leadership against their fatherland. There are thousands of German voters, of course, to whom this would not apply.

11. The Irish and German elements. Because of support for the League of Nations, President Wilson's party probably lost thousands of Irish voters who looked none too favorably upon the League of Nations. The writer knows of thousands of German voters, of course, to whom this would not apply.

12. Opposition to the administration on the part of the friends of men convicted of violating espionage and other war time laws.

13. A certain number of voters always desire a change. Four years from now these voters will give their support to some other party.

All these and other causes contributed to one of the most sweeping triumphs in American political history.

III. SOME FEATURES OF THE CAMPAIGN OF 1920.

This campaign was accompanied by a number of interesting sideights.

1. Mr. Bryan who had taken a leading part in every campaign since 1896, and who had bravely championed prohibition in the San Francisco convention refused to take the stump in behalf of the Democratic nominee.

2. Likewise on account of the Republican candidates position on the League of Nations a number of leading Republicans favorable to the League gave their support to Governor Cox.

3. The high standing of the two leading candidates for the Vice-Presidency, Governor Coolidge and Secretary Franklin Roosevelt. Had both tickets been reversed, the tickets would have been equally strong.

4. A unique feature of the campaign was the candidacy of Eugene V. Debs, while serving a sentence in the United States Penitentiary at Atlanta for violation of the Espionage Act. This is believed to have no parallel in American history. The writer is glad to have contributed to this great consummation by voice and pen since 1882.

5. Woman Suffrage. The participation of practically the entire adult woman kind of America in the Presidential election must be forever regarded as one of the greatest events in human history. The writer is glad to have contributed to this great consummation by voice and pen since 1882.

6. To protect Prohibition and the Volstead Act, the temperance people of the nation set out under the lead of Mr. Bryan, the W. C. T. U. and the Anti-Saloon League to elect a Dry Congress. This great aim has been achieved.

7. Progress in public morality. Formerly there was much vote buying and debauching of the American electorate. Under the lead of good influences like Mr. Bryan and Theodore Roosevelt it is believed that vote buying has been largely eliminated, beginning with Mr. Roosevelt's campaign in 1904.

8. The Temperance Question. While the record of neither leading candidate was entirely satisfactory, that of Mr. Harding seemed to be more satisfactory to the ordinary American who stands strongly by the Prohibition amendment and the Volstead Law. This, no doubt, contributed to spell the tide of victory.

(Continued on page 11)
Our College Traditions

By Ernest Clay
President of the Associated Students.

Editor’s Note: Mr. Clay, in common with so many of our great men hails from Ohio.

Hackeray once said: “Without sentiment there would be no flavor in life.” We can well add that without traditions there would be no flavor in college life. And it is because of a certain sentiment that traditions connected with our College mean so much to us. What is a college without traditions? Surely traditions are one of the valuable assets of any institution. After leaving our Alma Mater its traditions will often occasion fond reminiscenses, and these will touch our deepest emotions. ’Tis then that we will really begin to appreciate and evaluate the traditions of Our College.

Everything must have a beginning and many times that beginning is quite small. It is even so with the traditions of our College. Those before us have already set the goals and fixed the paths in which we are walking. Following tradition, we say growth of the school has produced a sympathetic growth in our traditions. We are still in the processes of establishing traditions, fixing customs and plotting procedures which others following will hallows by the obeying.

A few rites and customs have already been handed down to us and are worthy of our attention. Others are soon to be formulated and given their humble beginning. A brief enumeration of our College traditions will give each of us greater veneration and reverence for them.

Perhaps the first in the category is the one appreciated by new students, faculty and old students alike and called, in C. P. S. parlance, the “Bean Feed.” Little need be said concerning it, as every student knows its value long ere this. It is given under the supervision of the Y. M. and Y. W. combined, on the second day of registration and affords the students the opportunity of getting acquainted.

The real commingling and mixing of students, faculty and friends, both old and young is done at the Mixer, also given under the auspices of the Christian Organizations. It is held on Friday evening of the first week of school and every student is given the chance to meet the various servants of the College from the President down to the various student body officers. It is an evening of good fellowship and enjoyment. It should be considered a red letter event in the lives of all new students. Tradition decrees that this is the beginning of the activity of the Department of Romance, conducted by the President’s wife.

During the first few weeks of school, the new students are subjected to numerous events to introduce them into the school life. Worthy of mention are the Epworth League receptions, given by the Epworth and the First Methodist Churches. Each in turn has an evening of open house and welcome for the students. “Get acquainted,” and “good eats” are the keynotes of these events.

To show the men of the School a rousing good time and also to get them in touch with the work of the Y. M. C. A. early in the first few weeks of school the Y. M. stages a Stag Party. Initiation of new fellows in the school coupled with plenty of pep and good comradeship and the indulgence in proper nutritive values occupies a worth-while evening of every man’s time. For the benefit of the fellows who did not turn out for the Stag Party, the following morning after chapel all those who were absent from the Stag are given a public initiation into the order of “hot-hand.”

Up until the end of the annual class scrap the two classes, Freshmen and Sophomores, vent their enthusiasm and class spirit in their own ways. Hanging of posters and class flags, painting of walks with class numerals and entertainment and free lodging to certain active members of the rival class are used as means of expression of class activity.

On the third student assembly day of the first semester occurs the annual Scrap between the two classes. The Scrap is in the nature of a bag rush, each class selecting a team to represent the class. The winners of the scrap are allowed to float their class colors from the Color Post until sundown of the following day.

On the student assembly day following the Scrap, is held the Initiation of the Freshman class into the Student Body. At the regular assembly period the classes all congregate around the Color Post, each class on its proper side. The Freshman class assembles on the side of the previous Senior class. Class songs and yells exhibit the spirit of the various classes. A member of the previous Senior class presents his side of the Color Post to the Freshman class who in turn take the oath as administered by the Student Body President. A short history of the Color Post is given by a competent speaker and the Freshman class is permitted to paint its colors on its allotted side of the Post.

During the two weeks following the Scrap the two rival classes entertain each other at regular class social functions, the Sophomores entertaining the Freshmen first.

During the Hallowe’en season the various societies and organizations indulge in ghost parties, empty grave conversations and such maneuvers. The Saca-jawe-a Club gives a unique party entertaining the members of the Millionaires Club and such other fellows who suffer from the absence of mother.

This year we are planning on staging an event on Thanksgiving that we hope may become a regular, anticipated event for that day of each school year. It is a football game in the Stadium and this year the game will be staged with the University of Idaho. What greater attraction would an alumnus need to cause him to return to his Alma Mater for a visit than a football game?

Quoting from an article by a former Dean on this subject of Traditions: “Late in the fall, the Philomathean Literary Society contributes an annual event that deserves a place in the list of our College Traditions. I refer to the Contest Program, between the boys and the girls of the Society. The decision is based on originality and excellence of rendition.”
Just before the dismissal for the Holidays, occurs the one big social event of the year, the Annual Banquet. All parts of the College constituency—students, faculty, alumni, trustees, patrons and friends are present, making it an All-College event. It is on this occasion that the classes attempt to display their superiority in class songs, yells and class rivalry. And it is on this occasion that Johnny comes forth bedecked in his dress suit (if he has one) and Sally comes out in her evening gown (if she possesses such a useless thing). And on this occasion the finest of oratory is displayed in clever and polished after-dinner speeches. College Spirit is displayed in all its ramifications.

A lull in social events and traditional events exists from the Holidays until early in the second semester. On or about February 22 is held another All-College function,—the Colonial Costume Party. It is an occasion for the display of originality of the students and faculty in the manner of costumes worn. Various modes of entertainment are indulged in until a late hour. The event is held in the gymnasium.

Early in the spring the Administration sets aside a sunny day on which we all indulge in real physical exercise and set about to clean up our Campus. On Campus Day no one comes in any habitation other than the dress of a laboring man. Girls wear their hair down their backs in braids and the boys come in over-alls and work shirts. The Campus is given a thorough renovation and presents a glad appearance by the time the lunch is served by the Y. W. C. A. In the afternoon of this day the Freshmen and Sophomore boys stage an annual Tug of War, attempting to out-do one another in skill. The victors have the joy of seeing their opponents pulled through a spraying hose. Other athletic features are staged in the afternoon.

On beautiful moonlight nights of the spring season, each of the different societies revel in their annual launch ride. Fun and frolic on a sandy beach around a glowing camp-fire, toasting weiners, steaks, salads and other delicacies of such an occasion and a long boat trip on the Sound under the aroma of the well-filled banquet tables extinguishes the last semblance of any former rivalry, while thoughts of the approaching graduation exercises and the passing into history of the Senior class bring forth expressions of regret from all.

On the first Saturday of May occurs the annual Junior breakfast for the Seniors. This is a most congenial gathering of the once rival Freshman and Sophomore classes, now nearing their coveted goal and the inheritance of their sheep-skins. Cordiality and good-will permeate the very atmosphere and the aroma of the well-filled banquet tables extinguishes the last semblance of any former rivalry, while thoughts of the approaching graduation exercises and the passing into history of the Senior class bring forth expressions of regret from all.

Early in May on a regular student assembly day occurs one of the finest traditional events of the year, the “Cap and Gown Day” exercises. On this day the Seniors receive their first public recognition of admission to candidacy for honors and responsibilities of the College degree. They enter the chapel in cap and gown, preceded by the Faculty also in cap and gown. The Seniors advance to the platform and conduct a regular chapel exercise. The Seniors’ foreshadowed departure from the student ranks is betokened by the ceremony of the “Hanging down of the Hatchet” to the Juniors. Acceptance is acknowledged by the class President after which the Juniors advance to the Senior section. All the classes join in the recessional. At all succeeding chapel exercises the Seniors occupy seats in the balcony.

At some convenient time in the Spring, is held the Annual Glee. On this occasion the various classes vie with one another in producing and rendering original songs. Much class spirit is fostered and exhibited on this occasion. The winning class is awarded the Glee Pennant.

What bids fair to become a College tradition is the rendering of a Pageant under the direction of the Y. M. and Y. W. Last year with remarkable success the Pageant was given on the new campus furnishing a suitable climax for our Commencement week exercises. In other years the same efforts have resulted in the production of a Day Fete and the crowning of the May Queen, all of which was last year incorporated in the Pageant.

The climax of the College year comes during Commencement week. Exercises are held alternately in the First Methodist and Epworth M. E. Churches. In the forenoon of Sunday of this week the Baccalaureate Sermon is preached and in the afternoon held the final Vesper Service of the year under the direction of the Christian organizations. In the evening of the same day an annual sermon to the Christian organizations is delivered by some chosen minister.

The Freshmen and Sophomores are in charge of the decorations for the Sunday exercises while the Juniors are in charge of the decorations for the Graduation and the Junior girls are the ushers for the occasion.

The Graduation exercises occur on Wednesday and some notable speaker is chosen to deliver the address. The conferring of the degrees and awarding of honors for the year, followed by a short resume of the year’s work and a glimpse into the future offered by the President brings to a fitting close the Commencement exercises.

In the evening of this day the new alumni are guests at the Annual Alumni Banquet. Thus ends the College year in all of its activities.

Why Go To College?

To be at home in all lands and all ages; to count nature a familiar acquaintance, and art an intimate friend; to gain a standard for the appreciation of other men’s work and the appreciation of one’s own; to carry the world’s library in one’s pocket and feel its resources behind one in whatever task he undertakes; to make hosts of friends among men of one’s own age who are leaders in all walks of life; to lose one’s self in generous enthusiasm and co-operate with others for the common end; to learn manners and courtesy from students who are gentlemen, and form character under professors who are Christians;—these are the returns of a college for the best four years of one’s life.

Pres. W. D. Hyde, Bowdoin.
We welcome three new members to our faculty this year, Miss Crapser, Miss Owings and Mr. Gjesdahl.

Professor Crapser of the Department of Modern Languages, is a graduate of Ellsworth College, Iowa Falls. She studied as her majors, Latin and German. After receiving her A. B. degree from Ellsworth College she did post graduate work at Milwaukee Seminary, and at the Universities of Minnesota and Wisconsin. She has taught in the high schools of Iowa and Montana. From the latter place she came to join the faculty of the College of Puget Sound. She is serving at the present time on the religious, athletic and intersociety committees of the faculty.

Miss Crapser's interests, however, do not all lie within the class rooms and administration halls. She is very fond of hiking, swimming and tennis. The students may well take note of her love of sports and a good time for good chaperons are in great demand. Her special hobby is hiking and she has already hiked right into the hearts of the students of C. P. S. who bid her a sincere and cordial welcome.

Professor Gjesdahl of the Department of Psychology and Education, comes to us from the land of northern lights, Bergen, Norway. He completed his college education there and at the age of twenty-one came to the city of New York. By hard and conscientious study he completed a three year's schedule of studies at the Theological Bible Teacher's Training School, Union Theological Seminary, three years of post-graduate work at Columbia and another three years at New York University all within seven years. He has been associated with the faculties of Cleveland High School, New Jersey, and New York University, has been a minister for three years and during the war held a special chaplainship in the United States Army.

For a hobby he has the interesting field of international law. He does not believe in letting his dignity as a professor deter him from enjoying a good swim or hunt. He has already made himself very popular among the students. We welcome him.

Professor Owings is at the head of the Department of Home Economics and preceptress of the girls dormitory. Those fair damsels must keep their room so clean and fresh to keep from losing any through evaporation.

Then there is that professor who is always so personally interested in everyone of us.—Professor Reneau of the Department of English and Philosophy. Very soon now she will introduce you freshmen to that famous tradition of this College—the Blind Hen No-Tail.

A quiet, faithful and dependable friend is Professor Hanawalt of the Department of Mathematics and Astronomy. He will soon have you freshmen measuring the "angle of depression" of these hills hereabouts.

Professor Slater runs the butcher shop and agricultural station on the top floor. He sets you right when you get a frog's liver mixed up with its lungs. Ask him if he thinks the Orange is as good as the Trail, or if he ever heard of Chancellor Day, the barge canal, Longbranch, Onandaga Lake or Solvay Bums.

Professor Dunlap you will also find down in the lower regions playing with atoms, test-tubes, funny bottles and Bunsen burners. That girl he pays so much attention to is Miss Day. He is her knight, Day and knight.

We could not commence to tell of all the big things Professor Hovious has already accomplished. She has some interesting plans in process of development.

That young lady who always looks so happy and cheery is Professor Swartz of the Department of Home Economics.

Mr. Peck is our young athletic coach. You can see him around four o'clock chasing the football men all over the field. He says we are going to have a big season. We know it.

That handsome young man who leads the choir in chapel is Mr. Johnson. We're going to draw a picture of him in action some day. He belongs to the Studio.

And Dr. Foster, we are might glad to welcome him. We can't help but like him.

Now that's our Faculty and we absolutely know that it is the finest group of Professors that has ever operated upon a bunch of college numb-skulls.

First Irishman: "Who was the best man at McGinty's wedding?"

Second Irishman: "Sure and I don't know, unfortunately the police interfered before it was settled."

"Look how fast he eats soup!"

"Yes, that's the new efficiency man. He eats fast to keep from losing any through evaporation."

There was a young lady from Ranker
Who slept on a ship while at anchor
She awoke in dismay when she heard the mate say,
"Lift up the top sheet and spanker."

"Yes, that's the new efficiency man. He eats fast to keep from losing any through evaporation."

"Lift up the top sheet and spanker."

We always think that leading a dogs life is pretty bad. But after looking over the zoology lab we find it is mild compared with a frog's life.

Prof. Slater (in botany): "What is one of our best known trees?"

Cory: "Please, sir, the hall tree."
November, 1920
THE PUGET SOUND TRAIL

THE RAINBOW’S POT OF GOLD
(Continued from page 5)

“Mrs. Armstrong, look at this,” said Martha Hopkins, as she
shook into the Armstrong home one evening. “I am
going to take these things down to old Grandmother Jenkins.
She is sick again.” And she displayed a pretty bunch of
flowers and a basket in which there was prepared a dainty
lunch.

Dave was there. He learned that Grandmother Jenkins was
the sadly neglected mother of a large family of worthless
boys, none of whom remained at home to care for her.
She was interested to exist on her small pension and the little
income from her chickens, but rheumatic had rendered her
almost helpless. She was dependent on the kindness of the
neighbors for care.

“May I along with you, Martha?” asked Dave. “I can
carry the basket for you.”

“Certainly you may, Dave,” replied the girl. “I’ll be glad
to have you, and I’ve already told Grandma Jenkins about you,
so I’m sure she will be glad to see you.”

Dave went along. He saw Martha Hopkins in a new role.
She did not stop with words of cheer for the poor old helpless
woman. She tidied up the room, and made up the fire,
and washed up some dirty dishes. The place looked different
when the two bade Grandma Jenkins goodbye.

“You have right, Martha,” he said, and he was thinking of
the poor old French peasant mother who toiled up the hill
with the heavy load on her back, and he wondered if there
was a Martha Hopkins in her community to carry the load a
little  girls in her class. Again, Dave heard the church bells of
St. Peters dome; he saw the simple London folk going to
church. This particular morning they arrived there some
ten minutes early. Sunday School was still in session. Martha
Hopkins was teaching a class of little girls. Her back was to
the door and she did not hear Dave and his mother enter, but
she was interested in her work and was speaking to her class.

“Children,” she was saying, “we have studied today about
a woman called Mary Magdelenene. In the beginning she was
a very wicked woman. But Jesus saw her one day and com­
manded the evil spirits to depart from her. After that she
was a good woman. She became one of the best women that
this world has ever known. The spirit of Jesus was in her;
he had made her good. I am sure that all of us want to be
good. Now, listen, girls,” Martha continued softly,
“I am going to tell you how you can be good like this woman
was. Mary loved Jesus. She believed that he was the Son of
God, from whom all blessings flow,” he knew that he loved her.
He knew also that he was not mistaken, and that his uncon­
cious search for the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow
had led him back to his starting place, the real foot of every
poor old French peasant mother who toiled up the hill
with the heavy load on her back, and he wondered if there
was a Martha Hopkins in her community to carry the load a
little  girls in her class. Again, Dave heard the church bells of
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THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN OF 1920
(Continued from page 6)

8. Progress in a Christian attitude of voters of opposite
parties toward one another. While there is much still to be
desired, it is believed that there is a constant growth in toler­
ation of opinion. A cheerful granting of full freedom of
opinion on the part of men of all parties. This is much more
true today than in the days of Adams and Jefferson and of
the days following the Civil War.

9. The campaign of 1920 was characterized by a certain
indifference and lack of enthusiasm. This may have been due
to the disappointment of General Wood, Government
Lowden, Herbert Hoover, Secretary McAdoo and other
candidates in not having their candidates nominated at Chi­
cago or San Francisco, or it may be due in part to the
early recognition of Mr. Harding’s triumph in November, thus
causing the campaign to lose in interest.

IV. TWO SUGGESTED IMPROVEMENTS AND AMEND­
MENTS RELATING TO THE PRESIDENCY.

On the second Monday of January, the successful presi­
dential electors will meet at the various state capitals to elect
the next President of the United States. The second Wednes­
day of February, Congress will count these votes. March 4,
the new administration will begin. The hope is here expressed
that in 1924 all American political parties will choose their
presidential standard bearers in a National Presidential Pri­
mary where the members of each party will have a vote in
determining their party’s choice. This should prove more sat­
factory to the American people than were the nominating
conventions of 1920. The hope is also here expressed that by
1924 the presidential electors will be abolished and that the
President will be chosen by the direct popular vote and that
the American citizen called up to the high seat to be clothed
with the highest honors of the Republic will be the choice
of the majority of his fellow citizens.

Also the presidential election might well be shifted back
to October and the President and Congress begin their terms
shortly after election. At least the Congress of a party dis­
credited by the American electorate should not go on passing
laws nor a President continue in office after the people have
spoken so decisively.

These suggested changes may well engage the attention of
the people.

V. CLOSE.

The people have spoken. All law-abiding citizens will bow
to the will and decision of the majority. Every American
should look upon the President of the United States as his
President. We should all help to make this a great nation
shining as a beacon light to all the nations. President Hard­
ing will be master of an unrivalled opportunity. A course
of public action founded upon wisdom and progress will con­
tribute to the happiness of our own people and of mankind
and go far toward determining the campaign of 1924.

You bet, Freshie, you lookin’ bettah already.

Watch the Trail improve.

I called Balz up, but he wasn’t up, so I called him down
for not being down when I called him up.

T—T—T

Yea Bo! Don’t miss that wonderful love story coming in
the December Trail.

Elise: “I wonder why silk is more expensive than wool.”

Marjorie: “I guess it’s because the little silk worms are
lots harder to shear than the big sheep.”

Have you read the articles on Traditions by the President of
the Student Body, in this issue?

T—T—T

I called Balz up, but he wasn’t up, so I called him down
for not being down when I called him up.

T—T—T
KAPPA SIGMA THETA

Kappa Sigma Theta Literary Society is no more for we have this past month received our charter for a local Sorority. It is framed and hanging in our room and we invite you all to come in and look at it for we feel it is a charter to be proud of.

The biggest issue Theta is considering at present is the debate November 18 at which time we meet the Amphictyon Literary Society. The question to be discussed is one of the most important of the day and featured strongly in the late election, namely the Japanese question. Theta upholds the negative and Amphictyon the affirmative. We have two of the ablest women debaters in school debating for us this year and they are ready to give our opponents a run for their money. We are backing Florence Maddock and Helen Brace.

At our recent Hallowe’en program all the girls attending were taken for a short but thrilling jaunt through purgatory. It is not often one gets such an opportunity so we feel quite satisfied now and will not be so disappointed if our journey at the close of life takes us in the other direction. We spent a most pleasant and profitable afternoon together and feel acquainted with our elder Theta Sisters once again.

As soon as “Rushing” and “Initiation” are over, we hope to get back to normal life again. So much excitement is not good for the nerves and we don’t want any casualties on our journey at the close of life takes us in the other direction.

We are glad to say that the loss of Esther’s good programs during the month. When they took their “Trip to Europe” they convinced everyone that they were very human tourists. We are glad to say that the loss of Esther’s pocket-book was a “work of fiction.” The Amphicytions are still wondering if “Jackie” is short for Geraldine. Ask Anton.

Esther and Paul exhibited a great deal of natural ability in “A Pair of Lunatics,” and Clyde proved that he deserved all the honor accorded him as leader of the renowned “Art! Art!” Orchestra.

Everyone is welcome at our programs. Come and let us show you a good “literary” time.

T—T—T

PHILOMATHEAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Miss Beardenphl and Mr. Clay, composing the Philo debate team, will clash with the H. C. S. debaters on November 23. If our enthusiasm could win debates then our debaters should get the decision for we are backing them in every way possible.

That the students who received invitations to join the Philomathean Literary Society might become better acquainted with the aims of the Society, they were entertained at an informal dinner on the evening of November 12, in the Home Economics room.

A number of old Philos were back for the affair. After a regular “Philo” dinner the following program was given:

“MES AMIS”

A Friendly Welcome .......... Vera Sinclair
Mansioners ............... Professor Slater
Reading ................. Alice Beardenphl
Selection by the Quartet
Ted Dunlap, Charles Brady, Ernest Clay,
C. C. James
The Trail of Friendship ............................ Frank Brooks
The Friendly Stora and a Philo Moon, Harold Young
Selection, Philo Quartet of 1920
Marion Myers, Mabel Amende, Harold Young,
Ernest Clay
“Loyal Our Service too
High is our Aim and True
All Brothers We” ............... Mabel Amende, ’20
Philo Friends, Past and Present .............. Reverend J. E. Milligan
How Philomathean Spells “Friend” ........ Ermine Warren
Ernest Clay acted as toastmaster.

T—T—T

H. C. S.

H. C. S. members are giving their attention at the present time on the inter-society debates which are scheduled for the next two weeks. Tryouts to decide the team will have been held by the time this issue of the Trail comes from the press, and the team will be down to work on the debate.
COMINGS AND GOINGS

The College has of late been frequented by many noteworthies. Reverend and Mrs. Loyd Burke made a brief call at Philo one evening, bringing with them a seven-layer cake. Burke is a fortunate man.

The visit of Mrs. Lois Noble-Simpson who has just recently been married, was a pleasant surprise to her friends.

We are glad to have Tom Swazye with us again after his prolonged stay at the hospital. Mr. Harold Young spent a few hours one morning in visiting his college friends.

Miss Ethel Smith spent a weekend in brief calls on her acquaintances.

Miss Mabel Amende visited us for a day. To say we miss Mabel is putting it mildly.

Mr. Oscar Hoover and Mr. Earl Mackey were entertained by the Oakes Club for a day.

Mr. Harold Young spent a few hours one morning in visit­ing to his college friends.

A taffy pull furnished an evening of fun for a number of friends who were entertained by Miss Ruth Wheeler at her home at Stelliscum Lake.

A company of troubadours serenaded the girls at the dormitory at a late hour one star-lit evening. After their romantic vocal offering they were invited in and treated to refreshments, etc.

Miss Greta Miller entertained the Scienticians at her home at Indian Point. Everyone who heard of the pleasant trip had a desire to become a Scientian.

The Sacajawea girls gave a Halloween party. From what the boys say the pie was delicious and the spooks a fright.

The return of Mrs. Myra Shattuck Anderson is expected this month by her friends and by Lee especially.

Mrs. Alice Baker Hanaway attended the Color Post exercises and on behalf of last year’s Senior Class, presented the Freshman Class of this year, their side of the post.

DOINGS

The Sacajawea girls gave a Halloween party. From what the boys say the pie was delicious and the spooks a fright.

Miss Dorothy Newell entertained five couples at a most enjoyable All Saints’ frolic. Halloween games were played and appropriate refreshments served.

Another program was given by the members of the Sacajawea Debate Club at the University of Washington.

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FIELDING LEMMON, Editor

We have with us this season as captain of the College of Puget Sound football eleven, "Rip" Revelle, last year letterman and former Lincoln high school football star.

When time came for choosing the captain for this year’s squad Revelle stood out as the only logical choice so his team mates gave him the honor. "Rip's" work on the field is an inspiration for any team and he can always be found on the bottom of every mix-up.

The hardest fighter, the best ground gainer, the surest kicker, the deadliest tackler, and the best passer - would be the way to sum up "Rip’s" ability and even that does not include everything.

In the game with Pacific University on October 30, Revelle proved that he is excellent material for any Northwest college team. He fought from start to final whistle although he was knocked out several times during the game. He called signals, carried the ball the majority of the times, ran back punts, and did the kicking, despite the fact that had injured his ankle during the first few minutes of the play and the pain was almost unbearable.

"Rip" plans to attend a larger University and it is safe to say that wherever he goes he will make a name for himself in the football world. Here's hoping, however, that we have him back again next season.

BREMERTON WINS 10-7

In the second of the football games this season played with the Bremerton Apprentice team at Bremerton, where hard luck grows on the traffic signals at every busy street corner (that is, both of them), C. P. S. literally speaking, got it in the neck for the second time of the season by losing the game 10-7.

It was a hard game to lose as the college team deserved to win. Bremerton made all her scores in the first of the play and after sliding around on the field for a few minutes the Maroon and White team settled down to hard work and in the second quarter Senior Schrader over for a touchdown.

In the third quarter, the traffic cop from main street had picked the hard luck from his "stop and go" sign and had brought it to the park for in that quarter Arnett tried to dig a well with his right shoulder and injured the shoulder blade so that he had to retire from the scene of the fray.

The shift in the lineup caused by Arnett's absence broke up the working of the college squad and although Bremerton did not get another smell at the goal, C. P. S. was not able to score again.

Despite the fact that the game was played away from home, the team had roosters both from the college and from Bremerton.

The C. P. S. lineup for the game was:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Position</th>
<th>Player</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Quarterback</td>
<td>Irvine</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Left End</td>
<td>Slieffer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Left Guard</td>
<td>McPhail</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Right End</td>
<td>Baker</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Right Halfback</td>
<td>Dorsey</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Left Halfback</td>
<td>Schrader</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Center</td>
<td>McPhail</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fullback</td>
<td>Arnett</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Brady replaced Kinch who went to the backfield when Arnett was injured.

WILLAMETTE GAME

The Willamette "Bearcats" handled the C. P. S. boys in a rough manner in the annual clash between the two schools in the Stadium on Saturday, November 13, and walked away with the game by a score of 24-0.

The only consolation we have is that our Maroon and White football team had rooters both from the college and from Bremerton.

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The hardest fighter, the best ground gainer, the surest kicker, the deadliest tackler, and the best passer - would be the way to sum up "Rip's" ability and even that does not include everything.

In the first quarter Pacific got the breaks and it looked for a while as though she might score. A well placed punt by Revelle from behind the goal line, pulled the Grizzlies out of danger and from then on Pacific fought what looked to be a losing fight but which ended in a tied score. Frank Brooks, playing for the first time of the season distinguished himself by stellar defense work and Dorsey was also in the midst of the fight.

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Senior Notes

You sometimes hear students around the College ask the question: "Where are the Seniors?" Well, perhaps we are not visible all the time, but that is because we are such a busy crew. So if you do not see much of us just say to yourself: "Well, it isn't the quantity, it's the quality that counts after all."

We held a meeting last week and discussed various weighty topics—that being the only kind of topics that are becoming to a Senior class, of course. Later on we may deem it advisable to let the student body know about these things.

A Senior has a great many things to think about many of these are in connection with the welfare of the student body, so just be patient with us and we will try to tell you more about our plans later.

Sophomore Notes

Hip Heck Tra-Boom!
Qui Bizzum Rah—Zoom!
Hulla Bolo! Bolo Bula!
Sophomores! Sophomores!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

A decided change has come over the Sophomores. You may have noticed it. With his pencil behind his ear he has buckled down to hard study. "The Scrap" is now a thing of the past and the "Big Party" a memory only; so he has become very popular,—wonder who—?

Later on we may deem it advisable to think about many of these are in connection with the welfare of the Student Body, so just be patient with us and we will try to tell you more about our plans later.

The lineups were:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>C. P. S.</th>
<th>Position</th>
<th>Willamette</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Kinch</td>
<td>C</td>
<td>Lyman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shadrer</td>
<td>L T</td>
<td>Lawson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brady</td>
<td>C L Q</td>
<td>White</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wasson</td>
<td>C</td>
<td>Bain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McPhail</td>
<td>R G</td>
<td>Nickle</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stones</td>
<td>R T</td>
<td>Bassler</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brooks</td>
<td>R E</td>
<td>Barnes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rumbaugh</td>
<td>Q B</td>
<td>Irvine</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dorsey</td>
<td>L H</td>
<td>R. Rarey</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Revelle</td>
<td>R H</td>
<td>Zeller</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pollen</td>
<td>F B</td>
<td>Wapato</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Score by periods:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>C. P. S.</th>
<th>7</th>
<th>7</th>
<th>2-24</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Willamette</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0-2</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>


Freshman Notes

Fifteen of the Sophomores of last year have returned to occupy the exalted positions of dignified Juniors, but they have lost none of their pep and spirit with the acquisition of their new dignity. The Junior class officers for the semester are as follows:

- President: Paul Snyder
- Vice-President: Olive Martin
- Secretary: Ethel Beckman
- Treasurer: Myrtle Warren
- Sergeant-at-Arms: Russell Clay
- Social Chairman: Helen Monroe
- Central Board Representative: Florence Maddock

With these officers you want to watch the Junior class for they are sure to make things move.

The Junior class has elected its Editor-in-Chief and Business Manager for the Tamanawas and are to be congratulated upon the selection of Fielding Lemmon and Edward Longstreth, respectively, for these positions. That the Tamanawas, this year, will be the best and finest annual ever put out at C. P. S. is the hope of the Juniors.

Junior Notes

The Freshman class which has at last become definitely organized and formally admitted into the Student Body, is now ready to take its part in school activities. The class officers have been elected as follows:

- President: Dwight Hedstrom
- Vice-President: Ruth Wheeler
- Secretary: Mildred Forsberg
- Treasurer: Nan Tuell
- Sergeant-at-Arms: Hald Du Waide
- Central Board Representative: Harold Fretz
- Trail Reporter: Hilda Skrein

We'll take our hats off to the Sophomores. Their party given to the Freshmen was a great success,—ask any Freshman who was there. A good many of the girls, after visiting the "bug-house" were heard to say: "I never had so many thrills and scares in so short a time in my life."

Sh-sh-sh! Here's a secret. "Shh" Heinrick has her C. P. S. pillow cover all stuffed and ready for use. Thanks to the combined efforts of the Junior and Freshman classes we were victorious over the upper classes. Shyl Heinrick won the pillow for selling the greatest number of football tickets. It has been rumored that her pillow has already become very popular,—wonder who?

A nice hair cut and shave is what puts the polish to your appearance.

SIXTH AVE. BARBER SHOP
The College Barber
2409 6th Ave.

Tourist (watching a hog scratch himself against a tree): "Oh! look at that hog. What is he doing?"

Farmer: "Mister, that's a razor-back hog, and he's sifting himself."

No sah. Ah don't neber ride on dem things," said an old colored lady, looking in on the merry-go-round. "Why the other day I seen dat Rastus Johnson git on and ride a dollars worth and get off at the same place he got on at. And I sez to him, Rastus, yo' spent your money, but where have you been?"
EDITORIAL

The November Trail goes to press amid the excitement, parties, banquets and what not of "Rush Week." Last year we tried to work while the Amphi-treats had their "Big Time" in the Home Economics Room adjoining. And tomorrow night work will again be out of the question, for the Phibs will have their "Blow-out." The H. C. S. had some consideration for the poor Trail staff and held their banquet a few days earlier. And all this entertaining just for a bunch of grass green Frosh. My! my! How I wish I were a "green." But alas, I am a Senior, old white-haired and bowed down with my imponderable load of knowledge. Yet, I very vividly remember the time, oh so long, long ago when I was a "green," and enjoyed banquets and parties and things. But there is one society that never did send me an invitation or invite me to their banquet and I never have been able to get over it. That was Theta. I cast linger in the hall of the "Ad" building to gaze longingly at their programs, thinking of what might have been.

By the way, I am thankful for the Thanksgiving Trail (Thanksgiving that it might have been. How I wish I were a "green." But alas, I am a Senior, old white-haired and bowed down with my stupendous load of knowledge. Yet, I very vividly remember the time, oh so long, long ago when I was a "green," and enjoyed everything and things. But there is one society that never did send me an invitation or invite me to their banquet and I never have been able to get over it. That was Theta. I cast linger in the hall of the "Ad" building to gaze longingly at their programs, thinking of what might have been.

By the time this Thanksgiving Trail (Thanksgiving that it may ever with) is ready for distribution, most of the new students will have come to some decision as to which society they prefer. Many will have been pledged and will be looking forward to that terrible ordeal—the initiations. Ah! how well does my memory serve me across this great span of years—how they dropped me down the coal chute, and so on. The decisions made during these days are important ones and will color all the days a student spends at College.

As soon as the society question is settled one begins to really live. At one time there opens up a full view of the life of a college student. I am speaking now, of course, of those who, with ordinary intelligence, begin to take an interest in the intellectual and literary life of the undergraduates and to provide a medium for the thoughtful discussion of questions relating to the College. In the realization of this purpose the Trail has always been cooperative and cordially invites the cooperation of students, alumni and faculty.

The terms of subscription are $1.60 a year. Single copies are on sale at the book store at 20¢ or may be obtained from the Business Manager.

DON'T READ THIS!

Dear Editor:

I've got bone to pick with you—about your first Trail. I could find no staff, though I looked high and low. Why don't you get a regular editorial staff? There are many students who would be glad to help you. There are not enough jokes. Why don't you get a joke editor? It seems to me you have slighted the mainstays of a student publication; namely, the stories and the humor. Only one story could I find. It was good, but I could have enjoyed more. Now that I've had my say I feel like going ahead and telling you some more about your first Trail, just as though you didn't know all about it already. Shall It? Yes? No! Giddy-up Romeo.

—A Trail Booster.

ANSWER

Dear Trail Booster:

You are right. The Trail staff made a terrible mistake in the first issue in underestimating the amount of material that would be handed in. There was enough material to fill several Trails. Can you picture the staff working until three o'clock in the morning sorting over the galley proofs and trying to figure out what to "paste up" and what to "ride?" Whole departments, stories, the staff, most of the jokes, several articles, and imagine—even some Freshmen writings—went overboard. (Ain't that awful Monty?)

Indeed yes, we have a staff, the most hard-working staff you ever cast a glance at. Just turn to page one and see for yourself. It's a crew of ink tossers that any magazine would be tickled to call its own—positively the biggest editorial staff the Trail has ever been blessed with. Most of the members have had previous experience either on the Trail or on high school or other college publications.

To increase the space we have arranged to run smaller type. This will increase the space by fifty per cent. But judging by the way the material is coming in on this issue we are going to run short of space again. This is pretty nice type Mr. (or Miss) Critic and is called "eight point Modern." Won't you tell us how you like it? Thanks. Let's go. And you asked us why we didn't get a joke editor. Step right this way—and meet Sad Slim Brady (wait a minute—he's occupied with Ruth) Brady is positively the greatest humor editor known to biological science. It wasn't his fault that there were no jokes. He balked in school, but as you must realize by this time—there was no space.

Well dear Trail Booster, the high and holy Trail staff has strenuously enjoyed your blood-thirsty criticism—your most unholy attack upon our incomparable, innocent little Trail and we would be delighted to let you have, say a column or so, in each issue of this glorious student publication in which to air your views. Certainly—you just go out in the woods—go out in the woods—get this ax, sharpen it to a razor edge and then go after these Trails—cut their throats—muscovite the things, slaughter them—anything—then go to the sink—wash the gory gore off your hands, sit down and tell us what you did to the poor little Trail things. Tell us face to face, in cold blood, wherein they are good, wherein they are rotten and wherein their entrail stick out, for we want the thing to look "tree beans" as our ancient friends, the French Pollius were wont to say in those wonderful days of goldfish and shrapnel.

Yours until examinations,

HERB.
THE PERCENTAGE SYSTEM OF GRADING

By F. G. and T. S.

The College of Puget Sound has entered the ranks of the truly progressive schools by its adoption of the percentage system of grading. At first this system is usually received in an unfriendly manner, especially by the students, but a careful analysis of the manner in which the grades are given will disclose that the system is scientific, just, and a progressive step in education.

Scientists and learned persons in general have discovered that all persons everywhere, (even including college students!) are very much alike. This general resemblance of persons also prevails in matters intellectual, and the so-called law of frequency and the averages given in which the grades are given will disclose that the system is put into operation. It works in this manner: Dean Cunningham has 103 students in his department in which the system is put into operation. A study of school grades shows that that average is about 25 will receive threes, and about 3 will get fours or lower. Much has been said regarding the injustice of this system. Such statements are usually based on a lack of understanding of the conditions prevailing in schools and the exact manner in which the system is put into operation. It works in this manner: Dean Cunningham has 103 students in his department this year. About 25 will receive ones, 50 will receive twos, 25 will receive threes, and about 3 will get fours or lower.

Most of the leading colleges in the country have adopted this system of grading. A large majority of the educational leaders of the country favor the percentage system. To be in the steady march of progress and to gain recognition from other schools it is necessary to adopt a uniform system of grading based on sound scientific principles.

RESULTS OF THE STRAW VOTE

By M.

Following the suggestion of Professor Davis, a straw vote was taken November 1 to determine the views of the students with regard to the presidential candidates and the League of Nations.

The votes for the candidates were as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Candidate</th>
<th>Votes</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Warren G. Harding</td>
<td>76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>James M. Cox</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Joseph P. Warren</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

On the League alone the results were:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>League</th>
<th>Votes</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>League of Nations</td>
<td>82</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>League with Reservations</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No League</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>World Court</td>
<td>5</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

In counting the ballots the following combinations were noted:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Combination</th>
<th>Votes</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Warren G. Harding and the League</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Warren G. Harding, modified League</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Warren G. Harding and no League</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Warren Harding and World Court</td>
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<td>James M. Cox and the League</td>
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FROM FAR AWAY COLUMBIA

Word from Cramer, Earle and Magnuson, the C. P. S. trio at Columbia University indicates that the boys are doing well at the great Eastern college. Herbert Magnuson says that Columbia knows there is a school on Puget Sound called C. P. S. and that "Hank" Cramer thinks half the people in New York City are policemen.

OUR TEAM

Signals—seventeen, twenty-five, forty-two. Give "Steve" the ball and watch him go thru. Signals—twenty-four, thirty-five, forty-eight. Then goes Jack Dorsey, his plunges are great. Our ends, Kinch and Baker just cannot be beat, they're both full of ginger and just on their feet. Then there's Captain Revelle, what pep and what dash! He gives the spectators a run for their cash. That little Joe Wason, now buckin' along. With him in the line-up our front line is strong. When our brassy tackles encounter the foe! Down with a loud crash, that's Echraeder, I know. Then there's Captain Revelle, what pep and what dash! From our very first down, 'till we pass the line Vaughn, Sheffer, McPhail, Stone and Brady, too, they in the front line, that shines though its new. We've surely some team and that's on the square, give them the glad hand and tell them they're there.

—D. G. H. '24

OUR YOUNG MEN'S SHOP

Offerings Unusual and of Exceptional Quality

Suggestions of an acceptable gift nature available in a wide variety of novelty and newness.

Present complete Holiday displays of—

Silk Shirts Gloves
Silk Knitted Ties Handkerchiefs
Fancy Brocade Cravats Smoking Sets
Mufflers Shaving Sets
Silk Hosiery House Jackets

Let Us Help You Solve the Gift Problem

Feist & Bachrach

OUR TEAM

Boxing Gloves
Striking Bags, Etc.
at
KIMBALLS
1107 Broadway

Basket Ball and Gymnasium Supplies; also
Snappy Sweaters for boys and girls.

Mary: "He put his arm around me five times last night."
Viola: "Some arm."

Ice Cream Candy Sherbets Luncheon

C. T. MUEHLENBRUCH
917 Broadway Tel. M. 6055
DEBATE

The first debate to demand the interest of the students was held Tuesday evening, November 16, when the Kappa Sigma Theta debaters met the Amphictyons. The question of debate, Resolved: That the Japanese be denied citizenship in the United States. Amphictyon upheld the affirmative and Theta the negative. Both teams had been working hard and an interesting debate was the result.

The next debate is scheduled for November 23, when the boys of H. C. S. will clash with the Philomatheans on the question: Resolved: That we adopt the cabinet system of government. H. C. S. will uphold the affirmative and Philo the negative.

The dates for the Willamette debates are April 1 and April 15. Each college will send a visiting team to meet a defending team on their own ground. Although April may seem a long way off, yet it is not too early to say that we must defeat Willamette! We will have our tryouts soon in order that we may have sufficient time for thorough preparation.

I would like to correct an error in last month’s Trail. The prize for the best debater in College is $100, rather than $50 as previously stated.

The exact date for the University of Washington freshman debate has not been decided yet, but announcement of the date and question will be made in the near future.

Again we say, and we say it early and we will say it late—everybody tryout for one of the teams. We want the best year C. P. S. has ever had in debate this year.

DRAMATICS

The work of the Department of Dramatics has been progressing in a manner exceeding all expectations. Two of the five one-act plays are ready for presentation to the public. The first one to make its appearance was “The Twelve Pound Look,” by Barrie. It was given at the monthly recital of the Dramatic and Oral Expression Departments. The cast of the play was as follows:

Kate ............... Sigrid Van Amberg
Sir Harry ............ Rosa Perkins
Lady Sims ........... Ruby Tennant
Butler ................ Esther Graham

The play will be presented again in the auditorium at Stellacoom City.

“Glory of the Morning,” will be presented before the Women’s College League, November 30, in the College Chapel.

“Overtones” and “The Clod” will be presented at the monthly recital November 19.

A play, “Joint Owners in Spain,” was revived from last year and presented at the Annual Tea of the First Methodist Church.

There is one thing that the Dramatic Department lacks—it isn’t talent or the finances—it’s MEN. We have been handicapped by having only three men. At least three more are needed.

Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. has made a good start and will keep up the good work so well begun.

Miss Reneau led the meeting of October 21. She brought us a very good message as she always does. Frances Goering led the meeting of November 2. Her subject was “The Budget.”

October 28 was “Penny Brew Thursday.” Each girl dropped a penny into the dish as she entered the room. These contributions will be used to send a representative to Seabeck next year.

November 9 was “Recognition Day” or the day when all new Y. W. C. A. members are initiated into the association.

Food for thought; also for lunch. “Chocolate Shop” Chocolates.

SCIENTICIANS

The Scienticians have been more than busy this month. We journeyed out to Greta Miller’s home at Indian Point one evening for our monthly meeting. Greta is SOME hostess. Mrs. Anderson was our honored guest. At this meeting the Scienticians voted to enlarge their membership. As a result invitations were issued to Norma Lawrence, Ethel Beckman, Myrtle Warren and Ermine Warren, so that now we are nine in number. We are planning on making this year one which will help advance scientific interest among the women of the school.

HATS ON PRICE RAMPAGE

Burnside $5 and $6 Cloth and Felt Hats .... $3.85
Burnside Velours, values $8 to $12 .......... $5.85
5,000 Caps, all styles and shades ....... $2.35

BURNSIDE HAT SHOP
948 Pacific Ave. Next to new Rust Bldg.

SUNSET THEATRE
The Home of all that is best in photoplays.
Sixth at Prospect. Main 2853

T—T—T
She: “Do you notice that the singer has quite a number of liquid notes?”
He: “Yes, I suppose he gets them from the music bars.”

T—T—T
Senior: “When is a joke not a joke?”
Frosh: “I don’t know, when?”
Senior: “Usually.”

Foot-note: Do not criticize the jokes. Show your respect for old age.

T—T—T
A group of war veterans were discussion Thanksgiving. One of guests was a veteran who had lost both legs.
“And what are you thankful for?” they asked.
“Lots,” he replied, “I got two cork legs and now I can put my socks up with thumb tacks.”

T—T—T
Little Mary was saying her prayers and ended by saying, “Please God make San Francisco the largest city in the world.”
“But why did you ask that?” inquired her mother.

T—T—T
“Because that’s what I put on my examination paper today,” replied Mary.

SPALDING
ATHLETIC GOODS
ARE DEMANDED BY ALL ATHLETES WHO KNOW AND APPRECIATE THE VALUE OF A GOOD ARTICLE AND ESPECIALLY WHEN NO HIGHER PRICED THAN POORER MAKES.

A COMPLETE STOCK AT

Washington Tool and Hardware Co.
10th & Pacific Ave.
November, 1920

ASSOCIATED STUDENTS OF C. P. S. TREASURER’S
REPORT TO OCTOBER 30, 1920.

Trail .................. $280.45
Athletic .............. 925.00
Music ................ 22.65
Debate ............... 60.40
Banquet .............. 75.50
Dramatic ............. 22.65
Incidental .......... 70.27

$1456.92

Balance ............... 423.90

$1456.92

THANKS, MR. BROOKS

Mr. Alexander Brookes of Hood River, who has come to the College for special work every January and February for the last fourteen years remembered the dormitory boys with three boxes of choice apples last week. Of course they are not ordinary apples—but the kind that grow only in the Brookes orchards.

SACAJAWEA ENTERTAINS

On the evening of October 30, seventeen young braves were admitted to the wigwam of the Sacajawea maidens. Mrs. Graves met them at the door and instructed them in rules whereby they might win a prize by following strings. Some of the strings led to the coal-bin, others to the attic, and at the end of each was a fair Sacajawean.

Esther Graham had charge of the games and she kept the assembled company in good spirits. At ten thirty o’clock supper partners were chosen and the maidens and braves were lead to the attic via a ladder where the refreshments were served. All proclaimed it a very successful evening.

STUDENT ASSEMBLY REVIEW

FOOTBALL rallies have predominated over everything else during the past month. A ticket selling contest was held between the upper and lower classes. The prize—a maroon and white, lettered pillow cover was awarded to Sybil Heinrick, of the Freshman class, for selling the greatest number of tickets.

Thursday, November 4, the annual Color Post ceremony was held on the College Campus. Dr. Todd gave a brief history of the Color Post and its tradition, after which Mrs. Alice Baker Hanawalt, representing the class of 1920, formally presented the side of last year’s Senior Class to the Freshmen. Following Mrs Hanawalt’s presentation, Mr. Hedstrom formally accepted in behalf of the Class of ’24, and the Freshman colors of Purple and Gold were applied. The ceremony was concluded with College yells and songs.

E. F. MOORE

6th and Sprague

DRUGS NOTIONS ICE CREAM

PAULSONS

The Store for Thrifty People.

MILLIONAIRES’ CLUB

The members of the Millionaires’ Club extend to all a hearty greeting. We have welcomed several new members into our group. Newell Stone, our 185 pound football star, who hails from Willamette, has earned the sobriquet “Stone the Bone Crusher.” He has such a hard name. Other new members of our Club are: O. R. Ander son, Cyrus Jones, Russell Penning, Ted Beattie and Lewis Cruver. Ernest Clay and Ted Beattie hold a sweet communion period together every day. Two nicer, sweeter girls never lived.

Speaking of Psychology, it seems to be a peculiarity of the type of mind possessed by Ernest Clay, to consider that his girl goes home unescorted if he does not accompany her—even though her whole family be present.

Two things possess the mind of Lewis Cruver—Evolution and dark plots against Penning for cutting in on his blackberries.

We would like to ask the dormitory girls how they would enjoy another midnight serenade. The last one was such a success that we feel like repeating the performance.

It has been said that sleep-walking comes of an unsound mind—or a love affair. Clay, the Younger, was heard to mutter strange words and pound the wall of his room one night, whereupon Clay, the Elder, shouting “What’s going on around here,” jumped out of bed and also proceeded to pound the wall. Failing to get any response from the poor wall he turned and pursued an imaginary antagonist into the clothes closet. Then, having evidently vanquished his supposed opponent he victoriously returned to bed. This terrible disease is not confined to the Brothers Clay, for Stone, a short time later was up in his sleep shouting: “Hit the line low! Hit is hard!” and demonstrated his ability to buck the line by charging the stove.

Several members of the Millionaires’ Club are seriously considering joining the fire department now that they have become so proficient in the use of ladders. They hold their own when it comes to rescuing fair maidens in distress, and yet folks say those good old days of chivalry are dead and gone.

A Timely Suggestion

Order embossed Monogram Stationery for Xmas Gifts and Personal Greeting Cards at once to avoid possible disappointment later on.

PIONEER BINDERY & PRINTING CO.
947 Broadway 948 Commerce St.

DAY JEWELRY COMPANY

Holiday Gifts that please.
Optical Goods

1139 Broadway. Established 1889
Humor
Hand Picked by Sad Slim Brady

LORETTA JOY
BY B.

Dear Miss Joy: I am a girl going to C. P. S. and I am very fond of a short, strongly built, blonde senior who plays on the football team. Could you suggest something that would make him fond of me?

A Girly.

Dear Girly: Having had several communications concerning this young man I suggest you study domestic science.

Dear Joy: I am a professor at the College of Puget Sound and am considerably over weight. Could you suggest some way of getting thinner?

Dear Professor: Yours is a very serious case, but if you would give shorter Geology lessons, cut down the time of Physics lab, and go out on numerous field trips with your classes you would become as lithe and graceful as a Grecian God.

Dear Joy: I am a girl at the girls' dormitory and have a very bad habit of talking in my sleep. Could you suggest a remedy for this?

Dear Friend: Practice sleeping with both eyes open and the mouth tightly closed and you will find that this habit can be overcome.

Dear Joy: I am coach in a small college located in Tacoma, and am having a hard time to get some of my men to turn out. Could you suggest some method to get more than the customary fifteen or sixteen to turn out?

A Coach.

Dear Joy: I am in charge of the College library and it is always very noisy. Could you suggest a remedy for this?

Yours truly,
Librarian.

Dear Librarian: Do not be alarmed at the noisy condition of the library for this is a disease that cannot be easily overcome, but cheer up, for some day examinations will come and the library will then be very painfully silent.

Wanted—Small pony for a little girl weighing about four hundred pounds.

HOYT'S DOUGHNUT LUNCH
Decorated Cakes for Birthday Parties and Banquets.
Hot Doughnuts and Coffee after 6 o'clock.
Main 70.  2412 Sixth Ave.

HINZ FLORIST
Main 2655.  So. K and 7th St.

THANKSGIVING
A larger and better display of FRESH FLOWERS in our new store.

'T'T'T
First Flea: "I suppose your family is pretty badly scattered."
Second Flea: "Yes, mother is on a hog, father went off on a bat and brother is following the hounds."

Rosa Perkins (talking in her sleep): "You tell 'em Cy, you got the education."

Same old address, 908 Broadway, Tacoma Theatre Bldg. Chocolate Shop.

Ernest: "Do you know you are in the habit of snoring?"
Erp: "Um I? I'm sorry to hear it."
Ernest: "So am I."

A well known mail order firm received the following letter from a native of Arkansas:
"Dere Sir—Please send me one of your catalogues."

"P. S.—Never mind sending it, I changed my mind."

"You ought to have seen Cruver last night when he called on Mary," said Johnny to his sister's beau, who was taking tea with the family.
"I'll tell you he looked fine sitting there along side of her with his arm—"
"Johnny," gasped his sister with her face the color of a boiled lobster.
"Well, so he did," persisted Johnny, "he had his arm—"
"John," screamed his mother frantically.
"Why," whined the boy, "I was—"
"John," said his father sternly, "leave the room."

And Johnny left, crying as he went, "I was only going to say that he had his army clothes on."

Kinch should be called prescription because he's so hard to get filled.

High Brown: "My great grand-father was crowned with a coronet by the King of England in his court on the Queen's birthday."

Low Brow: "That's nothing. My brother was crowned with a trombone by a member of a jazz band at the street cleaners' ball."
Brooks: "How far can a cinnamon roll?"
Brady: "As far as a tomato can."

Winifred Williams told Russell that she could stay longer next time. She evidently believes that a bad penny always returns.

Prof (in Latin class): "Miss Sweet will you decline 'to kiss'?"
Fair Student: "I refuse to answer, the question is too personal."

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE NEXT CLASS FIGHT
All brass knuckles will be barred.
Clubs, black jacks and lead pipes are no fair.
All combatants will be requested not to use fire arms nor heave bricks.
Do not wear evening suits.
The fight should not be staged in more than six inches of mud.
Do not wear caulked shoes.
Do not raise your hand to strike your opponent (your foot will get better results.)

I suggest the name of Shylock for one of our football players who tried to extract a pound of flesh from me.

You tell 'em Mississippi, you've got the mouth.

Notice—Two sophomore boys chased the entire Freshman class clear into Oregon.

Shopper: "I would like to buy a fashionable skirt."
Sales-lady: "Which do you prefer? One too tight or one too short?"

You will have to agree with us, Mr. Stone has a hard name.
"Now, then, my hearties," said the gallant captain, "you have a tough battle before you. Fight like heroes till your powder is gone; then run. I'm a little lame, and I'll start now."

T—T—T

Then a little boy spoke up who lisped in the back of the room.

T—T—T

Parson: "Do you know where little boys go when they smoke?"

Boy: "Yes; up the alley."

T—T—T

In spite of the fact that there was a notice on the gate—"No Admittance Except on Business"—a boy one day entered a timber yard and stood gazing around him. The foreman approached and asked what he was doing there.

The youth replied, "I'm just looking 'round."

"But," said the foreman, "there's nothing to see."

"No," said the youth as he quietly walked away, "but there's a lot to saw!"

T—T—T

News item—"Babe Ruth produces his 54th homer." Greater than Greece is Babe, for Greece produced only one.

Suits cleaned and pressed for $1.75

MODERN CLEANERS & DYERS

2307 Sixth Avenue Phone M. 3292

Prescription Experts

ACCURACY THE

PURITY Free—

Time

Rest

Toilet

Parcel and

Goods

Waiting

Room

The new boarder sniffed the contents of his coffee cup, and set it down.

"Well," queried the landlord in a peevish tone, "have you anything to say against the coffee?"

"Not a word," he answered, "I never speak ill of the absent."

T—T—T

Prof. Slater: "What is the highest form of animal life?"

Student: "The giraffe."

T—T—T

Teacher: "Johnny, could you tell me how they get iron wool?"

Johnny: "They shear the hydraulic rams."

T—T—T

You tell 'em, Chocolates—You're sweet. 908 Broadway. Chocolate Shop.

T—T—T

Irate Business Man: "You book agents make me so angry with your nerve and impudence, I can't find words to express myself."

Agent: "Fine. I am the very man you want. I am selling dictionaries."

T—T—T

"Where you going, Cory?"

Merle: "To church."

"Well, goodbye. Pleasant dreams."

T—T—T

Willie: "Mamma, did I descend from a monkey?"

Mamma: "I never knew any of your father's folks."
For best flowers fit for all occasions

**California Florists**

907 Pacific Phone M. 7732

Don't discard old Shoes. Make them "as good as new."

Use "BOMIKO" Dyes

At all dealers.

Made at Mike's own factory.

As he man and a maid strolled thru the picture gallery, the woman stopped before one of the exhibits.

"Oh how sweet," she breathed.

"I wonder what it means?" questioned the young fellow as he eyed the pictured pair who clung together in an attitude of love and longing.

"Oh don't you see?" chided the girl tenderly, "he has asked her to marry him and she has consented. It's lovely. What does the artist call the picture?"

The young fellow leaned nearer and eyed a label on the frame. "I see," he cried, "it's printed on this card here—SOLD."

"I understand that one is a former beau of your latest favorite and the other seems to be playing second fiddle to him," replied the chief eunuch.

"Hum," mused the Sultan, "we'll just tell the captain of the guard to hang up the fiddle and the beau."

She dropped her eyes.

That must have been the time her face fell.

I told you so! Shut-up!

Judge: "What is the charge?"

Policeman: "Intoxicated, you honor."

Judge (to prisoner): "What's your name?"

Prisoner: "Gunn, sir." "Well, Gunn, I'll discharge you this time but don't get loaded again."

First Rooster: "What's the matter with the little red hen?"

Second Rooster: "Shell shock, ducks came out of the eggs she was sitting on."

The young fellow leaned nearer and eyed a label on the frame. "I see," he cried, "it's printed on this card here—SOLD.

***ARE YOU AN ASSET OR A LIABILITY?***

Second of a Series

By R. M. P. '23

THE thing in which the College of Puget Sound is most interested is the advertising of the College. If the School gains publicity—a great deal of publicity—and the right kind of publicity—it will be a long step—no, a stride, towards the one goal it is striving to reach; namely, a bigger and better institution of higher learning. The way to gain this publicity is to show the kind of "stuff" the College is made of. There are several ways to show it. It must be shown by the individuals, by the student body, by the faculty, by the departments, and by the College as a whole. You can be either an asset or a liability to the school you are attending. And in the end the attitude you take will largely be reflected in yourself. Suppose we start with the individual. He must say to himself on entering College: "I am going to this school to learn. I must do my best for myself. If I do my best for myself I will be doing my neighbors the same good." If he lives up to the standard he will be doing good to the group with which he associates. If this group is an asset it will be doing the neighboring group good, and all of the groups will form one large group which will be either an asset or a liability, according to the number of assets or liabilities in the smaller groups. The faculty is in such groups and has its share in the making of the assets or liabilities. The attitude the professor takes toward his classes and toward the individual students has a very great influence upon the student and the attitude that he takes toward the school. A student does not confine all his attention to one subject. He chooses a course of study that will bring him in touch with several departments, to the end that his views may be broadened. Likewise, one department should not be entirely wrapped up in itself and become narrow, but should be interested in the other departments also. Here is the need of cooperation. Individuals, are you assets or liabilities? Student Body, are you an asset or a liability? Faculty, are you an asset or a liability? Then let us pull and pull together—to the BIG GOAL—THE BIG NEW COLLEGE, and really make it the "best school in the west," that we may proudly sing:

*Three cheers for dear old C. P. S.!
The best of all schools in the West*  
For you our hearts are beating true  
And thru all storms we'll stand by you.

---

**F. H. PETTIT**

Sells Shoes and Repairs Shoes  
2517 Sixth Ave.
Putting over a big event. That is what the College of Puget Sound is doing. That is also what we are always doing. Selling shoes right. Come and see. Special shoes for young men and women at right prices.

McDONALD SHOE CO.
Two Stores
943 Broadway. 1301 Pacific Ave.

THAT TRIP TO BREMERTON

The "Oh Boy" went to Bremerton when C. P. S. played the Apprentices there. "Duffer" couldn't play but he took ten rooters along. And, Oh Boy, but they did some yelling. The Bremerton people were surprised!

Marie Day, Ruth Kennedy, Kathleen Boyle, Helen Brix, Mildred Brown, Effie Chapman, Roy Vaughn, Harold Rector, Fielding Lemmon, Irving Baker, Vernon Schlatter and Elmer Anderson were the members of the party. After the game a beach party was enjoyed near Alki Beach.

Heard on the trip:

Katie: "Well, they can just slide on their tummies if they want to!"

Ruth (looking at mud over a player's eye) "Oh what an awful black eye that fellow has."

Effie, "Some moon."

Slats and Duffer furnished all the entertainment needed. Nuf Sed!

P. S. We want to know why no faculty members were at the game.

T — T — T

He: "Time must hang heavy on your hands."

She: "Why?"

He: "Because you wear such a large wrist-watch."

T — T — T

"It's quite a secret," said Bridget, "but I was married to Pat Sullivan last night."

Jane: "Indeed I should have thought you were the last woman in the world to marry him."

Bridget: "Well, I hope I am."

Some Movie Ads

"Watch you wife Every night this week."

"Mother I need you starting November 30th."

Bobby for once expressed great interest in the sermon. "Fancy flying machines being mentioned in the Bible," he said.

"But are they?" asked his father.

"Why sure, didn't the preacher say that Esau sold his heirship to his brother?"

The Fair One: "I see here where a man married a woman for her money. You wouldn't marry me for money would you?"

He: "No, I wouldn't marry you for all the money in the world."

SUN DRUG CO.

Books
Perfume
Stationery
Ivory
Community
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Pyrex Ware

Candy
GIFTS
Gifts for Men
Gifts for Women

Books
Toys
Games
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Smokers Sets
Pipes and Cigars

Expert Druggists
Phone M. 646

TACOMA TAXICAB & BAGGAGE TRANSFER CO.
904 A St.
MAIN 43

Check Baggage At Your Home Taxicab Service

Bobby for once expressed great interest in the sermon. "Fancy flying machines being mentioned in the Bible," he said.

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He: "No, I wouldn't marry you for all the money in the world."

T — T — T

Some Movie Ads

"Watch you wife Every night this week."

"Mother I need you starting November 30th."

Mr. Newlove: "This lettuce tastes beastly. Did you wash it?"

Mrs. Newlove: "Why of course I did and used perfumed soap."

If you haven't read the article on the new grading system yet, turn to it immediately, it's a rather difficult thing to under-
The Stone-Fisher Co.
Tacoma, Broadway at Hill

The Christmas Spirit
and Christmas Goods
Have Taken Full Possession of the Store Already

—Six floors filled with great stocks of fine gifts, beautiful and practical, for folks of every age.
—Bring every gift problem here for satisfactory solution in

- Toys, Games,
- Fancy China,
- Fine Glassware,
- Novelty Patterns,
- Electric Goods,
- Electric Lamps,
- Silverware,
- Jewelry,
- Toiletware,
- Perfumes,
- Kerchiefs,
- Art Goods,
- Furniture,
- Rugs,
- Furs,
- Apparel,
- Boys' Wear,
- Men's Wear,
- Umbrellas,
- Linens,
- Stationery,
- Gloves,
- Leather Goods,
- Pictures.

A great saving of

25%

is now offered you on any

SUIT or OVERCOAT

in our men's stocks

Hundreds to choose from.

Lewis Bros.
Men's and Boys' Clothes
935-37 Broadway

Brown and Haley Menu

"EAT A MOUNTAIN AND BE WELL FED"

Oriole Honor Candies

Oriole Honor Confections

Brown and Haley Menu

"EAT A MOUNTAIN AND BE WELL FED"

Oriole Honor Candies

Oriole Honor Confections
EVEN AS WE SERVE
SO SHALL WE THRIVE

We measure our success by the increase in service rendered the community of which we are a part, and count service as far more important than increase in profits.

For only as we increase our facilities for service may we increase the amount of business of the period, so the Rhodes Store places service before profit, and shares in the prosperity of the community.

During the past few months this store has been rearranged, reorganized and enlarged, that we may be able to serve our customers with greater convenience and comfort, and as we increase our floor space and better display our stocks our patronage keeps pace, and the congestion on our floors less and the crowds are greater.

We would appreciate a visit from every reader of The Trail and invite you to come now while the store is in its holiday dress and the warmth and glow of the Christmas spirit pervades the atmosphere of every department and aisle.

MAY WE NOT SOME DAY
HAVE THE PLEASURE OF IN
SOME WAY SERVING YOU?

Rhodes Brothers
BROADWAY - ELEVENTH - MARKET

ALLSTRUM PRINTING COMPANY, TACOMA