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"Agents for Spalding"
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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.

It is not too early to order Holiday Greeting Cards

Allstrum Printing Co.
940 COMMERCE MAIN 6768

Look

Into Trail Advertisements.
A good student should recognize progressive business through our advertisements. Patronize the advertisers.
Why Is Iron Magnetic?

A horse-shoe magnet attracts a steel needle. But why?
We don’t know exactly. We do know that electricity and magnetism are related.

In dynamos and motors we apply electro-magnetic effects. All our power-stations, lighting systems, electric traction and motor drives, even the ignition systems of our automobiles, depend upon these magnetic effects which we use and do not understand.

Perhaps if we understood them we could utilize them much more efficiently. Perhaps we could discover combinations of metals more magnetic than iron.

The Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company investigate magnetism by trying to find out more about electrons and their arrangement in atoms.

X-rays have shown that each iron atom consists of electrons grouped around a central nucleus—like planets around an infinitesimal sun. X-rays enable us to some extent to see into the atom and may at last reveal to us what makes for magnetism.

This is research in pure science, and nothing else. Only thus can real progress be made.

Studies of this kind are constantly resulting in minor improvements. But some day a discovery may be made which will enable a metallurgist to work out the formula for a magnetic alloy which has not yet been cast, but which will surely have the properties required. Such a result would be an achievement with tremendous possibilities. It would improve all electric generators, motors, and magnetic devices.

In the meantime the continual improvement in electrical machinery proceeds, in lesser steps. These summed up, constitute the phenomenal progress experienced in the electrical art during the past twenty-five years.
HELEN MONROE, Editor

THE FELLA' WITH A SMILE

There is always a place in this wide sphere,
There is always a spot worth while,
There is always a welcome waiting here,
For the fella' with a smile.

Can you tell me among the throng,
Who can turn his back in snobbish style,
On the fella' who knows a little song,
Or the fella' with a smile?

Everyone's fond of a certain friend,
Perhaps a girl, perhaps a boy,
But aren't you more proud of the one who can lend
A little more sunshine or joy?

If you're feeling blue just listen to this—
Nobody's life is all happiness,
But they're hiding their troubles in a pile.
Way down beneath a cheery smile.

The fellow whose eyes are always bright,
The fellow whose heart is always light,
He's the man who wins by a great big mile;
That same old fella' with a smile.

— Geraldine Stinson.

The Silver Flower

Helen G. Monroe

THE book fell from Howard Grayson's fingers. How long had he been staring at it and listening to the ticking of the clock on the mantle piece before him? He rose and lit a cigarette—then walked over to the window, but the only thing of which he was conscious was the sound of the clock.

Mayowin, his wife, would be back soon and if she were not it was her privilege to spend the evening with someone else. He was such a stick—that was it, just when she was wanting music and plays and life, he had been carrying the burden, which only tonight had lifted and had made him a man of wealth and position, instead of a failure. How big it had seemed—that possibility of failure. He'd have that clock removed. It made everything seem so quiet. If only he hadn't heard that dirty whelp of a Cummings talking at the Club. Why hadn't he come home after it was over? Mayowin wouldn't have been there but he would have missed Cummings's infernal lying, sneaking gossip. The words of the man kept coming back to him. They ticked themselves out on his tired brain like the ticking of the clock.

"It's too bad Grayson couldn't hang on at home like he did in Wall Street. If the little lady does ring down the curtain on the home scene and sails off to an island and Frank Le Grand, I suppose Grayson will buy the island for them." For a minute the man in the room wished he had stepped out and killed the whelp instead of just seeing red and going out to walk it off. He'd been home an hour. It was eleven thirty. Mayowin had left word that she'd had tea with the Fishers and they had waited for him before going to the opera. She'd probably be home as soon as he was. He had come home from the office after midnight often these last few weeks.

That clock was getting on his nerves. He rang and when the maid answered asked if Mrs. Grayson had said definitely when she would return.

"No sir, she didn't. She said Mr. LeGrand was of the party and would see her safely home."

"Thank you, Marie. That will do." He wished he'd asked for coffee—anything to keep her in the room so he wouldn't hear the clock. He'd never noticed before how infernally still the house was. Why didn't someone do something? What a poor fool he was! To let a bit of gossip upset him. He'd stake everything on Mayowin. What was the matter with him tonight? Nerves—from too much work. Mayowin had suspected that it was nearing the crisis, he thought. He was glad he hadn't bothered her with details. Women should have things—and not worry about the how. He was glad it was over. He was safe now. He wouldn't monkey with it again. He stood to lose too much, and now could play again. He thought idly how it would be to go back to the glad days when money and its making hadn't meant so much to them.

They'd take a trip-cruise around the South Sea Islands. What had Cummings said about an island? Impatiently he crossed the room and sat at the piano. It had been a long time since Mayowin had played for him. She had done it a lot in the old days before things had changed.

He hadn't gotten away from the clock. It seemed to be at his shoulder,—insidiously ticking the seconds into minutes. He turned. It was twelve, and he thought it at least three.

He wished Mayowin would come. He wanted to see how glad her eyes would be when he told her. She didn't know how much had hung in the balance, but anything that was a step up, and made him happy—made her glad.

Mayowin was thirty. He couldn't think of her as more than nineteen—when he had first seen her. He remembered her little corner-wise smile, and the way she crinkled her nose a bit when she laughed, and her eyes—he'd missed the little flash of happiness she always showed in her eyes first. He hadn't seen her much lately. Funny how a husband and wife could be too busy to stay acquainted sometimes.

That clock. It was Mayowin's idea—this only real antique in the room. She had found it when they were in Ravenna.
A letter came addressed to "Mr. Raleigh C. Stewart," and most girls would have done. When we got to the burg she I was as tickled as a cat with ten tails. And then when our town and was going to make a speech to the guys in the engineers of different kinds, but according to my notion Stetson was very grateful, and let me get away without raving at me.

He had to see Fredericks about the papers tomorrow. Howard Grayson's eyes were fixed on the clock on the mantle. He had not moved them since she had come in. His arm lay rigid along the arms of the chair. Mrs. James, the woman who runs the shop, called out, "Anybody here who answers to the name of Raleigh Stewart?"

Howard, Howard!" she called. "Howard! I'm glad you've failed. I want you. Howard, we can go soon. Can't we? Next week? Don't mind dear. It is nothing to have failed. Don't you see how good it is to have each other again?"

Howard Grayson's eyes were fixed on the clock on the mantle. He had not moved them since she had come in. His arm lay rigid along the arms of the chair. Mrs. James, the woman who runs the shop, called out, "Anybody here who answers to the name of Raleigh Stewart?"

"That's me," I mumbled, with my mouth full of pie.

"Well, there's a phone call for you," she said. I took up the receiver and a voice said, "This is Henry Johnson, who lives in the house by the lake—right next to your motorboat shed."

There's a friend of yours here—calls himself Swat Franklin—who's rather badly hurt, I fear. He had a fight with some men—three of them, he says—who were breaking into the boat house—they got your boat, by the way. You'd better come out and get the boy as quickly as you can. I haven't a machine."

I rang off and dashed across the street and down the alley to my motorbike. I'd just got backed up and had gone a few feet when the thing stopped, and I found I had run out of gas! I'd been so up in the air about Walsh's coming I hadn't attended to filling up.

Well, there I was, stalled, and something had to be done quick. It would take too long to go home and get Dad's car—and anyway, I remembered that he and Mother had gone away in it for the evening—and I couldn't get my motorbike to a service station.

(Continued on page 22)
T

O every individual, sooner or later, comes the desire to be great, the will to soar above his fellow men and sit, as it were, with his head in the clouds and his feet upon some favored star. But thanks to a benevolent Providence, age garners wisdom, so his plans are oft laid low and altruism supercedes his selfish desire for power. The tinsel crown that he covets may, if his vision becomes keen enough, resolve itself into nothing but a guided bubble, and he reaches, instead, for the badge of service that proclaims him a member of the universal brotherhood of man.

It is easy in that service, however, to be courageous while the heart beats to the time of the plaudits of the multitude; but the courage that spells salvation to the world is the kind that is triumphant over heartache, sorrow and loneliness. It is not the man or woman who works to the blaze of the fanfare of trumpets, great the the work may be, whose name should be written among those of the immortals, but rather that of the individual who toils with an ideal ever within their vision, and who carries that ideal to completion, alone.

Choose, if you wish, any profession, or any cause that calls for the personal service of men and women, and here you will find a universal contradiction of values. The shallow and cheap will ever be calling for praise and recognition; while the real work at hand is being carried on by those whose hearts are so filled with the bigness of their mission that they are neither desirous for nor conscious of the plaudits of the gallery.

I should like to draw an illustration from the teaching profession, if I may. There we find, I believe, more cases of unselfish sacrifice, unappreciated service, than the world at large is aware of. It is the country-school teacher that I have in mind.

True, modern means of transportation are bringing us in closer touch with her, and we are coming daily more aware of her existence, and yet there are many corners unknown where she is carrying on a truly noble work “unclaimed, un-honored, and unsung”. I say she, for it is the women, after all, who are carrying into those places the message of modern education, and who have the devotion necessary to develop that message in the face of discouragement and opposition. It is these women, who by holding in their hearts the children under their control, are able to reach every man and woman within their sphere of influence. Then the teacher is mother to her flock, elder sister to those above school age, and friend and advisor to the mothers, the old, and the needy. She many times assumes the duties of teacher, spiritual advisor, nurse, agricultural expert, and counsellor-at-law. She is the greatest means of Americanization that we possess; and the foreign homes welcome her as an angel of light. Is the baby sick? Mother sends for the teacher. Has big brother left home without notice? The teacher is called in for consultation. If there is a knotty problem in the political section of the weekly paper, the man of the house brings it up when the teacher is around for settlement. Her dresses set the styles for the ensuing year, and her moral philosophy is found reflected in at least three generations. Next to the weather, she is the most favored topic for conversation. She is envied, loved, hated, and adored by the different units in her district. Yet in the midst of it all, often we find her with her face turned toward the light and a song in her heart, for she is, after all, living the truest life that was ever meant for woman; that of mothering the youth of our nation.

The first and greatest requirement of any teacher is the ability to love and sympathize with child nature. All else comes as a result. But without that single element, the most complete pedagogical training in the world will never develop a true teacher. Because of the ever-increasing complexity of modern life, the responsibility thrown upon the teacher is ever-increasing, and she is having to take upon herself the duties of the home as well as those of the school.

In moral education, she is the controlling factor. Frequently the child of pre-adolescent age has to depend upon her for guidance in the many perplexing questions that come up for solution. It is necessary then that she be qualified to handle the situation, and to be able to approach her work with a broad, liberal and sympathetic point of view.

Not so many years ago, a girl of liberal education who had received all the benefits of a careful home training decided to enter the teaching profession. She was given a country school as field for experience. Her school was located in a remote mountain district. The people were ignorant, superstitious, and of a mixture that was anything but desirable. There was no church, no social organizations and not even a friendly spirit existed in the community. The school house was a miserable one roomed log hut, furnished only with rude benches and a stove.

Yet, this girl, strong in the enthusiasm of youth, rapidly organized her work in such a way that she was able to give...
each of her thirty-nine students his due attention and time. But it was not an average group she was handling.

Fully one-half of the pupils were sub-normal. A number of the boys exceeded her in age, and many were as her equal in strength and stature. The record of the school was a bad one; so bad, in fact, that no one but men had ever attempted to handle it. However, each and every one had met the same common fate, that of being ejected through a window when the older boys decided spring was at hand and it was time to go bear hunting.

Yet this girl, still in her teens, had the courage to face this motley crowd and demand order and respect. She was in a locality where womanhood was held neither high nor precious; her school was a mile from the nearest neighbor, and yet her undaunted spirit won the day.

However, her success was greater than she anticipated. Before the first week was over every boy of an age or younger was secretly watching her companions to see if he could detect in them the same condition that was keeping him from enjoying his usual noonday repast. In brief, they were all in love with the "school-marm."

The older and stronger boys formally drew up in battle line every afternoon and decided by a forceful, if not elegant manner who was to escort the teacher home. The road lay thru a lonely forest; it was lonesome and dark, her companion was a fine looking woman with a clear skin and shining gray hair; the daughter resembled the mother in a hundred different ways, but her shiny hair was coal-black, her smooth cheeks a deep pink and her brown eyes large and beautiful.

She turned to her mother with a half-whimsical smile. "Mother, have you got the last of the pasty ready? He was an interesting experience, a thing I will never forget. It has helped me with my vision of life."

"Yes," said her mother, "Yes, indeed."

"There was no chance for me to mingle in society here, as there was none. I could not have entered into the City near by where I was known. It was my only chance to go away where no one knew me. The Colonel was so good about it and with his help it was only natural that it was easy for me to get in. I was Elsa Farnese to them there it was so much not to have anyone know my real name and it made the experience so much more interesting. I was merely an observer of it all; I was there among them and seemingly very much a part of it but I was really an outsider, an onlooker."

"But I'm so glad you're back Alice; it use to scare me when I thought of you way back East with those stylish people, I used to get to worrying for fear you would never come back to us. I used to think, too, that if you did come back, you might be dissatisfied with things as they are here. But you aren't, are you Alice dear?"

"Do you think I could long for that frivolous empty life, especially when I have a mother like you?" asked the girl.

To answer a question by asking another one is a way to meet many a situation.

Alice Raymond and her mother had been chums ever since Alice began to talk and run around. Their home was near the large porch not more than a minute's walk from the sandy beach below. Alice's father was a boat builder, they had been very poor but by the time Alice was twelve years old they had prospered until Mr. Raymond was able to hire two men and there was less worry in the family over financial problems. With careful management they had been able to send Alice thru college and three years had then passed since she had finished. She was twenty-five years of age, keen-eyed, fair-minded, tall and graceful; she was a keen observer of life. All through her years of school she had studied life, but had never seemed to share its sorrows or misfortunes, neither had she seemed to find a great deal of joy. Always there had been that feeling in her mind that she was only an observer of the life around her, like one who sits in the grandstand and looks down on the maneuvers of the players below.

Alice's entrance into Chicago Society had been an unusual affair. There was the old Colonel Brigham who had been a friend of the Raymond's even before Alice's time; and he was a member of a set in Chicago Society that could not help envying the Colonel of the pasty. Colonel, he was an interesting experience, a liberal spender with a youthful manner which defied his white hair and seventy years. The Colonel had long been wanting to return the hospitality of his friends, the Raymonds, way out West. He loved their little brown bungalow that looked out on miles of smooth, clear water, the winding path from the porch to the beach among the madrona trees and the large rhododendron bushes at each side of the front steps; he loved every inch of that charming place and the three persons who inhabited it. Many summers had found the Colonel, Raymond's guest for weeks at a time. He found his chance to repay them the second winter after Alice finished college; he found that Alice wished for an opportunity to study the life of the people in society, the people who indulged in elegant and country homes, in box parties at large theaters, formal balls and other similarly stylish affairs. In all those things the Colonel had at his command and could put her into without the least trouble. Finally the plan had been decided upon and she had gone back to his Chicago home posing as a niece of the Colonel's who lived in the West, Alice's clothes had been her only expense for her experience. She had been among his friends and introduced as his niece, Miss Elsa Farnese. She had happily welcomed the scheme as a wonderful opportunity for her to observe a new group of people in a new phase of life, alone without regard for the almighty dollar that her folks at home always had to work hard to earn.

Soon after Alice's arrival in Chicago she found a new friend, the friend was Robert Walker. He was the eldest son of one of Chicago's wealthiest men; he himself was successfully established in a business that seemed to require very little of his time and brought in a profit that was anything but
small. Alice and Walker became friends very quickly. He was much impressed with the girl, because she was not as shallow minded as the majority of the girls he had known. Since Alice was supposedly the niece of Colonel Brigham Walker's particular family had been satisfied with the girl and Walker. That Walker was generally regarded as shallow-minded was confirmed, for Alice was not because she was blind or childish but because it was all part of the life at which she was only taking a peek.

The months had slipped by, enjoyable ones they had been for Alice with a similar girl. She was constantly comparing the people of this station in life with the people of her own, the ideas and ideals of these people with those of her own. She laughed at Nancy Clark's absolute despair because she had put off buying that two hundred dollar hat at that smart shop on street and in the meantime some one else had purchased it. Nancy Clark was just recovering from the loss of her third husband—being one of those people who has hard luck with her husbands. Her first soul mate simply could not get along with her, the second she simply could not get along with and the third had most unfortunately died. So Nancy was again searching for a first mate for her craft.

Alice or Elsa, as you like, came to have a place among those super-stylish people during that winter. Robert Walker was always there although no one had ever before noticed that he was so fond of social affairs. He was a good natured fellow, an interesting talker, and a pleasing companion. He had never dreamed of finding a girl in the society like Elsa. All those he had known were shallow minded and had upholded the theory that Elsa Farnese, you will say, for you, was one of the fixtures in this novel experience; he was the admiring of the girl she pretended to be. Some day it was all to end; someday soon she would leave them all and go back to her mother,—Alice Raymond again, back where the colonel had been satisfied with the girl. He had sat beside her, and she was sitting on the porch in deep, comfortable cushioned wicker chairs. The moon was bright and illumined the broad stretch of lawn below.

Walker said rather suddenly and very frankly, "You are different from the other girls in society that I have known, Elsa. You seem to have done a great deal of thinking.

Elsa didn't answer; there was really nothing to say, but she felt a sudden fear come over her. The still moonlight choked her. What had gone wrong anyway? She wanted to get up and hurry away; she was afraid of what Walker was going to say next; she had played the spectator too long. She felt the blood rush to her face and her hands tightly gripped the arms of her chair. Then the man beside her leaned over and put his two hands on one of her lips, saying:

"Elsa, I love you. I want you for my own. You are the only one I have ever cared for. Elsa—I love you!"

The girl got to her feet and took a step or two away from him; she must go somewhere, anywhere and she must go quickly. But Walker could not find her. He must not find her out; he had been too good a friend, too fine a gentleman.

But as she started, he put his arms around her. "Don't you love me, Elsa," he said, "Won't you marry me? Don't you love me dear?"

"I can't," said the girl, "I can't," and she tried to push him from her. But he only held on tightly and drew her nearer. There was a light step close behind them and Walker turned in that direction freeing her from his embrace.

Nancy Clark stood there; her face was white and her eyes were trembling. She was in her thirties; she was a marvel. "Elsa, we just got word—your uncle is dead."

"My uncle!" said Elsa, not being able to think.

"The colonel, yes, Colonel Brigham is dead."

So Elsa had become Alice Raymond again sooner than she had expected. The colonel's death was a shock and a sorrow to everyone in the circle. Elsa was the only one to stay for the funeral as that would mean a chance for them all to find her out and also the necessity of meeting Robert Walker again. The group of old housekeeper as old and lovable as the colonel was always there although no one had ever before noticed that. There was a light step close behind them and Walker turned in that direction freeing her from his embrace.

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"Elsa, I love you. I want you for my own. You are the only one I have ever cared for. Elsa—I love you!"

That brings us back to where the story began; Alice Raymond was with her mother again, and Elsa Farnese was a dream of the past. But the story was so lengthy that Alice and her mother had long since gone back up the winding path, and the water had covered the gray carpet where they were sitting. At her window Elsa was sitting, gazing out over the water below; her eyes were unseeing and in her heart was a slow dull pain. She was half imagining, half dreaming; she seemed to see a fairy-like sailing boat glide up to the shore and a tall young man step out of it. He quickly climbed the little hill and as he came towards her window, she realized it was Robert Walker. He stretched out his arms to her, saying:

"Say you love me, Elsa, say you do!"

Alice extended her hands out of the window as far as they would go to try to touch him, to feel his arms around her again, but he was not there; only the silence, the loneliness of the end of the night and the rustling of the madrona trees below. Alice's head went down on her arm on the window sill.

"Robert!" she said, falteringly, "Robert, I love you. I deceived him and this is my punishment." Alice cried with her head on her arms till far into the night. A pleasant dream. So true was it fixed in her mind that she had only been an observer of life there, that she refused to believe what her heart was saying.

A disturbing thing happened after Alice had been at home about three months. Mrs. Raymond and she made a trip to the nearby city; they were walking the streets shopping, when, suddenly, Alice gripped her mother's arm tightly and the color left her cheeks. A well dressed woman was coming towards them. The woman was Nancy Clark.

"Elsa Farnese!" exclaimed Nancy, stopping, "I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw you. Where did you come from? But Alice interrupted him with a politely strange voice, "I am sorry, madam, but you have made a mistake."

"Oh, surely not," said the other, "You are Elsa Farnese, Colonel Brigham's niece.

Alice's grip tightened on her mother's arm, "But I am not," said the girl, "My name is Alice Raymond and this is my mother."

Nancy's face flushed with embarrassment and anger. "Then I have made a terrible blunder," she said, "I beg your pardon," and she hurried past them.

Two weeks later on the night that Nancy Clark returned to Chicago, she drove out to a houseparty at one of the homes a few miles out of town. It was a sort of reunion and seated on the porch were all of the winter's crowd except for two members, the colonel and his niece. Near the end of the veranda sat Robert Walker. It was one of the few times the crowd had had him with them since Elsa had gone. He was smoking a cigar and looking utterly wretched and resented; in the last few months he had grown richer than ever, he had also grown pale and thin. The girl he had learned to love had run away and try as he might he could get no trace of her.

Nancy was greeted with enthusiasm, she walked over to where Robert sat and said to him:

"I met a girl out West, Bob, I spoke to her, but she said she had made a mistake. But I would have sworn it was—"

"Where? When? Did you find out where she is? What did she say?" said Walker all in one breath.
Alice rose at about the usual hour that morning, taking her time at dressing. There was no hurry; that she would be just like the day before had been, and without a doubt the next day would be just like that day had been. The tide was coming in and she was the morning's first saunterer out of the house and down the path to the beach below. She was thinking about Robert Walker; seeing Nancy Clark had renewed it all so. How quiet it was down there on the beach, not a sound. Yes, there was too a sound; there was a sound of footsteps very near her. She raised her head, and her eye met those of the very man she was thinking about.

"Elm," he said, and his eyes beamed with pleasure, "I have found you again.

"It was too late to run away this time, she must face him and play the game again," he said with an effort, "there is some mistake.

"There is no mistake," said Walker, half bravely, half-pleading, "you know there is none.

The tide was coming in, and so was the morning boat. She was thinking about Robert Walker; seeing Nancy Clark had renewed it all so. How quiet it was down there on the beach, not a sound. Yes, there was too a sound; there was a sound of footsteps very near her. She raised her head, and her eye met those of the very man she was thinking about.

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"—but I'm afraid it was not she, for this girl was with her mother and her name was Alice Raymond."

"I'm going to find her, this time. Good-bye," said the man, and he was gone. Then Alice Raymond in the colonel's will when he had first begun his search.

He had left some money to a girl out west by that name. He had done the steps and put to bed at night.

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As Addie became more and more cool and abrupt, Harry's sluggish mind evolved a scheme to relieve himself of this rival. In Harry's slow working brain there was very little moral sense, but this time was different. To put it into execution, he began to cultivate the acquaintance of this rival. He found him genial and interested in whatever Harry might say. Harry could not say he was a snob. Slowly an apparent friendship grew up between the two young men. Harry led the way to his favorite fishing haunts, showed the city man a new way to swim under water, and slowly but surely built up an outward friendly feeling.

To conduct his scheme further, Harry proposed a Sunday fishing trip in his boat, to a particular spot, some miles away from the islands, where certain fish abounded. The plan was well laid, Harry thought and there was no chance for a slip-up. Tides would be right, the locality they were going to was deserted and he could establish a perfect alibi that would not be questioned, and he would permanently eliminate his rival.

**PART II**

A full summer moon was shedding its white light over the water. On the summit of the hill, Harry lay sleeping, blind to the witching beauty of the scene spread out before him. Far below on the beach were embers and an occasional puff of wind swept up the sound of laughter and singing.

The sleeper awoke, rubbed his eyes with wonder at the light of the moon, and then turned from watching his line at the wrong moment, and Harry would never forget the look of pain on the man's face when he saw the descending oar. This was followed by a faint groan. Harry was swept away in his boat on the crest of a tide rift, clutching a broken oar and too scared to manage the one remaining sound oar. He had made a mistake in his calculations and the tide had turned before he was ready for it.

The oddities of the tide swept him away in his boat, helpless to prevent it, back to Arrowhead Beach. He had finally succeeded in beaching his boat at the point and he had left it there and had run blindly to get away. Now as he looked down he could imagine the blood stains on the side of the boat, and what the men of the U. S. Army would say, when his companion was missing. The body might be found, his weak mind had failed to perceive that before, and the broken oar was still in the boat. It would be a clear case. Harry trembled at the thought, but flight did not occur to him. His memories were all of Arrowhead Beach and a few miles around. Where could he flee where he was not known? Harry crouched there in misery, his poor brain whirling with the uncanny events that had transpired. His companion had turned from watching his line at the wrong moment, and Harry would never forget the look of surprise on the man's face when he saw the descending oar. This was followed by a faint groan. Harry was swept away in his boat on the crest of a tide rift, clutching a broken oar and too scared to manage the one remaining sound oar. He had made a mistake in his calculations and the tide had turned before he was ready for it.

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Oswald's Overshoes
Eileen Yost

OSWALD Oysterbuild sat in his library and knitted his brows. He knitted them for fifteen minutes and a half. Then he got up from the heavily carved old Italian chair and went over to the mantel and bowed his head on the mantel piece. He remained there, bowed, for another fifteen minutes. Then a coal snapped out of the fire and burned a large hole in the toe of his right shoe. He gave a long cry of fury. He roared himself and began to pace the floor, going first from one end of the room to the other and then turning and going from the other end to the one that he had started from. He bit his lip. He ground his teeth. He was raging. His hair turned from red to white and settled down into a smouldering green. His face was livid with anger. He had a right to be angry. He had been robbed.

ROBBED!!!

Not an hour had passed since he had discovered his loss. His overshoes had been stolen from him. They had been his dearest and most cherished possessions and now they were gone. They were no longer in the hall on the overshoe stand where he invariably kept them. They had been taken away and the only person who could have taken them was Hasper, his valet. Hasper was the only person in the house at the time of the robbery, therefore it was obvious that he must have taken them. It was shameful. (Imagine how you would feel if you found that your own valet was a thief.) Hasper should pay dearly for this. He should pay for it with his life. Oswald swaggered over to the book-case and taking a bottle of Bevo from its shining depth he lifted it to his lips. He was a desperate man. No one could double-cross him and live.

He rang the bell. Hasper came to the summons. The sight of him served further to infuriate Oswald. He pointed a shaking finger at the thief. He tried to speak. He choked with rage. He tried again to speak. Instead he sneezed. He sneezed two times and then regained his voice.

"Ha!" said Oswald, violently, "So I have found you out!"
"I beg pardon, sir?" said Hasper.
"And you will never be again," snarled Oswald, leaping upon him and throwing him out of the window.

There was a faint splash from below, then silence.

Oswald faltered back and leaned against the wall as the full significance of what he had done burst upon him. He had thrown his valet into the sea! He had killed him! Chaud chaud! He feel on his knees and crept under a near-by radiator to recover from the shock. As he did so his head encountered a black shining object. It was not a revolver. It was an overshoe. Behind it was another one. They made a pair of overshoes. Oswald dragged them out and looked within them. In indelible ink he found his own name printed neatly on the flaps. They were his own—the missing overshoes. Like a flash the truth burst upon him as he remembered that he himself had thrown them at the dog only the day before and then forgotten about them. And Hasper, the innocent, had been made to suffer for his own absentmindedness. A great wave of remorse swept over him. His valet—cast into the sea—helpless and martyred.

"Ah," murmured Oswald, "I made a mistake."

He covered his ears with his hands and wept silently for some time. Then he rose.

"I cannot live without Hasper," he shouted, "I, too, will die."

He rushed to the window and threw himself through it. The library was on the first floor of Oswald's home. Two feet below the library windows was the goldfish pond. It was into this that he cast himself. The water was not deep. Oswald sat up and looked about him. Opposite sat Hasper. Gradually the full realization of the situation dawned on Oswald. Hasper was not drowned. He had not fallen into the sea. The sea was on the other side of the house. And he himself was not drowned. They both lived. He turned his face to Hasper and smiled—a slow, sweet smile.

"Hasper," he said gently, "can you forgive me?"
Hasper looked long and earnestly into his master's eyes.

"Yes," he whispered, "I can!"

Oswald felt as if a great weight had been lifted from his heart. He stood up and daintily brushed the goldfish from his garments. Hasper, too stood up.

"Hasper, old thing," said Oswald, again smiling that slow, sweet smile, "Go into the house and bring me my overshoes. They are in the library."

The other bent his head in acquiescence and went into the house. Presently he returned, bearing an overshoe in each hand.

"I will put one on," said Oswald, doing so, "and you do the same. It shall be the symbol of our reconciliation."

The valet put on the remaining overshoe and as the sun went down it cast its last, lingering rays upon the master and Hasper, as, hand in hand, they waded blissfully among the radiant goldfish in the pond below the library windows.

Spurn ye not the ragged tot
Who stands beside the bleak and dreary way.
Nor eye with scorn, the humble born
Lost in long after years, ye rue the day.
The building stones in angel's thrones
Have brothers mortered in the roads of Hell,
The voice that throats low brothel notes
Could tongue a psalm to highest heaven as well.
Men have scoffed at angel's oft
And journeyed onward, wholly unaware,
That ily clad, bowed down and sad
A celestial being stood neglected there.

Look ye then, upon all men
With virtue noting, fault unseeing eye.
And know that He who made thee
Respects alike the lowly and the high.

"Raving Rufus."
Editorials

School Spirit

C. P. S. is dead. Wake up! Get alive! Show some pep! Turn out for football games! Yell! Yell!

Yell!

We have some good men with us this year who have come from small high schools where school spirits ran high. They have come from towns where hundreds of people were at the train to see them off and see to it that they were full of good cheer and ready to fight. Whether they won or lost, they were always received back with smiles and glad hands ready to carry their luggage and in some cases to carry the players themselves. Now get out and show the town that C. P. S. is really on the map and ready to fight to the last breath.

Gonzaga showed us what real pep was. They brought a yell leader and many rooters clear from Spokane, and got out on the field between halves and showed the team that they were with them to the last man.

Why not let all those who wish to be yell leaders try out and then appoint the best one as yell king, and at the end of the year, present him with a sweater and perhaps the megaphone, so as to give him something to remember his solemnly announce in chapel. On college days, when he used to lead the evening of that same day we

Thanksgiving

WITH fear and trembling ye weary editor approaches the already more than exhausted subject of Thanksgiving. Time was when the reading public accepted with alacrity the tale of our worthy forefathers' first turkey dinner, and the loud praise of their unselshiness in founding a new land for the special benefit of us that have followed them. The conclusion to be drawn from such sentiments is that we should be humbly and proudly thankful for our heritage.

We would be practical — our aim is service and not soaring. For this reason let us consider the Thanksgiving spirit, which we are going to manifest at C. P. S. On the day before Thanksgiving we shall be thankful for the two days' holiday which the Dean will give us. We shall arise with that empty but joyful feeling which precedes the first turkey dinner, and the loud praise of their unselshiness in founding a new land for the special benefit of us that have followed them. The conclusion to be drawn from such sentiments is that we should be humbly and proudly thankful for our heritage.

We are not sent into this world to do anything into which we cannot put our hearts. We have certain work to do for our bread and that is to be done strenuously; other work to do for our delight, and that is to be done heartily; neither is to be done by halves or shifts, but with a will; and what is not worth this effort is not to be done at all. —Ruskin.
C. P. S. Army game 2-28. Saturday October 15 the Ninth Army Corps played the College eleven in the Stadium. The final score was 28 to 2 with the long end belonging to the Army. The College was out-weighted 25 lbs. to the man and the breaks of the game were against them, many costly fumbles being made. The army used 29 men during the game only three of them playing thru the entire game.

C. P. S. scored when Craig, the big army fullback fumbled a punt which rolled behind the goal and there, before he was able to get away with it, was tackled by Schrader C. P. S. end. The Army's scores were the result of 4 down gains by line plunges by the smashing army backs and four goals.

The last quarter was very exciting. With only four minutes to play it was C. P. S.'s ball on their 15 yard line. First down was made four times before the final whistle blew. Turley made 20 yards thru the line only to be stopped by a "shoestring" tackle by the army safety. "Rip" Revelle made 10 yards around end. Turley made 20 yards thru center only to be stopped again by a "shoestring" tackle. Morrow and Dorsey each made big gains and the game ended with the ball in C. P. S. hands first down and the goal, nine yards away, to make.

C. P. S. LINEUP:

- Kinch ........................................ L. E.
- Crawford .................................. L. T.
- Mathis ...................................... L. G.
- Watson ..................................... C.
- McPhail .................................... R. G.
- Stone ....................................... R. T.
- Schrader .................................. R. E.
- Morrow ..................................... Q.
- Dorsey ..................................... L. H.
- Revelle .................................. E. H.
- Turley ..................................... F. H.

Substitution: Rumbaugh for Morrow.

SEASON TICKET CAMPAIGN

The season ticket campaign closed Oct. 8. There were only three hundred and fifty tickets sold, this not coming up to the expectations. Mr. E. C. Wheeler, of the Commercial Club, and Mr. Brown and Haley, deserve much credit. Between them they sold two hundred tickets more than the entire student body. Mr. Brown also gave four three-liner boxes of Oriole candy to be used as prizes for those committees in the school which sold the largest number of tickets. The chairman of the committees were as follows:

1. Mildred Forsberg.
2. Ed Amende.

Ernest Ross won the football which was used in the C. P. S. Bremerton game by being the individual in the school to sell the greatest number of tickets. He sold seventeen.

The Athletic Department wishes to extend thanks to the Basketball manager. Mr. Harley Notter is to take charge of the Freshman teams.

BELLINGHAM NORMAL-C. P. S. GAME—17 TO 6

The time—Saturday, October 29, 2:30 p.m.
The Place—Municipal Field, Bellingham, Wash.

Setting—Mud, water, slime, pools, and a partly cloudy, cool day.

Bellingham's team appeared with bright blue and white sweaters and the C. P. S. boys wore the usual maroon and white jersey. After ten minutes of play one man could not be told from another except by latitude or longitude.

The game was hard fought. In the first half the C. P. S. line held in fine shape, but the Bellingham backs began to find holes during the second half. The first Bellingham touchdown came after a punt by C. P. S. which was blocked and recovered by C. P. S., only to be lost again by a fumble on the C. P. S. 12-yard line and Bellingham carrying the ball over by a cross buck and three line plunges. The ball was barely to the line and the umpire ruled it no touchdown C. P. S. ball, but the Bellingham men objected to his decision and the decision of the head-linesman was a touchdown. The second half, Keplinger, Bellingham's right end, dropped back for a place kick. It was perfectly executed from the thirty-five yard line amid a sea of slippery mud. The ball soared and hit the cross bar squarely in the middle and bounded over. Immediately after this Dorsey, C. P. S. left half, received the kick-off on C. P. S.'s thirty-yard line and ran through the entire Bellingham team to a touchdown. C. P. S. failed to kick the goal. Bellingham's final touchdown came in the final quarter. Morrow received a punt on the 25-yard line and returned five yards. Two line plunges netted two yards. "Rip" dropped back to punt on the third down, but the ball was passed over his head. He recovered it, however. Fourth down again "Rip" dropped back to punt and once more the slippery, heavy, muddy ball went over his head. It was Bellingham's ball on C. P. S. 5-yard line. By a long end run Campbell, Bellingham's quarter, executed a touchdown and Keplinger kicked goal. The game ended with the ball in C. P. S.'s possession on Bellingham's 40-yard line. Final score, Bellingham 17, C. P. S. 6.
THE PUGET SOUND TRAIL

H. C. S. NOTES

BACK in 1215 A.D., a group of men in Tuscany on the banks of the river Arno banded together in a fraternity to help travelers cross the river and to succor them in case of distress. This was the birth of the Fraternity spirit, namely the spirit of "help." This spirit of "help" is the foundation of the H. C. S. Fraternity of this school. We are banded together for a mutual purpose, that of helping each other in case of need.

This year five new men have joined us in our organization. These five men are volunteers in our Fraternity and not victims of any draft movement.

The rush year for H. C. S. this season was marked by unusual quietness and no rush parties of any sort were held by our organization.

Our pledges were welcomed into our society by an elaborately planned banquet held in the banquet rooms of the Olympus Inn. Following a sumptuous meal the men listened to speeches by Tom Swayne, Steve Arnett, and Roger Peck, our guest of honor.

We have some live-wire plans under our hat for this semester and the coming semester.

And before we close, our new members are: Jess Mathis, Ben Crawford, Everett Stiles, Perry Scheiber, and Harold Blanton.

AMPHICTYON NOTES

ON Thursday evening, the Amphictyon Society had their annual rush banquet at the Woman's Clubhouse.

The banquet table was decorated in the Amphictyon colors, of green and gold. Mr. Nelson Pierce presided as toastmaster with Paul Snyder giving the formal address of welcome.

After the dinner, the guests were ushered into the drawing-room, gaily decorated in the fantastical motif of Hallowe'en. Here an excellent musical program was enjoyed.

Following the program, the entire company journeyed thru the "Enchanted Halls of Camdon" and for the rest of the evening jolly games and stunts held sway. The informal mixer following the banquet gave each one the necessary fun, entertainment and good fellowship to complete the evening.

An interesting feature of the evening was the Gipsy's tent, where Fate presided over the destinies of many who wandered into the weird mystical presence of the gipsy, were dealt their particular "future."

The several programs of the past month have been exceedingly interesting and have taken in various fields. The program on "Modernism" dealt with the various aspects of modern thought and actions.

Discussions on scientific subjects with demonstrations were the main features of the program on "science."

Great dramatic ability was shown in the presentation of the "Burglar Alarm" as was given by some of the Amphictyon girls. The play was very entertaining and proved a great success. The cast was as follows:

Aunt Martha ............................. Ethyl Shuster
Aunt Mary ............................... Bernice Olson
Penelope ................................. Helen Van Loon
Bridget ................................. Hilda Skreau

Recent programs have been on the subjects of "Famous Men of Our Time," "Longfellow," "The World's Island," and "Some Famous Buildings." We again wish to extend a welcome to the visitors who have honored us by attending our programs and hope they have found our meetings beneficial as well as enjoyable.

KAPPA SIGMA THETA

THE girls of the Kappa Sigma Theta Sorority consider themselves very fortunate to add to their number twelve new members. They are all-round girls of whom we are justly proud. During the week-end, beginning Friday, November 4th, the Thetas entertained at a houseparty for the pledges at Manhattan Beach. Second degree initiation took place on the following Wednesday in the Theta room, followed by a delightful dinner party. We are pleased to announce the following as our new members: Lucile Alsip, Evelyn Bachus, Lois Brace, Anita Greenhaw, Margie Guptil, Margaret Lemon, Margaret Moore, Dorothy Menenhall, Juliette Palmer, Ella Purkey, Geraldine Stinson, and Marble Swanberg.

A clever Hallowe'en Program was given on the last Wednesday of October. The Theta room was appropriately decorated with black cats and bats. The dimmed lights and ghostly forms added greatly to the spirit of Hallowe'en.

The program was as follows:

"La Champ" exclusive one-pound package hand rolled chocolates, 80c.

I n g——— A rtis tically A rra n g e d. 

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"The College Florist"

6th Ave. and M St. — Phone Main 419
THE SACAJAWEA CLUB served as a pretty setting for the annual tea for the college women on October fourth. Old rose and green were used as a color motif—delicately tinted dahlias, greenery, and autumn leaves used in profusion throughout the rooms. Between the hours of three and five a pleasing program was given after which the afternoon was spent informally giving the girls an opportunity to meet the women of the advisory board who were the guests for the afternoon. Tea was served from a daintily appointed table artistically arranged with drooping old rose dahlias set off by the soft glow of tall stately candles. Several charming girls of the Y. W. C. A. cabinet in fluffy organdie frocks, assisted in serving.

SOPHOMORE PARTY

A cleverly arranged party was given by the Sophomore class for the Freshmen on October seventh in the College gym. From invitations to refreshments the entire program carried out the idea "Smile." The walls were covered with original cartoons and pictures which irresistibly drew smiles from the guests. The three uninvited guests in the guise of the greenest of the little freshmen girls added to the merriment when they made their appearance about the middle of the evening. After a delicious supper the entire party adjourned to participate in a football parade to stir up enthusiasm for the game on the following day.

SMART AMPHICTYON TEA

Miss Ethel Schuster assisted by several other girl friends was hostess at a delightfully appointed tea for several of the new freshman girls on October nineteenth. The rooms were filled with yellow dahlias and greenery which carried a dainty color motif. Tea was served from an attractive tea table with Miss Helen Van Loon assisting the hostess.

A delightful motor trip to Bellingham was enjoyed by a group of girls and one lonely man from the College on the week-end of the game with Bellingham Normal. They were guests at the home of Miss Ethel May Storey. Miss Storey entertained at a delightful dinner party Saturday evening for a group of the C. P. S. football men. Sunday the party drove across the line into Canada. The party included the Misses Margaret Olson, Avril Isenhart, Anne Davis, Ethel May Storey and Edward Amend.

Miss Myrtle Warren entertained at her home on North Grant on October nineteenth at a dinner for the Scienticians.

The girls at the Sacajawea Club were hostesses at a clever Halloween party November the second.

Dramatic Department

The Dramatic Department has not made a great deal of stir as yet this fall but preparations for a College Play as well as some smaller activities are well under way. The play reading committee consisting of Paul Snyder, Spencer Smith, Helen Brace, Wallace Scott, and Mat Thompson are responsible for the selection of a play this year and are ready to consider any suggestion of a play. If you have read, seen, or heard of a good play within the last seventy-five years or so, remember the committee.

To start the dramatic program for the year, the department cooperated with the vice-president of the student body in planning a series of Student Assembly programs in which each society is to be responsible for the entertainment at one Student Assembly period. The program is to be along the line of dramatics, either by the use of a short play or a cutting or by the use of an original skit of some sort. The following dates have been given to the various societies:

H. C. S. .............................. November 10
Theta ........................................ November 17
Phiło ......................................... December 1
Amphictyon ............................ December 8
Non-Society ............................. December 15

DRAMA CLASS PRESENTS "WILL 'O THE WISP"

The students and faculty enjoyed a somewhat unique chapel program given Monday morning by the Drama class. After a group of musical selections by Miss Rita Todd of the Conservatory of Music, a short one act play "The Will 'O the Wisp" was presented, featuring:

- The Country Woman ........................ Mable Bloom
- The White Face ........................... Ruth Kennedy
- The Poet's Wife ............................ Evelyn Ahmquist
- Nora, her maid ............................ Ruby Tennant

Always lunch at the Chocolate Shop.
FRESHMAN NOTES

THE date for the Fresh-Sophomore party, which is to be a carnival, has been set for November 10th. It will be held in the gymnasium and the following committee is in charge: Matthew Thompson, Wilma Zediker, Anne Davis, Evelyn Ahnquist, Ted Rauesdaugh and Lyle Lemly.

Basketball teams for the Freshman class are being formed. Wilma Zediker is Business Manager for the Girl's team and asks everybody, we're on our way. Everybody, we're on our way.

Harley Natter is Business Manager of the boys' team and announces that he is arranging a schedule for several out of town games. The following boys have signed up: Amende, Backus, Bieson, Blanton, Chowning, Danstrom, Fisher, Gordon, Hagansen, Hinton, Heyer, Hayes, Huschey, Jones, Laakso, Mackey, Mathis, McAnnally, Morrow, Newell, Notter, Sicade, Smith, Stiles and Turley. All are turning out at present with the exception of the football players. They are succeeding in organizing two teams so far; The Cowlitz County and the Tacoma team. The Frosh are supporting school activities loyally. They are turning out for glee club and athletics and all work together.

- SOPHOMORE JABBER

NOTHING much really exciting has happened to us fresher hohos besides getting kicked out of the library and called down for not going to Chapel. We seem to be happy and healthy in spite of it all.

We have held regular meetings and our President, Harold Fretz, is getting some pep in us all.

Plans are working for the banquet, and the Freshmen have decided to watch out or they will be left behind in our dust.

We are going to clean up on everybody in basketball from the looks of things. Harold Fretz is organizing the boys and Helen Brix is in charge of the girls' team. Get out of our way, we're on our way.

There has been great excitement among us watching the Freshmen at the various rushing parties. Remember how we felt, gang, when we were being rushed?

- SCIENCE CLUB

THE Science Club held its first meeting of the year on October 25, with Elmer Carlson as host. Dinner was served at the Ladies' Dormitory, after which the men adjourned to the living room for their program and business meeting.

On account of the death of our President, Edward Longstreth, election of a new president was held and Mr. Kinch was elected.

Mr. Fretz and Mr. Amende were elected to membership in the club, which now consists of: Clyde Kinch, Anton Epp, Neil Stone, Frank Brooks, Elmer Carlson, and Max Vaughn.

We are looking forward to a good year with hopefulness and pleasure, and expect to gain a deep deal along the line of scientific research through our work in the Club.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES

Body - Mind - Spirit

WITH this aim in view the Y. M. C. A. is actively engaged in a program that is to include all the men in school. The successful completion of the membership drive is the first step toward the realization of this aim.

Through the cooperation of the Tacoma Y. M. C. A., members of the college association may obtain student memberships for five dollars. This should be an inducement to join the college "Y."

The room at the right of the Trail room is being fitted up for a "Y" office. With a real office all its own the association will be able to carry on its work more efficiently than ever before. Watch for the opening date.

The Tuesday meetings in Prof. Kelley's room should have the interest and cooperation of every man in the college. The speakers and meetings are worth while, and constructive. Let us see you at the next meeting.

Plans are under way for a retreat to be held some time in November, which will be announced later. The memory of last year's retreat is still with us, and the forthcoming one will be even more enjoyable than the previous one.

- Y. W. C. A. NOTES

NOW that the membership drive is practically over, the Y. W. C. A. is settling down in earnest to the carrying out of the year's program. The meetings so far have been marked by interesting programs and large attendances.

On October 6 we held a candle service at which time the new girls were formally received into the organization. On October 18 the Advisory Board conducted the regular Y. W. C. A. meeting. The different ladies of the board conducted separate parts of the program, which was both entertaining and helpful.

There are still many girls in school who have not joined our organization, and concentrated effort is being made to enlarge our membership and bring it as near our one hundred per cent ideal as possible.

- "La Champ" five-cent candy bars, best by test.

Silver Moon

Reserve, free of charge, private Balcony for your parties.

SILVER MOON

917 Broadway

Alumni

By the time you have finished this article you will believe the statement made last month. The Alumni of this school either teach school or get married. Most of them choose the lesser of the two evils.

From the far off land of North Dakota we hear from Effie Huff, who is teaching in Des Laces. Coming a little nearer home, we find Marion Meyers, who is in Idaho.

Not all of our alumni are teaching, however, for Henry Craemer is still searching for the elusive, in the form of knowledge, and is pursuing his studies at Columbia University. Lewis Cruser has a herd of youngsters under his care at the University Place School, where he is principal. We all expect to see some of these kids come from that school, at least if he argues with them the way he used to at the Boys' Dorm.

The Trail's humor man of last year, in the shape of Charles Brady, is teaching the children at Ashford to read and write.

The Misses Greta Miller and Katherine Anderson were guests in Tacoma recently visited with their college friends.

Miss Florence Todd spent last week with her sister Mrs. Carl Gustavus Hallen at her attractive country home on Vashon Island.

Start the year right and keep sweet the year through with

ORIOLE HONOR CANDY

Brown & Haley
SCIENTIFICANS

On October 20 the Scientists met at the home of Myrtle Warren for their second regular meeting of the year. Infantile Paralysis was the subject of the evening's discussion. Margaret Ohlson gave a paper on "The Nature of Infantile Paralysis," and Thelma Bates reported on "The Treatment of Infantile Paralysis." Following the program, the new members received their initiation. Miss Balke was the honor guest of the evening.

DEBATE NOTES

At a meeting held October 10 the charter members of the Debate Club adopted the final draft of the constitution and agreed that the official name of the club shall be the Delta Sigma Club.

The Club extends a cordial invitation to all students who are interested in this vital phase of student life to attend its meetings which are held on the third Wednesday evening of every month.

YAKIMA VALLEY CLUB

The members of the Yakima Valley Club with a number of friends enjoyed an informal picnic at Mrs. Hovious's cottage on Steilacoom Lake Thursday evening October 20. Altogether several members of the party were somewhat late in arriving; we'll say "a very good time was had by all."

STUDENTS! TAKE NOTICE!

The line of St. Helens exclusive shops gained an addition in the opening of the Swen's Gift and Song Shop. The store is owned and managed by Raymond S. Swen. Orders are taken for hand painted China, China mending and expert firing. In the Song Shop they are handling the latest song hits direct from Eastern publishers. People of Tacoma will be glad to note that the musician is Miss Edith Nordstrom. Every Saturday afternoon a little colored boy in uniform sings in a clever way the new songs as they arrive.

COLOR POST EXERCISES

The Annual Color Post exercises, wherein the Freshman class formally becomes a part of the student body, were held September 13th. After a short history of the Color Post by Dean Cunningham, the 1921 class of the post was presented to the Freshman class by Mr. Sprague, a representative of the class of 1921. Matt Thompson, president of the Freshman class made a short speech of acceptance in behalf of the class of 1925.

In spite of the unusually bad weather, much enthusiasm was shown by the various classes which were assembled on their respective sides of the post. A short pep session was held in the chapel directly after.

PRIZES AWARDED FOR TICKET SELLING

After a lively pep session last Thursday morning, prizes were awarded by Athletic Manager Frank Brooks for the persons and committees having sold the most season foot-ball tickets. The football went to Ernest Ross, and the chairman of the committee who received the candy were Matt Thompson, Ed. Newell, Mid. Forsberg, and Helen Murland.

SACAJAWEA NOTES

The efforts of Sacajaweans, one and all, are at present concentrated on the Hallowe'en party to be given Wednesday evening, November 3. The Sacajawea Club has the reputation for giving parties that are the real thing and that one will prove no exception to the rule except to be better and pepper and more unusual.

We are sorry to have lost five of our members during the past month. Mildred Oakes and Almaire King have set up a housekeeping establishment and Estella Peterson and Jennie Newton have gone to Miss Stringer's. Ermine Warren was obliged to leave the Dorm on account of illness.

In spite of this loss we are glad to welcome to our midst Gladys Trew who is in the campaign office.

We are pleased to report that recently when Marjorie Anderson went shopping for some little bells, the salesman showed her a racket.

A number of Sacajawea girls motored to Bellingham for the game and were guests there at the home of Ethel Storrey. No, you're mistaken, they weren't the hoodoos.

Do Your Holiday Buying Early

Reduced prices on Diamonds, Silverware, Watches, Pearls, Cut Glass, Clocks and Jewelry.

New lines of merchandise of the highest quality.

Burnett Bros.
Tacoma's Leading Jewelers
932 Broadway

GLEE CLUBS

Under the able directions of Professor Johnson of the Conservatory of Music, both Glee Clubs are doing commendable work. The Men's Glee Club made its first appearance before the student body last Thursday. Their selection, "The Pirate Chief," was received with wild enthusiasm, especially by the feminine members of the audience.

The Girls' Glee Club, which appeared in Chapel a few days later, was also well received.

With the amount of interest that is being shown at the present time, there is no reason why we should not turn out two first class Glee Clubs by the middle of the year, with which we'll make folks sit up and listen.

GIRL'S GLEE

The Girls' Glee Club is now fully organized, and many plans are on foot for the year. The girls have been practicing faithfully and have rendered one selection in chapel. The roll totals forty-five girls, and all classes are well represented.

The officers are: Ellena Hart President; Miriam Kleoppi, Vice-President; Wilma Zeidler, Secretary; and Lucile Ziemann, Librarian.

Between meals or for dessert, "La Champ" Big Chief
5c Candy Bar.

Orders for hand painted China.
We handle the finest staple grades of China, such as the Haviland and Bavarian.
Expert firing.
China mending.
Parchment lamp shades.

Snappy song hits direct from Eastern publishers.
Drop in and hear some numbers.
Open Saturday evenings until 9 o'clock.

Sweum's China Gift and Song Shop
708 St. Helens
The chief merit of a postage stamp is that it sticks to one thing till it gets there. — The things a man ought to be a nucleus of $400 donated by the graduating class of 1904, this intent possibility and gives power to attain it. — To are often crushed beneath the things he is. Christ calls out deserving students. He can limit any student may draw is $200. A man is just like a worm; he is born, crawls around awhile, and then he is picked up by some chicken.

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NOTE—Don't have your jokes printed; just hand the editor the films so he can see through them.

A HUMOROUS POEM

I've got a cute little dog,
He's a wise, frolicsome pup,
For he can stand on his hind legs
If you hold his front ones up.

Prof.: "Take the ant, for example. It is a very busy animal, works hard all day, and in the end what happens?"
33333: "Somebody steps on it."

History Prof.: "I prefer that you do not use any black coloring on your maps."
Clever Student: "How about the Black Sea?"

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said,
As he banged his shin against the bed:
"Because—? Because—?"

Congressman: "Want a job, eh? What can you do?"
Constituent: "Nothing."
Congressman: "Sorry, but all those high salaried jobs are taken. You must wait for a vacancy."

Anton Erp (peevishly): "Say are you laughing at me?"
Freshie: "No, sir."
Anton: "I think you are; I don't see anything else to laugh at."

The Senior thinks himself just fine,
The Junior comes not far behind,
The Sophomore is the slickest yet,
But the Freshman is the one best bet.

WHAT'S THE USE

Weep and you are a baby,
Laugh and you are a fool;
Yield and you are a coward;
Stand and you are called a mule;
Smile and they call you silly,
Frown and they call you gruff;
Put on a front like a millionaire—
And some guys call you a bluff.

Friend (viewing picture): "How realistic! I makes my mouth water."
Artist: "A sunset makes your mouth water?"
Friend: "Bless me! I thought it was a fried egg."

"Pop what are the silent watches of the night."
"They are the ones their owners forget to wind, my son."

Three reasons why I believe that all women are angels:
1. They are always up in the air.
2. They are always harping on something.
3. They are always in need of clothes.

Prof. Davis (taking out his watch): "What time does this period begin?"
Frosh (sleepily): "264 B. C."

FACTS WORTH KNOWING

Being able to keep out of jail doesn't necessarily mean that you have a through ticket to heaven.

It's a peculiar transition to see four or five swallows turn into a lark.

The company you dodge is as important as the company you keep.

The earth is often designated as "she" because no man knows the age thereof.

Did you ever notice the hotter the day is, the longer the sun shines?

Rubber will stretch but truth is not of the same substance.

Few horses run backwards.

You are not expected to love your neighbor as he loves himself.

Insomnia is one thing and a night mare is another. Eat lobsters and take your choice.

If a woman declines to tell her age, give her time; time will tell.

As long as you are on the level there is no danger that you will slide down hill.

Dead men tell no tales—and dead dogs wag none.

Ones does not have to be a botanist to recognize a bloomin' idiot.

Glass will frequently break if dropped on the floor.

WHAT'S THIS

Shee-kow was an Indian maid,
Boom ta-ta, boom ta-ta, boom ta-ta, boom
She was loved by a sharp young blade,
Boom ta-ta, boom ta-ta, boom ta-ta, boom.

She gomakum goo-goo eye,
He go skalum other guy,
She go mako Skalpum dye,
Boom ta-ta, boom ta-ta, boom ta-ta, boom.

22222: "D'y've know Mac fell in the river on the way home last night?"
33333: "Ye dinna mean to say he was drooned?"
22222: "Not drooned, but sadly diluted."
UP TO DATE DEFINITIONS

1. Home Brew—Mixture of anything and everything, filtered and fused with a great deal.

   Average composition—Water 60%, Raisins 10%, Yeast and insoluble matter 7%, Hops 15%, Unaccounted for 8%, Kick 0%.


3. High Prices—Reason given for high skirts.

4. High Skirts—Reason given for high prices.

   Same old address, Chocolate Shop, 908 Broadway.

President: “The stenographer is going to marry the bookkeeper.

Secretary: “I’m not surprised. I never saw such a girl for making mistakes.”

Tom (answering the civil service examination): “What is steam?”

“Steam is water that has gone crazy with the heat.”

22222: “She sure has a pretty waist.”

33333: “There’s no way of getting around it.”

PYRAMID FLOUR
TO YOUR GROCER
IT GETS RESULTS

IMPORTANT

Prof: “I want you to be perfectly free to ask questions.”

Fresh (timidly): “Who’s your tailor?”

Those who have observed humanity closely are always able to pick out the married man. He is the one with dandruff on his coat collar.

22222: “Young man, didn’t your conscience tell you you were doing wrong?”

33333: “I don’t believe everything I hear.”

Elbert Hubbard (author) Said:

“Art is a matter of necktie and haircut.”

“Y ou know where to get the haircut. You Know?”

PARK BARBER SHOP
Roy D. Russell 817 Division Ave.

22222: “How is Jack coming along at school?”

33333: “He flunked the first semester.

22222: “How come?”

33333: “He pulled a bone in front of the Prof.”

22222: “And the the second semester?”

33333: “He passed easily, he pulled fifty bones in front of the Prof.”

CONNIE CO-ED

There are speakers who use the “famous seven”.

There are speakers with clever repartee.

But the speaker who bores us to extinction,

Ne savent pas le mot “cela suffit.”

R. S.
When you think of California you think of flowers;
When you think of flowers think of the
California Florists
Main 7732 907 Pacific Ave.

Fair Girl: "What was the row in class this morning?"
The Girl: "I was slow in reciting, and the Prof. told me to shake a leg."
Fair One: "What of that?"
The Other: "Well, I shook a leg, and he excused me from recitation."

22222: "We're going to hit eighty in a minute! Are you afraid?"
33333 (swallowing much dust): "No, indeed, I'm full of grit."

22222: "That woman's hose makes me think of a ball game."
33333: "How come?"
22222: "One down and a runner on second for the Sox."

If the night is dark and cosy
Don't it make a fellow blue
To hear the lights flick out upstairs
And papa drop his shoe?

Always lunch at the Chocolate Shop.

A meat market delivery boy was delivering a rabbit to a customer. He had the address of the house in one hand and the live rabbit by the hind legs in the other. About half way there the rabbit broke away and started running around in circles. A passing pedestrian asked the cause of all his mirth and he rejoined:
"See that rabbit running around out there?"
"Yes."
"Well, he don't know where he is going. I've got the address here in my hand."

A candy special every day at the Chocolate Shop.

They had just been married and were about to start on their wedding trip. He was embarrassed to the point of forgetfulness but he met the situation expertly.
"Why, Harry, you've bought only one ticket," reproached the bride.
"Just like me, dear," flashed Harry; "always forgetting myself."

After he had kissed her and pressed her rosy cheek against his and patted her soft round chin, she drew back and asked him: "George, do you shave yourself?"
"Yes," he replied.
"I thought so, your face is the roughest I ever— " Then she stopped, but it was too late and he went away with a lump in his throat.

"Have you ever been married?" asked the judge.
"Ye-es," stammered the prisoner.
"To whom?"
"A woman sir," answered the guilty one.
"Of course it was a woman," snapped the judge, "Did you ever hear of anyone marrying a man?"
"Yes, sir," said the prisoner brightly, "my sister did."

CORRECT ENGLISH
HOW TO USE IT
A MONTHLY MAGAZINE
$2.50 THE YEAR
Send 10 Cents for Sample Copy
to
Correct English Publishing Co.
EVANSTON, ILLINOIS
QUITE SO

"The Brows named their boy after Julius Caesar."
"Why the crazy idea! What did they do that for?"
"Because he was born too late for them to name him before him."

"And why have you never married?" asked Stan. "Are you a woman hater?"
"Oh, no," replied Schiebler. "You see I don't want to make about a thousand girls miserable just to make one happy."

Did you ever think much about reincarnation?
Think about it? I eat it nearly every day, only we call it hash.

Ev. Stiles (to his Sunday School teacher): "You know I think the day the prodigal son came back must have been an awful slippery day."
"Why is that?"
"Because the Bible says when his father came out to welcome him he fell on his neck."

A FEW HERE AND THERE

Margaret Lemenon: "Say, do you know why you part your hair?"
Inez Mickey: "No, why?"
Margaret: "Because every block has its alley."

When Dr. Harvey played football we wonder what the rest of the team did while he used the field.

'22: "In what course do you expect to graduate?"
'21: "In the course of time." — Sun Dodger.

Ray: "You wouldn't call for help, would you, if I tried to kiss you?"
K. T.: "Do you need any?"

Could you eat a ton of candy? Try it some time.
Chocolate Shop, 908 Broadway.

ACROBATIC

Irate Wife: "And how did you get that cut on your forehead?"
Envied Gent.: "Musta—hic—bit myself."
Irate Wife: "Gwan! How could you bite yourself up there?"
Envied Gent.: "I guess I musta stood on a chair."
— Sun Dodger.

ITEM—REGENEALOGY

Fire Fly: "It seems to me you mosquitos are of a very cheap stock."
Mosquito: "You may think so, but we've got some of the best blood of the country in our veins.
I looked at the big car that was standing just next to
my useless bike, and I thought of Swat all bunched up
out there.

There wasn't any choice in the matter. I jumped into
that machine, started her up, got out of the alley, and
then let her go full clip! That car had power, and she
just swallowed her go full clip! That car had power, and
she just swallowed

I turned off into the little side road that led to John-
son's, and brought up in front of his gate. Jumping out,
I ran up on the porch and knocked. When he came to the
door I didn't waste any time.

"Where is who, lad?" asked Johnson.

"Why, Swat Franklin, of course—the boy who got hurt!"
I didn't see the sense of mulling over it and taking up
time that way.

"I don't think I get your meaning. Somebody got hurt,
you say?"

"Of course!" I was getting mad now. "You called me up
and told me to come out here and get Swat, who'd been in a
fight with some motorboat thieves. For heaven's sake stop

"I'm sorry, boy," said Henry Johnson, "but there's a mis-
take somewhere. I don't know anything about your friend
or your motorboat, and I haven't called anybody up."

"Then who—who the dickens—" I hadn't done a

"Perhaps if you went down to the boathouse you might find
out something there," he suggested, real friendly and kind.

"And if there is anything I can do to help, let me know."

I went down to the boathouse, feeling kind of dazed. I

The editor of this paper needs bread with his shoes on;
The needs bread with his shirt on;
He needs bread with his pants on.
And unless some of the delinquent subscribers to the
"Old Flag of Freedom" pony up before long, he will need
bread without a darn thing on—and North Dakota is no
Garden of Eden in the winter time.

OBLIGATORY
Cholly: "Is Peggy a careful dresser?"
Willie: "She has to be. She wears so little clothes
that she doesn't dare take any chances."

"A grapefruit is a lemon that had a chance and took
advantage of it."

Today is the tomorrow that you worried about yesterday
and it never happened.

Sometimes when Fate kicks us and we finally land and
look around, we find that we have been kicked upstairs.

The man who keeps his friends is the one who never gives
them away.

FROM A NORTH DAKOTA NEWSPAPER
It is reported that one of the fastidious newly married
ladies of this town kneads bread with her gloves on.
This incident maybe somewhat peculiar—but there are
others:
The editor of this paper needs bread with his shoes on;
The needs bread with his shirt on;
He needs bread with his pants on.
And unless some of the delinquent subscribers to the
"Old Flag of Freedom" pony up before long, he will need
bread without a darn thing on—and North Dakota is no
Garden of Eden in the winter time.
THE PUGET SOUND TRAIL

November, 1921

I took that car home to our own garage, turned the hose on her, filled up her gasoline tank and attended to various other little jobs that had to be done before she was in proper order again. And when I finally got through it wasn't late but it was early.

I went to the house and hit the hay, feeling like something the cat dragged in.

In the morning I was going to go down and look up the license number, and see what car it was. I had just got a couple of blocks from home, when I saw Telstrum, the botany teacher—the kids call him Tantrum—crossing just ahead of me. He got a good look at me and I thought his eyes would pop out of his head. Then he pranced up to the car and barked, "Young man, if you know what is best for you, you'll take that car right back where you got it."

"Just what I was going to do," I remarked, and drove on. It wasn't exactly what I had planned, but he was watching to see which way I went, and if he knew something about it I'd better get it off my hands as quick as I could.

I might have known I was headed for trouble as soon as I reached my roll room the teacher told me I was wanted at the office.

When I got there, there sat Mr. Hall, the principal, and Tantrum, both looking like grim death.

"I have just heard," Mr. Hall started off, "the unpleasant news that you are responsible for the theft, last night, of my car."

The principal's car! Jumping Jehosophat! I could see my finish right there.

"I didn't steal it," I said, like a nut, "I just borrowed it."

The principal smiled, what wasn't a smile. "We will not argue that point," he said. "The fact remains that you took someone else's property without his permission or knowledge. Your actions require an explanation. We are ready to hear that explanation now."

"Well," I began, "I had to reach a certain place in a hurry, and my motorcycle wouldn't run, so I took your car instead."

Rather an incomplete story, Stewart," Mr. Hall said. "You will kindly tell us why you needed to reach that place."

All of a sudden I remembered hearing Nell say at dinner the night before that Swat had taken one of her girl friends down town to a show in the afternoon after school. Then he must have played hooky from school in order to get out to the boathouse to leave that note. And if I told the whole thing he would get called on the carpet for truancy. It would be just what was coming to him, I thought at first—but right afterwards I reminded myself that it wasn't his fault I was in a pickle like this—it was my own, for forgetting the gas in my motorcycle. Swat hadn't figured on anything of this kind, and besides, he had been a good chum of mine for a long time.

"We are waiting for that reason," reminded the principal sternly.

If looked at him straight. "I can't tell you that," I said, slow and calm.

Naturally he didn't like that. And Tantrum, I could see, was just about ready to explode.

"Oh, you can't!" said Mr. Hall. "I wonder if it would make any difference with you if I should say that unless you do tell us that reason you will be expelled from school?"

That was a stagger blow. But I wasn't going to show the white feather.

"No sir, it would not," I answered.

He didn't say anything for a minute. He drummed on the table with his hand for a little. Then he looked up at me and said, "I am sorry you said that, Stewart. But—" here he looked just about human, "I am going to be unusually lenient and give you a chance to reconsider that statement. You may have the coming two days in which to think it over. If at the end of that time you have not chosen to avail yourself of the opportunity I am giving you, the result will be as I have already said."

"Yes, sir," I replied.

"That is all, Stewart." And I got out of there.

The next two days were fierce. Some of the fellows tried to pump me at first, but when I gave them to understand I wasn't telling anything they shut up like clams and sent me to Coventry.

And Nell had guessed half of it and kept pesterling me with questions until I told her the whole thing knowing she'd find out anyhow. I don't know how she does it, but she always seems to know all about everything that ever happens, so she'd as well be told first as last.
When I got to the part about Swat and the boathouse I noticed she had a queer look on her face.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"Nothing. I was just thinking," said Nell. "Go on with the rest of it." And so I did.

"Well, the afternoon of the second day came at last, and I had a call to the office.

"Here's where the funeral service is read," I said to myself as I reached the principal's door.

When I got inside, if there weren't Swat Franklin and Mary Redell lined up, sitting one each side of the principal's desk!

"Sit down," said Mr. Hall in a pleased voice.

I found a chair, wondering why in thunder he had to let those two kids watch me get fired.

"Now, Franklin," continued the principal, "tell just where you were from noon until eight P. M. on Tuesday."

And then Swat started talking. He came to school as usual in the afternoon, he said, and right afterward went home, got the roadster; came back and took Ruth Cartwright down to the Occidental Theater; brought her home at five-thirty; ran the car into dad's garage, and went in to a six o'clock dinner. At a quarter past seven he left home and started for the schoolhouse, stopping on his way at the drug store just three blocks off. As he entered the door he heard my name called, and stopped and listened. He heard Dan Kennedy in the telephone booth giving the exact message I had received, that night, at the pie-shop! He heard it through, then ran for the school to see if he could stop me, but he was half a block away when he saw me turn the corner in the principal's car and swing out along the boulevard.

"All very good," said Mr. Hall. "Now, Mary, it's your turn."

And then Mary told about going around to the pie-shop. Mrs. Graham had unexpected company to dinner, she said and there were some boys out in front talking. She couldn't help hearing what they said, and one of them promised to see that I was at the pie-shop at the right time; another said he would take care of the other end of the phone; then two more boys rode up on a motorcycle and said they had attended to the old boat, and maybe after this I'd know enough not to butt in on any more launch parties. That was all she had heard.

When she finished Mr. Hall was smiling all over like a collie dog. He got off some kind of a speech about extreme conditions requiring extreme measures, and that I was entirely justifiable and could consider myself reinstated, and wound up by saying he had found two extra gallons of gasoline in his car.

"Well, I had been seeing things pretty fast, and when the three of us got out into the hall, I felt it was up to me to square myself with Swat, if I could.

"I guess you've got a swell opinion of me," I said, "for thinking what I did about you. I was a doddering old idiot, and you've certainly helped me out of a beastly hole."

"I have a swell opinion of you," said Swat. "If I had been hurt, and if I had played hookey—but you'd better tell that last to Nell."

Mary held out something to him. "Isn't this yours?" she asked. Swat took it and turned it over. "I'm working for my board," said Mary, "but I'll see if I can get off."

"Say," I said to Mary as Swat hotfooted it down the hall, "do you know you're an absolute wonder?"

Mary laughed. "Tell that to Nell," she said, just like Swat had done.

"Nell's all right, but you're a wonder just the same," I repeated, noticing what classy eyes she had. "How about the opera Saturday night?"

"I'm working for my board," said Mary, "but I'll see if I can get off."

Well, she did. And I had just reached the sidewalk after seeing her to the door of the Graham house on the night of the opera, when Nell came along with a bunch of her friends.

"Girls!" she cried, grabbing me by the arm. "Behold a transformed being! He who was a piker is a piker no more!"

And then they all laughed as though they thought she had really said something. But I don't see how they get that way.

Because Mary, you see—well, Mary is different.
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